JESUIT MISSIONS

MARCH 1950

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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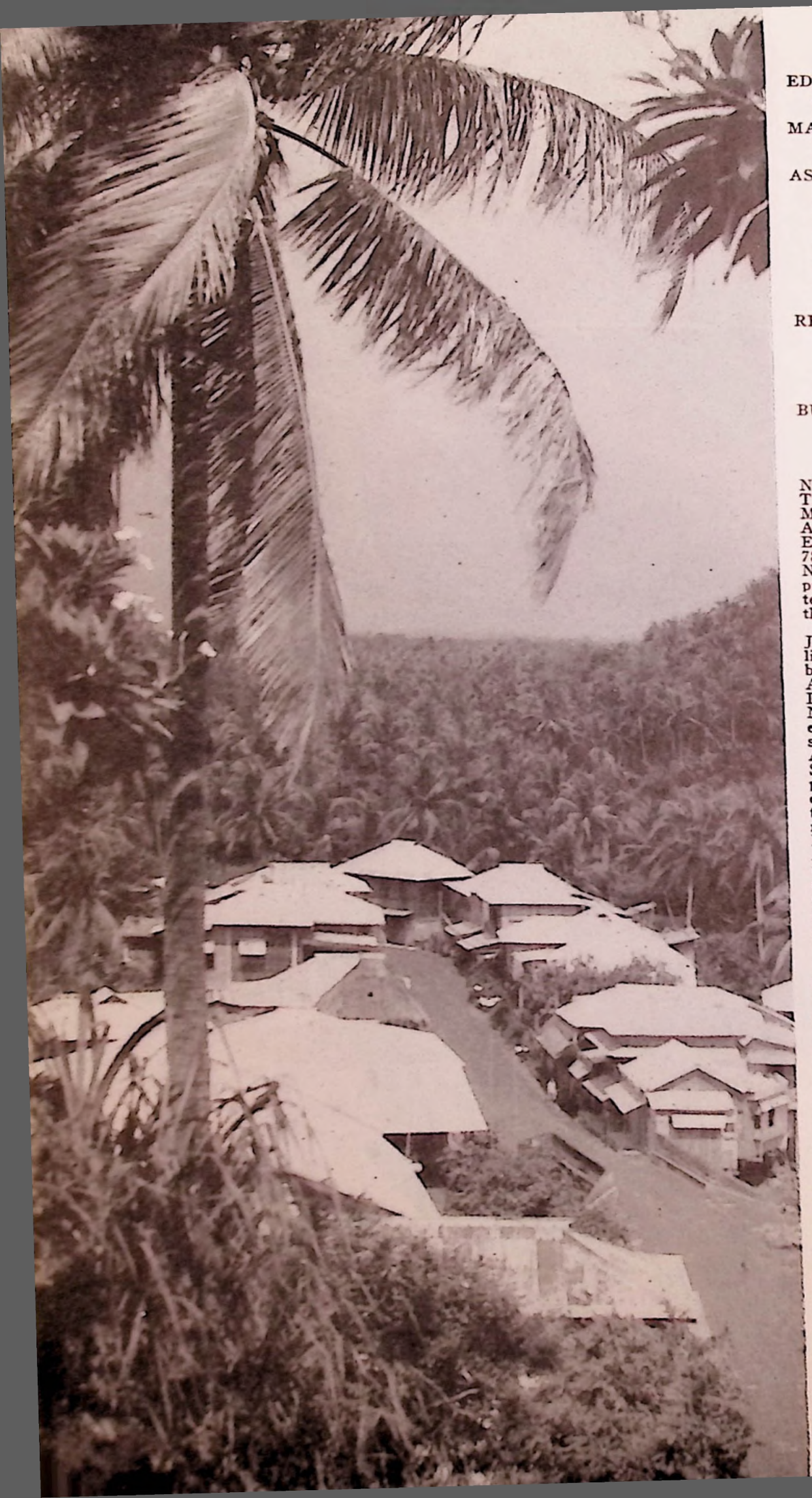

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PHILIPPINE BARRIO—Coconut palms as far as the eye can see, a cluster of tin-roofed homes and shops strung out along a single dirt street, this is a small village or *barrio*, in the Philippines.

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COVER. The strong face of a Filipina farm worker. She is wearing a handmade bamboo hat known as a "buri." The Filipino people are mostly Malayo-Polynesian people, predominantly brown. They are happy, talented and attractive; they are loyal and courageous. Over eighty per cent are Catholics. (Three Lions)

James B. Healy S.J., of Framingham, Mass., became a missionary in Jamaica through one of those unexpected turns of Providence by which some men are led by God. His special field had been literature and the arts; he was a poet and a skilled craftsman of words. Just as he was nearing the end of a long successful course of studies, his eyes failed him. He had to give up study and practically all reading for life. Blow though this was, it opened to him a full life as a missionary.

T. Quinn Enright S.J. is the director of the Jamshedpur Labour Institute. His writings, along with data furnished by Tata Ltd., supplied Father Anthony Woods with the material for this unique mission story. Father Enright, a native Pennsylvanian from Bethlehem and Philadelphia, is now in Jamshedpur, industrial center destined to become for India what Pittsburgh and Gary, Indiana, are to America today—the center of "Steel," basis of industry. Papal encyclicals are almost as necessary for him as catechisms.

"Concentration" CAMP

G.I.s QUARTERED IN THE VICINITY o Mandaluyong, Rizal Province, the Philippines during the war would tod hardly recognize the square mile south an east of the junction of Shaw Boulevard an Highway 54. Five years of abandonmen have changed or destroyed previously we known landmarks.

A hundred yards up the badly pitte road from 54 is the former camp of th Philippine Scouts and the 51st Militar Police Company. Surrounded by tattere and rusty debris, it is startling in a glisten ing coat of aluminum paint. Only the Jap nese POW concentration paddocks to th south, still complete in the grim essentials of matted barbed wire and guard towers indicate that this is just another derelict Army camp in August, 1949.

The guard tower, searchlight, barbed wire and all, of a former Japanese prisoner of war concentration camp still stand within sight of the new language school for the Jesuit missionaries to China. To the right is the main entrance of the language school, guarded by a member of the Security Patrol assigned to guard the buildings and building material against pilfering and stealing by night raiders.

To the northwest of the Islands, as Communist armies ground forward in their conquest of China, it was determined to remove the seminary of the Austrian province at Kinghsien, deep within Red territory, from the ever-present threat of persecution and the blocking of vocations to the native priesthood. There was nothing to be gained by remaining under Red domination. There was much, perhaps everything, to lose. China would need well-trained priests when the Iron Curtain finally falls, perhaps of its own evil weight.

Ninety young men from Tientsin, Peiping, Taming, Shantung, and other dioceses north of the Yang-tze began the long trek into exile which in God's good time will allow them to return to China as priests. Filtering through Communist lines they arrived in Shanghai, then on to Macao and Hongkong. As their peril mounted with the Red thrusts toward Canton, they settled—thanks to the generosity of the Philippine Government and the Araneta family—on a farm near the Jesuit novitiate at Novaliches.

Extremely crowded quarters made a more spacious establishment a necessity. In September, Father O'Hara of California, minister of the seminary, and Father Desautels of French Canada, superior of the Jesuit Chinese language school, began to shape twenty of the 51st's less deteriorated buildings into living quarters and classrooms. Sufficient progress had been made by the end of October to move from the Araneta farm. This was then occupied by Jesuit novices and juniors of the China mission, who came down from Baguio in northern Luzon.

Eight of the renovated buildings were turned over to Father Desautels to become "Maison Chabanel outside the Iron Curtain." The Jesuits who would labor in later years with the Chinese priests-to-be were to share their exile now.

After the fall of Peiping, the situation at the Jesuit language school there had gone from bad to worse. Lay teachers and domestic servants, doubtlessly prodded by the Reds, made life intolerable with strikes for more money, etc. In May, Very Rev. Father General gave orders for a new Chabanel "somewhere in the world." The school is vital to the China missions. Here, in what is proving to be a "concentration" camp in another sense, new missionaries are instructed in written and spoken Mandarin,

The Jesuit community at table in the thatched-roof barracks recently converted into a dining hall.

the language commonly spoken in northern China where most of our missions are located.

Mileposts tell us that we are about seven miles from Manila, but the post offices and buildings near the mouth of the Pasig and the new modernistic buildings along the bay shore are visible almost any day. At dusk the neon glow of the city looks very much like the garish night lighting of New York or Los Angeles. But while there are traces of the United States all around—Coke and Pepsi signs, billboards, Cadillacs and jeeps, etc., there is plenty to remind us that Times Square and the nearest Good Humor man are seven thousand miles away.

Thanks to the U. S. Army, which installed excellent water and sewage systems, life in this remodeled concentration camp (one of the few, if not the *only* one, run by the Society of Jesus) isn't as rugged as it might otherwise be.

But it must be admitted that our little stockade leans rather heavily toward the

JOHN J. DAHLHEIMER S.J.

rugged simplicity of any army camp. Thickly woven and twined fences (made necessary by the looting of building supplies and everything not chained, cemented, or bolted down) are patrolled by members of the Security Patrol, a private militia maintained by some of the corporations with large land holdings. They are armed with twelve-gauge riot guns. Fixed floodlights, and searchlights mounted on patrolling jeeps and trucks point up dangerously dark areas where the wire might be cut. Brushes with the night raiders are common enough. An exchange of shots need hardly disturb the evening spiritual exercises.

Although located at the focal point of breathtaking vistas—with beautiful Laguna de Bay and volcanoes to the south, verdant plains and sawtooth mountains to the west, and Manila and the bay to the east—the school itself is most unimpressive. Once through the gate you find yourself in one of the earth's most unphotogenic spots. The grounds are composed of from six inches to two feet of volcanic rock. The troops tried to enliven things by planting banana trees —the fruit thereon being inedible. The buildings are Army versions of the native nipa huts. Raised a few feet from the ground, their aluminum colored and ribbed sides give them the look of the low-slung coaches of the Super Chief. The resemblance is only superficial. Low pitched roofs with overhanging eaves and vertical baffles exclude everything short of typhoons, and admit what little cool air there is to be had. Our latticed windows are paned with all sorts and sizes of translucent shells.

Mosquito netting is man's best friend in the tropics, but it is very much like driving mules: you know you've got to, but wish you didn't. Getting into an upper berth fully clothed is simple arithmetic compared to the calculus of worming under a mosquito bar. Too fast, and you're apt to rip it down; too leisurely and pestiferous mosquitoes echelon past you into the inner sanctum to circle for the attack all night.

Although we are in the tropics, the heat hasn't been too much of a problem—yet. White cassocks worn Chinese fashion without cinctures over British (the New Yorker would call them "Bermuda") shorts are quite cool and comfortable, but the laundering is terrific. The humidity, and the resultant damp and mould, are the real problem. Anything put away the least bit damp begins to look as though it had been woven of caterpillar fuzz after a day or two.

Almighty God in His Providence knows what is to happen in China before the diocesan seminarians and the scholastics in the 51st's old buildings are ordained. The regional seminary and language school in exile are an answer to Communism in China and a promise to the people of China. Some day this once deserted camp will be returned to the rust and decay, for some day we shall return to China. God alone knows what we, like China, and the rest of the world, will have to face and endure before we do; but the ruins around this resurrected camp can never let us forget: "This is exile. We can, we will, we must return."

Father Albert O'Hara S.J., vice-superior of the Philippine seminary where Chinese students are trained for the diocesan clergy in China after liberation. There are twenty such buildings as you see here.

Two Jesuits, Father James Reuter and Joseph del Tufo, in Naga, Philippine Islands, took Christmas photographs with real Philippine background for Jesuit Missions. One we used for the December cover: the other is reproduced here. The story behind the taking of the pictures reads like a parable but is actually true.

No Place For A Baby

JOSEPH P. DEL TUFO S.J.

One Sunday morning, sleepy Naga was awakened by a couple of bustling Jesuits. From the big, newly-painted portals of the Ateneo de Naga to a stable in the heart of the city, worried-looking people rushed about. A new Christmas scene was in the making.

Out along the Pili road, Father Reuter argued with the baby's mother. "But, Mrs. Eveno, it must be dark. It has to be night for the proper lighting effect."

"No baby of mine is going to be out at eight o'clock at night."

"Well, as soon as the sun goes down."

Over near the stable, some boys and their father were hastily erecting a crib. The stable next door would have been just the thing. But "no baby of mine" was going to lie in that stable.

And that night . . . .

The camera was focused. The lighting just right. The Mother bent low as if in adoration of the smiling child.

"Say, don't you think that the lights would be better over there?"

"Move her veil back more."

