

# JESUIT MISSIONS

January-February 1951



BEYOND THE GOLDEN CURTAIN



# JESUIT MISSIONS

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JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, July and August, by Jesuit Missions Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00; Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second-class mail matter, at the Post Office at Norwalk, Conn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Post Office Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

(Left) In Jerusalem the beautiful Church of the Dormition, the "fallen asleep" of Our Lady once towered over the hill of Sion. Now it is badly damaged after the Arab-Israeli war. The celebration of the definitive of the Assumption was held elsewhere.



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Father James Babb of the New Orleans Province has recently returned from Ceylon with a boatload of pictures, some of which appear in this issue.

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Father Babb has the unenviable job of Mission Procurator for Ceylon and the home missions from Florida to New Mexico.

o o o

For him Ceylon is the "Golden Isle" in reverse for on his shoulders rests the burden of financing the missionaries there. It isn't just a question of providing the necessities of life; Father Babb has to underwrite the heavy expenses of colleges and churches.



But he has now had first-hand experience with the mission itself. His enthusiastic summary on his return was, "They're doing a great job!"

o o o

Our cover this month might inadvertently mislead someone. Father William Walter S.J., shown on the island of Mogmog in the Carolines, says, "Quiet moments like this one are few and far between."



On the back cover of the December issue appeared the Apostolic Benediction granted by the Holy Father to the benefactors of Jesuit Missions. In response to a query we wish to make clear that every subscriber is a benefactor.

The Holy Year of 1950 has come to an end. Probably the most significant event of that time was the solemn definition of the dogma of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother. There were many voices outside of the Catholic faith raised against the proclamation of that belief. To some Catholics such a reaction may have been difficult to understand but it did serve to emphasize the cleavage that exists between ourselves and those not of our faith. It makes us more conscious of the treasure which is ours.

No one is more conscious than the missionary of the pearl of great price which has been entrusted to him. His life, spent among an alien people, is one long sharing of that treasure. As you read this issue notice the feelings of these missionaries towards their people. There is a bond that exists between the two, a bond woven out of the love of Jesus Christ to form another thread in the rich fabric of our Catholic heritage.



Father Leo Birney S.J., Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, is a man born to the saddle. Most of his time is spent in the modern saddle as he drives far afield on Circulation Department business, but occasionally he returns to our New York corral to refurbish his quips and spurs. He himself claims he was born (Durand, Michigan) to be an example to his brothers, Father Harry S.J., now in Jaipur, India, and Father James S.J., ordained last year at

West Baden, Indiana. It would seem he was right for his article on Ceylon was just going to press when Father Harry sent us a story soon to appear.

FOR VARIOUS REASONS AND AT VARIOUS times Ceylon has been given the names of "Island of Delights," the "Golden Isle," and the "Island of Spices". A Jesuit from the New Orleans Province, working on this mission, might wryly and hesitatingly admit the appropriateness of the titles but would make it clear that his whole-hearted approbation of these titles extended only to the word "island". He would ask you to withhold judgment and to study the facts before you pictured Ceylon as an earthly paradise.

The word "spice" immediately elicits "variety" and completes, in reverse, the adage "Spice is the variety of life". Most certainly the American Jesuit missionary in Ceylon must be continuously struck by the variety and contrast he sees all around him. In the course of a few years of work, for example, he might be assigned as a pastor for the song-loving Tamils who trace their Catholicism to St. Francis Xavier—or he may try to help the Veddahs, the original inhabitants of Ceylon. These latter, he finds, are jungle dwellers, extremely poor and shy of all strangers. They know nothing about tilling the soil, are hardly able to keep body and soul together, and their religion is a depressing animism with no prospect of heaven. This same missionary may say Mass in the

BEYOND THE

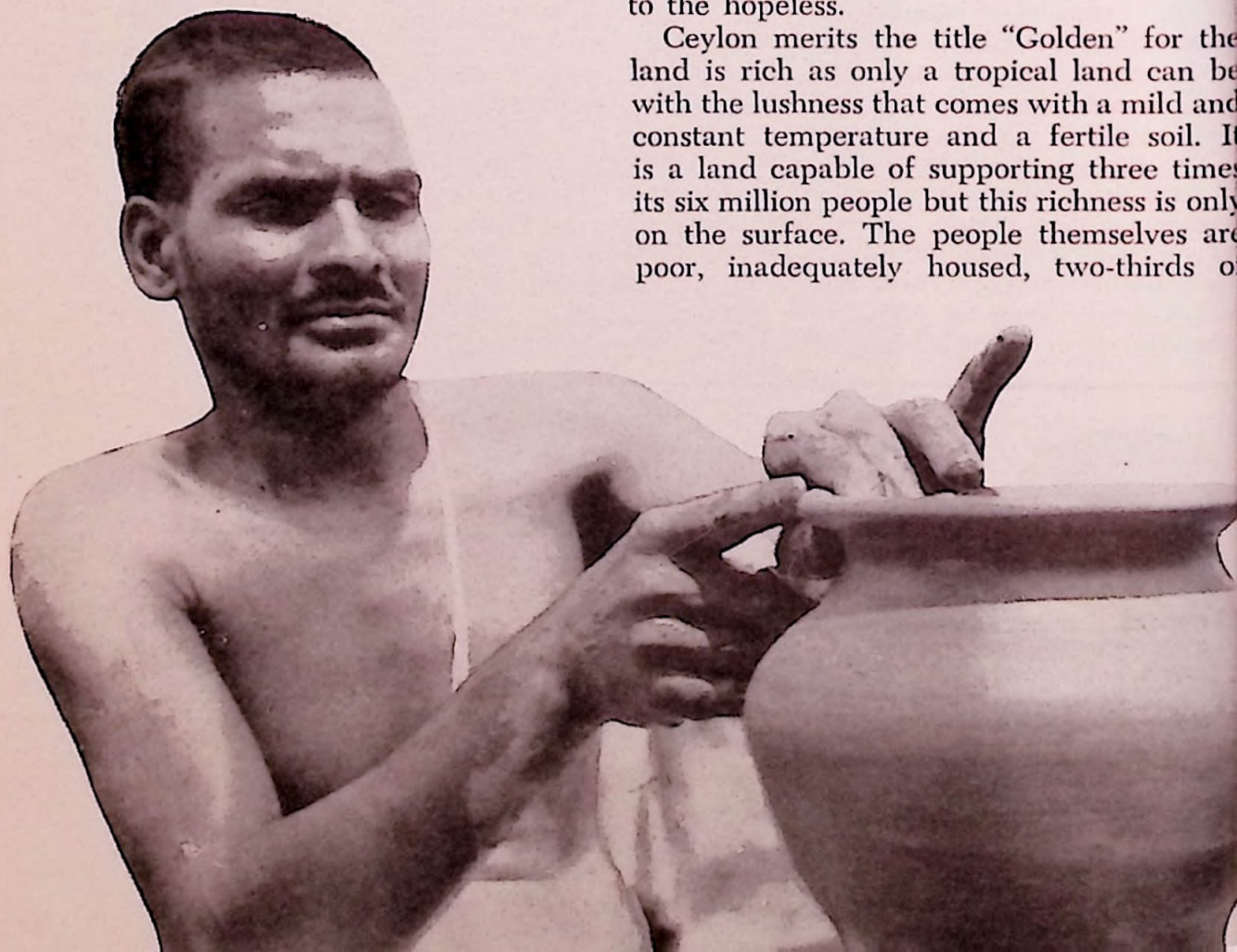
# Golden Curtain

LEO E. BIRNEY S.J.

Cathedral at Trincomalee and the next day in a jungle chapel made of four poles with thatched coconut tree leaves.

If the missionary is assigned to St. Michael's College in Batticaloa he will be living in a beautiful, modern building and will be teaching lively boys, not as foxy as American boys, but capable and bright. Again, a striking change, almost shocking, to be appointed as chaplain at the Leper Hospital of Mantivu where he can watch the Franciscan Sisters, with their devotion and goodness, bring hope to the hopeless.

Ceylon merits the title "Golden" for the land is rich as only a tropical land can be with the lushness that comes with a mild and constant temperature and a fertile soil. It is a land capable of supporting three times its six million people but this richness is only on the surface. The people themselves are poor, inadequately housed, two-thirds of



them under-nourished. There is the poverty, too, of medical care for a missionary can report the frightful number of 80,000 deaths from malaria in seven months. Another missionary will tell you he has had malaria 22 times.

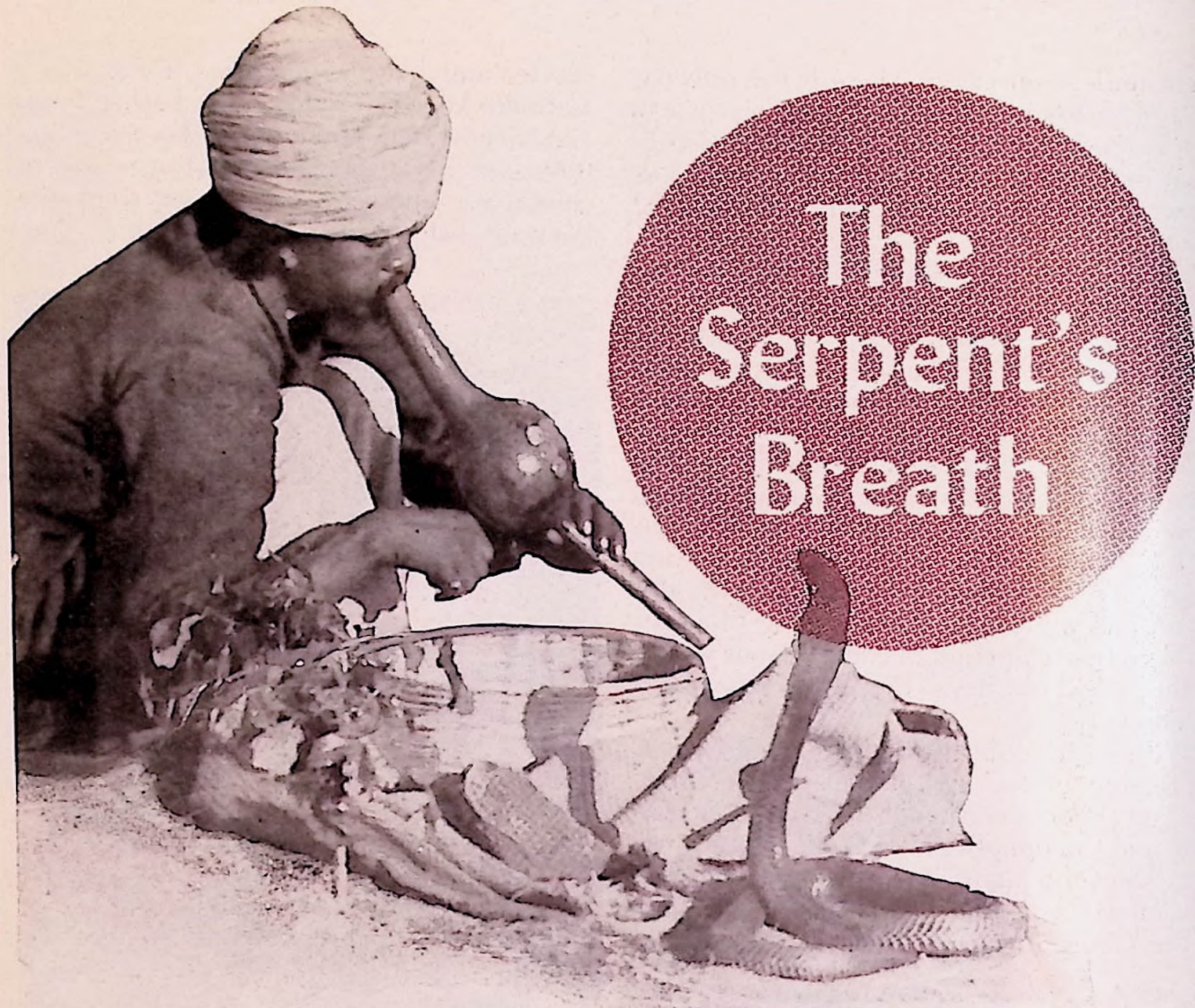
The Ceylon missionary's lists of pleasures for his "Isle of Delight" would include, I'm sure, the satisfaction he gets from his work. Perhaps it would be the priest, sitting quietly in the evening and watching his orphans playing, knowing that he has finished another day of taking Christ's place for the little ones who would be all alone except for him. It might be the pleasant conversation with the two Jesuits who have stopped in for a visit as they were driving past with the sound and movie truck bearing the Blue Jay emblem of Jesuit High in New Orleans where in the "good old days" they were scholastics together.

