

# JESUIT MISSIONS

JULY-AUGUST 1950



HIROSHIMA AFTER FIVE YEARS



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COVER: A cheerful Japanese washerwoman with her two children is a symbol of the forward looking of Nippon. The old traditions no longer hold in the face of the new democracy and the life-giving Christianity.

(Left) Here is the symbol of the old Japan, the main gateway or Sammon of a monastery in Kyoto. These monasteries and shrines dot the country but they no longer attract the people as they once did. *Three Lions*



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In this issue we trace in faint outline the shadows that have fallen over the mission world since that fateful day when Hiroshima became a symbol of man's destructive power. While men talked of peace Communism crept on. Five short years and China is gone, Indonesia and Japan are in danger, evil lurks in the hills of the Philippines. The men of God who judge things by God's values had seen it coming. They recognized it for what it was, even before some of them died under it. They had tried to sound a warning but it went unheard amid the fanfare of trumpets extolling the works of man. Now it may be too late. We cannot tell the whole story in our limited space but we can pinpoint the evil endangering millions of souls. Yet do not let the few rays of hope blind us to the darkness covering the East.



Father George Zelenak S.J., one of our Associate Editors, has taken time out from his work in the Circulation Department to gather the material for a very interesting article on Hiroshima. A member of the Oregon Province, Father Zelenak joined our staff a year ago after teaching at Gonzaga High School in Spokane. Although his Pacific heritage is reflected in his genial personality, he still winces when someone refers to Chicago or Denver as "the West."





GEORGE A. ZELENAK S.J.

**F**IVE YEARS AGO ON AUGUST 6TH the first atomic bomb fell on Japan. All at once Hiroshima became a byword. It was the privilege of JESUIT MISSIONS to publish the first complete eye-witness account of that explosion which shook the world.

Now on the fifth anniversary of that fateful day we go back to Hiroshima to relive again the day and the intervening years. The story is told by a Jesuit missionary who still carries a remembrance of that horror in the form of the glass splinters which were driven into his head by the force of the blast. What followed on the atomic explosion? What has happened to the characters around whom John Hershey wove his famous account of Hiroshima? Father Hubert Schiffer, a German Jesuit, is our informant.

Father Schiffer was with three other German Jesuits in the rectory of his Hiroshima church, about a thousand yards from the center of the explosion, when the bomb hit.

"It was right after breakfast," the priest recalled, "I first saw a tremendous flash.

## Anniversary in Hiroshima

The room was filled with bright light. It was a strange light—not white, exactly, but very strange. Seconds passed. Then—bang!—the concussion. I had the feeling I had been hit from behind with a tree. At first I couldn't see a thing," the slim, thin-faced priest went on. "There was utter silence."

Gradually the priest's sight returned. He was bleeding from a hundred wounds. The rectory walls were standing, but precariously; windows and doors had been blown to bits, and the building's furnishings had all but disintegrated.

Father Schiffer could believe only that a bomb had scored a direct hit on his house. All over Hiroshima, he learned later, other survivors had the same thought.

The dazed priest pulled himself to his feet and walked away. "I couldn't walk a hundred yards," he said. "I fell down and

(Left) Father Hubert Schiffer S.J. prepares to set out with the St. Vincent de Paul Society to teach and distribute food in the villages. With him is Mother Elizabeth Nagata, Superior of the Orphanage. (Right) A welcome gift from America to milk-scarce Japan is this goat at the Orphanage.

began to crawl on my hands and knees to the park." At the park Father Schiffer collapsed. All day long, while a great city writhed with wounds almost mortal, the German priest, bleeding all the time, lay on the grass of the little park. A Japanese army doctor looked him over and commented, "Leave him there; it is no use," and went on to the next patient on the grass.

The first organized help immediately after the bombing was started by Christians, according to Father Schiffer. Fathers Lassalle and Kleinsorge, both Jesuits, saved many lives digging wounded people out of collapsed buildings before the fire, though they themselves were both wounded. Mr. Tanimoto, the Methodist minister, was in the outskirts of the city when the bomb exploded, but hurried back immediately to aid the stricken ones, and organized a ferry service across a river to help people leave the burning city.

It was evening before fellow Jesuits from the Novitiate five miles away finally found Father Schiffer. "I told them to leave me there," Father Schiffer said with a smile, "but they wanted me at least for a funeral."

It did not come to that, but Father Schiffer was to spend the next year in bed. His survival, in view of his closeness to the center of explosion, was a near miracle.

"My wounds did not heal for about three months," he said, "that goes for all the surviving A-bomb victims too, as far as I know. In my own case the blood count was still very low twelve months later, so that the doctors refused to operate and cut out the few remaining glass splinters in my head. Fortunately they don't bother me any more."



For the following two years everyone was quite weak, but, according to Father Schiffer, it was due in great part to the lack of food during the long war years and to the post-war hardships.

He cannot remember exactly when the last radiation effect disappeared, but after one year he was still very much affected. However, there seemed to be no danger, and the Jesuits were too busy with missionary work for unnecessary checkups.

Recovering from his wounds, Father Schiffer started an orphanage in Hiroshima and the first group of war orphans moved in during January of 1947. It was what he described as "an open home."

"We had no window glass and only one room could be heated," he said. "It wasn't very comfortable, for Japan is very cold in January. But the children didn't seem to

War orphans of Hiroshima who have now found a home, and a happy one, with the Japanese sisters.



mind. It was better than sleeping in doorways or under bridges."

What has become of the people whom John Hershey used to mirror the terrifying tragedy of an entire city? The first one mentioned in the account was Miss Toshiko Sasaki, the clerk who had just seated herself at her desk in the East Asia Tin Works. She had turned her head to speak to the girl at the next desk when the world suddenly crashed down all around her.

Miss Sasaki has now built a new world for herself, a far better one. When the war was over she came to Father Kleinsorge S.J. and asked to be baptized. Later she refused a very promising offer of marriage in order to devote her life to the education of war orphans. Today she is helping in the Sisters' Orphanage in Kyushu.

Doctor Masakazu Fujii had settled down on the porch of his private hospital, part of which overhung the Kyo River. He was reading the Osaka newspaper when the flash came. Seconds later the hospital toppled into the river below and Doctor Fujii was pinned between two heavy timbers.

Today the doctor has rebuilt his hospital on the ruins of the old one and he is back at work again. A large white sign in front of the new building reads, "Hospital of Doctor Fujii, mentioned in Hershey's book, 'Hiroshima.'"

The pastor of the Methodist church in Hiroshima, Kiyoshi Tanimoto, who has always been a good friend of the Jesuit fathers,

is again very active in his parish and his church and parsonage have now been rebuilt.

Father Kleinsorge S.J. is now living in a small new rectory in Hiroshima and is engaged in parish work and social aid. However, even after five years, he is still suffering from the radiation effects of the atom bomb and must spend a good number of months each year in a hospital.

Father Lassalle S.J., Vicar General of the Vicariate, is now building a "Memorial Cathedral for World Peace" in Hiroshima. Last year by a special act of the Japanese Parliament the city was declared a "national symbol of peace." The new building will be dedicated, as the old church was, to the Assumption of Our Lady. American Franciscan nuns are arriving this summer to build a convent where perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will be held and where the rosary will be recited every hour for world peace and for the victims and veterans of the war.

"No one lives through an atom bomb and remains unchanged," observes Father Schiffer. "The life of all of us will never be the same again. Every street and turn in Hiroshima reminds the survivors that it was only the merciful Providence of God which spared them. May the years He has given us be fruitful ones in His service!"

Father Edmund Walsh S.J., of Georgetown University, speaks to the Jesuit novices at Nagatsuka in the course of his official visitation of the mission.



# Death Comes in the Springtime



FRANCIS J. FALLERT S.J.

**T**HIS IS A STORY I FOUND in the records kept by the sisters on the Alaskan mission. It happened a few years ago.

Laura, an Indian girl, sick with pulmonary consumption, lay helpless in her father's poor hut. The ice on the Yukon began to break and behind the jam, at Bonazila, the water rose high and threatened the house.

Her only refuge was her father's canoe. There she lay in agony for three days and three nights, exposed to the elements.

Laura begged her father to take her to Holy Cross, thirty-five miles down river. Finally Stanislaus consented to risk the journey. He laid her on a deerskin and they followed down behind the ice.

After seven hours of careful and skilful dodging amid the lagging cakes of ice, they finally reached the mission hospital.

Springtime in Alaska means the long-awaited break-up of the ice. Laura's journey down to Holy Cross was one of great danger because of the ice floes.

Laura was happy. She sent for her former teacher and said, "Sister, when you were my teacher, you told us that it is easy for us to be good at the mission, but soon as we leave here, many become bad and some may go to hell in spite of all that the fathers and sisters have done. As soon as I got sick, I thought of this all the time. I gave my father no rest until he brought me here to Holy Cross. Now I am ready for anything."

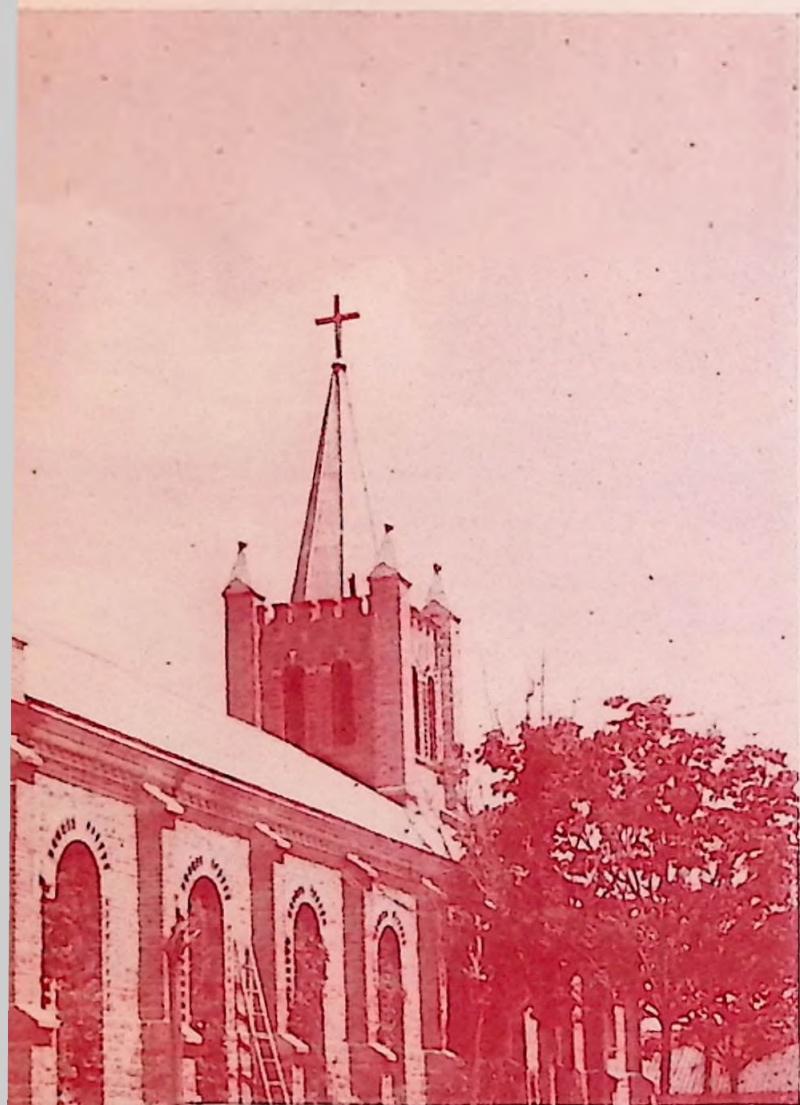
Not many days later she died and was buried, after the funeral Mass, in the cemetery at Holy Cross. It is a simple story, but the last entry in the record underlines the greatest story the world has ever known. "Such a death," wrote the sister, "is worth all the separation from loved ones and all the hardships of missionary life combined."

