

# JESUIT MISSIONS

APRIL 1951



MEMORIES IN THE PHILIPPINES



# JESUIT MISSIONS

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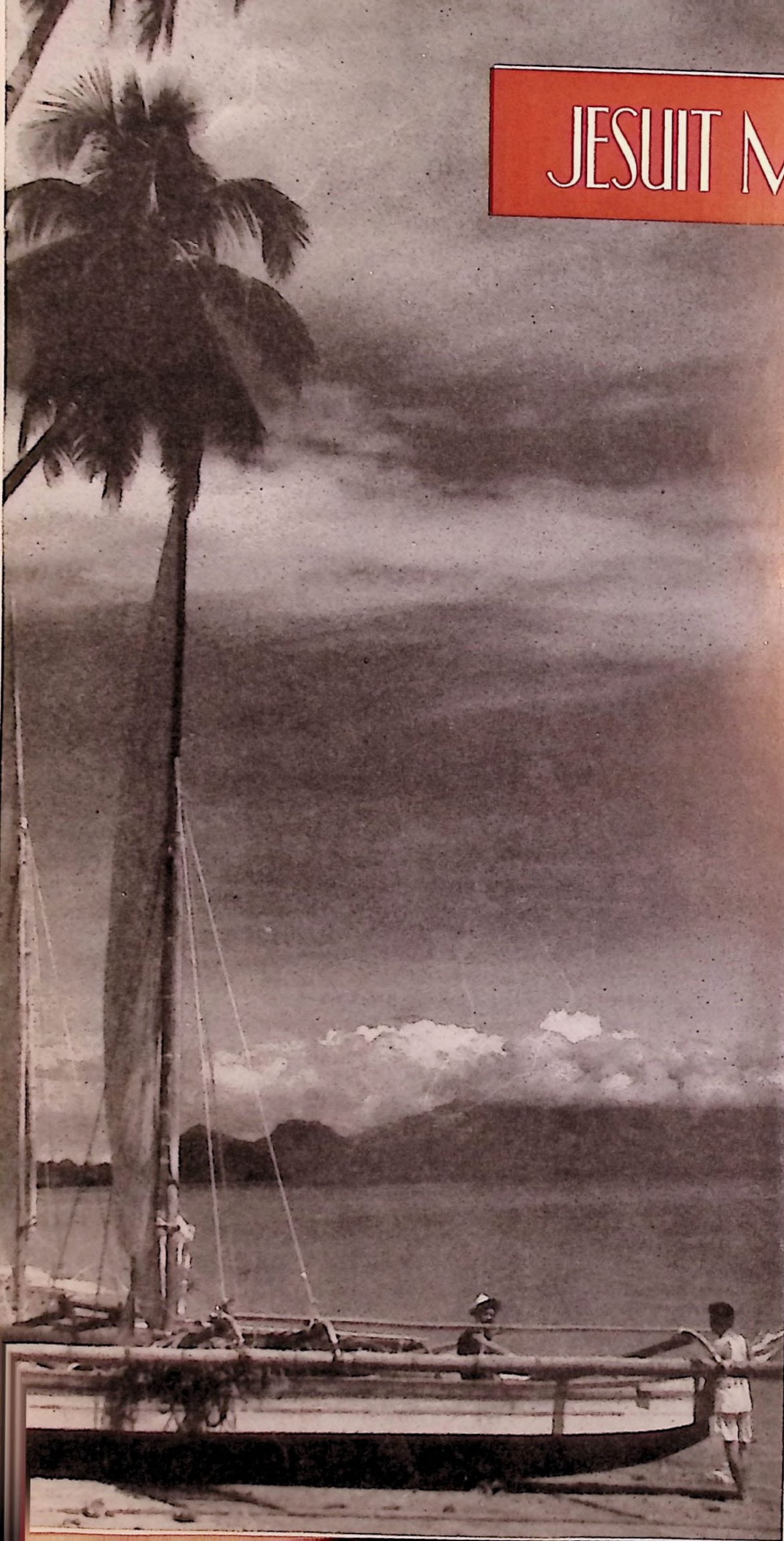
Coleman A. Daily

### NOTICE

The Business Office of *Jesuit Missions* is at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Editorial Offices are at 45 E. 78th Street, New York 17, N. Y. You can be more sure of prompt attention to your letters if they are directed to these addresses.

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**COVER.** The spirit of the new Republic of the Philippines is typified by a young student of the Ateneo de Davao. The picture was snapped by James Donelan S.J. whose Filipino photographs are outstanding examples of artistry and understanding of the Catholic people of Asia.



WITH THE RAINS COME MEMORIES

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Missionaries are mostly a quiet lot. It is difficult to get them to say anything about themselves. For some reason they feel that they themselves are not newsworthy or interesting or of much importance. Some day in heaven they will discover that Almighty God thinks otherwise.

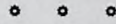
But a missionary hasn't much time to do any writing. When he does it is because he has chanced upon a situation or a person and he has been impressed—so much so that he takes the time to record that impression. So a bishop in the West Indies will turn aside from the hundred duties that fill his day to tell the story of a group of grand sisters whose work should be better known. A priest in the Philippines recalls in moving fashion the missionary whose passing meant heartaches for countless friends. A story of royalty, one of a cigar-smoking woman catechist, of the inspiring faith flowering on a Pacific Isle—these and the other incidents found in these pages the missionaries themselves considered worthy of recording. We think you will agree.



The soft-spoken, serious and quiet demeanor of Father James Larkin S.J. belies the fact that he was an amateur boxing champion at Boston College. He still retains the lithe grace, the rugged frame and strong capable hands of the athlete. But versatility is what stamps his services at Baghdad College. Would you have a Greek inscription deciphered, an English author appraised, a fine piece of cabinet-making done? Father Larkin is your man. Photography, in all phases, is his hobby. The cool nerve and split-second timing of his boxing days contribute to making him Iraq's outstanding aerial photographer.



A new mission field has recently been given over to the American Jesuits. The site is Delhi in India where New Delhi University, the National University, is located.



In the beginning the specific assignment is restricted to the conduct of a college which will be a constituent part of the National University.



The request to take over this college came to the Society of Jesus from both the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of this region in India. In view of this exceptional circumstance the Jesuit General in Rome acceded to the request and assigned American Jesuits to the work.



The Missouri Province will man the new mission field. The first Superior of New Delhi will be Father Paul Smith S.J., formerly of Creighton University in Omaha.



The Chicago Province and the Maryland Province have already distinct mission fields in India, the former in Patna and the latter in Jamshedpur. Now they are joined by missionaries of the Missouri Province.

**T**HE ROAR OF THE RAIN IN THE Philippines. Rain riveting the tin roof, rushing off the eaves, washing down the windows and beating around the house like a waterfall.

When it rains in the tropics you lock the windows and arrange the tin buckets under the holes in the ceiling. You stand at the window and look out at the palm trees, bending double, at the carabaos standing stolidly in the swamp, heads into the storm, and you wonder when the roof is coming off.

But when the rain comes, and the roads are washed out, and all the houses are locked, and the work stops—that's the time when you can lie on the couch in the sala, with the lights on, and listen to music. Or talk under the roar of the rain. Those are the days when I'd have time to tell you about Father Joe Mulry, who lived most of his life in the tropics, and died here.

