

JESUIT MISSIONS

OCTOBER 1950



ANTHROPOLOGY AND THE MISSIONS



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COVER. The cover picture taken by Father Fred Foley S.J. has caught the current mood of China. "What is going to happen next?" The few reports we get tell us of the deepening faith of the Catholics and of numerous conversions among the pagans. China needs our prayers more than ever.

(Left) The scene is a palm-covered headland on the Mindanao coast near Davao. Mr. James Donelan S.J. who has recently returned from teaching at the Ateneo de Davao, a school for 430 Filipino boys, made this excellent shot among his many other photographs of the Philippine Islands.



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IN THE PAGES OF THIS ISSUE WILL BE FOUND the names of Jesuit missionaries who departed this year for the mission fields. The mere mention of their names is a totally inadequate tribute to the unselfish sacrifice these men have made. Yet no number of words could ever balance up the value of these missionaries. For they go forth in a world where war is a reality and peace a fading mirage. Yet these are the only peace-bringers, the only ones who know what true peace is. For the only true peace is the peace of Jesus Christ and the only ones who can bring that peace to others are the men and women who have that peace in their own hearts. That is why the missionary is the most important figure on the world scene today.



Father J. Franklin Ewing S.J. is the head of the Department of Anthropology at Fordham University and is a well-known figure in scientific circles. His career as a Jesuit began quietly enough at St. Andrew-on-Hudson in 1922 but since then his travels have carried him to the Philippines as a teacher, to Vienna as a student of anthropology, to Lebanon as an excavator of the famed Skeleton Boy (the government there awarded him the *Medaille pour le Merite*), and again to the Philippines for the study of various tribes. Recently he has been searching for the bones of the Jesuit martyrs at Auriesville.



AFFECTION *for the Savages*

J. FRANKLIN EWING S.J.



The author (left) during the past summer led a scientific expedition to Auriesville, New York, in the hope of eventually discovering the bones of the North American martyrs. With the latest scientific equipment they made a preliminary search for the town of Ossernenon, near which the Jesuit missionaries met their deaths.

IF SOMEONE HAD VISITED NEW FRANCE in the early sixteen hundreds, and had congratulated Father Brebeuf or Father Jogues on the excellent ethnological work they were doing, the future martyrs would have been mildly amused, as well as puzzled.

Yet it was perfectly true that they were doing important ethnological work. It was also perfectly true that this fine-sounding word had a direct connection with their consuming task of saving souls.

To those who followed them several centuries later, when the word "ethnology" had come to stand for a science, a science which encompasses the whole globe of the customs and ways of mankind, the results of the labors of these early Jesuits are of unique value.

Matthew Stirling, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian, expressed the situation very neatly: "They (the early Jesuits) amassed a fund of information concerning the Algonquin and Iroquoian tribes that has proved a veritable Rosetta Stone in interpreting the remnants of culture found by modern ethnologists."

You remember what the Rosetta Stone meant for the interpreting of ancient Egypt.

That stone, which was discovered during Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, contained the same inscription written in three languages. One of these languages was Egyptian, inscribed in hieroglyphics. Another was Greek. The Rosetta Stone made all the difference between understanding ancient Egypt and not understanding it.

Stirling's remark, then, is a great compliment. He says, in effect, that no one would understand the ancient Indians of New France and their descendants of today, were it not for the work of the Jesuits of the time of the martyrs.

These Jesuits plunged in among the barbarous inhabitants of the unknown, and therefore terrifying, land. They went alone where the white man's ways and the white man's influence had not changed the immemorial ways of the Indians. They were educated and cultured men (and that was often an additional trial in dealing with the Indians!), and they observed intelligently and purposefully. They managed, often under conditions of incredible crudity, to write down their observations.

They seized a few minutes of quiet in a canoe — time out from carrying heavy loads on portages — to jot down how the canoe



Father Francis Burns S.J. (left) Director of the Martyrs' Shrine, a student archeologist, and Father Joseph Murray S.J., archeologist and excavator, discuss the first step.



Once the first layer of dirt has been removed Father Ewing demonstrates the delicate brush work as Father Murphy (right) and student-assistants from Fordham University look on.

was made and what were the offerings to the spirits the Indians insisted on before starting the trip. Of an evening, in some smoke-filled wigwam, they guided their half-seen pens over crumpled paper, as they made notes on how the Indian family lived.

The things they wrote, published in France, had a great influence on the development of anthropology in Europe, as well as fanning the flame of interest in the mission.

But our point here is that they described the Indians as they were. By the time ethnology came to be a science for itself, the Indians were either killed off or had adopted the white man's way of life. The ethnologist who studied them could pick up a bit here and there of the old customs and thought and folklore, and he could make some shrewd theories and guesses; but mostly the Indian life was no longer there to be studied.

How appreciative the ethnologist is, then, that he has these ancient records, made with such difficulty but with such candor! He can study the Indian as he was, and as he is, and he can make much of the processes by which the Indian became changed. This and studies like it teach us an immense amount about the ways of men, and why

they act the way they do.

And even though, as David Harum says somewhere, "They's as much human nature in some folks as in other—mebbe more," and human beings are fundamentally the same around the world, still a comparison of the various and often outlandish ways that all sorts of tribes and peoples have attacked and solved the sundry problems of living makes a fascinating science.

The missionary, whether of the seventeenth or the twentieth century is something of an ethnologist, and has to be. He approaches a strange people, as he leaves his home and applies himself to his mission field. He is anxious to convert his charges to Christ. At first, perhaps, he is primarily interested in those customs which they find a hindrance to embracing Christianity. But he soon finds that he must know his people more thoroughly than that. He must learn their way of thought, how they look at things; just as he must learn their language in order to present Christ to them.

He must know their etiquette, so as not to alienate them. He must know their norms, so as not to misjudge them; and their goals, so as to align them with the goals of Christianity. And with all this, perforce, he must combine a great sympathy for them.



Tourists do not have this sympathy for foreign peoples. They comment loudly on the inferior and weird ways of the peoples they visit, and remain always alien. An ethnologist would never get very far in his study of a people, with such an attitude. A missionary would never make much progress in saving souls unless he united himself with his people in sympathy.

Such openminded sympathy shines from the words of St. Jean Brebeuf: "Our Hurons, as you see, are not so dull as one might think them; they seem to me to have rather good sense, and I find them universally very docile."

This sympathy breeds tact, a gentlemanliness applied to the occasion. St. Jean enjoins on the new Jesuit arrivals among the Hurons; "You must bear with their imperfections without saying a word, yes, even without seeming to notice them. Even if it be necessary to criticize anything, it must be done modestly, and with words and signs which evince love and not aversion."

With this kind of vision the Jesuits studied the Indians, and studied them carefully. But their motives were not those of a scientist, worthy as the science and the scientist may be.

Their motives were nobler, for they did not merely want to know the Indian, but to save him. They had sacrificed their home, they fully expected to sacrifice their lives (and what a glorious sacrifice that was when it came!), and they endured numberless hardships in their everyday life, because they loved the Indian and wanted him to be a child of Christ and to gain Heaven!

Fordham students who accompanied the expedition man the tractor used to operate the drill that probes the earth for remains of the village.

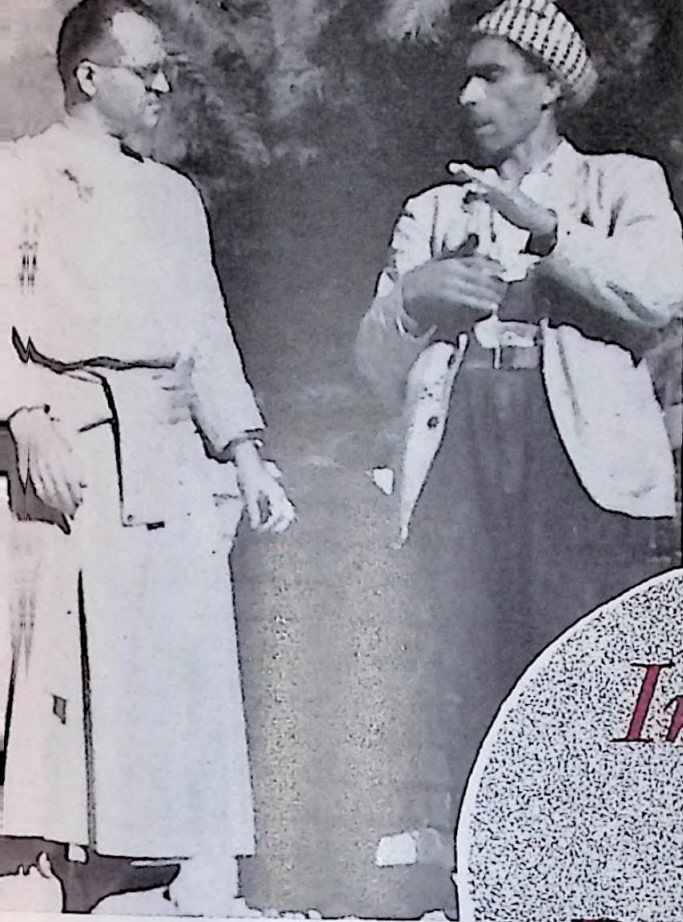
The origin and perpetual source of their sympathy with the Indians was God Himself. St. Jean Brebeuf hardly needed to say to the newcomers to the Mission: "You must have sincere affection for the savages—looking upon them as ransomed by the blood of the Son of God, and as our brethren, with whom we are to pass the rest of our lives."

In the midst of the wilds and the wild ways of the Indians, Christ is the inspiration and the goal of the missionary: "Jesus Christ is our true greatness; it is He alone and His cross that should be sought in running after these people, for if you strive for anything else, you will find naught but bodily and spiritual affliction."

Yes, the early Jesuits of New France could and did study their Indian charges. They were, unwittingly, ethnologists in doing that. And modern ethnologists are grateful for their study.

They could discern what was good in the Indian; they went deeper than the superficial and dismaying and often disgusting aspect that the Indian showed at first approach. So, St. Jean Brebeuf finds many good qualities in them: union, hospitality, patience in poverty and in time of famine or sickness. But he did not stop short there.

For "it is on such dispositions and foundations that we hope, with the grace of God, to build the edifice of the Christian Religion among these people . . . It is now our part to correspond to our vocation."



Father Leo Guay S.J., administrator of buildings at Baghdad College chats with an Arab workman in the tongue which is causing Father Cronin such painful contractions of throat and brain.

FRANCIS X.
CRONIN S.J.

IT WAS A GREAT CONSOLATION to learn recently that Francis Xavier did not have the gift of tongues—at least, not regularly. I know how he must have felt. Not being overly-ambitious I do not ask for the gift of tongues; I would settle for one—Arabic. It is a bit of a struggle getting the language the ordinary way. Here are some of the reasons why.

The Arabs like to call their tongue “lughe tedhad,” (the language of the letter *dhad*) since their language is the only one to boast of that letter. But for me, at least, there are two other letters that sound just like it. You can imagine what that does to my vocabulary. That is only one difficulty. The Arabs have another consonant they call *ain*. To pronounce it properly imposes a great strain on the throat, for in its perfection it sounds like an incipient case of strangling. I say “in its perfection” because it often sounds to me as nothing more than our ordinary vowels pronounced with a suspicion of a contraction of the throat. But the natives deny this totally. To prove their point they give me examples. If you want to say “my

dear,” you must make the *ain* something other than the English “a” or you wind up calling your beloved “my wheeze.”

