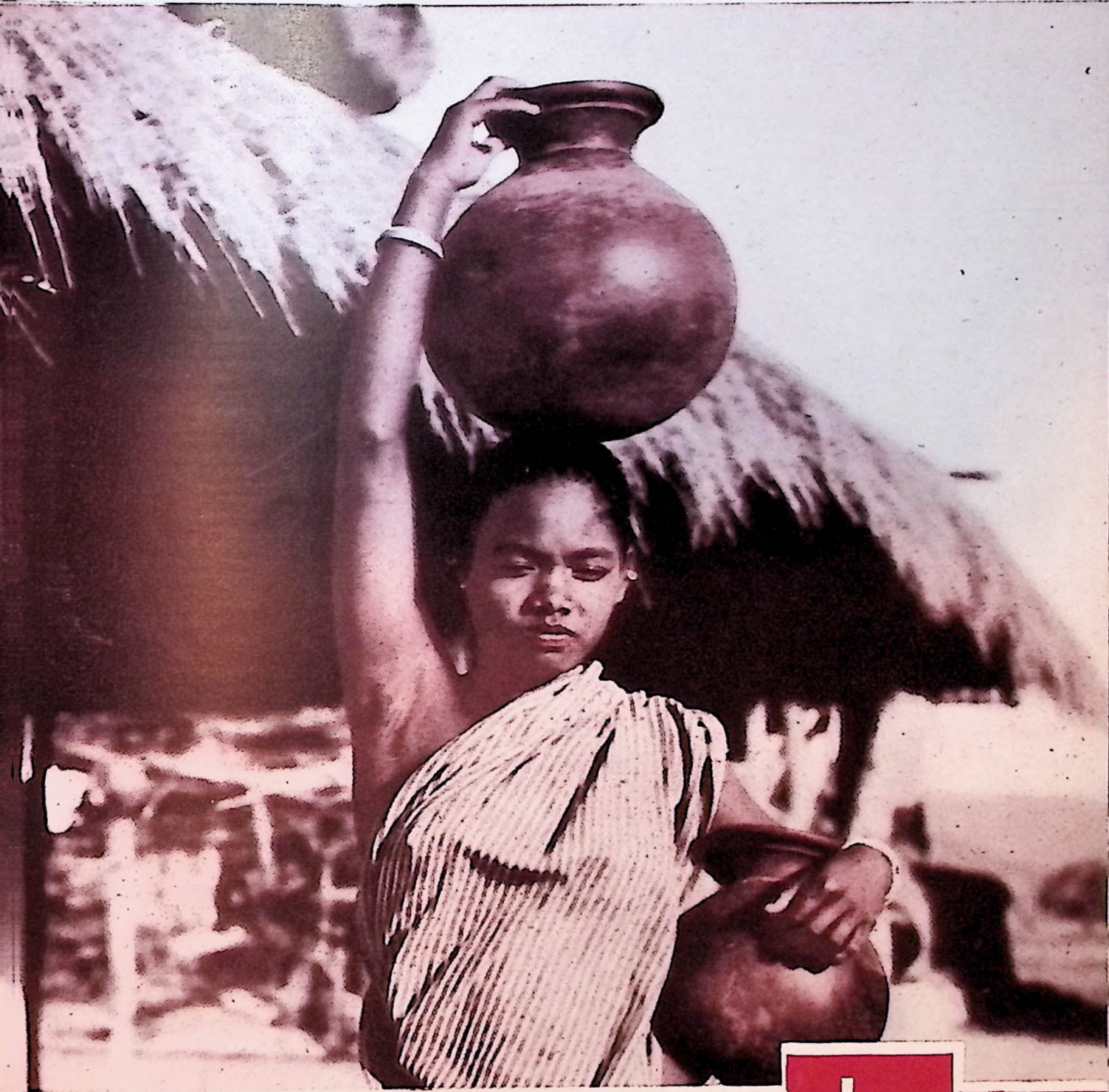


JESUIT MISSIONS

MAY 1950



INDIA'S SOCIAL PROBLEMS



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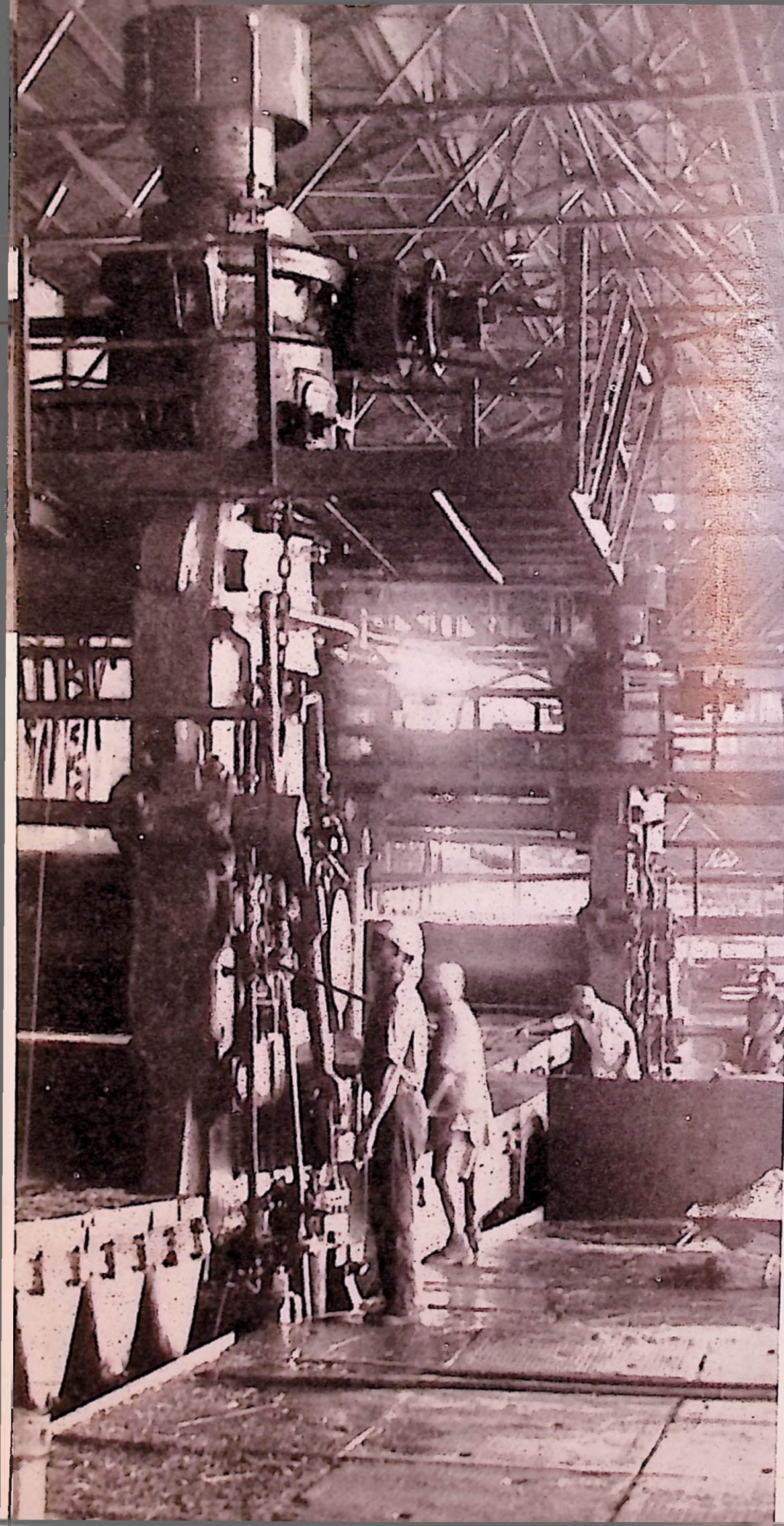
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NEW INDIA AND OLD

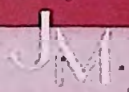
In the industrial city of Jamshedpur, the Pittsburgh of India, the famous Tata steel mills are a sign and a promise of the new India. But not far away the old India still follows its timeless way of doing things.



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COVER. The young women of India have not yet broken away from their ancient customs and traditions but today's generation has before it a future of which its elders never dreamed. It will not be a Cinderella story, as you will realize when you have read the first article, but there is a hope now where before there was only an inescapable groove.



Father Anthony G. Schirmann S.J. is one of the veterans on the staff of Jesuit Missions. Born in Buffalo, he is a member of the New York Province and was for several years on the home missions in Southern Maryland. There are very few men engaged in mission work who have an equal grasp of the problems which a missionary encounters in the various parts of the world. This understanding, so necessary for the correct presentation of the mission picture, came from many patient hours of tireless research and painstaking study.



Father Joseph Reith S.J. is an old and welcome friend to Jesuit Missions readers. In all his years of service in the Philippines (next year will round out a full score) he has ever been conscious of the impossibility of doing his job alone. He has always realized that the friends back home are an integral part of any missionary's life. That realization was deepened by his experience as Business Manager of JESUIT MISSIONS before leaving for the Philippines in 1931. So he has been thoughtful enough to keep us informed and always interested.





More mortar to build a better India.



Father Martin S.J. teaches spinning.
Spinning wheel and sun—the old way.



The Social Problem of INDIA

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS NOW the eyes of the world have been focused on the subcontinent of Asia with its teeming millions. On August 15, 1947, India was granted independence from British rule. It was not the birth of a nation, but the birth of two nations—the Dominions of India and Pakistan. During this month Pope Pius XII would have us pray for the Dominion of India and more specifically for the solution of its social question. India has a real social problem that must be faced squarely if it is to attain lasting prosperity in the community of nations.

Within its area of 1,246,880 square miles live 337,211,000 people. If equally distributed they would average 270.3 per square mile. Thirteen percent of India is forest or jungle land; 17 percent non-arable, and of the 41 percent that is cultivated one-fourth is so poorly irrigated that its productivity is far below par. Hence, there is a huge concentration of masses in certain areas, while others, especially the poor, live in India's 700,000 scattered villages.

Many of these Indians can scarcely supply themselves or



their families with the barest essentials needed to live as befits the dignity of a human being. Westerners unacquainted with the Indian social problem have suggested that India cultivate more of its arable land. The solution is not that simple! India is not only hampered by land lying uncultivated, and by primitive agricultural methods which lessen its productive capacity, but it is still more hampered by century-old traditions which permit only certain classes to perform certain tasks.

Among the Dominion's 337,211,000 inhabitants, there are almost 60,000,000 victims of the caste system, the so-called "Untouchables". In Hindu society—and most of the non-Christians of the Dominion of India are Hindus—man is born in a definite category from which he may not pass during this present life. In the Rig-Veda, the bible of Hindu religion, we read: "His mouth became the Brahman. His arms became the Kshatriya. His thighs are the Vaisya. The Sudra was produced from his feet." In the descending scale of Hindu society we have then the Brahmans, the priests and statesmen; the Kshatriyas, the rich princes, the warriors, the policemen; the Vaisyas, the merchants and businessmen; the Sudras, the laborers and

Those who live close to the thin edge of existence constitute the gravest problem of the new India.

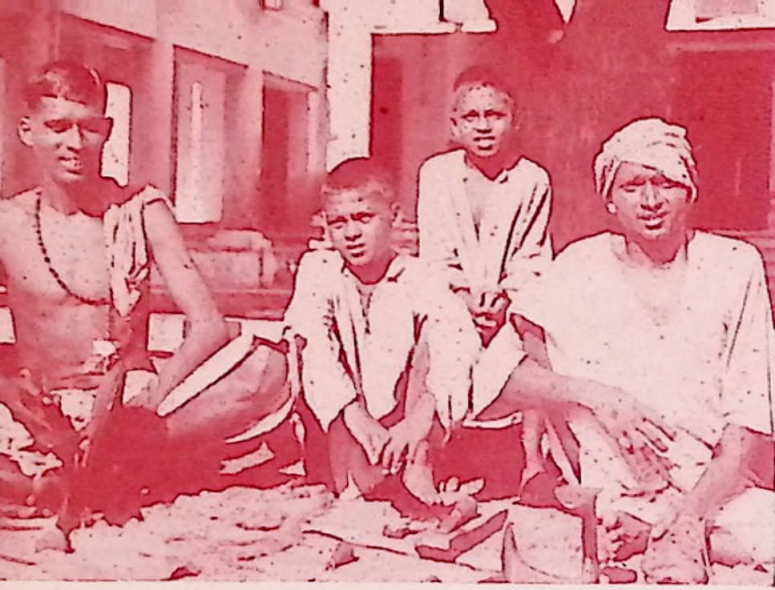


the "Untouchables"—those who must do the most repugnant work. These last castes have practically no rights and are afflicted with many onerous duties. The Sudras are for the most part the Indian aborigines. Hence they are also called "Adibasis"—"those who dwelt there from the beginning." Mohandas Gandhi dignified them with the term "Harijans"—"the children of God." They alone number almost 10,000,000 people.

