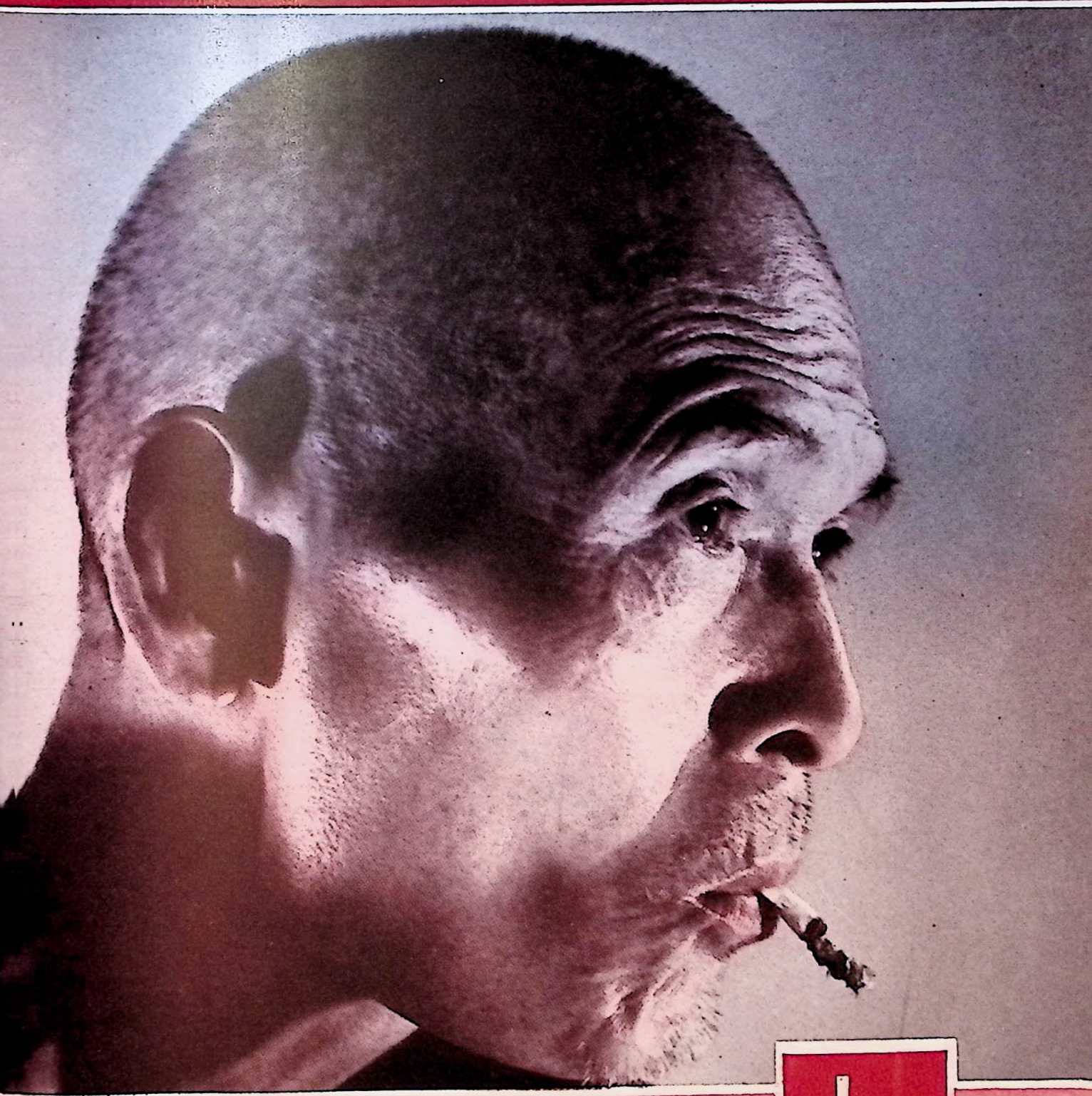
JESUIT MISSIONS

APRIL 1950



WAITING FOR THE DUST...

JM

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Pictured on these pages is the town of Minas de Oro just across the border from Yoro in Comayagua, Republic of Honduras, Central America. Father John Newell S.J., formerly a missionary in British Honduras where Missouri Province Jesuits have labored for over fifty years, is now pastor in this new mission in Honduras. It is a mountainous, land-locked area which includes most of Yoro and part of Comayagua.

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COVER. He's not anyone famous. He's just a Chinese man of the countryside who knows no other land but his own, wants none but his own. Like so many others of the 450,000,000 people of China he is bewildered at his lot. Since 1927 his country has never been completely at peace. Revolution, bandits, invasion, conquest, occupation, aggression and betrayal have beset China without interruption.

Father Leon A. Foster S.J., born in Peoria, Ill., 57 years ago, the oldest of ten children, first wanted to be a farmer. Letters home from Patna's first missionaries prompted his mission vocation. He was the first Jesuit Mission Procurator in America (1931-37), and the first organizer of Patna's Mission Circles in the Chicago Province. Father Foster is one of the unsung heroes of Patna, generously working behind the scenes. Even now he writes of other's work, not his own.

Norbert J. Tracy S.J., of Chicago, now prefecting at Sophia University, in Tokyo, sent us the story of the exhibition tour of San Francisco's famous baseball team, the Seals, as soon as it happened last October. However, we were already working, because of the demands of our production schedule, on the January-February issue—no time for a baseball story. So here it is, a good story, in time for the opening of the baseball season. Good luck, Seals!

THE RED "LIBERATION" OF CHINA is now part of the unhappy history of this century. Once again Soviet stage hands have rung down the Iron Curtain on an unfortunate people. Behind that grim screen, the helpless millions of China mutely await the lot of every nation into whose back the bloody sickle has been plunged. The price of this conquest in human misery and loss to the mission Church is incalculable.

America's role in this tragedy has been called "the worst diplomatic defeat in U. S. history." It is more than that. Today, free men stand in shocked confusion before the impotence and moral flabbiness of the strongest nation on earth. Our catastrophic blundering in Asia has played into the hands of an avowed enemy. Only an historian of the future can assess the damage to our security and prestige.

Out of the tangled web of events, a pattern is slowly emerging. It would seem that the much-maligned Chiang Kai-shek was guilty of the unforgivable. At a time when

Red troops in a ruined north China village. During the Japanese war the Reds were able to consolidate their political organization without interference. While the National government was being impoverished by the long war, the Reds avoided open battles and used Japanese munitions to capture China.

many American leaders were swallowing hook, Party-line and sinker with a gulp heard and noted 'round the world, Chiang was insisting on the true measure of the evil that is Communism. In this age of misleading labels, he was fully aware of the harsh truths behind such verbal fronts as "agrarian reform," and America's naive demands for "coalition." To President and general alike, his stubborn opposition to a merger with the Reds was galling. As we know now, Chiang's resistance was simple sanity.

In reprisal, and in an effort to cover our dreary floundering in the Asian arena we repudiated a nation to which we were bound by treaty, by long years of mutual friendship and respect, and by common cause against the violent drive of Soviet world-hunger. Our Pacific defenses crumbled on the Potomac. There American logrollers administered their *coup de grace*, absolved themselves in a deliberately distorted "White Paper," piously washed their hands of a "corrupt" party—as well as half a billion unfortunates—and sat back in vengeful righteousness to "wait till the dust settled." Whether by design or through an unmanly reluctance to admit mistakes, the State Department's latter-day policy of doing nothing has run its obvious course. The "dust" has finally settled.

The effects of this empty formula on the Church in China have been overshadowed by the fall of a nation. But the disaster has struck a cruel blow to missionary endeavor. Ultimately, if Communism runs unchecked, it will wipe out the painfully won successes of many generations of patient toilers.

At the end of World War II, the heady winds of peace breathed over this tortured land. At that time, the men of Mao Tze-tung, rearming in the north for their spectacular sweep, seemed but an annoying cloud marring the clean blue of a new day. The Church prepared for a strong surge of mission activity. Despite Red rumblings, and the disorder that flowed in the wake of war in Europe and Asia, missionaries looked to a future bright with promise.

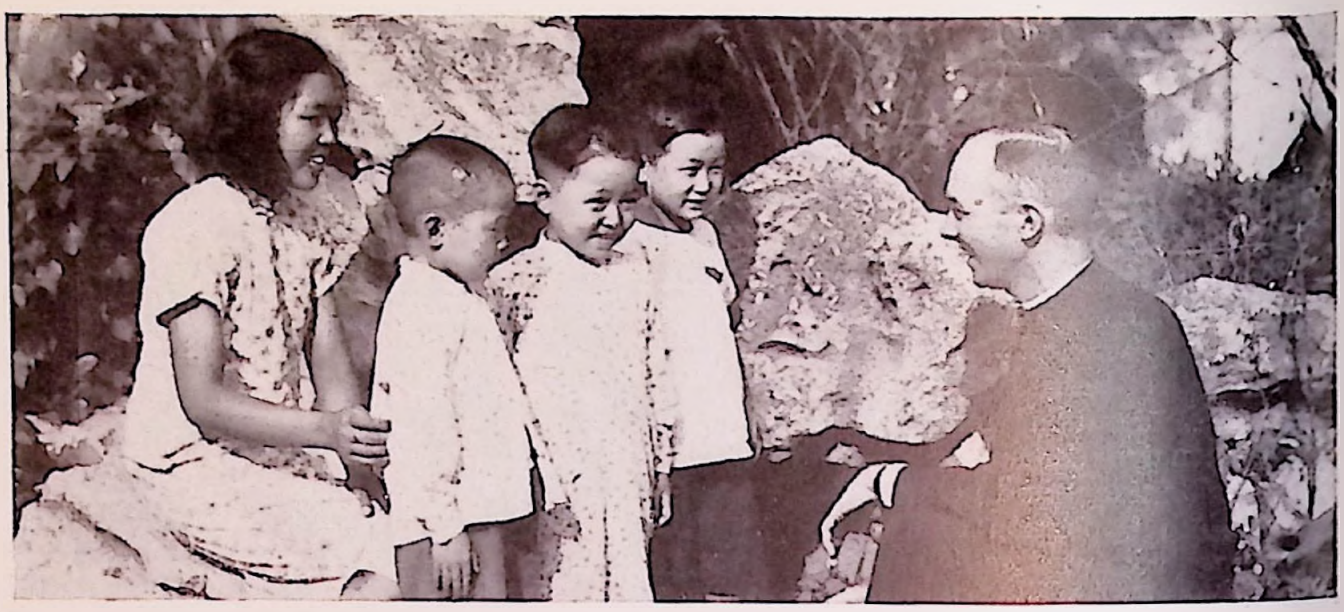
In February of 1947, a regular hierarchy was established with twenty metropolitan and seventy-nine suffragan Sees. Twenty-one of the Bishops were native born. The long-suffering Church in China had come of age. In 1948 the clergy numbered 5,788. More than half of that number were Chinese. There were 5,112 native and 2,341 for-

WAITING... *for the Dust* TO SETTLE

ALDEN J. STEVENSON S.J.

eign religious. In major and minor seminaries, 3,629 young men were being prepared for the apostolate. Catholic schools were crowded. Although Catholics numbered little more than three million—a tiny minority in this sea of souls—there was every hope of a great harvest in a land whose ancient gods had failed.

