

JESUIT MISSIONS

NOVEMBER 1950



TALETELLER BY THE TIGRIS



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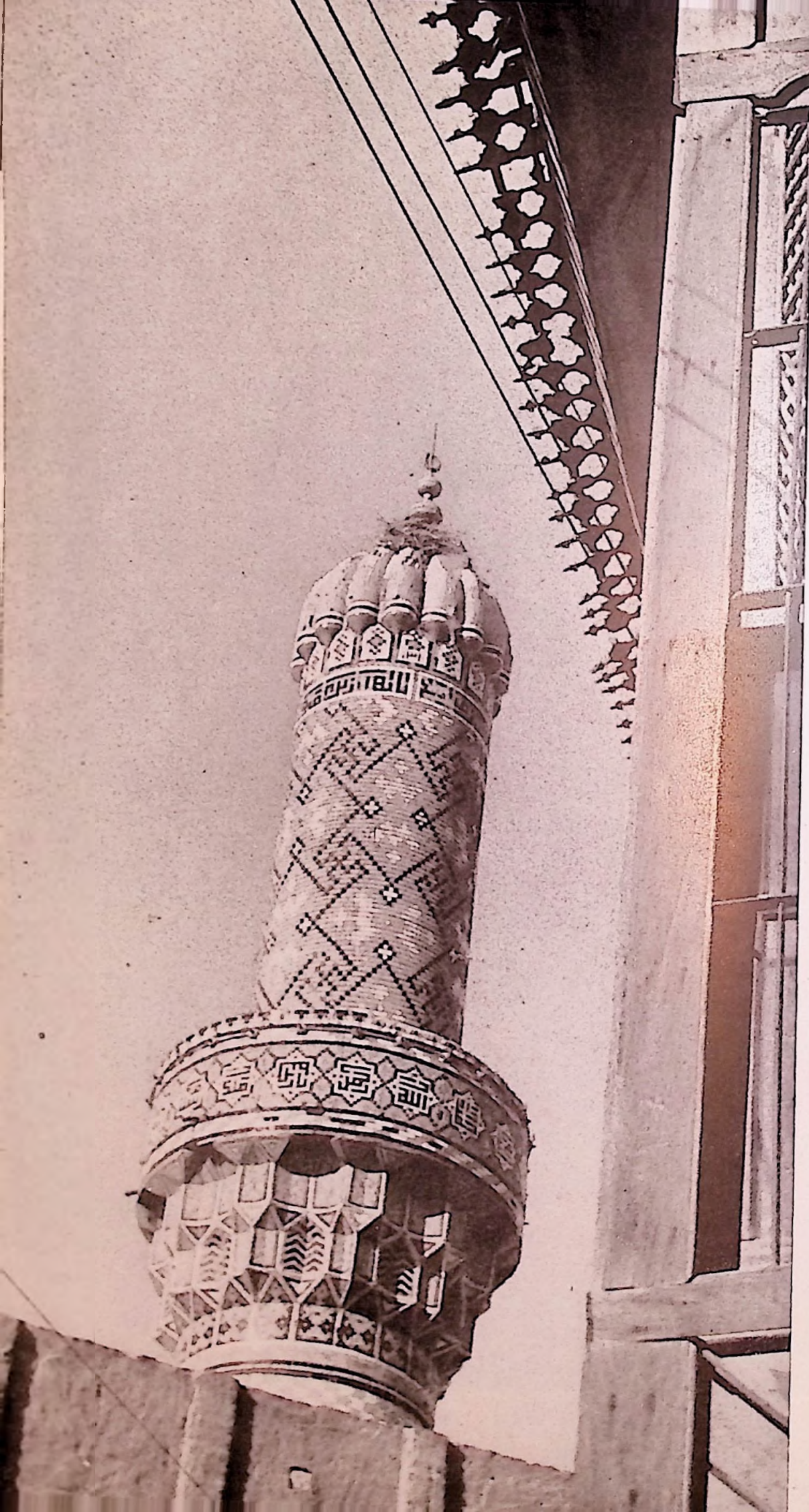
NOTICE

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COVER. In a desert town the paramount chief of Beni Tamin tribe, Sheik Mohammed Al Suhail, offers the famed hospitality of the Arabs to Father Bernard Madaras S.J., Superior of the Baghdad Mission. The sons of the sheik attended Baghdad College.

(Left) At every turn in the winding streets of old Baghdad appears a graceful minaret which marks on the many mosques dominating the city skyline. Sparrows often make their nests in the minarets and are regarded as signs of good fortune. (THREE LION)



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Far from our shores American boys are now fighting a bitter battle. It is a battle for a way of life, the kind of life we have lived and loved, the American way of life. It is a precious thing, eminently worth fighting for. It is made up of a hundred different things but its strength and glory are the Christian principles upon which it was built. Only men who believe in God know the meaning of freedom and true democracy.

As you read this issue remember that the men involved also lived and loved the American way of life. They gave it up because there was another way of life more precious, the Life the Son of God came on earth to give. In far lands they too are giving their lives in a cause that has no equal, the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.



Father Edward S. Dunn S.J., late of Florence, Italy, where he made his Tertianship, and earlier of Fordham University, is the new Guest Master at Jesuit Missions, and Associate Editor on the staff. He speaks French, Italian and Spanish. He also has a keen yen for statistics and will aid Father Schirmann in pursuit of undiscovered Mission statistics from here to Tibet. Father Dunn has published articles in the American Catholic Sociological Review, the American Ecclesiastical Review, and Woodstock Letters. You will be interested in his article about Father Jules Convert.



Gratefully Yours

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

IT WAS MY PRIVILEGE TO ACCOMPANY the Holy Year pilgrimage as announced in the March issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. When I was selected I determined that in each Mass and prayer offered during the course of the pilgrimage every reader of *JESUIT MISSIONS* would share. Actually, the group from *JESUIT MISSIONS* was a part of a large pilgrimage sponsored by the Apostleship of Prayer. The itinerary included several shrines associated with the missions.

On the evening of July 11th we reached Paris and, on the following morning, I drove out through Normandy to the Monastery of the Carmelites at Lisieux. There I was shown the altar at the tomb of the Little Flower and I was told that I might offer the votive Mass for the feast of the Little Flower. During the Mass there was special consolation in realizing that I was able to recommend to the Patroness of the Missions the intentions of you, our co-missionaries. The Little Flower had promised to spend her life doing good upon earth and I trust that for your homes and for your own personal sanctification the saint will continue to secure blessings, both spiritual and temporal.

The next shrine of interest to the missions was a small chapel of Paris in the section known as Montmartre. Early on the morning of August 15, 1534, St. Ignatius and his first companions walked to the chapel of St. Denis in Montmartre. Blessed Peter Faber, the only priest in the group, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. At the communion of the Mass Faber turned and as he held the Blessed Sacrament first Ignatius and then Xavier and the other companions knelt before him and pronounced their first vows. There was a strong plea in my Mass that Ignatius and particularly his favorite apostle, Francis Xavier, would intercede for the people of America who have so generously and constantly helped their brother Jesuits.

After a few days in Paris our group entrained for Lourdes. We arrived there late in the evening. As our train approached the



city we saw first the huge illuminated crucifix on the top of the basilica and, finally, we could discern the candlelight procession winding its way up the ambulatories. The spirit of Lourdes was greater than I had ever anticipated. That night, I visited the grotto and, though it was almost midnight, literally hundreds knelt in silent prayer, invoking the intercession of the "Beautiful Woman." At midnight there was a Mass in the basilica which many of the pilgrims attended. My own Mass was offered the following morning. Here again I was mindful of invoking the powerful Mother of God to secure favors, rich and lasting, for everyone associated with the work of the missions. As I walked around Lourdes I saw young and old afflicted with every conceivable disease. I remembered you and all of yours, praying that in case of illness the Blessed Mother, even though a cure might not be granted, would inspire as she does at Lourdes, a resignation, heroic and saintly, to the will of her Divine Son.

That night we were again on the train with Paray le Monial as our destination. During the last quarter of the 17th century the

Sacred Heart appeared to Margaret Mary, a Visitation Nun at Paray le Monial, revealing to her the sorrow in His Heart at the coldness and indifference of men. I offered Mass in the very chapel where Our Lord revealed to Margaret Mary His consoling promises. I thought particularly of the promise, "Those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be effaced." I know that your cooperation has definitely helped the Jesuit missionaries to proclaim the glories of the Sacred Heart to many souls in distant lands. There was no need for me to remind the Sacred Heart of His promise but I did recall it and you had my first intention at Mass.

In Rome, my first Mass was offered at the tomb of St. Ignatius in the Church of the Gesu. My intentions were similar to those in Paris. Directly opposite the altar of St. Ignatius is the altar of St. Francis Xavier. The following morning I went to the altar of St. Francis Xavier, determined that every possible grace at that Mass should be carried by God's angels across the Atlantic to you and all dear to you. Ten days previous I had offered Mass at the tomb of the Patroness of the Missions and now I stood at the very altar dedicated to the Patron of the Missions.

Francis Xavier knows well that hundreds of his brother Jesuits are raising their own hands in the administration of the Sacraments to the people of the East and Far East because of your prayers and sacrifices.

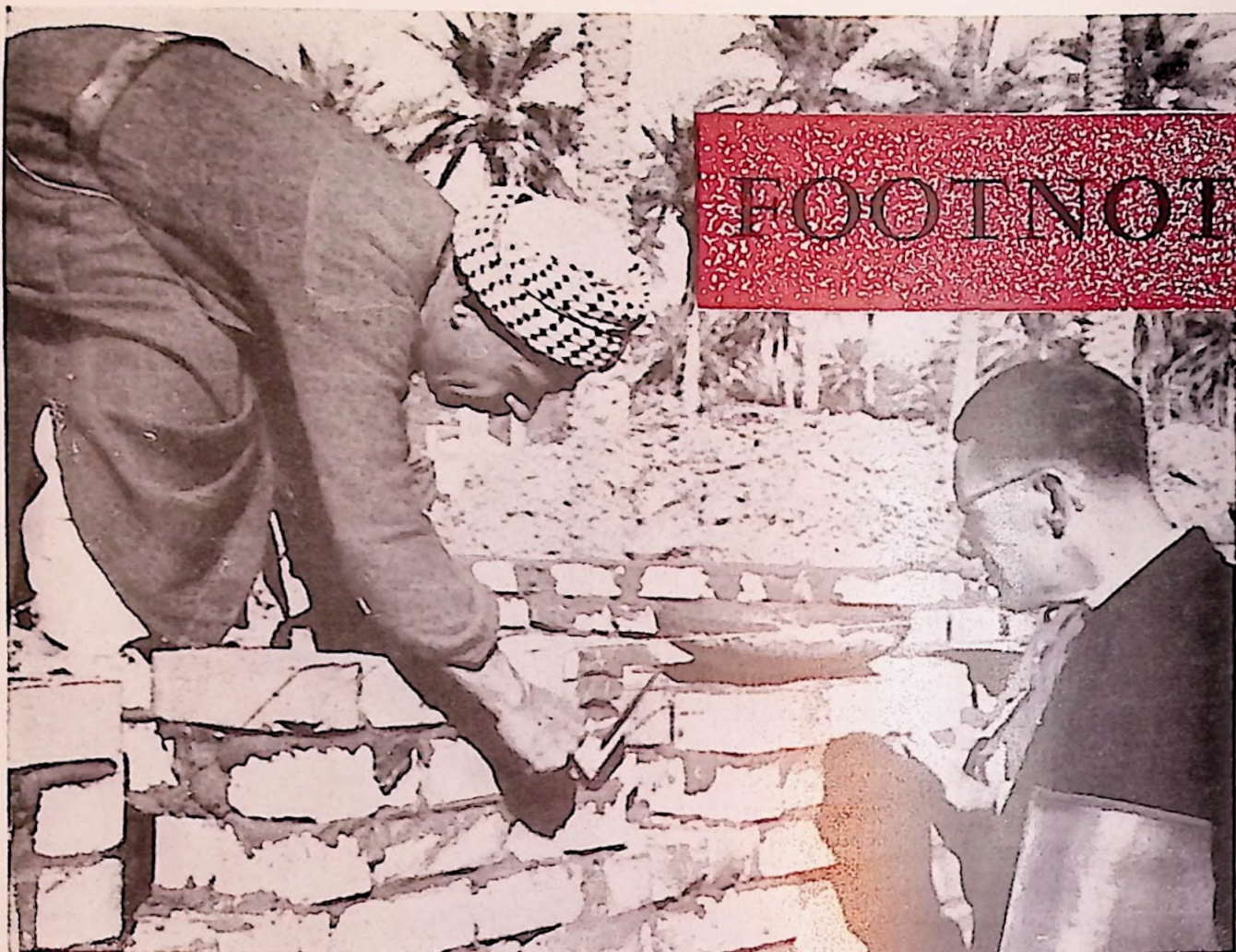
The same afternoon our pilgrimage went to the basilica of St. Peter's for an audience with His Holiness. At 6:30 the Holy Father appeared at the rear of the basilica. There was a tremendous acclamation, ever increasing in volume as he was carried on the gestatorial chair to his throne. He walked up the steps of the throne as though he were a man in his early thirties. Like Peter, his predecessor, on the first Pentecost, at least 50,000 people heard His Holiness speak in their own native tongues.