# "PEACE" FOR SUCHOW

ALDEN J. STEVENSON S.J.

**P**EACE HAS COME TO THE DIOCESE of Suchow, a mission field long and carefully tended by French Canadian Jesuits. Spread across the hot plains of northern Kiangsu, on the important Peiping-Shanghai railroad, it has always been a natural invasion corridor to the heartland of China. Below Suchow lie the Yangtze Plain and the rich lands and

The beautiful Church of St. Peter at Tasukia, one of the many casualties in the Suchow area.



cities of the South. Thus, for thirteen bitter years, men and machines have struggled and been broken there, in advance and in retreat. This bloody ebb and flow has left the district crushed and famished.

In early December of 1946, the Communists broke the back of stubborn Nationalist resistance around Suchow. As they pressed southward, they took with them the chilling thunders of war. Hopes were born anew, and men stirred. With the slow patience of this great people, they returned to the grim business of living in an impoverished land, now that the grim business of dying was past.

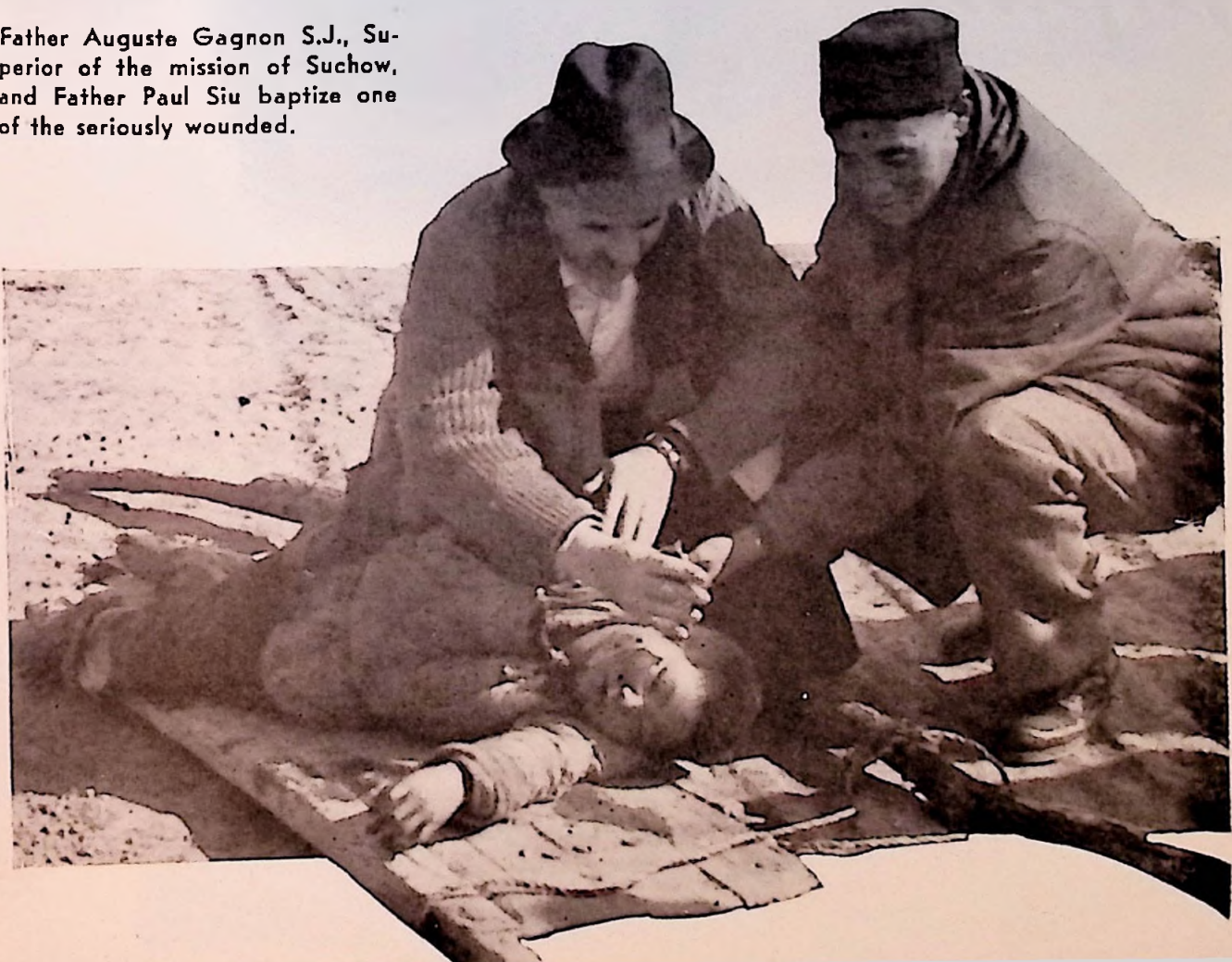
But the Communist conquest brought a strange peace. The "liberators" had come with a new law and their own prophets. Courteous at first, their grip slowly tightened. As slowly the hopes of the war-weary died. They watched with unhappy understanding as the Reds, with a perverted Midas touch, turned the new-found peace to a troubled calm that promised nothing but stagnation and decay. The hungry were fed slogans as their seed-grain was taken away; trade came to a halt under the weight of taxation and confiscation; he who had two blankets found himself with one or none—it was the law.

As though war and the "liberation" were not enough, nature is now playing tragic tricks on the unfortunates of this crowded land. Disastrous floods, followed by the too-real specter of famine, are causing untold misery. Robbed of their grain and their hopes, thousands are filling their shrunken bellies with bark and roots and the grasses of the earth. There is humorless irony in the situation—starvation at the feet of those whom the betrayers of this nation once labeled "agrarian reformers."

Willingly meshed in the Soviet web are the brothers, priests and nuns of Suchow, the third largest See in China. Theirs is the care of more than 91,000 souls. Shepherded by the courageous Philip Coté S.J., Bishop of Suchow, they have cast their lot with their people. Through war and the stagnant peace they have watched with aching hearts the labor of devoted lifetimes wiped out by shells, bombs, fire and confiscation.

Despite the lengthening litany of disaster, these brave men and women are full of hope. No man can serve two masters—on this neither the Church nor the Kremlin can yield. One must, eventually. But the Master Himself has promised His Church: "The gates of hell shall not prevail . . ."

Father Auguste Gagnon S.J., Superior of the mission of Suchow, and Father Paul Siu baptize one of the seriously wounded.





WHITHER  
*Japan?*

ROBERT J. FORBES S.J.

“WHOM ARE YOU FOLLOWING, ANYWAY?” the Communist was shouting on the street corner in downtown Tokyo. He was holding a large cartoon and showing it to a small crowd of workers gathered about him. On the poster was a corpulent, well-dressed priest astride a drooping horse, and in his right hand a distorted and fantastic Figure on a cross. With his left hand, the priest was waving on a gaping crowd of poor underfed Japanese. Underneath, in large bold letters were these words: “Don’t be a priest-follower!

You get nowhere! Get somewhere; be a Communist!”

It was nothing new in the history of the Church. Two thousand years ago Christ had told His own Apostles: “They will persecute you, and drive you out.” It was nothing especially new even in Japan, the persecutions of 1597 and 1613-1640 did much more than ridicule the priest and those who followed him! Every priest who could be found, and the Christians along with the priests, were cruelly put to death.

But what was very strange was that, of 82,000,000 people in Japan today, a tiny group of 115,000—the Japanese Catholics—should be singled out for this attack! And it was strange that those who were doing

the honors were the Communists.

Yet there was a farsighted strategy in what they were doing. The Communists were no fools—they were clever realists! They could see the signs of the times, and the way the tides were starting to run. One hundred and fifteen thousand Catholics—only a seed. Yes, but a mustard seed which could grow into a branched tree—if the ground were fertile. And the ground was fertile! Anything could grow in it—something surely would.

A bearded Japanese leaned over to me. He too had been listening to the rabble-rouser. "You see what they are doing," he said. "I am no Christian. I am a Buddhist monk of the Zens. But I am using my eyes. And what I see is this; there are only two ideas and forces in Japan today—you and your Crucified One, and our friend on the corner with his friend in Moscow. One of you has to win; the other lose. The Communists know this,

(Left) The tactics are the same all over the world. Here are the Communists staging one of their parades in Tokyo in an effort to impress the Japanese people.

(Below) Father Gustav Voss S.J. with students of the Jesuit high school in Yokosuka. Such are the hope of Japan.