Within the past year that hope has been dashed against the stunning fact of Communist conquest. Once again, as in Europe, the Church and the



Father Fred Foley S.J., of Yonkers, N. Y. who is to be ordained this June in Shanghai can no longer roam the countryside without a pass as he used to, but he claims that our Catholics will remain loyal.

Kremlin meet—with the Church the apparent loser. The unholy story of persecution and suppression is being repeated. For many reasons the strangulation of Christianity in China has been slower-paced, but the intent and the pattern are grimly familiar.

Since 1946, and especially during the winter of 1947-48, the Church in Manchuria and the Northern provinces was subjected to vicious persecution. Destruction of mission centers, torture, and the often brutal martyrdom of priests and people were widespread.

At present, violent persecution has subsided, but harsh repressive measures are being employed. The wreckage of war, economic chaos, and the task of reconstructing a shattered nation have diverted Red attention for the moment. Their immense land-grab will take years to digest, and the Chinese Communists are poorly equipped for the job ahead. Two years ago they were but a peasant army, outlawed and at bay in the rugged Shensi hills. Their swift conquest of the mainland undoubtedly surprised them as much as it did the world. Equipped to destroy, they now find themselves ill-fitted to govern and construct. Soviet Russia has been quick to take advantage of the situation. "Advisers" from the motherland are pouring into key cities. No one familiar with Kremlin tactics should feel surprised if the laurels were one day snatched from Mao's brow.

Reports and news fragments from the whole of China are bringing the position of the Church into sharper focus. Although blurred in many areas, the over-all picture is clear. Open persecution seems to diminish in intensity as you go from north to south. There is little of the mysterious in this. Proximity to Soviet borders in the north, and over-extension of Chinese Communist resources to the south offer the obvious explanation.

The pattern of oppression, with local variations due, probably, to opportunity and enthusiasm, indicates central direction. This is especially true of Northern areas where methods of repression are rapidly becoming standard procedures. In time they will be applied to the whole of China. A Fides news report released last December notes that in the North "more and more priests are being confined to their villages or even to their residences; Christians are not allowed any contacts with them; public prayer is forbidden and those who wish to enter into Christian marriage meet insurmountable difficulties. Some priests have been arrested and punished for having celebrated Mass, and workers have been sentenced for having assisted at the Holy Sacrifice."

Materially, the Church in China is being slowly dispossessed. Almost all mission activities have felt the heavy hand of the new masters. Crippling taxes, outright confiscation or direct intervention in the operation of churches, hospitals and schools are destroying years of labor and sacrifice. Tactics and pressures vary according to locale, but the objective is obvious.

Generally, Catholic schools have been permitted to keep their doors open, but their former administrators have little or no say in setting standards, curricula or policy. There are numerous instances of priests and sisters being barred from educational work entirely. Those permitted to remain at their posts are well aware that their position is precarious. Catholic teachers, like the Faith itself, are a drug on the Communist market. Such "purveyors of the opium of the people" must ultimately go. As soon as the Reds can command enough of their own to man the schools, the Church's work in this important field will be finished.

Under the new regime, Catholic charitable organizations are finding it increasingly difficult to operate. In many places, medicines and resources are exhausted. Where this is not so, the work is frequently paralyzed by taxations or confiscation.

To atheistic Communism, the work of the Church is a "waste of precious time." Religious worship is regarded as undemocratic, a neglect of productive activity, and a futile block to progress. Throughout China the anti-religious propaganda barrage is mounting in intensity. The campaign is implemented, almost universally, by threats, intimidation, and annoying restrictions. With religious instruction forbidden in most schools, churches being commandeered for use as offices or meeting halls, Catholics penalized for attending services or visiting their pastors, the Church is being neatly cornered and boxed.

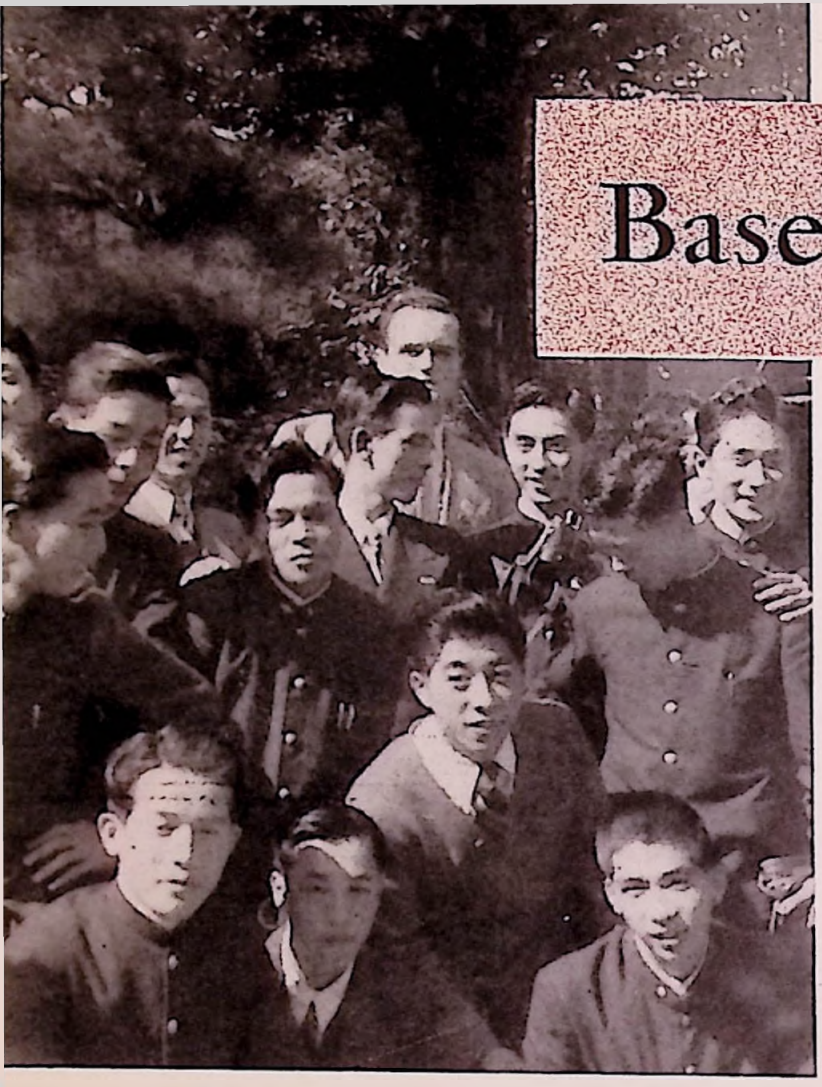
In order to cripple the relation of pastor and flock, the Reds are demanding that all priests, Chinese and foreign alike, become "producers" or suffer the consequences. As a result of this disruptive tactic, the clergy is being forced to divide its efforts. Time that might be spent in the ministry must now be employed in a variety of tasks. Reports show that they are generally adapting themselves to this new device. Farm work and gardening are common occupations. Wherever possible, the hours left them from farm or factory work are devoted to their people.

Thus in Asia, as in Europe, new crosses are being shouldered; new Calvaries ascended. A further crucifixion of the Church has begun. The experience is not novel. In its long history it has often been driven along the bloody Way of the Cross, and the pages of that history are luminous with the names of those who willingly lived and as willingly died for their convictions.

The constancy of our Chinese Catholics, despite relentless Red pressure, is one of the consoling features of the tragedy in Asia. There have been losses, but the courage of the majority is magnificent. They profess their faith openly, and many of the lax are returning to their religious duties. Conversions are still numerous. Although aware of the dangers, they request admission to a threatened Church with perfect confidence. The danger to these generous souls is not open persecution, but the poison of distorted propaganda and a grinding poverty which may force them into line if they would eat.

Through the gloom that shrouds the East, devoted men and women of God, Chinese and foreign, carry on with a heroism as old as the Church. Isolated, at the mercy of a new and merciless paganism, their constancy is founded on a truth unknown to the East and ignored, with manifest calamity, by the West. The 126th Psalm gives it powerful expression. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Professedly anti-God, the terrible dynamic of Communism must waste itself in fruitless warfare with Omnipotence. Someday His Church will stand at yet another grave—the grave of Kremlin hopes—and in Her charity shall pray, as She has always done, that the Heavenly Father forgive those who knew not what they did.

The hope of China is its native clergy. This is Father Joseph Ma S.J., Jesuit priest of Shanghai.



Baseball Glory *in Japan*

NORBERT J. TRACY S.J.

Con Dempsey, winning pitcher against U. S. Forces was never a moment without a crowd of admiring boys around him.

IMAGINE A BASEBALL TEAM winding up its season one step out of the cellar and being honored like a troupe of conquering heroes by a whole nation! That's exactly what happened here in Japan.

After finishing in seventh place in the Pacific Coast league, the San Francisco Seals made a trip to Japan to play exhibition games with Japanese and American Occupation all-star teams. It was the first visit of a United States team to Japan since 1934.

The moment the Seals set foot on Tokyo's airfield, the whole city deluged them with unbelievable enthusiasm. News photographers, flowers, parades, rallies, and banquets filled their three weeks' visit. If you think their reception was overdone, then you just don't know the Japanese and their craze for baseball.

Sophia University's part in the spotlight of the famous ball team all began very quietly. Father Kaschmitter M.M., found out there were fifteen Catholics on the team. Father Roggendorf S.J., suggested that we invite them to our church and for breakfast the following Sunday. As Athletic Director of Sophia, I was commissioned to contact them.