Father Joe Mulry. He died in the prison camp, in the last days. Just before the paratroopers jumped. We didn't even know he was sick. He walked down to the camp hospital once, with a belly-ache, but they had no equipment and how could they tell that he had ulcers and cancer? They sent him back to the barracks.

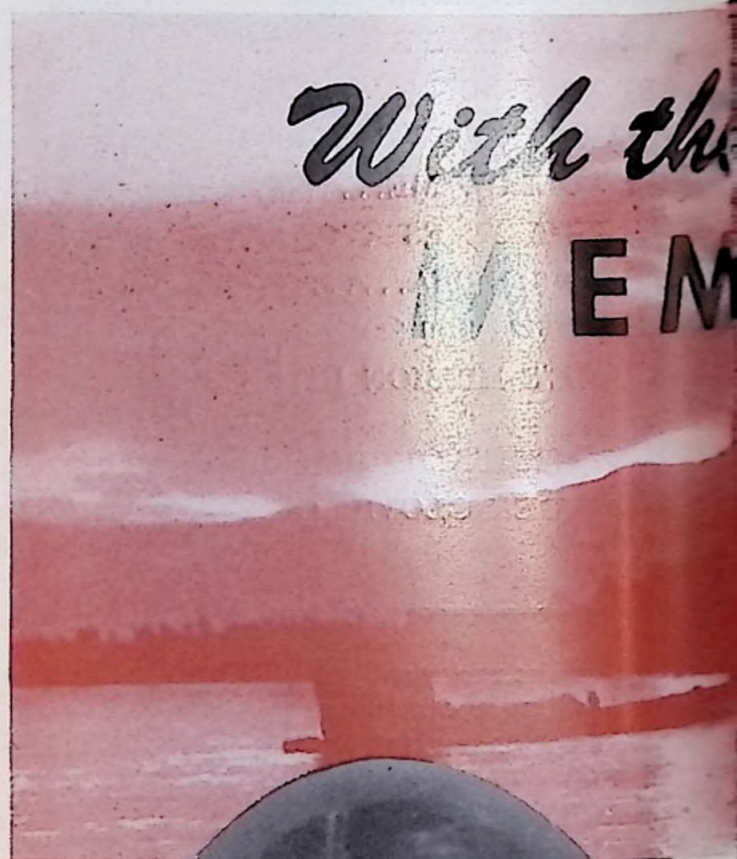
Then it was night, and Father Joe Mulry was lying on the cement runway leading to the latrine, vomiting blood. By the time we got the stretcher he was lying on his cot. When we started to move him, I slid my arms under his shoulders. He opened his eyes, startled, and said: "Oh, I don't need help!" And he slid from the cot to the stretcher. He was never any trouble. Even when he was dying, he was never any trouble.

The hospital. No lights but the kerosene lamps. Dana Nance, the surgeon, stripped to the waist. A barrel chest, a hard face. A man-sized edition of James Cagney. He was walking around in the half-light, in shorts and chinelas, getting his coffee pot. Chinelas are backless slippers that slap when you walk.

Nance prepared for operations by drinking black coffee. He saved the coffee for this. They were old grounds, of course, boiled a dozen times, but if you boiled them again, it

still tasted like coffee. When he operated he wore these old, patched shorts under his doctor's gown. Shorts and chinelas. But he was a great surgeon. Years of experience in China.

The Navy nurse came out, sleepy. Blonde, small, her hair cut short like a boy's, very tough. Three years in a prison camp—I guess



(Above) A typical scene in the Philippines before the storm breaks and the tropical rains put an end to all activities, except the moving memories which a man cherishes. (Below) This picture of Father Joseph Mulry S.J. was taken when he was first beginning to win the hearts of all whom he met.

JAMES B. REUTER S.J.

it would make anybody tough. She came over to the stretcher-bearers and asked, "Do you have a cigarette?"

Nobody had any cigarettes. Doctor Nance came by, with his coffee pot, a little stub of a cigarette between his lips. She stopped him, took the cigarette, drew deep, and gave it back to him.

# Rains Come DRIES

The operation didn't take long. As soon as they opened him up, they knew it was almost hopeless. Ulcers. Cancer. Internal hemorrhage. Blood. But Nance was a fighter. He began to work, fast. Sister Isabel, of Maryknoll, kept her finger on Father Mulry's pulse. She said to Dana Nance: "He's dead."

Nance tried to restore respiration by working the chest with his hands. Finally in desperation, he put his glove through the incision and pumped the heart with his fingers. But it was no go. Father Joe Mulry was dead.

We got a coffin from the carpenter shop and carried Father Mulry down the dark road to the camp chapel. Nance went with us, because he knew Japanese and could explain to the guards. In the chapel we put Father Mulry's head toward the altar, and a chalice in his cold fingers. Sister Isabel took the band from around his chin and his big face fell into a smile. I remember that so clearly. Sister Isabel kneeling beside the coffin, her head bent, weeping, and Father

Mulry still smiling, even when he was dead.

In the morning, when the nuns came into chapel, they were shocked. The night before they didn't even know that anybody was sick, and now—rough and plain, up by the altar—there was a coffin. They came timidly down the aisle, one by one, and they didn't know it was Father Mulry until they looked in the box and saw him.

Many went back to the pews and wept, because he was loved. He was gentle, warm-hearted and funny. Wherever Father Mulry was, there was laughter. And he had died quickly, as a man should, without the nuns being able to make a fuss over him.

After Mass the coffin was carried out of the chapel to the grave. A wooden cross about two feet high, with his name on it, was put up. Joseph A. Mulry S.J. The nuns put flowers on the grave.

Joseph A. Mulry S.J. A big man. A big heart, a brilliant mind. In the barracks at night he used to lecture on English literature. Nobody had to come. After dark it was forbidden to move from barracks to barracks. Technically, the Japanese guards could shoot you for it. But the men slipped in from all over—Christian Brothers, Redemptorists from Australia, Pan-American flyers, British

sailors from the *Tantalus*.

We sat on the bamboo floor, and he had the only light—a burning wick, floating in coconut oil, in a corned-beef can. His face was all light and shadows, and he talked about Shakespeare, Keats, Robert Burns. All the men who listened to him were hungry, but he fed us with beauty, and it filled us better than food. Sitting there in the dark, I was terribly proud of him.

He was the most successful teacher I ever knew. Brilliant, scholarly, scientific, but the secret of his success lay not in his head, but in his heart. He loved the boys he taught, and they had a fierce devotion to him. When a graduate thought of marrying a girl, he would bring her around to meet Father Mulry, and wait anxiously for his opinion. He married many students. And years later, when there was trouble in the family, the wives would come around. Then Father Mulry would call in the husbands. He was Manila's best marriage-settlement bureau.

The big man with the big heart now lies in the cemetery at Novaliches among his fellow missionaries. (Below) Father John McCarron S.J. prays at Father Mulry's temporary grave in the military cemetery.

He had what everybody else talked about—charity. Love. But you'd never recognize it as charity, because it was personal, like the love of God. He listened with both ears. He gave you all his ingenuity, his whole heart. He was big, giving himself completely to everybody, like God.