While in Rome I requested for all the benefactors of JESUIT MISSIONS a special Papal Blessing. By the merits of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered at the various shrines throughout Europe I had begged God's blessings for each of you. It is now my desire to secure also for you the personal blessing of God's own Vicar upon earth that rich graces now, and particularly a plenary indulgence at the hour of death, be granted to you.



(Above) The heart of the Christian world, the Basilica of St. Peter the Apostle in Vatican City, Rome.
(Below) The basilica at Lourdes in the Pyrenees.





CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

THERE ARE SEVERAL THOUSAND LONG MILES between New York and Baghdad so we would like to say a few things about Father Edward Madaras S.J., Superior of the Baghdad Mission. Yet those several thousand miles, strange to say, do not constitute a comfortable margin of safety in speaking about Father Madaras. Already I can visualize the scene when this issue of JM arrives in Baghdad.

Yusuf will leave the second-class mail on Father Madaras' desk and will squeeze out the door with his clipped and classical, "Na'am Abuna." The man of distinction will leaf through the mail and seize upon JM. The eye of the artist will criticize the cover and the eye of the superior will then scan the table of contents to see if Baghdad is represented. At the name of one author he will grin—he might even indulge in unseemly laughter—but by the time he has read this far in the article his typewriter will have been wheeled into battle formation. It is a typewriter that has made shipping agents wince, government officials wonder, and thousands

of people chuckle. It will go into action under the flying fingers of the master of correct detail and the poignant phrase. But we won't mind. For, after all, it is the typewriter that has built Baghdad College.

There are thousands of people all over the world who have laughed in sheer delight over the whimsical, gay pages of "Al Baghdadi," the now-and-then report of the school on the banks of the Tigris. I think all of them will admit that it is unique and has done more to win friends for Baghdad College than any other enterprise. I think also that every reader of "Al Baghdadi" realizes that behind the stories which are curved to fit a smile there is another story that was beaten out of the cold iron of hostility and contempt, beaten out with patience and even grimness. One man wrote the story with a laugh; the same man lived the other story from its beginning to the present chapter. There is no one more closely and consistently associated with the success of Baghdad College than Father Edward Madaras.

The man himself is quite a story. Some

To a Story

years ago the noted Catholic sociologist, Eva Ross, dedicated one of her books to Father Madaras. In it she emphasized the importance of heredity and environment in the development of character. We mention this small point because to us there is something symbolic in the birth of Father Madaras in Defiance, Ohio. He is a born fighter—the kind of man God needs in places where the pressure would crack a milder man. But his birth could not have unduly disconcerted his father, an immigrant from Budapest, because he was by profession a cigar manufacturer. His mother was of French Canadian stock who went to heaven two months before her son was ordained a priest. Years later when Father Madaras was asked about the people who influenced him most in life, he said simply, "My mother. She was strong in faith, generosity and self-sacrifice. She wore herself out for others; rarely did she do anything for herself." Eva Ross would nod at that and quietly point to her chapter on heredity—the pattern still holds its colors under the burning sky of Baghdad.

Cleveland is the real background to Father Madaras. He peddled the Cleveland Press on the downtown streets and still remembers nostalgically that the late Bishop Horstmann once gave him a nickel for a paper. He entered St. Ignatius High School in 1911, having been steered in that direction by Father Charles Le Blond, then an assistant at St. John's Cathedral and today Bishop of St. Joseph, Missouri. It would seem that the keen eyes of bishops discerned something in his character that at first escaped his early Jesuit mentors. But the explanation might lie in the fact that the bishops didn't have to

live in the same room with the spirited boy. For Father Madaras remembers the many hours he spent after school under Father Odenbach and also a race, not in fun, down the corridor with the noted historian, Father Betten, in hot pursuit. Ruefully he recalls that he lost that race. But he also adds that it was the example of his teachers there that turned his thoughts towards the Jesuit life.

Meanwhile he was building up a storehouse of experience and information that would prove invaluable in later years. He was business manager and cartoonist for the school paper; he had taken courses in book-keeping, shorthand and typewriting; during the summers he was a factory hand, a Western Union messenger, a soda dispenser and a summer resort photographer. There was a brief interlude as a machine gunner when he volunteered to fight against Villa in Mexico but that ended when the army found out he was under age. Then there was the episode which should enhearten the Baghdad College bus drivers. The paving company for which he worked decided it was cheaper to hire him as a typist after he had burned out the crankshaft bearings in one of their trucks.



(Above) And make sure that it is done right! This is no ordinary sidewalk superintendent but the Rector of Baghdad College, Father Madaras S.J. keeping a careful eye on the construction of the Bishop Rice Memorial building which will house the science departments. (Right) the author of "Al Jaghdadi" views all his projects from every angle.



None of these things is exactly the best preparation for the contemplative life but they can fill in a lot of chinks in the armor of knowledge and understanding of human nature.

So the boy who had talent, spirit and a zest for laughter and even monkey-shines started down the quiet path of solitude and prayer over which the Spirit of God breathes. That path is not the lightning-arc'd road to Damascus nor the storm-swept trail down which Augustine stumbled nor is that breath a thing that kills or warps; rather it is the slow fashioning of all the fine things a boy has into the mature, responsive instrument of God. Ignatius Loyola once said that the spirited Xavier was the hardest clay he had ever tried to mold; there are Jesuits today who chuckle as they reminisce on various scenes in the career of an exuberant soul.

It was in one sense the ordinary course of the Jesuit. Novitiate and classical studies at Florissant, Missouri; philosophy in Spokane, Washington; a teaching period at Campion College in Prairie du Chien and at St. John's College in Toledo. (Father Madaras once pointed out significantly that both colleges closed their doors after he had left. He did not explain further.) Then he was sent to Holland for theology after which he spent a short time in Rome studying the ancient ruins.

When Father Leo Guay S.J. (left) received his doctorate in Chemistry from Clark University he probably never thought that he would one day be chief adviser and architect of the new Baghdad College. With Father Madaras he gives close attention to every step in the job from beginning to end.

Out of all this came a man equipped with a knowledge of half a dozen languages; one who knew the artistic and technical sides of music, printing, dramatics, and all the other activities that surround classroom life; out of this came the tried Jesuit whom a Provincial would designate as his choice for one of the most important gambles in the mission history of this century. In February, 1932, Father Madaras set sail with the late Bishop Rice to start Baghdad College.

Eighteen years have passed since those two men sailed out of Hoboken. They were sailing into the unknown; they were going to plant a cross in a land where a cross was not wanted. Today on the banks of the Tigris stands Baghdad College. That is another story; the gay pages of "Al Baghdadi" have told one side of it. Some day before all the world Almighty God Himself will reveal the whole story—and it will be to the wonder of the world. But if the end of time should come tonight then you will recognize the principal character in that story, the one who has played the leading part in that drama of Christ's love which has been enacted on the banks of the Tigris.

THE DIE IS CAST

JOHN R. HUGHES S.J.

THE KOREANS DID IT. Up to the moment of the invasion of South Korea by the Reds, the people of Japan dared not bare their thoughts. But now that "the die is cast" a great weight is lifted from the hearts of this people.

Everyone—soldier, consul, visitor, trader and missionary—each alike had to judge for himself just what the Japanese were thinking. From the very beginning of the Occupation right up to the end of this June, you could question and probe your Japanese friends endlessly without finding out what they thought of the Communists and the Soviet. Even Father Fukuda, the young priest who after his ordination had been drafted into the Japanese army and finally ended up as a war prisoner in Siberia, would say not a word after he returned to Japan as to whether he opposed or favored the Reds. Even today he still evades an open question on the subject. But privately he can tell how relieved he and his countrymen are to have

the Americans openly fighting Communism.

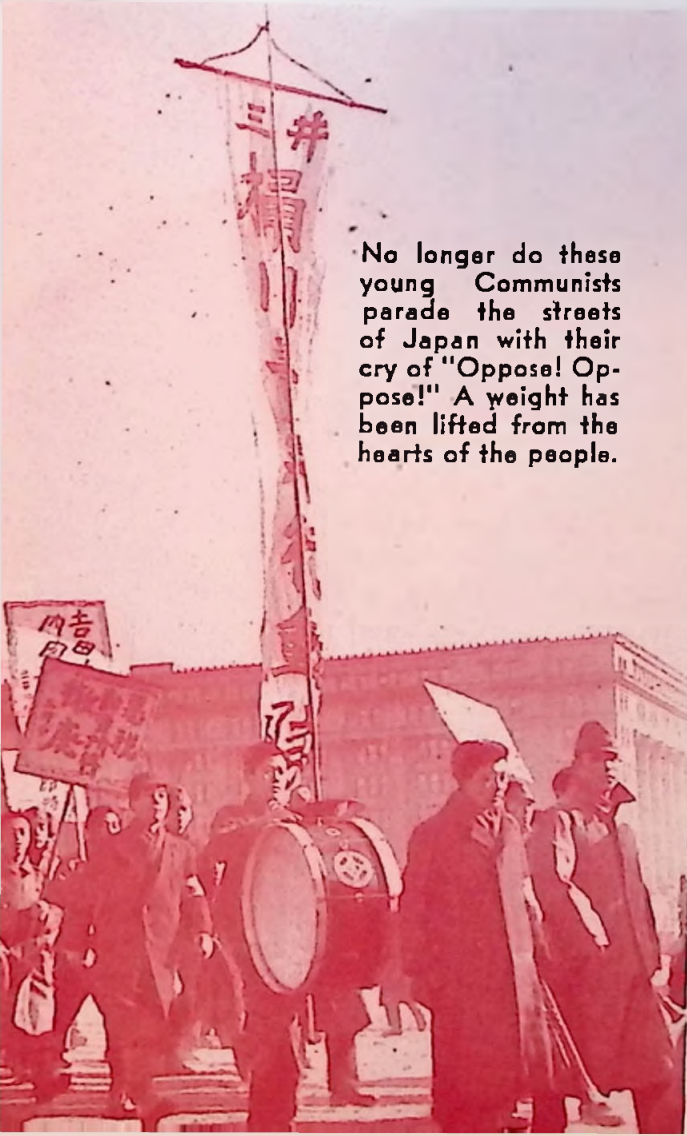
Once I asked him why he had not gone about giving talks about his experiences in Siberia and about Communism to his people who admittedly know so little about the enemy. His reply was a knowing look and the drawing of his finger across his neck from ear to ear. "Even in Japan," he said, "I would not be safe."

The Japanese people are past masters in blandly waiting out a tyrant and giving lip service to a situation that can't be remedied; and so long as the weaknesses of democracy left a way open for the Reds either during or after the Occupation, the men would take no public stand on this point. For years, centuries, the refined and highly cultured Japanese revolted at the thought of the rough, burly Moscovite, or any of his exports. Only the fortunes of war restrained this manifestation. Now, since the land of the Rising Sun is to be the England of the East in this war, the ordinary Japanese is relieved. He can breathe easier with the knowledge he will stand or fall with the only nation that can be expected to constrain the Bear. Up to now he could not be sure that the Americans would not retire quietly and leave the entire East naked before the enemy; now his home has become an American base to be defended.