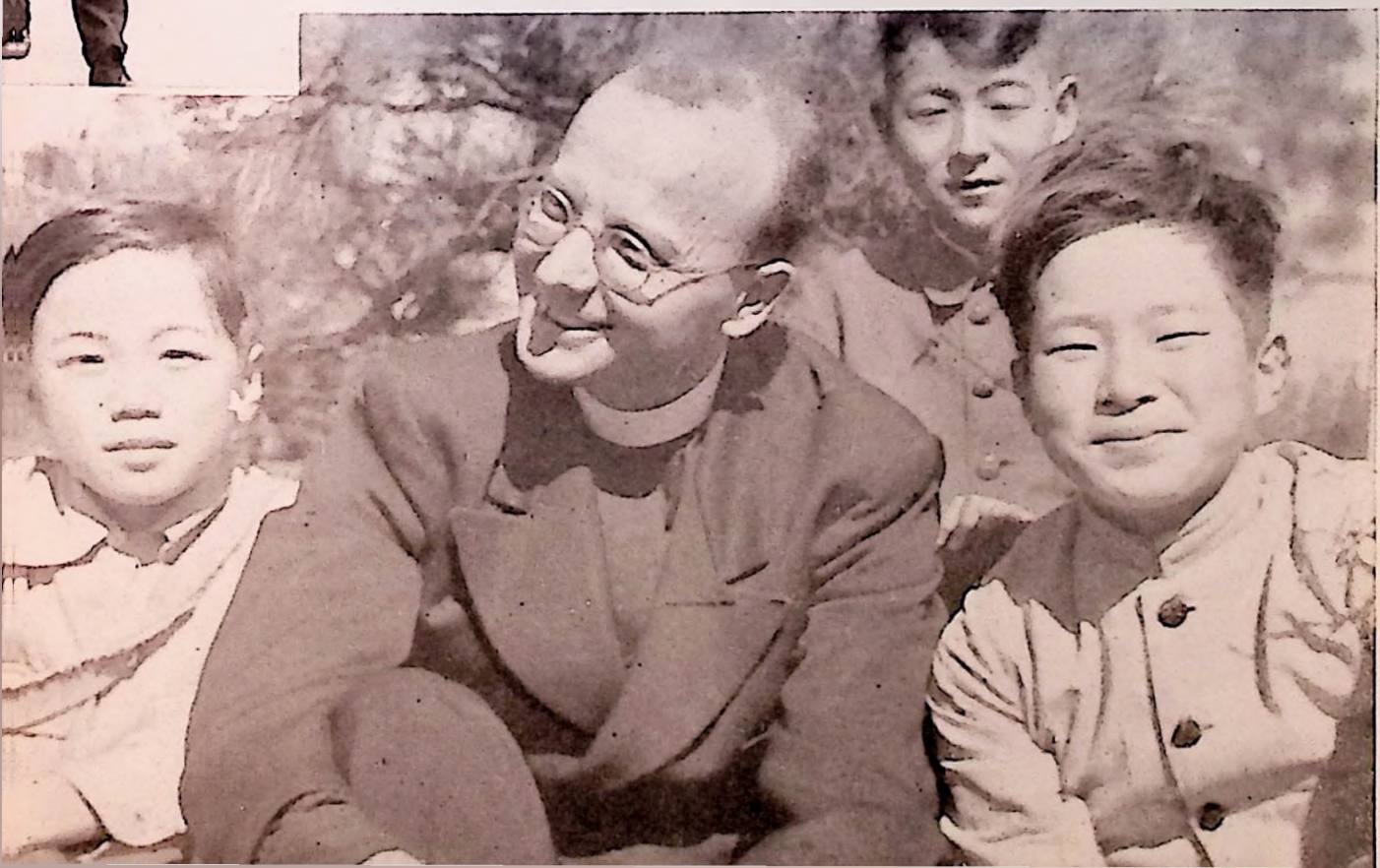
too, and are trying to put you down."

Back in our Jesuit Eiko High School, in Taura, Yokosuka, I pondered the whole situation. Working with other Jesuits from Europe, mostly from Germany, we Americans were getting seeds ready—seeds which had life in them, and which once planted would grow and live and bear fruit. There was evidence aplenty that the seeds were already starting to grow.

At Eiko High School we have two hundred and twenty boys. Of that number one hundred and fifteen are now either Catholic or are receiving instructions. Although the instructions are after school hours, the young lads gladly flock in. They could be playing, but they prefer to come and learn of God!

It isn't easy to take this instruction either. The boy must keep up with the strict standard of the school to be admitted to these classes. In addition, each pupil must bring a written note from his parents stating that they are willing to have him study the Catholic faith.

"Here is my permission," said one little fellow as he handed over his letter. "And my father says



There is a sadness in making out one's last will. It is the written farewell which the departed one will never speak, the last echo of a love now silent. Deep in every heart is a longing to be remembered.

One way to still that longing is to remember the missions in your will. That will be recorded before God for an everlasting remembrance. Our legal title is Jesuit Missions Inc., 962 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

that you should read the postscript carefully. He is asking you a question there."

The priest ran through the note quickly: yes, the lad could take the instructions. He came to the postscript. The parents of the lad wanted to come to the classes and become Catholics themselves!

When Reverend Father Rector realized that many grown-ups desired classes of instructions, he had a meeting of the parents. So many of them wanted instruction that three classes had to be organized for them alone.

These things are not only happening at Eiko in Yokosuka. They are happening in all the islands of Japan. The seed is surely growing. It is showing life, and the people are starting to see hope in the life which is appearing!

From the southern portion of Japan a handsomely drawn petition was handed recently to the Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. "Send us some priests and sisters," it pleaded! In a town where there is not a *single* Catholic, the mayor and aldermen, with the exception of the single

Communist member of the government, begged for priests!

But there is surely a great deal to be done before the harvest of souls for which we hope. There must be more priests from Europe and America, there must be a great supply of native Japanese priests. There must be help for the people in order to overcome some of their dire poverty—and this can be done only through help from home and by our kindness to the people here.

Among 82,000,000 people there are millions who are in dire material situations. We Catholics must be the ones to solve these problems for these little ones of Christ; it cannot be the Communists! It must be the "fat priests on their horses, holding their crucifixes high." It must be the "laborers in the vineyard" here in Japan—the Maryknollers, the Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the Paulists, the Jesuits, and the other priests and nuns! We *must* teach these people to make the proper choice between the only two ideas in Japan today—to choose correctly between "your Crucified One—and the friend in Moscow."

We must, with the Divine Assistance most of all, and with your help and prayers, change these words on that Communist poster to read: "Don't be a Communist: it gets you nowhere. Be a CATHOLIC: it gets you to Heaven."

You might think that this happens every day but as a matter of fact this is a very special occasion. It is a First Communion breakfast for the Eiko boys who asked for instructions in Catholicism.



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# THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTIONS

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## JULY: Christians in Moslem Regions

**D**URING 1945 THE MISSION INTENTIONS of the Apostleship of Prayer highlighted various phases of the Church's work among Moslems. Every year since then the Pope has assigned one of the monthly intentions to this same interest. During this July he entreats us to offer our prayers, works and sufferings for the Christians dwelling in Moslem regions.

Now we may divide these Christians into two classes—those living in countries where the majority of the people are Moslems but subject to rulers who are at least nominally Christian and those living among Moslems where the rulers of the state profess Islam. The former we see exemplified in the countries of North Africa extending from Morocco as far as Egypt; the latter in the Islamic countries of the Near or Middle East, South Asia and the Indonesian Archipelago.

Why does our Holy Father single out these Christians as the object of our prayers? To attempt a full answer would be foolhardy, but a partial answer may serve as a motivation for our daily prayers. Islam is the religion of Moslems and the Koran their sacred book. The latter is the basis not only of the Moslems' religious tenets, but also of their whole social code and structure, often at variance with the Christian concept of morals and social justice. Through the centuries this conflict has begotten much ill will. However a more harmonious relationship has recently sprung up in some Moslem areas, but it is jeopardized by the extremist action of the Pan-Islamic movement. In the colonies recently granted independence such as Pakistan, Ceylon and Indonesia the extremist groups seek to impose Islam on all as the state religion. Should these extremists prevail, the God-given rights of Christians and works of the Church in these mission areas could and probably would suffer irreparable harm. Great need then is there for God to shower abundant graces on the relatively few Christians living in Moslem regions.

## AUGUST: The Conversion of Protestants in Mission Lands

**O**NE OF OUR HOLY FATHER'S INTENTIONS for the Holy Year is "that all those who are still outside the Catholic Church, those who have wandered from the right path . . . may be illumined by divine light and, under the influence of grace, be brought to obey the precepts of the Gospel." This same intention His Holiness repeated in his Christmas message last December: "Oh, that this Holy Year could welcome also the great return to the one true Church, awaited over centuries, of so many who, though believing in Jesus Christ, are for various reasons separated from her. . . . To all those who adore Christ . . . we extend a welcome from the heart of a father whose fatherhood in the inscrutable design of God has come to us from Jesus the Redeemer."

In this same spirit of the "great return" the Pope invites us during August to pray for the conversion of Protestants in mission lands. Protestant missionaries and those in mission territories who have accepted Protestant Christianity are especially deserving of our prayers. Many of them are sincere in their belief, though their treasure is but a portion of the legacy of Christ. With them we desire to share the whole deposit of faith entrusted by Christ to His Church.

Doctrinal differences among sects professing Christianity has not only caused scandal among mission people but has even hindered the spread of the Gospel. Protestants themselves have realized this. Among themselves they have sought a union of various sects that would teach a minimum Christianity. The Catholic Church praises this desire for union, but she knows that only through true unity—that unity prayed for by Christ at the Last Supper and the hallmark of His Church—will men arrive more quickly and securely at the perfect knowledge of Christ. United in Christ, men will not only sanctify themselves but will lead numberless others in mission lands from the darkness of Satan's thralldom to the light of the kingdom of God.

# *Revolt Brewing* IN THE HILLS



A Philippine volcano on the verge of eruption.

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

**T**HERE IS REVOLT BREWING in the hills of the Philippines. A few years ago, we fulfilled the solemn promise of granting the Philippines its independence; not, however, without an assurance of protection. Many share the opinion that our action, though prompted by laudable motives, was premature. The Philippines were not prepared for full independence.

Cognizant of the unstable political conditions in the Philippine Government, the Communists were quick to take advantage of the Hukbalahap movement, commonly referred to as the Huks. In the native dialect it means an organization of the people fighting against the Japanese. The title is a misnomer. On occasions they may have resisted the Japanese but it is also known that during the war they took advantage of the absence of the Philippine manpower to loot towns. From its very conception, the movement has been intent upon arousing discord among farmers and the poor of the city.

The leader of the Huk movement is Luis Taruc. A correspondent of the Manila Bulletin wrote to Taruc asking for a confirmation

of his allegiance to Communism. He replied that he was a Communist. A photostatic copy of his letter appeared on the front page of the Manila Bulletin.