When the Japanese came pounding on the doors during the Occupation, and dragged him off to Fort Santiago, the headquarters of the Military Police, whence few returned—we were worried. He was a national leader. His ideas on social reform kept seeping into the Senate and Assembly, through Ateneo graduates, and his plan for the colonization of Mindanao was adopted almost bodily by President Quezon.

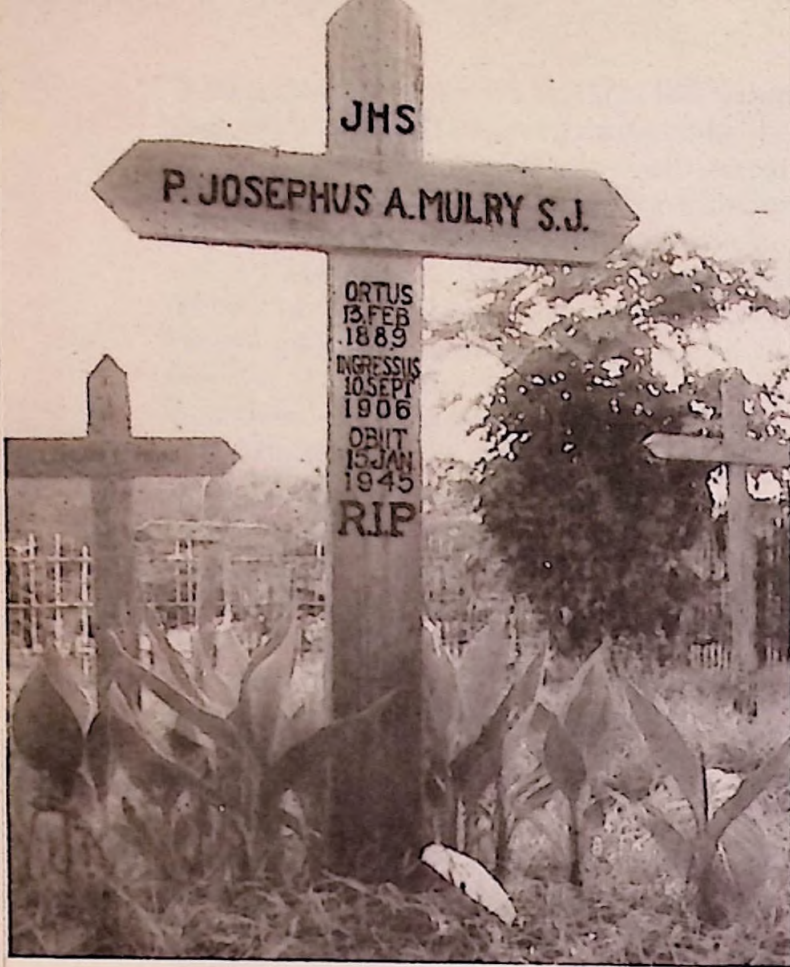
In prison the Japanese took his earphones and his batteries, thinking that the hearing aid was a Walkie-Talkie. He sat on the stone floor of his cell in the silence of the deaf, for about six weeks. He lived on camotes—a kind of coarse tropical sweet potato—and maybe this was the time his stomach went off for good. The Japanese did not behead him, but they started him on the road to death.

There was a song he used to sing, about a big black buck who was in love with a girl named Phoebe. He'd sing the verses solo, with gestures, dramatizing the scenes, and all of us would come in strong on the chorus.

One night he was singing "Phoebe," and we were all laughing, rocking on the bamboo floor, because it was different every time he did it. And the next night he was dead, and we were carrying him down the dark road to the chapel, with a band tight around his chin.

I'm glad I knew Father Mulry. You don't know what a sense of security he could give to a young man heading toward the priesthood. Father Joe was fat, and untidy often, and deaf, but he was a great human soul. He was worthy to be an ambassador of God.

He has been dead for five years now. His bones are in a little white box in the cemetery at Novaliches. But no one has been found to take his place. He was like the big central pillar, holding up the whole Ateneo. The Ateneo is still in ruins, waiting till God in His kindness decides to send us another friend of His, a big simple friend with a warm heart, like Father Joe Mulry.



# Clementine's ON OUR SIDE

JOHN R. KNIGHT, S.J.

CLEMENTINE LOOKS LIKE AN OUTFIELDER with a dress on—an outfielder in the Cuban League. She is tall, dark and rangy. Her eyes are bright with humor and the Holy Ghost. Her arms have a terrific length and look as though they could whack the ball out of any park. On Sundays Clementine is a catechist and on week days she cracks stone by the roadside with a cigar in the corner of her mouth. She is a blessing wrapped up in ebony for my mission. Ask Bishop McEleney.

She got the youngsters ready for confirmation. A half dozen of her own and about forty from the surrounding hills. "What is confirmation?" asked the bishop, and they roared back the answer like a broadside from a battle ship. A mule could hear their answers a mile away. And don't believe it came the easy way to those youngsters. They learned and if they didn't, they suffered! Clementine would slap them around with her muscles and leather mittens till they needed new patches on their pants. "You liddle numskull, come here for jus' one secon'!" One second and one crack would take care of everything.

To me, Clementine always put on a front that would melt steel . . . the genteel lady . . . honey and marmalade . . . but I knew she was one tough lady with those church picknics. She knew and I knew, that if they didn't fear her, come church time, they would be up in some mango tree with their chins dripping.

It's a mystery how she got those little ones dressed up for confirmation. But they looked neat and shiny. Mosquito netting hasn't much class, but wash it with a little starch and put some mountain flowers on the crown and then you have something. If you can hide the brand on a flour sack it makes a pretty decent shirt. Shoes? There's the problem! But about six pairs can suffice forty



Father Anthony Woods, our staff artist, reveals his conception of Clementine, "an outfielder with a dress on", and a catechist worthy of the major leagues.

children. After the bishop has confirmed one, that one can rush back and pass the shoes on to somebody else . . . size doesn't mean much as long as it's shoe leather.

Monday I passed by Clementine's hut on a visit to the sick. Clementine was strolling around with one of her young ones in her arms, leisurely as the Queen of Sheba, as though she had nothing to do but pick daisies. She smiled graciously at me but she wasn't fooling anyone for I knew in about twenty minutes she'd be up on the hillside cracking stones. Come to think of it . . . Clementine is quite a queen . . . and I'm glad she's on our side.

**I**F SAINTS IN HEAVEN CAN BE ESPECIALLY happy on some days more than others just as we mortals down here on earth can be, St. Francis Xavier must certainly have been especially happy last Christmas morning. Why was that? Because when he looked down out of heaven at his beloved Japan he could see all the baptisms taking place in so many churches everywhere. He saw at Yamaguchi, *his* church in Japan, 30 persons being baptized. But it was the sight of a little boy and girl among the 30 that made him especially happy. Who were the little children? Just two little youngsters named Mori, a common enough name in Japan. But these two children were not two common children . . .

"Begin at the bottom and work up" is the common order of things. But that was not St. Francis Xavier's strategy for Japan. His idea always seemed to be exactly the opposite. "Start at the top and work down." Convert first the Emperor, the daimyos and samurai, and let the faith seep down naturally from the rulers to the great mass of the people below.