Arabic also has two “h” sounds—one like our own letter and one like the panting of a marathoner. Mixing them can do funny things to sentences. I am mastering them now, but with no thanks to one teacher I had who seriously recommended that I imitate a porcupine if I wished to master the “h.” Up to that time I did not know porcupines made sounds. I thought they got their points across without sound.

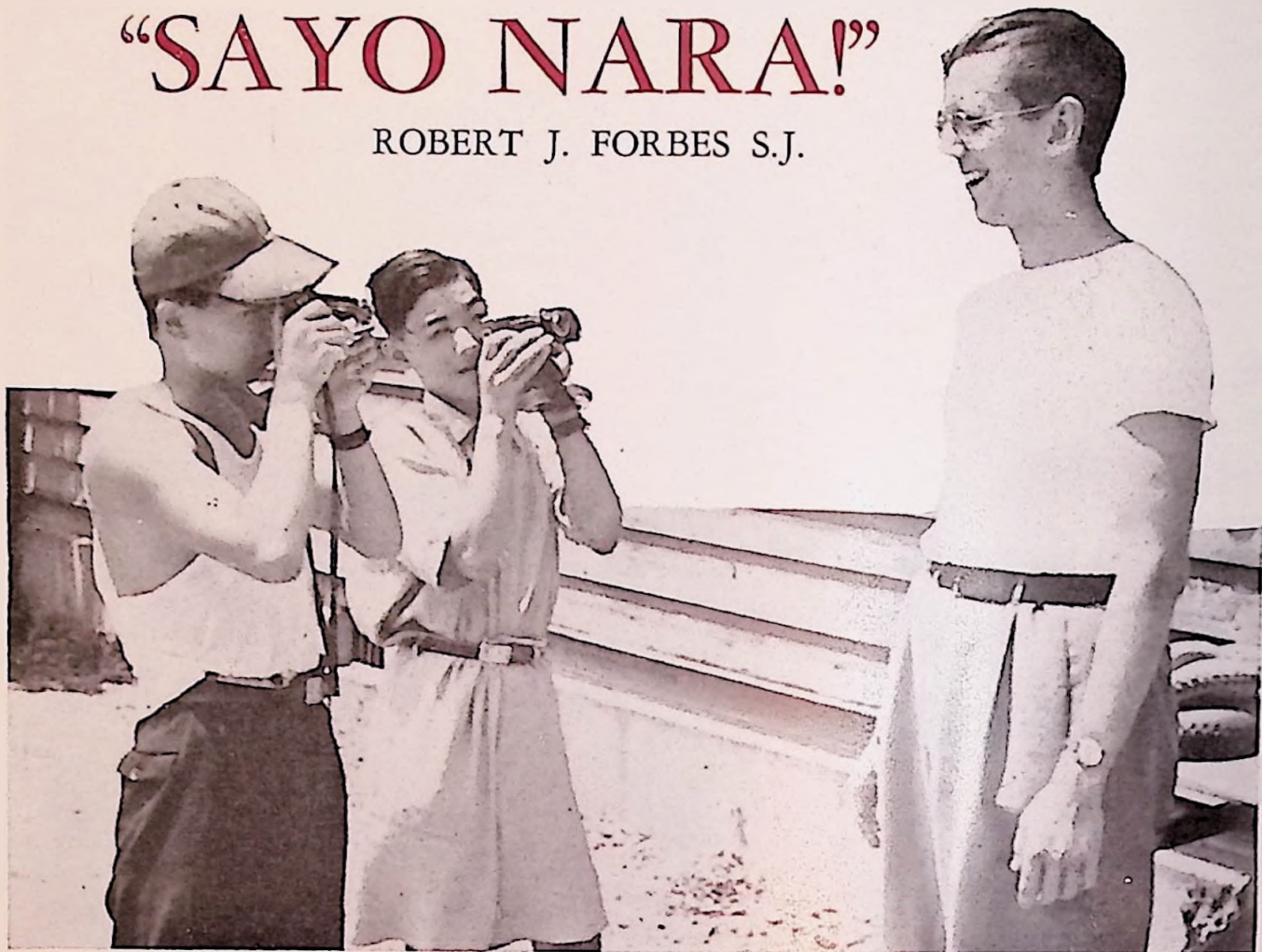
Another side of the language is that the script has no vowels. Take the root word SQ’. The quote mark stands for our friend *ain*. By vowelizing the three consonants differently, you can get the following meanings: to stray from the right path; to strike anyone on the head; to be covered with hoarfrost; shore, country, sun, liar, veil, camel’s muzzle, a kind of wasp. I can sympathize with the Englishman who spent futile years trying to master Arabic and finally discovered why it was so hard. Each word, according to him, has four meanings: a specific thing; its dead opposite; a sword; something to do with a camel.

It is not as bad as that; but it is bad enough. Still, there are those of us who love it and slowly, slowly, the list of those who can hear confessions, argue with taxi-drivers, read the papers, and get the broadcasts in Arabic is growing. Of course, if Arabic is the language of Heaven, we are preparing ourselves much better for eternity than was the dear old Proper Bostonian who took up the study of Hebrew so that she could talk to God in His own language.

*Imitate
the
Porcupine*

"SAYO NARA!"

ROBERT J. FORBES S.J.



Father Forbes' students take mementos of their teacher at Eiko High School, Yokosuka, Japan

THERE WAS A LIGHT RAIN FALLING, but it did not dampen the spirits of the boys who were offering their farewell with Japanese and English songs. One by one they filed down the gangplank, each one pausing for a handshake and saying: "Sayo nara," which means "Good-bye!" Nor was it merely a suspicion of tears that could be seen in the eyes of both pupils and teacher at the parting. Soon the group, fifty in all, had gathered on the dock. Suddenly fifty pairs of arms were raised three times, and the triple cry "Banzai" rang across the space between the boys and the ship. Walking backwards slowly, they kept calling "Sayo nara! Sayo nara!" until they were enveloped in the heavy smoke that poured out of the waiting tug boat.

Yes, it was truly "sayo nara"—"farewell!" Farewell to Suzuki and Maeda, Taguchi and Fukuda, and all the others who had turned a foreign country into home. Three years ago the Japanese mission was opened to Jesuits from all over the world. In some ways it almost seemed like a hostile place—

at least for Americans. The Japanese had been bitter enemies during the war years, and the German Jesuits, at that time in charge of the mission were also citizens of an enemy nation. If Japan were not an "enemy" country, at least it hardly seemed to be "home." Yet the Jesuit houses turned out to be familiar places, and the German Jesuits, far from being "enemies," were men, grown old and tired during the war years, who were eagerly hoping for help from abroad. A Language School was opened in Taura, and ever since German and Frenchman, Spaniard and Belgian, Italian, Czech, Hungarian and American have studied together as one family.

Yet, though the international community was similar to any other throughout the world, the Japanese people were still unknown. Eiko High School, whose buildings had so generously given refuge to the incoming Jesuits' Language School, seemed to be miles and miles away. But after the first few classes, the miles disappeared in the friendly smile of little Japanese faces.

The Japanese language, formidable as it was, little by little became something familiar, and those who were once mute began to talk like little babies. Finally, out of complete silence there emerged a resemblance to language. Thoughts could be expressed, brokenly, it is true, and in frightful fashion—but *expressed*. With expression came laughter, and with laughter came unity.

As week passed into week, the boys studying catechism were prepared for baptism. Little children who had been taught in English classes, who had been the companions of picnics and summer camps; boys whose pranks were many but never bad, whose efforts to become "gentlemen" were constant and untiring; such boys, who by association were already dear, had come to Christ and His Church. It is difficult to describe the feelings of a teacher who holds the tray to catch the waters of baptism as they flow across the forehead and down the cheeks of "his boys." The little rascals knew what they were doing, and, as they raised their heads, tears of love became one with the waters of salvation.

Although the boys knew I was to leave Japan, the full realization did not come to them until my formal classes in the school were over. The principal had asked for a little farewell address to the assembled school. It seemed like a fitting time to ask the boys to sing their national anthem and the school song. That afternoon,

when classes were over, the boys came to my room—through the window as well as through the door. Even on the lips of boys who had retained their original shyness, was the deeply felt "tsumaranai"—an expression which cannot be translated to English, but which fully conveyed the thoughts of the boys with regard to my approaching departure. From then until the time of sailing there was not a day when I did not receive some little present—picture postcards, scarfs, little Japanese dolls, stamps, handkerchiefs, etc. One boy brought a little Samurai sword and a miniature bow and arrow, a present which he had received, according to Japanese custom, on the day of his birth, sixteen years ago. Truly he did all he could to give a part of himself.

A little rain was falling. Every time it falls again, I will see a little group of boys—"my boys," saying "sayo nara" and calling "banzai"—"long life!" Yes, it is good-bye to Ishikawa and Watanabe, to Horiuchi and Sekiya—but a homesick missionary has left his heart in Japan. There is only one thought that will fill the four or five years until the scholastic returns to Japan as a priest: "I pray for them: I pray not for the world but for them whom Thou has given me: because they are Thine . . . Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name."

Just one look at this picture tells you why Father Forbes found it hard to say "Sayo Nara" to his boys.





Most Rev. Ignatius T. Glennie S.J., Bishop of Trincomalee, faces hard problems in training native clergy.

any of his seminarians. They are his pride and joy. They are the hope of his diocese and he will do anything for them to encourage them and help prepare them for the priesthood.

Bishop Glennie was consecrated in September of 1947 and in the following January his first major project was started. St. Joseph's Minor Seminary for the diocese of Trincomalee was the first thing on his agenda and it is the project uppermost in his thoughts. The bishop is one of the American missionaries and he sees clearly that this diocese cannot function forever on priests imported from other countries. That is against the first principle of any missionary. Missionaries are in foreign countries to establish the faith and to minister to the faithful until a native clergy can take care of the job.

But the problems that the bishop faces are most discouraging. First and strongest objection that is brought against a vocation comes from the family. The people of Ceylon are very strong for tradition and one of their traditions is that the eldest

LEVEL THE MOUNTAINS

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT in Batticaloa and I was in charge of the Minor Seminary while Father Clarkson S.J. was in Kalmunai. I was dining with Bishop Glennie S.J. and the seminarians when the bishop's face suddenly grew quizzical. He sat up a little in his chair and counted the seminarians. One was missing. He asked about him. I told His Lordship that the missing member was back in the dormitory in bed. He had pulled a muscle in his side playing soccer and the doctor told him to stay off his feet for a day or so. Oh, that was all right, but the bishop didn't want anything serious to happen to

son must see to it that all his sisters are married before he can start a life of his own. He has to settle the younger members of the family and see to it that his parents are supported. This can ruin the hopes of many boys. Their family doesn't consider it an honor to have a priest in the family; it is rather a burden to be avoided if possible. The same pride that all parents have in their children, wanting them to become someone in a high public office, becomes a mania with some of these people. They can't see their son as the parish priest of a small parish where he will be known to few, heralded by none.