Varied are the estimations about the number of the Huks. Conservatively, there are 10,000 armed on the island of Luzon. Some have raised the number to 75,000. They had an advantage immediately after the war when huge stores of ammunition, rifles and guns were abandoned in the Philippines. Actually, these supplies were to have been guarded carefully by the local Government. Both by force and by intrigue in the Government, the Huks acquired vast supplies.

Geographically, the Huks have an advantage in the Sierra Madres, a range of mountains running along the Pacific coast of the island of Luzon. In this same jungled area, the Japanese took refuge. In defense, they dug out huge caves and for months after the surrender of the Japanese they were able to keep at bay the American and Filipino troops. These abandoned strongholds are an ideal refuge for the Huks. They travel miles behind the ridge of these

mountains and suddenly swoop down upon the unprotected villages. Last March, they made simultaneous attacks upon a number of towns including San Pablo. This attack was of particular concern to us since within the city limits of San Pablo is a Jesuit High School.

Shortly before midnight a select group of Huks entered San Pablo and soon had themselves well entrenched fifty yards away from the barracks of the Philippine Constabulary. The sound of their shots upon the Constabulary was a signal for the full band of Huks to enter the city. Out of the darkness trucks swung into the downtown area of the city and rifle butts smashed the windows of stores. Eager hands piled high the trucks with food stuff and medicines. All the while, the brigands roamed the deserted streets of the city, cheering and toasting the Huk movement. By three in the morning, only a few remained in the city while the main body retreated through the thick coconut groves of Nagcarlang. By daybreak, the city was quiet. The Huks had retreated to the mountains, leaving behind six dead among the Constabulary and a terrified populace. Six neighboring towns had been raided and one was left in flames.

There is nothing to prevent the Huks from repeating their raids upon every village and city of Luzon. Unless they are forcibly suppressed they will be fully capable of taking over the entire Government. The suppression of this menacing movement in the Philippines can be accomplished provided a strong man rules the Government. Whoever the hero may be he will, of necessity, depend upon co-operation from within and from without. He must also have protection from Above. There should be no doubt about the fulfillment of this last condition. The Philippines is the only Catholic country among the pagan nations of the Orient. Deep in the hearts of the Filipinos is the ardent hope that God and His Mother will save them. Rightly so—hope is a Christian and not a pagan virtue.

On the famed peninsula of Bataan there is a mountain known as Mariveles, meaning Mary's veil. It is so named because constantly hovering over the mountain there is a white cloud resembling a delicately made veil. In the hearts of the faithful is a prayer that Mary's veil will enshroud the entire Philippine Archipelago as a protection against its foe.

## *Come, follow me*

AIN KARIM LIES IN A NARROW VALLEY among the brown Judean hills, about four and a half miles south-west of Jerusalem. Its solid, gray stone houses cling sturdily to the hillsides. The graceful cyprus, the sparkling green of olive trees and the spreading vineyards touch the landscape with a pleasant softness. The spring that has given the village its Arabic name is locally known as Our Lady's well. It does her honor, for Ain Karim means the "generous fountain."

Among the arid hills it is a singularly charming and delightful spot; as though Our Lady had left something of her own gracious presence for a perennial blessing. Here was the scene of her Visitation to Elizabeth. Here an inspired Elizabeth penetrates the secret of Mary's virgin motherhood with her immortal greeting—"Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Here the inspired Virgin replies with her Magnificat, the first sacred canticle of the Christian dispensation which, significantly, is a song of humility and joy.

For centuries past the simple Arab villagers of Ain Karim have held festival in honor of these mysteries as, on the second of July, the Church celebrates the Feast of the Visitation. But this year will see no festival in Ain Karim. The Arab villagers have been dispersed. Their homes are occupied by Israelis. Here in Ain Karim will her own people, at last, hear the echo of Mary's Magnificat and "henceforth call her blessed"; with Elizabeth will they, at last, proclaim—"Blessed is the fruit of thy womb?"

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.

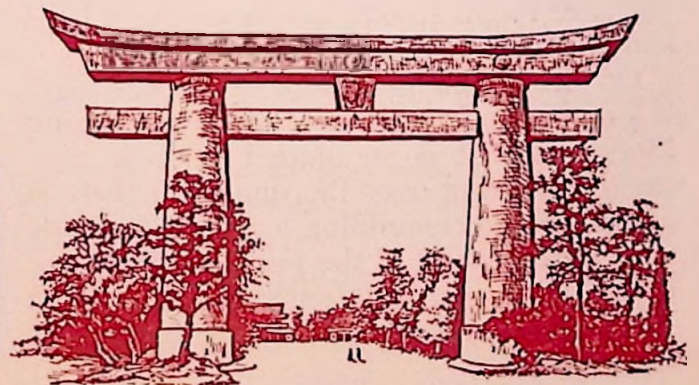
American Jesuits in Japan. (Front) Fathers Fitzgerald, Forster, McKechney, Forbes. (Rear) Fathers Hughes, Everett and Blewett.



## *Japan* LAND OF HOPE

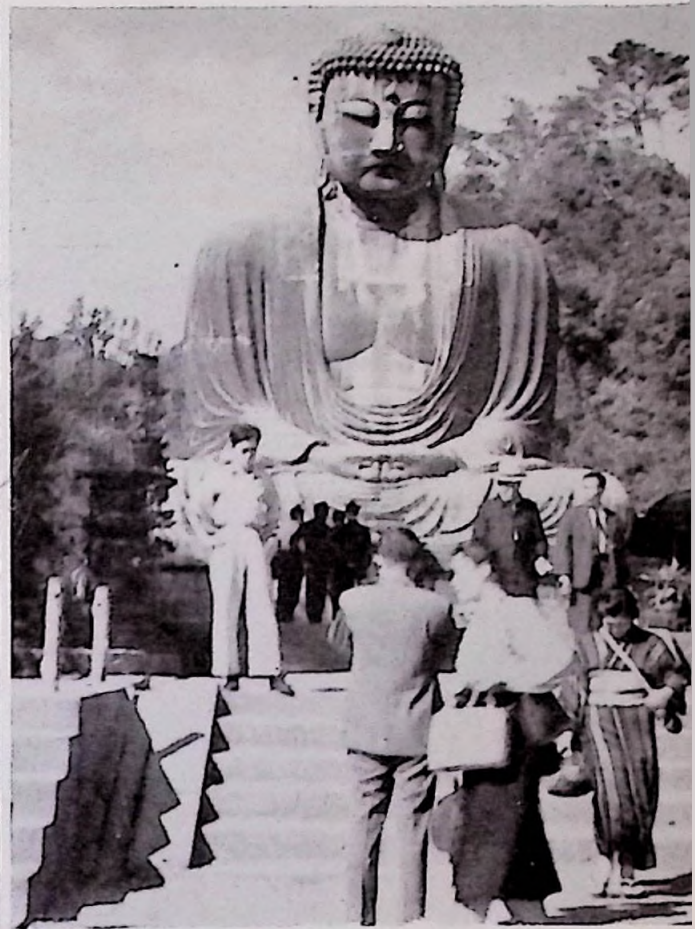
JAPAN has entered on the most important years of her history. In the days of Francis Xavier and the glorious martyrs of 350 years ago Christianity was a foreign thing, something to be persecuted and driven out. Today Christianity is welcome and sought after by the people whose blind faith in tradition was shattered during the war.

There are 184 Jesuits in Japan at the present time, 104 of whom belong to the Vice-Province of Japan itself. The other 80 missionaries represent 28 other Provinces of 10 different countries. Among the latter are 22 American Jesuits who are located at Tokyo, Kobe and Yokosuka. The demand for teachers of English has meant that the Americans are engaged mostly in educational work. The mission comprises six communities and 18 mission stations.





The Jesuit church at Catholic University in Tokyo.  
Jesuit High School in Kobe, built before the war.



The Daibutsu Buddha shrine at Kamakura.  
William Everett S.J. calling the low ones.





Bishop Sugyapranata, first native Jesuit bishop, with Premier Sukarno at the Jogjakarta Congress.

**I**NDONESIA, THE MOST IMPORTANT ARCHIPELAGO of the world, gained sovereignty and full independence at the start of 1950. But did the people turn true democrats? Political observers in Indonesia disagree in answering the above question. But there is no doubt about one group, the Catholics. They are true democrats and may provide the leaven which will save the whole mass from the corruption of Communism.

The Catholics are a comparatively small group, about one percent of the total population of 70 millions. But they are a very active group, and their number is rapidly growing. For the greater part they belong to the "intelligentsia." They date from about a century ago, when the Jesuit Dutch fathers took over the missionary work in Indonesia from the Dutch secular clergy, who had been working there as a very small set of pioneers from the time of Napoleon.

Flores, east of Bali, was first chosen as a mission center among the Indonesians.

# Dawn Over

Flores is nowadays a Catholic majority, with an elaborate school system, a flourishing major and minor seminary, with its own native priests, school brothers and religious sisters. Yet it was not Flores that took the lead among the Catholic Indonesians in their fight for democracy and independence.

It was Java. Now Java is by far the most important island of the archipelago. Not in size—it is no greater than New York State. But it claims 50 millions of the 70 million Indonesians, and is in fact the most densely populated country of the world. It ranks first in all Indonesia for its culture, fine arts and mental development, and it was only natural that it should become the cradle of the new Republic of Indonesia.

As a group of any importance the Catholic Javanese are relatively youngsters; missionary work among them started as recently as 1895. But they made a great show as Catholics for they managed to have their own native Jesuit

Bishop within 50 years from this start, a unique fact in mission history. They had their own native priests as early as 1930, and now they count 14 native Jesuit priests and 28 native secular priests.

They founded their first social organization in 1913, and in 1923 they had their own political party, fighting for independence. When the Japanese occupation opened up new prospects to the nationalist movement, the Catholic party ranked among the first to arouse the country towards total independence. They kept in close contact with the Javanese hierarchy, and they even formed a secret organization of brave young men who swore to defend the rights and property of the Catholic Church, thrusting their intelligence service men even into Communist units of the nationalist guerillas. They had to pay for this heroism with their very lives; their top organization of ten young men lost six who were murdered by Communist spies. However, they did not

HENRY BASTIAANSE S.J.

# INDONESIA

lose courage: they knew it was not hatred that drove them on, but true supernatural love for their own country and for the growth of Christ's Body among their own people.

The Javanese Catholics were the first to organize an All-Indonesian Catholic Congress at Jogjakarta, capital of the Republic of Indonesia, in December of 1949. Deputies from all parts of Indonesia gathered for this five days' congress, discussing politics, economical and social problems from a Catholic viewpoint, and passed practical resolutions for the organization and full development of their new-born country. To the Round Table Conference, held shortly before at The Hague and resulting in full sovereignty for the Indonesian Republic, the Catholic Political Party had sent their representatives, who now at Jogjakarta reported the Hague discussions, laying before the deputies their view of social construction and democratic institutions as they had had an opportunity of studying them in Holland.