The saint, however, never achieved any too great results with this plan. A very few samurai and daimyos (notably Otomo, Lord of Bungo) embraced the faith, but the majority of these feudal lords became instead the avowed enemies of the new religion.

One of the most hostile enemies of the early Church was the daimyo of the Chugoku region of Japan, whose feudal castle was situated in Xavier's Yamaguchi. This daimyo's name was Mori, Motonari Mori. Persecutor of the faith, murderer of the Christians—such was the tradition of the family down through one, two, three, four centuries.

Prince and Princess Mori with two of their children and the Apostolic Administrator of Hiroshima, Msgr. Ogihara S.J.

## DREAMS

### *Can Come True*

And now at Christmas, two Moris, two of the same unbroken line of daimyos, stood with heads bowed slightly as the priest poured the waters of baptism over their royal brows. What had happened?

It was all largely due to the zeal of the present Princess Mori, wife of the Chugoku daimyo and mother of the children being baptized. During the years before the war, the princess had traveled quite extensively abroad, especially in Germany. It was there while visiting Europe's great cathedrals and other religious-historic spots that she first learned of the Catholic Church. From those earliest days she felt within herself a burning desire to become a member of that same





Prince and Princess Asaka dressed in the official court robes which are still used for state occasions. The Princess is already a Catholic while the Prince is taking instructions at present.

to teach catechism herself to some of her friends who are interested in the faith. Her husband, though not yet a Catholic, is most sympathetic to the Church, and consented readily to the baptism of their two children last Christmas. So two Moris, descendants of the daimyos, knelt at the feet of the Baby Christ . . . And some people say that dreams don't come true.

Yet here and there in hidden-away, far corners of Japan, in little chapels all over the earth, there were simple souls like St. Francis Xavier who dreamed great dreams and prayed for strange, strange things, and today, for the first time in the 2,551 years of its long history, there is a Catholic in the Imperial Family of Japan—Princess Asaka, wife of the grandson of the Emperor Meiji and cousin of the present emperor.

During the earlier years of her life the princess had never given religion any particular thought whatsoever. After the late war, though, the problem of suffering and pain in defeated, post-war Japan began to cause the princess ever increasing anxiety.

After a chance conversation with a Catholic friend one day, she determined suddenly, at any cost, to speak to a Catholic priest, and arranged for a meeting with Father Kanda, a priest, of Tokyo. The rest of the story is simply told. Princess Asaka was received into the Church October 9, 1949—from that day to be Princess *Lucia* Asaka Chikado.

Now this entire branch of the Imperial Family is in the process of becoming Catholic. One of the daughters of the princess was baptized last October at Kamakura, while another son and daughter will receive baptism shortly. The prince himself is now taking weekly catechism instructions also.

The day that he, the grandson of the Emperor Meiji, receives the sacrament of baptism—oh, what a day that will be for the Church of Japan! And St. Francis Xavier that day? Though he is enjoying all the eternal joys and bliss of heaven already, I think there will be special tears of joy in the eyes of that great-hearted Spanish saint as he kneels before Christ our Lord in heaven that day and thanks Him that his dreams are beginning to come true.

Catholic Church. Her convictions were so strong that she went so far as to have one of her boys who had become suddenly seriously ill baptized a Catholic on his hospital bed in Berlin. Because of her connections with the Imperial Family, however, any open avowal of the faith was simply impossible. It could only mean one thing—divorce, a step she naturally did not wish to take.

At the end of the war, however, traditional ideas began to give way, and the princess spoke more openly of the faith in her home. Matters more or less came to a head with the grand 400th St. Francis Xavier's Arrival-in-Japan celebration which was held in Yamaguchi, scene of Xavier's great apostolic labors. Prince and Princess Mori kindly agreed to take part in the processions and ceremonies on that occasion, and from that time on the whole family came rapidly closer to the Church.

The princess herself received baptism in November, 1949, and has since become a remarkably fervent Catholic, going so far as



## THE MAGIC CARPET

JAMES P. LARKIN S.J.

the two occasions when he dropped down on us, the gentry, young and old, from near and far, came rushing on shank's mare, donkey back, or bicycle, to get a closer view of him. The difference lay in the helicopter which he used for the two noteworthy visits.

Roger is an American from the Midwest who was living with his wife at Abu Ghuraib, the school and experimental farm of the Iraq Department of Agriculture, about 15 miles outside of Baghdad. There he operated the pair of helicopters which the Department employs for pest control throughout Iraq.

An invitation from Roger to take a ride with him, and a standing request from Jesuit Missions to take moving pictures of noteworthy events in Baghdad, afforded the opportunity of killing two birds, etc., so I leaped at the offer.

When the scheduled day for the ascent arrived, it was much too warm to put on the "bubble" (the transparent plastic covering over the two seats in the cockpit), so it was left behind in the hangar. Only the semicircular plastic shield in front, extending from our toes to eye level, protected us from the wind. The outer edge of our seats was flush with the edge of the floor area, so we could look down perpendicularly at the ground.

After being strapped securely in, with a still camera clutched between my knees and the movie affair in my hands, and a few last minute directions shouted directly into my ear with cupped hands by Roger (the roar of the whirling

blades overhead made other means of communication impossible) off we went. The rise was so smooth that I did not realize we were off the earth until I noted how the waving figures beside the hangar dwindled rapidly.

At the height of 300 feet and the speed of about 60 miles an hour we headed in the direction of Baghdad. Beneath we could see the cultivated fields of the Experimental Farm and the adjacent farmlands of the Beni Tamin tribe, both watered by a network of irrigation ditches. The outlines of the larger ditches of the ancient days when this very land was a teeming center of civilization were Aqaquf (ancient Dur Kurigalzu) which rises from the arid plain. No traces of the former network of brick-paved streets and brick-made houses that formed the old Kassite city were visible. The shadow of our whirling blades next fell on the Holy City of Kadhimain, sacred to Shia Moslems. Faces outside as well as inside the precincts of its ancient Mosque turned upward to see the strange spectacle we presented. We were careful to avoid having our shadow fall on the gold-plated, twin-domed mosque, for this would have been considered by the worshipers as a desecration.

We crossed the Tigris directly above the pontoon bridge which connects Kadhimain with Baghdad. A short tour to the south brought us over the magnificent mausoleum of the modern kings of Iraq, Feisal I, his son Ghazi, and other members of the royal family. Thence we turned northward and arrived over Baghdad College just in time to be greeted by the students as they poured out from the classrooms after the last class of the day.

We landed in a nearby field in order to change the film in both cameras, for an attempt at doing so while in flight would have been foolhardy because of the open "cockpit." A mass of humanity immediately surrounded us, but all heeded Roger's warning to keep clear of the idling blades. The film changed, off we went up into the blue once more and this time headed for the center of Baghdad.

Amazing contrasts greet any visitor to Baghdad, but none of these are so sharply noted as from the air. The new often stands in stark opposition to or blends quietly with the old. The shadow of our "wings of the future" over the streetless house-clusters of bygone centuries indicates the attempt of the

enlightened government to better the life of the citizens. Mud houses surrounded by stretches of greenish water, caused by seepage from the river, were within a stone's throw of gems of modern architecture, surrounded by gardens in which a swimming pool was a feature! Wide tracks for donkey and camel caravans ran beside the macadamized highway that leads to Syria and the West; while heavyweight planes were seen at the head of the runways of the modern airfield.