The next problem is that of education. In the States almost every boy has the opportunity of a high school education and that is sufficient for entrance into diocesan seminaries or into the seminaries of most religious orders. But here in Ceylon not every boy gets an education that will qualify him for entrance into a seminary. The smaller villages often cannot keep a school that has the complete curriculum.

Another difficulty that must be met is the one of languages. Ceylon is a trilingual nation. Tamil, Sinhalese and English are used. English and Tamil are the more wide-spread languages on this side of the island, but the Sinhalese-speaking people are coming to the wealthier parts of the diocese. Every priest in a parish must be bi-lingual, if he is to work with these people. At present most of the priests are foreign born, coming either from lower India with Tamil and English at their command, or coming from America with English as their only medium.

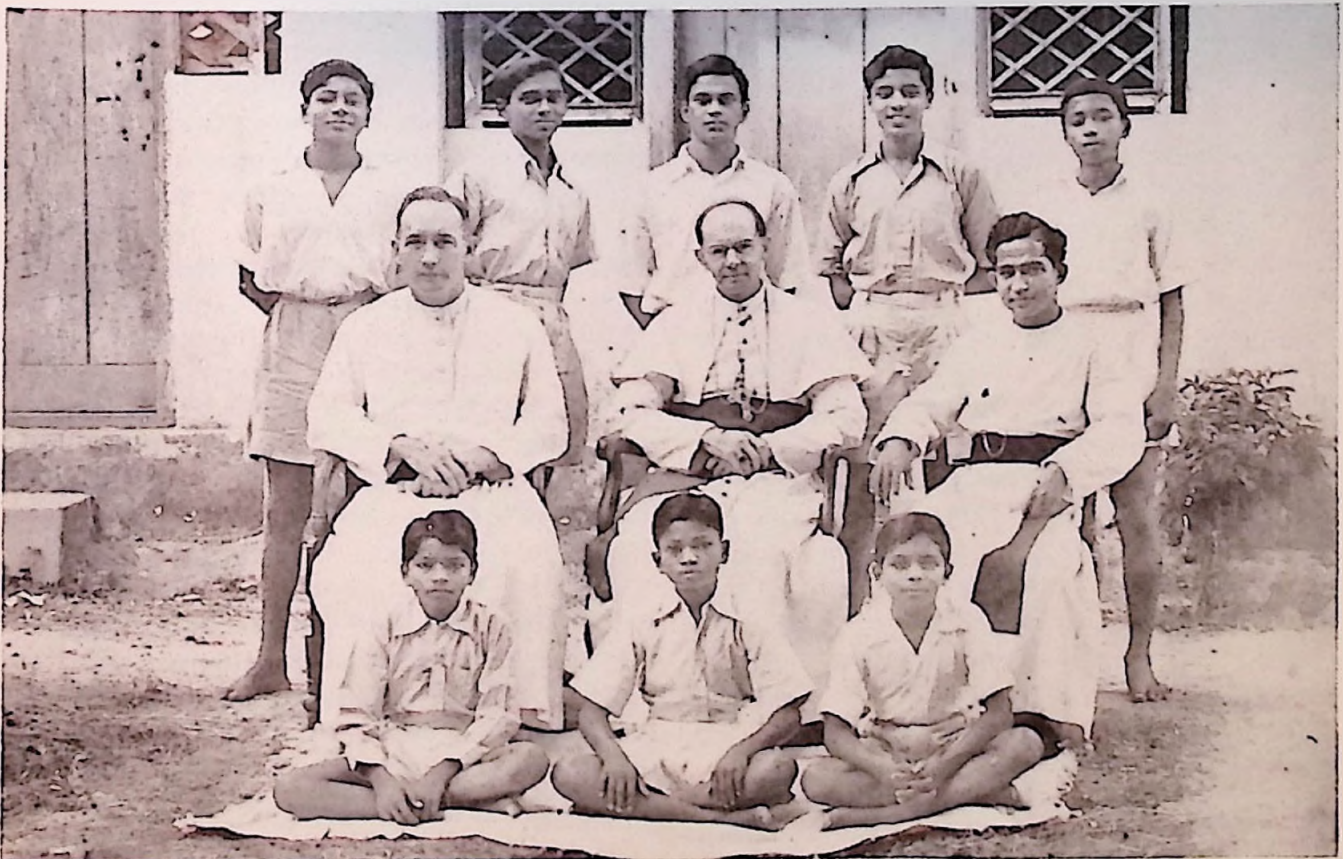
These boys solve the language difficulties naturally. Most of them speak Tamil when they come, and in the classes at St. Michael's they acquire the knowledge of English that they will need. When they are going to school it is not so much a question of their learning English as it is of not forgetting Tamil. Some of them come from Sinhalese families and those that don't can follow the Sinhalese classes at the College.

WILLIAM MORAN, S.J.

At first sight that seems to answer all the questions doesn't it? Everything is solved, now just go to it. But it isn't that simple. To write out the solution to a problem takes only paper and a typewriter, but to live it and see that it is followed takes much more. For instance, these seminarians must have a place to eat and to sleep, a place to study and to pray. As simple as these solutions sound, they really aren't quite that simple. Right now the Seminary is occupying an old building that has in its time housed part of St. Michael's College, then was converted into the Catholic Teachers College and is now the Seminary.

That night I watched Bishop Glennie as he waited for his seminarians after night visit to the chapel. As each of the seminarians came out he knelt to kiss the bishop's ring and the latter said something to each one of them. He inquired how this one felt and how that one found his Latin that day and just anything that was personal to each one of them. These are his hope and if by any means he can encourage them in their work he finds time to do it. Here was truly the shepherd of the flock herding his chosen few along the right path.

Bishop Glennie and Father Clarkson S. J. (left) are guiding the eight sturdy, young seminarians, the hope of Ceylon's Church, through their studies.



The Loudest Wins



Father Reilly makes a convert in the usual way. He converted many adults during his stay in Jamaica.

BENEDICT J. REILLY S.J.

ONE OF THE MORE INTERESTING ACTIVITIES of Saint Anne's Church here in Kingston, Jamaica, is the convert class every week. A year ago forty three adults were confirmed. The meeting begins at dusk.

The class starts with some review questions of the previous week and then there is covered another chapter in "Father Smith Instructs Jackson." The English Catechism with brief questions and answers seems to come more easily after they have become acquainted with "Father Smith" and his treatment of the Sacraments and Commandments. Recitation in unison is entertaining for them and their convincing explosions of either "True" or "False" has the added benefit of keeping the class awake. The ones that do doze off really cannot be blamed so much as the evenings are usually rather hot in Kingston and some have been working for eight or ten hours. Scripture quotations come easily to them and provide grounds for argumentation. Sabbath observance instead of the Sunday and a text like "Call no man Father," come up again and again. Were there logic in their argumentation it

would be more interesting to discuss these texts but the loudest larynx seems to be the deciding factor of victory and if the decision should be a close one then an extra point might be given to the one speaking the most rapidly. There are over thirty-five of the former class still coming regularly to Saint Anne's and that is encouraging.

A pleasant and consoling dream is the possibility of their becoming fervent enough to conduct instruction classes in their own dwellings and "yards." At present that has not come true. As a matter of fact the mathematics of convert work still leaves that unknown 'X' intangible. IF there are forty adults received into the Church each year, and IF the classes are weekly events, then there should be an increase in the attendance at Mass. The Easter Sunday attendance was sixteen hundred as the total for three Masses. Last Sunday's attendance was a mere eight hundred and ten!

But the important thing is that steady stream of men and women who come of their own accord to learn the truths of the Faith. It may be an indication that the tide is finally turning in Jamaica and all the patient planting of past years may soon ripen into the harvest.

DISASTER *in Darjeeling*

JOSEPH C. HAMMETT S.J.

SUDDEN DEATH IS IN THE AIR TODAY. It is June 12, 1950, the fifth day of our eight-day retreat, in the Himalayan mountain resort of Darjeeling, India. The monsoons have begun, and their beginning has brought disaster, swift and terrible. For three days there has been incessant rain—not the usual pattern of rain, followed by a brief respite and then more rain; this is now the fourth day of hard rain. This year's monsoon seems bent on destruction.

It began yesterday, when we learned that the road to Darjeeling, our supply line, was blocked in two places by landslides. The whole mountain has become soft from the constant heavy rain; and wherever the earth becomes too soft at some critical point, that part of the mountainside gives way and comes hurtling down with a tremendous roar, sweeping everything in its path with crushing violence.

Last night, about fifteen yards from where I lay asleep, an avalanche roared down into the valley below, missing by inches the little outbuilding where our cook, his wife, and their son lay asleep; one corner of their house was left suspended above empty space! This morning, I listened from the porch as another avalanche, with a noise like a mighty crescendo of thunder, gathered weight and speed in its descent and rushed past about fifty yards away, uprooting mighty trees and demolishing them like so many matchsticks, finally coming to rest five or six hundred feet below after obliterating one road and seriously damaging another.

Close to the two cottages which we are using, there are four cottages used by various congregations of Sisters who come up from the plains for a short rest. About 10 o'clock that morning, we heard that one of the Sisters' cottages was in imminent danger; so, abandoning our retreat for the moment, we hurried down to see what could be done. Perched on a tiny level spot, with the ground rising steeply behind and falling off sheer in front, the little cottage really was in danger, as were the brave Sisters living in it. About fifteen feet above, the

ground had begun to slide down and pile up against the back of the house, preventing drainage and causing the onrushing torrents of water to collect around the cottage. There was a double danger: either a great section of the hillside above might break loose and sweep the convent and its inhabitants out of existence; or the vast amounts of water soaking into the ground about the house might weaken the earth supporting it, and send it catapulting into the valley below. Since we could do nothing to prevent the ground above from falling, we set to work to drain off the floods of water.

Here I must mention the heroic courage of those Sisters. They knew the danger, and must have been inwardly terrified; but they were going about their tasks coolly—two appointed for perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, some quietly

The monsoons—heavy, incessant rains—undermined the railway tracks in the mountains at the Canadian Jesuits' mission of Darjeeling, Northern India.





Fathers Hammett and McGrath had to grope their way over boulder-strewn trails like this to lead

the Sisters to safety. Fog and nightfall added peril to every step of their road to the valley.

packing necessary articles in case the house should have to be abandoned, two, like schoolgirls on a holiday, wading about in the knee-deep mud and water doing what they could to help, some even preparing lunch for the others as if it were just another day's routine!

After several hours it became apparent that our efforts were fruitless. The Sisters must abandon the convent. Moreover, one of our own cottages had been narrowly missed by two landslides already, and was in danger due to the hill that rose steeply behind it for several hundred feet. Therefore these two places must be evacuated before dark, if possible. But where to go? The Canadian and Belgian Jesuits have a boys' college about five miles from us, on a large open place almost certainly safe; in the same direction, and at about half the distance, the Sisters of Loretto have a girls' school, also probably safe, where we could leave our refugee Sisters. But to reach either of these places we must penetrate the heart of the landslide area; the slides are still coming down, and our cook's wife reports all roads and paths hopelessly blocked. Well, there is nothing for it but to try; two of us can search for an upper route along the ridge of the mountain, while two try to find a passable route below;

if we succeed, we can return and lead the Sisters to safety.