The most remarkable address of the meeting was the inspiring speech of President Sukarno. He highly appreciated this fervent nationalism of the Catholic party, whose

(Right) the Catholic Cathedral at Batavia in Indonesia. The Indonesian personnel numbers 38 religious priests, 31 secular priests, 62 brothers and 413 sisters. (Below) A Jesuit college in Java.

merits for the national cause could no longer be ignored. He greatly admired their strong unity, their admirable realization of the undivided Indonesian Republic built out of the various races and peoples of the Archipelago. Nationalism during the period of the revolution, he argued, had been feverish and therefore unbalanced, maddening people to the extent of having even God ranking second. But nationalism had soon recovered its balance, he continued. This was clear from the new constitution raising five basic pillars supporting the new republic: belief in one God, personal and religious freedom, democracy, nationalism, social justice. He was glad that belief in one God now ranked first again.

Small though the Catholic party is, nevertheless it is the principal hope against the pressure of Communism. For the Catholics are the true democrats of Indonesia.



# THE BLACKROBE

## *follows the Sioux*

IT WAS A SIZZLING HOT DAY in Rapid City, South Dakota. Standing in front of the small but neat house, I mopped my brow and looked down at the cute little Indian girl with big black eyes, long braids and dimples.

"Hello," I said, "What's your name?"

"Bonny."

"Gee, that's a pretty name. Are you a Catholic, Bonny?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? Why not?"

"My Mommy and Daddy never told me."

But Bonny was a Catholic. And there are lots of Bonnys in Rapid City. It was because of Bonny and many other Bonnys and their parents that one day last summer, three Jesuits drove out of Holy Rosary Mission, in Pine Ridge, South Dakota, and headed almost straight north to Rapid City, 120 miles away. It was the beginning of a new mission.

For some years now large numbers of Indians had been leaving the reservations and were settling in the larger nearby towns. The shift to city life for the new generation was as hard as the shift to reservation life had been for their grandparents. As a result, Catholic Indian life was suffering. Rapid City, South Dakota, is where the largest city settlement of Indians has taken place.

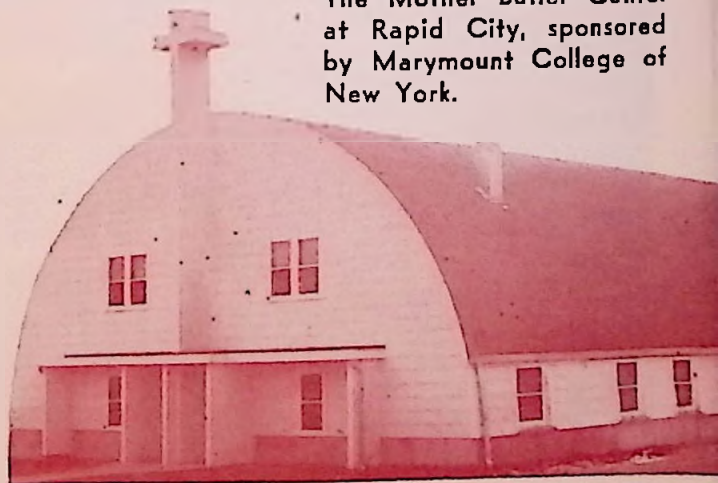
While this movement was taking place, Bishop William T. McCarty, C.S.S.R. of Rapid City, was living up to the name given him by his Sioux Indian people, Watching Eagle. He was keenly aware of the economic and religious struggle his people were having from their closer contact with white people in city life. The Indian was made to feel that he was in a lower position with disadvantages on every side. He was even afraid or bashfully reluctant to go to the big city churches. The local diocesan priests could not give them full attention for they had their hands full with their regular parishioners. Something had to be done and Bishop McCarty did it.



He envisaged a special Indian community hall with full time resident missionaries. Here the Indians could gather, have their meetings of every kind, their social gatherings and their own church services. From this center, the people would receive direction for every phase of city life.

The solution to the first problem—financing the building of such a hall—came when Marymount College in New York, conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, inquired of Bishop McCarty whether he had any mission project which they could adopt and sponsor as their own. The offer was a godsend and the Bishop explained his ambition of an Indian Center

The Mother Butler Center at Rapid City, sponsored by Marymount College of New York.





(Above) John Bryde S.J. with one of the Sioux families which he interviewed during the census taking in Rapid City. (Below) The blackrobe says farewell to one of the chiefs at Holy Rosary.



to them. The school undertook the project with the intention of furthering the canonization of their foundress, Mother Butler, and asked that the new center be named after her.

To solve the second problem—getting the missionaries to work there—the Bishop asked local Jesuit superiors to have Holy Rosary Mission extend its missionary activity among the Sioux to Rapid City by sending two priests to reside permanently there.

So the three Jesuits left for Rapid City to get the lay of the land by taking a religious census among the Indians there. This initial foray was headed by Father Joseph A. Zimmerman S.J., veteran Indian missionary since 1914, who was to be one of the future resident missionaries in Rapid City. The other two were Jesuit scholastics, Mr. Bernard Fagan and myself.

The very first family interviewed by one of the scholastics was typical. From long residence in the city a Catholic woman had married civilly with a non-Catholic and never had the marriage rectified.

“Don’t you think you would like to have this fixed up and return to the sacraments?” she was asked.

“O yes, I would very much if my husband is willing,” she immediately answered.

When her husband was asked he said, “Why yes, if I could get some instruction to find out what it’s all about.”

Right now, almost a year later, he, together with all the Bonnys and their parents, are finding out what it’s all about from the full time work there of the two resident missionaries from Holy Rosary, Father Joseph Zimmerman S.J., and Father Harold Gibbons S.J.

On March 15, 1950, the new Mother Butler Center was dedicated. The Bishop himself presided and the children’s choir of Holy Rosary sang the Mass.

Over seventy years ago, when the older generation of Indians first settled down to the hard and confining life on the reservations, the old generation of missionaries settled with them. Now, as the new generation filters to the city, the new generation of missionaries goes too. The shepherds are following the flocks, and, thanks to Mother Butler, a new mission is in full swing.

JOHN F. BRYDE S.J.



# *Better* THAN SLEEP

THOMAS F. HUSSEY S.J.

*“God is most great! God is most great!  
God is most great! God is most great!  
I testify that there is no god but God!  
I testify that there is no god but God!  
I testify that Muhammed is the  
Apostle of God!  
I testify that Muhammed is the  
Apostle of God!  
Come to prayer! Come to prayer!  
Come to salvation! Come to salvation!  
God is most great! God is most great!  
There is no god but God!”*

**S**UCH IS THE CALL TO PRAYER, sung five times a day by the muezzin from the minarets of the mosques of Islam. Strangely enough we of Baghdad College rarely heard this call until recently. The nearest mosque is about a mile away, a distance that defied the voice of the muezzin. But this year the mosque went modern and they installed an amplifier in the minaret. Now, especially in the hush of morning and evening, the silence is filled with these praises of God and His prophet.

The first call comes, during the winter at least, about 5 o'clock in the morning when our good fathers are making the supreme effort of throwing off warm blankets to step into a chilly room. It will be some time before the oil stove drives off that chill. But if father knows Arabic and the frosty morning air is clear enough he can hear the muezzin add to the above words, “Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep!”—a fitting exhortation to the Jesuit as he rises to his morning meditation!

Moslems are roused to prayer five times daily, early in the morning between dawn and sunrise, at noontime, in the afternoon about 3 o'clock, a few minutes after sunset and when the night has closed in. The

One of Baghdad's many minarets from which the muezzin sends forth his summons to prayer.

prayers can be said wherever the devout Moslem happens to be. Jasim, our watchman, will spread his prayer carpet on the greensward of our garden; the bricklayers at noon will retire behind a pile of bricks; Nuri, the caretaker of the public sports field, performs his ritual prostrations in his little office. I saw a traveler going through the bowings and bendings of the ritual on the flat roof of a monastery church!

A collector of the traditions of Islam handed down this story about the origin of these five calls to prayer. It is claimed that Muhammed was brought to heaven one night. In the story of this "ascension" these words are put into the mouth of the Prophet, "As I passed Moses, Moses said to me, 'What have you been ordered?' I replied, 'Fifty times.' Then Moses said, 'Verily your people will never be able to bear it, for I tried the children of Israel with fifty times a day, but they could not manage it!' Then I returned to the Lord and asked for some remission. And ten prayers were taken off. Then I pleaded again and ten more were remitted. And so on until at last they were reduced to five. Then I went to Moses and he said, 'And how many prayers have you been ordered?' And I replied, 'Five.' And Moses said, 'Verily I tried the children of Israel with even five but it did not succeed. Return to your Lord and ask for a further remission.' But I said, 'I have asked until I am quite ashamed, and I cannot ask again.'"

The prayers are performed according to a set ritual. At one time the devotee stands, then he bows profoundly, now he kneels with his brow touching the ground, now he sits back on his heels, turns his head to left and right and raises his cupped hands in supplication. To the Occidental it looks meaningless. Yet the ritual should not, in fairness, be dismissed as mere mummery. Surely it is not the prayer of fanatics; it does not work the devotee into a frenzy. He performs the actions calmly, attentively and with gestures that are reverent as well as graceful.

The words which are also rigidly prescribed have lofty sentiments. They begin with a direction of the

intention to God. He protests that has has "purposed to offer (the prayers) to God alone, with a sincere heart." After that he stands erect, his hands folded reverently and he recites the opening words of the Koran,

"Praise be to God, Lord of all the worlds!  
The compassionate, the merciful!  
King of the day of reckoning!  
Thee only do we worship, and to Thee  
only do we cry for help.  
Guide Thou us in the straight path,  
The path of those to whom Thou hast  
been gracious;  
With whom Thou are not angry,  
And who go not astray. Amen."

The remainder of the prayer is filled with such praises of God as, "O Lord Thou art praised," "God is most great," "I extoll the holiness of my Lord, the most High."

But do not imagine all Baghdad stopping for prayer five times a day. The call of the muezzin has little effect on the rush of afternoon traffic through the city, store keepers do not stop their bargaining to praise Allah, nor does the auto mechanic set aside his grease-gun for prayer.