Without a doubt, if there come periods of depression or feelings of hopelessness from the fact that conversion of the Hindus is very slow and the opposition and hate of the Moslems show no signs of weakening, then the missionary can take hope from the history of the Church in Ceylon. He can remember

(Right) A Ceylonese mother turns aside from her cooking to comfort her child. (Below) St. Mary's Cathedral at Trincomalee on the "Golden Island."

Xavier and how, at one time, there was a Catholic king in Ceylon; how Father Fernandez converted 5,000 and Father Pecci 50,000; but the missionary's greatest source of confidence and strength comes from the heavenly help of the 600 martyrs of Ceylon.





JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.

**I**T HAD BEEN A TYPICAL DAY IN INDIA, very hot and sticky with no breeze. About nine in the evening I was sitting on my verandah trying to cool off. There was a light overcast through which, here and there, a few stars were making a half-hearted attempt to shine, but the whole valley was dark. My verandah was, too, as a light would attract swarms of insects and make reading and writing impossible.

I was thinking of calling it a day and rolling under my mosquito net when I heard voices and then saw several shadowy forms crossing the yard. One was Andrew, a Catholic from the nearby village.

"Good evening, Father."

"Good evening, Andrew. What's up?"

"Please give me some snake bite medicine."

"Who is bitten?"

"Peter's wife."

"When?"

"About five this afternoon."

"Five this afternoon! Why didn't you tell me sooner? She must be almost dead. Can she still talk?"

"They just sent word now. She can talk a little, but not very well."

Getting up quickly I took my medicine and the holy oils, hoping that I would be in time to anoint her if not to save her life. Four hours after the bite of a cobra, medicine was not apt to be of much use. The path to Peter's house lay partly through the woods so I brought my gun, as leopards and other wild animals are sometimes around.

As we walked along I asked, "Where did the snake bite her?"

"Well, she was under a tree and it fell on her shoulder and then slithered across her body before falling to the ground."

The snake probably bit her on the neck, I thought, and if that is the case there is no hope at all. Even if they had called me at once I doubt if I could have done anything.

We skirted a low jungle covered hill, crossed a small stream and soon approached Peter's house which stood in a clearing.

It was pitch dark, but soon my lantern threw its yellow light on a weird scene. There on the ground outside her house sat

Peter's wife, her eyes closed and her arms tightly folded. Squatting in a circle close around her were a dozen Santal men and half grown boys, rhythmically fanning her with neem branches, the leaves rising and falling with the cadence of the chant. When I came up they stopped.

"How do you feel?" I asked, putting down the lantern and squatting beside the woman.

She gave no answer, but Peter replied: "Father, it was a snake."

I took her wrist and felt the pulse. It was rapid, but steady and strong. I had expected to find it slow and erratic.

"Father," volunteered the woman in a weak voice, "I feel half-intoxicated."

"Where did the snake bite you?" I asked.

"It didn't bite her," put in Peter.

"It didn't bite her?" I asked, surprised.

"No, Father."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I examined her."

I took the pulse again. Its steady beat seemed to back up Peter's statement. Here was a puzzle. They had called me for snake bite medicine. The snake had fallen on her, they said, but had not bitten her. But here she was, half unconscious.

"Peter," I said, "are you sure the cobra did not bite her? Otherwise, how in the world would she be in this condition?"

"Father, it fell on her. It breathed on her. The serpent's breath."

Slowly it all dawned on me.

The author, Father Morrison, is a veteran in India.

"Peter," I said, "your wife has had a severe shock. When the snake fell on her she was very much frightened. And now these pagan friends of yours with their nonsensical magic have her half hypnotized. You are a Catholic. Why did you call them?"

"Oh," answered Peter lamely, "they just came to help." Superstition sometimes dies slowly, even after baptism.

"Did this sort of performance you are putting on ever save anyone's life?" I asked the pagans. They dropped their eyes and shifted uneasily on their haunches, but said nothing.

"Peter, a cobra could breathe on your wife all day and do her no harm." I turned to the pagans, "Throw those neem branches away!" They did.

"Teresa, you are all right. You've had a shock and these incantations have made you feel half drunk. I'll bless you, and then you go to sleep and tomorrow you'll feel well again. There is nothing wrong with you."

"Yes, Father."

"And you'll stop this magic?"

Peter and his wife both looked ashamed of themselves. "Yes."

I blessed her and taking holy water sprinkled her generously with it and then left.

"The serpent's breath," I thought, as I later put away the holy oils and the gun. "That is a new one on me. But the Serpent's influence out in these hills is almost as strong as it has always been. I wonder how much longer that evil will last?"

Treatment like this is also a cure for superstition.





## "I'll Never Took No More!"

WHEN THE DAY HAD FINALLY COME TO AN end and I sat in my room, looking out over the moonlit and frozen Yukon, I had to admit that I was discouraged. Even the dogs down in the corral seemed to echo my mood in their half-wolf howling. After a year and a half of constant work, teaching, explaining, and praying, Nuka, one of the fifty little boys of the mission had stolen six bottles of pop from the trader, and topped it off by lying about it when he was caught. He was the last straw in a long week of various mishaps. I felt like throwing in the towel. Then as I sat there a very light knock sounded at my door.

"Come in." It couldn't have sounded as if I meant it but the door creaked open and I could barely make out a form in the darkness.

"Fatha?"

"Yes." I snapped on the light.

"Can I come in?" It was Nuka and there were tears streaming down his round Eskimo face. As I nodded he entered and slowly and carefully shut the door behind him. He faced the desk, looking intently at his shoes.

"Fatha," he stopped then and sniffled, "I'm sorry for what I tooked."

"Wasn't that what you said last time, Nuka? And the time before that?" I must have sounded very disappointed because his little shoulders started to shake again.

"I'll—never took any more," he sobbed out. Then he came slowly around the desk and stood by my knees, wiping his face with his sleeve and looking up at me with red eyes. "And I'll unload the steamer boat for the trader for to pay him back." You could see that he thought this was the most equitable thing in his small world. I waited in silence, then I saw that he had finished.

"Are you going to try harder this time to do what God wants you to do?" My face must have let down a little bit because he brightened up.

"Yes, Fatha, and what you want me to do, and the Sisters and . . .," he paused, trying to think of someone else he could obey. There was a bashful smile on his face now.

"All right, punk, head to bed now." I gave him a little swat and he started for the door. "Do you

want to help me wrap some prizes for the carnival tomorrow?" I asked.

"Yes, Fatha, I'll work hard . . . I'll even wrap during school!"

"You will, like fun," I laughed, and out he went into the dormitory, down the long rows of beds and into his own. My eyes swept from one end of the large room to the other. Fifty children there; fifty little ones whose only home was Holy Cross Mission. Children who didn't have a mother to tuck them in and kiss them goodnight, or a father to piggyback them to bed and muss their hair before he blew out the lamp. For most of them were orphans either by loss of their parents or by neglect.

Nuka was asleep now and my thoughts turned back in his direction. His home had been what I had always pictured as a battered wood shed. Many of the other children had come from squalid earth-covered shacks that somehow or other had achieved the name of home. The amount of dirt in the houses seemed to grow as the number of empty liquor bottles increased. I knew that many homes were not like that, but it was true of many of these little fellows' homes. And then they arrived at the mission and the Fathers and Sisters had begun their task of rebuilding bodies and souls.

Looking down the last row of boys—they were a little older—I asked myself if they had changed since their arrival at the mission. Well, I knew there were twenty-eight

Boys of the Holy Cross orphanage enjoy an outing under the careful supervision of Father Poole S.J.

## JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

of them getting up in the morning in forty-below weather to go to Mass and Communion . . . and it wasn't a day they were required to go. I recalled the little girls bringing their gifts to the Blessed Mother during the month of May, kneeling at the crib at Christmas time.

These same boys and girls had arrived, many of them not knowing how to laugh, to play. Now you could find them playing cowboys and flying kites, or playing with dolls and singing to the lilt of a guitar. I'll say they had changed.

And Nuka? I wondered if I had been in Nuka's place . . . how good would I be? Was he really bad? I smiled to myself. Was there any boy or girl who was really bad?

Suddenly I wished that the old dormitory was longer, that we had another dormitory, more Fathers, Brothers and Sisters so that we could take more children. How I wished that others would share that dream, others far away who could help us to realize it . . .

This is the greatest investment on earth, for the stock goes up as these children grow up Christians. And the dividends for giving these little ones a home are paid eternally in the bank of Heaven.

I turned back to my room and began my evening prayers. It struck me that the dogs down in the corral had changed their cry; they actually sounded joyful.





# CAMPION PREP

LESLIE X. RUSSELL S.J.



Father Krim

A PREP SCHOOL IS not so flashing an exploit as a parish, but the Jesuits who founded Campion Hall in Greater Kingston, Jamaica, deserve a place beside those who have raised up churches. A shrine was blessed at Campion recently — a summary and a symbol of the work they set themselves to do. A statue of the Boy Jesus stands now beautifully enshrined: a gracious, hallowed token of seven important years.

In less than a decade, what once was Roslyn Hall, a pleasant Guest House in this pleasing residential area, is now Campion Hall, preparatory boarding-and-day school for boys from eight to twelve years of age. Campion is a milestone in missionary effort in Jamaica.

Ten years ago, the notion of a Prep School was quite novel. But Father Krim S. J. went from house to house on his bicycle, and must

Students in front of Campion Prep in Kingston.

have talked like Chrysostom the golden-tongued himself, for on the back porch of a sodality club, with a class of sixteen, the first Jesuit prep school in the island was launched.

Within three years we were teaching at Campion Hall. Today, our Campion diary tells a whimsical, eventful history, too illusive and broken to be set down, too supernatural and real to pass over—a story of long struggles with men, of rights won, of first Communions, conversions, and steady growth.

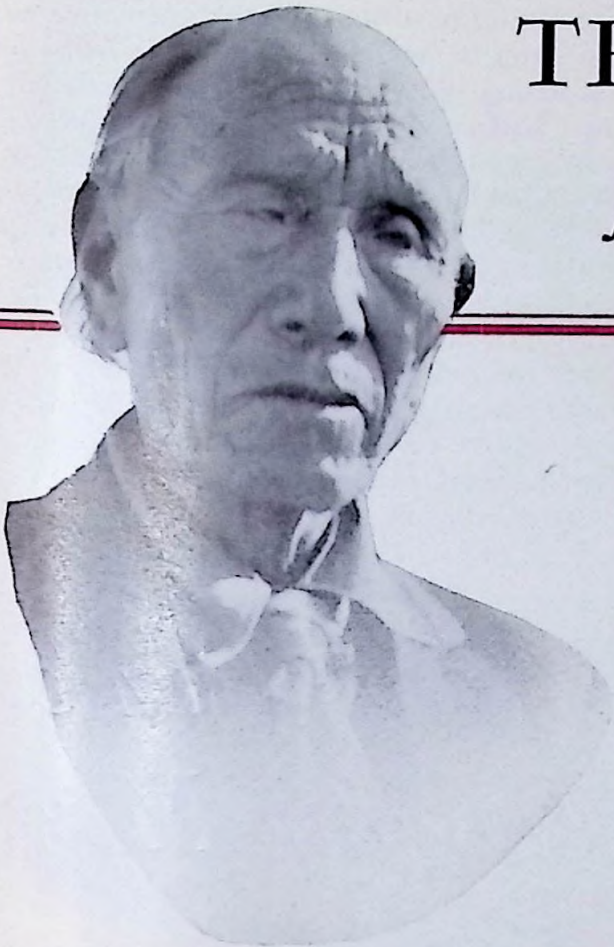
It is truly a triumphant thing that our tameless, impulsive Jamaican boy should come to appreciate an order of the day which is not unlike that of a Jesuit novitiate. But our youngsters love Campion Hall. They enter with zest into every plan—from Mass in the early morning to the voluntary visit to the Blessed Sacrament just before bedtime. Our graduates now grace almost every known vocation.