So, feeling very much like four Daniel Boones, we set out, Father Ed McGrath and I taking the upper route. To describe that journey is beyond my power: the number of homeless persons wandering about in the cold rain, the despair written on the faces of those who crouched terrified in their doorways watching the heights above them and awaiting whatever might be; the sound of the earth giving way a hundred yards ahead of us, crashing through the wall of a tiny house and filling it with tons of mud and rock; steel poles bent double like twigs, the wires they were carrying strewn about on the ground or swinging at shoulder level; the twisted wreckage of houses caught in some mad rush of stone and earth—here a great beam, there a piece of corrugated iron roofing, splintered wood and twisted metal following the path of the slide—mute witnesses of sudden, terrible death. All this we saw, and more, as we sought out some way to bring the Sisters to safety.

God was watching out for His brave daughters; as we started back, discouragement in our hearts, one of the first strangers of whom we inquired told us of a path that had been passable a short time previously.

Come, follow me

We took it; and surely enough, it wound up to a spot that we had been able to reach safely; it was the missing link in the chain of paths we had already found. True, the mud was ankle-deep in places, electric wires dangled here and there, and at two spots the path had been neatly cut in half by some falling boulder; but to us, for whom it meant all the difference in the world, it looked as good as the Lincoln Highway!

Back home, some three hours after setting out, we found that the two who had explored the lower route had reported utter chaos; passage that way was impossible. So two groups were formed, each led by one of us who had found the relatively safe route; and in the gathering dusk we set out, a prayer in our hearts that the paths on which we depended would still be intact.

Our prayer was answered. Only at the end of the journey were we confronted by a fresh landslide which had wiped out that section of the road since I had passed there less than two hours before; there was another good path to take us around this new obstacle, and before the lingering daylight had faded into the murky blackness of a rainy night, we deposited the last of the Sisters safely at Loretto Convent. With a prayer of gratitude, we began the second half of our journey by flashlight.

The rain was still pouring down; night had fallen, bringing with it a heavy fog which turned back the rays of our torches at short distance in front of us. At several points landslides had crossed our road, leaving trees, boulders, and a sea of knee-deep slime; at these places every step had to be felt out cautiously, lest we meet the fate of one poor soul who, on the following day, while wading through such a sea of mud along a roadway, suddenly sank down and was buried alive—the road underfoot had been carried away, leaving only soft mud, as treacherous as quicksand.

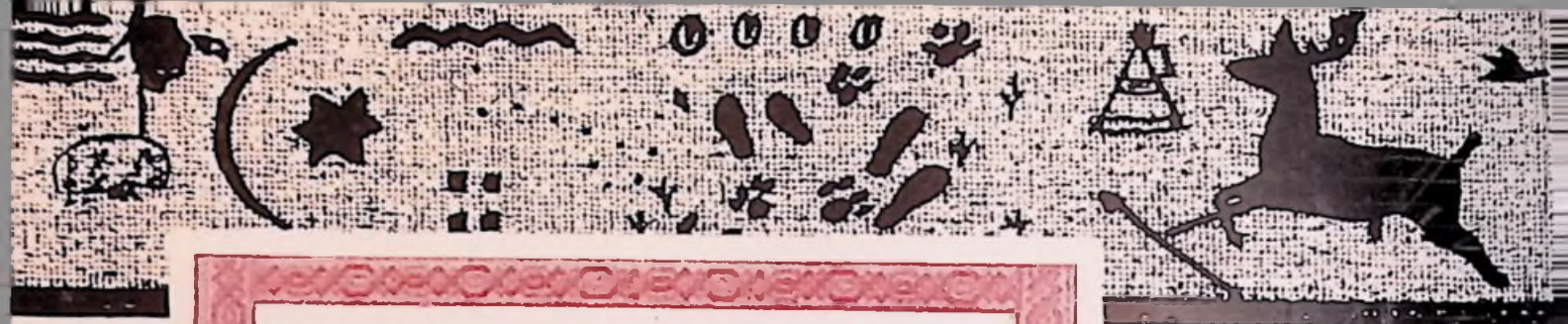
Three hours after setting out, our shoes and socks filled with slime, wet and muddy from head to foot, we arrived at our destination. The Jesuits there were already giving food and shelter to some four hundred refugees; we, their brother Jesuits, were received with special warmth. After a good meal and a change into warm, dry clothes, we went about the business of finishing out the remaining three days of our eight-day retreat. It is a retreat we will not forget in a long while.

October the 3rd, the feast of Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus, is a day I have cause to remember; and this month's column is a missionary's homage to the heavenly Patroness of the Missions. Ten years ago, on her feast day, I had occasion to ask a rather singular favor through her intercession. I have felt a certain reluctance about so personal a revelation, for Saint Theresa needs no testimony of mine to make her power in heaven known. But perhaps my story will prompt others to invoke her aid on behalf of those many foreign missions and missionaries now being sorely tried in these chaotic times.

On the evening of October the 2nd, 1940, I came up to Jerusalem from the land across the Jordan. Awaiting me there was a cable from Boston informing me that my mother was gravely ill. She had already been confined to an invalid's chair for twenty years, though through a gracious Providence her faculties had remained exceptionally keen. She and I had parted five years before with what we both assumed a last farewell. The last and smiling blessing eased the going. Now she was gravely ill.

In prayer alone could I help her. So in the morning, on Saint Theresa's feast, with mine the privilege of offering Mass on Calvary itself, there I asked the Patroness of Missionaries to take my mother in her care, to speed and comfort her declining hours. My trust was not misplaced. That very morning, six thousand miles away, conscious and smiling to the last, my mother died in Saint Theresa's care.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



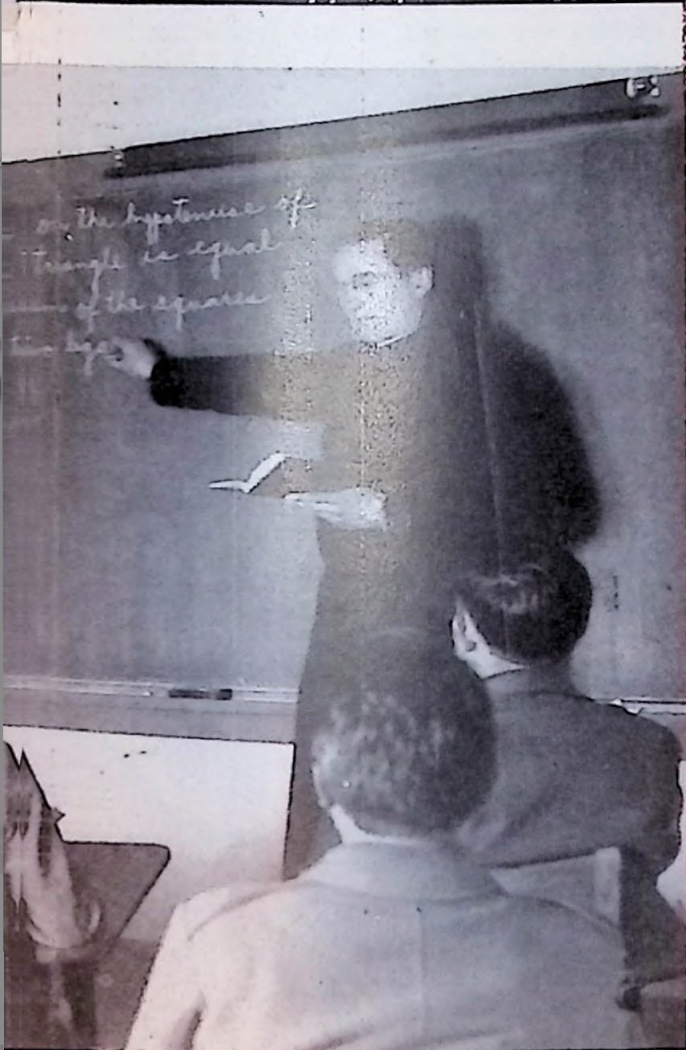
EDUCATION
Plus AT
Holy Rosary



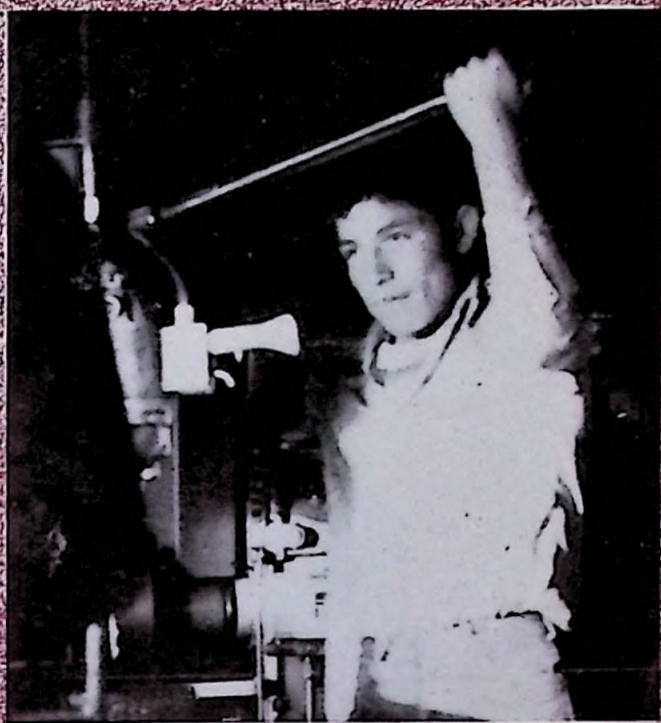
OUT NEAR THE BADLANDS OF SOUTH DAKOTA, in the heart of the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian Reservation, stands one of the largest Catholic schools in the entire state. It has been there since 1888 when the Jesuits, with the help of the Franciscan Sisters, founded Holy Rosary Mission and erected a boarding school for Indian boys and girls.

The aim of Holy Rosary is to provide for every Indian child the opportunity of receiving, under Catholic auspices, the kind of education best fitted to the individual. The classes





from the first grade through high school when a boy or girl has lived twelve years in this Christ-filled atmosphere he or she is ready for college or a job—and life. The regular academic education of the ordinary American youth is coupled with a training in such diversified fields as garage and dairy work, carpentry and farming while the girls receive a thorough domestic preparation in sewing, cooking, baking and laundry work. Holy Rosary Mission is one of the brightest spots in the American Indian landscape.



Practical training in Holy Rosary's machine shop.



Father Fencil S.J. helps build the swimming pool.

Brother Stehr S.J. with some of his bakery crew.





(Above) Doctor—Father Kunnekal dispenses medicine.
 (Right) Lawyer—Father Pollard argues another case.
 (Far Right) And Priest—Father Schmidt at the altar.

“DOCTOR...

circles are racing in my head, and a fire is burning there. A pill to heal it, Father.”

“But, granny, if you toss out devil worship from your life a lot of your headaches will melt away.”