The "Untouchables" numbering some 60,000,000 in different parts of India are known by such names as "Depressed Classes," "Outcasts," "Panchamas," "Exterior Castes" or "Scheduled Castes." But all share the same lot. All live in the most pitiable misery, the most abject poverty. When crops are ruined by India's too frequent droughts, they are the first to suffer. When the torrential rains swell the rivers beyond their banks, their poorly constructed hovels are the first to be washed away. But far worse than the scourges of nature are the burdens heaped upon them by the zaminders, the hereditary landlords of extensive estates worked by the poor. These men in their self-centered greed ignore the adverse conditions of their tenants, demand every last penny from the low-caste or non-caste people—even subjecting their families to the equivalent of perpetual servitude. At the same time they do little or nothing to improve the soil from which they demand their quota of produce.

Incidentally from the Harijans and "Untouchables" have come many of the converts to Catholicism in India. For them the saintly Father Constant Lievens fought legal battles in territory still being evangelized by the Belgian Jesuits of the Ranchi mission and American Jesuits of the Jamshedpur mission. They also form a large portion of the Patna mission of the Chicago Jesuits in India. Still others are zealously cared for by the Canadian Jesuits laboring in the tea-garden areas of Darjeeling's hills.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and the members of the Constituent Assembly are aware that the caste system presents an ugly social problem. "Untouchability" was officially outlawed by the Indian Constituent Assembly. But a rigid 3,000-year-old caste system that has its foundations in Hindu religion cannot be changed overnight. During his lifetime Mohandas Gandhi, himself a professed Hindu, had said: "I believe that untouchability is not a part of Hinduism; if it is, such Hinduism is not for me." Within the past year after long



Under the caste system these leather workers would be doomed to spend all their lives at this one job.

discussions, a law suppressing zaminder holdings has been passed and put into effect in some provinces. The Constituent Assembly has also been alert to the need of just compensation for properties taken by the state, including the properties of zaminders.

Industrialization has also done much to blur the distinction of caste lines. The March issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* carried an interesting account of the progress made by Jamshepur's industrial plants, and the Catholic influence exerted in that area by the Xavier Labor Relations Institute under the direction of Father T. Quinn Enright S.J. For almost half a century the Ranchi mission has had its cooperatives and credit unions which have helped acquaint the people with the social doctrines of the papal encyclicals. While the new India has done much to enact good and just laws, this is not enough. Its future prosperity depends on a true sense of social justice animating the lives of lawgivers and subjects alike.

The future, however, is hopeful. Although Catholics form, at most, only one and a half percent of the total population of India, their influence is far greater than their small numbers would indicate. The very fact that a predominantly Hindu government has begun to remedy the social injustice of the caste system indicates a certain harmony of view with the Church's view on racial discrimination. Many difficulties that were feared in regard to Christian education have already been smoothed out. The Catholic viewpoint is presented to India's rulers through officials and ministers of provinces, many of whom are alumni of Catholic colleges in India. The new India realizes the contribution that Christianity has made to literacy in the old

as well as the new India. Catholic hospitals, dispensaries and charitable institutes have for a long time been winning the public applause of India's non-Christian statesmen.

One ugly factor lurks in the background of the solution of India's social problem, Communism. Some, we fear erroneously, believe that Hinduism with its mystical doctrines will never succumb to Communism. Let us listen to what Father Antoine S.J. said of the Hindus of the Calcutta district. Dividing the Hindus into three classes—the orthodox, the modernized and the godless, he said: "The number of orthodox Hindus is still great, though it is fast diminishing. They belong chiefly to the old generation and are aware that Hindu orthodoxy is severely threatened. It is not rare to see the son of an orthodox pandit turn Communist, and the cleavage between the two generations is growing deeper as the years go by. In some provinces Communism has grown to such proportions that it has been outlawed locally. Nor are Communists slow to capitalize on the real injustices of a country, or the actual misery of the people."

The Church and the State of India are both alert to the present danger of Communism from within and from without. In a joint pastoral letter of last year the Catholic hierarchy of India warned the faithful of the trickery of these "wolves in sheep's clothing." They too expressed the hope that the Indian government would correct present abuses before it was too late, and warned all that "present conditions in the country, the scarcity of the basic necessities of life, the disintegration caused by refugees, the glaring contrast of wealth and poverty in the cities, the refusal of vested interests to agree to a saner system of distribution—all create a fertile breeding ground for the spread of Communist ideas."

"Quadragesimo Anno" is not a dead letter. The doctrines championed by the Supreme Pontiff have as urgent a message for the new India as they had for Europe and the Americas. They should be the guiding rules for establishing in India true concepts of social justice to replace the erroneous shibboleths that form part and parcel of the Hindu religion. If they are put into practice, and that they must, a more glorious future will be envisioned not only for the Indian Church, but for the whole subcontinent, the new Dominion of India. For this we pray during May.

An empty tomb carved out of rock—yet for over 200 years the best blood of Europe was poured out to win it from the hands of those who had desecrated it.

THE *Holy* *Sepulchre*

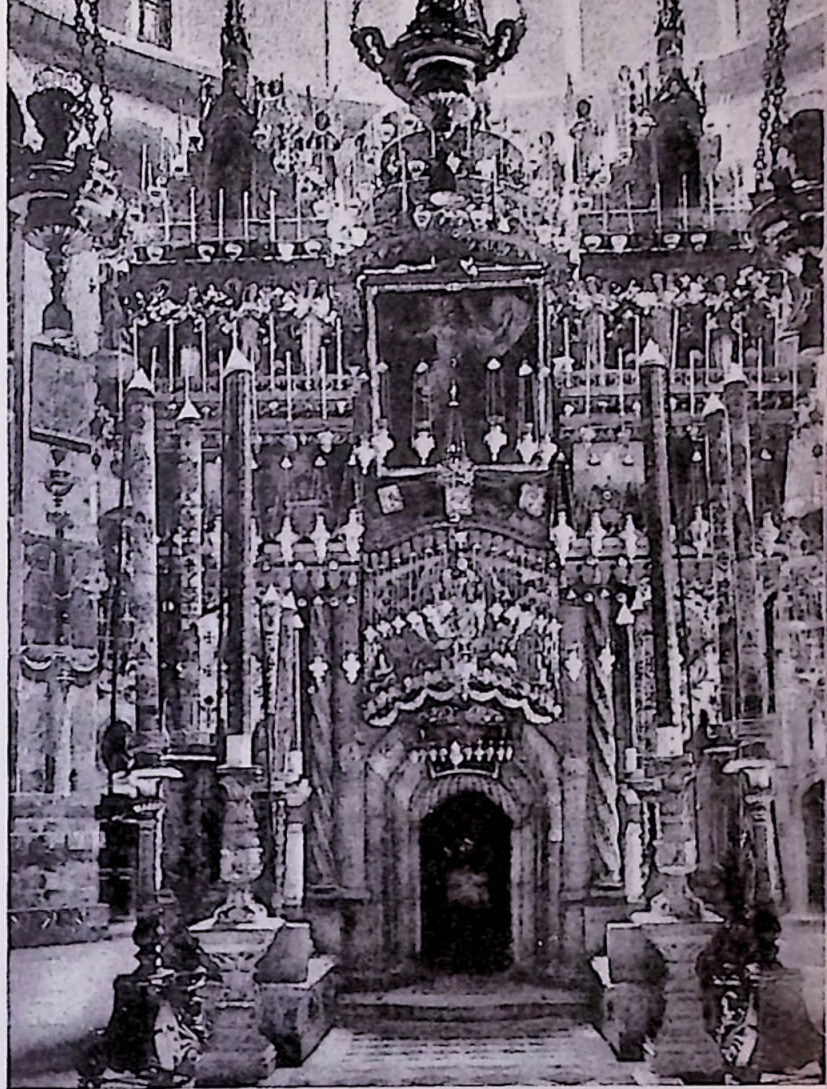
MICHAEL J. McCARTHY S.J.

FROM BAGHDAD TO JERUSALEM is 24 hours by road. Jerusalem is the favorite vacation spot of Baghdadis. There we can not only rest the body, but also strengthen the soul by learning about Our Lord whose Kingdom it is our business to spread. The main attraction in Jerusalem is, of course, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Under the direction of St. Helena, the mother of the first Christian Roman Emperor, the true cross was unearthed at the foot of Calvary and authenticated by a miracle. The city has grown around the site. The hill, the tomb, and the place where the cross was found were trimmed and cut by the Crusaders and enclosed by the massive basilica we see today.

Except in the hours before dawn, the narrow streets which lead to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are crowded with shoppers, porters, donkeys and camels. Inside, ignorant guides recite their false accounts of the Passion and Resurrection for the benefit of more ignorant tourists. On Mt. Calvary an undrawn but clearly defined line separates the part which may be used by the Catholics from that which has been assigned to the Orthodox, and the Holy Sepulchre, where only one Mass can be said at a time, is shared on a time schedule.

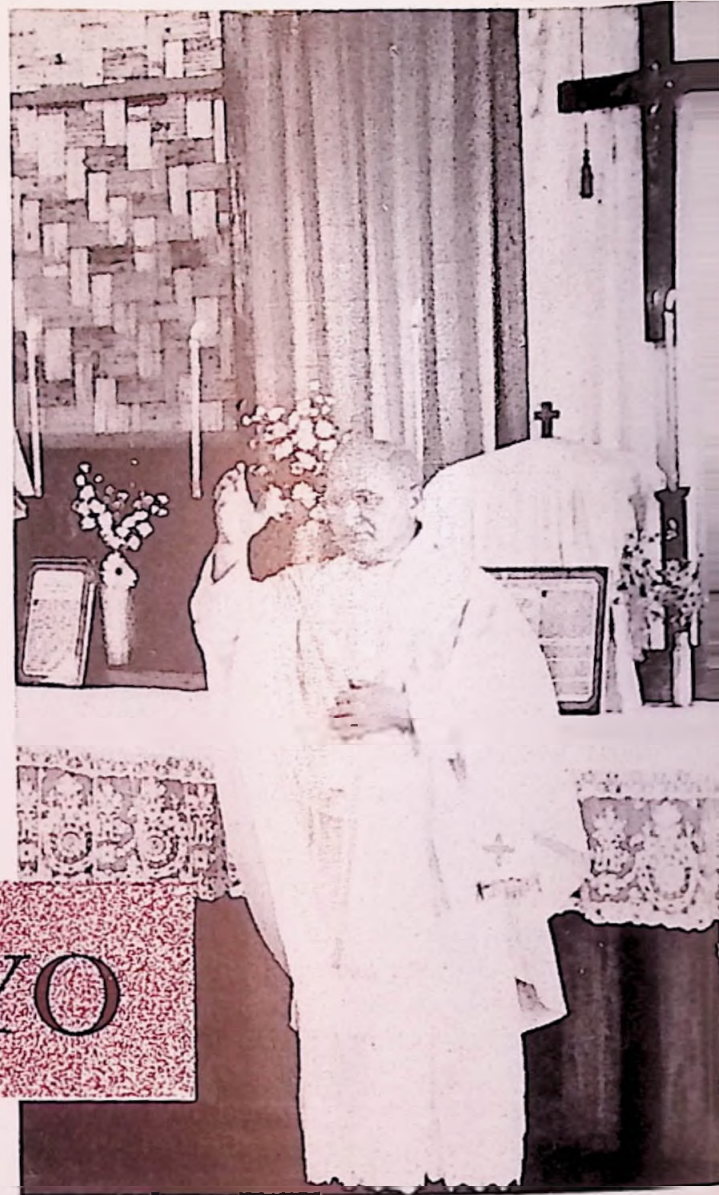
Thus to the narrow confines of the tomb in which Our Lord's broken Body was laid, and to Mt. Calvary where He was crucified, there still come, besides those who love Him, some who mock Him, some who hate Him, and some to whom He is merely a half-for-



gotten paragraph in a history book. God used the pagan Roman Emperor to bring about the fulfillment of the prophecy that Jesus would be born in Bethlehem. He used Pilate and Herod to bear witness to His innocence. The very same guards whom the High Priests set about His tomb bore witness to His glorious resurrection. God is still using men who cannot be called His friends to put their hands into the riven rock and say, "This is the sepulchre that was guarded, made sure, and sealed. Here the angels sat, and there the napkin and the linen cloths were found after He had risen!"