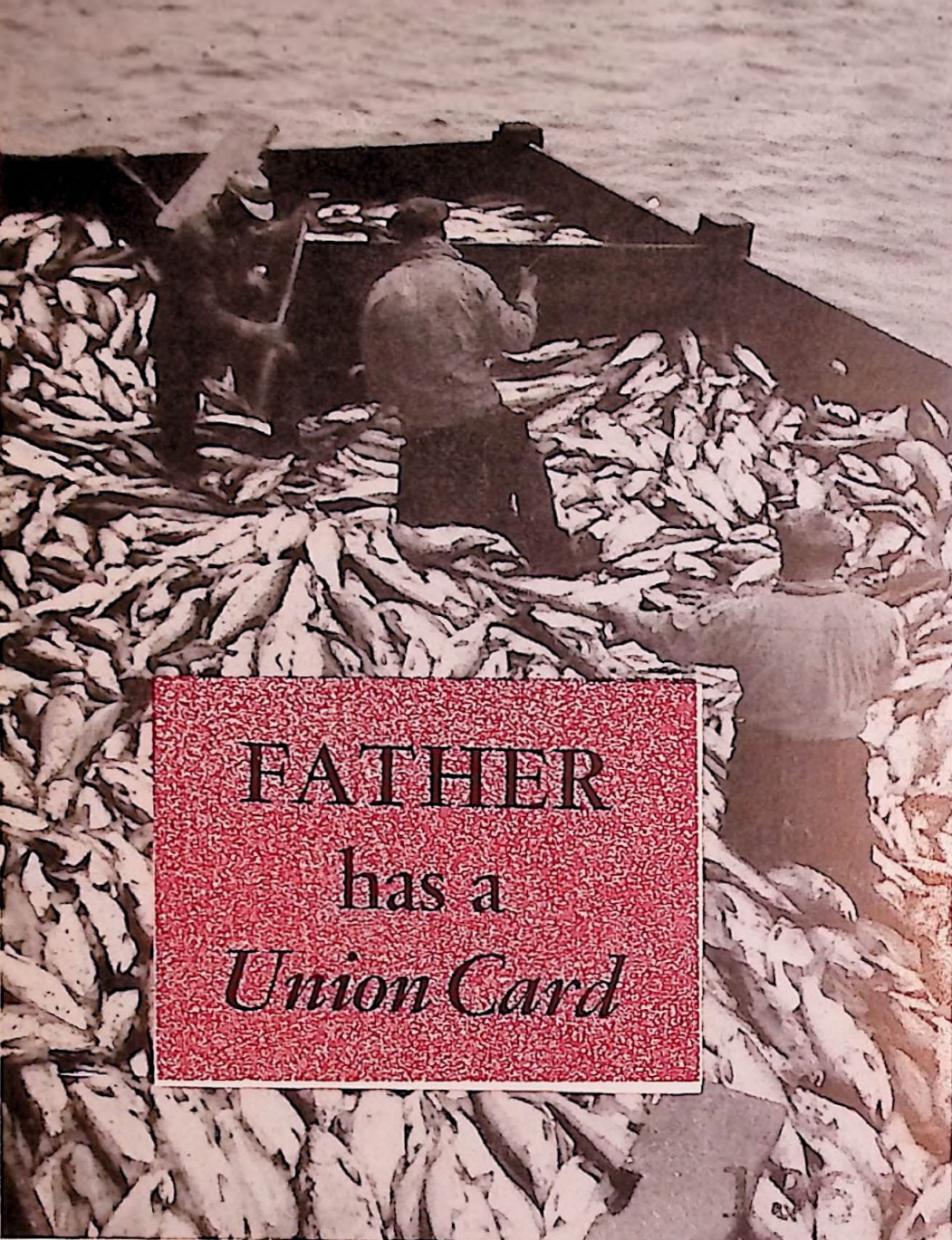
No longer can the university student vindicate his inferiority complex by loudly fronting for a cause which the level-headed would not even consider. No more do you hear the loudspeakers on trucks, blaring their "hantai, hantai," "Oppose, oppose!" to anything the government and business upheld. Unions have withdrawn from the Red leaders, schools and universities can outlaw political and other meetings and demonstrations, the police can deal with anarchists.

For Japan's little Church of about 140,000 Catholics, it is like the cool, clear air after a sultry, threatening heat. The Two Standards of Christ and Satan can now openly oppose each other.

The serious business of war has replaced fraternization as the major army problem, the Japanese are again aware of young men going off to the unknown, and the missionary knows that at last the souls of his flock are no longer awaiting a slow Soviet strangling.



No longer do these young Communists parade the streets of Japan with their cry of "Oppose! Oppose!" A weight has been lifted from the hearts of the people.



FATHER
has a
Union Card

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

THE WHITE MAN ADDRESSING THE MEETING of the Native Union of Cannery Workers at Bristol Bay, Alaska, last July should have felt uneasy and out of place. But he didn't. Those who heard him should have rejected him as an outsider, someone who had no business talking to them about rules of procedure, about union members' rights and obligations. But they didn't. The individual members whom he called on by name and asked to defend their views might have objected to his interfering in matters that concerned them, the workers, and the plant management.

Yet no one dismissed this man as an outsider; no one denounced him for interfering; no one voiced the objection that he was a Jesuit, a missionary and a priest.

For Father Jules M. Convert S.J. had earned his union card and the right to speak

at union meetings by actually working in the cannery with the other union members during the rush-months of June and July of this year. He did so because he felt it was his duty as a priest and a missionary and he did it with the approval of his Jesuit provincial and his bishop.

We have read of priest-workmen in France, for instance, who have gone into the factories to regain contact with the workers and to try, in this way, to win them back to Christ and His Church. Father Convert went to work in the factory to keep contacts he already had.

It happened like this. Each year, for the past few years, the salmon canneries of Alaska had been attracting more and more Eskimos for work during the two peak-months of June and July. The Eskimos have been lured from their little native villages to places like Bristol Bay by the cash-wages they could earn to help them through the long winter and by the attractions of what is, for them, "big-city" life.

Two years ago Father Convert followed the summer migration of his parishioners down from St. Michael to Bristol Bay. There he roamed from one cannery to another to find out what conditions his Eskimos met and how he could help them. Last year his visit was more official for he made it at the request of the Alaska Salmon Industry, an association of the big companies, and he turned in an extensive report on what he saw and heard.

Summing up two summers of observation on the scene, Father Convert emphasized that the practice of employing Eskimos in the canneries is bringing about great social changes among them. He stated that whether the change is for good or bad depends to a great extent on the white leaders.

On the credit side, Father Convert found that many of the Eskimos used their earnings to improve their homes and living conditions. He noted, for example, that at Hooper Bay

the ratio of births has exceeded deaths for the first time since these improvements. Some Eskimos now are ambitious to improve their knowledge of English and the skills that would bring them better jobs.

But most important of all is this fact. The annual concentration of Eskimos at the canneries, where they outnumber the other workers, is beginning to bring home to them a realization of their potential strength. "What shall result from this discovery?" he asks. "A badly needed feeling of solidarity and social responsibility or just a new field for social and political agitation?" Here he is hinting at the obvious interest and presence of Communist agitators eager to gain control of the awakened natives.

For the one form of organized action that is gathering together the strength of the Eskimos engaged in cannery work is their Union. This strength is going to be used either for the benefit of the workers themselves or for some less worthy purposes. Since the Eskimos themselves are, naturally, not very familiar with such things as unions, parliamentary rules and contracts, the kind of union they get and keep depends on their white leaders. To supply this leadership and to give his Eskimos the benefit of his long years of training and experience Father Convert determined to join the Union. For this he had to sign up for work in a cannery.

He did not have to wait long for results. Soon after the new season began, he was elected a delegate of the plant. At the union meeting his advice was sought because he was a worker among workers; he was a representative chosen by his fellow-workers. He could talk to the union members openly as one who knew the inside of the workrooms and not as an outsider. That was why the members listened to his explanation of their rights and obligations. That was why those he called by name answered his challenge to explain their position. Those who knew him before as their priest and pastor were naturally proud of the new work he was doing for them. Those who had come



During November all of us are conscious of the suffering souls in Purgatory who are yearning to be with God forever. Everyone of these souls is wishing that there had been more to show on the credit side when death came. It would have meant so much more right now. None of us can change the record of the past; we can only do our best during this life to make amends for it. One way to do that would be to remember the work of the missions in your last will. Then when death comes that will be on the credit side, a lasting testimony of love for God and the desire to spread His Kingdom. Is there a better gift to bring Him when His call comes?

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to know him only during this season of work in the cannery learned to respect his interest in the welfare of the flock entrusted to him by the Divine Shepherd.

Once the summer's work was over, Father Convert hurried back to his station at St. Michael. The old buildings there and at Stebbins had to be repaired against the winter's winds and snows. Then, too, he had to make the rounds of the settlements to bring the sacraments and the Mass to those who had not gone down to the canneries. "And there is still on my desk a huge pile of letters to be answered!" he says.

Father Convert will spend the winter at St. Michael's in his usual missionary activities. But last summer he proved that the missionary priest can help his people find the solutions to material as well as spiritual problems; that the Church of Christ, through its priests, is anxious to do what it can for men's bodies in order to insure their souls' salvation.



CHIEF TURKEY *Pow Wows* *for Christ*

ONE OF THE GREATEST VICTORIES the Church has ever won among the American Indians was achieved three hundred and ten years ago by Father Andrew White S.J., pioneer priest of Maryland. On July 5, 1640 he baptized Kittamaquund, the "Tayac" or "Emperor" of the Piscataway Indians. With great ceremony the chief of all the chiefs was baptized in a chapel of Indian bark style that had been erected for the occasion on the banks of the St. Mary's River at St. Mary's City, Maryland. There in mid-morning with the Governor, Leonard Calvert, and Lewger, the governor's secretary, as witnesses, and most of Maryland's gentry attending, Father White poured the living water which had been petitioned by the Emperor a year previously. With the Emperor his number-one wife and his chief counselor became Christians. In the afternoon of the same day the Emperor and the Empress were united by Father White in Christian marriage.

The influence of that conversion continues today three centuries after the great celebration. On May 27th of this year sixteen Lumbee Indians, who had been interested in the faith by a descendant of the Imperial Kittamaquund, were baptized at Morganza, Md. On the following day they journeyed to St. Mary's City, almost to the very spot where the Emperor was baptized, to pay public tribute to Father White and the pioneer mis-

sioners of Maryland. There, before an outdoor altar erected on the river bank to the memory of Maryland's pioneer missionaries, they listened to Father John La Farge S.J. as he told of the religious freedom these men had brought to Maryland; they heard the U. S. Navy Band from Patuxent River play a concert in their honor, and they joined the crowd in giving public thanks to God with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament for the benefits these missionaries had brought to America, to Maryland, and to themselves.

With them at the Benediction was the man who had led them to the faith, Chief Turkey of the Piscataways, whose tribe has been Catholic ever since the time of Father White.

Chief Turkey met these Lumbee Indians when, as delegate from the Smithsonian Institute, he held a pow-wow in Pembroke, N. C. The Lumbees had been having a hard time of it. "There was not enough wood there for a squaw to cook dinner," he said. "And a decent-sized log cost five dollars."

"Farming is much easier in Maryland," thought Chief Turkey, so he interested them in a large tobacco farm on Queentree Road

RICHARD T. McSORLEY S.J.

near Morganza. When they decided to move to Maryland, he came with them and told them how this was the land where his people had lived, and how the Blackrobes had ridden horseback for centuries along the Indian trails of Maryland's forests to tell the people about God. He told them the story of the great Kittamaquund's journey to St. Mary's City so that he and his family could become children of the true God. He told them that the same Blackrobes were still here in Maryland and that, if they liked, they too could learn about the true God.

That is how it happened that, in the country church of St. Joseph's at Morganza, Chief Turkey introduced the Lumbee Indians to Father Joseph Kavanagh S.J. Father Kavanagh, with the help of Father Samuel Robb S.J., began a six-month course of instructions in the faith. Every Friday night they went to the old ramshackle house on the Indians' new farm. There the Indians and Chief Turkey too, sitting around on tables and chairs in rooms foggy with smoke from their long pipes and cigarettes, listened to the story of the faith. They watched Father Robb teach an Indian child the sign of the cross, then tried it themselves and asked if they were doing it right.