Father Robinson S.J., of St. Louis University, and ex-Chaplain of the *U. S. S. Missouri,* spoke to "Con" Dempsey about the Catholic players coming to Sophia for Mass on the following Sunday. "To see you popular ball players going to church together will impress the pagan Japanese tremendously." Con promised to talk it up among the boys.

Back at Sophia the rest of the week sped by making preparations. The only place large enough was a dim, musty-smelling room used for parish meetings in a building not far from the church. Dormitory students helped clean and decorate it with the best furnishings we could locate. What we could not dig up I begged from good Brother Gepp S.J. With a characteristic twinkling smile he kept answering, "Hai (Japanese for "yes"), I haff, I bring." And within a quarter hour he had done a perfect re-upholstering job. Like a magician pulling rabbits from a hat, he kept supplying us with vases, dishes, tablecloths, and potted plants from odd corners and closets.

At last, 9 o'clock Sunday morning, October 16th, four cars drove up through the crowd gathered before St. Ignatius Church at Sophia University. Twelve players of the Seals and two other baseball associates, all in dress suits, stepped out, shook hands with the fathers, and entered the arched doorways just before Mass began.

With three hundred people the church

was almost full. It was a new experience for these Americans to see the profound reverence of the Japanese men and women following the Mass. The men knelt on the right. On the left were the women with bowed heads covered by a thin white veil as is customary for Catholic women in Japan. A mixed choir kept the large stone church resounding with beautifully sung Japanese hymns.

While the Seals were leaving church, photographers from four Tokyo newspapers took pictures which appeared in the Sunday evening Japanese paper, and later in the Catholic weekly.

Wading through a crowd of admirers begging autographs, the Seals came to the nearby building for breakfast. Our Sophia baseball team, neat and trim in their dark blue school uniforms, served the breakfast.

"I've been in baseball twenty-six years," Sprinz said, "and never have I seen anything like the reception we've been given in Japan. We were very impressed at seeing the devotion of the Japanese at Mass. It seemed like everybody in church received Holy Communion. It's something we'll never forget as long as we live." Con Dempsey, in his talk at the breakfast, stressed the fact that to be a great athlete a man must pray and lead a good life.

At that time coach Sprinz did not know that about three-fourths of the students at Sophia are pagan who as yet know little or nothing about Catholic practices.

Catholic ideas may at first puzzle some of these pagan students. But for that very reason they may never be forgotten. The Japanese are well known for their common sense. If these American ball players say that being a good athlete is helped by prayer, then eventually the Japanese just might follow suit, especially after seeing them go to church in a group.

As the Seals left breakfast and stepped outside, an avalanche of students met them. There was no escape. For half an hour they posed for pictures and signed their names on books, papers, baseballs, and copies of the Sophia paper.

Everybody seemed to have a camera. Anywhere, everywhere, pictures were being snapped — some good, some amateurishly bad, some with sun, some without. These few minutes of glory had to be kept forever.

Most admired and sought after by far was tall, genial Con Dempsey, who had pitched in the first game the day before. Everybody wanted to pose with him, and just about everybody did. One lucky dormitory student, Uemura, got a friend to snap Con with his arm around Uemura's shoulder. Uemura was so delighted that he immediately had the negative developed and enlarged, and had it shown around the dormitory by 3 o'clock that same day. Poor as these Japanese are with their few devaluated yen, they were lavish in spending everything on a privilege they would have but once in a lifetime; just as you and I would have done.

It was a day of spiritual conquest, too, which only God in His Divine Providence can evaluate.

(below) Joe Sprinz, coach of the Seals, meets a rival coach, Rev. Norbert Tracy S.J., of Sophia. (right) The line-up: (background, l. to r.) Sprinz, Rev. John Blewett S.J., Rev. C. A. Robinson, author, Orteig (c.), Briskey (s.s.), Rev. Allan P. Farrell S.J.; foreground, Brocker (c.) Cheso (rf.) Tobin (cf.)

It was just an experiment, introducing baseball to Baghdad, but each new class of boys takes to the game with the same enthusiasm as American boys.

IT HAPPENS Every Spring

CHARLES J. DUNN S.J.
AND
THOMAS J. KELLY S.J.

BASEBALL IS ONE OF THE MAJOR SPORTS at Baghdad College.

These Iraqi lads have an enthusiasm and natural ability for the game. Boys, who arrive in first high with no knowledge of the game, graduate five years later with all th "know-how" of American boys. They do not come to the school prepared by four or five years of sandlot pick-up teams; nor from an atmosphere where the names of Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio are enshrined. In fact, the majority of boys have never seen a baseball glove, bat, or field before arriving at Baghdad.

In the beginning anything can happen. Young Sabah will cover first base with a glove on each hand. "Play it safe" is his motto. Muhammed holds up at third, while the home run swatter behind him passes third to score. His coach said "One base at a time," and who is he to disobey? Yusuf roams around centerfield in his bare feet. No spikes—so why not use God's gift of five healthy toes? Adil lets a "grounder" go through his legs. He sits down to stop the next one. He explains to his coach: "Father, nothing can go through the tunnel when the tunnel breaks."

But before their first year is finished the same Muhammeds have learned the essentials. They have sharpened their sense of the right thing to do. A pitcher has only to walk two men in a row when the chant "Take the base" echoes down the sidelines. Any lad who then swings at a bad ball before that crowd, gets the same treatment he would get in Brooklyn.

"It Happens Every Spring." The Jesuit fathers in sunny Baghdad bring out their teams for practice. Bases are whitewashed; the field is lined; gloves are oiled. Soon youthful Arab voices are shouting, "Slide, slide . . . he's safe!"

Once the boys catch on they are ardent fans, but some of the things that happen on our diamond would knock the record books for a loop. I have in mind the team I had last year in first high. We were trying to get into the play-offs and were leading

9-8. It was the last of the ninth and the other team was at bat. Their pitcher got a beautiful double and then my team started throwing it around. The ball went to center and the runner advanced to third—he could have gone around the bases a couple of times. But he got in an argument with my third baseman and finally got stranded there, despite the frantic cries of the coach to go home. However, he just had to finish that argument and since he didn't score, we got into the championship play-off.

The following day we were battling it out for the championship and were out in front with a comfortable 11-8 lead. The other team was at bat in the first of the ninth. One man got on base after two outs had all but dampened their hopes. Another man got on and by some freak my team trapped a man between second and third. They were literally running him down but not getting him out. I was practically purple yelling at them to tag him. You could hear me a mile away screaming "Tag him! tag him!" Finally my third baseman turned and said, "You mean tag him?" "Sure, tag him!" By that time the runner had fallen down from exhaustion. My third sacker turned round, wound up and bounced the ball right off the fallen boy's head and almost put him out permanently. The ball caromed out to left field and the runner managed to crawl into third on his own power.

The next man popped up an easy fly just back of second. It was so easy I started to collect the bats and balls lying around. Three of my boys ran for it and all of them stopped dead five feet from where the ball landed. Then they started to blame each other for the error. Meanwhile, the bases looked like a merry-go-round. Finally, my centerfielder (who is the smartest lad in the class) realized that this wasn't the thing to do, so he picked up the ball and heaved it home. Maybe it was the wind or something, but the ball kept going over home plate, right on over the backstop without even touching it and the game was tied up. For some unknown reason the next batter popped out. The fathers have preserved a discreet silence on my behavior during that inning. In the last of the ninth we got three singles to win the game and the Championship of First High. When they carried me around the field on their shoulders I knew why Connie Mack is still in there after all these years.

Come, follow me

GETHSEMANE IS A NAME WITH NONE but tragic overtones. It is forever a symbol of the soul's profoundest agony. Though Mount Calvary speaks of death, the pilgrim who keeps vigil there perceives an echo of hope and sees the cross as a symbol of ultimate victory. But to meditate by the ancient olive trees or the Rock of Agony is to see the shallow vale of Gethsemane open into a plunging abyss of desolation.

At no point in His sacred Passion was the soul of Christ more overwhelmed by the evil that encompassed Him. Strength drained out of His tortured soul and He looked even to His frail disciples for comfort. He recoiled from the ordeal He had foreseen from eternity and for which He had steeled Himself in many a night of prayer. "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me."

Prostrate with grief, wretchedly failed by His disciples, held to His solemn compact by the heavenly Father, this is truly "a worm and no man . . . the outcast of men." Here is the deepest slough of His abasement. At every later stage of His Passion He is a heroic figure. Made captive, He assures the safety of His faithless disciples. Before the Sanhedrin, His quiet dignity intimidates His judges. He is unflinching endurance at the scourging. His regal bearing awakens the respect of Pilate. The sorrowing women and the penitent thief bear witness to His selfless love. There is grandeur even in His last loud cry of abandonment.

Gethsemane was the abyss. And it was there, not on Calvary, that He asked Saint Margaret Mary to join Him in the consoling Hour of Reparation.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.

(l. to r.) Joanne Gayton, prefect; Josephine Jaramillo, v. prefect; Delima Marcil, social chairman; Marguerite Cosgriff, faculty moderator; Johnnie Mae Rhodd, secretary; Maxine Coriz, musical program director; Beverly Britz, historian.

CATHOLICS *At Haskell Institute*

IT WAS TIME FOR LIGHTS OUT in Winona Hall, one of the girls' dormitories at Haskell Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kansas. Two girls were kneeling at the side of their bed, rosaries in their hands, when their two non-Catholic roommates came in chattering. As soon as the newcomers noticed their two friends kneeling, they stopped talking immediately and waited in silence until the prayers were finished.

"What's it all about?" they then asked.

"It's our part of a Rosary-team promise," the two Catholics went on to explain. "Five of us promised to say one decade of the rosary every day for one another and for the special intention we decided on in common. Mary and I could have said it privately, but we thought we'd say it together at bedtime."

Because of the friendly discussion on religion which followed, the two Catholic girls decided to continue saying their rosary together every night.

Haskell Institute, on the outskirts of Lawrence, Kansas, is a regional High School and Junior College for the Indians in the central part of the United States, and open to those of other sections of the country on a tuition basis. A trade school program ranging from auto mechanics, upholstering, and radio, to commercial art is offered the boys. Of the seven to eight hundred students enrolled at Haskell, about two hundred are Catholics.

Back in 1939, Bishop Schulte of Leavenworth, now Archbishop of Indianapolis, petitioned Father Daniel Conway S.J., Rector of St. Mary's College, Kansas, to supply priests to care for the Indian students at Haskell. Rev. E. J. Weisenberg S.J., professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Mary's and Director of the Kansas State Sodality Union, arranged to have young Jesuit priests take turns on the Haskell Sunday assignment.