The faithful who visit the Holy Land during this Holy Year will be defrauded of some of the peaceful joy that their visit should bring them. They will find that the land has been taken over by a people, mostly irreligious, who have chosen to achieve their ends by terrorism, secret armament, oppression and expulsion of minorities, and insolent contravention of decisions of the United Nations. But pilgrims will realize that God's ways are not our ways, and that He will continue to draw good out of evil to His own glory. Even these have a place in His plan.

IF ANY OF MY HAIRS ARE GREY (I refer to the loyal few that remain) it is because I cannot induce the people of my mission to marry—really marry. Do not get a false impression; I do not imply that all the women of Bukidnon are old maids and all the men bachelors. *Puyo* is the Visayan word meaning “to live;” and *puyo-puyo* means “false living,” living together outside of marriage, co-habiting without Catholic marriage. Neither eloquence, logic, persuasion, commands, threats of hell fire can, in cases, induce the blushing (she ought to blush) bride and the awkward groom to stand up before the tolerant, kindly, agreeable and sympathetic priest of God and say, “*Oo, buot ake*—I do.” I announce regularly from the pulpit, I proclaim it by sermon and poster in every town and hamlet that no payment is expected, no obligation is incurred, no pig need be butchered, no wedding garment is necessary when a pair is wedded before the priest; but the Old Boy seems to



PUYO-PUYO

JOSEPH REITH S.J.

get in an “Oh yea!” somehow, and off goes the pair to be spliced by the Justice of the Peace or by the local headache for the priest—“Bukidnon custom.”

Bukidnon custom is a survival of the old tribal days in this mountain region, a pagan ritual practiced by the wild people of the hills before the advent of civilization and Christianity. It involves the entrails of chickens, the squeak of pigs, the passing along of food and coins and Satan knows what. One good father went into the local hills not so long ago to photograph a Bukidnon custom wedding. He did, and found out after all was mysteriously over that both bride and groom were duly baptized Catholics.

I have the ladies of our Catholic Women’s League, the members of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Knights of Columbus all briefed

Father Reith, who has given almost twenty years of his life to the Filipinos, blesses his flock and continues to share their many problems and hardships.

and praying, beseeching, cajoling, exhorting by every means to get the *puyo-puyo* rightfully married before God—but to no avail.

To add insult to tearful injury, I had this happen to me only the other day. A well-dressed, correct-English speaking man came to me with five pesos in his hand. “Father, would you kindly change this into five, ten and twenty centavo coins?” “Gladly,” said I, conscious of the many small coins that had come in from the Poor Souls envelopes. (The *barrio* people list twelve souls and give an offering of twelve centavos—a centavo a soul: cheaper by the dozen.) “Are you a local merchant?” asked I. “No, Father; but you see my cousin is going to be married Bukidnon custom, and we need small coins for distribution during the ceremony.” “Well, well,” said I. “I’m honored, or should I sav

flabbergasted? Is your cousin a Catholic? And you?" "Oh yes, Father; pure Catholics." "Now that's interesting. Catholics, maybe; but obviously not pure. Do you ever come to church on Sundays? And have you never heard me explaining that Bukidnon custom marriage is no marriage at all for Catholics—about the same as the 'marriage' of your pigs or your carabaos? And you want me to supply the coins for a false marriage and perhaps go to hell with your cousin and her concubine? Please excuse me. Bring your cousin to the church and you won't have need even of one coin." He smiled as if I had uttered a joke; and I knew that was the end of that—or maybe the beginning. In the mountains, the dear cousin and her beloved will raise babies and potatoes entirely with and without the laws of God.

I would give a lot to find the solution of this problem. One answer would be to have more priests in Bukidnon who could live closer to the people on their farms in the hills. I confess with sorrow that I am moving not closer, but farther from them. With a *centro* which, within a year, has grown bigger and more energetic than many good parishes in the States, with a high school that has enkindled and spread a hot flame of devotion and zeal throughout the whole mission, with dormitory, a public library, a dispensary—all functioning at top efficiency, or

The brighter side of the picture. This is a baptism ceremony at Malaybalay in Bukidnon. The Filipinos are naturally a religious people but until a greater

Did You Write This?

"When my time comes to die, I hope there will be priests somewhere on earth who will pause a moment during their Mass to pray for my soul. I hope when I'm standing before God in judgment that I can honestly say I've done my share to make His Name better known in mission lands." Remember Jesuit Missions when you make your will. The legal title. Jesuit Missions, Inc., 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

near it, and with ten out-stations to be catechized, Christianized, and *publicized*, a lone-ranger missionary has his hands, head and heart full, I assure you. You can help, considerably, by prayer and sacrifice. The problem is *puyo-puyo*; note that word in your prayers.

Nor is that my only problem. I have been typing this on my little porch because it is too dark to do so in the house. The nearest thing we have had to a typhoon is blowing around me. Just as I was typing the last five lines, a big rubber tree toppled and took along with it the government telephone lines strung across the convento. I thought the roof was coming down on those remaining grey hairs. Keep us in your prayers.

number of priests are available for the many barrios of this mountain region the old pagan customs will still manage to keep their unhealthy hold.





A Sister of Charity with Morganza children.

BANSHEE

Building Project

THERE IS SOMETHING OF THE BANSHEE in Father Michael Kavanaugh S.J. By some kind of magic he comes out on top in every losing venture. Once, when his raffle on a new car was losing badly, he bought a pony as a prize for the seller of the most tickets. When no one seemed interested in winning the pony, he sold rides on it to pay for its keep. The rides sparked an interest in the pony, a jump in the sale of tickets, and a successful raffle. That's what I was thinking as I stopped in at St. Joseph's Church, Morganza, Md., to see the housing project just completed for his Negroes.

As we drove around to see the work, I asked, "How did you get this project started?" He laughed, and said, "It's a funny thing. It all started with the school auditorium. One day I was praying to St. Joseph, telling him how badly we needed a school and kindergarten. I had promised the people

they would have an auditorium and kindergarten before school opened. But there was nothing in sight. Two weeks before school opened I had no auditorium and no kindergarten. Still, I hoped that St. Joseph would come through.

"One day just before school opened, I was telling Father Devaney S.J. how little time St. Joseph had left. He showed me an ad in the paper about an old building that was for sale. We went to inquire about it, and I met a friend there. I not only got the building free; I got two buildings.

"One became the auditorium. The other was divided into a kindergarten, a carpenter shop and a little house for the sexton.

"When I told my colored people about it, one of them, named Scanlon Herbert, father of twelve children, asked, 'Why can't St. Joseph get us a home? We could help him.'"

The answer was the start of St. Joseph's Welfare Club. Scanlon Herbert became its first director.

After the first two meetings of the Club its executive board, none of whom were allowed to build for themselves, came up with the following regulations: All members who wished to build a home must put down fifty dollars for transportation costs; they must own a piece of land; when the Club was working on construction, each member had to supply two workers.

In return the Welfare Club guaranteed a home, twenty-by-thirty feet, to each member at a cost of not more than five hundred dollars.

With the fifty-dollar contributions and a thousand dollars given by the Archbishop of Baltimore, the Club bought some old material and a few old houses.

"We began work on the homes before the tobacco cutting season," Father Kavanaugh told me, "when the farmers were not too busy. We worked one or two full days a

week, and almost every night. Each of the thirty members worked on every home."

"In one year," says Father Kavanaugh, "we completed fourteen homes. Not a cent was lost, no debts were owed."

By this time we had arrived at one of the houses. It stood on a hillside and looked quite good with its imitation brick walls. Its four rooms housed a family of twelve children. In the yard a huge pile of neatly piled fire-wood, a red bicycle and a large well told of a properly provided family. On meeting the family it was plain that they were happy in their new home and proud of having built it.

As we drove on to visit other homes, I asked:

"Were all these people without homes?"

"I'll show you what they had," he answered, "We'll visit a family that is still hoping to move out of their tumble-down shack into a new home that St. Joseph's Club will provide."

It was tumble-down all right. The roof was uneven, the porch falling, and its wall boards rotted with age. It wouldn't stand a strong wind or even a vigorous push.

"Will they get a new home?" I asked Father Kavanaugh as we drove off.

"They should. The Club is now operating their own cement-block factory. They buy the cement, but get gravel from their own lands. The blocks they make will build the new homes."

As we visited the various homes, it was plain to see that when Mac Holt, Mrs. Young, Scanlon Herbert, or any of the other families in those fourteen houses, received Father Kavanaugh in their homes, they welcomed him as one of the family. When he took off his comical, short-brimmed hat, his big warm smile made it clear that he felt not only at home but happy to be with his people.

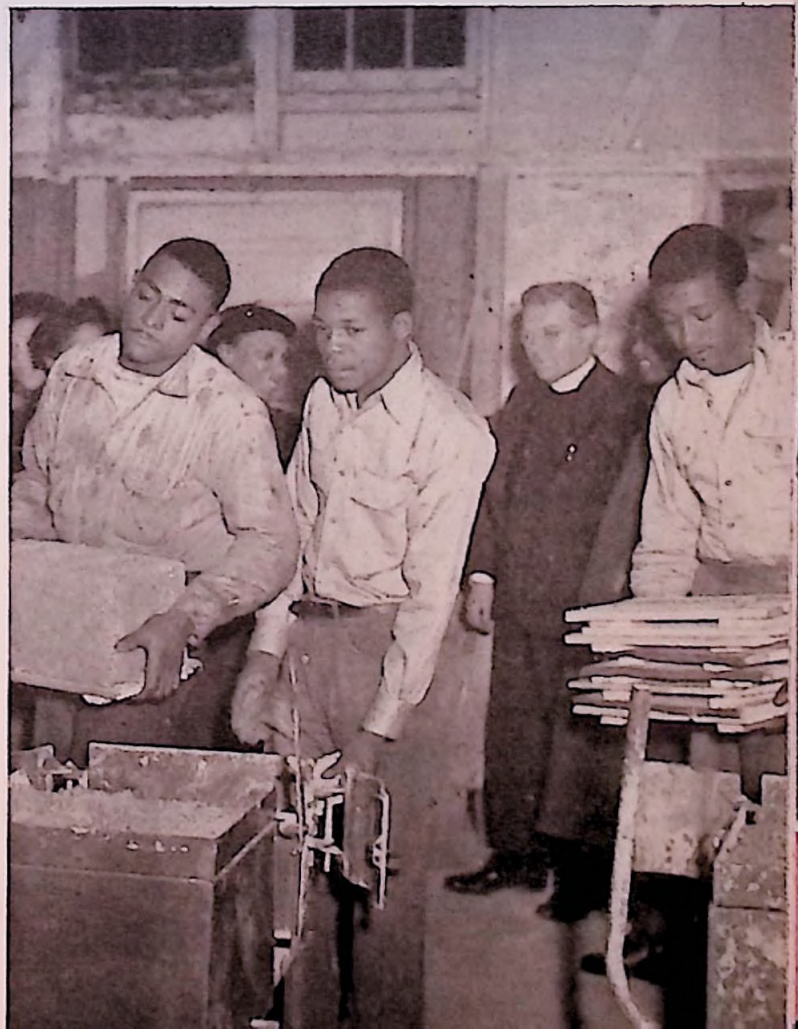
Father Kavanaugh can well smile. Though he is pastor of a poor mission church supporting two schools educating five hundred children, he loves his work. He loves his people and St. Joseph loves them too.

As I said good-bye to Father Kavanaugh, I realized I was wrong about the banshee in him. The only trace of the banshee that I found was that extra bit of interest in the poor, that extra labor, and extra prayer—unusual enough to be something out of fairyland. That was the only magic he had used to turn difficulties into achievements.

RICHARD McSORLEY S.J.



Father Kavanaugh is proud of this home which was built for the Sommerville family by his Welfare Club. (Below) The St. Vincent de Paul Society are building their own cement block homes. At high speed they turn out one cement block a minute.