"Oh, no! It's better where it is."

"The leg of the crib is broken. The baby might fall out."

"No baby of mine is going into that crib!"

"Let's use the real stable."

"No!"

"Why not move the horse in behind?"

"No horse is going to breathe on my baby!"

Pedro thought that the angle was wrong, and someone was warning about the nails in the floor. Finally, somehow, the pictures were taken.

Going home in the car someone remarked, "You know what gets me is that a stable and an animal's breath were good enough for God, but not good enough for that baby."

"The baby wouldn't mind. It's the mother."

"Well, I guess Our Lady didn't find it easy either."

Two days later the prints were finished. They were excellent. But for all the work that had been done on background details, the best shots were those in which they did not even appear.

One of the plants of the Tata industrial empire. The Iron and Steel Works are the largest in the British Empire and the fifth largest in the world. Besides steel, Tata directs hydro-electric power systems, textile factories, insurance companies, air lines, hotels; it manufactures cement, soap and oil, chemicals and many other products. The steel mills near Jamshedpur are the only ones in the world where coal and iron ore are found in large quantities side by side. Large benefactions and a social philosophy make the Tata family among the world's most progressive industrialists.

Labor School in India

ANTHONY S. WOODS S.

THE NEWEST TRAIL BLAZED by the pioneering Maryland Jesuits at Jamshedpur, India, may prove to be a very important one in mission history. On October 3rd, 1949, they opened the Xavier Labor Relations Institute with an enrollment of almost one hundred registrants. This Institute, a unique one in India, was started after much careful surveying and planning.

In the very ancient civilization of India, most of the cities trace their histories far into the misty past. But Jamshedpur is new. From a tiny jungle town at the confluence of two rivers it has grown since 1911 into a modern industrial metropolis of 200,000, producing over a million tons of steel a year —everything from rails for the transport system to the most complex alloy steels. As steel is the basic framework of modern civilization, you can see how vitally important Jamshedpur is to the new-found national economy of India. The Tata Works here are a model for Indian industrial progress. So, too, its workers' organizations will be used as models for the nation.

Tata Sons Limited is a vast industrial combine whose interests now embrace iron and steel, locomotives, engineering equipment, machine tools, agricultural equipment, textiles, electric power, chemicals, cement, dyestuffs, vegetable oils, soaps and toilet products, industrial investment, insurance, air-lines, radios, and hotels. About 85 per cent of the capital is held by charitable trusts endowed by members of the Tata family. These trusts include a hospital, an institute of Social Sciences, a Fundamental Research Institute, a Scientific Training School, and an Endowment for Higher Education for Indians.

Jamshedji Tata, the founder of the Tata industrial empire, was a man of great insight and practical vision. When his dream of a steel works for India was turned down by English capitalists as impractical, he convinced thousands of small investors among the Indians to finance the scheme. He chose the site for his works close to sources of iron ore, limestone, coal and waterpower—a really unique location. His views on industry's relations with labor, too, were far in advance of his time. He laid down the principle that a poorly paid worker is by no means the cheapest, and that decent wages and healthy conditions of labor are the only way to keep labor efficient. When we consider that he died in 1904, views like these must have stamped him as an advanced radical.

The city was laid out by expert town planners and is administered by officials appointed by the company. Of the houses the workers live in, ten thousand have been built by Tata and more are being erected. The water and milk they drink is protected by the most modern scientific equipment; their markets carefully supervised. Schooling and hospitalization is provided by seventy schools with five hundred teachers and a hospital with forty-five doctors. In Jamshedpur the worker gets a basic wage. On top of this he gets a bonus award based on attendance. A production bonus, which may amount to half his basic pay, is added for the quality of his work. If the Steel Company makes a profit, part of the profit is shared with the worker in proportion to his basic pay and attendance bonus. In 1947 this share added up to three and a half months extra pay.

This sounds like an ideal system; but it is not quite that if you test it against hard reality. Few workers own their own homes. Since large scale industry is such a new thing in India, labor is only very sketchily organized. Unions are able to flex their muscles only when there is hope for an immediate showdown about wages. More than 80 per cent of the workers are in perpetual debt to the money-lenders. The workers do almost no reading; they have no real recreation, no incentive for self-improvement and no initiative.

Labor efficiency is still extremely low in Indian factories and mills. In Jamshedpur it requires about seven times the number of workmen to do the same job done in the steel mills in the States. If the rolling mills at Gary, Indiana, have about 270 men on a job, here they will have 1,500. This is due to inefficiency, lack of practical equipment, poor nourishment, and lack of incentive. Though Jamshedpur living and literacy standards are certainly higher than those in the rest of India, much remains to be done along these lines to show both management and labor that higher standards make for greater efficiency and lasting industrial peace. Government, too, has a vitally important share in providing civic services for all its citizens.

It is to the credit of Jamshedpur's intelligent labor leaders, who apparently are well versed in America's labor movements, that the Xavier Industrial Relations Institute actually started so soon. It had been in the plans of the Jesuits when they first moved into the new mission field, but it was thought best to start slowly with a lecture series to sound out local interest. It was an article in the *Reader's Digest* about the workings of the Xavier Institute of Industrial Relations in New York that roused the interest of James Oomrigar, a remarkably talented young labor leader, now studying in the United States on a four-year scholarship.

The institute director started as a parish missioner in Chaibasa.

LABOR SCHOOL IN INDIA

Continued from Previous Page

At once the wheels began to turn. If Jesuits in the United States could run 100 such schools so successfully, why not at Jamshedpur?

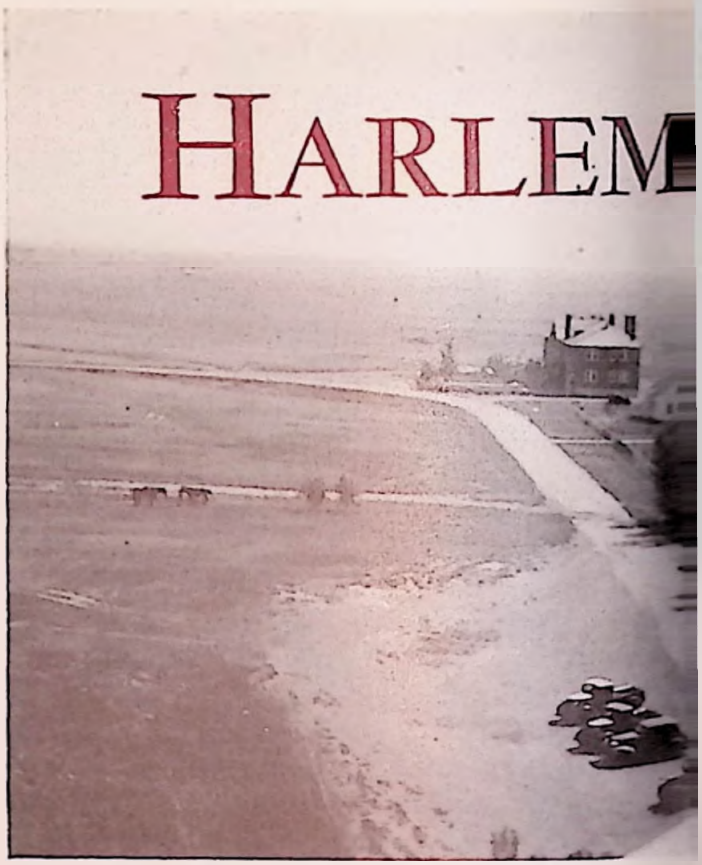
A delegation from the Tata Workers Union called on the Mission Vice-Superior, Father John Holland S.J., in January, 1949, to inquire about the possibilities of opening a trades-union school for labor. After considerable discussion, Father Thomas Quinn Enright S.J., who comes, appropriately, from the town of Bethlehem, Pa., was appointed to make a careful survey. His talks with Michael John, a Catholic, and President of TWU, and S. Gopal, the Secretary, with Mr. Haley, the American superintendent of Tata works, and Sir Jehangir Ghandi, the General Manager, confirmed the opinion that, rather than lectures, a school would fill the needs admirably.

Labor leaders were interested in getting a better, more closely knit organization, of combating the threat of Communist infiltration and of disseminating at least the rudiments of knowledge about collective bargaining, giving their workers the basic tools with which to work.

Management believed that the whole idea was good and that the proposal would be more successful than a lecture series. They also admitted that not only should labor have such a course, but that management needed it also; particularly those elements of management which dealt with labor.

Father Enright is the Director of the Institute and is teaching a course in "Labor Relations." Father Holland is teaching basic economics; Father James J. McGinley S.J., logic and psychology; Mr. James V. Keogh S.J., public speaking in English. When he returns from Ranchi, Father John J. Blandin S.J. will give courses in social reconstruction and cooperatives. The lay staff comprises two Brahmins, two Anglo-Indians, a Parsee and a Goan. The number of students was limited to just a few short of a hundred so that classes would not be too large.

As Jamshedpur is a test case for the cause of Indian industrialization, so this project of the Maryland Jesuit missioners will be watched and imitated throughout India.

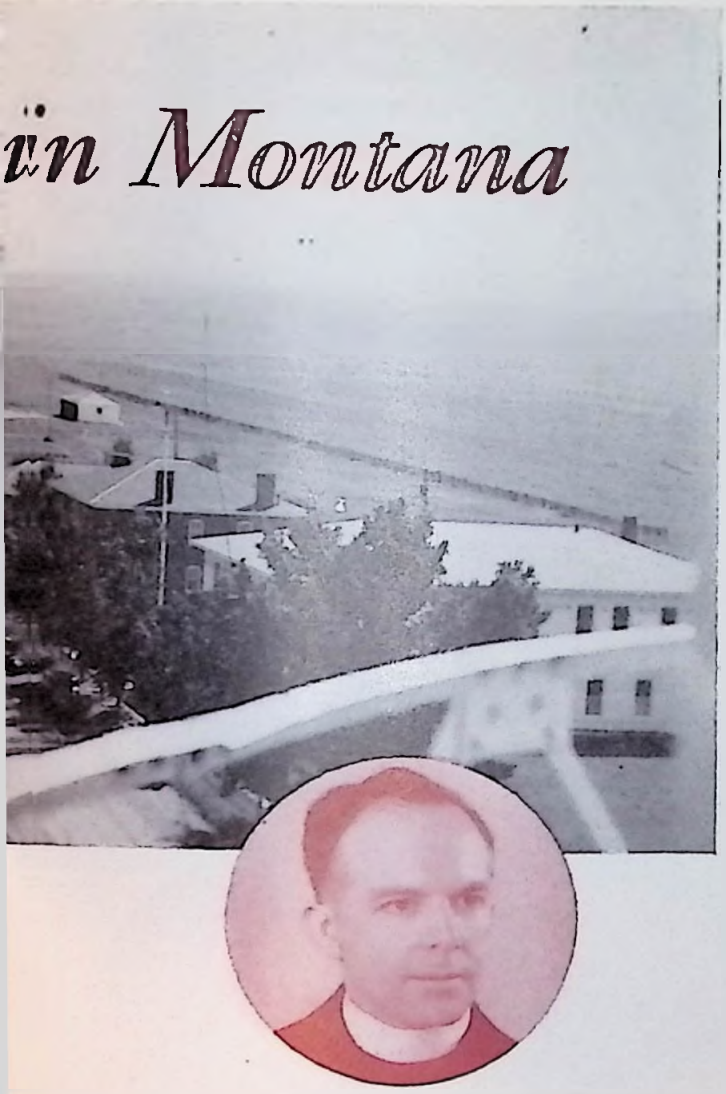


Harlem, Montana, which is as different from Harlem, N. Y., as two places can be, is deep in the prairie. Fort Belknap Agency, a few miles away, gives you an idea of the surrounding country.

THIS IS NOT THE STORY OF A STOVE. If I seem to dwell on my stove (figuratively, of course), it is only to point up the variety of problems an Indian missionary meets out Harlem way. Last Sunday I motored out to the tin Church at Fort Belknap Agency. Arrived at the little tin church, I unlocked the padlock, opened the door, and proceeded to light the oil stove. I coaxed the oil for a while then lit a match and dropped it in. Not a flicker. I got a taper and held it inside for many minutes. The flame started tentatively. Satisfied, I went to get the vestments out. When I returned, the fire was out. Again I lit the taper and the fire took longer to ignite. In desperation I propped up the plunger in back of the stove to allow the oil to flood the interior. I lit the oil that trickled in slowly. The flame promised to grow steadily.