Nearly three hundred boys have passed from the prep school to our Jesuit high school. There, almost as a general rule, their names appear upon the Honor Roll—proving surely the wisdom of a carefully laid foundation, and the vision of Father Joseph Krim, our Principal, and all his devoted co-workers who with such astonishing keenness have shepherded each young life.

So we feel the prep school experiment is working well, and playing its part in the success of the Jamaica mission. Please pray that God continues to grace our work.

# TRAIL'S END

## *for Black Elk*



Black Elk, the Sioux warrior of South Dakota.

C. H. STROUD JR.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO MY RESEARCH WORK took me to the Sioux Indian Reservation in the southern part of the Black Hills, South Dakota. While the Sioux have lived for many generations on this land, they roamed over a territory many times as large, and what has been left them is probably the least desirable of that vast country that was once theirs, together with their friends the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes. This section of the Black Hills is a sacred country to the Sioux where they prayed to the spirits of their departed.

On one of these journeys it was my good fortune to become acquainted with a very old man, Black Elk, who has recently passed away. I found him a very remarkable character. He was ninety-two years old when I met him, totally blind and dying of tuberculosis. I never saw him without a smile or rarely without a rosary in his hands which he said many times a day. He was related closely to the famous Crazy Horse, the strategist and

leader of the Indians in the famous battle of the Little Horn where Custer and his entire command were wiped out. Black Elk's father was a constant companion of Crazy Horse and received a crippling wound early in his life in one of the many battles of those days. The man I knew was about sixteen years of age at the time of the Custer battle and was just another Indian boy swimming on the morning of that event. When the troops attacked the Indian village, he, with other boys of his age, joined in the fighting and saw what any youth would see of a very short engagement. He remembered examining the dead after the battle and accompanied Crazy Horse when that chief withdrew from the field the following day.

Black Elk was also present at the massacre of Wounded Knee when Indian men, women and children were mowed down with mountain howitzers by the troops. He escaped from that battle with several wounds which he carried to his death. He accompanied Bill Cody to Europe and there met Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, Kaiser Wilhelm and many other notables. Upon his return to the reservation he became a convert to Catholicism and for over thirty years assisted the Jesuits and other priests as a catechist and interpreter. It has been said that he helped convert more Sioux to Catholicity than any single person. He was very highly thought of by the priests at the mission and his passing was for me a personal loss.

Black Elk lies buried in Pine Ridge Cemetery near Red Cloud and many other noted men of his race. He was an unusual man and certainly a great example to zealous Catholics of our generation. It is difficult in these days to find anyone so poor in the goods of this world and so rich in the gifts of the Spirit.

## JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.

AT THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF TUKONG MANGA (the two mango trees) outside of Manila, are 49 young Chinese, exiled here from their homeland. The exile from China was voluntary. When the Reds threatened to engulf the Shanghai area last year, the authorities of the various Jesuit missions in China decided that the distant future of the Society's work there might well depend on young Chinese clerics trained outside the country. If the Reds should remain in power over a long period these men would return as priests, just as young English Fathers returned from Douai to their native land to work for their persecuted people in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Thus, a spiritual odyssey began from Shanghai on Feb. 15, 1949. Accompanied by Father Ralph Brown of the California Province, the Chinese brought with them their personal effects and as much of their library as could be conveniently transported. They reached Manila May 31st, and a couple of days later were in Baguio, lodged temporarily in the vacation villa kindly offered them by the New York Province Jesuits. For one young man, Joseph Li, who had finished two years at Shanghai's Aurora University engineering school, this was journey's end, for one morning on an excursion he was drowned in a mountain torrent. All day long, efforts were made to recover the corpse. Not till evening did two Filipinos find it at the bottom of a deep hole. This first casualty of the *Diaspora* now lies in the cemetery at Novaliches, house of studies of the New York Province missionaries. For God's long-range projects, even the most promising worker is not essential.

The last stage—up to the present—began Nov. 19, 1949. For through the generosity of a Mr. Araneta, a distinguished Filipino Catholic, the exiles were allowed to occupy six quonset huts on the huge Araneta Farm. These structures had been set up in 1946 to house students of the proprietor's agricultural school, but experience soon proved that 25 miles from Manila was too great a distance for many of the students, and the school was transferred to a spot closer to the city.

The Chinese newcomers spent no time in

lamenting their exile. Hammer and sickle immediately came into play, the former in putting up partitions to make private rooms, the latter to clear the heavy grass from good gardening plots. Many of the North China men had come from farming districts, and they soon taught the city-dwellers from Shanghai how to plant cabbage, squash, corn and tomatoes, and the best way to house pigs and chickens. The students and some of their professors spend from one to two hours daily at manual labor. Already the garden plots are yielding to the enthusiastic laborers more than half the vegetables needed for the community table. It is said, for example, that Chinese cabbage can produce as many as nine crops in a single year. Many things

## China Comes to Tukong Manga





((Left) The author, a veteran China missionary chats with a Jesuit novice, Joseph King, from Shanghai. The latter is one of the fifteen novices who are liv-

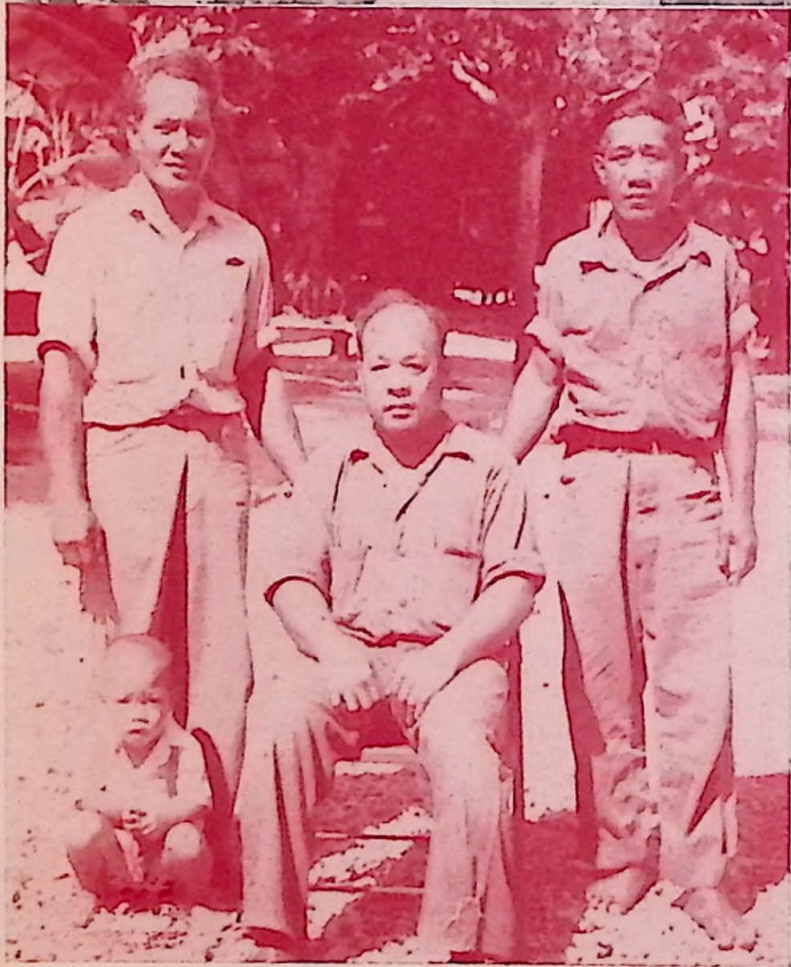
ing in an abandoned church in Tukong Manga. (Above) Both faculty and students work in the vegetable gardens outside of the seminary.

are still wanting in this new institution, but not vegetables.


Fifteen novices who are among the 49 exiles are lodged almost a quarter of a mile away in an abandoned church, now fitted up with rooms on the ground floor and a dormitory overhead. One novice here deserves special mention—Brother Joseph King, or King Tai-hsieh. He is from our Christ the King Parish in Shanghai, conducted by California Province Jesuits, and says it was there he first conceived the idea of becoming a Jesuit. He left that city in 1948 for Canton, and joined the present group of novices at Macao in 1949, accompanying them to Baguio and Tukong Manga. While his father and mother are safe in Hong Kong and his brother attends St. Xavier's University in Cincinnati, he has other relatives still in Red China. That is true of the majority of the Chinese members of this community, and some of them have not heard from their families in Red areas for several years.

A number of the Fathers have likewise seen Communism in action. Our Rector, Father Baur, was a prisoner of the Reds for nine months in North China, and for the most of that time was grilled incessantly to make him admit he was an American spy. Finally he was found "guilty" and with three other priests, including the superior of the mission, was expelled from the country.

The night air at Tukong Manga is delightfully fresh; the sunrises and sunsets are often out of this world; the treatment here has been uniformly magnificent. Yet our young Chinese would like nothing better than to return to their native land. Already they dream of new methods in the apostolate—of writing lilting songs that will bring Chinese Communists to love the Saviour; of how to explain that the dynamism of Saint Mark is mightier than that of Marx; of demonstrating that manual labor did not acquire its dignity in Soviet Russia but in a First Century carpenter shop in Nazareth.



Father Feeney, former Associate Editor of Jesuit Missions, has had a varied experience as a missionary. He has served in the Philippines and in Jamaica, and now is stationed on Likiep in the Marshall Islands. His studies and reports of his people have been of great assistance to the government officials of the Trust Territories who work in this particular section of the globe. Father Feeney, shown at right with some of his parishioners, does not look upon his people with merely a cold, scientific eye. His reports are those of the real missionary.



# My Marshallese

THOMAS J. FEENEY S.J.

THE MARSHALLESE ARE A DECIDEDLY self-sufficient people with a mental and physical poise that remains a beguiling source of wonder to the merely tourist mentality.

Hospitality spreads itself in a sincere friendliness and in practice, words and smiles are accompanied with bestowal of gifts. These last are in general the handicraft of the locality; outrigger models, fans with turtle shell centers, place mats for table, the larger "jeboko" or floor mat, coconut leaf belts, hats, cigarette boxes, napkins and kerchiefs for the head, embroidered with unprocessed but skilled talent.

The Marshallese are a people without written traditions. Furthermore, with the exception of those with European blood, mostly Portuguese, German and Scotch, the people are not interested in their own racial or social antecedents. Incisive old Freddie Capelle puts it this way: "They neither know nor care."

Behind their hospitality lurks, though not in any inimical sense, a maturely developed



faculty for minding their own business. Add to this a reticence bred by three Occupations, and a casual observer might gather an impression of secretiveness. Secrets they certainly have and many silent communings, yet on the whole, the atmosphere of quiet is merely that of a little world whose silence has not yet been forced to capitulate to the noise of Western civilization.

Adaptable and observant, they are wont to mull over and evaluate their findings, some of which arm them with the power of a knowledge that should not have been. It is from such knowledge that we must seek at times the motivation for silent non-cooperation.

They are drawn irresistibly to American kindness, humor and generosity, indulgent like a mother with the boisterous and charitably discreet as occasion requires.

There is a limpid clearness in the atmosphere not entirely due to the cleansing winds of ocean or to the lack of befouling exhausts from the smoke stacks of heavy industry. If one has time to probe a little, he will note that the effect is produced by "bwebwenato"—conversation undisturbed and unsullied by any expletive stronger than the phrase "O jij"—meaning "Imagine that!"