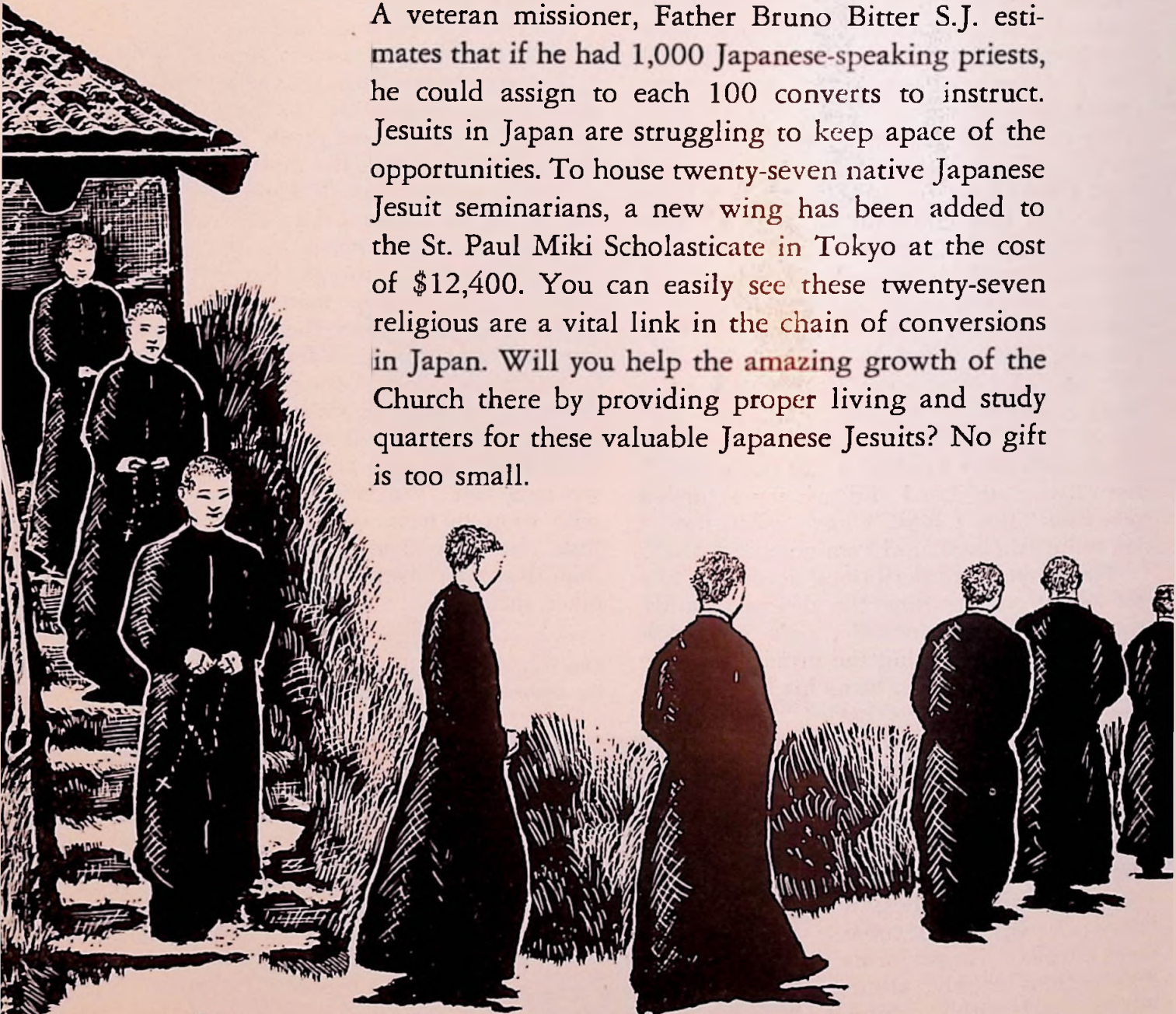
The comforts and complications of life these days have taken their toll of the spiritual life of the Orient as well as the Occident. This constitutes one of the great problems we face here. We have come to a people who want to hear of science but care for little else, who doubt that prayer is better than the materialistic slumber that has overtaken them.

One day each year these Moslem flagellants parade the streets of Baghdad to mourn the death of Ali.



# *Priests* AT A PREMIUM

The growth of the Church in Japan is amazing. A veteran missionary, Father Bruno Bitter S.J. estimates that if he had 1,000 Japanese-speaking priests, he could assign to each 100 converts to instruct. Jesuits in Japan are struggling to keep apace of the opportunities. To house twenty-seven native Japanese Jesuit seminarians, a new wing has been added to the St. Paul Miki Scholasticate in Tokyo at the cost of \$12,400. You can easily see these twenty-seven religious are a vital link in the chain of conversions in Japan. Will you help the amazing growth of the Church there by providing proper living and study quarters for these valuable Japanese Jesuits? No gift is too small.



**JESUIT** *Missions* 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

# *Afield* . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

Convert for his constructive work among the Eskimo workers. He is typical of the true shepherd.

## **SHEPHERDS, NOT HIRELINGS**

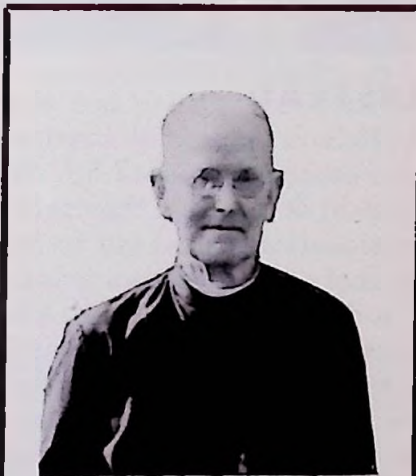
In this issue has been traced the outline of the great danger which missionaries in the Far East must face. Communism is on the march; it rules in China and is threatening the countries that ring the mainland. The battle being waged will not soon be over. But the missionary can't give up for there is too much at stake. His people are in danger; the shepherd must stay close to his flock.

It is true all over the mission world. The danger comes from the fact that the missions have been understaffed so long and there has been neither time nor opportunity to really educate the people, to unfold to them the richness of the Catholic Faith and its penetration of every aspect of their lives. That cannot be done in the pulpit alone; the missionary must reach his people by every means possible.

**Father Jules Convert S.J.** of Alaska is a shining example of this. For seven years he has worked among the Eskimos along the Bering coast and the past two summers he followed the men to the salmon canneries of Bristol Bay. He recognized the danger to which these 2000 Eskimos were exposed; coming from scattered villages, many unable to speak English, ignorant of unionization, they were ripe material for Communist agitation.

So this summer Father Convert has gone back to the canneries not only as a priest but also as a worker with a union card. In

that way he can guard his own against dangers which they would not recognize. Recently an Anchorage newspaper, The 49th Star, paid high tribute to Father



Fifty years ago Rev. Pius L. Moore S.J. entered the Society of Jesus in California. All his life as a priest, in positions of great responsibility, he has been a kindly father and a zealous missionary; first among the Japanese and Filipinos of San Francisco, then as Rector of the University of San Francisco, and for twenty-two years laboring in or for the China mission.

In 1928 at the age of 47 he was sent with the first group of American Jesuits to China where he founded Gonzaga College in Shanghai, and guided the new mission through the first years of the Sino-Japanese war.

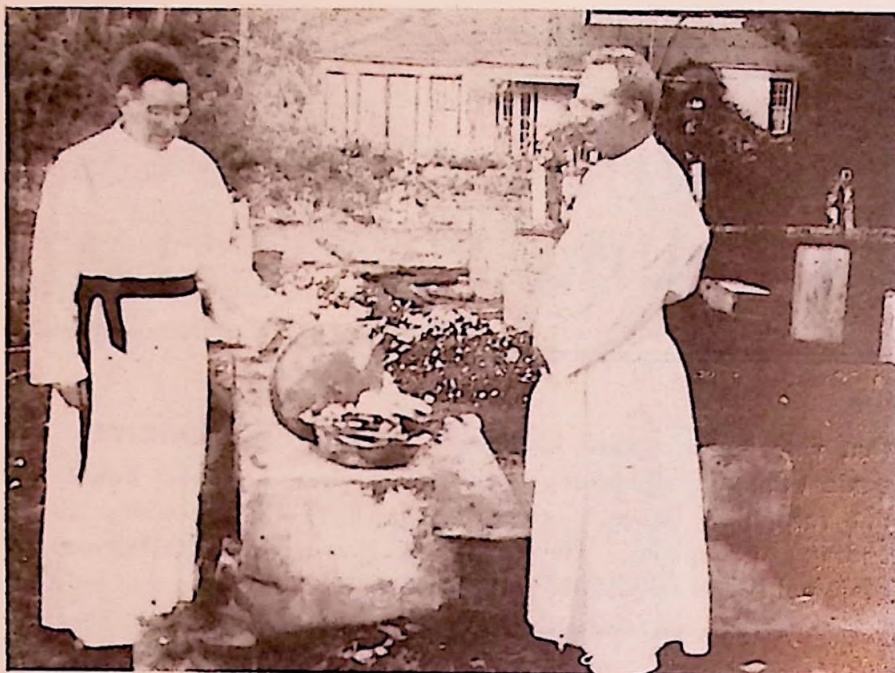
Since 1937 he has devoted his life in wholehearted dedication to the support of Jesuit missions in China.

## **OWANCHA OMNICIYE**

**Father Leonard Fencel S.J.** of Our Lady of Lourdes Mission at Porcupine, South Dakota, also keeps a watchful eye on his flock. "This afternoon the 'Owancha Omniciye' closed its sessions at Our Lady of Lourdes meeting house. This is a 'General Meeting' of all the Catholic societies on the reservation. A St. Joseph's Society for men, and a St. Mary's Society for women, have been organized at each of our two dozen mission chapels. Besides their local meetings, they hold a General Meeting every three months, to which each local sends two St. Joseph's and two St. Mary's delegates. This meeting lasts three days, so each delegate comes in with a bed-roll. It is not by any means just a social get-together; the main purpose is a religious renewal.

"The first evening, after the 'Family Rosary' had been said, confessions were heard. Then each day opened with Mass, at which practically all the delegates received Holy Communion. Breakfast was prepared and served by the ladies in the meeting house, after which of course the 'wrecking crew' had to do their job. When the decks had been cleared, the formal sessions began.