My hands were stinging from cold as I got the chalice ready and put the vestments on. Mass started at eight in an icy chapel with the fire finally roaring. At the Gospel I turned around and found I had a congregation of three — two whites and one Indian woman. Later a twelve-year-old boy came in. A little later an Indian and his boy entered. Before

in Montana



Father Raymond Talbott S.J., former chaplain

reading the Epistle I noticed the stove was red hot and smoking dangerously.

Leaving the altar I removed the match packet from under the plunger behind the stove. Before I had finished reading the Gospel the fire had nearly died out. I asked the Indian gentleman to get it started again. Meanwhile, the woman and I began to shiver in the chill of a small room only partially heated. After Mass, I hastened to get things into the suitcase, myself behind the wheel, and the car pointed to the warmth of my room in Harlem.

That's been the way of it since I came here a few months ago. I have organized little social events to get my Indians together, but I'm afraid I haven't their wave length yet. For instance, I showed them a movie some time ago. Only little Jim First Smoke smiled at an hilarious Abbott and Costello picture. The others said nothing when they came, sat stolidly through it, and said nothing when they left. But I'm not giving up. I'm going to have a basket social, and little by little I may make some friends. I can't change their nature, but I hope to get them into Heaven somehow.

Missionaries in the past seemed to have been quite successful with these native Americans. The old Indians are baptized, confirmed and married in the Church, but the young ones seem to have drifted away. A Sisters' School seems to be the great difference between the younger and the older generation. We have no school in Harlem, but the old timers went to school at St. Paul's Mission.

Two married women and I teach Catechism once a week in the public school, but we may teach only those from the second to the fifth grade. Our Indians are increasing rapidly, seven births to one death. Indian families sometimes number ten and twelve. More and more are moving closer to Harlem because of the availability of supplies. St. Paul's mission is forty miles south. Indians have frozen on their way from there to Harlem. Even a powerful car means little against mountainous snowdrifts in prolonged blizzards. Ninety per cent of the Indians are supposed to be Catholics. We have a sprinkling of Presbyterians, and old timers who practice the Indian religion. No particular social works have improved the conditions of Indians here. Families of ten and twelve live in two-room shacks.

Harlem, the center of this Indian mission is on Highway No. 2 which runs along the northern boundary of Montana about thirty miles from the Canadian border. The mission belongs to the Great Falls Diocese of Montana. We have four missions. I say three Masses on Sunday. Every second and fourth Sunday I go to the Highway Church, and to the Agency every first, third and fifth Sunday, and to Hogeland and Harlem every Sunday. The mission area must be about 1,700 square miles. I have as many Indians as white people, but I don't get as many to Church. My Indians are mostly Assiniboine, Gros Ventres, Cree, Chippewa and Canadians. For a living the Indians sometimes do farm work for white ranchers around here. Some of them derive a little revenue from a few head of cattle, and others get a fraction of the crop raised on their lands by renters.

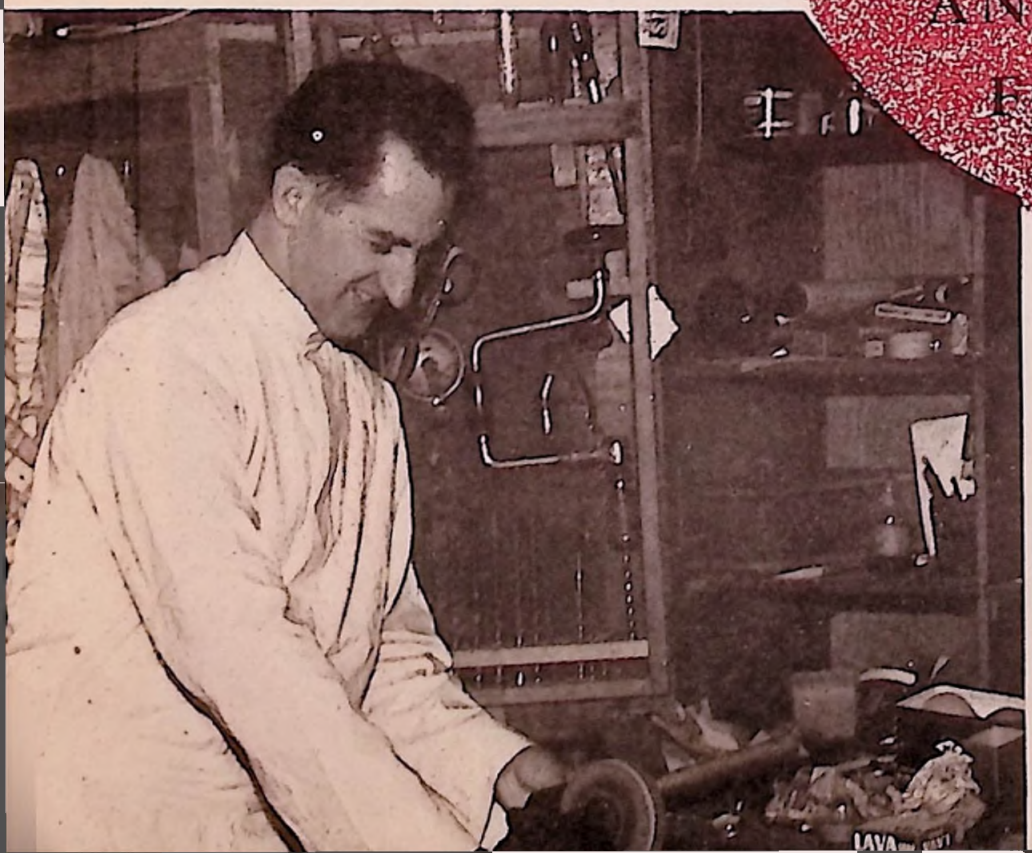
But despite stubborn stoves, the cold and bleak expanses, and my impassive Indians, the Kingdom of God expands in this corner of God's creation. Pray for us.

RAYMOND L. TALBOTT S.J.

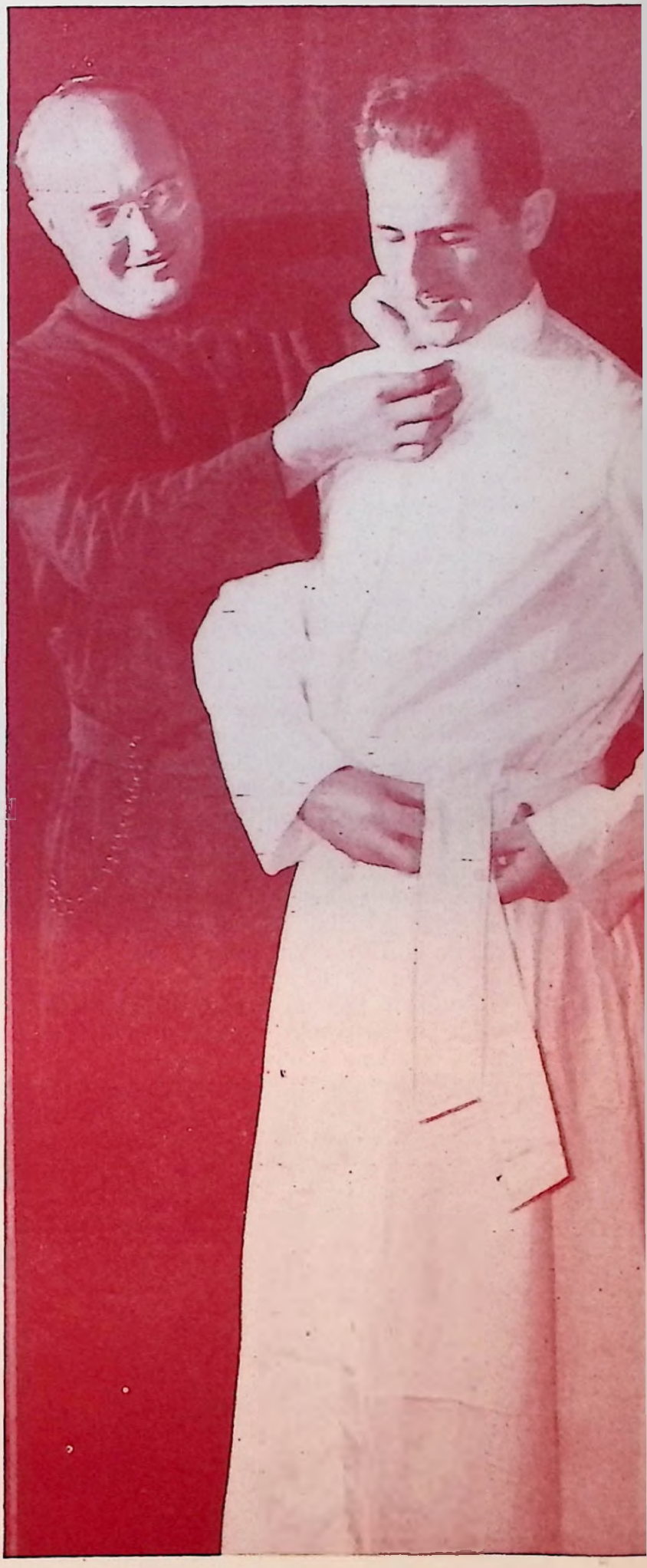
A Jesuit brother is a man who dedicates his life in a special way to God as a member of the Society of Jesus. His work is so essential that without it the Society of Jesus would be seriously impeded in attaining its end. Yet more than any other place in the Church, brothers are needed in the missions. All a brother's gifts of head, heart and hand—companionship with missionary priests, prayer for the salvation of souls and work of every type for God are needed in Jesuit missions. Each year, young men who wish to serve God begin their training as brothers.

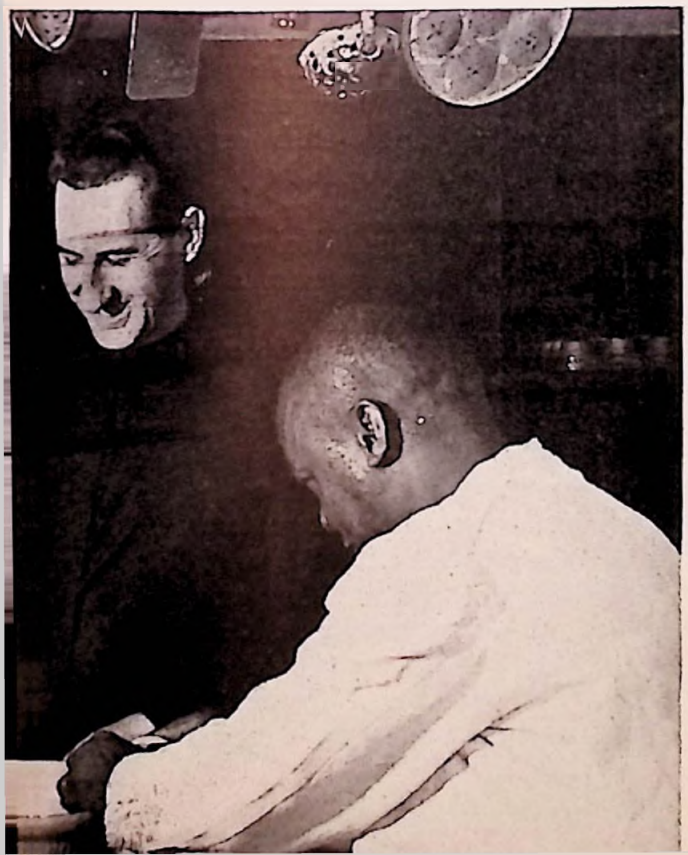
Jesuit BROTHER

HEAD, HANDS AND HEART FOR GOD



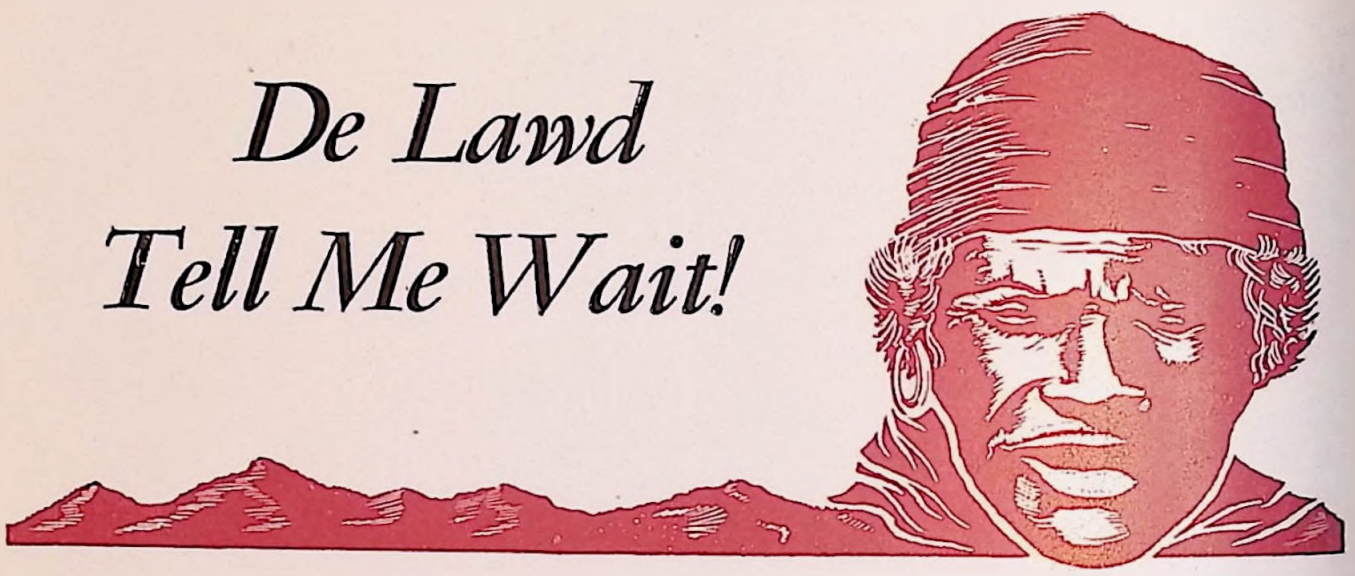
Brother John J. Walter S.J., pictured on these pages iss a Jesuit missionary brother in the Caroline Islands. Sitationed on the island of Truk, he also labors on Ponape, Yap, Eniwetok and other atolls of the South Pacific. Born in Buffalo, he is the first American brother too go to the Marshall and Caroline Islands. He is an expert in carpentry, cooking, chemistry and machinery; hee is a skilled amateur in music and art.