Thanks to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, to friends and benefactors, and to the sacrifices of the Indian students themselves, a beautiful altar and Mass equipment set has become the pride of the Catholic Indians at Haskell.

There has been a fine spirit of apostolicity among the young Indian people in bringing their friends for instructions or of just having them meet the Catholic Chaplain. Some of the contacts have borne fruit later on.

For example, one of the boys tells this story: "I went with a Catholic girl when I

THOMAS A. HALLEY, S.J.

was at Haskell. She was a *real* Catholic, believe me. One day she took me downtown to a Holy Hour. For the first time I decided I wanted to become a Catholic. Then came the war. It was too late to do more than start instructions, but I picked up where I had left off, thanks to a swell Catholic Chaplain in the Army.

"Sometime before this my sister had become interested in the Catholic Faith on her own. She entered the Church and is a Junior in a Catholic college now. Then my mother and father became Catholics—my father about a year before his death. I have two younger brothers I'm praying for now. One is taking instructions, for he is marrying a Catholic girl—one of the Sodality officers at Haskell this past year."

One of the girls was responsible for starting the girls' Sodality. It began when she approached one of the faculty members and inquired whether or not an organization might be started for the Catholic girls to parallel the YMCA Thursday night meetings for non-Catholic girls. The teacher volunteered her Thursday evenings.

On Sunday the Chaplain goes over the Sodality programs with the chairman for discussion during the week. The following Thursday the girls conduct the Sodality meeting themselves with the assistance and suggestions of a generous faculty member. The Sodality prefect promoted the March of Pledges campaign with its triple promise of wearing the Scapular, a daily decade of the rosary, and a daily act of sacrifice.

The Sodality meetings conclude with a mental prayer, written by one of the Sodalists. Here is one of the prayers composed by a Sodalist:

"O dearest Mother, Mother of God, my Mother, pray for me. God will hear thy voice; He will not refuse thee for He is thy Son. Mary, I come to thee; I find you at all times. If I have to change my dwelling, I find you there. You take part in all my misfortunes, you listen to all my troubles; you love me, my Mother. Virgin Mother, pure and undefiled, conceived without sin, hear my plea. Keep me pure; lead me in the path of chastity. Mother of Good Counsel, grant that I may always listen to thy voice. Adopt me as thy child, keep me in thy grace. Amen."

A steady influx of converts has been the fruit of the Haskell apostolate. The policy has been to baptize only those who have been conspicuously faithful to instructions, with a thorough grounding in the Faith. Those who come for a time and drop out or who do not come regularly, are held over for further "proving." Among the converts have been some of the student leaders at Haskell: the outstanding character among the Senior girls at Haskell this year; a star athlete and student council leader. Among the Catholics are the student council president, and also a winner of a scholarship to any college in the country.

The most consoling fruit for the Chaplains is the steadily growing practice of receiving the Sacraments at Haskell. The Christmas and Easter general Communion might be expected, but the steady increase of regular weekly communicants is the joy of the Heart of Christ. "My New Year's resolution was to go to Communion every week, Father," one of the weekly communicants could report when it came time to leave in May. Catholics are loyal at Haskell.

Haskell Institute Catholic students with Catholic faculty members (and their families). Of the 700 to 800 students at Haskell, about 200 are Catholics. Jesuit priests from St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas say Mass for them every Sunday. At this time those who so wish bring their friends to meet the priest. The Sodalists conduct their own meetings during the week but the chaplain goes over the outlines with them on Sundays.

View of Tegucigalpa, capital of Honduras. (Three Lions)

(left) Father Al Smith S.J., pastor of Yoro, takes good care of his trusty mule. Without the mule he could not reach some of his mission stations. (above) A mother of Honduras is making tortillas for her family. The stove is brick; the fuel is wood and charcoal. (Three Lions)

Yoro

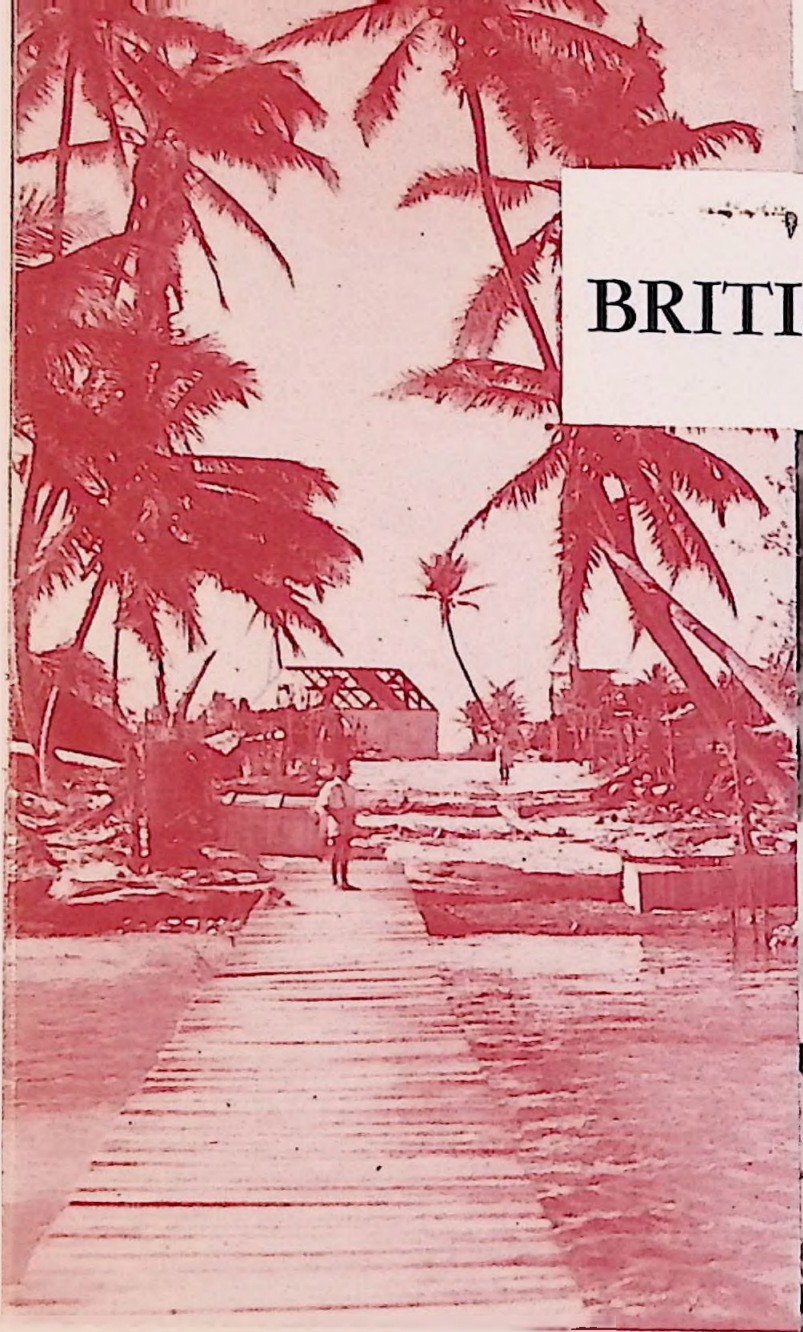
REPUBLIC OF HONDURAS

(Top) The people of Yoro are almost all Catholics. Their faith is the kind that dearly loves processions but is nonetheless genuine for all the external symbolism. Men take part as readily as women despite years and years when there were almost no priests in the villages. (Below) Father Joseph Wade S.J., pastor of Progreso, hearing children's confessions at an open screen outside a village chapel. He was for ten years a missionary in British Honduras. A native Oklahoman, he is a hardy, courageous missionary.

YORO, NORTH CENTRAL SECTION of the Republic of Honduras, Central America, has three main Jesuit mission stations, Yoro, Progreso and Olanchito; Minas de Oro, the fourth station, is across the border in Comayagua. In the 15,000 square miles of this three-year-old American Jesuit mission with its 78,359 people, all but about 300 are Catholics, at least in name. For years four diocesan priests (and sometimes less), tried to care for the scattered flock in the forest-covered mountains. Today eight American Jesuits of the Missouri Province are at work here. Honduras, potentially one of the richest countries in Central America, has 100 airfields but only 88 miles of railroad, and only 600 miles of roads in an area of 59,161 square miles.

Though the first stage of missionary work has been accomplished, much remains to be done. Honduras has only 150 priests for 1,260,000 Catholics.

BRITISH *Honduras*



Mass in the open after a hurricane.
Father Ruoff S.J. unloads his mission gear.

BRITISH HONDURAS, ON THE
AMERICA, once long ago a hi
a colony in the British Em
Guatemala. Semi-tropical w
rich, lush land, a populatio
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colony is undeveloped and
roads, no navigable waterwa
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are largely poor and ill-trai
the steps necessary to em
people. The colony is reall
less than seven people per
sixty-one percent of the pop

A Pallotine sister at the baby clinic of Benque Viejo. Sisters play an important role in the mission.

Father Marion Ganey S.J. pioneered credit unions and cooperatives for adults.
Father Gregory Sontag S.J. visits scattered groups with trailer and amplifiers.

COAST OF CENTRAL
for pirates, is today
though claimed by
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The Wind That is Known As Loo

JAMES W. COX S.J.

CHAUCER BEGINS HIS Canterbury Tales with a mention of April. He calls April a month of sweet showers. In many places people get out the gardening tools, straw hat, and take first digs at the garden. Very pretty! Over here spring works along different lines. In India a peculiar kind of wind begins to blow, a wind that people have taken trouble to call the *Loo*.

The Loo comes through Patna and vicinity faithfully every spring. It generally stays the whole month of April, sometimes longer. April is hot enough as it is—a hundred, or near hundred degree weather, for thirty days. But every afternoon, a steady wind begins to blow, a wind that seems to be coming at you straight from the stove. It blows steadily; now and then very forcefully, now and then almost as a whisper, but always hot.

Before we go any further, here is something to remember. There hasn't been any real rain since October. At most there are three or four days of rain just after Christmas time, but the showers, the kind of rains that sink into the ground and help things grow, all stopped five or six months previously. The sun since then, a rather hot sun, has been baking the ground. The hard packed ground becomes concrete; the loose soil becomes grit and dust, dust that will lift easily with the wind.

When the Loo comes, the dust and grit are everywhere ready to be swept up and tossed around. And it doesn't make any difference if you shut the windows. We shut the windows and shutters in our rooms, but the dust comes in just the same.