At the end of the first instruction, as the priests were leaving, they said, "God bless you!" Every night after that the Indians answered in chorus, "God bless you, too!"

Since it had been at a pow-wow that Chief Turkey had met these Indians, I asked him, "What is a pow-wow?"

"It is a meeting of the Indians," he said, "but every pow-wow has a special reason. The Piscataway Indians have a special pow-wow for the Blessed Virgin Mary. Other tribes call it the 'green-corn' pow-wow. We call it the Blessed Mother's pow-wow because it is the pow-wow of plenty and it comes on August the fifteenth. At that time of the year you could be turned out of your long house and you wouldn't starve. You would have fish, nuts, fruit, vegetables and game. Only a mother would prepare a plenty like that!"

"What do you do at a pow-wow?"

"We set up our tepees of four poles and put plenty into the pots under them. We tie two ears of green corn on each tepee-pole. Thirteen dancers get ready. Each of them carries a stalk of green corn. The medicine man faces the sunset and the dance begins. It lasts four days and ends on August 15th."

As the chief talked, his clear black eyes sometimes darted to one side to take in a passer-by or some moving object on the road or in the forest. He gave the impression that, as he was talking, he was taking in everything within view. I wondered if forest life had developed this "shifty-eyed" trait in Indians as a protection from sudden dangers.

Interested to meet a Catholic Indian, I asked more questions about his own life. He told me that he was in the front trenches in the first World War. While there he knew by the coming of spring that Good Friday was nearing. But not knowing what day it would be, he gave up meat entirely till spring had passed!

He told me that once a local small town barber while cutting his hair asked, "Are you a Christian?"

"I am of the Catholic faith," he answered.

The barber then called out to the local minister who was present, "Now is the time to get busy. You have a job on your hands."

Chief Turkey told me he didn't say anything when he heard that, but he thought, "He has a job on his hands all right. Let him begin it. He has a job ten thousand times bigger than he thinks. And I, too, have a job to do."

In answer to any slights against his race or religion Chief Turkey says, "I am a Catholic. Call me names if you like. Call me black or white or Indian, I am a Catholic. You go your way, I go mine." The chief is proud to be walking in the footprints of Kittamaquund, the Catholic "Tayac." Chief Turkey is living proof that the impetus given to the evangelization of America by Father White has not yet lost its force.

Father Michael Kavanagh S.J. congratulates Chief Turkey of the Piscataway Indians on his apostolate in bringing sixteen Lumbee Indians to the faith.



THE EDGE *of the Map*

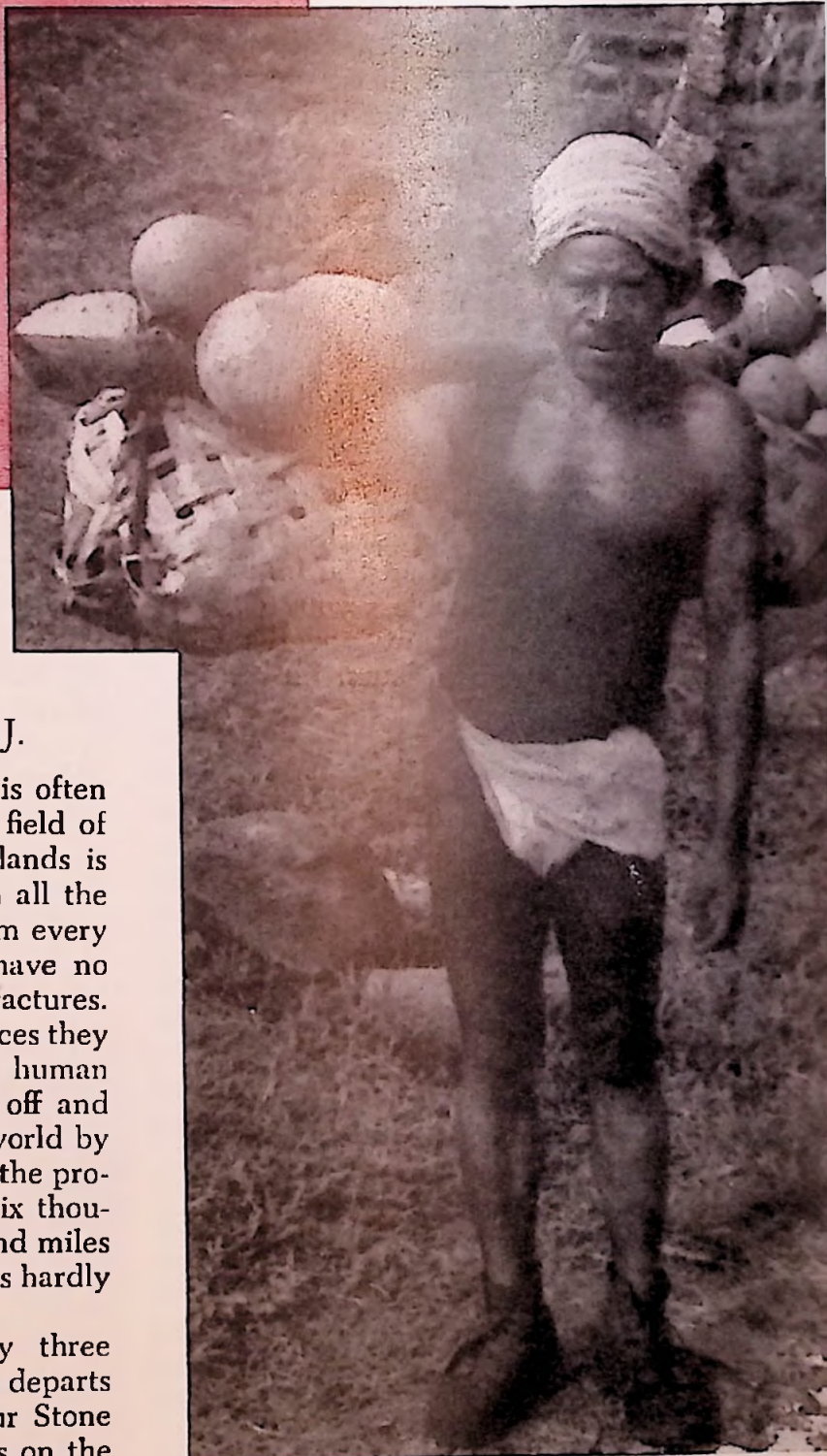


Father Walter S.J. gives a little known picture of the kind of life which is lived on "the edge of the map" in the mission field of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, far from the world's trade routes.

WILLIAM J. WALTER S.J.

THE TERM "EDGE OF THE MAP" is often loosely used. But our mission field of the Caroline and Marshall Islands is literally that. Probably no islands in all the world are more greatly removed from every contact with civilized man. They have no commerce and produce no manufactures. Because they have no material resources they have become a lost remnant of the human race. Our civilization has cut them off and abandoned them. So they live in a world by themselves. It is true they are under the protection of America but America is six thousand miles away. They are a thousand miles off the nearest trade route and there is hardly any way to get to them.

Four times a year, once every three months, a ship, a very small ship, departs from Guam and sails south into our Stone Age territory, passing no other ships on the



way. The ship pauses for a few hours at each island to buy copra and sell trade goods. During that time I go ashore and bring the Mass and Sacraments to the Christians. For the remaining three hundred and sixty-one days of the year the natives live behind the Iron Curtain of the Stone Age, subsisting on a diet of coconuts and fish. Far outnumbered by the unbelievers, the Christians live alone surrounded by the traditions and customs of the past centuries of paganism. Yet, regardless of their isolation from the ministrations of the Church, they remain faithful in the observance of the Commandments, say their prayers daily and instruct their children in the knowledge of God.

At first glance it is difficult to see why they are so steadfast in their faith, especially when you consider the utter lack of visible signs and helps. On most islands there are no churches, crucifixes, Stations or statues to see, no prayerbooks or other literature to read and no priest to give advice or instruction. Their shepherd visits them only a few hours at a time, a few times a year. He cannot speak their language fluently and they cannot speak his. Even in Confession his stumbling speech can offer no more than a dozen words of advice and encouragement. Despite all these handicaps the faith truly lives where it has taken root, in their hearts.

At each visit of the priest they bring not only their babies, but one or more aged pagans and present them for baptism. Of the very aged, some of whom are in their dotage, only the barest knowledge of the rudiments of the faith is required for they are very slow to learn and may not be in the world of the living when the priest returns again three months later. During my last trip, the oldest couple on the island of Lotho was baptized and the next day an old woman of seventy-two years, the oldest on the island of Mogmog, was received into the Church. On Ngulu, an island with only 12 Christians, six pagans asked for baptism but their reception into the Church was delayed for further instruction. These conversions were certainly not due to the efforts of their shepherd.

What then is the explanation? I think it lies in the prayers and sacrifices of those people who realize the importance of the missionary's job. By backing him with their prayers they have won for him and his flock the graces so sorely needed. So keep up your prayers and continue to win the grace of God for those of us on the edge of the map.

Come, follow me

ON THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS, the Holy Father will proclaim the dogma of the Assumption of Our Lady before a vast throng gathered in the Piazza of Saint Peter fronting the great Basilica. A seal will be set upon an ancient tradition dating from apostolic times. That which has been firmly believed by generations of Our Lady's clients will be formally defined as of the very substance of our Catholic faith.

There is a special fitness in the choice of the day itself, as the "Queen of All Saints" is infallibly declared to have been assumed body and soul to reign as Queen of Heaven. The blessed souls, already secure in their victory—Saint John's "great multitude, past all counting, taken from all nations and tribes and peoples and languages"—will rejoice triumphantly in this ultimate testimony to their Queen's high station. The faithful followers of Christ, still laboring for sanctity on this troubled earth, will find new stimulation for their hope in the final victory. For in Mary, the "Queen of All Saints", has been fulfilled the promise of Christ's redemptive sacrifice. The ringing words of Saint Paul have found in her their first completion—"Then when this nature wears its incorruptible garment, this mortal nature its immortality, the saying of scripture will come true, 'Death is swallowed up in victory'. Where then, death, is thy victory; where, death, is thy sting?"

We are blessed that in our day should be defined, so splendidly, the mystery first revealed to the Apostles in an isolated tomb close to the Garden of Gethsemane.