It was then that granny stoutly swore that she had nothing to do with Satan and his worship. But when I threatened to uncover her idol she shut her toothless mouth and merely grunted. Now, though, I was determined. I strode quickly to the courtyard, flung off the straw and smashed to ground level the pinda. Later, threats and abuses like a torrent came flooding from that house. I was in-

IT IS A STUFFY NIGHT IN EARLY SUMMER. My old army lamp sputters as another moth kisses death in its flame. My thoughts wearily go back to the activities of the past four days.

I can still see the wrinkled face of the old granny as she crackled in shocked surprise, “I *never* do devil worship, Father, but never!” This had been at the first village on the four-day tour. From mud house to mud house I went . . . “In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti . . . sprinkling holy water in every nook and dark corner, blessing each home. My inner prayer was, “Drive O Lord, far from each house the Old Boy with his slick ways.” He had a grip of steel on some homes and wills. My heart ached; I tried to keep recollected with downcast eyes. Those downcast eyes, though, caught sight of a mud mound neatly hidden by straw against my coming; the mud mound was the pinda, the family god. I thought it better to keep quiet for the time. In the afternoon, while sitting on a cot with my medicines piled around me, the old granny of the house with the family god hobbled towards me. “Ah, Father,



formed that the abuse was not meant for me, but for the one whom Granny had suspected all along was guilty of snitching on her.

I was cramped double on the small cot the villagers had fixed up for my night’s rest. The battle of bed-bugs was in the final stages. I had lost, or won depending on how you look at it. I was resigned to their pricking bite and was just relaxing into slumberland. “Father, Father.” I jerked to

LAWYER

... Priest”

attention. I knew what that frightened near-hysterical tone meant. I had heard it more than once; it meant snake bite. Luckily I had brought some good anti-snake bite medicine. The directions were to pour the medicine down the throat. But the patient, a woman, was out cold with teeth clamped tight. Nevertheless, a strong-wristed man was able to force open the mouth. Some of the antidote went down. Then the woman was forcibly paced back and forth in the arms of two men. At one end of the pace men stood ready with buckets of water. Each time they dumped the full contents on the unconscious woman's head. After an hour



of sweating, and ducking and teeth-pulling apart she became conscious.

During this work-out there had been some discussion about administering the medicine. It seems Grandpa Ramdhahin had died on Tuesday night, this was Tuesday and therefore even if the woman was already stepping into the yawning jaws of death it was bad luck to administer the medicine. Further, they insisted that I look at the poisonous

viper which had bitten the woman—that was good luck.

Before sunrise my catechist and I pushed our cycles to the next village. We wanted to beat the sun before its rays beat us, I called this hamlet the “Well-done Village” because we had done a well there. It wasn't really complete yet. It called for 12,000 bricks at 45 rupees a thousand, 25 cart loads of sand at 3 rupees a throw, and cement (when you could get it rationed) at 5 rupees a bag. Buying, selling, seeing workmen and ration officers. The work of a merchant and I'm trained to be a priest!

It was in the capacity of a lawyer that we were next called. A misunderstanding, a quarrel, a broken head and a court case was on the way. At the drop of the topi the villagers are ready to bring a charge before the judge. As best as I could I tried to settle this case; dragging out my best Demosthenic style to persuade the injured party not to go to court at all. That night pointing to imaginary buttons on my cassock I mumbled to myself a childhood ditty, “Doctor, lawyer, merchant, priest.” It wasn't a matter of choosing one—all were the vocations of a missionary priest.

Another day, another village, this time Chilibili. Mass early, very early, to enable these poor people to get to their work in the fields. A Mass prayed with a haunting thought. “How much do our neophytes understand? Am I expecting too much? Centuries of unbelief and can one year or even ten years bring full belief?” Communion; how much we have to offer them, Lord—You Yourself! They take You as so commonplace. Confession; “It is four months since my last confession, Father, I have committed no sins.” Which is impossible for a weak character in these surroundings. But they are distrustful; so often fooled and cheated before, they instinctively conceal any fault. The children understand. They have not been spoilt and have been trained in our schools. They are our hope.

Four days of evangelizing to spread Your Light in darkness, Lord. Yet I know that these outcaste people among whom I work are aching for life; full life as only You can give. I could see it in their startled, pained and haunted eyes.

THOMAS M. DOWNING S.J.

HENRY HARGREAVES S.J.

THE YUKON BROKE QUIETLY THIS YEAR. No crashing, bank-crushing masses of ice piled up massive dams to flood the villages. The ice simply rotted away and flowed out to the Bering Sea.

No matter how the break-up comes, a *cheechako* is glad on one score. Out with the high water swirls his title of *cheechako*, and he enters the Sourdough class. Still wet behind the ears, perhaps, but a Sourdough none the less.

And now he could answer more fully last year's query of Seattle folk: "Where in heaven's name is Hooper Bay?"

"On the coast of Alaska . . . somewhere," I then replied. Now I know it is simply a big hop, skip and jump from the Bow Lake Airfield between Seattle and Tacoma.

You hop by plane to Anchorage in seven hours. Next comes the skip over the mountains to Bethel. Variety plus! Some whites, half breeds, Eskimos, shacks, a hospital, roadhouse, children, wailing dogs, and the boats littering the bank of the mighty Kuskokwim River like stranded whales. Father Llorente's quonset chapel and hut offer refuge within this marvelous melange of mud, mist and misery.

When you buy a ticket for Hooper Bay, the final jump, you are reassured by Tosh, a veteran bush pilot, that he would rather fly anywhere in the Arctic than fly to Hooper Bay.

Only a few seconds from Bethel, you peer down on the tundra. Lakes and ponds gleaming like a handful of silver coins on a greenish brown carpet, eyed us from horizon to horizon, except when fog wrapped us like wet cotton, and only two whirring props hinted signs of life.

Rivers long and narrow, twining snake-like over the flat plain, stitched pond to pond. I had thought Alaska would be one interminable mass of upthrust crags, thunderous valleys and white-plumed rivers with glaciers.

No, on we flew, and never an undulation. I thought once I saw a mink or muskrat swimming up a slough. After intense squinting I realized it was a boat of natives chugging along, no doubt in search of geese or berries. We were really up high. Terry McDonald, the pilot, pointed out a thin line of

A HOP, SKIP AND JUMP



Father Hargreaves assists Father Paul O'Connor at this Chapel of the Little Flower in snowy Hooper Bay. By the time this snow was gone and the Yukon had broken up the *cheechako* had become a Sourdough.

huts hugging a wide river. I learned it was Chevak where Father Convert S.J. had labored many years.

Hills rose to the north, the Scammon Bay mountains, the first change from flatness. Save for a few huts, some natives in boats, this whole watery prairie harbors only mink, muskrat, geese, swans, ducks, cranes, white and red fox. When winter comes the snow and ice will make this Bering Sea flat-land a sheet of blazing whiteness.

Like a goose coming in for a landing, our

plane circled the village, then landed in the bay and taxied up the slough lined with round-faced, parka-clad children. They made no sound; just looked on, like inscrutable Orientals. A little later they were playing as gaily and loudly as any children.

Father Paul O'Connor smilingly waves a welcome, and to guarantee that the whole trip is no dream, my feet get stuck in the glue of the slough, deceptively termed mud. To add to the conviction, the Bering Sea batters away the sand dunes a few miles off, and the west roars when the wind is high.

With curious eyes you walk toward the mission house, up the incline that lifts like a whale's back from the bay. In autumn the path is muddy; winter snows will transform the ridge and native huts into a soft ivory carving.

Passing between the houses, you notice some new, others old. The old houses—sod skin over drift wood skeleton—are partially sunk into the ground. The new houses, standing out like autumn maple trees among evergreens, are Hooper Bay's latest step. The Alaska Housing Authority enables these people to buy good lumber, nails, roofing and celotex at lowest possible prices. The men build their own houses, paying for the materials over a period of six years.

What strikes you as you frisk the village with inquisitive gaze, is the amalgam of the dated and up-to-date. An antique sod cabin sports a Wincharger to charge the six volt batteries. Yet the same tower supporting the prop-driven generator holds the strings of fish in ancient-wise; tom cods drying in the

FINE DAY IN BAGHDAD

Duraïd is a delightful but precocious youngster in his first year at Baghdad College. The other day he was responsible for a bit of tomfoolery in which some furniture was damaged. He was soon summoned by Father Charles Mahan, Prefect of Boarders, who in his calm effective manner reviewed the entire affair and Duraïd's prominent part in it. At the end Father Mahan said deliberately, "And now, Duraïd, I will take from you two dinars!" Duraïd gulped hard as he visioned this inroad on his pocket money. Then, gazing sorrowfully at Father Mahan, he replied, "And now, Father, I will take from you two aspirins!"

breeze. The Innuït of their ancestors is the language floating through the doors; the music from phonograph or radio is the newest hillbilly or cowboy tune. A kayak rests on logs nearby; a man is tinkering with his outboard motor.

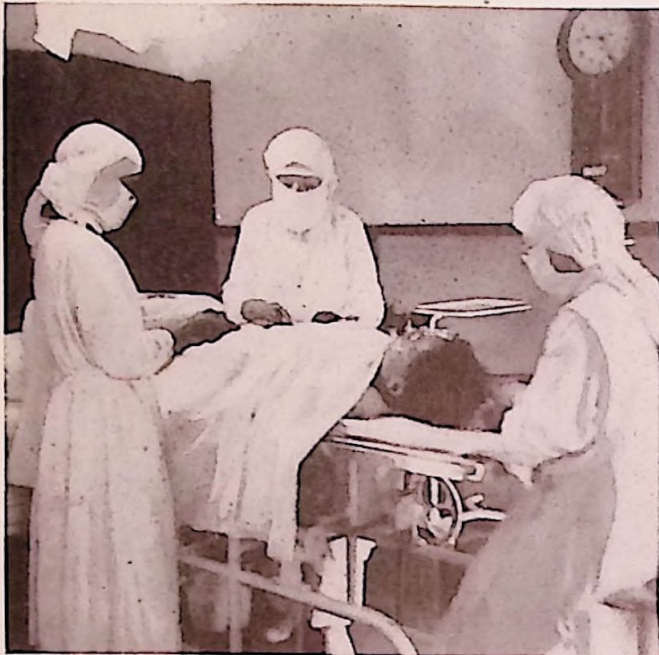
According to American standards these homes and ways of living are shabby. But the people who live here welcome you with a serene smile, a gentle nobility, a poise proper to conquerors who have triumphed for centuries over the world's worst weather. The *cheechako* wonders at their poverty; the Sourdough admires their courageous versatility.

The snow may be up to the eaves of the log cabin but this young Eskimo mother still has something to smile about. For one thing she doesn't have to reach too high to hang the wash on the line.



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

OCTOBER: Care of the Sick in Missions.



Medical Mission Sisters in India

Recently a young lady came to JESUIT MISSIONS and inquired: "Father, what kind of a sister would I have to be to work solely for the lepers?" She is only one of many who have made a similar inquiry of a priest, sister or student counselor. A life dedicated to the sick in the missions is making an ever stronger appeal to Catholic youth. And rightly so! For God kindles the spark of a vocation in accordance with the needs of the Church. It was only as recently as 1936 that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda issued an "Instruction" urging the creation of religious congregations that would devote themselves mainly to medical work in the missions.