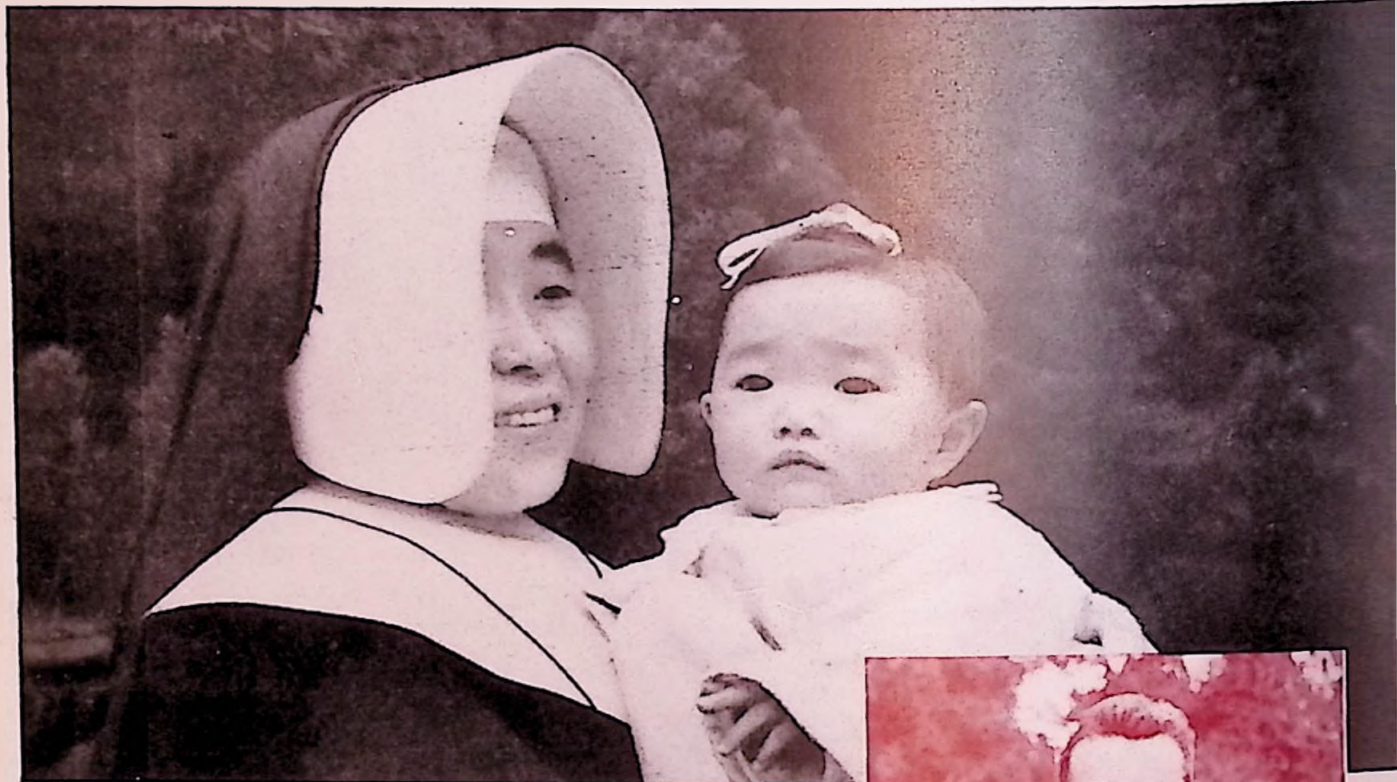


Mother

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO BEGIN THIS, but I guess it's best to tell you first of all that I'm not a missionary. God willing I may someday become one; but right now I'm what is known in the Society of Jesus as a Junior and am plugging away at my studies out here at the Sacred Heart Novitiate in Los Gatos, California.

But I have a friend who is very much of a missionary. Not a Jesuit, not even a priest or a brother; but

This is one of Mother Marguerite's sisters with a button-eyed orphan who has found a wonderful home in the big grey house on Shitsubi Machi. But Mother Marguerite has only a few sisters to care for 145 children.



a wonderful missionary sister who belongs to the Society of the Infant Jesus. Her name is Marguerite and she's as charmingly French as her name sounds. She left her native France for Japan when she was just a young novice—only 16 years old—and has been laboring in Japan ever since. Mother Marguerite is about 68 now so she has worked for more than half a century among the Japanese.

Half a century! I really feel ashamed when I record that and then recall how loud a howl we G.I.'s were putting up just a few years ago when we were on occupation duty in Japan, and were crying to be sent home after spending six months or so among the same Japanese to whom this sister has given her whole life.

Mother Marguerite was a marvelous break for us when we were in Japan. A sort of an oasis of grace. We could visit her and her orphan children when we were on liberty, and we got a big kick out of playing with the little "Japanese" under Mother's care. Our inborn American generosity had a chance to go to work on these tiny, underfed and ill-clothed waifs. Many the Marine who made it a point to stop in at



J. Leo McCaffrey S.J. spent 8 months in Japan as a member of the Eighth Regiment of the Second Marine Division with its glorious record on Saipan, Tinian, Okinawa and other islands of the Pacific. It was as a Military Policeman around Kumamoto on the island of Kyushu that he encountered Mother Marguerite.

Marguerite

the big grey house on Shitsubi Machi to say hello to Mother and leave some chocolate, sugar or trinket for the orphanage.

But our numbers came up for release and we were shipped Stateside for mustering out. I've never forgotten Mother Marguerite and her children there in the city of Kumamoto on the Island of Kyushu. I've written to her from time to time and she's good enough to answer whenever she has a few minutes to spare.

It was her last letter that prompted this article. Some of the things she said in that letter took me back a bit. They seem to indicate that despite the reports of mass conversions among the Japanese, despite the news that whole towns like Saga are coming over en masse to the faith, despite these and other hopeful signs, there is still a tremendous amount of room for improvement in Japan.

She begins her letter by saying; "I have 145 children in my orphanage, 24 in cradle and 45 under six years old; about 40 patients every day in the dispensary and 12 old women in the home for the old." That shows how busy she must be, because she only has the help of a few Japanese sisters. "Abandoned children are numerous. I dare not refuse those they offer me. I'm afraid God would ask me about it. Quite often babies are found at our gate at night."

But with the spirit of such forerunners as Mother Marguerite to show the way, the job surely can be done. By the way, here's one more example of this woman's admirable character. I asked her in my last letter if she needed anything special in the way of Christmas presents for the children. I expected a substantial list of things that are lacking to the orphanage but instead I received this answer: "I would not like you to have trouble to do charity for us, but if it is possible I would appreciate much some pairs of stockings—any size will do. I have children from a few days old—they don't need stockings yet—up to twenty years old. Thank you very much for your kindness."

Not much I can say after that except that it seems to me we have here a spirit of sacrifice well deserving of our prayers.

Come, follow me

AMONG THE APPARITIONS OF THE risen Christ, recorded by the evangelists and Saint Paul, no mention is made of His having appeared to His Blessed Mother. However, we are certainly not meant to conclude from this silence that Mary was denied the joy and consolation so graciously bestowed on others.

Even before the Lord appeared to Peter, He had revealed Himself to Mary Magdalene, then to the other valiant women who kept vigil by the Cross with His Mother. If their constancy merited this grace, who will say that Christ had not first rewarded the stronger constancy of His own Mother? If the ardent repentance of a Magdalene won such ecstasy of her risen Savior, with what rapturous joy must He not have first requited His Virgin Mother and sinless companion of His sorrows.

Reason itself compels us to believe that Christ's first, even if unrecorded, apparition was to Mary. It was through her that He first came to us. With her He shared those thirty hidden years. She it was at whose request in Cana He first revealed the Divinity within Him. She stood with Him by the altar of the Cross, the Virgin Priestess offering to God the clean oblation that she herself had fashioned in her womb. As none shared more intimately in His sacrifice, so none should partake more richly of His glory. She lived with Him the last bitter moments of His tragedy. He could not but share with her the first splendid moments of His triumph, revealing to her, before all others, the risen glory of His life in God.

We need not wonder the evangelists are reticent on so sacred a communion of Mother and Son.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

"Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,
Wisdom, Strength and Courtesy,
Jungle Favour go with thee!"

GO WITH THEM IT DOES, these boys of the 30th Jamshedpur Troop, the Loyola Scouts, who every week end march out into the Indian jungles beyond the city. Founded only a year ago, these boys have seen and done things that would turn American Scouts bright green with envy.

Jamshedpur, the steel city of the Orient, was carved out of the Bihar jungles a quarter of a century ago by a man who believed that steel could be made in India—Jamshedji Tata. A flourishing city today, the jungles around it have only been pushed back. Secure in their steaming solitudes roam leopard and bear and tiger and elephant, as they did when Jamshedpur was still a cluster of mud villages.

Wei Te-k'un, the Senior Patrol leader of the 30th Jamshedpur Troop, at the semaphore station on Mt. Dalma. He is a typical example of Loyola Scouts.



Where Scouts in America would practice tracking and trailing by following the prints of rabbits in the snow or the tell-tale tracks of their fellow Scouts, our Indian Scouts follow the spoor of wild elephant that come down at night into the rice paddies in search of food. On an early morning hike the marks of their great feet are still fresh in the soft mud of the rice fields, and occasionally coming home in the evening an old bull elephant will block the road for an hour or more. Then suddenly he is gone—melting like a shadow into the jungle that lines the road.

The Scouts can pass their tests in observation by telling me the signs of game we have seen on a single hike: a leopard pug mark in the soft clay of a river bank; the rootings of wild pig by the side of the trail; the tiny cloven hoof-print of a deer that has leapt across the road; the claw marks of bear on the wild fig tree under which we stop for lunch; the path of ruin through the forest where a herd of wild elephants panicked and ran.

On overnight hikes into the jungle they are lulled to sleep by the throbbing of *jungli* aboriginal drums—tapping out the rhythm of the dances and festivals, meetings and gatherings of the little men of the jungle. On all our trips we see them—bringing firewood into town, or twirling their potter's wheels in their villages to turn out the clay water-pots used all over India. On the roads we pass them, with mountainous loads of vegetables on their heads coming in to the bazaars, or with their bows and a handful of poisoned arrows on their way into the jungle to face any animal, even tiger.

We have been to some strange places, the Scouts and I—to the cave of an ancient hermit on the summit of Dalma; to the shrine of a *Sadhu* or holy-man who lives on the point of land where the Subanarekha and the Kharkai rivers meet. Half naked and

with lank strings of hair down to his shoulders he tends his shrine to *Nag*, the cobra god.

There is the Hindu temple, just outside the city, with its shrines to *Kali Ma*, the many armed goddess of death, and to *Shiva* the destroyer, and to *Hanuman* the monkey god. We had passed it often going out of the city on our hikes, but one morning I told the Scouts to wait for me outside while I went in to see the place for myself.

No sooner was I in the courtyard removing my shoes preparatory to going through the temple itself, than a shower of twigs and plaster began to rattle down on me from the temple roof, and unpleasantly close I could hear the whine of slugs ricocheting off the temple walls. Simultaneously from the temple stables came the scream of a horse in pain. Then saffron robed Hindu priests converged on me from all sides.

From the jumble of Hindustani and the waving of fists and the scowling faces I pieced together their complaint. The Loyola Scouts—most of them armed with catapults—had been unable to resist the fat green doves on the temple roof, and every shot that had missed its mark had brought down a shower of plaster from the crumbling eaves; one unlucky shot had hit one of the sacred horses between the eyes.

Part of the 30th Jamshedpur Troop. The tracks they follow may belong to elephant, to wild pig or tiger.