Yet even here, the epitaph on life remains "So brief the day!"—a day in which to walk an atoll path from end to end, from sea to sea—the prophets path "by which we shall not return." Nor can one lengthen the path by slowing the pace, for the path we traverse is the path of Time—and time even on a mid-Pacific isle moves ever on, on and up, like an escalator, never stopping till it merges with Eternity.



## *Come, follow me*

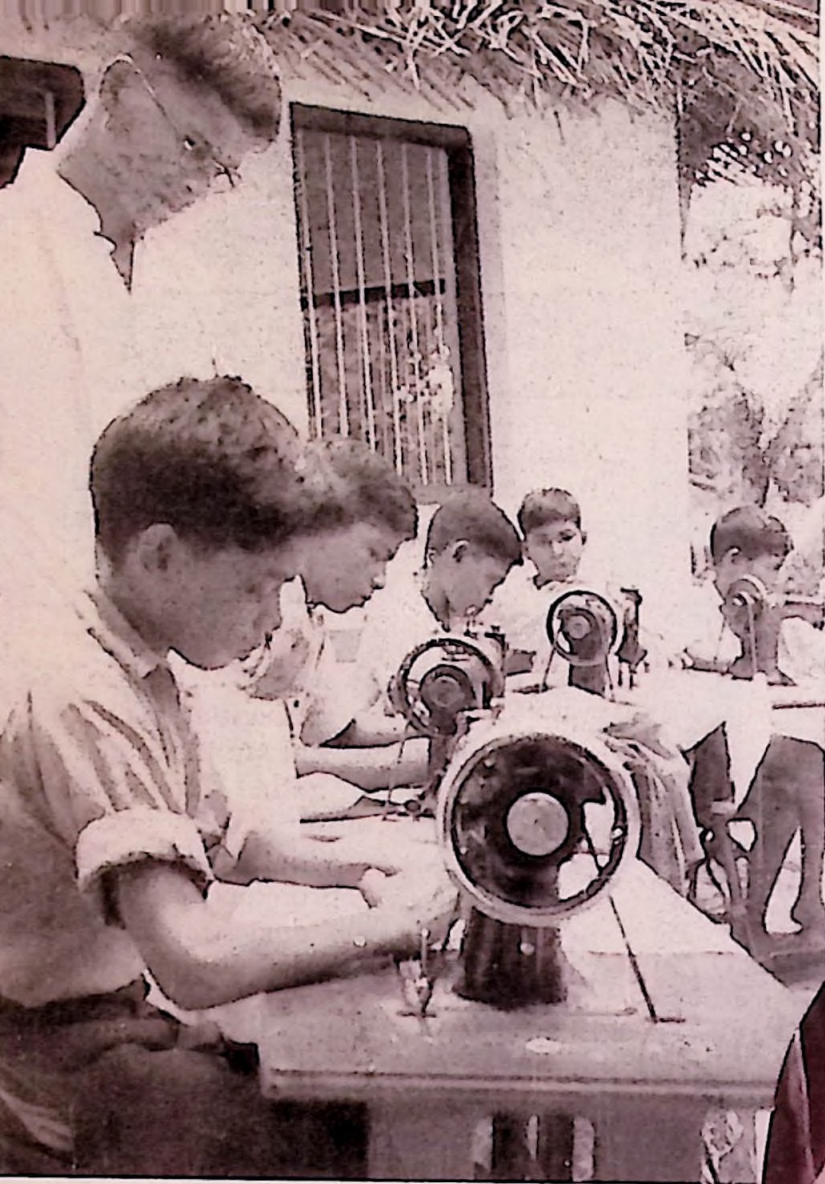
NAZARETH IS A NAME THAT CHARMS. To the Catholic world it means the comfort and inspiration derived from the memory of Jesus, Mary and Joseph so serenely happy in their Galilean home.

The liturgy of the feast of the Holy Family reveals an enchanting picture of tranquillity and peace in the modest little home at Nazareth. Here Jesus, the Lord of the universe, is subject to Joseph and Mary. With them he makes a sacramental thing of family life by the exercise of the domestic virtues. Charity and mutual helpfulness; due respect for each other's rank and position in the household; the Child's loving obedience; the Mother's patient activity and unfailing graciousness within the household as well as beyond it; the Father's sober industry and his calm assurance that the humble labor of his hands is dignified by its noble purpose; all these natural virtues are here transformed and supernaturalized when, in common prayer, they daily rededicate their family life to the service of their heavenly Father.

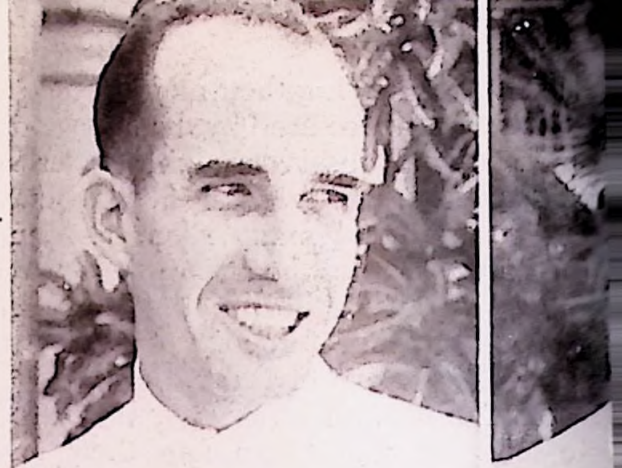
Christ is the center of this perfect family life. He is the bond of union between Joseph and Mary. Herein lies the secret of family peace and that loving solidarity that sustains the truly Christian family even in adversity. "Being many, we are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

The peace of Christ will come in no other way but by making Christ the center of family life as He was at Nazareth. All other plans for domestic peace and security produce nothing but frustration and futility.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



Brother Richard S.J. supervises St. Sebastian's boys



Father Joseph Sommers

Bro

Father John Linehan S.J., Superior of the mission.

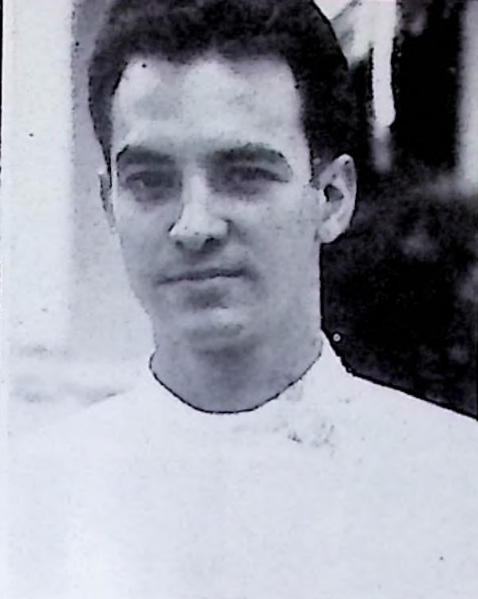


Ce

Lovely Ceylon, the Pearl of the Indian Ocean, covers 65,000 square miles of island beauty off the coast of India. It is no tourist paradise to Bishop Ignace Gonsalves, Vicar Apostolic of Trincomalee, and his mission of the New Orleans Province since nearly 1 million people are pagans. Bishop Gonsalves has six mission areas on the island and nurtures the faith in a population of a quarter million. His 15 brothers and 71 sisters are valued here for their varied educational and social apostolic work.



Booth



Alfonso del Marmol

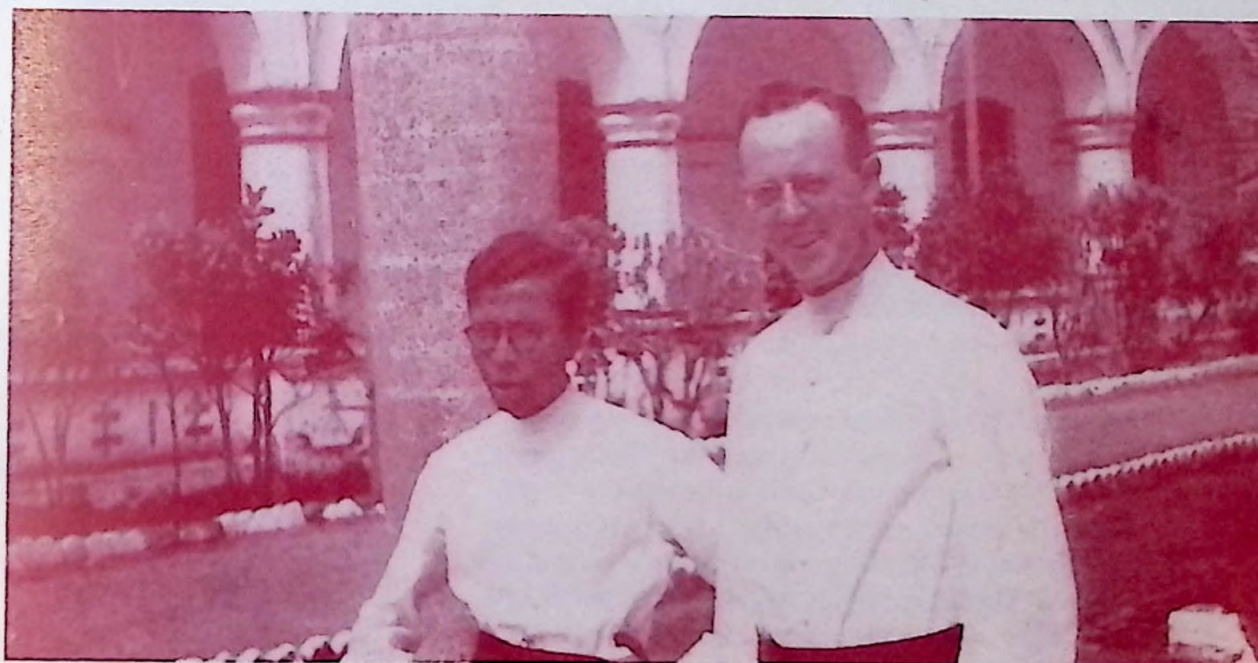


Father Felix Clarkson



Father George Hamilton

ON



Father James Babb, Mission Procurator of the New Orleans Province, on his recent Ceylon visit stops to chat with one of the dozen Ceylonese Jesuits.

Bishop Ignatius Glennie S.J. has high hopes of providing a seminary for Ceylon's future priests. His diocese of Trincomalee is one of Ceylon's poorest.



is 25,000  
of India.  
ennie S.J.,  
confreres  
on's seven  
is one of  
Catholics  
priests, 20  
Jesuits in



His Excellency, Bishop Luis del Rosario S.J. (front right), leads a procession through Zamboanga streets

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN THIS SMALL city of Zamboanga in the Philippines. There are no Communists here to disturb the peace, no bandits to add excitement to our lives. Murders are things we read of only in Manila papers. Even traffic accidents and fires are occurrences so rare that they become the topic of conversation for weeks. It is not strange, then, that the whole city should rouse itself to delirious excitement over the return of its bishop.

The clerk at the William Lines office reassured us that the S.S. *Cebu*, with our bishop on board, would arrive on Monday, but the time of the ship's arrival was anybody's guess. The closest information he could furnish was: "Maybe at nine in the morning, maybe at noon, maybe at three."

His Excellency, Bishop Luis del Rosario S.J., had been away to Rome for four months, and the whole city was a veritable hive at the prospect of his return. Our own boys were sweltering in their classrooms, in full uniform, ready at a moment's notice to march. Everyone was tense with expectation, even the teachers.

Everyone, that is, except the clerk, who sat smug in the William Lines office, contentedly puffing at his cigarette. Phone calls kept pouring in; strained voices kept shriek-

## *The Bishop Comes Home*

ing urgent requests for information over the line; but the clerk remained as calm as the smoke of his cigarette. "No, the ship has not been heard from . . . maybe at nine, maybe at twelve, maybe at three . . ."