The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda was but carrying out in more specific detail the advice of Pope Pius XI given a decade earlier. "Let the missionaries remember that they must follow the same methods with the natives as did the Divine Teacher when He walked the earth. Before He taught the multitudes He was accustomed to heal their sick, 'And all that were sick He healed,' and 'many followed Him and He healed

them all,' and again 'He had compassion on them and healed their sick'."

Wherever missionaries have gone, there you find springing up beside the little church and school the dispensary, hospital or leprosy. But it is our privilege to live in a day and age when Christ's Vicar has specifically approved institutes which will not only attend the sick in the missions, but will send out registered nurses, physicians and surgeons fully equipped to conduct to the last detail first rate hospitals and training schools for nurses and doctors in mission lands. To cite only two examples, such are Mother Anna Dengel's Medical Mission Sisters founded in 1925; such too, are the Medical Missionaries of Mary established in 1937.

One priest who had toured the missions of the Near and Far East reported that the best known American Jesuit in mission lands was Father Edward F. Garesche. This has been due to his long connection with the Catholic Medical Mission Board and a new community of religious, the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick. In 1949 they sent to 55 distinct missionary communities in 45 countries literally hundreds of thousands of pounds of medical supplies. In their apostolate they have been assisted by some 600 Blue Cross Circles, the laity at home assisting the medical missionaries abroad.

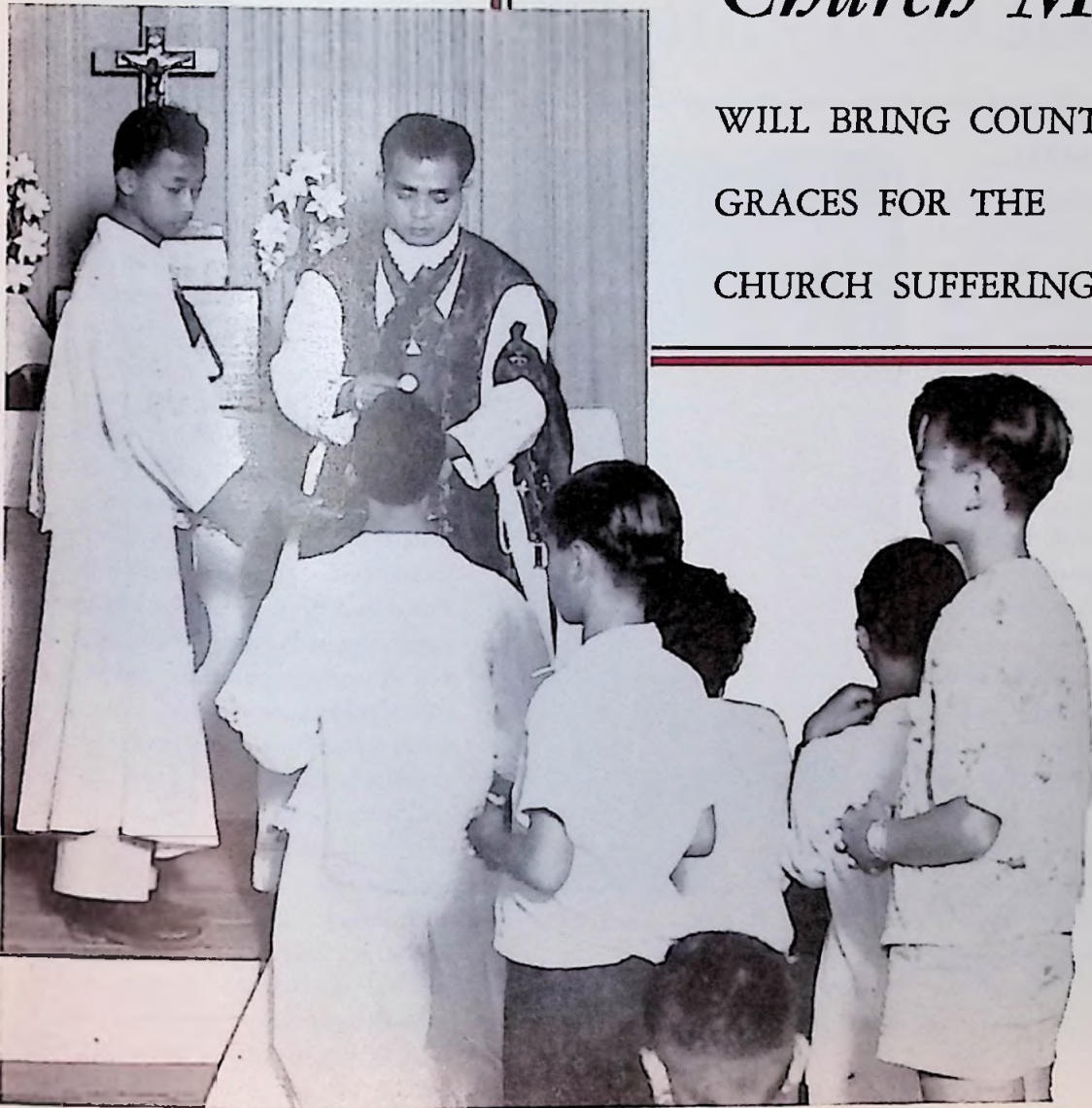
More and new institutes for religious are needed in medical missions. Lay medical institutes are likewise needed to supplement their work. Such was the Catholic Medical Missionary Institute of Wurzburg which prior to World War II sent 43 lay doctors and nurses to mission lands. Such is the French association "Ad Lucem" founded in Lille in 1931; such too the Belgian "Fomulac" which sends skilled doctors and nurses to the Belgian Congo to train Congolese to become doctors and nurses.

Great then is the urgency to keep in our prayers not only religious vocations to the medical missions, but also the advancement, in accordance with modern progress, of Catholic medical mission institutes for religious and laity.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

MASSES *for the* *Church Militant*

WILL BRING COUNTLESS
GRACES FOR THE
CHURCH SUFFERING



Filipino boys at
Mass of Filipino
Jesuit Father.

GREGORIAN MASSES

Our friends frequently ask whether we accept offerings for Gregorian Masses. We do. Missionaries are glad to say these Masses for you. The usual offering is \$30.

At the same time you remember your deceased relatives and friends, you can aid effectively the Church in mission lands. Send to JESUIT MISSIONS now your Mass Intentions for the month of the Holy Souls, and we will forward them to India, the Philippines, Japan and other mission countries. Jesuit priests there will offer the Holy Sacrifice for your family in Purgatory. The Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist will strengthen the faith of mission Catholics and your offerings will supply the material needs of the priests.

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

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

QUEEN OF ALL HEARTS

October is the month of the rosary and the rosary is a far more powerful weapon than any man-made bomb. All over the world peoples of different temperaments, languages and customs are one in their devotion to the Mother of God. It is the one appeal the human heart cannot withstand and can understand. **Father William Connolly S.J.** in Kingston, Jamaica, emphasizes this:

"We don't pretend that everyone here sees eye to eye on all things but one thing is certain—the Blessed Virgin plays a big part in the lives of these people. Any night in the year you can enter the Cathedral and find a group of men—yes, men—leading the rosary. The crowd may range from 25 to 1,200, depending on what service, if any, is to follow. This practice by the men of the Cathedral began in 1912 with the opening of the Cathedral which replaced the one destroyed in 1907. I think they must have a record in their long fidelity.

"Then there is a Living Rosary group of women who have met once a month since their youth for a talk on Our Lady and an "exchange of mysteries," although each one says the full fifteen mysteries each day.

"Right now Holy Rosary parish is preparing for its outdoor Living Rosary in October which makes a grand impression with every Ave sung, the first half by each 'bead' and the response by the whole group. I wonder if there is any other banner in the world that can rally the people as can the blue banner of Mary."



PATNA PROCESSION

From Bankipore in Patna, India, **Father Edward O'Leary S.J.** reports the heartwarming coming of the Statue of Our Lady of Fatima.

"From the statue's arrival till the Pontifical open air Mass we had Masses at the altar of the statue, and then a day of prayer. In the evening there was a torch-light procession with over two thousand carrying lighted candles. The statue had been mounted on a truck, with a spot-light turned on it, and it gave the impression that the statue was floating in mid-air. Plenty of people lined the way, and the crowd was more than doubled for the open air services in front of St. Xavier's. Everybody was happy with the result, but it was only the beginning.

Father Edward O'Leary S.J. once of Springfield, Illinois, and now in Bankipore, tells the Fatima story.

"After a night at Dinapore, a plane took the statue to Bettiah, Chuhari and Rampur. At this latter place the people had leveled off a field to make a landing field, and had provided an elephant to carry the statue, while three others bowed down and gave the salute. The arrival of the plane brought a crowd of over three thousand. Returning to Patna, the Sisters' College became the headquarters for the evening celebrations and the all night vigil, and continuous Masses. For most of the crowd it was the most impressive ceremony they had ever seen, as well as their first Catholic celebration.

"Stops were also made at Barh and Mokameh and as the statue was going to Calcutta, at the last stop of the train inside the diocese, namely Jhajha, a crowd knelt with lighted candles on the station platform for a fifteen-minute stop of the train. It was so all out of proportion to what we had done, it was evident Our Lady had done things in Her own way, and by Her own means. It was without a doubt the biggest affair we have had in Patna, and no one will ever forget the four days it was in the diocese."

AND IN CEYLON

The Fatima statue also paid a visit to Batticaloa in Ceylon, and **Father John Lange S.J.** writes:

"The big news this time is Our Lady of Fatima. The statue arrived in Batticaloa, and I had it here in my own front yard. The wonderful thing was a very definite sense of a *presence*—it seemed that Our Lady herself was

near us. I've seen quite a few statues before, and even some remarkable relics; but I don't think I have ever before had such a consciousness of a heavenly presence. It wasn't awe-inspiring, but it was very moving. When the statue was leaving us, it seemed as if a person were going away. We worked hard to prepare for the reception of the statue, and we—the whole parish, and many outsiders—prayed diligently the whole night through.

"One of the miracles was that my people, usually so lethargic and apathetic, took a real active interest right from the beginning—even where it hurt them most: their pocketbook! They bought the little pamphlets and booklets and pictures that we offered for sale—snapped them up eagerly, in fact—and they contributed generously to the expenses of the reception. There was an unprecedented number of Communion at the midnight (1:00 a.m.) Mass. On the whole, there was not a thing to mar the beauty of the occasion.

"And the after-effects? Lots and lots of families are now saying the rosary daily. On the first Saturday of the month following the statue's visit, plenty of people fasted in honor of Our Lady, and as a penance. The little statue, so humble, so full of purity, so sad—it won everyone's heart."

EVENT OF THE YEAR

At Talisayan in the Philippines Father J. Gordon Koller S.J. looks back over the year and sums up the feelings of every missionary anywhere.

"Perhaps the most encouraging event of the entire year was the visit of the statue of Our Lady of Fatima. The deep Faith of my people, and their warm filial child-like devotion to and trust in our Blessed Mother were enough to bring overflowing joy to the heart and tears to tired eyes."

A MAN'S WORLD

Father Edward Dineen S.J. in Jamshedpur, India, believes the following is eminently worthy of note. "The big difference between here and the States in regard to church services is that the men carry the ball.