Roger went "out of his way" to give a salute to the U. S. Embassy and a wave to all who appeared at vantage points as we circled it. A "run" down the middle of the Tigris, over the concrete bridges that connect East and West Baghdad, a turn to get a good view of the palace of the King, as well as that of the Regent, and we were headed homeward. A few minutes later we came to earth at Abu Ghuraib.

The whirring blades of the helicopter are no longer seen nor heard over Baghdad, for we have since learned that student pilots irreparably damaged both machines in attempted solo flights. Roger and Mrs. Cadman are now back in the U. S. A., but we are still over here doing work in the Lord's vineyard—a pleasant and instructive interlude of which was the ride in a modern magic carpet.

(Left) The sacred Moslem shrine at Khadimain on the outskirts of Baghdad is photographed by Father Larkin as the pilot cautiously avoided too close an approach lest their shadow fall on the mosque. (Below) Roger Cadman brings his helicopter down on the Baghdad campus in the midst of an appreciative audience. However any close inspection is limited to the Baghdad College principal, Father Connell.



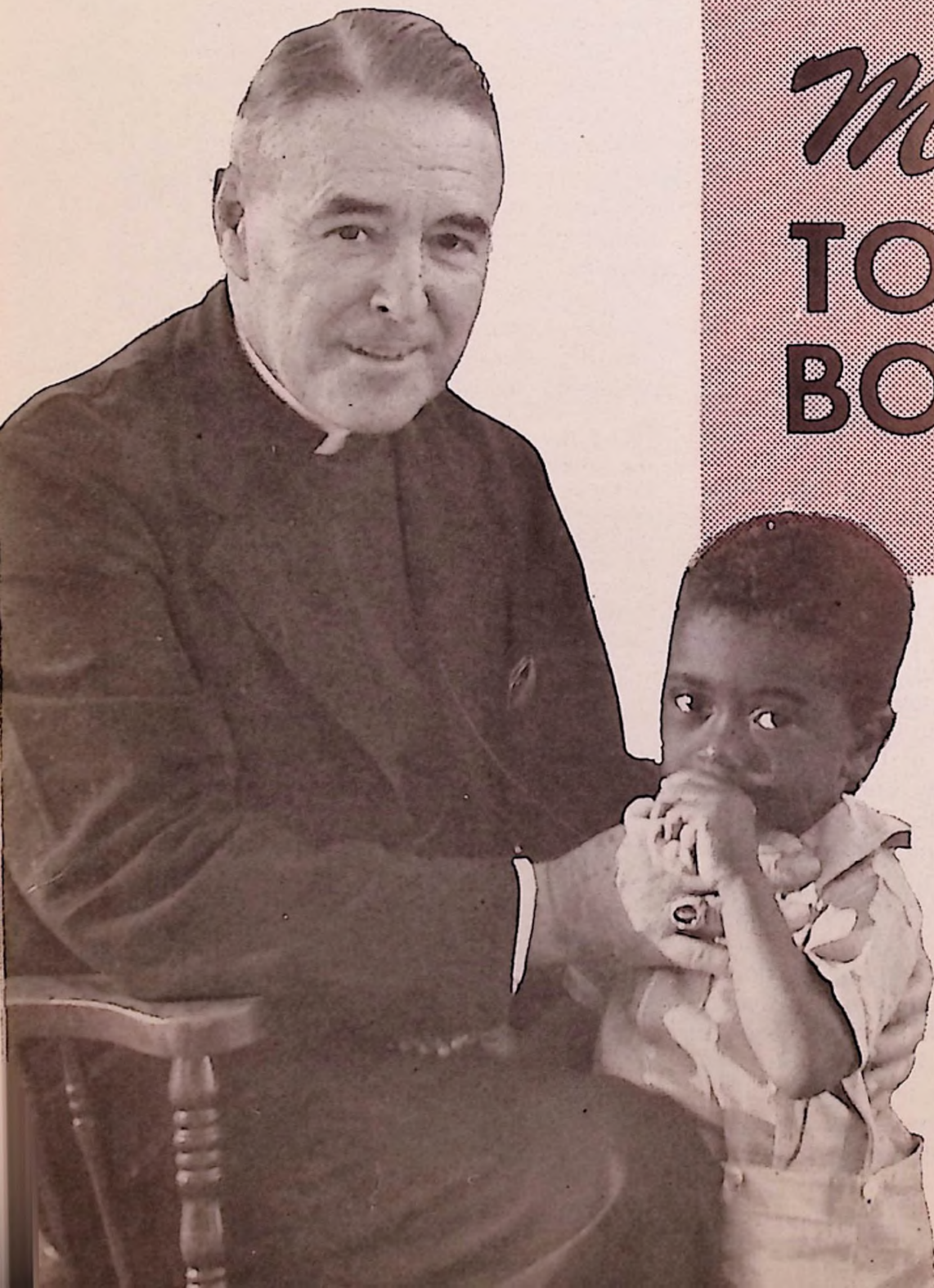
**T**HE SISTERS OF MERCY IN JAMAICA, British West Indies, operate two Homes for dependent children—one for boys and one for girls—known as the Alpha Industrial Schools.

It was at the Christmas party for the children that I first met "Tony Bony." On the official records of the school he is entered as Anthony Bernard, and that name remains on the books. All the other boys know him as "Tony Bony". Every kid at Alpha on entrance is given a nickname by the boys, and there is some genius in their nomenclature. Tony is the youngest orphan at Alpha—just about two years old. He was so skinny when the Mercy Sisters received him, the boys at

once promptly named him "Tony Bony." He was the first boy introduced to us at Alpha when we went there to give the boys and girls a Christmas "Treat."

After Tony Bony we were introduced to Christmas Adam—he arrived at Alpha a year ago on December 23rd. The boys explained to Sister Marie Therese who has charge of them, and who knows them all by nickname too, that Adam came before Eve, that is before Christmas Eve.

The "Treat" was really for myself and my fellow priests who accompanied me because it was a special spiritual blessing to see those nuns mothering such a huge family of orphans with such cheer, care, and love.



*Meet*  
**TONY  
BONY**

**MOST REV.**  
**J. J. MCELENEY S.J.**  
*Bishop of Jamaica*

The first boy to welcome Bishop McEleney S.J. to the Alpha Industrial School, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy in Kingston, was Tony Bony, youngest of more than 700 children at the home.



Bishop McEleney claims that the work at the Alpha Industrial School is the proudest possession today of the Vicariate of Jamaica. With 450 boys and

267 girls in the orphanage the question of clothes alone is of great importance. (Above) The boys have their own clothes-making department here.



As might be expected, the boys stick to the fundamentals in clothing but the Alpha girls have won prizes for their needlework. Alpha is a miniature

world; trade shops, dormitories, garden, refectory, ball field, chapel—a little kingdom with the Sisters of Mercy the dispensers of charity and justice.

The orphanage contains 450 boys and 267 girls. Actually the sisters also conduct other schools, elementary, intermediate and secondary, having a total of over 6,000 pupils under their care. Sixty-four sisters make up the personnel of this great work at Alpha.