In the meantime, six miles up the coast, Bert Misa, vice-superintendent of San Ramon Penal Colony, posted a trusty to keep a sharp lookout for the ship. When Father Cervini of Cagayan de Misamis had come to Zamboanga three months before, Bert had rushed into the city just in time to miss all the welcoming ceremony. Bert vowed that nothing like that would happen this time.

At about eight o'clock the trusty rushed into Bert's bungalow with the desired message. Bert rushed out to the lawn, took a quick look at the passing ship, and jumped into his waiting jeep. The modern Paul Revere then tore down the seaside highway with one message to deliver: "The bishop is coming! The bishop is coming!" People saw

him zoom by, gaped a moment at his roaring chariot, and sped after him on bicycles, busses, and any vehicle they could commandeer.

Back at the wharf, the lookout whom our Rector, Father Paguia, had posted, craned his neck to get a better view. He peered out once more just to make sure, then pedalled his way to the Ateneo. He jumped off in front of the main building and panted his message to Father Torralba, our Dean. Father Torralba called up the William Lines office. "Nope," says the clerk quietly, "wrong information. Our ship is not due for another hour. Maybe the incoming ship belongs to another company." Father Torralba called out the students to the grounds just the same.

A few minutes later Bert Misa roared past the Ateneo and saw the boys still assembled on the school grounds, awaiting the order to march. He drove in, shouted his message to Father Torralba, and roared on. Another phone call to the shipping office. The ship was coming in all right, argues Father Torralba; Bert Misa had discerned the "W" on its funnel! Wrong again, retorts the clerk, the ship isn't ours. The captain would have wired us an hour ago if it were. Father Torralba could take no more chances. He knew only too well the inefficiency of steamship lines around here. Assembly was sounded, quick orders snapped out, and the Ateneo battalion, eight hundred strong, marched off to meet their bishop. If the messengers were mistaken, the boys could always march back to class. As it was, the messengers were right. At the William Lines office, the clerk was still vigorously denying the presence of the "Cebu" when the telegram came: "Awaiting pilot off harbor."

The message was rushed to the Mayor, and messengers were dispatched to the neighboring towns. Poor people! Unlike Bert Misa, they had trusted the shipping clerk too much. The Mayor was caught still lathering up for his morning shave. The girls from Pilar College came only in time for the solemn Te Deum in the church. The Mercedes delegation met a worse fate. They contracted two busses and a brass band only to miss the bishop altogether.

To our shame, the first ones who welcomed our returning bishop were the Mohammedans who launched out in their banner-bedecked *vintas* to meet the incoming ship. By the time our cadets were marching down the wharf, the Moro *culintangans* (native

## EDWARD HONTIVEROS S.J.

xylophones) could be heard booming monotonously over the water, while dancers, balanced precariously on the slim boats, danced the *candigan* (Moro dance) to the weird rhythm of the music. As the ship inched its way to its moorings, two pilot boats criss-crossed around it, each towing a line of gaily decorated *vintas* with their crowd of Moro dancers and oarsmen. It was indeed a strange sight: these children of Mohammed vying with their Christian brethren in welcoming the pastor of Christ.

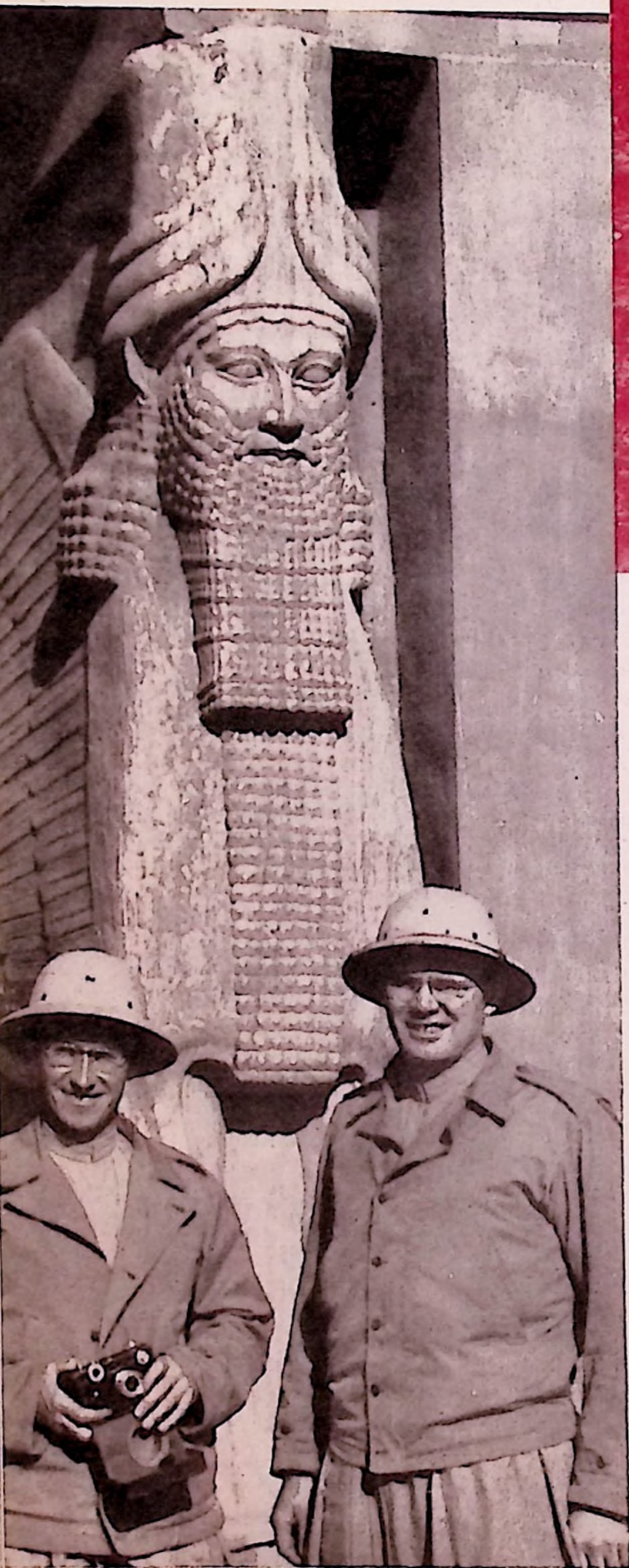
When the bishop first gazed at the wharf, it was deserted, thanks to our calm, cool-headed clerk. But by the time the tow-lines were tied, the wharf was a seething mass of heads and waving hands. The whole town was out, Mayor and workingman, policemen and professors. Even the students of the non-sectarian college turned out to greet the prelate. A parade led him through the principal streets of the city to the parish church, where a solemn Te Deum was sung. Our shepherd is with his flock again!

The famous shrine of Our Lady of Pilar in Zamboanga City is one of the most popular pilgrimage spots. The girls of Pilar College nearly missed the welcome.



(Right) The remains of an ancient ziggurat at Samarra in Iraq are reminders of past splendor.

(Below) Before the bearded bull which was the symbol of Assyrian might stand Fathers Thomas Kelly and James Larkin of Baghdad College.



## *Land of* **ANCIENT**

**F**ROM LETTERS WHICH WE RECEIVE HERE in Baghdad it would seem that some people still have a very vague notion of the location of Iraq; of its prominent place in world history, and of its immense cultural importance. Much of the confusion about the word 'Iraq' arises from the fact that it is a new name for an ancient nation, perhaps the oldest in the world. For tradition has long held that man was first created there, and that there was the Garden of Eden. Geographically, Iraq is situated in that part of the world traditionally known as the Near East. Separated from the Mediterranean by Syria and Lebanon, with Arabia on the south, Turkey on the north, and Persia (Iran) for her eastern neighbor, Iraq's sole outlet to the sea is on the Persian Gulf. Here is the famous city of Basra, the home port of our childhood acquaintance, Sindbad the Sailor. In those halcyon days, Sindbad, like any good sailor, often made his way up the Tigris River to Baghdad, the City of Caliphs.

These were the days of fantastic splendor, of Harun ar Rashid, of 'A Thousand and One Nights'. But long before Harun ar Rashid, long before Caliph Al Mansur had built this famous walled city with its four gates, great events and great civilizations passed to and fro in Iraq, shaping, or rather begetting, the world's history and civilization.

It was from Ur of the Chaldees, in southern Iraq, that Abraham arose; and it was from Haran that the Lord called him forth to his patriarchal wanderings. "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house and come into the land which I shall show thee."

Even centuries before this, however, the colorful pageant of history was taking place in Iraq. Back into chronological dimness and uncertainties modern archaeologists have travelled, digging deeper and deeper beneath the earth's present surface to give us stories of kings and civilizations astounding in their very remoteness from us. Half a millenium before Abraham, the Akkadians had con-

nezzar are all there is to be seen in the dusty parched ruins of Babylon. The visitor is amazed by the literal fulfillment of the prophecy of Jeremias: "Behold, she shall be the least among the nations, a wilderness unpassable and dry. Because of the wrath of the Lord it shall not be inherited but shall be wholly desolate." Such today is an accurate description of Babylon.

In Baghdad, a few miles northward from these lonely, wasted ruins of ancient splendor, American Jesuits labor today to bring again a grandeur to Iraq. But, mindful of the Apostle's warning that "the outward form, the shadow of this world passes away," they seek, first of all, not shadow but timeless reality, "a city not built with hands," but one "eternal in the heavens".

To accomplish this, they educate yearly at Baghdad College, about 500 boys of all religious faiths, but chiefly Christian. Last year's graduates numbered 58, not a few of whom were enabled by scholarships to further their education in America.

Today, as in the time of the prophets, "the Lord, God of Hosts, has a work to be done in the land of the Chaldeans," a work not without sweat and hardship, but a work infinitely worthwhile.

# SPLENDOR

quered the Sumerian people, their neighbors in southern Iraq. Approximately three thousand years before Christ, nomadic tribes from the western desert had settled at Ashur in northern Iraq, and here they grew into a powerful and warlike people known as the Assyrians. They constructed cities and palaces of surpassing beauty, reaching their pinnacle of splendor around 700 B.C., under their king, Sennacherib. He it was who attacked Jerusalem in the time of Isaias the prophet.

In southern Iraq at this time was the rival Babylonian empire, with its mighty rises and falls like the swellings of the sea. Razed to the ground by Sennacherib, it was rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar to heights of beauty it had never known before, or since. Here on the palace roofs were the famous 'Hanging Gardens' of Babylon, reckoned among the seven wonders of the ancient world.

Today the crumbled remains of the processional streets and Ishtar gate of Nebuchad-

Iraq, cradle of civilization and mighty nations.



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# THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTIONS

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## JANUARY: More Missionaries for Africa

ALTHOUGH NORTH AFRICA HAD BEEN THE SCENE of a flourishing Church in the days of primitive Christianity, and although African coastal areas were evangelized by missionaries who accompanied early colonial adventurers, modern missionary history in Africa, especially in its interior, dates back only about a century. But, according to statistics released last year by the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, Africa has shown an outstanding over-all increase in the past quarter of a century. In that period the Catholic population in mission areas had jumped from 2,231,000 souls to 10,306,000—an increase of about 460 per cent. The Belgian Congo exceeds this general average. It shows an increase of over 770 per cent, the largest increase of any mission country of the world. Within a generation the “dark continent” has been illuminated by the light of faith.