"Have you ever heard the word 'panchayat?' It means something like the 'council of five.' 'Panch' is Hindi for five. In the villages the panchayat is a sort of legislative, judicial and executive body which is composed of the weighty men of the village. In our case at Jojobera it is a loose organization of about five, more or less, of the more zealous and influential men of the Catholic community. When I want something done I talk to the chief of the group and he relays the word down to the others. The panchayat then sounds out the other members of the community and then the panchayat meets and talks over the situation and then the resultant agreement or opinion or what have you comes to me. It's a great system, especially since I am strictly a Sunday visitor, since I teach in the school six days a week.

"These panchayats are strictly 'for men only' affairs. The men

are the backbone in church affairs in this country, at least among the aboriginals. The women do very beautiful sewing jobs for the altar (the panchayat, by the way, declares an assessment of a couple of annas per family and buys the goods), but the men do the decorating for all solemn functions, they set up the altar every week, keep the hall we use as a chapel clean, etc.

"They make the census of the parish and contact all the non-Catholics they can get hold of, search out 'cases,' trace sources for baptismal certificates, etc. Without them I could do little more than be a Mass priest over there. As it is, I think that about five years will see a really flourishing center over there and, if we have the men, a permanent place for a priest. Then the place will blossom like the rose."

BETWEEN THE LINES

My home for a good part of the summer was one of the prettiest shrines in the Holy Land, St. Peter in Gallicantu. The expansive property of some ten or twelve acres is just outside the southern wall of Jerusalem and occupies a generous portion of the

The people of Ceylon crowd the streets to welcome the statue of Our Lady of Fatima. It was Batticaloa's biggest event of the year.



slopes of Mount Sion. It is only a long stone's throw from the Benedictine Dormition Abbey, now very much battered and in Israeli territory.

The strip of No Man's Land, marking the boundary line between Arab and Israeli territory, crosses our driveway and property just thirty yards from our door. Brother Francis, custodian of the property, offered to show me around the place. I was no little surprised when he led me through a break in the barbed wire fence and up the hill through his field to the gate house opposite the

Zion Gate of the walled city. The gate house was very much battered from the shooting and it had been utterly despoiled by pillage.

As we approached it Brother Francis said, "I suppose you know that this field is mined." I asked him to repeat, just in case I hadn't understood and what he was really saying was "This field is mine." But no, I had clearly understood him the first time. Some moments later I found my voice and answered that I was learning that the field was mined.

"Why haven't they removed the mines?" I asked with surprise.

"Well," he answered, "This is No Man's Land and no one is allowed to enter."

"You don't suppose by any chance that the same prohibition applies to us?" I asked.

Brother's assurance was not all that it might have been. "I come here a couple of times a week to check the property. They are used to seeing me here. They wouldn't shoot *me!*"

"Granted that they are used to seeing you here, it so happens that this is the very first time they have seen *me* here."

I looked up at the Arab sentry gazing at us from the turreted wall of the city overhead and then I glanced at the Israeli sentry on the tower of the Dormition, a hundred yards away. Both seemed very interested in us.

"How about a friendly wave to show our peaceful intentions?" I suggested.

Brother looked at me. "And at which one are you going to wave first?" he asked shrewdly.

I saw his point. Modestly I tried to keep arms, eyes and the hair on my neck down. I listened without interest as he leisurely pointed out the destruction while all the time we stood openly in a great breach and others took an unhealthy interest in us. Finally, years later, we started back to the house. I only wish I could follow in the steps of the Master as precisely as I followed in the steps of Brother Francis on that walk!

JOSEPH CONNELL S.J.

THE CHINA SITUATION

At Yangchow the movements of the Fathers are restricted but they are still kept busier than ever. Fathers Fahy, Ryan and Thornton have more converts than they can handle. In Shanghai activity is about normal. Father Phillips is now pastor of Christ the King Church. The Nanking scene is quiet but the men there have been allowed more freedom outside the city walls.



AD MULTOS ANNOS

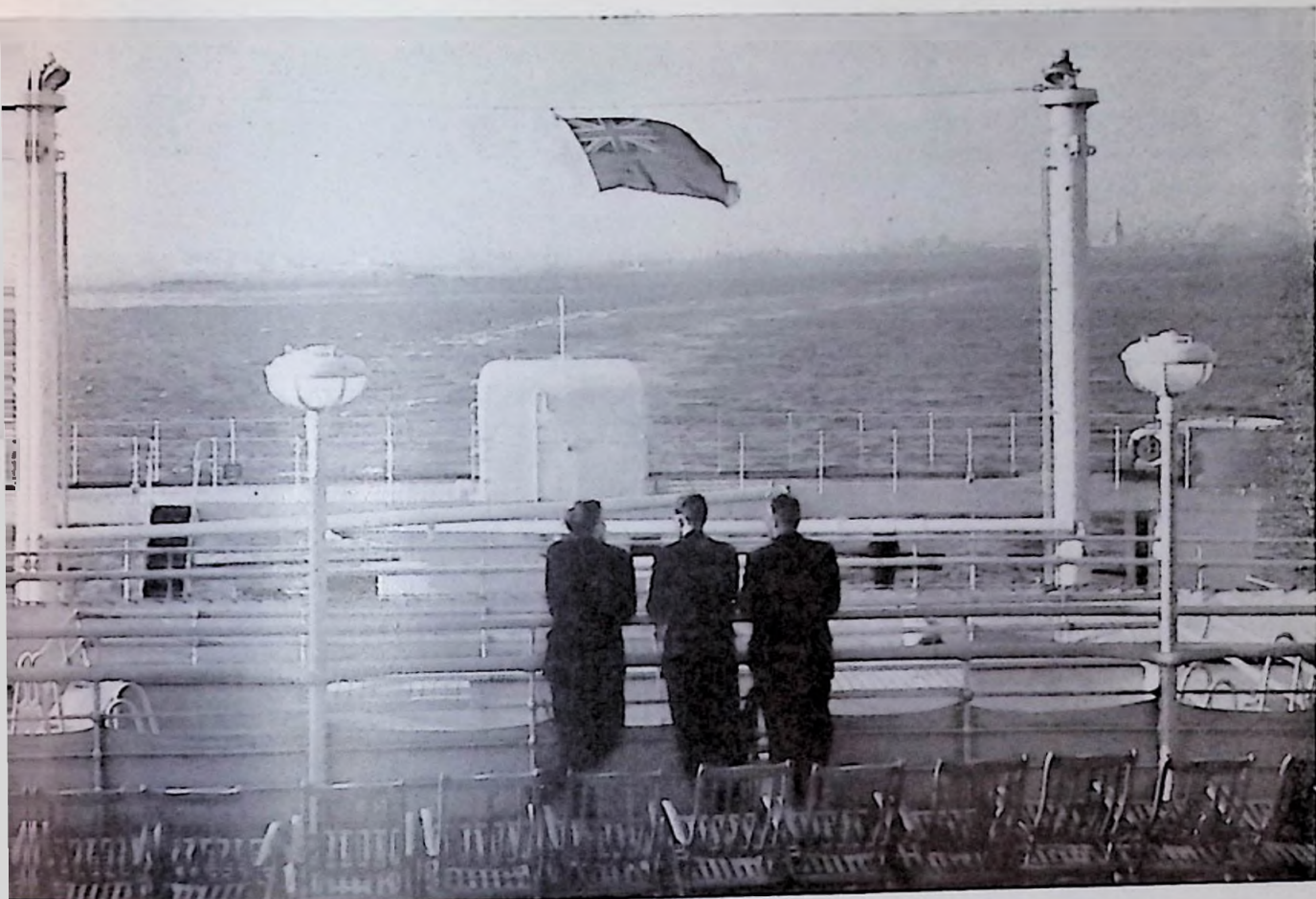
Father Ramon Vila S.J. is not a young man. He rounded his ninetieth birthday last May. But if his thoughts wander back to his native Spain he must single out Vallada, the town of his birth, Veruela, Tortosa and Orihuela, the scenes of his scholastic days.

When on the evening of August 13, 1898 the Spanish flag which had flown over the Philippines for 330 years was hauled down for the last time, Father Vila could repeat his "Suscipe, Domine!" Another link with his native Spain had been broken. The three years he had already spent as a missionary at Kabuntog, Sumilao and Tagoloan were but a preview of the years that yet lay in store.

The next four years were for him sad years. Eight hundred Spanish priests returned to their native Spain, and schismatic Aglipayanism mushroomed in priestless areas. At the turn of the century Father Vila was attached to the Ateneo de Manila when Mr. William Stanton, the first American Jesuit, arrived in the Philippines. But his career as a lecturer was short. For the next thirty-eight years he was destined to be an apostle in Butuan, Caraga, Cateel, Cagayan, Balingasag, Dipolog, Davao and even in Jolo in the Sulu Sea.

In 1940 when His Excellency Bishop del Rosario S.J. needed apostles to man the new mission center at Lamitan on Basilan Island he chose octogenarian Father Vila to accompany Father Rebull. War in the Philippines and destruction did not quench his ardor. Now that Americans were interned or on-the-run, his zeal and work was multiplied.

Father Vila had served under Spanish, American and Japanese flags; he now serves Christ under the Filipino banner. He still sings High Mass, sits long hours in the confessional, attends parochial duties and, despite his 90 years, lives to the full his priestly life.



DEPARTURE 1950

These are the American Jesuits who have departed this year for the mission fields. The list is not yet complete as we go to press, but already they number 65, a considerable strengthening of the 864 missionaries who were in the field during the past year.

We ask you to prayerfully remember that this is not just a list of names—these are the men whom Our Lord has chosen for His most important job. Keep them close to your hearts as they walk His way of sacrifice, loneliness and love.