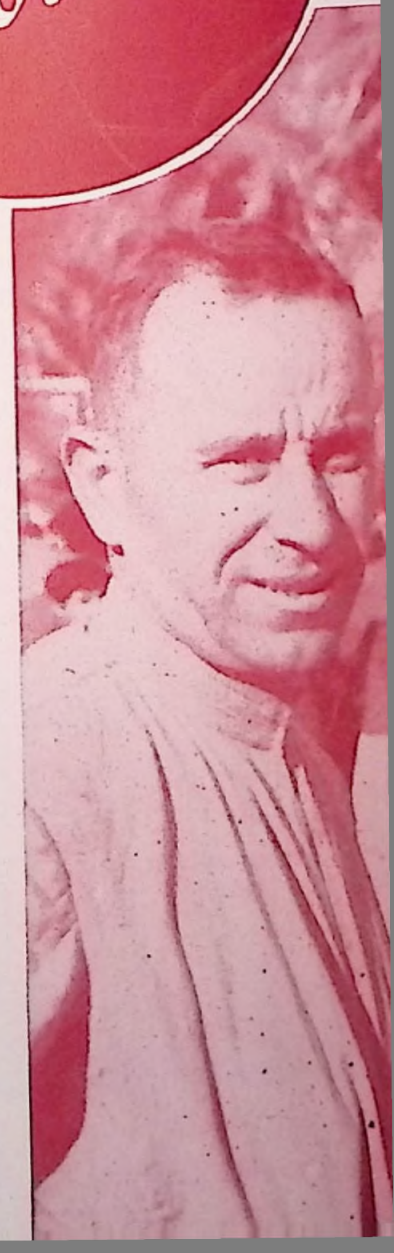
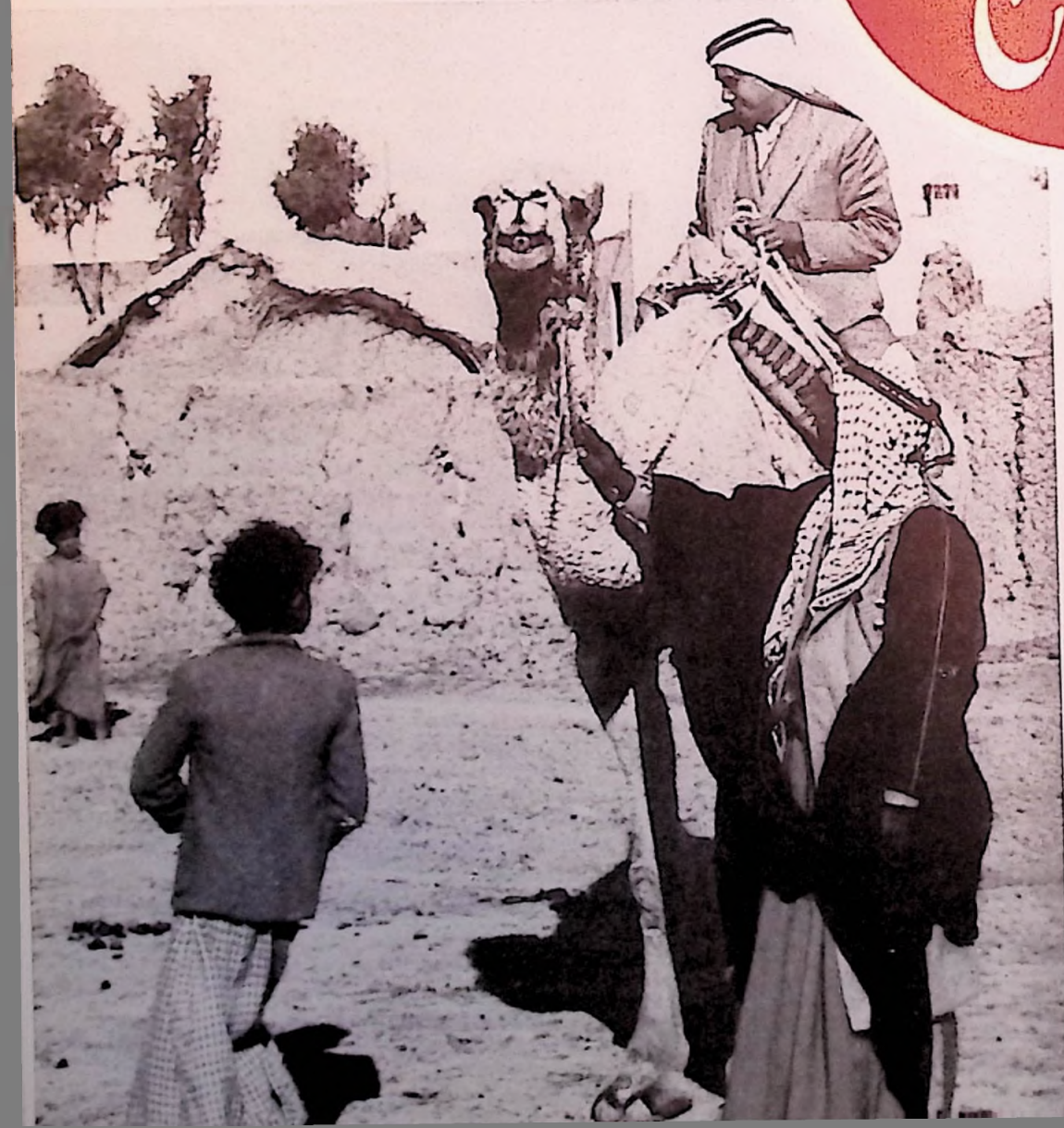
FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



Basketball is a favorite sport at the school on the Tigris and the last Iraq Olympic team had two players from B. C.

One end of the school property is the river bank but at the other end the desert with its way of life begins.

Baghdad College



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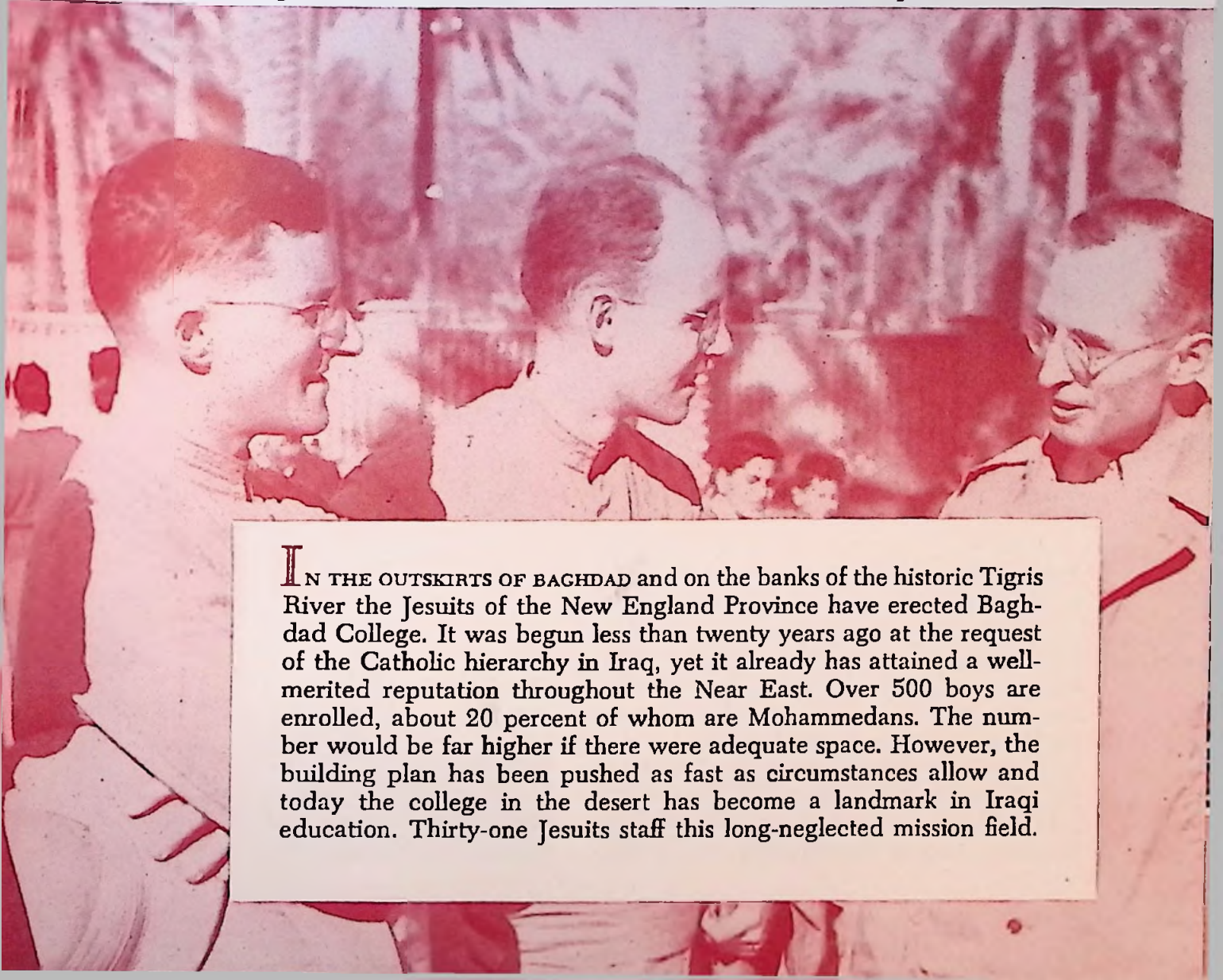
Mauroff, the only coadjutor brother on the mission, is the laying of the cement.



Science plays a big part in the school curriculum for the Arabs have always excelled in it. Father Guay supervises.

A moment on the campus finds Fathers Sheehan, Ryan and Shea talking over the situation.

The khaki cassocks mean that the hot weather is about to set in with its limiting of most activities.



IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF BAGHDAD and on the banks of the historic Tigris River the Jesuits of the New England Province have erected Baghdad College. It was begun less than twenty years ago at the request of the Catholic hierarchy in Iraq, yet it already has attained a well-merited reputation throughout the Near East. Over 500 boys are enrolled, about 20 percent of whom are Mohammedans. The number would be far higher if there were adequate space. However, the building plan has been pushed as fast as circumstances allow and today the college in the desert has become a landmark in Iraqi education. Thirty-one Jesuits staff this long-neglected mission field.

"GODDIE" *is Gone*

SILVIO GARAVAGLIA S.J.

I WAS UP IN THE MAY RIVER AREA for my monthly stay of four days and was just returning from the Annotto Bay Hospital nine miles away. A young man in the mountains had been taken by a sudden stomach ailment and I had been summoned to drive him to the hospital. He had been living in concubinage and had not been near the church for some time, and it had irked me to think that the priest should be called to provide transportation. I had grouched about it, but someone must have been praying, for charity got the better of me and I took him. I certainly was not laden with merit as I left the car at "Journey's End," crossed the ravine and trudged up to the priest's house at May River. It was a kind of last straw to find a telegram waiting for me on the table. Sure enough, it was a sick call and at the other end of the territory.

But this was a consoling errand of mercy, for it was "Goddie" who was ill, and ill unto death. "Goddie" had been sacristan, Sunday School teacher and general watchdog of the Port Maria mission for over twenty-five years. Now, at the advanced age of 83, she still clung to her post with bulldog tenacity. It was hard to believe that her tough wiry body had yielded to the pressure of the years. I fairly flew down to her with the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils and found her at the hospital with a bronchial ailment. Her mind was still clear, and, self-possessed as always, she received the Last Sacraments as if she had rehearsed them.

I visited her twice more that week, and the day after my last visit a telegram came announcing her final sleep. Like most Jamaicans, and like all those who have no earthly possessions, she died easily.

A large gathering came to her funeral in the afternoon but I dare say that only a handful knew her real name. For years she had been known affectionately as "Goddie"



and had become an anonymous symbol of loyal service and fidelity. She had been converted in the early Twenties and soon after entered upon a quasi-ecclesiastical career as sacristan. Thumbing back over the old baptismal records one repeatedly came across the name of Georgiana McGaw as the godmother for the Port Maria baptisms. As the children were numerous and the baptisms frequent, Georgiana gradually came to be known as "Goddie." Had you asked for Georgiana McGaw in Port Maria you never would have found her.

The importance of her work can only be understood in the light of the mission setup here. The priest visits a station once a week at most, and generally only once or twice a month. A reliable sacristan and caretaker becomes his strong right arm. The whole tradition of the mission comes to reside in her person. Missionaries may come and go, but she remains to know what belongs to the church, where everything is, who the sick are in the district, what the schedule is, what devotions are practiced, etc.