Brother Joseph Henle S.J. is helping Brother Walter put on his missionary cassock for the first time

De Lawd Tell Me Wait!



JAMES B. HEALY S.J.

THE HARSH AND THE HILARIOUS are often the odd ingredients of a missionary's day. Here in Jamaica their impact is frequently felt in bringing monthly Communion to the shut-ins. Each Father has his own districts, for which he is responsible. We case them often, and continually find new members for the long lists of infirm and aged destitutes. They could well form a dreary pageant except that so many of them have been brought, by age and grace and the tireless effort of our predecessors, to a calm unconcern for the outrageous fortunes of this life and to a magnificent hope for the tearless glory of the next.

Georgiana Jackson is one of these. Only a rash person would attempt to guess her age; God alone knows her history, a long one. But her face divides in the hugest smile I've ever seen and her yellow-rimmed great dark eyes still look sideways at you so archly that I suspect she was a tremendous flirt in her strawberry years. I call her Sheba.

One moonlit night, not long ago, the slap of bare feet running up the path brought me to the door, and a small boy emerged from the shadows to gasp that I must come quickly.

"Mizz Jackson, Fadder. Her sick."

"Bad sick?"

"Yeah, Fadder; well sick." That means she was dying.

I could have found the place in my sleep, driving around in the baby Ford Prefect just suited to the familiar slimy lanes of Georgiana's neighborhood. Or you can take a short cut, on foot. Just duck across the gulley, squeeze through some barbed wire and cactus fences, cross a few "yards" with your eyes and ears closed if possible, jump a few open drains, and come at the place like a native.

The yard was full of people when I got there. They just stood around, dumb, curious, and a little frightened. An old woman was sitting on the step, rocking back and forth, muttering and kicking out at the dogs with her bare feet.

The house itself, the shack, the shed—call it what you will—would make anyone want to leave it, even Georgiana. Someone had set up the interior as for a soul's departure. Not much: just a small table with a linen napkin, a glass of water and a spoon, a broken crucifix, candle-stub on a saucer, cracked ointment jar with holy water in it, and a sprig of parsley for aspergill. The stars peered in through holes in the roof, and a lantern, hanging from a nail in the beam, showed me that the rest of the tiny room was unchanged. The top of the dresser had its usual array of patent medicine bottles, a tin cup and plate, a plant or two in an earth-filled chamber pot. Between strips of newspaper stuffing the wall cracks, I could see Sheba's precious prints; tattered and speckled likenesses of the Bishop, the Sacred Heart, King George, and a young lady in the most audacious negligee. As for Georgiana herself, she was out cold on the bed.

Now this bed was a huge, hand-carved mahogany affair which took up fully a third

of the room. On top of the counterpane lay our heroine in state, fully dressed but alive. Her turban would make your eyes pop: red, green, yellow, and polka-dotted for good measure. One earring, a hoop of gold piercing the lobe, glittered wickedly against the wrinkled tar paper of her skin, but the other earring was missing, pawned these many years, no doubt. She had a lace collar, yellow with age, and a tattered lavender silk dress. She was, in fact, all ready for the ice, but she was holding off. Her feeble clay oozed a cool and greasy sweat, like a slab of salt pork just out of the freezer, and her breath was tenuous, like a kitten's.

My own heart was heavy. I missed her toothless grin and her chuckle. I missed the act of contrition she was wont to say, with her own moving interpolations. I was particularly sorry that she would not hear, as she would desire, the prayers for her own dying or feel the oil of her anointing. But she made no sign until—

"Lord have mercy," I recited.

"Christ have mercy," answered the bystanders,—and Sheba stirred. She opened one eye, then the other. She rolled her glance towards me, fought for breath and finally whispered, "Fadder?"

"Yes, Georgiana, it's Fadder."

"Me well sick, Fadder?"

"Yes, Georgiana. Well sick." At this she raised her head, and while I propped her up, her voice grew stronger. She addressed God directly. She announced that from a long time she had been sorry for her sins. She begged His pardon for all of them whatever. She expressed the hope that the good Jesus would speak peaceful to her, seeing she was so sore repentful, and she concluded by reminding Him pointedly that she loved both Him and His Mother whom she desired to meet as soon as He would permit. Then she smiled, sighed, and slept.

I left instructions to send for me when the old lady should start her last agony, so-called. I wanted to be with her at the end. Perhaps I shall yet have the privilege. At any rate, between one thing and another, it was four days before I got back to see her. She was sitting on a box in the yard, washing one little toddler, her great-grandson, while his twin brother, naked as the dawn, was drying in the sun. For me she had her old grin, wide as a shark's.

"Mawning, Fadder."

"Why, Sheba! Imagine seeing you here. I'm glad."

"I'se glad too, Fadder."

"Feel good, Georgiana?"

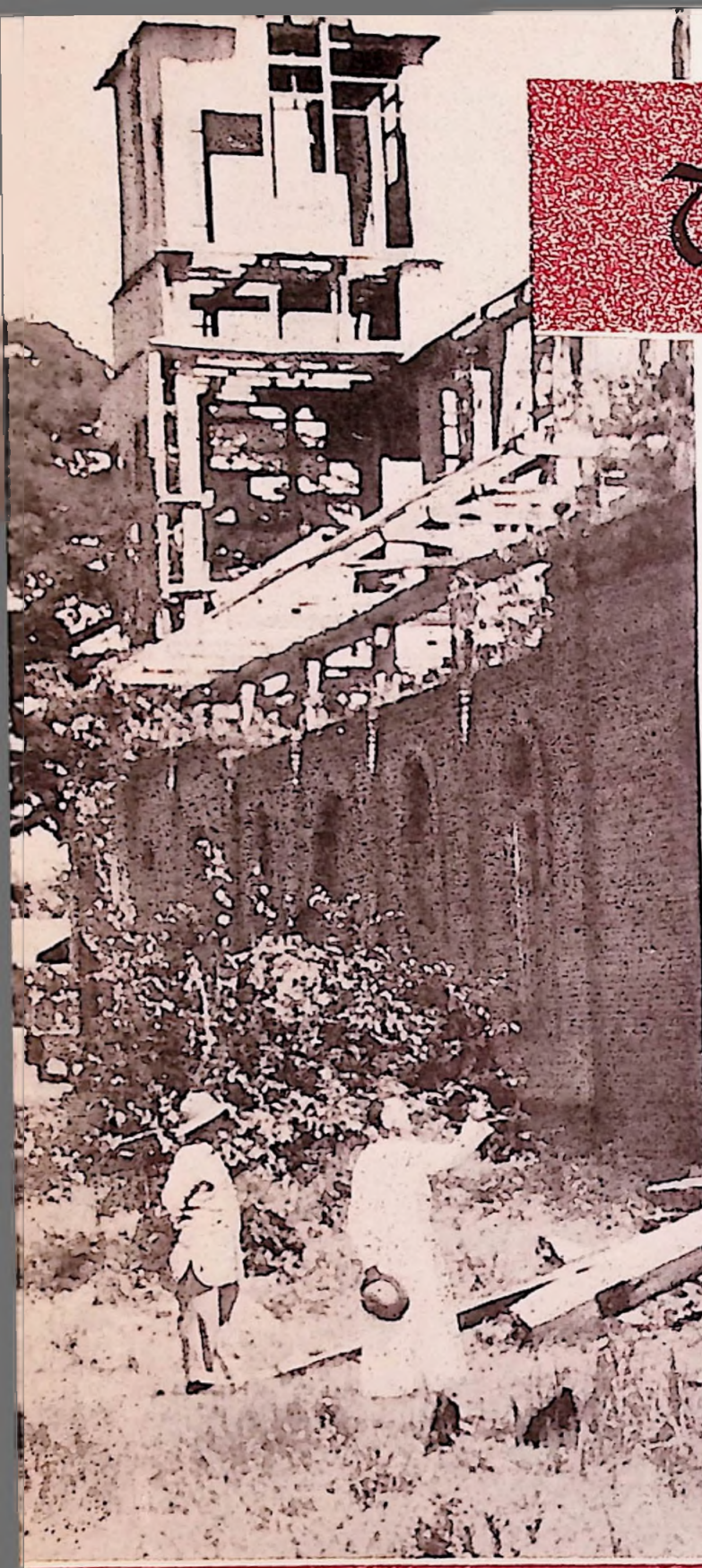
"Yeah, Fadder. De Lawd tell me wait. I wait."

She finished her laundry, balanced him on his feet and gave him a little pat and a shove. It was too much; the youngster sprawled headlong in the mud.

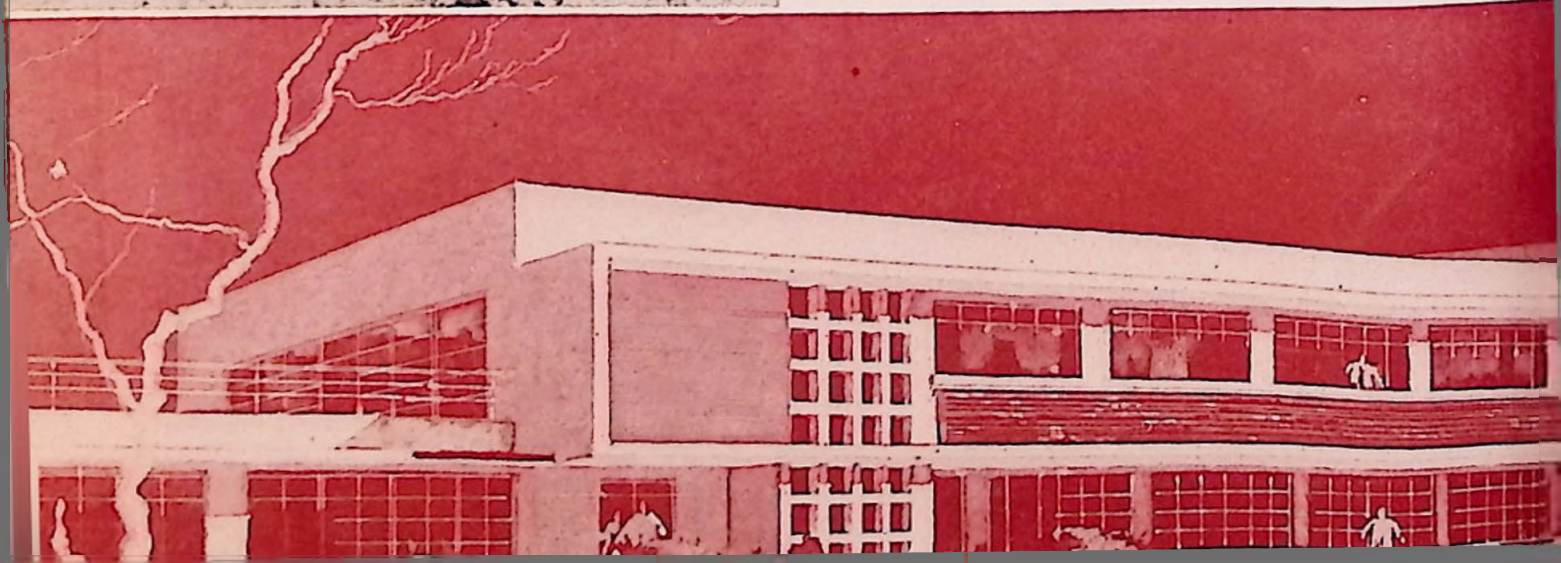
"Now look, Georgiana. You'll have to wash him again." But she only laughed. "Is all right, Fadder. Him cyant show no dirt."