Father James W. Cox S.J., American in India.

You find the dust-piles in the hall. You wipe off your desk in the morning (for sometimes the wind blows at night and the desk and chair and anything else in the way of furniture are a nice khaki color), but you come back after a class or two, and the dust is back again. You swab off the woodwork again, and keep smiling. You're happy! You're having fun! But the wind keeps blowing and the dust keeps on filtering through closed doors and sealed windows, and you begin to wonder what is so tough about Siberia.

Perhaps you are a teacher (most of us at St. Xavier's are), and you have been at work since January. It doesn't take much in the way of hot weather to conjure up thoughts of vacation, does it? It isn't so surprising then, that occasionally you are tempted to look upon the world with an air of mild displeasure, or that in the afternoon, after three or four periods of class, your temper begins to wear thin. Shall we take it out on the boys? The temptation is strong, but there is always the recollection of another wind, accompanied by tongues of fire which made apostles out of weak men on Pentecost. So you smile to yourself and the boys slide back in their seats again. Everybody breathes easier.

But the wind that annoyed you is the wind that is known as Loo.

A VETERAN'S TRIBUTE TO A YOUNG CINCINNATIAN

FATHER SCHMIDT
At Old Gaya

GAYA IS FAMED FOR ITS VERY OLD ruined Buddhist monastery built in the fifth or sixth century to mark the holy place where Buddha is supposed to have been enlightened. It is a place of pilgrimage for Buddhists who come down from the mountains of the north into the plains around Gaya during the winter months.

In Jesuit mission history the town of Gaya, with its 100,000 people, some sixty miles directly south of Patna on a branch line of the East Indian Railway, has been known as the scene of years of seemingly unfruitful, heroic labors by Father Creane. Today it is known as Father Schmidt's mission.

From 1921 (when the Chicago Province Jesuits came to Patna), until 1936, one of the priests came to Gaya from Patna once a month to say Mass for the Catholics, most of whom worked on the railway. In 1936 a little railway church was built from the funds the people had gathered and another piece of property was acquired where a priest could reside. In 1940 Father J. A. Creane, Patna's famous *Santal Jim,* so called because of his work among the aboriginal people called the Santals, was sent to Gaya as the missionary priest. Father Creane labored strenuously in Gaya but without much apparent success in the way of conversions, until his untimely death on November 28, 1948.

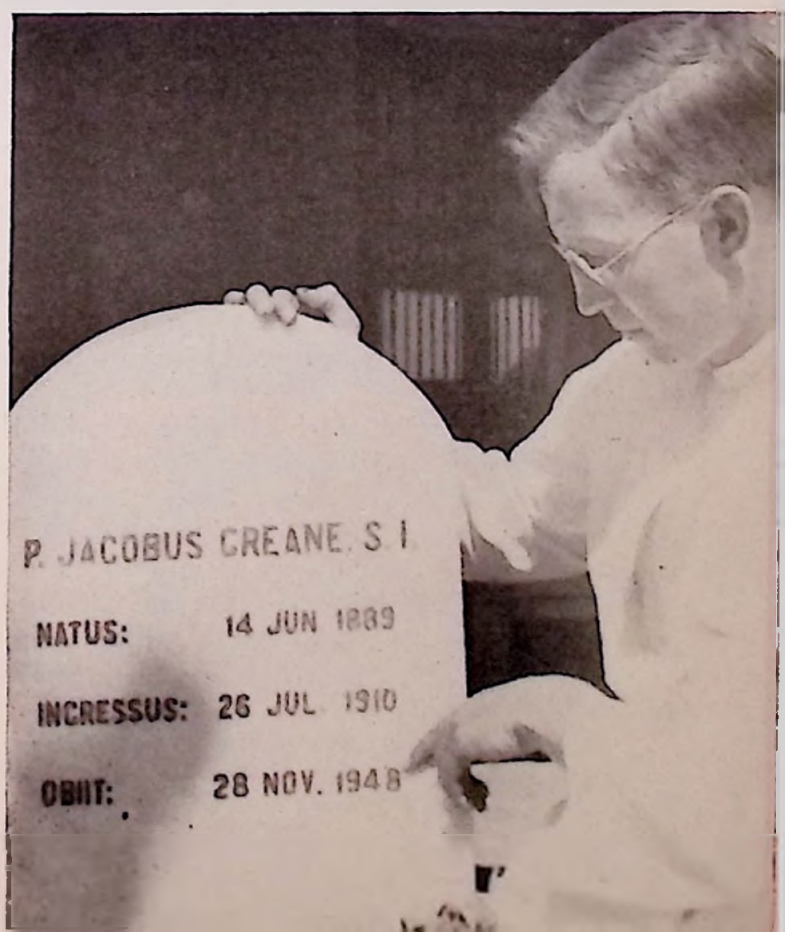
When Father Creane died, Father Hubert Schmidt of Cincinnati fame, who had been acting as the pastor of the little railway parish and as chaplain for the I.B.M.H. nuns who came here from Patna to open a school in 1936, became the Bara Sahib—the big boss, and I was appointed to be his honorable assistant for the little parish. I brought Father Schmidt to India as a scholastic in 1937, so he has spent all his Jesuit life, except the first five years, in God's country of India. He has had the advantage of coming out young, studying in the country, getting his Indian bearings, so hard for an older person to acquire, and only finished his Jesuit course, with the Tertainship in November, 1949.

Father Schmidt is a typical American Jesuit missioner who has never lost his youthful spirit. Having been quite an athlete in his school days, at St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, Ohio, he still keeps track of the pennant race and football scores.

Our mission station has a real American swing about it, in spite of the fact that the staff, three men teachers, are all Indians, and of course, the school children who are mostly Hindus. They are Indians with an American lilt. The eight boys of the orphan

LEON A. FOSTER S.J.

Father Schmidt, successor to Father Creane at Gaya.



variety who board here at our FATHER CREANE MEMORIAL SCHOOL, are the ones especially who get the American spirit, since they are here all the time. They are happy, easy-going kids, ready for sports and especially anxious to get a ride in Father's old jeep, when and if it runs. Just last evening for instance, the boys, having worked rather hard during the day, asked for a swim. So

the whole institute piled into the jeep, some fifteen souls including Christina, our little eight-year-old orphan girl—she is a sweet little thing—and off we went down the road about a mile for a swim in the old hole. It was just a field covered with water, during this the monsoon or rainy season, which delighted the kiddies for an hour. Even Buster, the black house dog, ordinarily goes along, and he barks vociferously if he is not a member of the party. Father Schmidt watches the kiddies and tries to teach them how to swim; which is not going to be such a hard job, for they have much American gameness in them, ready to go out beyond their depth.

This happy American spirit around the place shows itself in song, Indian song, of course. Bindesari, our sixteen year old assistant cook, who has a long mission history already, is always prepared to beat some kind of pan, as a drum, the chief musical instrument, and sing, while the boys frequently join in. When there is work on hand, the kids and the teachers are always ready, even if it's the routine work of eating rice and dal with their fingers—they like it. They clean the chapel, carry water, help in building a shed and we hope will take quite a hand in building the new school and roofing our new bungalow. Father Schmidt envisions the day when we shall have a technical school operating here for our boys, especially those who need this type of training.

The kids, except for a few accidental things, like their nice brown color and their Hindi language might be classed as real Americans, having learned the spirit from Father Schmidt himself. They like the big boss, and the boss likes them and does things for them.

The big work at hand here in Gaya now is to get a decent school building so that the school can go forward. At present the older children have two rooms in a storehouse where they have benches; the ordinary kids in the lower grades sit on the floor, write there, study there. There are two old roofless mill buildings on our property and Father hopes to tear down one of them and rebuild it for the school, and to roof the other and use it for the Fathers' residence. To build a decent three room school building, will require cement, iron, bricks and sand, which are very hard to get at any time here in India. Cement and iron are still controlled, unattainable mostly and very expensive. To do the building conversion work, the first thing in the five-year plan, will take some $5,000 or so.

Last Sunday he wanted to drive his jeep into Patna some 120 miles by road. The

wheat for the kids' food had to be bought and a room had to be cleared for cement. He had to stay over Sunday and work on Monday. Then Tuesday he found that the roads were flooded and probably he could not get the jeep through, so he decided to finish up the work and go by rail on Wednesday. Now on Wednesday the people who are hauling the sand are causing trouble

(l. to r.) 1. Notre Dame Sisters, Father Schmidt and friends at Gaya. 2. Monsignor McBride, Propagation of the Faith Director of Cleveland, takes mission movies at Gaya. 3. Father Schmidt (in his worn out jeep) is usually surrounded by youngsters. But it is a difficult task to follow a giant like Father Creane who used to rise daily at 3:00 a.m., finish Mass, office, and letters before most people are awake. The little fellow to the right is of course the most important member of his altar boys.

These photos of Father Schmidt were taken by Jesuit missionaries of the Chicago Province, and processed at West Baden by Patna Mission Service.

and there are still some letters to write, so Thursday is the day appointed. He'll begin his retreat that very night, finish the following Saturday so as to come back the same day to Gaya in time for the two Sunday Masses.

We are in hopes that the school will be a great means of conversion by preparing indirectly the parents of the pagan children who attend. When the building program is complete—in five months, if Father gets the breaks—then the second stage, the conversion of people in the villages around Gaya will begin, with God's grace. The people in the city are rather impervious to the call, but still wonders may happen as a result of God's grace. Father Creane when here spent about all his time for nine years on the road, trying to spread the good word, the gospel, but he baptized only a handful of people, if those who were in danger of death are excluded. Still he was a wholehearted missionary, and results are not to be gauged in Christ's work by the number of baptisms.

India, it would seem, needs some very special grace to shake it out of its iron-bound caste system and turn it to Christ, the Teacher of truth. Your prayers, please, for that work and the hastening of the day when India will turn to Christ.

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

Bishop Kiwanuka W.F. D.D. Vicar Apostolic, Masaka.

APRIL: ***The Missions of Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika.***

In a region one fifth the size of our United States and situated on the east coast of Africa, south of Ethiopia and the Sudan, lie the Protectorates of Uganda and Kenya, the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, and the Trust Territory of Tanganyika. The twenty-four mission territories of these colonies are objects of the Pope's mission intention during April.