And how she watched over the property! In a land where material possessions are few and the opportunity of earning anything is rare, the temptation to appropriate any and

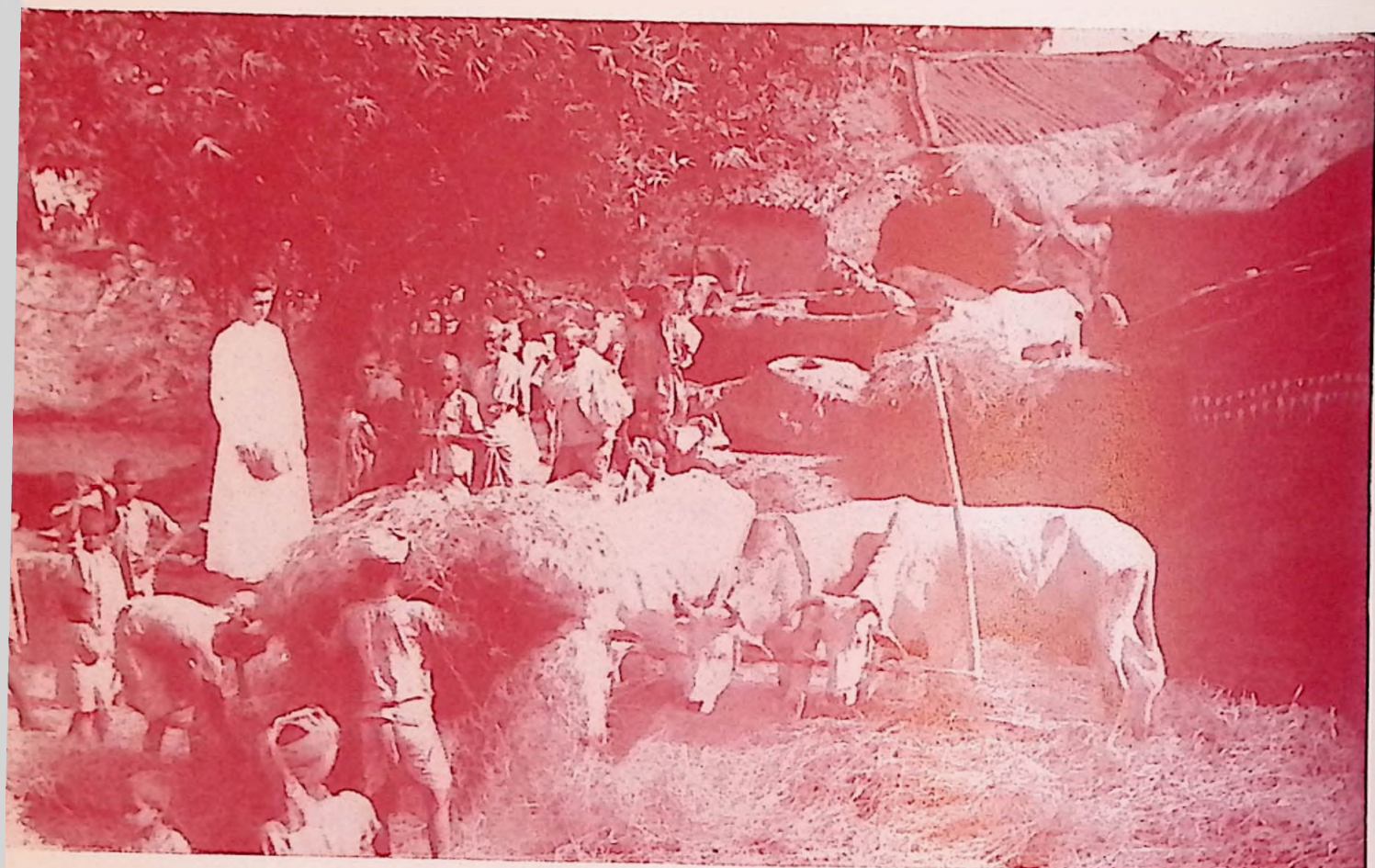
sundry articles is almost compulsive. The Public Works Department pays ample deference to this when it has a man sleep in the steamroller all night. "Goddie" did not exactly live in the church, but she took possession of a two-room "house" in the rear of the best painted chapel in the territory and for twenty-five years kept an eagle eye on the patrimony of St. Peter.

If you count the number of Catholics at Mass on Sunday you would judge that "Goddie" had failed in her role of godmother. Maybe she did. But we have to remember that the gap between infant baptism and adult Catholicism here is a titanic struggle between latent grace and such obstacles as distance, malnutrition, sub-human living conditions, illiteracy, instability of livelihood and the other ills to which this particular human nature is heir through no fault of its own. Her failure is Christ's failure. It is the failure of the Christian white man in social justice. It will take another hundred years of reparation in justice and charity to heal the wounds and weaknesses brought on by man's inhumanity to man here. Meanwhile, grace will have to build as well as it can on sand, and the loyal "Goddies" will often come to the end of their lives as failures.

Father Silvio Garavaglia S.J., stationed at Highgate in Jamaica, feels that he has lost his right arm with "Goddie" gone.



Here are several good reasons why a person of "Goddie's" type is invaluable in the work of the mission field. A single priest can never cover all the people in his territory and he must rely on the laity for help. Youngsters who are brought up in sub-human living conditions haven't much of a chance unless there is someone like "Goddie" interested.



A Morning in Piru

TODAY BEGAN AS USUAL WITH MASS at 4:00 A. M.

5:00 a. m. A chilly 45° with a west wind. To experience what early risers in the village feel, try it barefoot in night dress on a breezy morning in late March or early April.

5:30 a. m. Father Ernst off to Patna on the 'galloping goose', the 24-inch-gauge Arrah-Sasaram light Railway, guaranteed not to average more than eighteen miles an hour—comes in handy though. Father goes to give the six-day retreat to the diocesan priests gathered at Patna.

6:30 a. m. Sun-up—a welcome visitor. A few of the local boys drop in on their stroll afield to admire the attractive roses and dahlias, and, if luck favors, to pluck one. The vegetable garden is flourishing.

7.15 a. m. Leaffie, handbread, eggs, but no bacon. Feels like a frigidaire inside—fireplaces are not in vogue.

7:30 a. m. A turn in the sunny orchard restores circulation. Sisco leaves are falling fast in the brisk wind. A squad of little Mohammedan girls, tousled and pajamaed and with teeth and tongues chattering, descends on the grove with short, stiff brooms and baskets to gather leaves. Wood is scarce and dear, so is manure fuel. Leaves keep the poor man's rice pot boiling. An occasional twig is picked up deftly with the toes and relayed by hand to the basket atop head—then on again go the youngsters.

Small birds on the march mingle their twittering with the chorus of children's voices. Here a rosy minivet flashes through the mango foliage; a video does an acrobatic swing to capture some choice morsel; a sunbird, soon to be nesting in our rambler, stops for a sip of nectar from barida flowers, a parasitic vine that kills trees.

Across the Arrah-Sasaram road women bring in on their heads with rhythmic jog the hundred-pound rice bundles which are piled high next to the threshing floor. The crop is a good one in spite of the Madras cyclone a few months ago which deluged the scanty rice with untimely rain. In low areas, the crop was a total loss; even here the high price shows no signs of easing with the threshing already begun. The price is now

There is always something doing in Piru. Here Father Francis Welzmillar S.J. watches his Indian parishioners as they follow the centuries-old method of treading out the grain. India is trying to grow more food for her people so that next year it will not be necessary to spend money on its importation.

7 cents a pound with day labor at an average of 25 cents a day.

Oxen are already treading out the grain cut by sickle, as in the days of Moses. With the rice supply gone, many people are forced to beat out rice for immediate use with flails. This new rice gives a porridge more tasty than old rice does, but it brings an inflammation of the mouth and tract with bloody dysentery.

Beyond the threshing floor, the land just cleared of its crop is being plowed for wheat or pulse without the addition of a pound of manure. One wonders how land so taxed and drained can yield even 35 bushels of unhulled rice per acre. The wheat yield will be ten bushels at most and the target of the grow-more-food campaign is no more imports of grains for India in 1951.

The answers to the question of low yield is written broadly over the walls of our Kurmi neighbor's house near by. There is a row of several baked earthen pots sunk in a bank of clay to form an outdoor manger for



the cattle fodder of chopped straw and grass. A buffalo cow and her furry calf stand placidly as a crow alights chummily on mamma's back to peck at vermin. Why no manure for the fields? Over there is the answer. The wall of the house and court to a height of six feet for a stretch of twenty-five is plastered with serried rows of patties of mixed cow dung and straw, drying for burning. There is none to spare for the compost pit.

A sugar cane special, five ten-ton freight cars, whizzes by. It is going to Bikramganj mill, twelve miles south. There is plenty of cane this year but sugar is nine cents a pound when you can get it. On the black market it sells as high as 25 cents a pound. Just by the road a country mill, driven by bullocks, is crushing out the cane juice between three small rollers. A fire fed by cane leaves keeps the broad iron evaporating pan boiling till the right consistency is reached. Then it is pounded into a mold, dug in the ground, in

the form of a round, thick cake weighing about fifty pounds. The product sold as jag-gery is a solid brown sugar at the middle stage between molasses and sugar.

Back on the verandah a solicitous grandpa shows his two-year-old granddaughter's scalp eczema. He has walked ten miles for medicine. As he is served, the barber's brother comes in with a deep gash on the ball of his foot caused by the razor edge of the toddy palm leaf. Sulfanilimide puts him at ease. Others follow.

9:00 a. m. Time for part of my Breviary. Then some letters need answering of course. One almost finished when Kailas comes in about rice for the approaching feast. There will be more than three hundred guests and the bin is empty. Five hundred pounds will be the minimum requirement. Raphael Masters' troupe will be in several days before to rehearse the play. Others will cut wood, haul straw, scout to buy pigs or goats, etc.

Kailas dispatched, Ram Lal's mother with grandson Ricardo appears on the scene. Antonia's rice is used up. For two years she, a tottering granny herself, had tended and fed helpless Ugani, a widow, till the Lord called her to rest. Now Antonia, though nearly blind, still stumbles, guided by some obliging tot, the three miles to the Mission for Sunday Mass. She gets a kind of pension of ten pounds of rice a week.

As they leave, Ayodya Singh puts in his appearance. He is a Rajput catechumen who may have a hard row to hoe. In spite of all but unanimous opposition in his village, he insists he will become a Christian. A high school graduate and of ready wit, he has mastered the prayers and catechism in a month and is clamoring for baptism. He will have to go through the baptism of abuse and threats to win it.

Then in sallies an old Mohammedan butcher woman with her tale of woe about the police closing her business because she delayed a little in supplying a soupbone. On inquiry, it turns out that they merely insist that the actual killing and dressing be not done on the public thoroughfare. But she answers, "People won't buy unless they see whence the meat comes."

And suddenly it is noon and time for a joint of goat with rice and pulse sauce. Another morning has flown by.

FRANCIS J. WELZMILLER S.J.

CHAPLAINS *Ask Your Help*



AS IN WORLD WAR II NUMEROUS requests are coming in to us from Armed Forces Chaplains for subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS. The GIs who fight in the lands where missionaries labor are enthusiastic readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. They see for themselves the effects of the missionaries' sacrifices. Help them get this inspiring reading, and help the missionaries by a donation for gift subscriptions to the Chaplains. Kindly use the blank below.



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Dear Father:

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THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

NOVEMBER: Freedom and Increase of Catholic Schools

TWENTY-ONE YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE POPE PIUS XI of blessed memory penned his encyclical on Christian education. In it he explained in great detail the rights and duties of the Church, of parents and of the state. He concluded the section on the rights of the Church with this tribute to the mission schools: "Just as today when her missions scatter schools by the thousands in districts and countries not yet Christian, from the banks of the Ganges to the Yellow River and the great islands and archipelagos of the Pacific, from the Dark Continent to Tierra del Fuego and to frozen Alaska, so in every age the Church by her missionaries has educated to Christian life and civilization the various peoples which now constitute the Christian nations of the civilized world."

These words are not less true today. For in her schools, colleges and universities in mission lands the Church reaches not only her own children, regenerated by the waters of baptism, but she also attracts non-Christians to a more Christlike life.

But to bestow on the mission world the full benefits of her education the Church must enjoy her freedom to teach—a God-given right of the Church.

Some few mission territories are blessed with officials who foster Christian education. Others, unfortunately, are struggling for existence under officials who show themselves quite apathetic, if not entirely hostile, to her civilizing influence. Let us cite but a few instances.

Christian education in Japan is experiencing its greatest freedom since the days of Xavier. Yet less than two years ago, with the apparent approval of the Occupation Forces, "History of the West," a textbook that scoffed at the Divinity of Christ and applauded atheistic evolution, found its way into the schools. India by her new constitution has solemnly affirmed the right of minorities to establish schools, and yet instances can be adduced where biased officials have nullified



Father Feeney S.J. blesses Holy Rosary School, Likiep.

the upright intentions of the Indian government. Catholic schools in the Near East experience constant difficulties from those who would attempt to force Islamic doctrines and Moslem teachers on students attending them. China's "Liberators" have so hamstrung educational facilities that if they have not already taken over completely Catholic institutions, Catholic educators will be forced before long to close their doors under Communistic oppression.

Statistics released last January by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith indicate that in the past 25 years Catholics in mission lands have doubled in number. To educate these Christians in the faith, and to bring hundreds of millions of non-Christians to salvation the Church must multiply, equip and staff her mission schools, colleges and universities. If not, millions of souls may easily become prey of the so-called "Neutral" schools founded on false philosophies of "westernizing" agents.