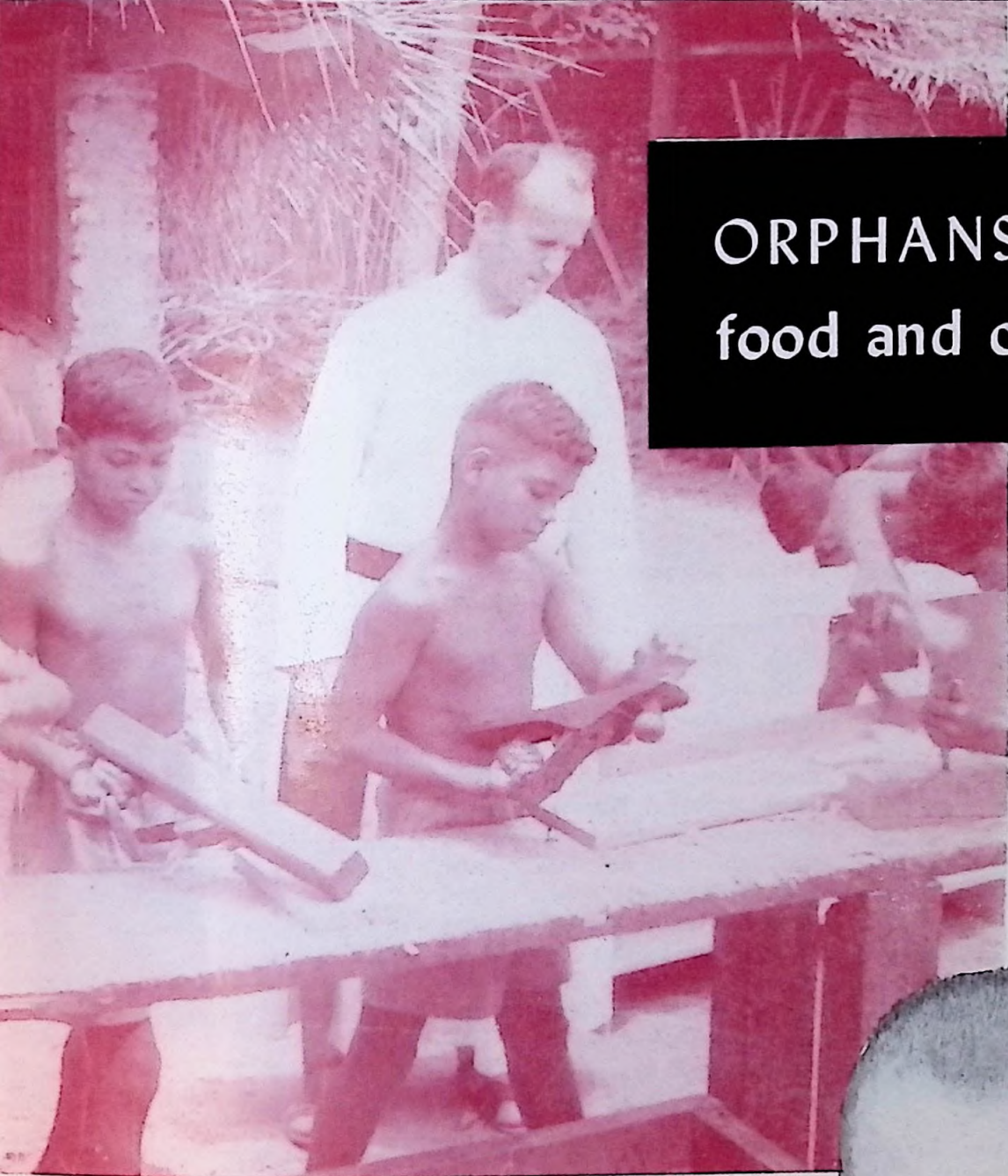
This recent harvest of souls has brought with it numerous problems—problems that in all probability will multiply, since the number of missionaries in Africa is far from proportional to the number of the faithful. In regions such as the Belgian Congo the number of missionaries had increased more than fourfold during the last generation but during that same period the number of the faithful multiplied more than ninefold. This means that Catholic missionaries, despite being augmented by African vocations, can neither take care of all the souls entrusted to them nor venture into pagan areas whither a whitening harvest beckons them. Their hard-gained victories are further imperiled by secularism, racism, extreme nationalism, Communism and Islamism. To counter these evils, to consolidate the faith and to bring to the light of truth those who still sit in the darkness of paganism let us beseech the Divine Harvester of souls to send to the African fields both foreign and indigenous vocations commensurate with the work that awaits them.

## FEBRUARY: Apostolate of the Sea in Asia and Africa

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE SEA is known by the acrostic AMIC from the Latin words “Apostolatus Maris Internationale Consilium.” Since it was organized on an international basis only as recently as 1922 and placed under the protection of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation it is one of the infant organizations of the Church. Its missionary character even in non-missionary lands is made clear from its purpose: “so to serve the men (of the sea) in a spirit of Christian charity that they will want to be good and work at their faith.”

Of the more than 350 centers of the Apostolate of the Sea some seventy are located in mission lands. It has clubs and recreational centers for seamen and dock workers in the African ports of Durban and Algiers and in the Asian ports of Calcutta, Bombay and Trincomalee. Besides many priests engaged in volunteer work among seamen and maritime workers it has regular Port Chaplains in Alexandria, Capetown, Dar-es-Salaam, Karachi, Madras, Rangoon, Singapore, Hong Kong and Yokohama. But all too few are the ports that have Catholic clubs with libraries, recreation rooms, dormitories and hospitals for seamen, and the sailors and maritime workers easily fall the prey of non-Catholic and even Communistic propaganda. Deprived of the sacraments on board ship and not knowing whither to turn when in port the seamen are left without religious influence for months at a time. To intensify their faith, to make seamen apostles to seamen, His Holiness bids the Catholics of the world to pray during this February that the Apostolate of the Sea may become better organized and better known in at least the larger ports of Asia and Africa. Thus the great seaports of Africa and Asia will become not only the links of world commerce but what is more important the spiritual bonds that bind the seafarers to Christ, Who Himself once travelled over troubled waters.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.



## ORPHANS NEED food and clothing

Father John Lange  
instructing boys in  
carpentering at Bat-  
ticaloa, Ceylon. (Be-  
low) A typical or-  
phan child of the  
Trincomalee area.



Orphans have large appetites, especially in mission countries. For they arrive at the orphanage often in a starving condition. They need special food to regain their strength. Orphans in Ceylon are no exception. In the Jesuit Mission Diocese of Trincomalee one hundred and eighty-seven boys and two hundred and fifty-six girls are being cared for. To show how poor they are Father Lange S.J. once wrote that he would be glad to accept flour bags to make clothing for the children. For their training the boys need tools, and the girls need sewing material. Will you please help these poor little ones of Christ with small or large money gifts?

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# JESUIT MISSIONS

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

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JM

# Afield WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## SIDE TRIP IN KOREA

When eleven Jesuits left San Francisco last autumn on their way to the Chinese Language School in the Philippines they were under the impression that they would proceed in a direct line. However Clarke Trent S.J. reports otherwise: "Our fast freighter, booked for Manila via Yokohama sailed in that direction as far as the Golden Gate. Whereupon it veered north following the Great Circle route. Tanks, railway ambulance cars, 155 mm. field pieces jamming the ship to the gunwales enabled us to divine without preternatural powers the reason for our detour—Korea!

"Several of the crew turned quite holy on the way across. Joe the radioman came back to Mass on Sundays. It had been a long time, he admitted. "Tex," a nautical engineer of wild and wooly character and dimensions, eventually acknowledged himself thoroughly bulldogged and hogtied spiritually beneath Father Patrick Shaules' 220 persuasive pounds. Augustine, the Filipino cabin boy, said his prayers again. And Lou, colored waiter and former jazz-band pianist, exhibited genuine fervor by the time his salary reached its 100% (dangerous waters) increase.

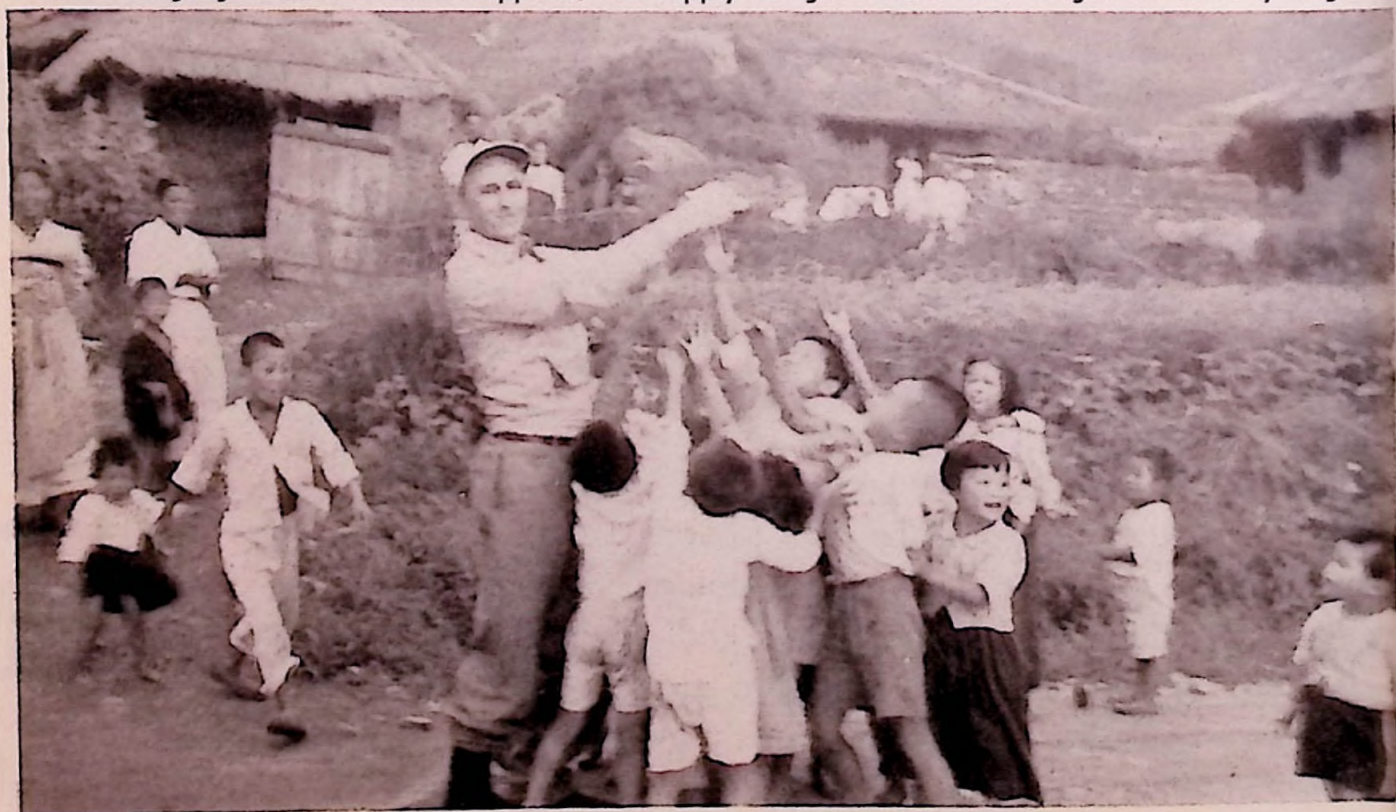
"One day from the coast a 110 mph typhoon wrapped the

'Jacob' in a swirl of black cloud, crags of water, sheets of howling, stinging spray. The crew to all appearance was below decks praying. Not so we Jesuits. Soaked to the skin and having a hilarious time, we weathered the storm from the top of the bridge.

"Providence took care of us the five days we were docked in Pusan Harbor, Korea. And this despite the fact that all of us promptly went ashore and did out best to imbibe each strange sight and smell of the war-littered countryside! 'Go to the front with me to hear confessions?' begged the 25th Regimental Chaplain. 'You bet,' replied Fathers Stevenson and Parisi. I too hopped in. Through refugee-clogged alleys we bumped, skidded, splashed. Then out through mud puddles, rice paddies, past endless lines of refugees seeking safety in Pusan, and lumbering army vehicles.