Jamaica is rightly proud of Alpha. It was inaugurated May 1, 1880, by a Jamaican lady, Miss Jessir Repole, who bought the original land and resolved to care for the orphan children of this island. But the work grew too great for her to manage and was finally, because of its big spiritual promises, adopted by a religious community, which Miss Repole joined as a religious, and where

she was ever affectionately known as Mother Peter Claver. She died in 1949.

This work is, today, the proudest possession of the Vicariate of Jamaica. This huge industrial school attempts, not only the Catholic education of those children, but their education in domestic and practical arts including Domestic Science, Farming, Tile-making, Shoemaking, Bookbinding, etc., etc.

Here "Tony Bony," "Christmas Adam," and their brother and sister orphans are growing up to be Catholic citizens of their island home. We ask your prayers for their growth—your prayers are more important than any other gift you can send us.

# COMFORT *in the Carolines*

*This is food from fagaga  
Or food from fadaguag  
Food from fadaguag  
Or food from fagaga?*

SO RUNS THE TRANSLATION OF A little jingle from a Yap pagan ceremony. Whenever it pops into my head, I remember how much work lies ahead of me before I can bring Christ and His Blessed Mother into the hearts of the inhabitants of this lovely Caroline island. There is superstition here and black magic, and the *tamerong*, a kind of pagan priest, claims to boss the rain and the thunder and the typhoon.

But nothing can shake the confidence I have in my natives. Sincere and inquisitive, a little shy at times, once they accept the faith they are loyal and generous to an extreme. Take Peter and Paul, for instance. After the war broke out in Korea, I asked my natives to pray to Our Lady of Fatima for peace. Peter and Paul got busy right away, disappeared for a time on some mysterious business, and when they returned, presented me with an offering for a novena of Masses!

When it comes to a practical use of penance and sacrifice, I think it would be hard to beat my people. Liquor is a big problem here, and the native drink, *achif*, has a kick like dynamite. A few of the men got to thinking that you just can't live a good Christian life and have your *achif* too. Somebody started things rolling, and—well you know how it is—Jose talked to Miguel, and Gabriel had a few words with Paulinus, and Benito put the pressure on Stanislaus, and before long seventy men were "on the wagon" and signed up to make a Holy Hour of Reparation once a week for the rest of the year.

You'd have to spend a few hours on Yap under a broiling sun to realize what such a sacrifice means. The pagans are still rubbing their eyes at the incredible thing that has happened, since the saying here has always been: "He's a big man and must have his *achif*."

My people, thank God, receive Holy Communion frequently, and many of them delight in spending the day before the Blessed



FREDERICK C. BAILEY S.J.

## *Come, follow me*

Sacrament exposed. They love the story of Fatima, and lots of them say a daily rosary for world peace. We've got an active Legion of Mary, adult catechism classes, and even a kind of Cana Conference for husbands and wives. My Cana group are real enthusiasts. No rainstorm has ever kept them from our weekly meetings.

I wish you could meet some of our Yap kids. I think you'd agree that they're about as cute as they come. Our teen-agers even go in for fads, as I discovered some time ago. Magdalena, Dolores and Raphaela, decided that grass and banana leaf skirts are passé, so if you want to be really "hep" these days you just have to sport a skirt woven of colorfully dyed hibiscus bark. The new-look has taken over.

Some of the Yap youngsters in our school are amazingly bright. Few children in the States can outspell little Carmen; Joachina is simply a whiz at arithmetic, and practically all of the youngsters are above par in their knowledge of the catechism.

Yes, I guess I'm pretty proud of my people. But then, I imagine "our" Lord is, too.

(Left) At first glance you might think that these youngsters didn't have a better chance at life than the puppy who sneaked into the picture with them. But some day they will be part of the trustful line which forms for confessions to Father William Walter S.J., another missionary in the Carolines. Father Walter covers Ulithi and other islands.



Joy is a prerogative of the Christian soul and during the paschal season, in particular, it is the predominant theme of the Church's liturgy. But how feebly this is reflected in the dull, flat, traditional greeting of the Anglo-Saxon world—"Happy Easter."

Christ is the center and inspiration of our rejoicing. In the triumph of His resurrection He has fulfilled His promised role of Savior. For "having borne our sins in his body upon the cross . . . Christ is risen from the dead . . . so that we also may walk in the newness of life." Here is the justification of our joy, which is in essence a foretaste of eternal blessedness.

Yet, to express the richness of this paschal mystery, we use a dead and empty formula invoking "Easter", the ancient Teutonic goddess of the spring. Is it any wonder then that pagan survivals now distort the real significance of the feast for many Christians? The deep spiritual exultation is lost in shallow gaiety evoked by painted eggs and chocolate bunnies, by the spring modes of fashion and new bonnets for the Easter Parade.

The Latin countries have more consciously preserved their Christian heritage with their "Buona Pasqua" or their "Bons Pâques". But the oriental Christians have retained the most thrilling and expressive greeting of all. It strikes the triumphant note that is the very heart of the mystery,— "Christos anesti—Christ is risen". And the answer echoes this note of triumph,— "Alethös anesti—He is truly risen". We need to remember that today as the clouds of Calvary loom over the Church and her faithful in so many quarters of the world.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.



Father Joseph Reith S.J. of Malaybalay, P.I.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE Philippines is of solid construction. The faith of the people is a vibrant one and their devotion runs deep. The long years of missionary work have brought forth much fruit. Filipino priests, brothers and sisters are increasing in number. Schools have sprung up throughout the islands, modern in technique but deriving their great strength from the Catholic tradition. As long as the young follow their veteran leaders—bishops, Filipino clergy and missionaries—the Philippines will be safe.

Much has been done but the work is not yet completed. Non-Christians number several millions and the priests are still too few to adequately serve all the Catholics. May the future be as bright as the past!



Father Delaney S.J. talks over Catholic Action with Ateneo de Manila boys.

# THE *Philippines*



Ateneo de Davao in Davao City James Donelan S.J. congratulates his basketball champs.



Bishop James Hayes S.J. of Cagayan.



Father Leo Cullum, mission superior.



Fr. McMahon, Manila Ateneo head.



Father Haggerty, "Guerilla Padre".

# So this is INDIA!



Patna Junction and the doorway to an unfamiliar way of life.

ANTHONY J.  
MATTSHECK S.J.

on in unruffled calm. As a missionary I am only two months old but since the train ground to a stop at Patna station, two humorous experiences have shown me that life in India is not humdrum.

The first experience occurred as I was walking along the Ganges Road toward St. Xavier's High School. The panorama of the life around me took up all my thoughts and attention. There on the sandy shore were several abandoned grey-green army landing barges, their runways still resting in the sand, as if the soldiers had just raced ashore. Further on I watched several Indians as they whirled dripping garments above their heads and brought them down on a rock with a soggy "smack"; these were the laundry men, *dobis*.

Anthony Mattscheck S.J. launches his missionary career with a smile.



**T**HE 9:15 EXPRESS WAS CHUGGING INTO PATNA Junction one Sunday morning. On board were four new Patna missionaries who had landed in Bombay a few days before. As the train slowed down to a crawl about two miles from the station, I glanced out of the window. The countryside was very peaceful. Near the tracks a small Indian boy was prodding his reluctant black water buffalo toward home. Beyond them stretched the rice paddies. In the distance lay the buildings of Patna Junction. Quite calm here, I thought, as I dragged my brown traveling bag from the upper rack. That was my first mistake as a new missionary, thinking that the life within Patna flowed

Soon I was peering over the six foot Ganges flood wall, welcome protection during the monsoon season.