During November then we pray for greater freedom for the Church in exercising her educational rights and for an increase in the number of Catholic schools to keep apace with the needs of the mission Church.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMAN S.J.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

BATTER UP!

As we go to press the air is filled with one subject—baseball. The great American game takes precedence over everything else for the moment. There is probably no other thing that is a better proof that America is a real democracy than the way baseball levels all barriers. It has a hold on the affections of Americans which isn't broken by the fact that they may be living in distant lands. One good example of that comes from **William Moran S.J.** who is now at St. Michael's Col-

lege in Batticaloa, Ceylon. "A bunch of Americans are building a dam at Gal Oya, about 50 miles south of here. They invited us down for a soft ball game, a bar-b-q and a dance—only none of us could find our dancing shoes. We won the ball game by 10 to 4 and then did more than ample justice to some real hamburgers and hot dogs. You can't imagine what those things smelled like, let alone what they tasted like! It was really good to see a gang of Americans again and feel right at home—but it was only good for a day.

"We came back to Batticaloa in time for the start of the government exams for our Seniors only to discover that the exams were canceled on the first day. Why? Stop me if you've heard this one but it seems that someone had gotten his hands on the exams and was selling them to the youngsters in Colombo. Need I say he was doing a good business?"

NEW NAME FOR NULATO

On the feast of Our Lady of the Snows the mission at Nulato in Alaska celebrated the centenary of the foundation of the Sisters of St. Ann who came to Nulato fifty years ago to start the first Catholic school among the natives. **Father John Baud S.J.**, pastor and lone missionary in Nulato, reports that the celebration went off well with **Bishop Francis Gleeson S.J.** presiding and **Fathers Joseph McElmeel S.J.** and **William McIntyre S.J.** assisting. After the ceremonies **Father Baud** had a request to make of the Bishop.



Among the first fruits of the mission of Suchow in China, conducted by the Jesuits of the Lower Canadian Province, are these two Chinese Jesuits who were ordained in Montreal this past summer, Fathers Joseph Tseou (left) and John Tong.

The mission at Nulato has been named St. Peter Claver but **Father Baud** could find no record of the one who had given that title nor the occasion. But he did discover that Archbishop Seghers, the real founder of the mission, had originally named it "The Mission of Our Lady of the Snows," for it was on that feast day the Archbishop began his great work in Alaska. So **Father Baud** requested that the mission be known under its original title and **Bishop Gleeson** readily agreed.

Father McIntyre adds an interesting footnote to the celebration. "We could only stay two days at Nulato because the Bishop had to return to Andreafsky and to his job. And do you know what his job is? He is cooking for the building crew at the new mission site! He is really in his glory over a cook stove."

SHANGHAI SSCA

The American Jesuits in China have been exceedingly restricted



His Excellency Bishop Francis D. Gleeson S.J. of Alaska as he attended the celebration at Nulato where he restored to the mission its title, "Our Lady of the Snows."

in their activities but they did manage to run a Summer School of Catholic Action for girls. The Shanghai SSCA was the brain-child of **Father John Clifford S.J.**, and it was largely due to his careful engineering and untiring legwork that it was highly successful. The students were drawn from the Catholic high schools and the University of Shanghai. The various talks which covered a wide range of subjects were given mostly by **Fathers Foley, Houle, Palm, McCarthy, Klaeser and Latham**, although both nuns and priests of other religious orders also lent a hand.

A remarkable thing about this five-day gathering was the spirit of unity and friendliness which prevailed among the students who were from different schools and not used to this sort of affair. The lectures were in English due to the fact that there had not been time to prepare a program in Chinese. But the enthusiasm and response of the girls indicate that there will be many another SSCA—unless forbidden by the present government.

THE HOUR OF HOPE

Across the water in Japan another important Catholic gathering took place. **Norbert Tracy S.J.** reports: "Before leaving for the States, **John Blewett S.J.** mentioned to a certain Catholic layman here his idea of sending a few Japanese Catholic top scholars abroad each year to study and to return here as men capable of great leadership for the Church. Inspired to help finance this project and others similar, this Mr. Drahurd called a meeting of his Occupation friends and two chaplains who invited the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Maximilian de Furstenberg. At that first meeting Mr. Blewett explained his ideas. Results since then are now, after 9 weeks, a Council of Catholic Men in Japan with over 100

members and a constitution approved by SCAP. The purpose is to unify the Catholics of the international diplomatic missions, the soldiers and leading SCAP officials, the traders and the Japanese 'to aid the development of Catholic Action in Japan through the Apostolic Delegate.' They hope to raise funds here in Japan and in the States to finance building and expanding the churches, schools, welfare centers, publications, etc., so badly needed to meet the tide of conversions in this hour of opportunity for the Church—the hour St. Francis Xavier and thousands of missionaries have dreamed of for four patient centuries. Yes, and Japanese Catholic top scholars and leaders are especially needed now."

LIKIEP CALLING

From Likiep in the Marshall Islands **Father John McCarthy S.J.** has a few things to say about what he calls "the importance of small things." He relates: "We have here a Navy receiver and transmitter. This set is for emergency use, and on occasion for message carrying. The idea is that this could be a center for the northern islands, and is also necessary since this is the only generator around. For a long time the transmitter had not been working properly: real servicing is difficult, since any plane trip is brief. A week ago Monday a Coast Guard ship came up as a courtesy, to bring freight neglected on the previous field trip a month ago. They stayed less than six hours,



In Shanghai Jesuit missionaries now studying theology examine a road pass which enabled Messrs. Chin and Li (second and third from left), Kingsion Regional seminarians, to make their way from Peiping to Shanghai. From right to left are Jan Schmotzer of the Hungarian Province, Messrs. Chin and Li, Arthur Latham of the California Province, Rosaire Gagnon and Charles Polyquin of the Lower Canadian Province and Joseph Ma from the Suchow mission. All have lived in Peiping.

but in that time their radio man, Fred Gallien, repaired the transmitter. We called Kwajalein and told them that we would be on the air from eight to nine every night. However, here is where things really worked: many on the island were sick with colds and some very sick. On Saturday we called Kwajalein and for an hour and a half described symptoms and took down remedies: slow work through the static (there was a lightning storm, and besides, the 6500 kcs. band has been hard lately). The main difficulty was that there was no doctor here (he had gone off for medicine), and no penicillin or sulfa. We managed to get the worst one through the night (Lemeric, a boy 16: one of our best), and at seven the next morning the PBM came down with a Doctor Mitchell of the Air Force. He took back to Kwajalein Lemeric and three infants: judging that in Lemeric's case, one more day would have finished him.

"So the Coast Guard's Buttonwood (Captain Heintz), the Navy's PBM sent by Captain Gill, and the Air Force's Doctor saved one and probably four lives through the radio here. Oddly enough, we couldn't even hear Kwajalein for a while after, until we laid out a new ground. (The radio functioned that night with buckets of water poured over the ground-stake.) The job would have been easier if I were farther along in a small branch of study: code, for an amateur license. We foresee that some communications study will be useful for the boys on the ships around (we're also working up navigation), and the first step calls for a license. The next will be a station (useful throughout the missions in any case), whenever we can get enough money together for a good transmitter."

OF PLAGUE AND PLAQUE

There has been another change of names at Benque Viejo in Brit-



THE HOSPITAL IN A CATHEDRAL

Father John Morrison S.J. of the Patna mission in India, well known to the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, has sent out an urgent appeal for a cause that is very dear to him because he knows the circumstances so well.

"The Holy Family Hospital, housed for the last ten years in the ancient cathedral, has reached a crisis in its long period of usefulness. It threatens at any moment to burst its seams and spill out into the crowded bazaar where it is situated.

"Begun in 1939 on a wish and a prayer Holy Family Hospital 'took' from the start. It is conducted by the Medical Mission Sisters from Fox Chase, Philadelphia, who were founded just 25 years ago for the purpose of giving medical care to the people of India. Now the old cathedral and its compound are strained to

the limit. The student nurses are packed into such tiny quarters that there is danger to their health. The Sisters themselves occupy part of the body of the church and it is totally inadequate. At times patients must be put on the floor for lack of bed space or even turned away.

"You can't realize how much these Sisters have meant to India! They have to have a new hospital. We have the plans drawn for a place at Digha Ghat, two miles away. It will cost over a million dollars—but it has to in order to meet the tremendous need for it. To thousands here in India Holy Family Hospital has meant Christ.

"If any of your readers would be willing to help they could send their donations to Mother Anna Dengel at 8400 Pine Road, Fox Chase, Philadelphia. Thank you."

ish Honduras. **Father Anthony Kuenzel S.J.** relates the following: "Old Reyes Castellanos and his son Remedios had cut about three-quarters of the rafters for our new church. They were doing it by means of a long saw, for

we have no machinery for the huge logs of Santa Maria lumber. Then one day Reyes advised me that he must stop because clouds of locusts had descended on his corn milpa. I pointed out to him that he could do nothing against

those billions of locusts but he answered that the corn was his chief food and he must do what he could. I insisted that he go ahead with the sawing of the remaining rafters but I also told him to place a picture or little statue of the Little Flower at the entrance to his corn field and leave the outcome to God and the intercession of Santa Teresita. Since Reyes had no Santa Teresita I supplied him with an aluminum plaque.

"Two weeks later Reyes, in his simple way, told me how he had followed my instructions. He had set up the plaque and early the next morning had gone out to the corn field. With the first streaks of dawn a dense cloud of locusts rose up from his milpa. As the sun rose higher these locusts, their wings glittering in the early light, seemed to float away. Practically no damage had been done to his milpa during the night! He later harvested all his corn while roundabout in our fields the locusts stripped everything clean to the ground. So today as you travel the road to Cayo you will see the new marker on Reyes' rancho, 'Santa Teresita.' The Little Flower certainly came through for Reyes."

THE BISHOP'S JOTTINGS

From Jamaica the new Bishop, His Lordship John McEleney S. J., writes, among other things, of the problem of fatigue. "Now we are settling down to routine order. First, I must tell you about Stephen, our 'yard-boy', who is from Alpha, our Industrial School. We decided to celebrate our Patron's day with a quart of ice cream and asked Stephen to churn it. Stephen went at it with a will shortly after noon—he was at it at four—and when we came down to dinner at six he was seated on the ground with the freezer between his knees turning it most vigorously. But come dinner—no

ice cream. So I said to Willie Brown, our 'butler', 'What—no ice cream?' Willie replied ruefully, 'No, my Lord. Stephen, he turn the handle too slow and the cream don't jell.' The current suspicion is that Stephen sometime in the quiet of the afternoon took a little wink between an upstroke and a downstroke, or vice-versa. Willie is an old faithful retainer, who has served all the bishops of Jamaica since the first one, Bishop Gordon. He is now close to eighty or more but nobody, including Willie, knows just how old he is. Willie sale: 'How old am I? I'm getting tired!'"

DARJEELING DAZE

One of the Canadian Jesuits in Darjeeling (he prefers to remain anonymous) has sent in this incident. "A drowsy monsoon afternoon and a Nepali class—a bad combination. The four Fathers, fighting sleep, were enjoying their second 'kindergarten' much less than their first.

"Mr. Bruneau struggled through a sentence and sighed relief. Our 'pandit' burst out laughing. We woke up, grinned sheepishly and wondered what was so funny.

"You just read 'surwal' for 'suruwa,' the 'pandit' explained. 'You may be able to drink soup but it's pretty hard to drink a pan of Nepali trousers!'"