The recent visit of Most Reverend Joseph Kiwanuka, W.F., D.D., Vicar Apostolic of Masaka, Uganda, to Canada and the United States has been most opportune. Through his personal appeals in many American dioceses he has acquainted Americans and Canadians with the flourishing missions of those East African colonies. The blood of martyrs flows through the veins of Bishop Kiwanuka, for both his mother and father are blood relatives of the martyrs of Uganda, twenty-two of whom were beatified by Pope Benedict XV in 1920.

In Uganda, more so than in Kenya, Zanzibar and Tanganyika, the blood of martyrs has truly been the seed of Christians. Those blessed martyrs died only 70 years ago, yet today the Catholics of Uganda number 950,-244 while the ranks of catechumens list 103,954 more. Although Uganda has been blessed with 115 native priests, 298 foreign missionary priests and 79 major seminarians, and though almost 4,000 catechists are supplementing the work of over 1,000 religious sisters and brothers, there are not nearly sufficient apostolic workers to care for the constantly increasing flocks of the faithful. This is all the more tragic in view of Bishop Kiwanuka's statement that in his own diocese of Masaka alone he is forced to turn away as many as sixty candidates for the priesthood annually simply because he lacks sufficient housing quarters for his native seminary, and because the candidates are too poor to pursue their ecclesiastical studies in seminaries outside the diocese.

Of the estimated 5,330,000 inhabitants of the Kenya and Zanzibar protectorates less than 5½ percent are Catholics—288,527 already baptized and 46,145 catechumens. Here the shortage of priests for the number of Catholics is less critical than in Uganda, but the number of non-Catholics is far larger. In the vicariates of Kisumu, Meru, Nyeri and Zanzibar — the four missions of the Kenya colony — there are only a dozen native priests, 10 native major seminarians and 227 foreign missionary priests. They are assisted in their apostolate by 407 sisters and brothers, only 120 of whom are members of native sisterhoods.

The fifteen missions of the Trust Territory of Tanganyika, a region as large as Texas and New Mexico combined, has a total population of 7,080,000 inhabitants, chiefly native. Of these 664,403 are Catholics and another 76,204 are preparing for baptism. This means that one-tenth of the region is already Catholic. But there are only 643 priests, one-sixth of whom are natives, to serve all these people.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

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Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone and State _____

Very Rev. John M. Knopp S.J., of Lincoln, Nebraska, graduate of Cathedral High of that city, is the Superior of the Jesuit mission of British Honduras, Central America. He has already had nine years' experience as a missionary pastor at Stann Creek and at San Antonio during which time he translated and published prayers and native stories in Mopan-Mayan for his people.

Part of his Jesuit training was in Wales. He studied for a while at the Institute of Education for Training in Colonial Education in London University until the war interrupted the courses. He visited many normal schools studying methods and text books in U. S. before he established St. John's College Normal School in Belize to train primary school teachers for the 70 mission schools with over 7,000 pupils in all parts of the Colony. Earthquake, fires, disasters of several kinds have assaulted him without lessening his courage or his zeal.

As Superior, his is the task to direct the forty-two Jesuits of British Honduras and Yoro. He assigns priests to their mission stations and coordinates their work as Jesuits.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

NOT BREAD ALONE

"This is the time of year," pens **Father Michael McCarthy S.J.** from Baghdad, "when our neighbors send us loaves of bread shaped roughly like an overturned cereal bowl. This reminds us that the Christians here are celebrating the end of the fast of Nebi Yunis, the Prophet Jonas.

"Nebi Yunis is best known for his three day trip in the belly of a whale. But in Iraq he is known as the man who preached penance in Ninive so effectively that God did not destroy the city as He had threatened to do. For when Jonas announced in the streets of the city, "Yet forty days, and Ninive shall be destroyed," the men of Ninive proclaimed a fast and put on sackcloth from the greatest to the least.

"God did spare the city and in thankful remembrance some of the Christians here still observe the fast for three days every year neither eating nor drinking.

"We have no Jonas crying out in Ninive today, but forebodings of doom are not always lacking to the Jesuit missionaries who work at Baghdad College, 300 miles from ancient Ninive. Right now, Uncle Joe Stalin lives just north of us and oil fields of the Atlantic Pact countries are just south of us. Uncle Joe wouldn't want us around if he decided to go after the oil. Not too long ago one Nazi pincer was aimed at us from North Africa and another approached us from the Caucasus Mountains. Hitler would have found us inconvenient, too. But Hitler didn't get here and perhaps Stalin won't either.

"Meanwhile we keep looking at the brighter side. A visit to the local churches on First Fridays will bring us face to face with many of our students and graduates at the Communion rail. Collections for the poor meet with a generous reception wholly out of keeping with the usual penny-pinching. Some of our graduates, though generally thorough individualists, banded together to check Communist propaganda that was making terrible inroads among the Armenians here, and they stopped it cold.

"For all these things we are grateful to God Who sent us here. As long as, in Jonas' words, 'He is gracious and merciful, patient and of much compassion and easy to forgive evil' to our Iraqis, He will find that we're not worrying about the future."

EASTER EXPECTATIONS

Father Joseph Stoffel S. J. at Lamitan, Zamboanga, in the Philippines, looks forward to Easter morning as it is celebrated in the Filipino fashion. "After my years here I know only too well what happens on that day. Before Mass we will have the beautiful ceremony of the *Incuentro*, the Meeting. At 2:30 a.m. I will be awakened by the voices of people gathering outside the

church. From time to time, during the rest of the night a bus will stop and drop its entire load of passengers. All bus lines running from various distant barrios terminate at the church. Nobody will go anywhere else. By 4:30 a.m. the church will be filled. I hear confessions until 5.30 a.m. and then start the procession. Half of the procession follows one route through town with the statue of the Risen Christ and another half follows another route with the statue of Our Sorrowful Mother. They meet at a large structure, built for the occasion, called the castle. Of course the usual brass band is there too. When the two statues meet they are made to bow to one another three times by the men carrying them upon their shoulders. Then the statues are made to face one another before the castle. Arranged on the gaily decorated castle are eight little girls dressed as angels and carrying baskets of flowers.

"High above them, at the top of a flight of steps and behind a veil is another little girl, the Angel of the Resurrection. The veil is drawn aside, the Angel of the Resurrection begins to sing the Regina Coeli, joined by the chorus of Angels who strew their flowers. Then the Angel of Resurrection descends, removes the black veil from the Sorrowful Mother and reveals the Joyful Mother clothed in a white veil. In some places the Angel of the Resurrection is lowered on a rope. The last time, when in mid-air her singing changed to wails of frightened weeping and the Angel had to be pulled up again into heaven; so this year she will descend on a flight of steps instead. Mass in church is the climax."

LONELY ANGELUS

There is another ceremony, not for Easter only but for every day, that occurs on a faraway isle in the Pacific. **Father Edwin McManus S.J.**, of Koror in the Carolines, outlines a story that can never be fully told on this earth (you will see why), but even the bare recital of the main fact catches at the heart, and re-echoes like a bell — like Clemente's bell ringing through the loneliness as he tolls his love for the Mother of God. "A word about Clemente. He is a deaf-mute, about 60 years old, who can neither read nor write. That would seem to cut him off pretty effectively from communicating with others, but somehow or other the old Spanish Padres performed a minor miracle by instructing and baptizing him. The village he lives in is pretty much pagan, and his particular section of the village is entirely pagan—there is no other Catholic within earshot. But Clemente found a small bell somewhere and tied it to a tree outside his house, and now he rings the Angelus faithfully three times a day! There is only one Catholic close enough to hear the bell—and that lone Catholic is Clemente himself, a deaf-mute! Funny, ludicrous, incongruous—but he is confessing Christ before men. What grace must have been showered on his soul to enable Truth to penetrate the seemingly impassable barriers."

JAMAICA JUBILEES

There will be bells ringing in Jamaica this year as never before. In April St. George's College in Kingston will celebrate its one hundred years of Catholic leadership in the Gem of the Antilles. **Father Denis Tobin S.J.** is in charge of the publication of a centennial program which will include the history of the college. The graduates of St. George's have collected a good part of their drive for five thousand pounds towards equipping the physics laboratory and the building of a pavilion on the upper

Most Rev. David F. Hickey S.J., D.D., forty years after his entrance into the Society of Jesus, twenty-two years after his first arrival in British Honduras, was consecrated Bishop, Vicar Apostolic of Belize. He had long ago been pastor of the Cathedral parish in Belize where today 69,000 communions a year are distributed; pastor of bush parishes through hurricane and disaster, and then for six years Superior of 42 Jesuits in the colony. During his tenure of office he was able to say "Every Catholic child in this mission is actually in a Catholic school." There are actually over 7,000 in 70 mission schools. Today the Catholic population of British Honduras is 61 percent of the total 59,720.

The nine main mission stations fan out to cover 128 substations. There is a Teacher Training School, an extension school, a high school for boys, one for girls, seventy elementary schools. Two years ago, there were 1,542 baptisms and 226,283 communions.

hill beyond the college. The parish of Saints Peter and Paul is also one hundred years old and the energetic pastor, **Father Joseph Leroy S.J.,** is attending to the thousand details that go with such an event. He has already held his mission, conducted by **Father James Dolan S.J.** who is in charge of parish retreats all over the Island. These retreats form an important part of the spiritual program for the Holy Year.

Side glances: **Father Gerald Heffernan S.J.,** the capable editor of *Catholic Opinion,* is also the chaplain to His Majesty's Forces on the island. The recent arrival of the First Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers has swelled his congregation to almost 400 since over half of the contingent are Irish. There will probably be a bit of a brogue to *Catholic Opinion* now. **Father Neil Donahue S.J.** has completed his school building at Linstead and now is undertaking both an infant and a commercial school. **Father Joseph Donohue S.J.** is the Catholic representative on the new board to combat juvenile delinquency.

TRINCOMALEE TRIALS

Ceylon is noted for its singing fish but as one missionary ruefully observed, "Sometimes the fish are the only ones who have anything to sing about." Several of the men there didn't get off to too good a start in 1950. So the Superior of the mission, **Father John Linehan S.J.,** writes from Trincomalee: "This year didn't begin too well for me. We have a lot of pesky bees here who have developed a peculiar affection for me. As soon as I put my light on in the morning these bees swarm into the room. They fight madly to get as near the electric bulb as possible. When they are sufficiently warmed they start circling around me and try to drive home their stingers. On a good number of occasions they have succeeded only too well. The pay-off came on New Year's Eve. About ten o'clock I took off my shoes and put on my sandals preparatory to reading my breviary. I had hardly sat down when I felt something in the sandal. Before I could get it off the villain had scored with his stinger. In no time at all the foot had swelled. I managed to get my shoe on and hobble off to Midnight Mass. By the time I returned I could hardly get the shoe off. I still had to say another Mass in the morning at the Naval Chapel but I found it impossible to get my shoe on. So the new year and I came in with slippers on and a very decided limp. A Happy New Year to you all!"