As I approached a small pagoda-like hut in the middle of the wall, I failed to heed the sound of deep-throated bells behind me. They do not tinkle like the bells on an ox cart or a dum-dum. These bells warn of the approach of something much larger. Before I could adjust myself to the situation, a large trunk swept past, reaching for the nose on my face. I whirled around, a defenseless Jesuit scholastic at bay, to stare at the broad, dusty-grey, thick skinned side of a tremendous elephant. Before I could jump back, another elephant lumbered majestically past, then another, and still another. Five in all, marching in single file, freezing me in my startled tracks. The mahout on the last elephant took one look at this paralyzed padre and burst into amused laughter. I did not have enough emotional energy left to get angry.

Exactly three weeks later I was living in a kitchen-sized white-washed room at De Britto House, Gomoh, about 250 miles from Patna. This is the language school, orientation depot for all newcomers. Side by side with two priests and five other scholastics, I attended seven Hindi classes each day. During my too brief breathing spells, I diagnosed a broken generator with the end of a jabbing monkey wrench, dug irrigation ditches and cleared fields for rice paddies. After one day of work I counted no less than nineteen blisters, painful memories of the Indian cudali and culhari, similar to an American axe and mattock. Each night I would stretch out on my one-inch thick mattress and fall into a deep sleep, indulging in nostalgic dreams of home.

On my fifth night at Gomoh I was sleeping soundly. Suddenly I awoke, tense, expectant. Sweat chilled me under the armpits. With a spasmodic start I heard the doors of my room being pushed open. From the verandah that skirts the front of our quarters someone or something was making a good try at getting into my room. The doors rattled as they swung against the walls, then came the sound of claws as some animal crept across the cement floor, heading straight for my bed. I jerked into immobility. Sniff, sniff, sniff, around the left side of the bed. Then a nose pushed against the mosquito net that hung down from the poles at each corner

*The joys of the first Easter were many-sided. Our Lady, Peter, Thomas, Magdalen—all of them had their own particular joys to add to the great triumph and happiness of Our Lord's Resurrection.*

*It is possible for us to store up additional joys for our own entrance into everlasting happiness. One way to do that would be to leave behind us on this earth the record of having helped spread the Kingdom of Christ. That can be done by remembering the missions in your will.*

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of the bed. Happily I remembered that I had tucked in the edges of the net securely. Then around the other side of the bed, sniff, sniff, sniff. No luck: so the animal stretched himself on the floor and started gnawing on one of my work shoes. His teeth grated as they struck the metal hooks for shoe-laces. I could feel those teeth scraping my bones. My heart started to play a chorus on my ribs, and the bed shook with the reverberations. Without a doubt, I admitted to myself, I was scared, not the hero I thought I would be in such a situation. The thumping probably scared him, for the animal rose, padded toward my desk, and soon I heard him snoring, yes, actually snoring, as he lay curled in my chair. How did I know he was in the chair? Well, I suddenly found I had enough courage to reach out for the flashlight on the window sill. Slipping out from under the mosquito net, I grabbed the flash, and shone the beam full into his face. He was curled up in my arm chair, the light reflecting from his yellow-green eyes. The suddenness of my movements did not scare him, but they annoyed him. He jumped from the chair, leaped through the door, and stood on the other side of the verandah. Slamming the door shut, I bolted it before he could jump back into the room. Then peering through the glass in the doors, I saw in the moonlight that it was not the leopard or wolf that I expected to see, but only Rex, our watchdog. Let the watchdog watch, I told myself, as I crawled back into bed, and added slyly, let the missionary sleep.



Father Joseph Reith with a funeral procession.

## PARISH OF

JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.



The church and plaza at Balingasag, Mindanao, P.I.

**B**ALINGASAG IN MISAMIS ORIENTAL IS Filipino coconut country, where the people have simply to sit and wait for the big nuts to ripen and every three months cut them down for copra. The New York Province mission stretches for miles along the northern shore of Mindanao that zigzags up towards famed Surigao Strait.

When the Spanish missionaries came here centuries ago most of the people lived in the mountains; but as it was too hard to gather them in flocks for Mass and catechism,

the missionaries finally got them to come down to the coast and live near the mission. A church and a *convento* were built close to a lovely beach. In front, for public events, there opened a spacious rectangular *plaza*, around which shade trees were planted. Government buildings and residences were gradually constructed. And here, with coconut and banana trees in the background, the ubiquitous pig today forages busily.

The first church was begun here on November 3, 1849. Another, erected by a skillful Spanish brother, was inaugurated in 1893 amid great festivity, with wine and music. Meantime, the entire area became Catholic. There are two fiestas each year; one in honor of the principal patron, St. Rita, the other on the feast of the Santo Niño.

But don't think that every day at Balingasag is fiesta. How would you plan to take care of 25,000 souls? Many things simply have to be left undone. Here as elsewhere the essentials are marriages, baptisms, extreme unctions and funerals, with of course confessions and sermons in Visayan. Lay



The late Father Consunji, killed by the Japanese.

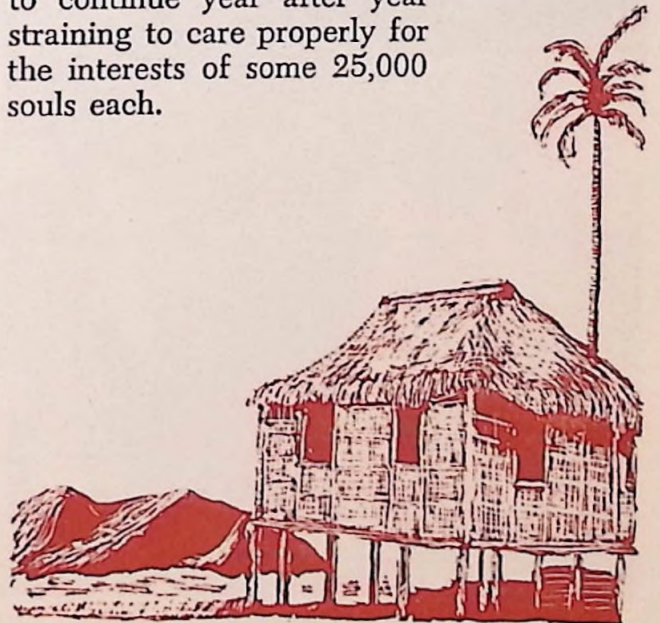
## 25,000 SOULS

volunteers teach catechism in the public schools of the city and the nearby barrios. The *pari* or pastor could do far more, of course, if he had a flock of clerical assistants. But usually he is alone; and he may be forgiven if tempted to rejoice that no more than 900 come to confession for a First Friday.