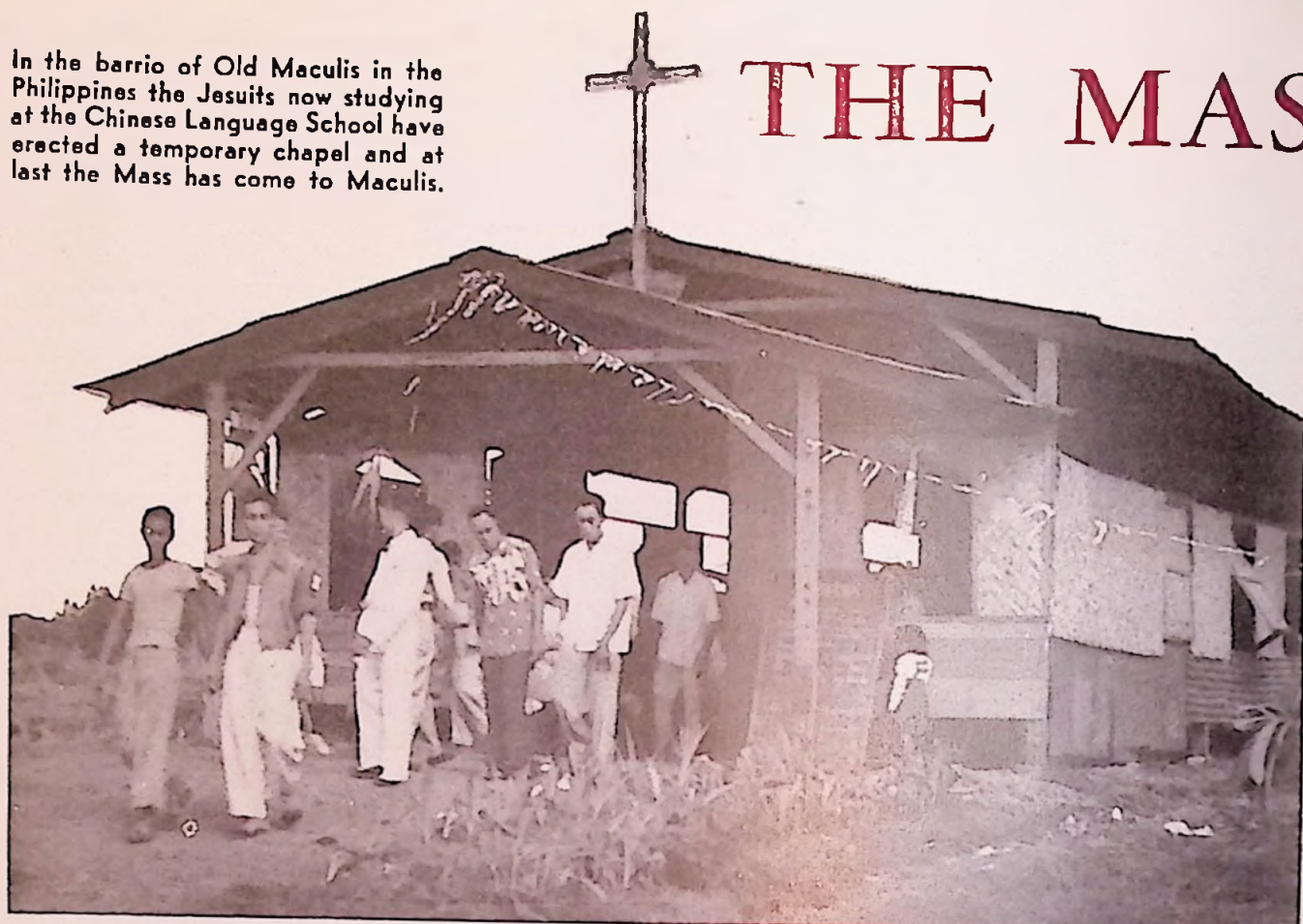
On his arrival in Jamaica as Vicar Apostolic, Bishop John J. McEleney S.J. is tendered a reception at

St. George's College in Kingston. At the Bishop's left is Father Walter Ballou S.J., mission superior.



In the barrio of Old Maculis in the Philippines the Jesuits now studying at the Chinese Language School have erected a temporary chapel and at last the Mass has come to Maculis.

THE MASS



“CAN ANYTHING THAT IS GOOD COME out of Nazareth?” Thus expressing the common opinion of the day was Nathanael’s only answer to Philip’s enthusiastic report that the Messiah had been discovered. Such also was the reaction of many with whom we spoke on hearing of our desire to help the people of Barrio Old Maculis in the Philippines. “Can anything that is good come out of Maculis?” they would ask us. “Don’t you know what kind of people live in that barrio? Not a single family owns the land on which they have built their houses! Most of the men in the barrio do not work nor do their children attend school. Besides, the morals of the place are a shame and a disgrace to any decent barrio. Why waste your time on such people? There are others far more deserving of your limited time and attention. Leave Old Maculis to itself.”

But like Nathanael of the Gospel story we decided to put aside these prejudices and investigate conditions for ourselves. Early one Sunday afternoon Father Leoni, an Italian Jesuit, and I left Chabanel, the Chinese Language School and headed in the direc-

ROBERT W. CUNNINGHAM S.J.

tion of the barrio. In ten minutes we were entering the narrow main street with its row of houses on either side, barber and tailor shop, and a few tiny food stores.

Everywhere, in spite of the white cassocks, we were met with stares and expressions of “I wonder who they are and what do they want here?” Many of the children and several of the older people began to follow us at a distance. Arriving at the center of the village two chairs were handed down to us from an upper window and we were invited to sit there in the street and await the arrival of the Barrio Lieutenant.

When he finally made his appearance, we told him and those gathered about us of our desire to help them, and their children especially, by teaching them their catechism. All seemed well pleased at this opportunity for the barrio could no longer afford to support a teacher for their school.

After this interview one of the families of the barrio invited us to their home to bless a picture and some beads. We gladly accepted, being anxious to see the conditions under which these people really lived. What we saw was anything but pleasant. The house, typical of most in the barrio, was immaculately clean and consisted of one room only

Comes to Old Maculis

and that without any furniture whatsoever. The floor was made of bamboo strips and took the place of table and chair during the day while at night mats were spread over it to serve for a bed. The walls were of many varieties of salvaged materials but mostly of old galvanized iron sheets. This particular family consisted of ten—the mother and father with their five children and three visiting relatives. In spite of such apparent poverty all seemed happy and neither complained nor apologized for their lack of what we would call essentials.

The next Sunday we returned and began to get acquainted with the children (and indirectly with the parents) by playing a few simple games. It didn't take them long to get over their bashfulness with priests, and by the time we were ready for our first class all were friends. But this class made it evident that once a week would not be enough. The children had received no previous religious instructions while their parents had already forgotten any they might have learned.

Thereafter we returned each Saturday and Sunday afternoon to play with the children, and then teach them at least the fundamen-

tals of their faith. Each time we approached the barrio a large number of the children would come out to escort us in, sometimes singing the simple Tagalog hymns we had taught them.

We had now made a start but each week we became more and more convinced that more had to be done, especially in regard to the grownups. Although the majority claimed to be Catholics, still only a few could be found who knew even the fundamental truths. What to do? First of all we had to get them to Sunday Mass and then to the Sacraments. Even the nearest church was too far away for them to walk and too expensive to bring the entire family by bus. Many of the children had never been to Mass and how long it had been since the grownups had attended we could pretty well guess. We had to bring the Mass to Old Maculis—there was no other way.

Long before the Mass the women and children gathered flowers and hung up their best (and only) table cloths to adorn the altar and soiled walls. During the Mass these same women and children knelt on the hard dirt floor while the men stood outside the tiny shack in the hot morning sun. That morning both Father Leoni and I went home very glad—Christ in the Mass had at last come to Old Maculis. Soon, too, we hoped that Christ would come into the hearts and souls of these good people, still hungry and starved for the bread of life.



(Above) Father Leoni S.J. of the Milan Province in Italy and now a member of the China-in-exile community had the honor of celebrating the first Mass in Old Maculis. (Right) The lives of the young boys in the barrio were as bare as this framework before the Chabanel Jesuits became interested in them.





The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

The establishment of a native clergy is fundamental in the missionary program of the Church.

Within the past thirty years in various key cities of the Philippines the Jesuits have established high schools and colleges. It has involved tremendous manpower and the expenditure of money. For the latter factor we are indebted to our benefactors, not only of today but of years past. In the classrooms of these schools thousands of boys have pursued classical and scientific courses, making them apt candidates for the priesthood.

At the Jesuit Novitiate at Novaliches in the Philippines twenty-six young Filipinos were received this summer as novices of the Society of Jesus.

Thirteen years hence the novices of 1950 will be ordained as Jesuit priests. From now until then every coat worn, every doctor bill incurred and every meal eaten by them will be paid for by the Society of Jesus. To defray these expenses we must rely upon our benefactors. Can you support one of them for a week, a year, or perhaps for thirteen years? JESUIT MISSIONS will supply you with information.

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

Post Payment:

By the time this request appears, a group of young Jesuit priests from the province of Maryland will be on the Atlantic or perhaps the Mediterranean en route to Jamshedpur, India. Each morning, the Fathers will unpack two Mass kits and when they reach the mission the Mass kits will be for general use. The price of each Mass kit is \$100.00. Would you be interested in a post payment of the Mass kits? In a year or two from now there may be a sorrow in your family and on that very day Father Nash or Father Dineen, surrounded by a group of natives, will stand at an improvised altar and offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Everything on the altar from the cruets to the chalice will be your gift. For your sacrifice in making possible that holy sacrifice of the Mass God may bestow upon you rich blessings, both spiritual and temporal.

Cargo Burned:

Imagine the disappointment of Father Carroll of Kotzebue, Alaska, in hearing that the "annual freighter" carrying a large supply of cargo for his mission caught fire. The loss must be computed not only from the actual value of the cargo but also from the serious inconvenience. Father is anxious to replace immediately the lost clothing. Pack-

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
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ages can be mailed by parcel post to the address given below. Although Father claims that there is year-round service it would be well to check with your local Post Office as it may refuse to accept the packages during winter months.

REVEREND G. E. CARROLL S.J.
St. Francis Xavier Mission
Kotzebue, Alaska

Retreat Reading:

In the normal week of a missionary there are very few hours for reading. Occasions do arise, however, when he literally craves a good book and this particularly during the time of retreat. Father Koller of Talisayan in the Philippines mentioned that his huge convento is a desirable spot for retreatants. He is anxious to build up a spiritual library. Recently, Father Owen of the faculty of Le Moyne College, Syracuse, translated Father Laturia's authoritative life of St. Ignatius entitled, "Inigo de Loyola." The price of the book is \$4.50. Copies can also be purchased from JESUIT MISSIONS for your personal use or as a gift to a religious. Another excellent book for retreats is "Waters That Go Softly" by Father Rickaby S.J., priced at \$2.50.

Safe Keeping:

Whenever you have gone to your rectory for a baptismal record you may or may not have averted to the fact that the records were kept in a steel cabinet. Suppose your own record had been lost—then there would be a problem, especially if you were to be married within a few weeks. To guarantee the safe and efficient keeping of parish records, Father Francis Hogan of Honduras wants to buy a steel cabinet. Since he is in the land of hurricanes it must be a sturdy cabinet. A donation of \$25.00 more or less, will help Father greatly. For one of the missions he also must purchase a Marriage Record book. We need \$5.00 for the record book and carrying charges.

Music for Mass:

On several occasions we have asked for donations to purchase a portable organ. For some reason or other, we have never been able to buy one for a missionary. We repeat the request, particularly at the suggestion of Father Garavaglia of the Sacred Heart parish in Jamaica. He has been quoted the price of \$95.00. Like so many other items listed, it is expensive but small donations from a number of our readers will provide the organ.



Baghdad
MISSION NEEDS

The new science building at Baghdad College wants new equipment to continue the excellent course given there. Your help from \$97 to 97¢ is needed.

MICROSCOPE	\$97.00
BAROMETER	25.00
STOPWATCH	20.00
BELL JAR	5.00
APRONS	3.00 each
BALANCE WEIGHTS	2.00
BURNERS	.97 each

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15% DEDUCTION ALLOWED

DO YOU TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE of the 15% deduction for charity the United States Government allows on Federal Income Taxes? If you have been unaware of this, check carefully on it. If you are aware, what better or more lasting charity than the Missions? It makes no difference whether you are in the high or low income brackets, your charity can support Jesuit missionaries, buy vestments, build schools and chapels. If you have any doubts about the legal technicalities of your deduction, consult your lawyer, your bank or a certified public accountant. Our acknowledgment of your gift and your cancelled check are proofs of your gift. Checks should be made out to *Jesuit Missions, Inc.*



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