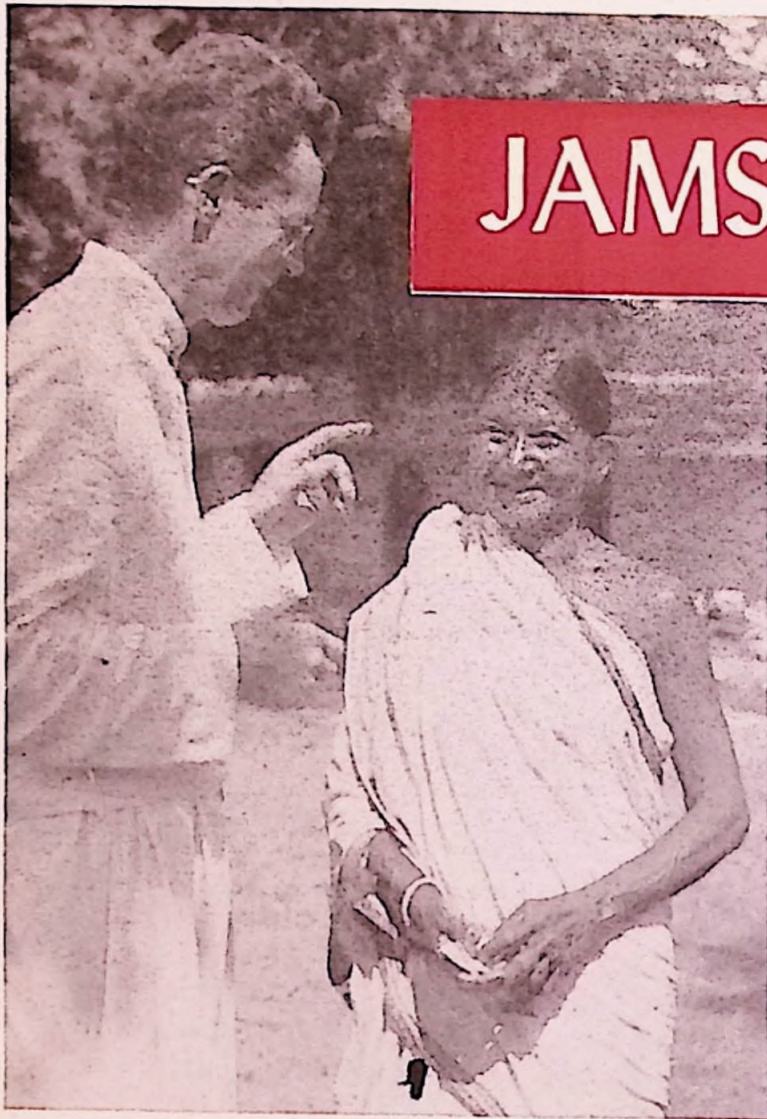
Along the trail are met the people of the jungle.

We finally got the situation patched up, or so I thought after a liberal outpouring of my broken Hindi. But as we were about to go, the head priest of the temple arrived on the scene to thunder a stream of curses and maledictions on the two boys who had done most of the shooting. It was only later, when we stopped for lunch on the edge of the jungle, that the Scouts, now very much subdued, translated the curse for me—with the added information that the last two men this old fanatic had cursed had died within a year. Even after I reassured them the boys were far from convinced, for this is India, where stranger things happen than most men dream of.

Even as I write this, the swift dark of the tropics is falling on Jamshedpur. The kites are wheeling in over the houses after their day's duty down by the burning-ghats on the banks of the Subanarekha. The sky is red and angry over the Tata steel mills on the edge of town, and crimson clouds of smoke and licking pillars of flame soar upwards from the molten slag heaps. The aboriginal drums are throbbing in the hills and three thousand feet up on the slopes of Dalma the fires of the charcoal burners are red against the dusk.

DESMOND S. MATTHEWS S.J.

JAMSHEDPUR



Father Enright's warning finger doesn't alarm a parishioner.



The Loyola School, headquarters for Marylan



The Tata Steel Works in Jamshedpur, India's industrial city.



ssuits.



(Above) The old market scene is an odd note in this modern industrial center.
(Left) Except for the Hindu turbans this could be a scene from a Pittsburg mill.



(Above) An electro-magnet crane hoists the rolled sheet iron in Tata's mill.
(Below) The first baptismal ceremony was performed by Father John E. Holland S.J.

mission of Jameshpur in
province of Bihar was as-
signed to the Jesuits of the
Madras Province in 1946. Its
population is a little larger than that
of Massachusetts but it has a
Catholic population of 4,300,000. Of
these, a number less than 10,000
are Catholics. The city of Jam-
shedpur is one of the largest
industrial centers in all Asia.
The apostolate will be to
reach the masses as well as to the in-
habitants of the country region
beyond the city limits. The
mission itself is an established
one for the Belgian Jesuits had
been here for years before
the war drained their man-
power and finances. Now
the mission takes up the job.





The Eskimo women are experts with their sharp knives in dismembering a white whale for its oil and meat.

STEAK ON THE BEACH

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN LATE FALL. Snow had covered land's shabbiness with a nice crisp white, and the whole village literally sparkled in the sun. It was just cold enough to freeze the nearby lake for good skating. Rising tides, however, had kept the slough free from ice. I watched the men out in the bay having the time of their lives bagging seals. They were a happy bunch as they returned home with fresh seal bacon. Up here work and play go a good deal together. I could not help thinking how simple, and yet how full were their lives. What a contrast to the complexity of living in the world at large. Strikes up here are just impossible. In fact there is no word for it in the Eskimo language.

Modern civilization abounds in specialization. What numberless middlemen lie between the producer and the customer. No wonder our staples are so expensive. How could it be otherwise with so many getting their cut. Perhaps, it is for this reason that economics overshadows, or should I say, engulfs our whole modern philosophy of life. Modern man is becoming so detailed, his

activity so specialized, that outside of his own particular sphere he hardly knows anything. His whole life is built around the assembly line and the man at one end hardly knows what is done at the other.

Take, for example, a simple steak—tough though it be. What an array of artisans are needed to bring it to our table. First of all we have the highly trained rancher and breeding experts. In quick succession follow the on-the-hoof buyers, transportation men, city stockyard officials, initial butchers, wholesale buyers and at long last the family butcher; not to mention government checkers and controllers, refrigeration processors and what-not. Anyway the number of middlemen that handle our lowly little steak is almost without end.

Here's how we do things in the Arctic. Seal or whale is our staple meat diet and the Eskimo counterpart to the American beefsteak. Up here the individual family does everything that so many middlemen do in the States. The kids, ever on the lookout will be perhaps the first to spot a school of whales in the bay. The father of the family

will lose no time in gassing up his kicker. Off he whirls, his oldest son in the bow armed with a 30-30. Perhaps several others from the village will join in the hunt. The hunt will continue during high tide. The hunter will then return with a Beluga (white whale) or a couple of seals. It will be known long before he reaches land whether he has been successful or not. Binoculars are in the hands of all the old men who watch and, incidentally, criticize every detail of the progress of the hunt.

When the hunter arrives with a whale it is unceremoniously hauled up on the beach. The flippers and tail, a real delicacy are portioned out to the youngsters and the poor. Then the butchering begins. Every Eskimo, man or woman, is an excellent meat cutter. Their round knives are razor sharp, and in

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

the twinkling of an eye the whale is dismembered and cut up into edible chunks. The blood and refuse are washed by the incoming tide. Seals are done in much the same way, except that the butchering is done in the igloo under the supervision of the mother. The white whale provides oil, and about 8 or 9 hundred pounds of meat. The seal has a variety of uses—from sinew for thread to skin for boots or parky.

Life here is as simple as that. The family does it all. I might add that church services are also a community function. We have no specialized choir, the whole congregation sings with gusto from tiny youngsters to the very old. The tots grow up learning their music and prayers by simply following their elders. Latin Mass prayers are learned the same way. An Eskimo who attended Mass in one of our larger cities, where the congregation attended in deep silence, came home with the pungent remark: "Seems like I do nothing at that Mass."

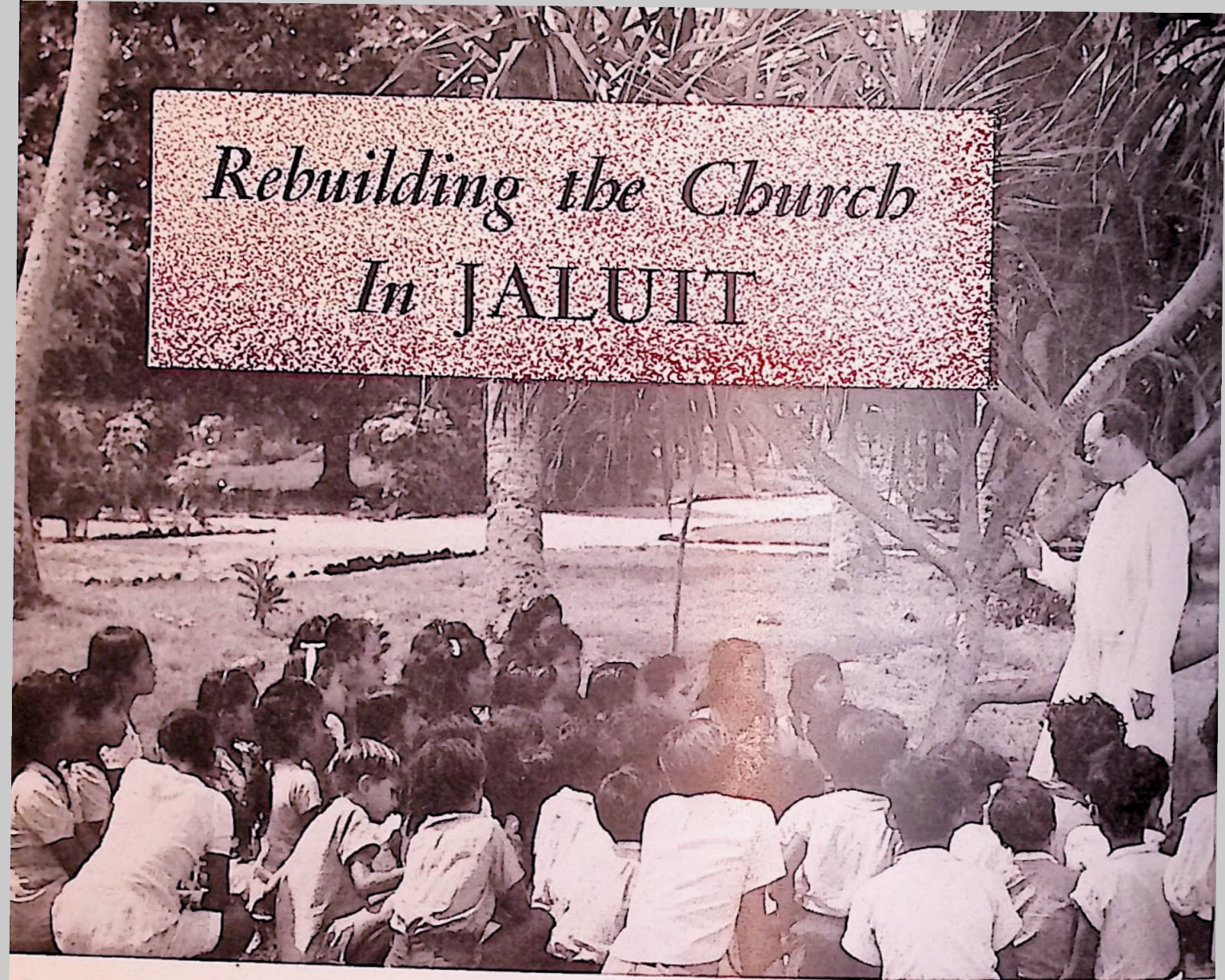
Here the people do everything and take pride in being able to do it without the help, or at the expense of using others. They live a full life and are capable of performing a variety of jobs. Perhaps that is why life never becomes monotonous in an apparently monotonous country.



Two of the boys from the Jesuit mission at Akulurak haul up on the shore a freshly caught seal. They can hope for a section of either the flippers or the tail. (Right) The last thing an Eskimo would be interested in would be the training of a seal. To him a seal means what beefsteak means to an American. It provides him with a dozen essential products such as sinew for thread and skin for boots or much needed parky.



Rebuilding the Church In JALUIT



DO YOU HAVE A LOT OF TROUBLE trying to figure out where all these places with odd names are that appear in the mission magazines? Sometimes I almost despair of getting the name of Jaluit into the minds and hearts of our good readers, because Jaluit is a name seldom heard of and never spoken in America. Jaluit was "bypassed" during the war. Since coming to Jaluit I have learned that bypassed does not necessarily mean spared the terrors and sufferings of war. Jaluit was bombed severely during the war, its two chief islands are in complete ruins and over two hundred Marshallese were killed during the bypassing of this island.

I came to Jaluit first in April, 1948. That was during the atomic bomb tests at Eniwetok. We knew less about those tests than you do. But one thing I knew was that a PBM would fly to Jaluit every week or so to do some work or other the nature of which was not disclosed. I took one of those

flights and stayed in Jaluit for five weeks. I lived on an island called Imroj. Most of the people who lived on Jabwor moved to Imroj when Jabwor was bombed, reducing a beautiful village to a pile of sand and rubble. It was really bombed that bad.