Jamaica has its share of new homes and tourist attractions; its climate is among the world's best. Unfortunately it also has a lot of very poor, underpaid, undernourished, undereducated people. This is a real yard scene in Kingston, the capital of the colony. Father Healy crossed yards just like these to visit Georgiana Jackson.

The Philippines



The old church at Tagoloan and the new Ateneo High School (as planned) in sharp contrast. Above, Father William F. Masterson S.J., President of the Ateneo, and Hon. Elpidio Quirino, President of the Philippines, Mr. Eugenio Lopez, President of the Ateneo Alumni, and Very Reverend Leo A. Cullum S.J., Superior of the Philippine Mission.



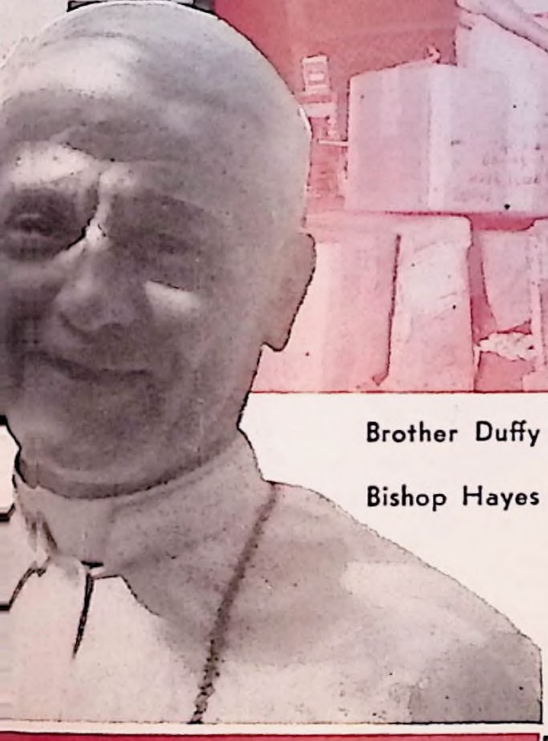
To appreciate the work of the Church in the Philippines is to understand the goal of Catholic missions. The Philippines are the farthest advanced mission of any in the world. The fact of the Church, at least, is known everywhere; a Filipino hierarchy is established in all the large centers; native priests, brothers and sisters are growing in numbers; university graduates and outstanding professional men and women show that the people have capacity for greatness. But there are not yet enough. There are still several million non-Christians; there are millions who see a priest only a few times a year; without foreign missionaries, millions would never be able to receive the sacraments at all. There is still much to be done.

Brother Duffy with packages from U. S.

Bishop Hayes of Cagayan, P. I.

Ateneo de Naga's R.O.T.C. and Cadet Corps are the pride of the Philippine city of Naga.

Father Joseph H. Bittner S.J., pastor of Catarman, Bonbon and other Mindanao towns, celebrates a Nuptial Mass in a rickety church. 23 priests like Father Bittner have dozens of mission stations and many thousands of people to care for in each parish.



The Church Was Bettiah's Glory

Rev. Kevin Angelo S.J., Indian Jesuit of Patna mission, Bettiah's pastor.

On the site of the old church ruined by the earthquake, this temporary church was built fifteen years ago. High Mass is sung here daily; two priests give out Holy Communion even on week days in this parish of 3,000.

IN DECEMBER 1933 THE CHURCH of the Nativity of Our Lady at Bettiah, India, celebrated the centenary of its foundation. Members of this largest parish of the Patna Mission returned from distant parts for the occasion.

The church had been raised by Italian Capuchins. Imposing in structure, its twin towers rose high above Bettiah. Four great bells were hung, and few churches in India could boast of bells as rich and sonorous. On feast days people judged the solemnity of the day according as two or three or four were sounded.

Non-Christians, as well as Catholics, flocked to Bettiah on feast days. During the annual Bettiah Mela (fair), the church was filled with great numbers of non-Catholics who moved devoutly from altar to altar. Some offered candles, others stood transfixed before a statue or the Stations of the Cross. Many remained in awe and admiration before the impressive Calvary group that surrounded the marble main altar.

All that glory was reduced to a pile of stone and dust in two minutes. On a January afternoon in 1934, a violent earthquake rocked Bihar. The church crashed in ruins. The high towers crumbled under the weight of the great bells, and the magnificent main altar was shattered completely. When the cloud of dust from falling buildings had settled, anxious eyes were turned toward Bettiah's church. The familiar landmark was no more.

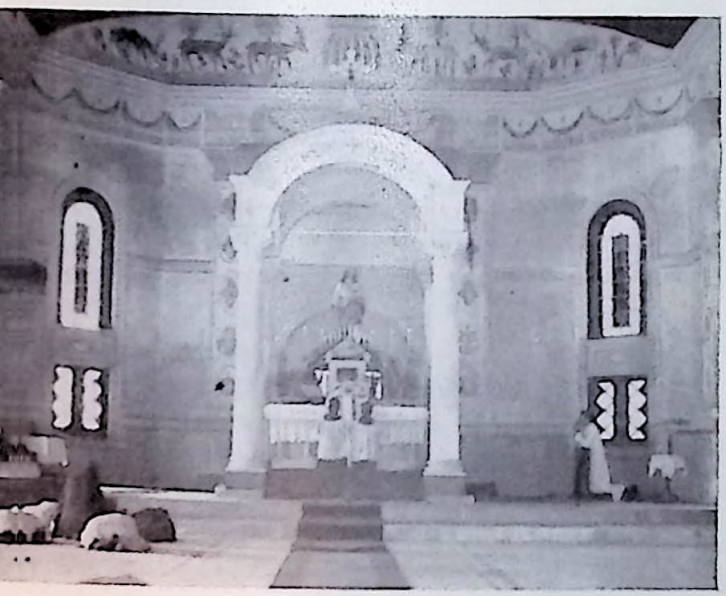
A congregation of 3000 could not be left long without a Church. Few parishes in India, or elsewhere, have a larger attendance at Divine Services than Bettiah.

For this devout congregation a temporary structure of brick and mud was hurriedly built, and covered with thatch, tile and tin.

KEVIN M. ANGELO S.J.

Although "temporary," 13 years have passed since this church was built. It is a very ordinary building, yet it is plain that even today, though suffering by comparison with past glory, there is something about it that has a very special meaning even for the Hindus. They recognize it as a holy place. As in the past, crowds still come all day during the Mela to see the church of the Christians.

When the festival is at its height it is interesting to watch the throngs. The press is so great that those entering have to push their way in against the stream of visitors coming out. As is the way with a crowd on a holiday, there is shouting and confusion and loud talking. But there has been no instance of deliberate irreverence.



This was the main altar in the magnificent old church in Bettiah, pictured below. Devout pilgrims bow low in the lower left corner. Built by the Italian Capuchins two generations ago, it attracted pilgrims, Christian and non-Christian as well, from miles around.

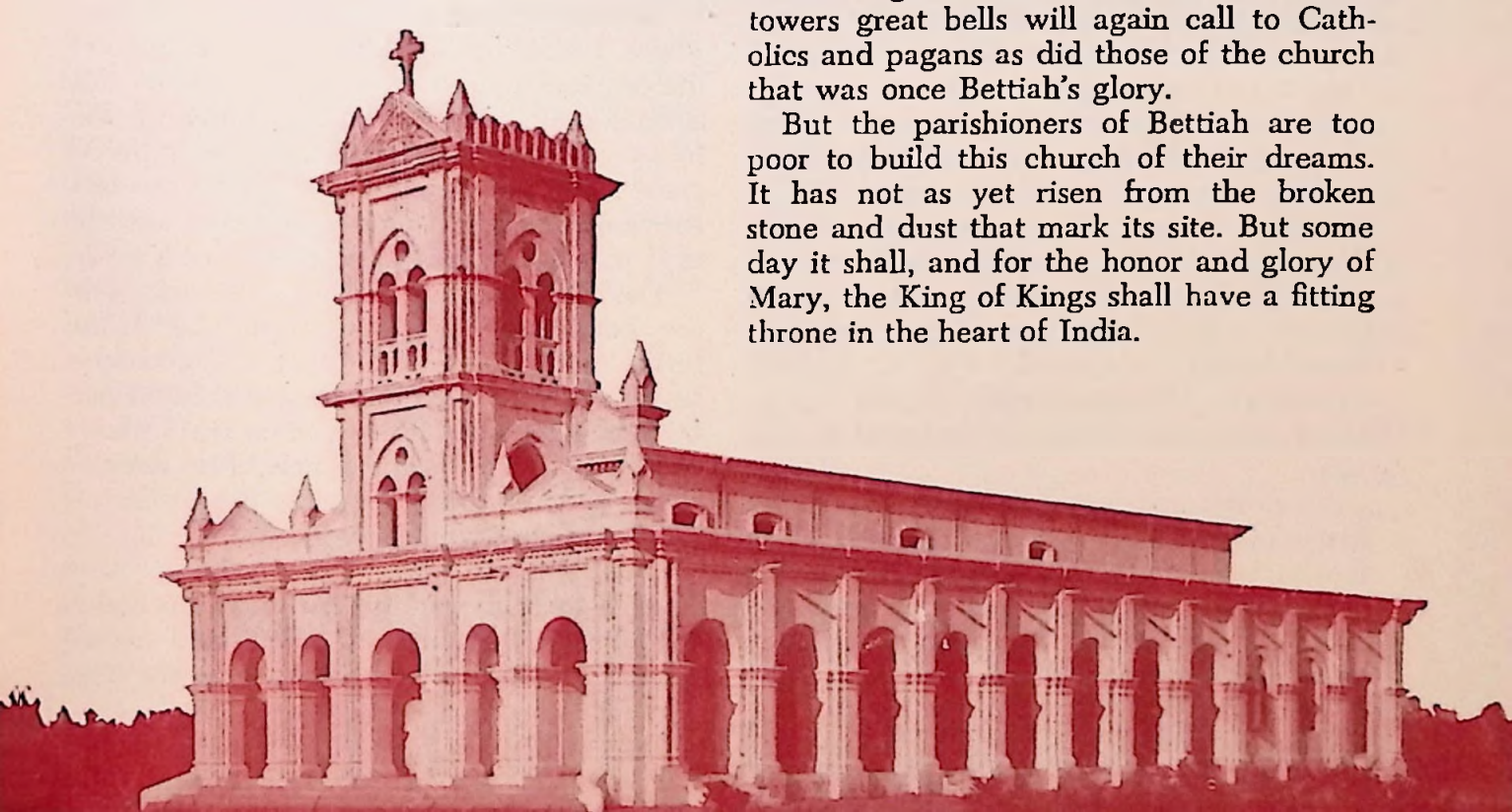
Our Catholic men arise from time to time to give a little lecture on Christianity. All settle down quietly and listen with the greatest attention. The lecturers are quick to notice the attraction of the crowds to the Cross, and the sympathy expressed by these simple people, seeing for the first time an image of the Saviour of the world.

Leaving our "temporary" church, many stop to admire a statue of St. Anthony holding the Child Jesus. It is touching to see the women pause, smile and say: "Oh, look at the baby!" Many of them are carrying their own astride their hip, and it gladdens them to see a child represented in our church.

Despite constant repair, the church is becoming more and more dilapidated. During the rainy season a dry spot is hard to find for people to kneel or sit. Moreover, the church is totally inadequate for a congregation of nearly 3000.