"Each session begins with a prayer, and is interspersed with the singing of religious hymns in the Lakota language. No smoking during sessions! If anyone lights a cigarette, he is fined ten cents. After a couple of hours a recess



### FIRE AT Linstead

It took exactly one hour for St. Helen's Church at Linstead in Jamaica to burn to the ground. *Fathers Harry Ball S.J. and Neil Donahue S.J.* were awakened at 2 a.m. by the frantic shouting of a policeman. Both missionaries rushed out to find the sacristy blazing from cellar to roof and the flames leaping up the walls. Father Ball made a desperate attempt to save the Blessed Sacrament but the key to the tabernacle was in the sacristy and the flames drove him from the altar while he was attempting to wrest the tabernacle from its heavy foundation. The church was entirely destroyed, only the stone pillars of the foundation remaining. The heartbreaking irony of the loss was that Father Ball had only recently returned from his furlough and had brought with him new furnishings and equipment provided by the generosity of his friends around Boston. Most of it had gone into the refurnishing of this main church of St. Helen. Now the two missionaries must start all over again. One hour can mean a lot in a missionary's life.

is declared for a smoke and a stretch before the next session begins. Dinner and supper are managed the same as breakfast.

"And what do they talk about for three days? Everything from practical items of business to the discussion of religious topics. Yesterday Chief Left Hand came to ask me: 'Why did Simon of Cyrene help Jesus carry the cross?' That was the topic the Chairman of the meeting had assigned to him to talk about. There has been a noticeable renewal of the Christian spirit from these meetings."

### LOHENGRIN ON LOAN

Down in Belize, British Honduras, **Father Gregory Sontag S.J.** has his own unique methods for circumventing the human frailties of his people. Too often pride and poverty go hand in hand and Father Sontag's thoughtfulness reflects the understanding shepherd. His motor trailer with portable transmitter is a familiar sight on all the roads. "There is a custom here among the people of wanting 'Joybells' (a sprightly ringing of the church bells) on the occa-

sion of the baptism of a legitimate child. Well, I do not carry church bells so I make a substitution. I first play a beautiful hymn over the powerful public address system using three speakers and then I announce the name of the baby just baptised with the names of the proud parents. They are thrilled as they go marching back home. Some mornings I use the same system for calling them to Mass. After the music puts them on their feet I give them a few good reasons for coming to Mass. Of course there are some who resist even that.

"Two of the Protestant religions are using P.A. systems but neither of them puts up much of a fight with our caravanic Catholic Church with Talking Pictures and 'everything for the bride'. Yes, the latest addition is a bridal outfit complete from veil to shoes—brand new, not second hand. Jewelry and perfume? Yes, we have that, too. I even have a wedding ring that is very popular but the difficulty is that it doesn't fit everyone!"

### NIGHT AND DAY

The absolute necessity of more missionaries in the field if a really Catholic people is to be formed is underlined by **Father William Walter S.J.** on the island of Yap in the Western Carolines. "Only at Ulithi and Yap do we have suitable chapels. At two other places, Lamotrek and Satawal, we have little sheds too small to be called cow sheds. That accounts for four of our sixteen island groups. The other places have nothing at all, so Mass is celebrated in God's great outdoor cathedral under the vault of the heavens.

"Wherever we have chapels the people gather together morning, afternoon and evening for daily prayers. Wherever we have no chapels the people get together only when the priest comes. That happens very seldom, only once in three months, for the majority

of islands in this Pacific area.

"At Ulithi where we have chapels and prayers are recited three times daily in common, the five- and six-year-olds know their prayers so well that few children in the States could match them. On the other islands where we have no chapels no groups gather for daily worship and the children are very ignorant—even the ten-year-olds can scarcely bless themselves. The difference between islands where we have no chapels and islands where we do is like night and day. So we need chapels first of all, to help spread the Faith.

"There is another very urgent reason for erecting chapels as soon as possible. On all islands, except Ulithi, the pagans are in the great majority. Animism is their religion—a religion of spirits, spells and charms. And the people are very superstitious. They have shrines or groves where their magicians and medicine men invoke the aid of spirits and cast spells. Their shrines are usually stone cairns of very drab and unprepossessing appearance. If we erected even the simplest type of church furnished with altar, crucifix and candlesticks, statue and Stations of the Cross, we would have a shrine worth a million dollars to the native eye. As a consequence we'd be considered very powerful magicians backed by spirits more powerful than their spirits. The natives would then be more readily disposed to hear the truth about God and forget their superstitions."

### IGOROT IDEAL

More missionaries, time and opportunity for education, are the answers. Proof of this comes from **Father Bernard Lochboehler S.J.** in the Philippines, who some time ago gave a retreat to the Igorots in the north of Luzon.

"Far to the north, in the mountain-ranges of this island of Luzon, lies a region that is still

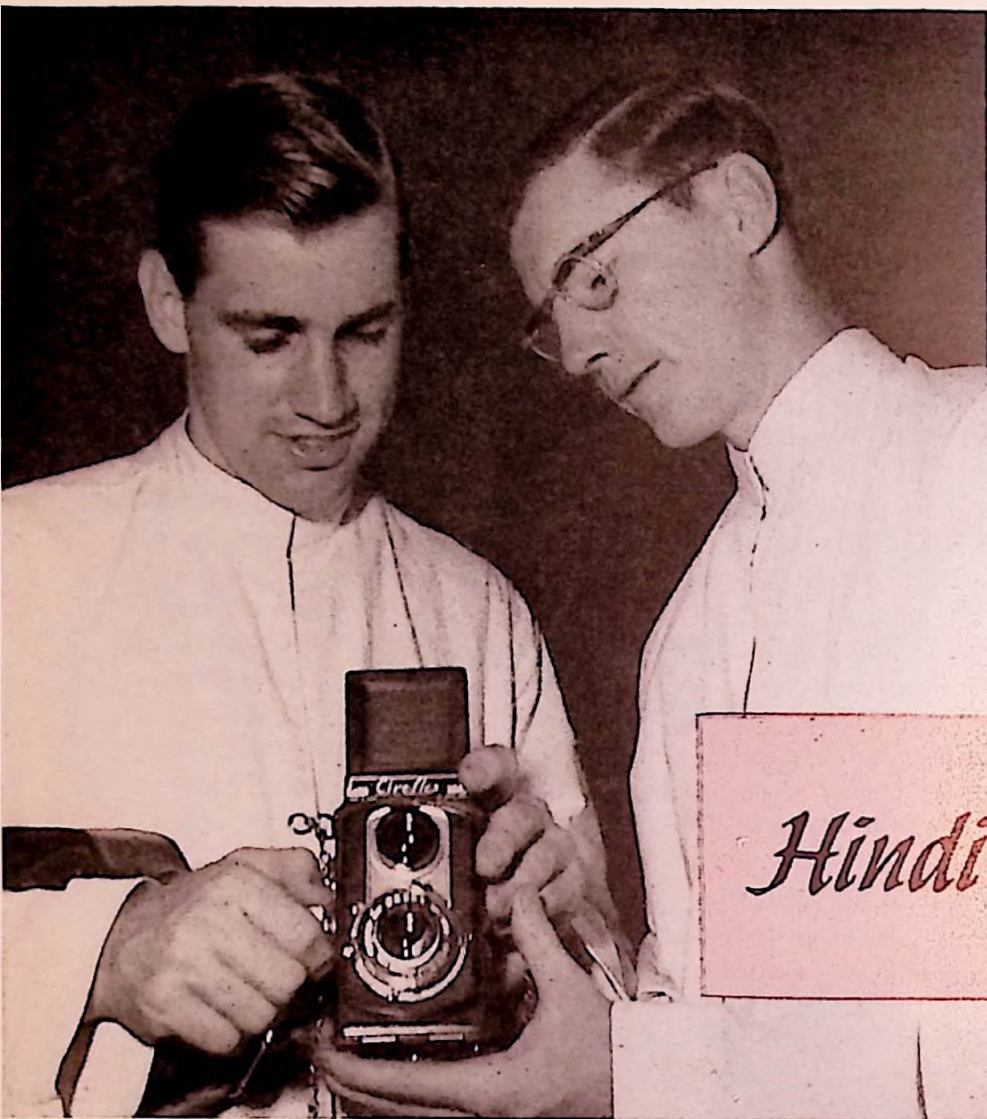
pagan. Here dwell a people with customs and tribal rites that go back a thousand years, with sacrifices and ritual dances and dark belief in many a false god. But the worship of the one true God has also come to these mountain fastnesses. For the Belgian missionaries have labored here for the past 40 years and have brought many of these people of the mountain tribes to know and love and serve God. These zealous priests have built churches for them and set up mission stations and established schools in which the Belgian sisters teach the young children of these pagan tribes. These Igorot Catholics have been well instructed and show real practical devotion: in their prayers together in church, in their hymns sung in church and at night prayers in the dormi-

tories. The Angelus bell rings during the day, the De Profundis bell for the Poor Souls at night time. The people indoors and outdoors stop their work, the children their play and all stand still to say the prayer.

"Their Faith gives them real joy and hope—so much in contrast to their dark, pagan beliefs and superstitions that put continual fear in their whole day, that foster their feuds and deadly fights with neighboring villages, that encourage divorce and the treating of women without those refining influences of Christianity. For such beliefs can give them no knowledge of their fellow-beings as created in the image and likeness of God, of Christ as Redeemer, Savior, Teacher unto Life eternal, of Mary as model of all virtuous womanhood."

Father Gregory Sontag S.J. with his Catholic Caravan in which he travels all the roads of British Honduras, preaching, teaching and entertaining.





Here are two good answers to that perennial question about the source of the pictures which appear in JESUIT MISSIONS. John J. Kenealy S.J. (left) and Leroy F. Ryan S.J., both of the Chicago Province and now studying Hindi at the language school in Gomoh, are not amateur photographers. Before they left for India they went through the customary briefing given to all missionaries by the Patna Photo Service of Chicago. One man can write a story; another can tell it in pictures.

## *Hindi Comes Hard*

F. J. McGAULEY S.J.

**U**P IN THE CALCUTTA DIOCESE of northern India is the village of Gomoh. Externally, there is nothing different about Gomoh from the rest of India, which is covered mostly by clusters of these poor, backward villages. There is the dusty bazaar district where the roaming cows, goats, and water buffaloes, looking for a promising pile of rubbish near the fly-swarmed shops, mingle in the street with pedestrians.

The brick houses and primitive mud huts of Gomoh stretch out over the sun-scorched plains of rice fields which lie at the foot of lofty Mount Parasnath, from whose peak juts the noted Jain Temple. To the veteran missionary in India, this is the same monotonous sight he has seen all over the country; but to the new missionaries, who study at the Jesuit language school of Gomoh, it is a life of successively interesting scenes and events. This is the new, mysterious world to which they must adapt themselves.