"Finally, between a pair of granite-shaggy hills we located

Father Alden Stevenson, last year's Art Editor of Jesuit Missions, stopped off in Korea while enroute to the Chinese Language School in the Philippines. His supply of gum didn't last long with these youngsters



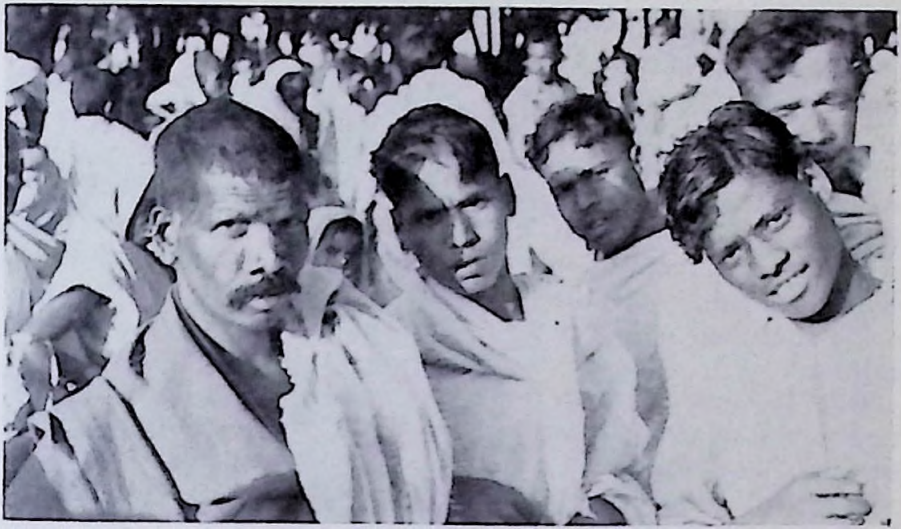


regimental headquarters. We listened to stories of war-weary G.I.'s, performed priestly duties, and watched helmets, re-buckled with fresh vitality, bob off to grisly business.

"Eight days later we steamed into Manila Bay. Down the gangplank and into the arms of custom officials we strode. Hot and harassed from the ensuing struggle we were hurried across town and soon greeting the members of our new community, inspecting the 'reconstructed concentration camp' with its twenty silver painted barracks, enjoying a nice cold shower and the white cassocks which at once made us feel quite at home."

**GOMOH GOINGS ON**

So the China Mission men have settled down to the study of Chinese and they may appreciate by this time the following account of another language student at Gomoh, India. Father Joseph Willmes S.J. spent the past year studying Hindi. "There are plenty of interruptions during study hours. Just to give you a few examples, here's a sampling of some of the characters who came to our door a week or two ago—all during a few days. Plenty of peddlers, carrying their baskets of fish, fruits, etc. on their heads. They always squat at the front step—haggle as a matter of custom—seem dissatisfied if you don't discuss prices for a long time. Then we had the shoemaker who carries his shop with him—comes two or three times a week looking for work. And the knife sharpener, the barber, (who does his work under the trees), the baker with his wares on his head, a few beggars—some of them really starving—some youngsters wanting to know their marks in the Hindio-matric exam which was cor-



The Santals of India have long been the object of the Jesuits' apostolate.

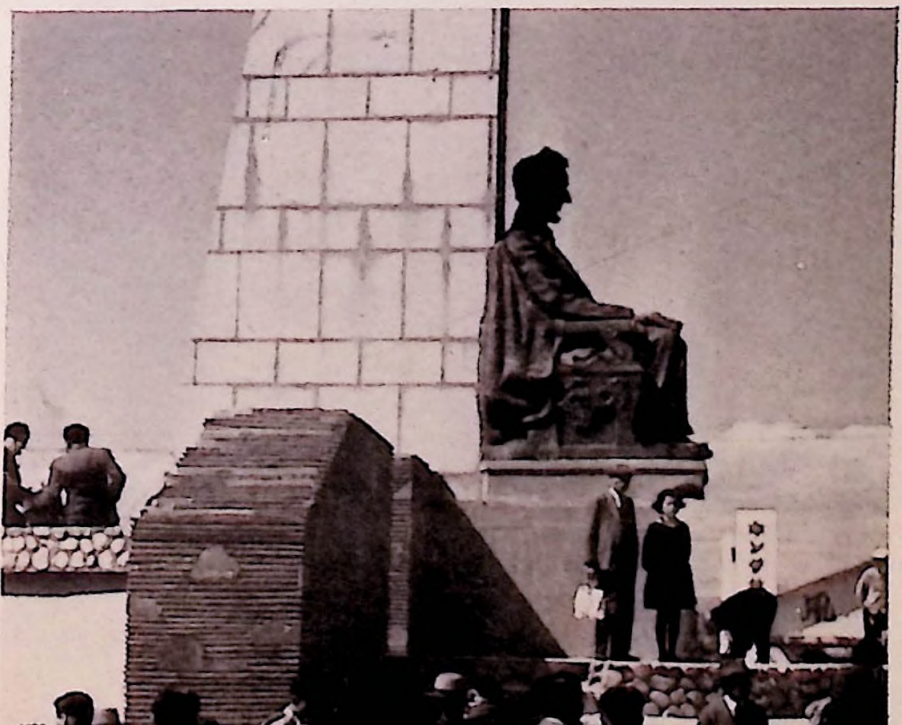
rected here (Father Gallagher gets about 270 tests from Patna University—college entrance exams), a huge bear and his trainer, a few bullock carts with sand, etc., etc., while we try to get our minds down to this Hindi. We have a well filled schedule with plenty of time for conversation and reading with all four of the Indian pundits."

**ON THE SCENE REPORT**

Meanwhile in Japan Father Richard Schuchert S.J. has interrupted his study of Japanese to send on a timely impression.

"American magazines have carried reports about the growth of an anti-American feeling among the Japanese people. It is dangerous for anyone (including me) to generalize, dangerous because impossible to give in one sentence the whole truth about a nation of 84 millions. My personal reaction in reading these reports was to feel they were a bit exaggerated. I have never had the slightest experience of any personal antagonism to me as an American; in fact it has been just the opposite. The few times when I thought some-

At the American Fair in Nishinomiya, Japan, Father John Hughes from nearby Kobe snapped this picture of the statue of Abraham Lincoln.





body was giving me the "brush off" could be blamed squarely on my own rudeness and awkwardness as a foreigner, like any foreigner in any other country. If I suddenly shoot an excited question at another person in a crowded street car, it's no wonder the reply is only a blank face: the other fellow can't understand what I'm trying to ask.

"The Japanese naturally are eager to be done with the occupation; they want their sovereignty. General MacArthur has asked for the same thing repeatedly. Until the Korean outbreak, public opinion was divided on the question of a separate peace with the Western Allies, and the granting of American military bases. The Korean war has had this good effect, apparently to solidify opinion behind the pro-American, pro-democratic, and pro-United Nations policy of Prime Minister Yoshida and the Liberal Party (which is in reality a highly conservative and right wing party).

"Many Americans have come around to thinking that the thoroughness of the Japanese de-militarization was a mistake.

'Destroying Japanese war potential' went to the extremes of breaking all the windows in such buildings as later became Eiko High School. But that generation of Japanese people who went through the war probably don't think it was too much of a mistake, so disillusioned are they of former dreams. The Japanese are now playing it smart, it seems to me. The world insisted that they be de-militarized, and they are apparently willing to stay de-militarized, resting their security on the U.N. and the U.S."

#### "SI DIOS QUIERE"

There is a deeper problem than language for Father Bernard Zimmerman, S.J., a veteran missionary in Belize, British Honduras. "Our mission in some ways is very difficult, but in others quite consoling. I have been here for eighteen years, and still find it difficult to understand the mind of the people, who notwithstanding their good Catholic education remain in so many ways indifferent to the observance of the Commandments. Fundamentally, that is due in great meas-

ure to the lack of appreciation of authority, first parental, and then later divine. Babies are called "Rey" or "Reina," king or queen, and they soon learn to become such in the household.

"Several years ago a man came to me crying because his daughter, the favorite youngest, had just run off. She had never been punished or even scolded, he told me; yet she was so ungrateful. I replied that he was more to blame than she was, and told him to look for her after saying a short prayer in the church. Within an hour he brought the couple to be married.

"The expression, 'Si Dios quiere' is always on the people's lips, and they mean it. And it is not from habit, I mean without attention, but prayerfully that they say it. Ask them whether they would be willing to die within five minutes, and they will invariably tell you: "Of course, if God wants it." And that is hard for most of ourselves. When I warn persons that they are on the road to hell and will certainly go there unless they mend their ways, I have several times received the reply—quite devotionally, I am certain, though in ignorance—that that will be all right "Si Dios quiere." However, for the most part the work is consoling, indeed, very consoling, and we missionaries trust that we may be doing a little to please God for all that He has been doing for us."

#### Man Proposes But . . .

Did you ever have a dream almost come true, only to have it crash into little pieces in your heart? Father John Hughes S.J. at Rokko High School in Kobe, Japan, had that happen to him recently. He writes to Father Alexander, "Clairvoyance and crystal-gazing I've heard of and



Father Joseph La Bran of Baghdad College with some neighbors. He staged an impressive Sodality ceremony for the Assumption definition.



read about, but you must have had inside information when you sent us that check from the generous readers of JM. It goes without saying that we—I am grateful, but that it should come at so providential a moment is the miracle of it all. It was not merely a case of opening that letter of yours and having to read it three times to make sure that I was seeing aright, but it was what happened on the very next day that reminded me again that I am on the missions. Now it is ancient news to you and the donors, but the worst typhoon that ever hit our area in Osaka and Kobe was brewing precisely while I was reading that letter.

“That Saturday evening the weather did not seem too unusual for a country whose weather contains just about all that the meteorologists have in the books, nor did the wind that started whistling on Sunday morning as I went down to say the first of my Masses, seem much out of the ordinary, but when I finished the second Mass and looked out to see the signs sweeping by the window, the tin roofs of the poor Japanese shacks crashing around, and the rain that was seeping through the window frames, I knew we had an unexpected typhoon.

“To return home for a midday breakfast on the motorcycle was too much, so the army men sent for a jeep for me. By the time we started the eight miles back to the school, my Guardian Angel must have phoned all his friends to surround that jeep and head off the flying boards, corrugated metal, whipping trolley wires, pieces of fences, falling trees and electric poles that crashed by and around us as we bucked that wind.

“We got home safely all night, but, oh, as we stared up



Father Bernard Zimmerman S.J. in the bush country of British Honduras.

the road that leads us to the school, a good case of the weeps was certainly in order. The telephone pole at the foot of the hill was snapped, half held up by the wires; a large tree was down across the path; two more poles above were staggering and stretching their wires; the stream alongside the road was a roaring brown torrent, and the slate from the roof of the school filled the air. We drove around the fallen tree, sneaked under the swaying telephone poles, and finally made it to the house despite the flying debris.

“As yet we have neither phones, nor electricity, nor water; we are living all right but we just shake our heads and recall again how typical of the entire Japanese mission effort is this typhoon. Time and again the tiny Church here has just about gotten a start when some catastrophe, persecution, atom bomb, earthquake, typhoon, or fire has levelled it all off for us, so that the stubborn,

suffering spirit that is so uniquely Japan’s may not soften up and collapse amid a mere external, material structure.

“That delightful little check you sent me had brought visions of a place for the boys to play, some more Catholic books for their library, maybe a couple of more rooms for badly needed Jesuit teachers and . . . well, we can dream, can’t we? But God knew what we would need when He had you send that gift, and we are grateful that we can be so sure of His will in the use of it, as we go about patching up what the winds have whirled away in a few hours’ time.

“After all, we were lucky; 100,000 people are homeless, some of the Osaka streets are still three feet under water . . . and so on. The gentle Christ Who is always so close to the missionary has shown us again His bright face. Yes, wars, typhoons, earthquakes, rains . . . but give me the missions every time.”



THESE ARE

*My  
People*



(Above) Father Joseph Wade at a village school. (Below) Mass is said here Sundays.