The people were very poor. I noticed only three dogs on the island. I asked, "Where are all the dogs?" Someone answered, "The Japanese ate them all during the war." Everything was rationed in all the Jaluit islands during the war. The Marshallese were allowed to eat one-half a coconut a day. Many who ate more paid for their meal with their lives. The Japanese ate all the dogs and many more things before they finally gave up.

The people are very poor now. Our government has been in the Marshalls for four years now, but this is not a long time when it comes to restoring the ravages of war. The biggest loss in Jaluit was the complete destruction of their once beautiful island, Jab-



On Likiep in the Marshall Islands Father Donohoe conducts what appears to be a very enthralling outdoor class. This site has now been cleared and the foundations for the church dug. The convent, now almost complete, stands across path to left.

Someone might ask, "What was Jabwor like before?" That question is best answered by talking with the older people from time to time. Every now and then someone gets reminiscing on this subject. For instance, recently I was talking to Martha about Jabwor. We were sailing back from the northern Jaluit islands on an outrigger. Martha was a girl in the Catholic school in Jabwor in 1910. She is now one of the older and influential Jaluit Marshallese and probably knows as much about the history of Jabwor as anyone does.

I asked her about Jabwor in the German days before 1914. The German government was in power in the Marshalls since the '80s. She spoke about the fifteen or twenty Germans, some of whom had their families with them, who operated the copra trading company. They had a band, a bowling alley, an island where they kept pigs and cows, and they got along very well with the Marshallese. Then Father Schmidt and a brother came about 1898 and in a few years there were eleven sisters, five fathers, and several brothers working in the Marshalls, with a large boarding school at Jabwor. Martha was in that boarding school for eight years. She helped the sisters in cooking and sewing and laundering. She became very skilled in all the things the sisters taught the girls. The brothers taught the boys — school subjects in the mornings and practical work in the afternoons. Generally three of the fathers were at Jabwor. They would sit on the porch in the evening and smoke large pipes and talk. Many Marshallese would come and visit.

wor. Jabwor had been the capital of the Marshalls since 1880, and its destruction meant the destruction of all the means of livelihood that the Jaluit people had become accustomed to in the last two generations.

This does not mean that the people of Jaluit are in a desperate condition as are many people in Europe. Life out here is simpler than that. But it does mean that they miss those things, and hope to make it beautiful once again. Our government is taking notice of this condition of things in Jaluit. Recently a demolition crew came in and blew up the few remaining bombs that failed to blow when they were supposed to. More help will come in the form of a bulldozer which will fill in the bomb holes and give the people a start on the work of clearing. From that point on the Jaluit people are capable of building their island over again, although the government will always have to provide transportation for heavy materials on their regular field trip runs.

Then came the war in 1914. The Japanese came to Jabwor and the Germans had to leave. That was the end of Catholic mission work in the Marshalls. But the Japanese soon made friends with the people and set up a constructive government. They also took possession of the Catholic ship, the Regina, and used it for inspection trips in the Marshalls. They proceeded to develop

THOMAS C. DONOHOE S.J.



Edwin Capelle, Likiep's comedian and also one of its best carpenters, chats with Father Donohoe about the latter's job of rebuilding on Jabwor island.

island and build their homes, which will be partly wood and partly thatch. When these homes are painted they are very pretty with a coconut grove background.

In the center of Jabwor a large Catholic school and church will stand. We hope that this will be bigger and better than it was before. "Man proposes and God disposes," we read in

the Imitation. But it is God's will that we keep proposing and planning.

We have built a small mission in Imroj, the temporary home of the former Jabwor Marshallese. We shall start our school here next month and will begin with 35 or 45 pupils. Our station on Imroj is very pretty and solidly built, but it is small and intended to last only until we can rebuild in Jabwor.

We plan to clear and replant all the Catholic property and hope to do this within a year from now. As soon as the clearing is done, we plan to begin building. If our complete plant on Jabwor is finished within three years from now, we shall be very thankful. We shall build a school, a church, a girls' dormitory, boys' dormitory, girls' workshop, boys' workshop, laundry, etc.

With God's help we aim to make Jabwor a center of influence in the southern Marshalls, beautiful, peaceful, active, and attractive to pupils from the many southern islands within a radius of 200 miles. We know that we can not do this by ourselves. First of all we need God's grace. And under God we need the prayers and the material support of devoted followers back home. In a week I shall move into our small residence which is about completed on this island of Imroj. It won't be too long now until I'll move again, and I pray God that our station on Jabwor will be bigger and greater than the one that Father Schmidt started in 1898, and will be a beacon of light and truth to all.

Jabwor. After a while it was a real Japanese village and there were many different kinds of work there. The Marshallese could work on the fishing ships, or in the factory that made rope, or in the copra warehouses. The Japanese imported many kinds of trees and flowers and made Jabwor really beautiful. They also built a submarine refueling base later on. They did not encourage religion, but could not discourage the Marshallese in their firm belief in God and prayer. They did discourage Father Bojaro, and the work of the German fathers was limited to one priest and a brother who were in Jabwor most of the time between 1921 and 1934.

In the second war, Jabwor was bypassed, but since it was the capital of the Japanese government in the Marshalls and there was a large air base on an adjacent island, Jabwor was bombed mercilessly. The large Catholic church was partly destroyed when a bomb fell nearby, then it burned to the ground. The Japanese razed the large dormitories in order to use the fine imported wood for their air base nearby. Now the island looks like a vacant lot in the suburbs of a small American town.

What are the plans for Jabwor in the future? First of all, the land will be partly cleared with the help of one or two bulldozers. Then the land will be returned to the Marshallese of Jaluit through their council and chiefs. Part of Jabwor will be occupied by the Marshallese from Bikini. The Marshallese themselves will replant the



The lettering above this altar seems strange to us, but the statue is not. Indian Catholics have the same love we do for Our Lady and Her Son.



A SCHOOL . . . *for Jamshedpur*

MARYLAND JESUIT BUILDS NEW
SCHOOL AT BANDGAON.

FATHER JOHN BLANDIN S.J., the first priest to be appointed pastor in the Maryland Jesuits' mission of Jamshedpur, India, is erecting a school for his parish. The proposed school building will serve also as a temporary chapel for his people. Two thousand dollars will be needed to give Christ an altar-home, and his children a school where they may learn to know and love their faith. A dollar from you will buy a few bricks, some mortar or a beam for an Indian-style building or altar. Besides this new chapel there are in this mission twenty others in dire need of roofs, flooring, and altar fixtures. Amount needed — another thousand dollars.



JESUIT *Missions*

962 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

As the Catholics of the island of Jamaica in the British West Indies made ready to celebrate the centennial of Jesuit education there, word came that the Very Reverend John J. McEleney S.J., Provincial of the New England Province for the last six years, had been appointed Titular Bishop of Zeugma in Syria and Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica.

The new Bishop was born in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1895. A graduate of Woburn High School and Boston College, he entered the Society of Jesus at Yonkers, New York, in 1918. After classical and philosophical studies at Poughkeepsie, New York, Weston, Mass., and Woodstock, Maryland, he was language professor at the Ateneo de Manila, Philippine Islands. He was ordained priest by Bishop Peterson at Weston in 1930. On May 13, 1937 he was appointed Rector of Shadowbrook, which post he held until his appointment as Rector and President of Fairfield University, Fairfield, Conn. He was appointed Provincial of the New England Province December 8, 1944.

MARY'S MISSION

The month of May belongs to Mary; there is no controversy over that. Nor will any missionary argue that there is any mission in the world which does not also belong to her. She is the Queen of the Missions and there would be one wonderful controversy if any mission tried to claim her just for its own. So in one sense **Father Joseph La Bran S.J.**, once of Lynn, Massachusetts and now of Baghdad, is saying in the following letter what every missionary feels in his heart. Father La Bran is the last one in the world to run away from an argument but he would be the first to protest, with his vigorous smile and careful distinctions, that he is speaking inclusively and not exclusively when he calls Baghdad "Mary's Mission."

"Before I left New England last summer I encountered the usual arguments that Baghdad was really a waste of man-power and money when there was so much to be done at home. Many seemed to think that we were the subject referred to in the line of poetry, 'waste its fragrance on the desert air'. . . . But now I am in the land of Abraham and what have I seen? Waste? No. I think it is grace. Here in Moslem Baghdad I see a Christian school established with over 500 Christian and Moslem boys in attendance. To the newcomer to this mission field it is evident on all sides that our first fathers here planted the seed of God and planted it well. The school with its order and

discipline is unique in all Iraq; the scholastic rating would be difficult to surpass any place. Yet seventeen years ago there wasn't anything to the school but two old rented houses and a mere handful of pupils. Today Baghdad College is admitted by all to be one of the most outstanding educational institutions in the whole Middle East. There are five hundred boys now in the school and if all were accepted who tried to get in, the registration would be well over a thousand.

"How account for it? What is the secret of it all, not only of the growth but the spirit of the school? It is our Blessed Mother. This mission of Baghdad is certainly her mission. In her is the secret of it all. Through her intercession the 'waste' has been turned into grace.

"In the beginning when our first fathers arrived in Baghdad and saw the innumerable obstacles that they would have to overcome to carry out the orders of Pope Pius XI, they wisely and no doubt under the inspiration of our Blessed Mother herself, chose her as the Patroness of the Mission, under the title of the Immaculate Conception. To Mary, Mediatrix of All Graces, they dedicated the chapel and the altar; in her honor they offered the first Holy Sacrifices; for schooled in things divine, they knew well that wherever she is enthroned as queen, His grace would most certainly flow.

"'Waste?' There is no such word here at B.C. on the Tigris.

Our Lady has seen to that. It is all grace; His grace through her."

DAKOTA "DUBS"

At St. Francis Mission in South Dakota this idea of waste doesn't constitute any problem. There just isn't anything to waste. **Father Joseph Weber S.J.** points that out with the following example. "Out here the greater number of children are very poor and the mission with its regular meals and a bed for everyone is often more than they have at home. In such circumstances it takes very little to make big eyes shine and little faces beam. A good example is our ice skating season. As you may know the weather permits a rather long one here and Brother Parry always floods his garden patch to make a rink. The only difficulty is to find enough skates. We received a box from Champion High in Wisconsin early last winter and it has been my privilege to distribute them at recess time. Of course there isn't a pair for everyone so you'll find two boys coming up for a pair to use together. One will have "dubs" on the right skate first. Later they will trade so that in the end both feet have had a thrill. I have often thought that I would not have skated at all on those conditions but these children are as happy as can be."

Father Francis Collins S.J. is also stationed, more or less, at this same mission. "This is jubilee year for some of our stations. We celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the church at Okreek with midnight Mass and the Holy Hour on New Years. The first Mass was offered in the church there at midnight on New Years, 1900. Later we had a jubilee celebration at Bad Nation. Narcisse Jackson and his wife observed their Golden Wedding anniversary at St. Catherine's Church. Narcisse has been a catechist for over thirty-eight years. He had been in the hospital until the day before the

celebration was to take place, but the doctor considered the occasion important enough to allow Narcisse to go home. Although the temperature was below zero on Saturday morning, Joe Kills Enemy, uncle of Mrs. Jackson, and still fresh at 92, walked five miles without breakfast in order to be present at the jubilee Mass and to receive 'Woyute Wakan', the Holy Food.

"Besides Okreek and Bad Nation districts, I also have charge of Dog Ear, Horse Creek, White Thunder, Wood, and Mosher. By saying Mass at one chapel on Saturday and two on the second and third Sundays I am able to visit each district once in a month. My closest station to the Mission is thirty miles and the farthest away is eighty. I drive a green Chevrolet panel truck and take my bed and board along with me. The truck also enables me to bring along boxes of used clothing for my poor parishioners. The people are poorer this winter than they have been for several years."

THE MOTHER BUTLER CENTER, Rapid City, South Dakota, was recently opened, at the request of Bishop McCarty C.S.S.R., to care for more than two thousand Sioux Indians who have moved into Rapid City from the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations. These Indians face the difficult task of becoming adjusted to normal Catholic life in new surroundings and as citizens of Rapid City, South Dakota.