IRAQ

Rev. Joseph G. Fennell
Mr. Robert B. Campbell
Mr. Robert J. Cote
Mr. Harold R. Powers

JAPAN

Rev. William J. Healy
Mr. John J. Nissel

INDIA—Jamshedpur

Rev. John B. Murray
Rev. Richard J. Neu
Rev. Bernard C. O'Leary
Mr. John F. Guidera

Mr. Stephan F. Latchford
Mr. Joseph R. Lerch
Mr. Anthony P. Roberts

INDIA—Patna

Mr. John F. Kenney
Mr. Charles G. Lenaghan
Mr. Eugene D. Lockwood
Mr. Anthony J. Mattscheck

BRITISH HONDURAS

Rev. J. Eugene Coomes
Mr. Leo F. Weber

BRITISH WEST INDIES

Most Rev. John J. McEleney S.J.
Rev. James H. Barry
Rev. Francis C. Buck
Rev. Hugo W. Durst
Rev. Gardiner S. Gibson
Rev. Louis J. Grenier
Rev. Henry T. Martin
Mr. Francis J. Ryan
Mr. Francis X. Shea

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS

Rev. John F. Hoek
Bro. Michael J. Murray

CHINA

Rev. Philip L. Bourret
Rev. Daniel P. Clifford
Rev. Robert H. Daily
Rev. Mark A. Falvey
Rev. John J. Gordon

Rev. Thomas H. Korn
Rev. Patrick R. Shaules
Rev. Alden J. Stevenson
Mr. Gregory D. Aherne
Mr. Clarke L. Trent

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Rev. Camilo Balansag
Rev. James F. Culligan
Rev. Leonard G. Hacker
Rev. Gerald W. Healy
Rev. Joseph J. Kavanagh
Rev. James J. McCann
Rev. Vincent M. McNally
Rev. Michael F. McPhelin
Rev. Thomas A. Mitchell
Rev. Jaime S. Neri
Mr. Kenneth C. Bogart
Mr. Paul D. Campbell
Mr. Joseph A. Galdon
Mr. Edward L. Mooney
Mr. James J. O'Brien

AMERICAN INDIANS

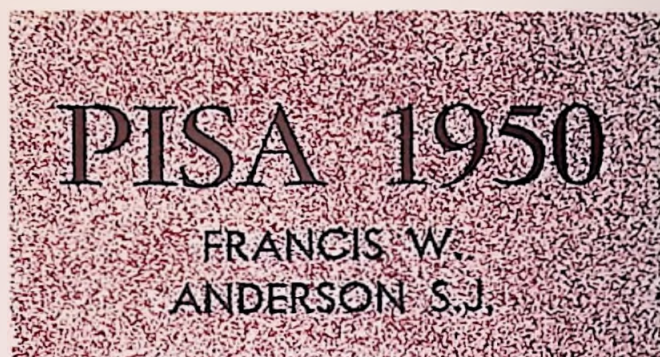
Rev. Eugene A. Bork
Rev. Raymond O. Burger
Rev. George M. Pieper
Rev. Peter O. Price
Mr. Harold C. Brahm
Mr. William L. Mugan
Mr. Donald F. Thielke

NEGROES

Rev. Roger J. Blankford
Rev. James A. McEnerney
Rev. Thomas N. Smith

"PISA 1950" HAS NOTHING TO DO with Italy's famous leaning tower. It is no mere architectural curiosity, but a bold, imaginative, yet intensely practical program of modern missionary activity. "PISA 1950" is an answer to the challenge of Communism in the Philippine Islands, an answer formulated by the Jesuit Fathers of the Ateneo in Manila. It has the ring of a battle cry and, in a sense, it is precisely that, although its full title, the "Priests' Institute for Social Action" has more pacific connotations.

The gathering of 130 priests from all corners of the Philippines at the Jesuit Ateneo in Manila during this year's Easter holidays was not the first assembly of priests to study the problems of the Church's social apostolate. Such meetings have been common in Europe and America for years. But



in the Far East by victory in the Philippines. At the same time, if the Church is to meet the issue of Communism successfully in that region, it has no more favorable battleground than the Catholic Philippines.

This is a year of decision in the Far East. China has fallen to the Communists. They have made a bold bid for Korea. They have accelerated the tempo of their play for the



"PISA 1950" has extraordinary significance because of the background of place and time and current events.

The infant Philippine Republic is the only Christian State in the Far East. Of its twenty million inhabitants, more than eighty per cent profess the Catholic faith that was brought to them by 16th century Spanish missionaries. Communist strategy appreciates the mortal blow it could deal the Church

Philippines. The Bishops and clergy of the Philippines have been conscious of the impending conflict since America relinquished sovereignty over the Islands and the Republic of the Philippines came into being on the 4th of July 1946. While the confused intellectuals of our own State Department were being thoroughly duped by the propaganda of the so-called "Agrarian Reformers" in China, the Philippine hierarchy recog-

nized the movement for what it was, a stark, unscrupulous Communist aggression, inspired by Moscow and directed not at China alone, but Indo-China, the Philippines and, ultimately, Japan. The Bishops perceived the Communist design to exploit the situation in the Philippines while an inexperienced and unstable government struggled with the problems of post-war recovery in a country that had been sadly ravaged during hostilities. They created the Catholic Welfare Organization to assist in the national recovery. It was an instrument for the social, economic and spiritual reconstruction of the Philippines along truly Catholic lines. By underscoring the active role of the Church in modern social and economic problems, it served to set the stage for such an event as "PISA 1950."

To the Jesuits of the Ateneo, the social

Sociology and Economics under the direction of Father James J. McGinley S.J., an expert in the field who had been invited from the States for that specific purpose. Through the Institute of Social Order and the Ateneo Labor School, under the direction of Father Walter B. Hogan S.J., they offered a program of Christian cooperation, whereby Management and Labor, Landowner and Tenant Farmer could uproot the abuses of the unchecked Liberal Capitalism on which Communism fed.

While the Government seemed incapable of dealing with the increasing violence of the Communist agitators, and the rebel Huks, who are the instrument of Communism, were extending their sphere of control by armed success against the Government forces, it was obvious that the time of crisis was at hand. Violence could not suppress violence. So where the Government failed, the Church must succeed. To this end, the Jesuits of the Ateneo determined to penetrate every corner of the Philippines with the Church's program of Catholic social action. The Priests' Institute for Social Action was planned with the enthusiastic approbation of the Apostolic Delegate and the Bishops. Its purpose, details of its program and invitations to attend its first assembly were dispatched.

The response of the clergy was magnificent. When the assembly opened on the morning of April the 10th for a five-day session, there were more than 125 priests present. They had come from every part of the Islands. Secular clergy from sixteen dioceses mingled with religious of twelve different Congregations. Rural Pastors worked with College Professors. Native priests and foreign missionaries brought the benefits of their wide and varied experience. There were five days of intensive study, discussion, planning and organizing that began at eight-thirty in the morning and ended after nine p. m. Theoretical knowledge and practical experience were harmonized to develop the techniques that would bring the Church's social gospel most effectively to every social group and class. There was no mistaking the consciousness of every participant that on the success or failure of the "PISA 1950" program would depend the destiny of the Philippine Republic and the future of the faith in the Islands. Our prayers must support their labors. "PISA 1950" must not fail.



One hundred and thirty priests gathered to study methods of penetrating every corner of the Philippines with the Church's program of social action.

ills inherent in the Philippine economic system were long a serious preoccupation. They gave full cooperation to the work of the Catholic Welfare Organization, under its Executive Director, Father John F. Hurley S.J. They established a Department of



The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

Of all the months of the year October deserves the title of "Mission Month." The third day of the month is the feast of the Little Flower, patroness of the missions. Normally, on the third Sunday of the month there is an appeal for membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the month concludes with the glorious feast of Christ the King.

October, however, is perhaps better known as the month of the rosary. In family gatherings the rosary will be said each evening for a relative called or to be called to the service; financial problems; the sick; world peace; etc. Since all of these intentions are so important and personal I hesitate to intrude, but would it be possible to say a rosary one night each week for the missions?

We at JESUIT MISSIONS urge your full sacrifice in supporting the annual appeal of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It will benefit missionaries of every religious congregation throughout the world. As a mark of appreciation for your spiritual and material help to the missions I will offer Mass on the feast of the Little Flower for your intentions, large or small.

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

CASH FOR CATECHISTS

Father Kennally, superior of the mission in the Caroline and Marshalls, deals in large figures quoting distances between islands. He also has a few large figures in expenses and, yet, they are not so large when you consider the length of time and especially the circumstances. For one year, the salaries of catechists amount to \$1,200.00. In simple mathematics this is \$100.00 a month. But, it is not so simple to get the money. Father Kennally appeals earnestly for help, trusting that some of the readers might be able to send a regular contribution of \$1.00 or \$5.00 a month for his catechists.

In ten of his Churches and schools Father Kennally can use immediately a large picture of the Sacred Heart. He has been quoted the price of \$10.00 for a very beautifully framed picture of the Sacred Heart.

COVERING FOR CHILDREN

Reverend Francis J. Welzmler S.J., of Arrah, Patna mission, India, has been forced to begin building a second story to his orphanage. He writes: "The open shed in which 100 boys have to study, sleep and take shelter has come to the end of its days. Its roof is weak and leaks, its floor sunken and uneven on the ground floor. We have had to keep the boys in it too long already

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China (Suchow)
Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J.
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Montreal 2, Canada

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

British Honduras, Yoro,
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Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J.
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55 West San Fernando St.,
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Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.

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India (Darjeeling) and
Canadian Indians
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403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada
India (Jamshedpur) and
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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.

regardless of their health and comfort. It was built as a makeshift and now, after nine years, it has to be repaired.

In these uncertain days, with a still more uncertain future ahead, I had to take the plunge and borrow \$4,000.00 to get a roof over the kid's heads and a floor under their feet. So, please, help house our boys. Ten dollars buys a thousand bricks. Forty dollars gives one boy a shelter and a school that is proof against wind, rain, cold, snakes and scorpions."

A CATECHETICAL COMMERCIAL

In many American homes there is apt to be a radio in the living room, a small one in the kitchen, and perhaps one at the bedside. Radios in India are very much a novelty plus. Father Thomas Downing of Buxar, Patna, is convinced that if he had even a small portable RCA radio he could use it to attract thousands of villagers. Once the groups are gathered he can then interrupt the program for a catechetical commercial.

Your donation, no matter how small, will be a great help towards Father Downing's latest venture.

A STATUE — CEDAR OR PLASTER?

Father Newell at Yoro has just completed the enlargement of his Church. He did so at the sacrifice of his own parishioners and also help received from his friends in the United States. In the new Church he would like to place a statue of St. Joseph. In Yoro, there are several very fine craftsmen who work with cedar. Father Newell has his heart set on getting a statue of St. Joseph carved in cedar for the price of \$115.00.

St. Joseph, patron of temporal affairs, will plead earnestly for any devotee who will contribute to his honor.

SUMMER SPOILS

Women know better than men how ruinous the Summer weather can be on clothing. Fine material, when saturated with perspiration, will rip very easily or, unless cared for, will rot. The missionaries in Ceylon, in fact in all of the Tropics, are perhaps the best informed group of men on this summer difficulty. Even with great care, vestments must be replaced frequently. In the mission of Ceylon, immediate donations are needed to purchase vestments for ordinary Mass and also a set of dolmatics for solemn Mass. \$25.00 will buy a new set of vestments.



Ceylon

MISSION NEEDS

Eighty-two year old St. Joseph's College at Trincomalee, Ceylon needs \$21,000 for extensive rebuilding. Large and small donations will greatly aid this valuable mission school.

Other Needs

MICROSCOPE	\$50.00
DESKS	15.00 each
BEDS	20.00 each
CHARTS AND MAPS	10.00 each
CRUCIFIX	5.00
CHAIRS	4.00 each

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JM

SEND SOLDIERS . . . of Peace

Other Missionaries Departing

For	
British Honduras	2
British West Indies . .	9
Caroline Islands	2
India—Jamshedpur . . .	7
India—Patna	4
Iraq	4
Japan	2
Philippines	15
American Indians	7
American Negroes	3

Listed through the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS this month are the names of soldiers who sail to spread the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ. To transport this tiny army of American Jesuit Missionaries it will cost approximately \$25,000. This sounds like a huge sum. Most armies on the march cost millions. And when the battle is done, only rubble and wreckage remains. This army goes only to build, not destroy. Perhaps you would like to help a particular section. For instance it will cost five cents a mile to send California-China Mission Jesuits 6,800 miles to Manila. Will you pay part of their fare? Remember they sail to bring real peace, the Peace of Christ to China. This is a profitable, lasting investment for your dollars.

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