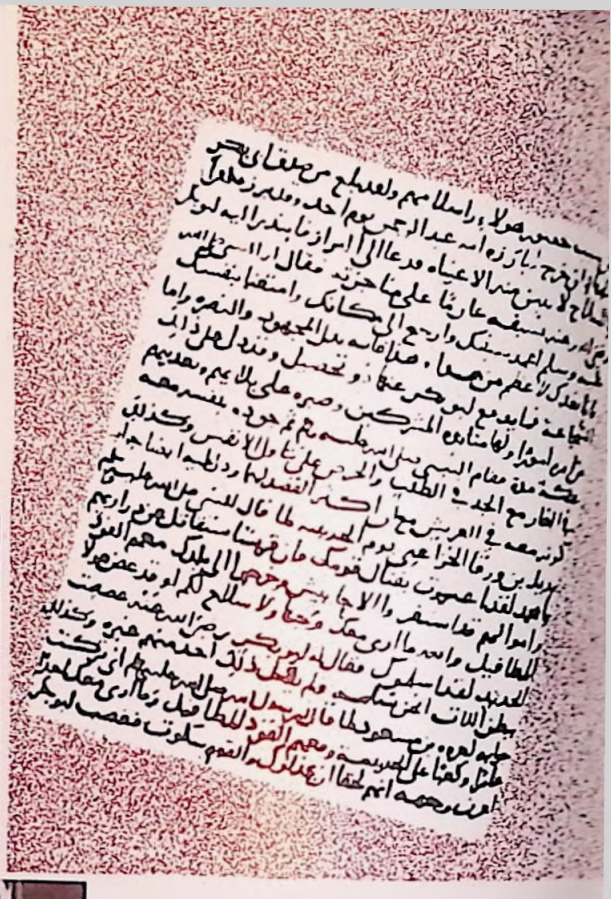
Time and again my parishioners ask me despairingly: "When shall we have a new church?" We dream of a church whose steeples will rise over the house tops, pagodas and minarets of Bettiah. We dream of a church with a magnificent marble altar, an inspiring Calvary group, and an artistic statue of the Sacred Heart. We vision a church big and beautiful, from whose tall towers great bells will again call to Catholics and pagans as did those of the church that was once Bettiah's glory.

But the parishioners of Bettiah are too poor to build this church of their dreams. It has not as yet risen from the broken stone and dust that mark its site. But some day it shall, and for the honor and glory of Mary, the King of Kings shall have a fitting throne in the heart of India.



Micro-filming A Manuscript

ROBERT J. SULLIVAN S.J.



A valuable ancient manuscript of 470 pages was photographed on tiny film, air-mailed, and studied a few days later a thousand miles away. Father Sullivan of Stamford, Conn., with Brother Chamun at Damascus, Syria.

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE MICRO-FILMING of an ancient Arabic manuscript. From Father Richard McCarthy S.J., immersed in oriental studies at Oxford, came a plea for a copy of a precious document now preserved in the National Library at Damascus. I was eager to help, knowing well the problems of a man writing his doctoral thesis.

There was a difficulty, however. The manuscript would have to be photographed, and the only equipment I possessed was an old Argus camera. I had never done work of this sort, and there was little likelihood of a micro-filming service in Damascus. But I ran into a Jesuit who proved very helpful—Pere Charles, now stationed at St. Joseph's University. He generously offered me a Leica apparatus especially designed for the task.

From Beirut I taxied to Damascus. It was five o'clock when I arrived at the Jesuit house there, in an old quarter of the city called Bab Tuma. I was welcomed by Father Chad. When I explained my visit, there was a moment of silence. Very gently he broke the news. The Moslem month of Ramadhan was about to end, which meant the library would be closed for a week. That posed a problem, but I hoped something might be done.

The next morning I set out for the library. There, I filled out a card, and in ten minutes the precious tome was in my hands. Its title is Manaquib al-A'imma—a volume of 235 folios (470) pages, bearing the signs of great age. The pages have a yellowish tint, the handwriting is somewhat faded and the tops of many pages have been eaten away.

The Director received me kindly, gave me permission to photograph the manuscript, but informed me that I would have to wait till the feast ended. He refused permission to have the manuscript photographed at the Jesuit house, but decided that a servant could open the library for me daily and stay while I worked.

This was far better than nothing. After lunch I took my equipment and returned to the library. I wanted to take some experimental shots in order to determine the loca-

tion of the best lighting, the proper timing and lens setting. Perspiration poured as I set up the equipment, and it didn't help to have a crowd of curious onlookers pressing about me to see what was going on. Suggestions flew—everyone discussing the situation like a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society. After making eleven exposures, I sought out a camera shop for immediate development. The proprietor was sympathetic and agreed to have the job done in two hours. I was pleasantly surprised at the results. The best work had been done in the courtyard. That afternoon, at two, I set up my apparatus again, working as long as the light permitted.

The next morning I was at the library again. Things moved smoothly. By eleven I had completed the manuscript, and my friend obliged by developing the films immediately.

For safety's sake, I decided to do a few frames a second time, for I felt there was some danger of certain characters being cut off. I made my final visit to the library at four, took the photos needed and dismantled the apparatus. By this time the servant who opened the door for me had become quite friendly. We managed to get along on the little Arabic I knew. He didn't seem to mind coming during the feast days, and was delighted when I added a bit to what I had agreed to pay him. We cemented the friendship by taking a few snaps of himself and his children.

I left the final roll at the photographers, with the assurance that it would be ready in the morning. Early on Wednesday I found everything neatly packed in a small box. I paid him for his work and thanked him sincerely for his cooperation. He had served me far in excess of the demands of mere business. While I chatted with him, I discovered that he had attended the Jesuit school in Damascus! He told me he was happy to serve a member of the Order. Life is full of surprises.

My work was completed. As has so often happened to me here, when work has been assigned for which I felt unqualified, the Blessed Mother has come to my assistance. If Father McCarthy finds that the microfilming of this manuscript helps him with his thesis, it is Mary he must thank. Only She could see a Jesuit through the strange tasks he is set to in this part of Her Son's vineyard.

Come, follow me

ALTHOUGH HE FIGURED PROMINENTLY in the gospel narrative of the recent Nativity season, it was with a submissive and self-effacing presence that Saint Joseph was revealed to us. We doubtlessly sensed it as we knelt at the Christmas Crib and observed his unobtrusive and almost shadowy presence. Yet we knew that from that presence emanated a strength and silent courage that spelled security for Mother and Child.

As the Child grew older and less dependent on the loving protection of His foster-father, Saint Joseph withdrew further into the background of events. So modest and unpretentious was he, guarding his tremendous secret in the workshop at Nazareth, that when Jesus began to preach in the synagogues of Galilee, many were scandalized, remembering the father's unassuming simplicity. "How came this man by this wisdom and miracles? Is not this the carpenter's son?"

The self-effacement of Saint Joseph, portrayed in the gospels, is reflected even today among the shrines of the Holy Land. There is none among the principle shrines dedicated to his memory. Yet at Bethlehem and Nazareth, as at Matarieh in Egypt, the traditional place of refuge for the Holy Family, one feels his pervading presence. He is there as he was by the Manger, strong and faithful, waiting to exert himself for those who need his aid.

We know that he was and is a generous provider for those in material want. But more precious to us is his faithful guardianship of a Virgin's purity and the infinite sanctity of a little Child.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

MARCH: Progress of the Church among the Negroes in America

In his encyclical "Sertum Laetitiae" addressed to the Church in the United States a decade ago His Holiness wrote: "We confess that we feel a special paternal affection, which is certainly inspired of heaven, for the Negro people dwelling among you; for in the field of religion and education we know that they need an especial care and comfort and are very deserving of it. We therefore invoke an abundance of heavenly blessings and we pray fruitful success for those whose generous zeal is devoted to their welfare."

This month he is begging all members of the Apostleship of Prayer to pray for the progress of the Church among the Negroes in America. Prayers are truly needed for this apostolate. What His Excellency Bishop Peter L. Ireton of Richmond said of his diocese two years ago is almost literally true today of the Church among the Negroes in America as a whole. "In the total of Negro Catholics we can not be boastful; nor in the number of converts. The . . . existing schools, however, are up to standard and enrollment is controlled only by facilities. All in all, the coming of the religious orders into the Negro work . . . has put the Church on the map in Negro evangelization. We could not have moved without them. We should put diocesan priests additionally into the work, if we had the vocations."

To bring Bishop Ireton's statement home a bit more clearly let us review it in the light of concrete facts. These are statistics for 1948, the latest now available. In the United States 8,857 Negroes became converts to Catholicism in 1948, bringing the number of Negro Catholics to 362,427. But what are they in comparison to the 15,000,000 Negroes living in America? This figure becomes even more appalling when we recall that two-thirds of these 15,000,000 live in the South where the Church is least known and where converts are the fewest, where prejudice against it is strongest. The remainder, 5,000,000 living outside the South, dwell chiefly in the large urban centers where social conditions are often far from satisfactory.

"Interracial Review" (November, 1949) supplies further statistics on the Negro field. In the United States there are 423 Catholic Negro Churches and 367 Catholic Negro schools with an enrollment of 69,130 pupils. Laboring in the Negro apostolate are 640 priests and 1,894 sisters. Father Raymond Bernard S.J. in the same issue brings to light the tabulation, perhaps still incomplete, that 23 religious orders and congregations for men with 52 novitiates and seminaries, 17 secular seminaries, 15 institutes for brothers and lay-brothers, and 25 institutes for women with 35 novitiates now accept Negro candidates.

Proportionally, however, there are no more Catholic Negroes in the United States than there were when the Negroes were liberated in 1863—one in forty—but the gains in the last generation promise a more abundant harvest in the future. According to Father John Gillard S.S.J., in 1928 there were only 203,986 Catholic Negroes in America; in 1940 it had risen to 296,988; now it is 362,427—real substantial gains. Still more hopeful signs of progress are indicated by Father J. B. Tennelly S.S. in his summary article in "The National Catholic Almanac, 1949." There are more Catholic mission schools among the Negroes, social welfare activities extended to non-Catholics by Catholic societies, better interracial relations between the Negro and his white neighbor and a more sincere interest among Catholics in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Negro.

To stimulate this interest even more, readers of Jesuit Missions might read "Jesuits for the Negro" by Edward D. Reynolds S.J., recently published by the America Press, New York, N. Y.

Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.

New School for New Leaders

HERE'S WHAT WE MEAN BY A LEADER.

Manuel Colayco, crusading Catholic editor and fighting Philippine officer, who died that Americans might live; a hero Captain on Bataan, who gave his own canteen of water to an American officer on the Death March; a brave and skillful strategist in the Underground, who guided the American First Cavalry through mines and tank traps to the rescue of American internees in Santo Tomas. Torn mortally by a grenade, he died as he lived, a courageous, selfless leader. Manuel Colayco was one of the many hero graduates of the Jesuit College, the Ateneo de Manila.

To replace the heroic, young war-dead, the Philippines need such intelligent, courageous, selfless men. In 32 Grade Schools, High Schools, Colleges and Seminaries, Jesuits are training 9900 potential Philippine leaders. Will you help in such glorious work? Gifts, large and small, will give Filipino boys a chance to become leaders like Manuel Colayco.

NEW SCHOOLS

Above the picture of Captain Manuel Colayco is a wing of the new Ateneo de Manila, a symbol of the rebuilt and new institutions of the New York Province Jesuits in the Philippines.

JESUIT *Missions*

962 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Very Reverend Leo A. Cullum S.J., as superior of the Philippine mission of the Jesuits, has direction over the largest mission of the Society of Jesus. According to the 1948 figures, there are 250,000 Catholics in a total population of 725,000 people in the two dioceses under two Jesuit missionary bishops, Cagayan under Bishop Hayes of New York, and Zamboanga under Bishop del Rosario, Filipino bishop. The Cagayan diocese, which has 7,300 square miles, has 405,580 total population and 175,000 Catholics. Zamboanga, with 25,834 square miles, has 319,151 total population and 129,000 Catholics. Most of the non-Catholics are Mohammedans.

There are besides the two Jesuit bishops, 281 Jesuits in the Philippine mission; half of them are Filipinos. There are six colleges, nineteen high schools, five elementary schools and four seminaries; two leprosaries, two hospitals and two dispensaries are served by Jesuit chaplains; and the thirty-seven main mission stations are centers for 321 substations.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

BEHIND THE SCENES

ONE THING WHICH MEANS a great deal to a missionary is what goes on "behind the scenes," not in his mission field but back home. We are not speaking of publicity or financial aid but of those men and women who give so generously of their time, position or opportunity to back the man in the field. That was regretfully emphasized recently by the death of **Bishop William A. Griffin** of Trenton, N. J. For years he had been a leader in arousing interest and support in mission work. It was not an activity that was confined to his diocese only; as a director of the national board of the Propagation of the Faith Society he had worked unceasingly on behalf of all the various missionary groups going forth from this country. Every American man and woman in the mission fields today owes a debt of thanks to Bishop Griffin for his understanding help and unselfish support. His vision was world-wide, and it was also of the future, for every missionary who came to his diocese was asked to speak to the children on the subject of vocations. Trenton has lost an able administrator, the Church has lost a grand priest, the missions have lost an outstanding friend. May he be happy now with God!