Most of the priests and scholastics, upon

arriving in India, are sent to Gomoh for a year in order to learn Hindi, which is now being recognized as the official national language. There are, of course, many varieties of dialects in this mission land, but Hindi is more commonly understood in this part of the country, and is a solid foundation for other dialects. Without facility in the language of the people, the work of Christ here will be hampered.

If you come to De Britto House for "Bhojan" (dinner), you would notice immediately that the "adaption process" of recent arrivals is thorough. The Gospel is read in Hindi at the beginning of the meal, and later, when the conversation begins, you find yourself at a "Hindi table." When someone says to you, "Ghost deejeeay," he isn't going to tell you a ghost story, but he's just saying in Hindi "Please pass the meat." Father Gallagher S.J., Superior and entire Faculty of De Britto House, holds strictly to the principle that "to learn a language,

you must speak it," so Hindi is spoken all day long except on Thursday and Sunday. By speaking Hindi throughout the day, mistakes are inevitable, and there are many humorous results like the time Father Blanchard meant to say to the sweeper, "Bring your broom into my room," but by mispronouncing the word for broom (jaru) as "Jharu," (meaning wife) it caused such misunderstanding that Father Gallagher had to intervene in the situation. Since there is such an experienced Superior in Father Gallagher, a twenty-one year veteran in India, then the year at the language school is not only the time to learn the Hindi language, but an opportunity to absorb the customs and philosophy of the people.

The language school is not a life of leisure. The day begins at five a. m. when John Knapek S.J., who as a G.I. in Europe during World War II was a mechanic with the Army Air Force, turns the crank and starts the two cylinder motor, which sputters and shakes the men out of bed with its drill-like sound. After the morning hour of meditation, Holy Mass and Communion, and breakfast, Anthony Grollig S.J., another G.I. who was initiated to the East by fighting in the Philippines and Pacific Islands, strikes the bell at eight o'clock for the first Hindi class. There are four divisions of three classes, and the schedule is arranged so that each man has twelve half-hour class periods per day including time for Hindi composition, literature, rapid reading and special conversation periods. Even Father Gallagher can't handle this all alone, so he has obtained four pandits to give the men a full day of Hindi.

Of the eleven men at Gomoh this year, eight belong to the Chicago province and three to the Maryland province. Father Murray of Philadelphia was a popular preacher on the Maryland Mission Band before coming to India last year. The others from Maryland are Mr. Joseph Hammett, the all-round handy-man from Washington, D. C., and myself. Of the Chicago men, Fathers Blanchard, Willmes, and Wilzbacher are newly ordained priests who are studying Hindi this year before beginning their tertianship, the final year of training in the Society of Jesus. The other five Chicago men are scholastics who will later go to Hazaribagh to finish their courses of philosophy: Messrs. Ryan, Kenny, Grollig, Knapek and Kenealy.

Because of the busy schedule of language school, outside apostolic work is limited to aiding Father Sharpe of Dhanbad under whose jurisdiction the Gomoh Catholics are. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered daily in the village schoolhouse, since there is no Catholic church in Gomoh; also, catechism is taught to the children on Sunday afternoons and evening instructions are given to the parents by Father Murray. So the new missionaries must be content with persevering hard work in a "hidden year" of study as they walk back and forth from classes in the shadow of Mount Parasnath where Hindu pilgrims go daily to adore in the temple of Bhagawana. As the missionaries look up to the Jain temple, they pray for the day when they can teach those pilgrims in their own language of the True God and His Divine Son, Jesus Christ, waiting patiently in the silent tabernacle on our altar.

These are some of the village folk on whom the Jesuits at the language school can practice Hindi.





# The Business of Missions

## WANTED

Dear Friend:

Common conversation today says that business is on the decline and that money is scarce. At JESUIT MISSIONS we find it difficult to go along with the general impression that "times are hard."

Day after day, the postman brings us a goodly number of letters, some containing renewals of subscriptions and others with Masses and gifts for the missionaries. It is consoling for us to realize that you, our co-missionaries, despite any anxiety caused by rumors, continue to make sacrifices for souls. Your faith is the explanation. You are convinced that any privation for the missions is an investment in a divine project paying dividends in time and eternity.

The following means doesn't require any keen business acumen. It is very simple. I could double our mission business if each one of you would send in the name of a new subscriber. If you do, then, when the fiscal year of 1951 closes our records would be a contradiction to the general trend of business. The Angels, Heaven's Bookkeepers, would have a busy year recording new accounts. They would not object and God would be very pleased.

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

### Bicycle — Motorcycle

A year ago, Father Patrick Murray of Johnstown, Pa., arrived at the mission of Jamshedpur, India. Though he wanted to begin immediately his missionary work he was required to spend this year studying Hindi. He is practically ready now to put aside his books and to travel off to an outlying mission. It will help him greatly in reaching some of his distant villages if he has a bicycle or, preferably, a motorcycle. We can purchase a bicycle for \$70.00 and a motorcycle for \$500.00. JESUIT MISSIONS will be glad to forward your gift.

### Christmas Crib

It will be months before you read signs urging that you do your Christmas shopping early. If this gift is to reach the mission by Christmas we will have to do our shopping now.

Father Daigler of Davao City, Philippines, needs a Christmas crib for his school. Last year, he had to borrow an Infant and he had only one or two other statues. He would like to have a complete crib so that the students and people of the city can adore the Christ Child.

For \$100.00 we can purchase an attractive set of statues for Father Daigler.

## JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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

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

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

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

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

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

India (Patna) and  
U. S. Indians  
Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.  
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.

1110 South May St.,  
Chicago 7, Ill.  
India (Darjeeling) and  
Canadian Indians  
Rev. F. J. Costello, S.J.  
403 Wellington St., West,  
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada  
India (Jamshedpur) and  
Home Missions  
Rev. John C. Baker, S.J.  
Calvert and Madison Sts.,  
Baltimore 2, Md.  
Philippines, Caroline and  
Marshall Islands  
Rev. John G. Furniss, S.J.  
51 East 83rd St.,  
New York 28, N. Y.

### Tabernacle

Father Romani of Bhavnagar, India, had to invest the savings of several years in purchasing a steel Tabernacle. He did so at the order of the Bishop since the Blessed Sacrament had been profaned during a recent robbery. Father Romani is confident that he can take care of the bill since he has a good provider in St. Francis Xavier, the patron of his parish.

Not that we doubt the power of Francis Xavier to perform a miracle but we would like to show Father Romani that there are a few devotees of Xavier here in the States who will be very glad to honor the great Apostle of India. The price of the Tabernacle is \$100.00. Please send us your gifts.

### Chalice-Ciborium

This is the third time that we have listed a request for a combination Chalice and Ciborium. The repetition proves how greatly the missionaries desire the combination. The missionaries who have received a Chalice-Ciborium are so delighted that they cannot help telling other missionaries about it.

To refresh your memory, the Chalice-Ciborium, priced at \$115.00, can be engraved in memory of one of your deceased relatives. The money should be sent to JESUIT MISSIONS and within three or four weeks your gift will be on its way.

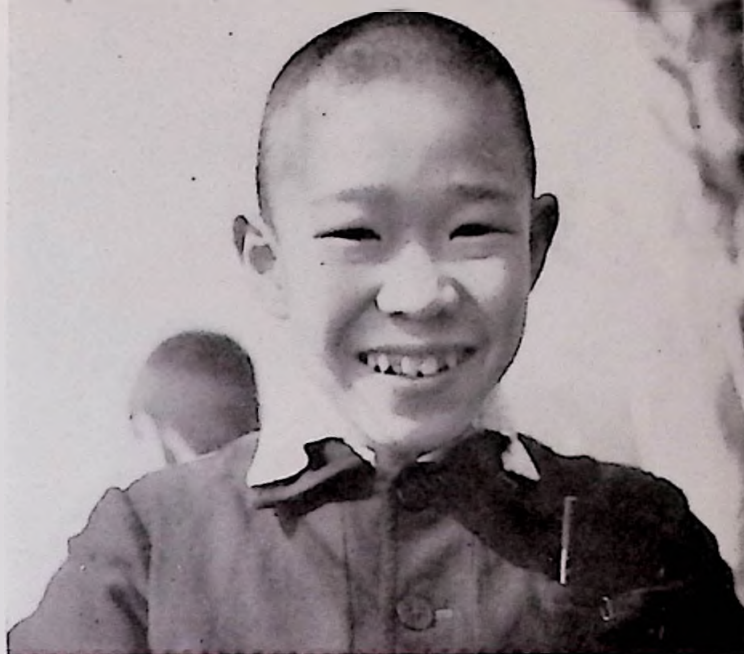
### Catechisms and Books

For years, Father Garavaglia was an assistant at the Mission Procurator's office in Boston. In a normal day he would dictate letters, pack shipments for the missionaries, stamp mail, show movies at night, run card parties—all to help the missionaries. Now he is a missionary at Highgate in Jamaica, B.W.I. His first request is for catechisms and books. Both items are duty free and can be sent to Father at the following address:

St. Vincent de Paul Society  
c/o Sacred Heart Rectory  
Highgate P. O.  
Jamaica, B. W. I.

### Scapular Medals

Father Anthony Kuenzel, pastor at Benque Viejo, British Honduras, would like to give each of his parishioners a scapular medal. For \$1.00 we can purchase a dozen medals. Will you help us by sending your contributions to JESUIT MISSIONS?



# Japan

## MISSION NEEDS

Boys like this are crowding our schools throughout Japan. Japanese Jesuits, in training to teach these boys, beg your help to secure the following items.

ONE ALTAR	<b>\$260.00</b>
ONE ORGAN	<b>90.00</b>
TWENTY CHAIRS	<b>6.00</b> each
TWENTY DESKS	<b>12.00</b> each
TWENTY BEDS	<b>15.00</b> each
FORTY BLANKETS	<b>4.00</b> each

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# JESUIT MISSIONS

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

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## *Up From Ashes*

If you have ever sympathized with a neighbor whose house burned to the ground, you know how Father Harry Ball S.J. feels. His church of St. Helen at Linstead, Jamaica, with everything in it burned to cinders on the night of March 30th. Father Ball made an heroic but vain effort to save the Blessed Sacrament. The brand new furnishings of the church disappeared in smoke, too. A new chapel like the one above is being erected by him and his assistant, Father Neil Donahue S.J. Will you help? Cost, \$15,000 plus \$5,000 for furnishings.

## **JESUIT** *Missions*

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