Father Joseph Zimmerman S.J. and **Father Harold Gibbons S.J.**, veteran Indian missionaries are in charge of the Mother Butler Center. Father Zimmerman foresees the difficulty and the importance of the work.

"Much of the work of our two Mission schools and the zealous labors of many Jesuits who have now gone to their eternal reward may be undone if all the Indians now in Rapid City are not guided in the new life of the city, and



Father Carroll I. Fasy S.J. is the first superior for the mission of Jamshedpur in India. A Philadelphian by birth, he became a Jesuit in 1918. His career as a missionary began in 1925 when he was assigned to the Philippines where he taught for three years at the Ateneo de Manila. When he had finished his studies as a Jesuit he returned to the mission as professor of philosophy at the seminary of San Jose. In 1937 he became rector of the Ateneo de Manila and later was appointed master of novices at Novaliches. During the war he was one of the many Jesuits interned in the Philippines. Shortly after the war, during the absence of Father Cullum, the superior of the mission, Father Fasy was made acting superior. Then he returned to the States for a brief rest before he set out to head the first mission of the Maryland Province in India.

He has a tremendous job in front of him but he also has one top card—4 of his sisters are nuns in the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. They will see that the job gets done.



Indian boys at the Holy Rosary mission give their all in the great American game. The past winter was a severe one for Reservation Indians.

hundred and fifty years ago, the Sioux lived on the 'fat of the land.' Millions of buffalo and the untouched forests supplied their every want. When Father DeSmet told them in 1851 as some of them sat down at well-filled tables at St. Mary's Pottowatomi Mission in Kansas, 'the day is coming when the buffalo will be no more and you will have to till the soil and raise domestic cattle' a Sioux replied, 'Blackrobe, the hills are black with buffalo!' However, when Father DeSmet died in 1873, the hills were no longer black with buffalo, and deprived of their herds and forest stores, the lot of the Sioux has been in-

put on their guard against the host of new-fangled religious groups that would rob them of their Catholic faith. Rapid City has more than its share of these 'new religions' for they seem to thrive better out here in the western country than they do in the eastern part of the United States. Out here the guitar, the banjo, the piano, and the family organ used as an accompaniment to sentimental religious hymns put a sort of 'cowboy' spirit into the minds and hearts of the people. The Indians, from long association with people of that type, may think that it is an easier and less rigorous road to reach heaven. Since most of the older Indians could not read nor write, their knowledge of our Catholic Faith came from the explanation of 'The Two Roads,' a chart showing the 'good road' leading to heaven and the 'bad road' leading to hell. It is going to be increasingly difficult to keep the Indians 'walking the good road' when they find themselves among strangers in a strange city and in a life that is quite different from life on the reservation.

"Bishop McCarty is truly a Good Shepherd; he has taken the Indians to his heart, and they re-

spond in kind. He has purchased five city lots near the main Indian camp and with assistance from friends in the East, he is building a sizeable building to be named the Mother Butler Center. It will serve as a social center and a temporary chapel church. When the Indians get used to city life, his intention is to get them to merge with the three Catholic parishes now in Rapid City and not keep aloof as Indians. Our present work is to spread this movement. Some of our Mission Indians have in years past acquired homes in Rapid City and have already found themselves at home in the Cathedral, St. John the Evangelist, and Blessed Sacrament parishes. It is hoped that the new Social Center will demonstrate that the Catholic Church is vitally interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of all her children.

"My experience, covering over twenty-five years in dealing with the Sioux, finds them eager and earnest to embrace the true faith when it is properly explained to them, to accept and use the wares of the white men, and to adapt themselves to the ways of white men whenever they are in the reach of their earning power. One

THE BISHOP

For twenty years he had been the shepherd of his flock. He had watched over them, guarded them, guided them. Under his leadership their number had doubled, as had the number of missionaries. He could look back over the years and know that he had not failed his people. He had been their inspiration, their solace; he had been a true father to them. Now he was in his late seventies and the years had taken their toll. The bishop's staff was heavy in his hand. His job was done. Early this year His Lordship Thomas A. Emmet S.J., Titular Bishop of Tuscamia and Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, asked that the burden he had shouldered for so long be given to another.

Bishop Emmet was born in South Boston, Massachusetts in 1873. After completing his studies at Boston College High School he entered the Society of Jesus in 1893. He made his novitiate and

deed a miserable one ever since they have been herded on small reservations."

A FAR CRY

Tok Junction near the Canadian border is the center of a new missionary district which has just been opened by His Excellency Bishop Francis D. Gleeson S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska. Father John Buchanan S.J., who is in charge of the new mission district, will visit settlements and towns along the Alaska Highway and the Richardson Highway. Some of the more prominent places are Big Delta, Gulcana, Copper Center and Chitina.

He will have to cover a distance of nearly a thousand miles along the highways. Fortunately these highways are kept open for at least part of the winter in spite of sub-zero temperatures. The people in the new mission region are Indians and whites. There are no Eskimos as they live in coastal districts while the new mission is in the mountainous interior. Father Buchanan says in part of his new post, "I came in tonight from icy mountain roads to a frozen cabin. Northern lights were whipping across the skies, brilliant stars and the Aurora were circling the pole with shooting shafts of color. It is really a most

awesome country, and bleak and cold and lonesome, but God in His might and awe and power always seems very close."

THE BUSH RUN

Down in British Honduras Father Eugene Latta S.J. has been making the bush run. "I have some 14 or 16 missions to take care of and I still have to see for the first time places such as San Estevan, Crooked Tree (the Nazarenes are supposed to be established there), Back Landing, Revenge, Huamil, Hill Bank, Governor Creek and Gallon Jug. All these must be reached by boat up New River. Gallon Jug is the logging camp of a big English company that controls most of the land in this part of the Colony. According to reports they have nearly a thousand men working at this camp.

"My other missions: Yo Creek, San Lazaro, Trinidad, August Pine Ridge, Chan Pine Ridge (August means big, and Chan means little), San Felipe and San Jose Nuevo can be reached by jeep.

"You would get a laugh out of some of the places I've said Mass and administered the sacraments. At one settlement I said Mass in the kitchen—it was the largest and the cleanest room. A couple of pups were under the table that served as the altar and I did not discover them until Mass was well under way and one of the pups tried to find out what my leg tasted like. This morning I heard confessions outside the tiny chapel at San Jose Nuevo—before the rain started—and a herd of pigs made themselves at home alongside the sacred tribunal. The little porkers all had itchy backs too. Though the surroundings are incongruous at times the faith of the people is inspiring and makes one feel that the best one can do for them is not quite enough. God must be very well pleased with these people."

STEPS ASIDE

classical studies at Frederick, Maryland. After philosophy at Woodstock he taught for several years at St. Francis Xavier's in New York and at Georgetown University. He was ordained at Woodstock in 1909 by Cardinal Gibbons.

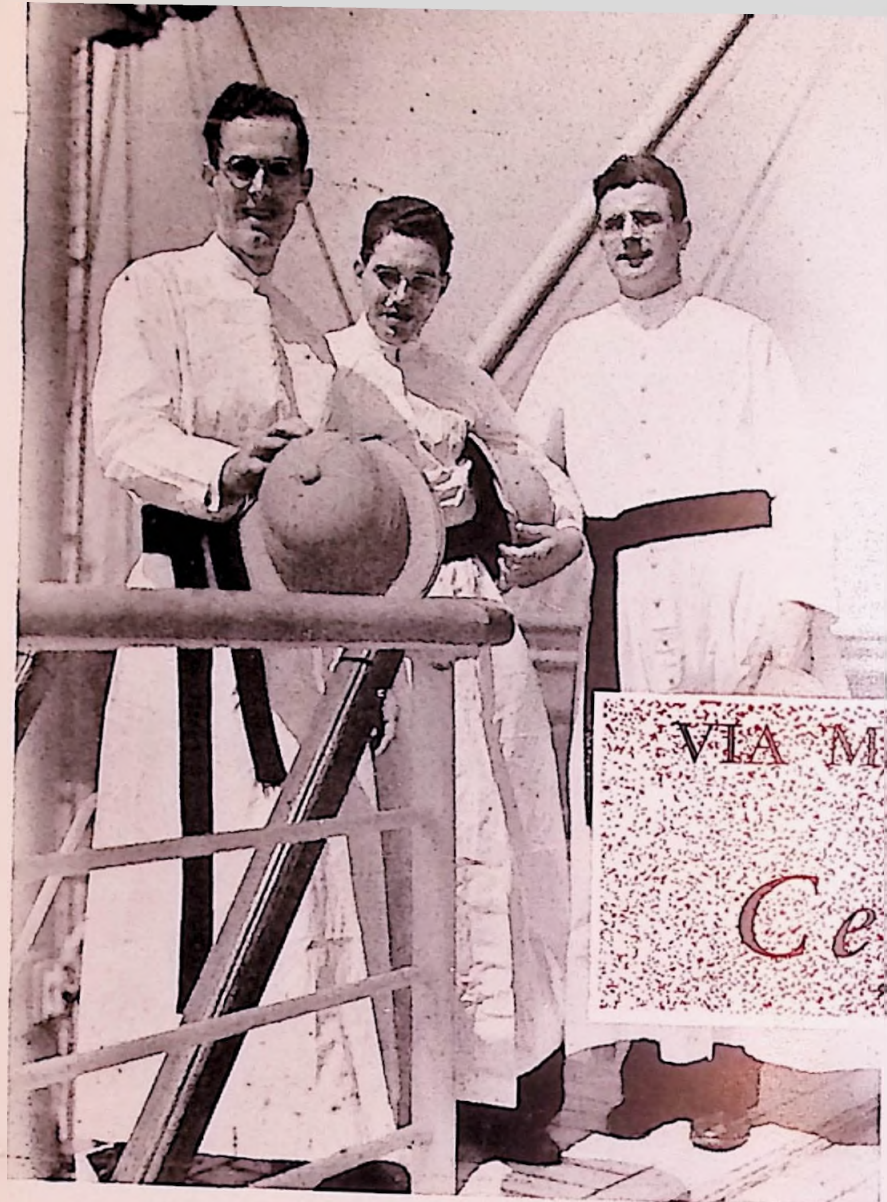
He returned to Georgetown after completing his ascetical studies in Ireland and remained in Washington until 1916 when he was assigned to the Jamaica mission. In his five years on the island he came face to face with the problems that confront every missionary in that field so that in later years when those problems could be particularly his own he would meet them with understanding and kindness. He was recalled to New England to head the Province Mission Band and later became superior of Georgetown Preparatory School at Garrett Park, Maryland. He filled this latter post with great administra-



His Lordship Thomas A. Emmet S.J., for twenty years Bishop of Jamaica.

tive ability for six years before he returned to retreat work. Then in 1930 he was named Apostolic Vicar to Jamaica.

He had labored long and he had labored well. He had won the hearts of his people and they had known the strong but ever kindly voice of their shepherd. That is the one criterion of the true leader. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"



Father Malachy Cutcliff S.J., Mr. Fred Cooley S.J. and Mr. William Moran S.J. of the New Orleans Province are snapped by our staff photographer, Father Stevenson, as they prepare to set sail on the MS Japara for Ceylon. At the present moment all three of them are stationed at St. Michael's College in Batticaloa where well over 400 young Ceylonese manage to keep them busy. The quiet days on shipboard are probably remembered ruefully right now.

VIA M. S. JAPARA
TO
Ceylon

WHEN I STEPPED ABOARD THE MS *Japara*, docked at New Orleans, my conception of the average seaman was as false as the next fellow's—a hard-bitten, profane bundle of tattooed muscle, wise in the ways of the world, a stranger to the realm of religion. The Dutch seamen of the *Japara*—and Chief Officer Meily in particular—narrowed my wide generalization. They, at least, are different.

This was a welcome discovery to me and my two Jesuit companions, Messrs. Cooley and Moran. The *Japara* was to be our home for twenty-seven days until we sighted Ceylon, the scene of our life's work as missionaries of the Society of Jesus.

We roamed the decks and cabins, getting acquainted with the ship. We walked into the cabin of First Officer Meily, and there hanging above his bunk we saw a beautiful crucifix, garlanded with a black rosary. He turned out to be quite a fellow and quite a

Catholic. Eating at the same table with him during the entire trip, we came to know him very well.