IN THE NAME OF ALL

THERE ARE MANY others who engage in this "behind the scenes" activity which means so much to the missionary. In the first rank come the women of the Mission Guilds who do a hundred different things that take some of the roughness out of the missionary's life. Some months ago one of these women went home to God, to discover what He thought of one who had spent so much of her life in helping those dear to His Sacred Heart. She was one out of hundreds, and we know that **Father Albert Grueter S.J.**, missionary to the Sioux Indians, speaks for all missionaries in the following letter: "I have been in South Dakota for 22 years now. I can't recall the exact year when Katharine Miller began her active apostolate on the Dakota Mission, but it was long ago. The circumstance was the same as the one now transpiring. A box from the Mission Guild had come for me and I wrote my sincere and heartfelt thanks to the members. Soon a personal letter arrived from Katharine Miller. From that time on there was an uninterrupted, periodic "shipment" from her Woodhaven, N. Y. address. The articles were wonderfully artistic, beautiful beyond description, her own handicraft. The other missionaries envied my art-and-craft "emporium." Other ladies became her associates and the shipments waxed fatter. As a consequence I had a jewelry department. And do these dark-eyed, raven-tressed Sioux maidens love sparklers!

"It will take a lifetime to repay Miss Miller for her generous,

unselfish assistance. I am sure it has won an enviable spot for her in Heaven."

DOWN TO THE SEA

Father William Walter S.J., stationed at Yap in the Western Carolines, echoes that appreciation for what the women of the Mission Guilds are doing. "Your package of holy pictures and home-made rosaries arrived intact and now I have some 'presents' to take with me to the many islands I have to visit. In a few days a trading ship will make port and when it leaves I'll be off again for a tour. Pray that the weather remains calm, for this is the hurricane season.

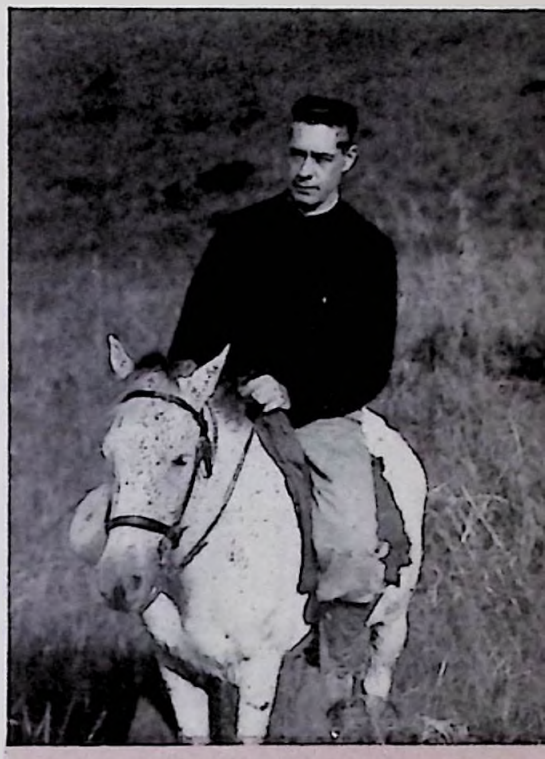
"It's a rugged life traveling on the trading ships but it agrees with me and keeps me in good condition to cope with whatever emergencies arise. On my last trip I met with an accident going ashore at Satawal. The ship stopped its engines about a half mile off the reef and I had to take a small boat through the breakers to the beach. I was the only white man in the boat. Usually the natives are very skillful at riding through the surf. But this was not one of those days. A big wave picked up our boat and rolled it over like a log, hurling all of us into the churning waters. In trying to save my Mass kit as well as myself I was badly cut on the arms and legs by the coral. Everything in the Mass kit was soaked; the water even seeped into the host box and ruined half the hosts. Mass had to be delayed for two hours while the vestments and altar linens were drying in the sun. If it had been a rainy day there could have been no Mass at all. Two days later my left arm was swollen from an infection. One shot of penicillin cleared that up. So it all ended with no harm done and now I can laugh at my experience. Now I'm determined to invent a floating, waterproof Mass kit for the use of priests who go ashore in small boats in any kind of weather. The ship doesn't wait on the weather; so my poor Mass kit has been rained on, soaked with spray, and twice dunked in the briny deep. The other dunking was only a momentary one. I had placed the kit on a pile of copra to keep it out of the spray, when a wave rocked it off and sent it into the water. I went after it and retrieved it before it reached bottom. Only the outside canvas cover got wet.

"Don't forget to pray for the Mission. There are so many things we need—funds to build, since everything the mission owned was lost in the War; a big boat to travel around my islands; twenty-seven chapels so my people can hear Mass out of the rain; a boarding school; Sisters; and many other things. There's no hope of getting even a small portion of all these things except through prayer."

HONDURAS HAZARDS

HOWEVER, IT IS NOT ONLY high water that causes trouble for the missionary. Down in British Honduras **Father John Ruoff S.J.** patrols the river stations in his prize possession, the "Loyola," which was given him by JESUIT MISSIONS readers. "My last trip up the Belize River was a bit hazardous. For the first time in three years I had difficulty getting across Little Falls. It was my Guardian Angel and the ever protecting hand of Mary that kept me from crashing up the boat on the rocks, and from whatever danger to life there would have been if I didn't make it.

"Besides Capt. Pete, who steers on all river trips, we always put on another man at the foot of the falls to do a little poling in the tougher spots. On this trip our assistant had to pole in places never before necessary. And when we reached the head of the falls,



Father Joseph Lucas, Jesuit missionary, has been called to his eternal reward by the merciful God whom he served with such a generous, priestly heart for twenty years in the Philippines. One of the original band of nine Jesuits from the United States to go to Mindanao in 1926, Father Lucas was a prototype for a generation of that special brand of pioneer—the bush missionary, the priest on horseback over mountain trails, on foot in barrio processions, at the altar in wooden chapels.

During the three years of Japanese occupation, when most of his fellow Jesuits were captured, he was Vice-Superior for the handful who escaped, but by the time liberation came, his health was broken. His last three years were spent as parish priest in the Jesuit parish at West Palm Beach, Fla. There he died on November 19, 1949, just two months short of sixty years of age. Most of his priestly life was spent in search of souls in his beloved Mindanao as a generous, kind-hearted priest of God and Jesuit missionary.

the Loyola, with motor running full speed, just stayed in one spot, with less than ten yards to go to be over. Our assistant gave all he had with the pole, but we didn't move an inch farther. Capt. Pete called me up from the motor to take the wheel, while he too helped on the box with another pole. Even this did no good. Our assistant then quickly slipped off his clothes and took the tie-rope from the bow, struggled up the current, got a firm footing at the rope's end and pulled inch by inch until we got over the falls and out of danger.

"Coming down river we had another mishap. Capt. Pete had for years shot the rapids with no trouble. But this time the water was so low, Pete missed one of the channels and put the boat on a rock. He had to jump into the water and push the boat off. I stood on the bow with a pole and many Hail Marys to keep the bow from turning into the current and being swept down the rapids with only myself on board. That certainly would have been fatal, for I don't know exactly where the channels are.

"I shall never again attempt to run the rapids when the river is so low. Tomorrow I am putting the Loyola on dry dock to see what scrapings she did get, make what repairs are necessary."

JEEPNEY JOTTINGS

Out in the Philippines a missionary came face to face with another mode of travel that also has its hazards. "The *jeepney* is a heritage of the liberating troops which slammed into Manila in February of '45. It's a lineal descendent of the Army jeep —with acquired characteristics. What is the jeepney? Briefly, it's a surplus-sold Army jeep with the back knocked out and replaced by an entrance step. Leather-cushioned seats are put in along the inside and the whole works is fitted with a welded pipe roof covered with canvas. That, in rough outline, is your jeepney.

"The jeepney has become so widespread in Manila—as an answer to an insufficiency of busses and a lack of pre-war trolley cars —that there are various astronomical estimates of their number. In fact, it is the opinion of one faction (to which I do not belong) that if all the jeepneys in Manila were stretched from Leyte, along the Pacific ocean bottom, it would be a very good thing.

"But the jeepney is more than a solution to the transportation problem. It helps solve another one: think of all the drivers who are employed for these small units (8 to 11 passengers). Busses handling the same amount of traffic would require only *one-fourth* the number of drivers! And what about the jeepney-makers?

Father William Walter S.J., of Buffalo, N. Y., is a rugged former Army chaplain now stationed on the island of Yap in the Caroline Islands.

RETURN

WE ARRIVED IN YOKOHA HARBOR very early in the mo ing. It was a far different so from the one I still remembe of twenty-six years ago. That w the last time I had been in Yok hama, the morning of the gr earthquake which shook the c to its very foundations a brought so many concrete a brick buildings tumbling d like cardboard structures. had fled from Hormoku Be and been taken aboard the "Pre dent Jefferson" and we had sa away from the scene of ruin a devastation. Now I was b strangely enough at the very p which had collapsed under t force of the earthquake. I was o the "Young America" and I w dered if there was a special s nificance in that.

The first sight to greet us aft we passed the customs was of Japanese, standing on a platfor at a street intersection, in a bl

TO JAPAN

Main street in Yokohama, 1923.

niform crisscrossed with white inds. There had been no traffic ips in the 20's for there were irdly any cars then. In 1923 the eople moved along at the pace of Hhotel waiter in Savannah. Now eere was activity everywhere. hne slow motion camera of two ecades ago had been given a ouple of quick turns, for as our eep moved swiftly through the affic, bicycles — hundreds of em it seemed—darted out of ile roads, and women with their iildren hitched on a la piggy-ack kept running out of lanes in most complete oblivion to our epp and the other traffic.

The city has changed com-etely. I could not recognize a ngle building. But the most sig-ificant change seems to be in the eople themselves. Almost within e: shadow of Allied Headquar-rs a nation once burnt out by re, destroyed by quake, and al-ost annihilated by war has be-gun to live again. One would ex-pect signs of sorrow, of regret, or of retrospection, but there are none. On the contrary, one begins to sense a spirit of anticipation, of hope, of optimism, of spiritual values. There are of course un-dertones of suffering and priva-tion that are not easily exorcised. But a people has begun to live—and we are here to bring them the true Life. *William A. Daly S.J.*

"Despite the fact that someone picked my pocket in a jeepney once, there is still joy in the experience of squeezing into the back (front seats are always taken first) and becoming a mem-ber of the jeepney family again.

"All in all, the jeepney is a good thing, and it's Filipino from name to finish. I'm for it."

Frank Lynch S.J.

OFF THE TRAIL

FEW ARE THE MISSIONS that have the same hazards in traveling as are found in Alaska. But some-times the very danger pays off in unexpected ways. **Father Segundo Llorente S.J.** of Beth-el, well known to our readers, tells of an incident that happened to **Father Norman Donohue S.J.** of Akulurak.

"Father Donohue had a sick-call from a place he had never seen in winter. In case you don't know it, let me inform you that on the Yukon Delta places don't look the same in winter as they do in summer. If you don't be-lieve it, just come and try. Any-how, he hired one of our best guides, Evan Sipary, and out he went. They traveled all day and a great deal of the night and they were getting nowhere. In Alaska in wintertime that can be very serious. Suddenly they heard dogs bark close by. They were saved! But instead of the desired village, it was a two-cabin settlement, Kirtathlugak, whose people had been praying as hard as they could to have a priest so they could receive the Sacra-ments! After examples like this we are inclined to see the finger of God in such misfortunes as losing the trail and wandering throughout the brush in the dark of the night."

Father Jules Convert S.J. of St. Michael's Mission also has a tale of the trail. "I left Chevak at 8 in the morning, in the dark. By 9 p. m. I was just about as tired as my dogs of all that straight mushing on a very poor trail and against the wind. For the past five hours, we had been traveling in the dark again . . . and nothing in sight. Camp for the night? Maybe it would be wiser, since we should not be very far from Keyaluyik, our destination. But this wind was so cold! Well, let's try again for a while: we might pick some fresh trail. For the thousandth time since dark, I made anew the intricate angle computations with my compass, and then decided to make a strong correction toward the north. Buster, my old leader, thought just the same except that he insisted on making it toward the south. Finally, the whip helped win victory for the com-pass over canine obstinacy, and it was not long before I tri-umphed. We hit a nice well-beaten trail, such as exists only in the immediate neighborhood of large camps or villages. No longer a question of stopping now! The team also found new strength to gallop, and by 10 p. m. a little light in the distance took a weight off my mind. There we are; we won't have to sleep in the snow this time! In half an hour we reached the little light . . . and a lone igloo on a river bank. Keyaluvik? No, only a small trapping camp, about two hours to the north of Keyaluvik!