**I**T IS HARD FOR AMERICANS who live in the land of plenty to appreciate how poor other people can actually be. Many of my people here in Corozal, British Honduras, seem to live on the very edge of existence. But that very fact has an important consequence—it enables them to live very close to God. Not having much of this world's goods with the accompanying worries, they prize the things which speak of the world to come.

My people prove their generosity in the best manner they can. Their evident self-

sacrifice at times when the Padre lives among them in their village is often touching, not infrequently a cherished chicken goes into the pot. At Christmas the Sister in the school handicraft classes moulded some highly prized statues of the Infant Jesus that each of our mission chapels or stations might have one for the Christmas novena or "posadas" or "pastoras." In appreciation, eggs were gathered in the villages and sent to Sister.

In Caledonia, Father Ring was building a large thatched school. Posts, poles for the walls, rafters, leaves for roof and ridging,

white mud plaster, and lime were all taken from the bush for this. We, of course, had to supply the cement for the floor, wood for doors and windows, nails and hardware and the desks. But the men contributed their labor at half the ordinary low wages.

In San Joaquin, a village where the Palatine Sisters go each day to teach, the men did good work in repairing the marl sides of the thatched school building, painting the solid walls and windows. We supplied the materials; they the labor. The men of Consejo, picturesque village on a picture-book bay across from Yucatan, Mexico, were dissatisfied that the Padre had to offer Mass and hold services in the Customs' House. They rebuilt their thatched bush church, asking only for what could not be gotten from the forest around them.

Isolated Mayas at Yok Chen felt so badly since the hurricane blew down their school and wrecked their church promised to do something definite about it themselves if the Mission would provide a teacher. They completely rebuilt and rethatched the church-school building and built a teacher's house.

Bishop Hickey came to bless our new buildings. What gala days they were! You should have been here to see them and to eat tortillas and boiled onions with the Bishop seated on a milk tin box and the pigs and

Father McCormack's people have won his heart.



Keekchi Indian children in doorway of their school.

chickens fighting for the crumbs that fell. At Consejo in the chapel the people built entirely themselves, he initiated our privilege of evening Mass.

Yok Chen would delight you where winning kiddies go direct from Maya to English, without the Spanish. Since the men built their own school, there has never been less than 90% attendance of the 37 children. One day I found 20 of them sniffing their way through the Hail Mary quite indifferent to the colds and fever that would put to bed their American cousins. A visit to Caledonia reveals the big thatched school with cement floor and mahogany desks, and convinces you that a thatched building is the coolest, quietest structure to live in—you'll junk your stuffy old air-conditioner.

So the construction lines keep rolling, while we continue being pastor and school manager and what-not. A dandy community at Paraiso decided something should be done about the House of God that was looking mighty disreputable, ill-becoming their patron, Our Lady of Guadalupe. So they gathered stones, leaves, marl from the bush, cut trees, burnt some lime, and on a co-operative plan rebuilt their chapel to honor the Virgin of Tepeyac. Every man's son who could wield a machete did something; and at noon I brought out a teaming pot of rice-and-beans, with shark tamales for the last day. Drop down some Sunday evening for Mass. You'll find yourself very near to God here.

ROBERT L. McCORMACK S.J.



# The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

None but a mother knows the depth of emotion when a child, cuddled in her arms, lips for the first time the word, "Mother."

Mary became the Mother of Mankind with a travail of pain second only to the redemptive sufferings of Her Divine Son. No maternal heart has ever loved children as Mary's does and, consequently, her joy is the greatest as she watches the waters of baptism trickle over the brow of an infant or one well on in years. She awaits the moment when that child will look heavenward and say, for the first time, "Mother of God, my mother, I love you."

You can increase the joy of Mary by prayer and by aiding the missionaries in instructing the young and the old. The missionaries must use "all the tricks of the trade" to hold the attention of their pupils. They tell us that a very effective means is the use of catechetical charts. The little tots remember the meaning of a picture better than hours of teaching. This month we ask you to donate charts for the missionaries. There will be joy in heaven as Jesus and Mary watch groups of children gather around the missionaries and raise their voices heavenward in praise of Mary, their Mother.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

## LONG ALBS:

Have you ever been at Mass and seen a tall priest with a short alb? You might have been even slightly annoyed and asked why he didn't wear a longer one. The suspicions are that the priest feels exactly the same way. It is always a problem for an exceptionally tall priest to find an alb according to his measurements. This is a daily problem for Father Bertram Ernst who is well over six feet tall. Since he labors in the tropics of India where the humidity is high his alb is probably saturated with perspiration after each Mass. Father Ernst would like to buy two lightweight linen albs. If he had the money he could have them made by some Sisters. Would you be interested in sending \$25.00 for an alb? We will forward immediately your donation to Father Ernst.

We have the same request from two other priests, one in Jamaica and the second in the Philippines. We would like to favor them with a similar gift.

## MORE MATERIAL:

In writing to JESUIT MISSIONS, Father Nevue of Alaska mentioned that he needs an altar cloth and also a small altar missal. We have the exact measurements and also a Mission Guild ready to make the cloth. The only thing lacking is the material. With several

## JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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

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

China (Suchow)  
Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J.  
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Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

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

\$5.00 donations we could buy the material. In fact, we would like to have two sets made. The altar missal is priced at \$35.00.

**CHILDREN'S CLOTHING:**

Last spring we suggested that you look in your attic for old skates and send them to the St. Francis Mission in South Dakota. Recently, we had a report on the response and the Fathers received approximately fifty pairs of skates. Each child at the mission will have many enjoyable skating hours during this winter. The generosity of the response prompted the Fathers to ask for gloves, overshoes and clothing. If you have any of these articles would you send them directly to:

Rev. G. M. Pieper S.J.  
St. Francis Mission  
St. Francis, South Dakota

**MINOR SEMINARY:**

In the center spread of this issue you will see a picture of Bishop Glennie. He really deserves congratulations on his immediate and very tireless efforts to establish in his diocese a seminary. He could erect a building with adequate facilities for his seminarians including a dormitory, study hall, kitchen, etc., for \$14,000.00. This is taking into consideration the money he has already gathered on his own initiative. He feels, however, that it would be prudent not to begin construction until he has a guarantee of additional funds. It is true that few, if any, could contribute the entire amount but \$100.00, \$10.00 or \$1.00 will help advance the fund. We would also like to mention that \$100.00 will pay the yearly tuition of a seminarian. If Bishop Glennie could save the expense of supporting one seminarian that amount would be applied to his building fund.

Any contribution you may give will help the native sons of Ceylon to stand one day at God's altar to administer and to preach to their own people.

**PROJECTOR:**

Father John Meyer S.J., of St. Fidelis Church, Samastipur, Darbhanga District, Bihar, India, has found that he can instruct his little neophytes much faster and more effectively by the use of pictures, especially when they are projected from a slide projector. So far, he has been borrowing projectors for this purpose but he would like to have the money for a new one—\$65.00.

Again, a number of small contributions will soon attain that amount.



**MISSION NEEDS**

Working for the 296,000 souls of the mission of Trincomalee are 1 Jesuit Bishop, 16 Jesuit priests, 11 Jesuit scholastics and 5 Jesuit brothers. To aid their work they beg the following items:

TABERNACLE	<b>\$200.00</b>
DALMATICS FOR SOLEMN MASS	<b>40.00</b>
ALTAR MISSAL	<b>35.00</b>
REQUIEM MISSAL	<b>15.00</b> each
MEDICINES:	
VITAMINS	<b>2.00</b>
COUGH SYRUP	<b>1.00</b>

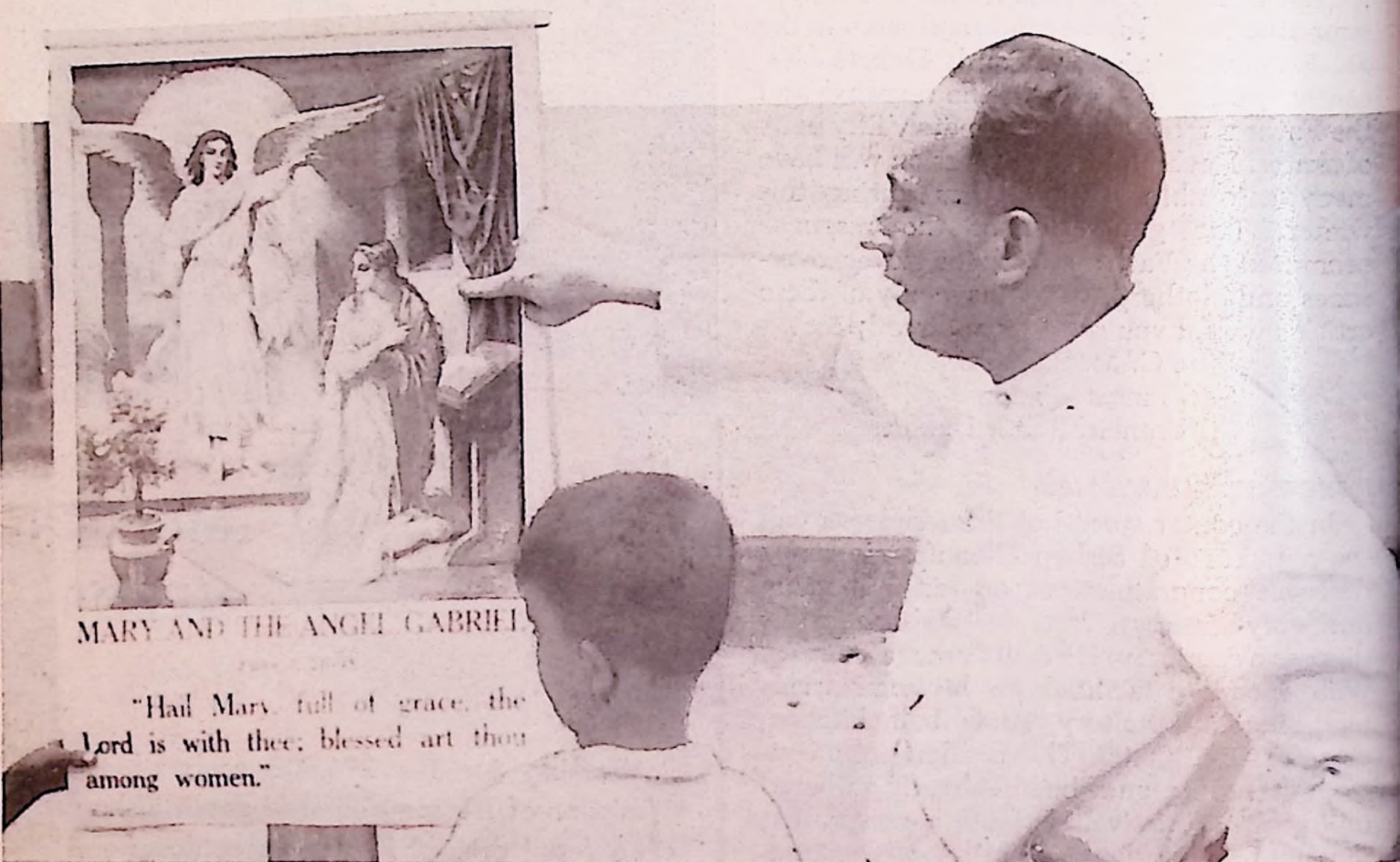
**JESUIT MISSIONS**

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



# CATECHETICAL

# *Charts*



Catechetical Charts are in constant demand on the missions. They are a most effective means for teaching catechism to the children. One colored picture is worth many pages of reading material, because it conveys immediately to the child the majesty of Our Lord and the tenderness of Our Lady more readily than words ever can. Remember the effectiveness of a holy picture on yourself when you were learning the teachings of Christ. The charts as illustrated above cost \$10 each. Please help Jesuit Missions supply the wants of our missionaries by sending us your donations.

Father Felix Clarkson of the New Orleans Jesuit mission in Ceylon teaches the Singhalese children by means of colored pictures which are a very effective aid.



## JESUIT *Missions*

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New York 21. N. Y.