Father John Lange S.J., in another part of the island, also found the new year brought its problems. "We may be starting the year with a blessing but I can tell you that it wasn't all blessing in these parts. The orphanage has just about reached its capacity and there are still many applications for admittance. With the new year came two tiny Sinhalese youngsters (they reach a little above my knees) whose mother is now in the Mantivu Leprosy Hospital with the disease. One youngster is four and

PRIEST OF THE POOR

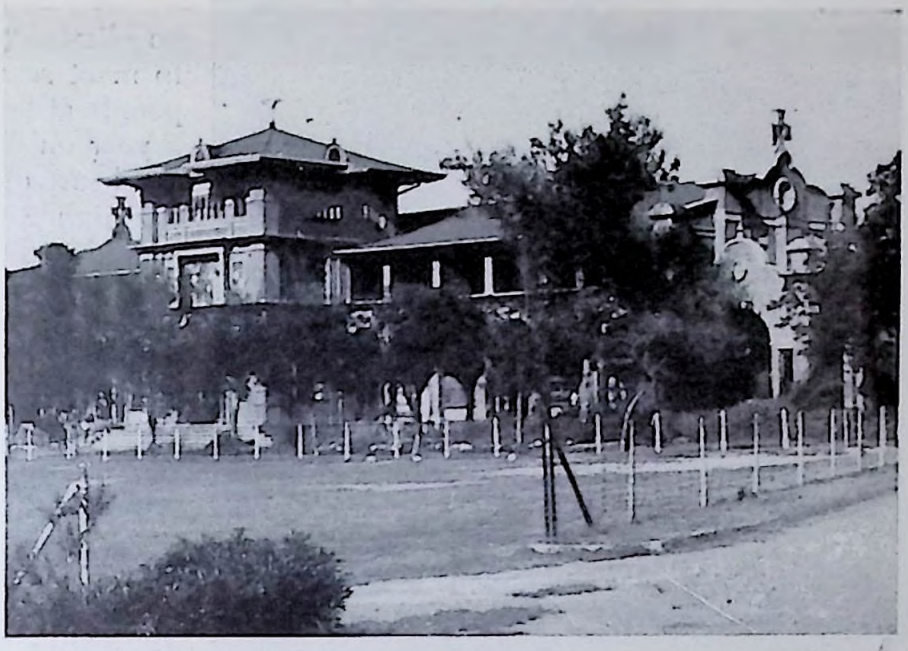
Rev. M. Oliver Semmes S.J.

For 27 years under the burning Jamaica sun Father M. Oliver Semmes had walked the alleys and the back streets of Kingston. He shunned the main avenues and the districts of the well-to-do, for not in those places would he find "his people." He was called the Priest of the Poor and it was not an empty title. The beggars, the slum-dwellers, the sick, the prisoners of the island will testify to that. To them he was "their priest" and probably no other missionary in Jamaica has ever captured the hearts of the unfortunate, the suffering, the outcast as Father Semmes did. These were the ones who came by the thousands to bid sorrowful farewell as the worn-out body of the man who loved them lay in state at the Kingston Cathedral.

Father Semmes was in his eighty-second year when he died. He had been a Jesuit for over 6 years and was only two years short of his Golden Jubilee as priest. He had served as a missionary in the Philippines before he came to Jamaica almost three decades ago. To those who knew his background Father Semmes might have seemed a strange choice for the Jamaica mission. Born of an aristocratic family whose name in the America

the other is not yet six. They speak only Sinhalese but you should have heard them speak it when they found out that their dad had gone off and left them here! I have an idea that they haven't been moving in the best social circles, judging from the words they used. So now I have the job of making them unlearn some Sinhalese."

Back at St. Joseph's College in Trincomalee **Father Claude Daly S.J.**, is wondering just what the year will bring. "We reopened school in the beginning of January. The attendance is down to 168 with 10 teachers. You know, the regulations here from the Department of Education demand Ceylonese in certain jobs and anyone also who holds one of these jobs has to be approved by the Government. So 1950 will be the third of the three years for which I am approved and the second of **Father Fred Ponder's** two. So unless we get some extension, St. Joseph's will need a new principal and a new spiritual father for 1951. The regulations call for Ceylonese Jesuit priests—and we just can't produce them fast enough."



St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, will be 100 years old April 1950.

South has long been synonymous with illustrious achievement, this descendant of slave owners became under God's grace the servant of the descendants of slaves. He said once, "If I go to the poor, the poor will come to me." And they did. They came to him for conversion, for confession, for the Blessed Sacrament, for marriage, for the baptism of their children, for Christian burial. They loved him not for what he did for them but for what he gave them—and he gave them himself. Day after day he visited them, especially those in prisón and in the insane asylum. He wore himself out for them—but there was no priest more highly regarded and better loved in Jamaica.

No longer will that frail figure, gray and bent with age, go up and down the lanes of Kingston on his daily round of visits to his beloved blacks. But they will remember this Priest of the Poor, this man who was "their priest," who loved them and served them to the end.

BEWARE THE KHABULI

North of the Golden Isle lies India with its hundred problems. **Father T. Quinn Enright S.J.**, Director of the Xavier Labor Relations Institute in the industrial center of Jamshedpur, encountered one of these difficulties in the course of his social work. "Today I was present at a debtor's court, set up unofficially by the Harijan Sevak Sangh, an uplift organization which is out after the Khabulis. These last are foreigners from Afghanistan, or Khabul as they call it here, and wear atrocious get-ups. But the big thing is they are the money lenders and they practice horrors in the money field that would make the sharks of Broadway blush. About eighty percent of the city is in their clutches and it is one of the greatest obstacles to any problem's solution here.

"A Khabuli will make a loan for 200 rupees and charge a minimum interest of 20 rupees a month. But no matter how often you pay interest you never get a receipt for it. I have met men who have already paid off eight times the amount of their loan in interest but are still paying because they haven't a single proof that they ever paid anything. If a man is really hard up the Khabuli will lend him money only if he takes the loan out on an unspecified note, i.e., the sum to be filled in by the Khabuli whenever he wants. The debtors are scared out of their wits and I can talk all day to a victim without budging him into making any complaint. There are only about 100 Khabulis here in Jamshedpur but they hold the city in the palm of their hands. So the uplift organization deserves a lot of credit for their courage. It's the only way if we are ever going to touch the social problems of India."

INTO *the Hill Country*

Romeo's home town of Daklan, Benguet, P. I.

WHY PEOPLE, OTHERWISE NORMAL, LEAVE a comfortable house, a warm fire and three good meals a day to go hiking or crawling through rain, snow or jungle to the top of a mountain, when they could just as easily admire it from the front porch, is a question only a mountaineer can answer. Mr. Donelan S.J., and I left the comfortable Villa Santa Rosa in Baguio to go climbing Mt. Pulog because we wanted to meet some of the genial Benguet Igorot people at home, and because after spending a year on the Ateneo de Manila campus in the heart of the city, a hike up Mt. Pulog, the highest peak on Luzon, 9,612 feet, appealed to both of us.

Bishop Brasseur of Baguio kindly arranged to have Romeo, an Igorot minor seminarian, act as guide. Without the smiling, sturdy little fellow, we two huskies from Woodside, L. I., and Westchester, N. Y., would still be lost on the soft slopes of Mt. Pulog.

Early, if not bright, on May 3rd we heard Mass, ate a quick breakfast, and set out over the road that rose from Trinidad valley, bright in the morning sunlight, through the hills to the town of Bokod.

The road, probably planned by the Benguet Mt. Goat Association and then condemned as unsafe, sneaks along the mountain sides as though it were about to slip into the valley below. Even Mr. Donelan, my companion, the proud possessor of a pilot's license, was a pale green on the bus ride up to Bokod where we arrived at noon. Romeo was happy for he was going home after an absence of two years.

After a hurried jelly sandwich at the convento in Bokod, we shouldered our packs and started up a good but steep road towards the town of Daklan. Being much bigger than Romeo, Mr. Donelan and I took the bigger packs; *mistake number one.* Romeo, back home again, started up the road at an Igorot stroll, vaguely reminiscent of a New Yorker running for the I.R.T.

At about two-thirty, puffing lustily, we reached the top of a hill, and looked down on Daklan in the valley, with its tiny cogan-roofed houses sprinkled here and there among the rice fields like brown leaves on a park lawn. In front of us the bright green rice terraces rose like giant steps up the hillsides and disappeared in the dark green of the forest. Daklan was Romeo's home town.

Our immediate destination was an Igorot village on Mt. Palansa. Romeo knew it well, because he had been there during the war,

when the guerillas used it as a hospital. He said it was just over the hill, so we thought we were almost there; *mistake number two.* Now the road narrowed to a trail that wound in and out of the pine woods up the hillsides. An Igorot, dressed in the usual G.I. jacket and red loin cloth, carrying a bundle of wood and smoking his long-stemmed pipe came down the trail. He and Romeo exchanged greetings briefly. After the man had passed, Romeo said, "He is my uncle." That was all. When suddenly Mt. Palansa reared straight up in front of us, Romeo shifted into high gear, as the Igorots do, going uphill. Mr. Donelan and I shifted into low-low, stopping more and more frequently. It was almost dusk when we reached the campsite. The smoke of supper fires was curling softly from the thatch-roofs. The village, five or six cabins set on stilts, was perfectly situated for a guerilla camp, balanced on the mountain top with a perfect view of the surrounding countryside. The Igorots, a generous and, as they proved during the war, a courageous people, gave us a friendly welcome, and offered us a carpenter's shed for the night.

A crackling pine fire and a supper of rice, canned salmon and tea put us in the mood to watch the setting sun light up the slopes of Mt. Pulog to the north. It was hard to tell what Romeo was thinking; he didn't talk much, but I suspect he was thinking of the time when he could return as a priest to carry Christ into the hill country. Conversation died down with the fire, and we soon rolled up in our ponchos and went to sleep.

At four-thirty the next morning, with our flashlights winking in the darkness, we struck out for the slopes of Pulog, the steepest part of the climb. The trail followed a sharp northeast ridge that dropped off sharply on either side. Later the sun came filtering through the trees lighting up a fairyland of tall dark pines on the bright green grass slopes. Off to the southwest we could see Mount Santo Tomas, Dominican Hill and the ruins of our old villa house on Mirador.