"Buster quietly sat down and looked at me. No, I won't say what I read in his eyes that night!"

Women squat on the ground making clay vessels.

POTTERS' FIELD

WILLIAM H. MORAN S.J.

The village of Muthur in Ceylon is built on the southern shore of the opening of Trincomalee harbor. Nine miles of water separate it from the city of Trincomalee. It lies on a strip of land between jungle and shore, and many of its inhabitants are not long out of the wilderness. The task of Christianizing these people is made overdifficult because of their poverty.

Father George Hamilton S.J., the pastor here, is one of the veteran American missionaries in Ceylon. He came as a Scholastic in 1936 when the mission was staffed by the French Jesuits from the Champagne Province. The New Orleans Province had no Mission at the time and was helping the French Jesuits staff its mission. The war changed matters drastically. After the war the New Orleans Province took over the mission. Father Hamilton was here to welcome the first new men the mission received since he came. A year later he returned to the States for some months to give firsthand information of conditions on the mission, and to interest friends and benefactors in the work being done in Ceylon. Two years ago, on his return, he was assigned to Muthur and has been working strenuously there since then.

When you meet this tall, wiry-haired man you are impressed by two things—his deep spirituality and his cheerfulness. Above all he is working for the spiritual needs of his people, but this in no way lessens his endeavor to help them physically. Rather, it is the stirring motive for all his work.

We arrived by motor launch from Trincomalee and on the way to the parish house passed the post office, a government sawmill and the Catholic school. These were all more or less respectable buildings, but when we got to the church and parish house we were in the residential section of the village. Except for the church and parish house, all the dwellings were made of clay foundations, thatch walls and roofs. In one house. not more than fifteen feet square, three families lived in one room. This wasn't unusual. The men of the village, for the most part, don't bother to work; they live on the money the women make selling pottery.

The task Father Hamilton has before him. if he is to help these people physically, is two-fold. First, to better the living conditions of his people, and then to consolidate and spread the Faith in the village. Due to prevailing conditions in the village a real Catholic life is next to impossible for many of the people. But a start has been made.

There is another source of income for these people—one that gives the men work at the same time. The church has an acre or so of land in the village that has been used for growing tobacco. It isn't capable of producing now because the well needs repairs: new sides, a covering and a general cleaning. The plans for this project are in the head of Father Hamilton the pastor, doctor, judge and economist for his people.

Walking through this field I was strangely reminded of Joyce Kilmer's poem, "In Flanders Field." Joyce Kilmer pictured the poppies growing between the crosses row on row. But here, a single cross stands between the tobacco plants row on row—marking a grave. When the Dutch held Ceylon, there was a religious persecution which drove many of the priests from the island. Among those who managed to return was Father De Melho. He had been in lower India and came to the village of Muthur as a coolie-laborer. He spent the last years of his life working for the Christians of the village while he performed the tasks of the outcasts of the Orient. The cross that marks the grave of this priest is a symbol of the predecessors of Father Hamilton who have labored so hard to win these people to Christ. Father Hamilton is just one of a long line who have given their all to win the graces that these people have seemingly been spurning.

The second part of the two-fold task that is before Father Hamtlion is beginning to take shape too. He is consolidating the Christians by helping them set up a cooperative to sell their pottery and the tobacco when it grows again. Both the pottery and the tobacco are in demand by the Jaffna merchants. These merchants are shrewd and try to deal with individuals in order to get the products as cheaply as possible. The cooperative will be able to demand fair prices for large quantities of either pottery or tobacco.

Women all work in Ceylon. This grey-haired woman is a tea-picker on a large plantation in Ceylon.

On our jaunt through the village, Father had a couple of the women show us how they make the pottery. They squat on the ground with a clay plate in front of them. This plate is rounded on the bottom, flat on the top, and serves as the base for making new pottery. Wet clay is put on this base. With one hand, and the large toe of one foot, the women rotate the base while they mold the pottery with the other hand. As you can imagine, this is slow work. Father has tried to help them speed the operation with mechanical aids, but they cling to the way that generations before them have done the work. This way is good enough for them. But the family income depends on the pottery, and the slower the work the less the income. If the income is to increase, production must be stepped up considerably. Since the people of Muthur are so adverse to any innovation in their pottery making, Father has the women of a neighboring village learning to make their pottery by molding it while the clay is spun on a revolving table that looks for all the world like a piano stool. A government agent from Batticaloa is in the village now showing the people how to use this "modern" method. If these women become the least bit proficient, others will then follow suit and things will move a little more quickly. The problem is to get the first ones to try something new.

The village that is trying this new method is one of the mission stations of Muthur. Only the church and school here are built of materials sturdier than clay and palm leaves. Father Hamilton told us that he tries to spend two weeks in each village during the month. While in one of the villages, he can visit the other church on his motorbike as well as the little schools spread over the neighborhood.

This then is Father Hamilton. He's the hardest working man in Muthur and his problem is to see that his project in "potters' field" not only has a good beginning, but a happy ending.

The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

March is St. Joseph's month. It was his vocation to provide food, clothing, shelter and protection for the Christ Child and His Blessed Mother. There must have been moments when he worried about the security of his job, the payment of bills and provision for the future. With a conviction that St. Joseph can well understand our anxieties, there is a devotion centuries old of having recourse to him for our temporal favors.

Each month on these pages we list numerous material needs of our missionaries. Despite the fact that there must have been many demands upon your charity, the response of our readers was particularly generous at the Christmas season. By answering these requests, you are imitating the vocation of Joseph by providing temporal support that the Christ Child might dwell in chapels, in schools and especially in the hearts of natives in distant lands.

In preparation for the feast of St. Joseph, March 19th, the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS will offer a Novena of Masses with the explicit intention of begging his intercession that rich temporal blessings be granted to all who have supported our work.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

St. Patrick's Church

Many months ago, we published the request of Father Staquet, a Belgian Jesuit missionary, for donations to erect a Church in honor of St. Patrick. For one reason or another, little help was received. We promised Father Staquet that we would repeat the request in the March issue, hoping that some friendly sons of St. Patrick would answer his petition, especially on the 17th of March.

According to Father Staquet, it will be the first Church dedicated to St. Patrick in the center of the Ranchi mission with its 300,000 Catholics still mortally afraid of snake bites. Can you send $5.00, $10.00 or $100.00 towards the Church?

Host-Oven

Word does get around from one mission to the other about the generosity of our readers. Fully two years ago, we published an ad for a host-oven to be sent to the mission of China. As a result, we were able to buy three. Now, we have a similar request from Father Kennally, Superior of the Jesuits in the Marshalls and Carolines. Quoting Father Kennally—"I must purchase an electric altar bread baker as the charcoal and kerosene bakers we have simply will not

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fill the bill, especially as the number of Communions is increasing rapidly—thanks be to God."

The cost is $180. However, there will be shipping charges and delivery charges, so the total cost will be approximately $200. If we receive a response soon we will probably be able to get the oven to Father by Easter.

A Million Dollar Request

When mobilization began for the second World War, Father William Walter of Buffalo was the first Jesuit of the New York province to be appointed Chaplain. He saw years of service and traveled far so he was well prepared for his appointment as a missionary to the island of Yap. Unfortunately, Father Walter's Christmas letter arrived too late for an earlier publication. He concluded with the prayer:

"Dear Infant Jesus—help me to get a million dollars or at least fifty thousand to start: an airplane or ship to take me around my islands, twenty-seven Chapels for my people, a boarding school complete with nuns to maintain it. There are many other items I need but I wouldn't want to ask you for too much at one time. I am asking all my friends to pray, but it's you, dear Jesus, who will have to inspire someone to help me."

Graduate Books

Most of our readers will be amazed to know that at the Ateneo de Cagayan there are 1,954 students attending the high school and college classes. It has taken years of planning and sacrifice on the part of the missionaries and those at home to make such an enrollment possible. To offer greater facilities to the students the library must be improved and reference books on Law, Education and English courses are needed. Five dollars will be a great help in purchasing the books. Can you help this Catholic cultural cause of the Philippines?

Altar Missals

We have standing orders for Altar Missals. The latest request has come from Father Carroll Fasy, Superior of the mission at Jamshedpur, India. A few new missionaries have been added to his staff, so Father Fasy now needs six additional Altar Missals. Forty dollars will purchase an Altar Missal and ten dollars a Requiem Missal.

Philippine MISSION NEEDS

TABERNACLE	$125.00	
SUPPORT OF A SEMINARIAN	75.00	per Mo.
BAND INSTRUMENTS	50.00	
STATUE OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY	35.00	
FIFTY GALLONS OF PAINT	5.00	per Gal.
5,000 MEDALS— SCAPULAR, MIRACULOUS, ETC.	.10	each

JESUIT MISSIONS

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JM

Holy Year Pilgrimage

TO ROME 1950

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PARAY LE MONIAL
THE ALPS — TURIN
FLORENCE — ROME

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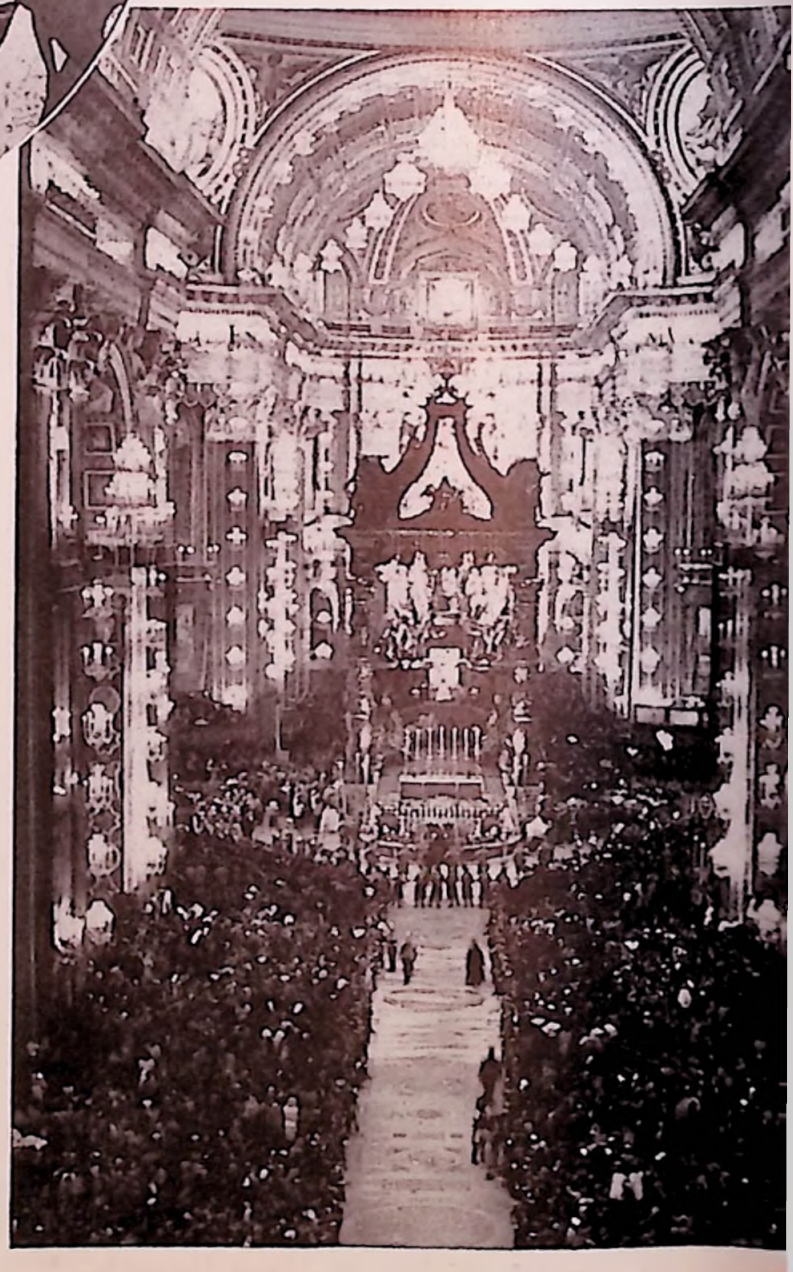

FATHER COLEMAN DAILY S.J. will lead a group of Jesuit Missions friends on a Holy Year Pilgrimage to Rome, sailing on a chartered ship from New York, June 26, and returning August 2. Here is your chance of a lifetime to visit the Holy City and the shrines of Europe at a very reasonable rate. Covered by your fee will be all transportation, hotels, meals, tips, sightseeing, guides and 65 lbs. of baggage. Two days will be spent in Dublin and in London, three days in Paris and in Rome. Side trips as desired. Write for information at once.

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