Early one Saturday our ship reached Port Said. A landing like this usually meant that Meily, whose watch ran from midnight to 4 A.M., would get little sleep that day. He had to take command, as usual, while the ship was in port. This time it turned out that he got *no* sleep for twenty-eight hours—from midnight Saturday till 4 A.M. Sunday. Still, he hit the bunk at that time with the firm intention of rising in time for the eight o'clock Mass. The apprentice had been ordered to wake him at 7:30. He tried valiantly, but found himself trying to resurrect the dead and eventually gave up. Even the severest of moral theologians would readily admit that here was a man fully excused from his Sunday obligation. But Mr. Meily was dissatisfied with himself. The next day, when I entered the *eetsalon* (the dining room now doubling as a chapel) to say my Mass at 6:15, whom did I find waiting but Chief Officer Meily! "I came to make up for yesterday. Can't let myself off easy when I

MALACHY D. CUTCLIFF S.J.

miss Mass on Sunday" was his simple explanation.

Our introduction to the genuine Catholic fervor of the officers and crewmen aboard the Japara came on our first Sunday afloat. The day before, we had posted notice that Sunday Mass would be celebrated at 6:15 in the eetsalon. It was no particular surprise to note that the whole of my little congregation showed up for Mass. What did surprise us, however, was that they all had missals and used them to follow the Mass from beginning to end.

The eldest of my congregation was the Chief Engineer, Mr. J. Swart, a man of charming personality: mild-mannered, quiet, but always with a smile in easy reach and always ready to enter into the general merriment. In his quiet moods I am sure his thoughts most often went winging over the seas to his eighteen-year-old son in Holland and into eternity to the soul of his wife ten years dead. When I was told one day that the lapse of ten years had done little to efface the freshness of his memory of her, that he was still deeply moved by remembrance of her, I told Mr. Swart that I would offer my next Mass, first intention, for the repose of his wife's soul. He need not have expressed his thanks in words. It shone from his face and eyes. Of course, I knew he would attend that Mass the next morning, but it was a touching surprise to see that almost all the other officers had assembled for the Mass out of respect for the Chief and his wife.

I must not forget the third officer, whose name I do not remember, nor could I spell it if I did. Call him the Unknown Sailor. The name is appropriate for more than one reason. He never came to Mass. It was seldom that we even saw him. It was his misfortune always to be on watch when Mass was being celebrated. Towards the end of our voyage, as we neared Colombo, he sought me out to tell me how much he regretted not being able to attend the Holy Sacrifice being offered "right on my own ship."

These were the worthy Dutch seamen whom we had come to admire and to love so much in such a short time. As we neared the coast of Ceylon, the joy of

reaching our goal, the land of our future labor as missionaries, was fringed with a lining of sadness at having to say goodbye to these remarkable men. How could we best say goodbye? What would be our farewell party? What else for men such as these but the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass? The Eucharistic Banquet would be our farewell party.

We had originally expected only Mr. Meily to be able to attend. But word got around somehow. Mr. Ted Glaubits, the purser, took it on himself to organize the congregation. He rose at 3:30 and woke all who could possibly attend: all who were not actually on watch on the bridge.

At 4:09 A.M., Tuesday, September 13th, the Japara was drawing close to the harbor of Colombo, moving at sixteen knots an hour. I was standing in the eetsalon, vested for Mass. Messrs. Cooley and Moran were at hand surpliced and ready to serve. Then Mr. Glaubits stepped in and gave the "all clear" sign. Our congregation was present. It was time for our last Mass on the Japara. This manifestation of devotion to the faith endeared these men to me even more, for I knew that it was of their own initiative and at great inconvenience that they were present.

Is it any wonder that we were so deeply impressed by these men who were not in the least trying to impress us? Is it any wonder that, even with the harvest fields of Ceylon lying white before us, our farewell was tinged with a bit of sorrow? I hope that I will receive indulgence for this attempt to tell all who are willing to listen of our respect and admiration for the Dutch Catholic seamen of the MS Japara. May Mary, Star of the Sea, guide them always.

On the deck of the MS Japara the missionaries bid farewell. Smiles are not easy at a time like this.





The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

On May fourteenth a tribute will be paid to the mothers of the world. The origin of the day is Catholic, since the Church has always instilled into the hearts of Her children a reverential devotion to the Blessed Mother and to their earthly mothers.

Of late, the celebration of Mother's Day has acquired a certain commercial tone. We definitely want to avoid such an aspect and, thus, in the chapel at JESUIT MISSIONS a novena of Masses, concluding on the morning of Mother's Day, will be offered for the mothers of our readers.

St. John Berchmans once wrote that "whenever we look up, the Mother of God looks down." With filial confidence we trust that as the eyes of the celebrant look heavenward at the consecration of the Mass, our Lord and our Mother will look down with favor upon the Holy Sacrifice and distribute its infinite merits to the mothers of our readers and to their sons and daughters.

With similar sentiments of gratitude for you, our co-missionaries, we offered a novena of Masses prior to the feast of St. Joseph, and we plan another novena for the feast of the Sacred Heart.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Bishop Hickey

Bishop Hickey of British Honduras could tell you many a thrilling story about his hazardous confirmation trips. Although travel in his mission is rough and dangerous he always finds consolation at his destination in anointing with chrism eager soldiers of Jesus Christ. When he sees the poverty of his people and the poor condition of the mission chapels the Bishop only wishes that he had sufficient money to help the people and to furnish the chapels as befits their Sacramental King.

Among the needs are:

Monstrance	\$125.00
Sanctuary Lamp	35.00
Benediction Cope	30.00
Vestments	25.00
Candlesticks	15.00
Medicine and Clothing for the people	5.00
New Altar Cloths	4.00 a yd.

Veteran Missionary of Zamboanga

Attached to the mission of the Philippines are several Spanish Jesuits. They came to that mission prior to the arrival of the American Jesuits in the early twenties. Though their years of labor have added gray hairs and weakened them physically, their spirit

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51 East 83rd St.,
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is dauntless. Father Eduardo Rodes of Isabela is an example, and perhaps some of our readers would like to help him. He writes: "The vestments we now use were old before the war and we have no money to buy new ones. For my church I must buy candlesticks, pictures, ciboria, albs and surplices, etc."

Sewing Class

Father Donohoe, at Jaluit in the Marshall Islands, is very anxious to start a sewing class for children. He has pupils, he has teachers, but no sewing machine and no cloth for the class. Investing in a sewing machine is expensive and Father simply does not have \$150.00. You may not be able to contribute the price of a machine, but perhaps you can supply some of the essentials—thread, needles, material, etc. If you have a supply of summer-weight material you can send it to Father Donohoe at the following address:

Navy Supply Center
Oakland, California
for transshipment to
Navy 824
Kwajelein, Marshall Islands

Any donations designated for Father Donohoe will be forwarded by JESUIT MISSIONS.

Mittens for Children

Now that winter is over, some of your children may have outgrown their leather jackets or perhaps have ripped them beyond repair. Father Menager, of Alaska, could put them to very practical use. . . . "One thing we need very badly is leather mittens for our boys. They have to bring in wood and water, and ordinary gloves are not enough to keep their hands from freezing. They must have some woolen mittens and, on top of that, leather ones. You could ask your readers to take a look at their attics or clothes closets to see whether they could not spare some old leather jackets. We receive a few now and then and the girls are able to cut them up and make nice leather mittens out of them. This is a great saving, for ready-made leather mittens are very expensive."

Please send the articles directly to Father Menager, and do not delay too long, because boat service is open to his mission only during the spring and summer months: St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak, Alaska.

JAMSHEDPUR

Mission Needs



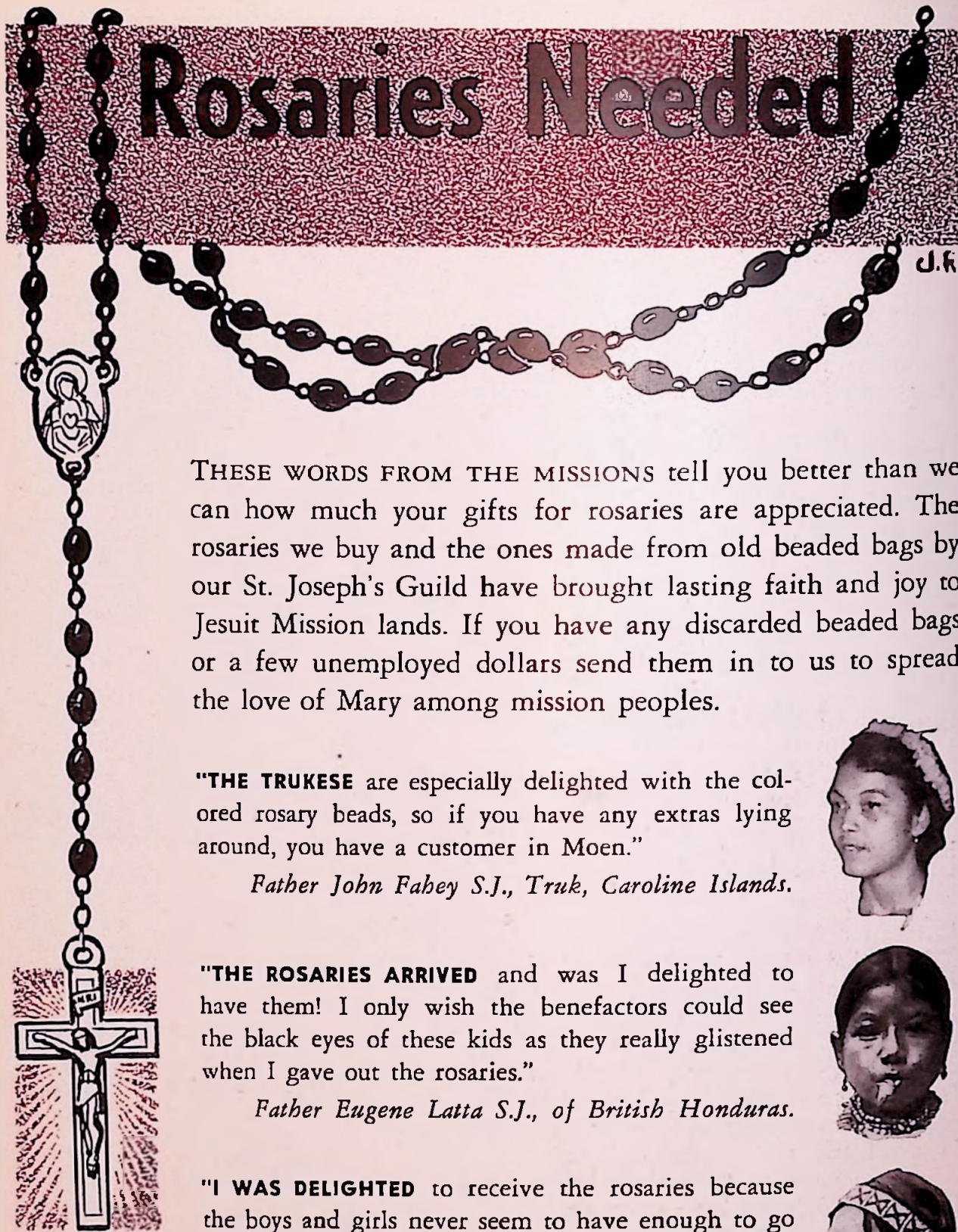
Passage for missionaries—1950,	\$500.00 ea.
Mass Kit	150.00
3 Altar Missals	40.00 ea.
Paper Cutter	15.00
Passports 1950	10.00 ea.
Juvenile Books	2.00
Scapular Medal and Chain	1.00

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

JM

Rosaries Needed



THESE WORDS FROM THE MISSIONS tell you better than we can how much your gifts for rosaries are appreciated. The rosaries we buy and the ones made from old beaded bags by our St. Joseph's Guild have brought lasting faith and joy to Jesuit Mission lands. If you have any discarded beaded bags or a few unemployed dollars send them in to us to spread the love of Mary among mission peoples.

"**THE TRUKESI** are especially delighted with the colored rosary beads, so if you have any extras lying around, you have a customer in Moen."

Father John Fahey S.J., Truk, Caroline Islands.



"**THE ROSARIES ARRIVED** and was I delighted to have them! I only wish the benefactors could see the black eyes of these kids as they really glistened when I gave out the rosaries."

Father Eugene Latta S.J., of British Honduras.



"**I WAS DELIGHTED** to receive the rosaries because the boys and girls never seem to have enough to go around when they recite the rosary several times a week in the Church."

Father David Brehm S.J., Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D.



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