We reached the top shortly after nine o'clock, to find the fog as thick as a cream puff. After standing on the top only a few minutes to enjoy the lack of view, and to exult at being on the top of Luzon, we climbed down the slope a bit to get out of the rain. There we ate two macaroons

VINCENT C. CULLEN S.J.

apiece, and checked our position with a map and compass.

Except for one wild pig the trip down was uneventful. At one o'clock we were back at Palansa for more rice and tea and a rest, and at two o'clock we started home.

We were back in the convento at Bokod at about five-thirty to be met by Father Gillynck with a big smile and a welcome to a delicious dinner. He told us of the war years around Bokod, his work with the guerillas, his hiding in the hills as he watched his church and school burn to the ground. He spoke so casually that it was hard to realize what it must have been like to see years of sacrifice reduced to ashes.

After dinner we went to the chapel to join with Father Roberto and his parishioneers in the recitation of the Rosary in Igorot. After the Rosary the Igorot boys and girls gathered to sing Igorot hymns and folk songs in low sad tones.

After Mass the next morning at which the people sang the Missa de Angelis, as it was First Friday, Father Roberto showed us the convento, still under construction, and his plans for the new school. The fact that he has to rebuild fifteen years of hard work doesn't seem to have dimmed Father Roberto's smile a bit. Friday noon we boarded a jeep with *nine* other people and rattled back over the hills to Baguio.

The trip cost us four sore feet, and seven dollars and fifty cents, but in return we got a wealth of experience, memories and fun; thanks to Bishop Brasseur, Father Gillynck, and especially to Romeo, God bless him.

Igorot men in their village on Mount Palansa where the climbing party stayed the first night.

The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

During Lent you may have done some spiritual house-cleaning by making a retreat or a mission, and now you are probably waiting for a good clear day to begin the spring cleaning at your home. You are sure to find pieces of clothing which have been put aside with the intention of some day disposing of them. There are many people who could use the clothing to advantage.

I would suggest that you first get in touch with your parish St. Vincent de Paul Society. Someone in your parish or in a neighboring institution may need them. If there is no immediate local need, then the clothing could be sent to a number of our missionaries working among the Indians, Negroes and Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest. Merely send a postal to JESUIT MISSIONS and we will send you the name and address of one of our home missionaries.

Both the missionaries and we at JESUIT MISSIONS will appreciate it if you send the clothing *directly* to the mission. It will involve time and postage on your part but I am sure that Our Lord will reward your charity and that you will have the grateful prayers of the missionary and his people.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Help Four Churches

Listed below are a few essential items needed for the churches of Father Hugh Costigan and Father Philip Boyle. Both are young missionaries, nevertheless, they have problems demanding the experience and patience of veteran missionaries. In three of his churches on the island of Ponape Father Costigan is using vestments bought thirty years ago. Father Boyle is in the town of Medina, Mindanao, the Philippines, where he is struggling to establish a new parish. His present church is a makeshift structure.

Copes	$50.00 each
Candlesticks	25.00 pair
Vestments	25.00 set
Altar Cards	13.00 set
Preaching Stoles	10.00 each
Holy Water Fonts and Sprinklers	9.00 pair
Cinctures	2.00 each

Kwajelein Needs

In less than three years, Father Thomas Feeney and Father Thomas Donohoe have done wonders at the mission of Kwajelein in the Marshalls. Last Fall, Father John McCarthy joined them. With his ability

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
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900 Broadway,
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Ceylon and Home Missions
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China (Suchow)
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Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

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

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

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

they have accomplished even greater things within the past year.

Father Donohoe, in rather succinct style, has asked us to publish the following list for Kwajelein:

Prayer—We can do nothing at all out here without many, many prayers on your part at home.

Money—Not as necessary as prayer but very necessary in the present order of God's Providence.

Tools—Hammers, saws, planes, brace and bit, screw drivers, ripping bars, tree saws.

Cloth—Suitable for Summer wear.

Patterns—For American style Summer dresses; thread, needles, scissors, etc.

Pictures—Small holy pictures and books illustrating our Faith.

If you have any of the requested items you can send them directly to Father Thomas C. Donohoe S.J., at the following address:

c/o U. S. Civil Administration Unit
Kwajalein, Marshall Islands
Navy 824
FPO San Francisco, California.

You pay postage on the San Francisco rate. Donations of money for the above requests can be sent directly to JESUIT MISSIONS and we will forward the same to the missionaries.

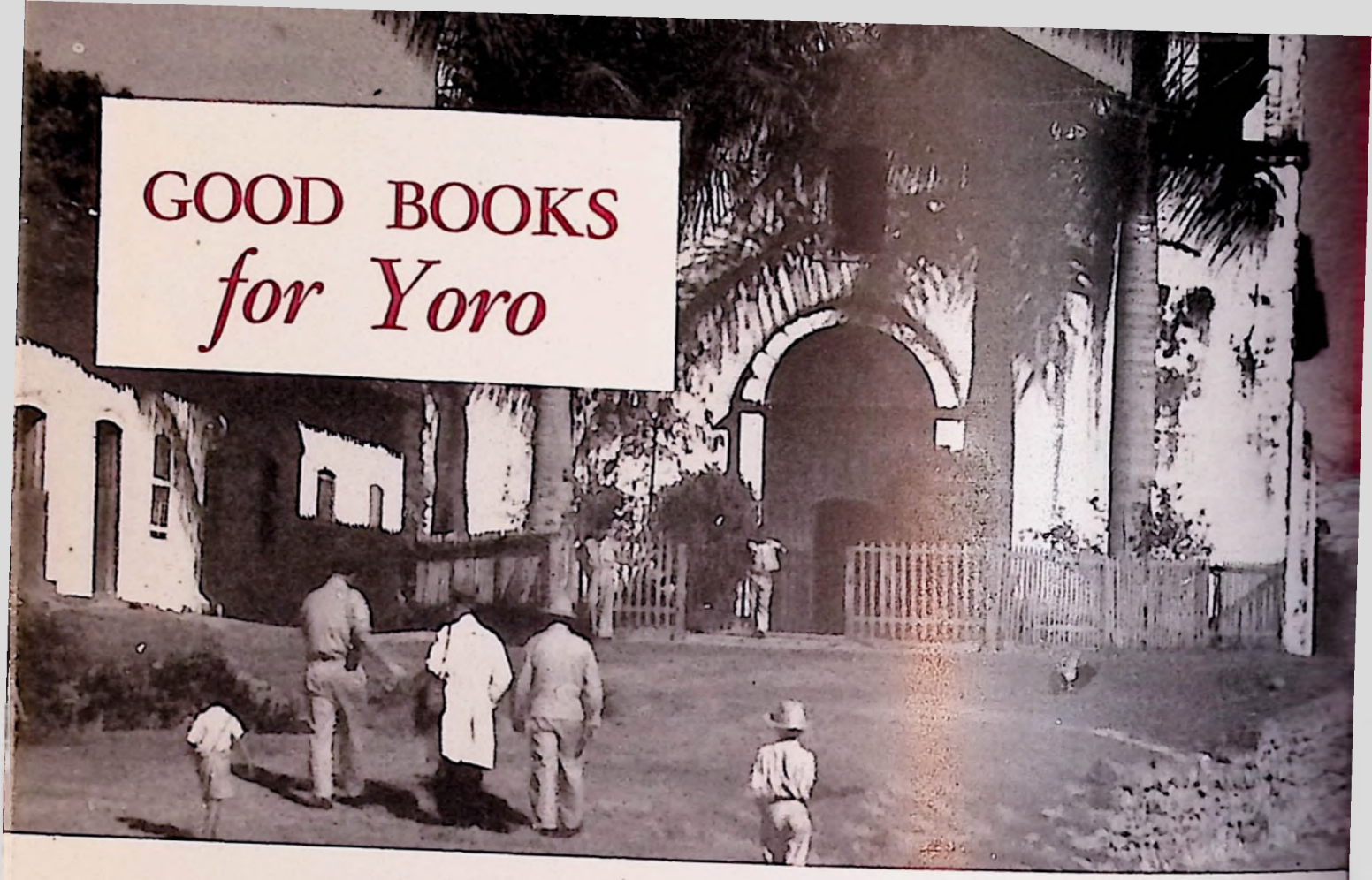
Building Program

Located in the very heart of Hinduism there is a mission at Buxar, Shahabad District, India, where the missionaries, for ten years have struggled to establish the Church. Father Thomas Downing states that among the priorities for guaranteeing the permanency of the mission he must repair a leaking roof on the church, build a convent for the Nuns, a little girls' school and a chicken house (this is urgent to save our garden from toothless but ruthless hens). In one of his mission stations Father desires to dedicate a church to Our Lady of Fatima. It will cost approximately $5,000.00. The dollar exchange is exceptionally good in India, so any amount large or small, will help Father, will honor the Blessed Mother and offer salvation to souls.

British Honduras
MISSION NEEDS

MASS KIT	**$165.00**	
ALBS	**25.00**	each
WEEKLY SALARY OF A SCHOOL TEACHER	**10.00**	
ALTAR CLOTHS	**4.00**	per yd.
GASOLINE FOR MISSION BOATS	**2.75**	5 gals.
DAILY SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY	**2.00**	

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



GOOD BOOKS *for Yoro*

Here is a fine chance
to make your mission dollars
do a lot of work

FOR AS LITTLE as twenty cents you can put a good book in the library of Minas de Oro, Honduras, or in one of the ten smaller libraries of the Missouri Jesuits' Yoro mission. With a population of only 2,000 people, the town of Minas de Oro borrows as many as 500 books a month from Father John Newell's Catholic Library.

We doubt if there is a like-sized town in the United States where a book-gift would be more eagerly read than in Minas de Oro. Because of the exchange rate of nine pesos to one American dollar, your dollar would buy five standard-sized books for the library. Father Newell S.J. reports that he can get a wide selection of books by Catholic writers, many translated from French, German and English into Spanish, and published by the Catholic publishing house, Difusion Editorial in Buenos Aires. Only twenty cents apiece! He is especially anxious to purchase good, popular spiritual books, which his libraries lack at the moment.

You can give him lasting and invaluable help by sending to JESUIT MISSIONS your dollars. We will let Father Newell buy the books because he knows exactly what he needs.

SEND DONATIONS TO:

JESUIT *Missions*

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