With such a vast population to care for, the pastor, Father John Pollock S.J., is kept busy with funerals. To have three in an afternoon is not rare. The priest usually does not accompany the corpse to the cemetery, but an interesting local custom is what is known as the *Posas*. Wearing surplice, black stole and cope, the Father walks with crossbearer and acolytes through the streets to the house of the deceased. There usually a photo is taken of priest, coffin and mourners. Then the coffin is sprinkled with holy water, and two laymen start chanting a psalm as the procession begins. After a certain distance a halt is called, the Kyrie Eleison and Pater are intoned, the coffin sprinkled again, and the procession resumed. There are three such stops in this solemn march; the corpse is again sprinkled as it is carried into the church, where the usual ceremonies take place.

Remember, not all the *pari's* flock live in the *centro*; he has half a dozen barrios that get Mass once or twice a month, and many more that get it once a year. While I was at Balingasag Father Pollock one day took a two-hour horseback trip, accompanied by a servant to a barrio in the mountains. A torrential tropical rain began falling almost immediately. They had with difficulty crossed eight of the nine channels in a big river whose flash floods are one of the worst trials in the mountain apostolate. But the ninth was so dangerous the Father decided it was imprudent to try swimming it. Meantime, the return journey found each channel fuller than before and the servant received a special absolution as the swift current once threatened to dash him and his mount against the rocks. After four drenching hours, they reached home safely. Trips to the mountain barrios, where the priest ordinarily sleeps in the chapel, may produce almost any sort of adventure.

Yet Mindanao is a beautiful place for a mission, with its green days and cool nights and its gentle Catholics, who are so numerous no pastor has the time to work much among the pagan hill tribes who would surely not long resist the magic appeal of the gospel. Filipinos from the exhausted lands of Cebu and Huk-infested areas of Luzon to the north are heading in increasing numbers towards the rich, undeveloped "treasure island" of Mindanao. But scores of zealous young priests are needed to develop the fabulous supernatural resources of this land of tomorrow, so that the present overworked pastors won't have to continue year after year straining to care properly for the interests of some 25,000 souls each.



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# THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

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## APRIL: Firm Faith for the Catholics of China

EVERY DAY BRINGS SADDER NEWS OF THE Church's peril in China. While statesmen speculate whether the Communism of Mao Tse-tung savors of Stalinism or Titoism a nation of some 463,000,000 people struggles under the heel of the same atheistic Communism against which Pope Pius XI warned the world back in 1937.

While Communism entrenches itself in the Far East, what has happened to the Church in China? Briefly, the Catholic Church has borne the brunt of the Communist persecution. The 3,274,740 baptized Catholics and 197,712 catechumens have, just as other "liberated" nations, become the victims of lies, calumnies and utopian promises. When trickery failed, threats served as an eloquent weapon of persuasion. Nor were they idle threats, but threats against life and the very means of existence so quickly carried out that the very speed of their execution hid the powerlessness of the fulfillment of these promises.

At first the Communists made a show of



Father Louis Dowd S.J. holds his catechism class.

their liberality to all religions; then restrictions were placed on rural missionaries; lastly curbs on the ministry of urban priests, brothers and sisters—first the foreigners, branded as spies of imperialism, then the Chinese priests and religious.

During this religious strangulation the Communists kept one view in mind—the control of the young. First, there was infiltration into the classroom; then restrictions and obligatory courses of Communist indoctrination; lastly the confiscation of Church property and the ousting of religious teachers. The almost 4,500 schools which had been fonts not only of the sciences and arts but also of virtue and faith became almost overnight cesspools of atheism to poison the young. The 14,000 priests and religious deprived of or limited in the work are now so busied with "more gainful" occupations that little time remains for pastoral ministry, religious instruction and charity. Catholic parents, especially the poor, have been thrown upon their own resources for perfecting their own faith and imparting it to their offspring, and that in the face of diabolical ridicule and oppression.

But there is a ray of hope! The Catholic Church in China until now was numerically very insignificant—actually less than nine-tenths percent of the entire population. One Catholic among some 140 Chinese passed almost unnoticed. Unwittingly the Communists have focused attention on the Catholic Church. Thinking Chinese are being forced to inquire why this new Red regime seeks so relentlessly to stamp out such a relatively small religious group. Will they learn that Catholicism offers the only true liberation from the shackles of Communism? If the Catholic Chinese remain unshaken in their faith during their present persecution, there is hope for oppressed China. We in America can strengthen the suffering Catholics of China—members too of Christ's Mystical Body—by pleading with Christ for firmness in faith for Chinese Catholics.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.



## *For Mission Communion*

**T**HIS IS A HOST-OVEN, a very practical and pious gift for the bush missionary. As you know, the hosts to be consecrated at Mass are specially baked and cut. In many places on the missions this is a difficult, primitive task, because the sisters have to do it on a griddle over an open wood fire. It takes hours to bake the hosts and many are spoiled in the process. In numerous parishes there are four and five hundred Communion on Sunday. Since each host must be perfect for the Perfect Sacrifice, the sisters toil for hours on a task that takes minutes with a host-oven.

We are trying to supply host-ovens for the central stations on our missions. Each oven costs \$200. Your small or large gift will help make perfect hosts to feed the souls of the mission peoples with the Holy Sacrament. Any help given to the Sisters to make their work lighter will be most appreciated. Their good works become yours when you share the burdens with them.



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

# Afield

WITH

## AMERICAN JESUITS

### INSIDE INDIA

From Gomoh in Bihar Province Francis McGauley S.J. gives us an insight into the situation in India today. "I think India is such a mysterious place to us because we don't understand it. Prime Minister Nehru has called this point to the attention of the Western World often—that we don't understand the East or even seem to make the effort to comprehend "Asian sentiment," which is an essential property flowing out of their whole culture. With respect to Western life, India is backward in education, agriculture, and industry, but a new progress was born on her Independence Day. There is 10 per cent literacy in India, but the mass education movement is already under way, and it must be remembered that her

CHINA . IRAQ . INDIA  
ALASKA . JAPAN . JAMAICA  
CEYLON . PHILLIPPINE ISLANDS  
CAROLINE - MARSHALL ISLANDS  
YORO . BRITISH HONDURAS  
INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS

culture and tradition go back into the era before Christ. Almost 90 per cent of the Indians live in the villages off the land, but their methods don't seem far advanced beyond the Stone Age. But, now, with improvements, more men will be available for India's "industrial dream" which is almost nil except for scattered places like Tata's great steel plant in Jamshedpur, "the Pittsburgh of India." All this demands a tremendous "turn-over," for as Nehru himself says, "We have been kept back . . . now we must run." However, the people fear running, for they mistrust the progress of the West which seems to have lost sight of the spiritual.

"Although India is often termed a pagan nation by many writers, the Indian is really a deeply spiritual minded person,

and both Hindus and Moslems worship openly in the street or train as naturally as they eat or bathe. Our present Holy Father Pius XII recognized this "spiritual side" when he commended Mahatma Ghandi because he "has bequeathed to his people a legacy of great price: a staunch faith in a rightful ascendancy of the spiritual over the material." So as India runs in her new-found independence from British rule, she will stumble, but there is great reason to hope for the future. India is rich in natural resources, seems gifted with honest, courageous, and fearless leaders like Nehru and Rajenda Presad plus the almost divine admiration for Ghandi and his lofty principles. This is a wonderful opportunity for the Catholic Church to come to the front and help raise India by education, industrial and labor schools and movements. In Jamshedpur, home of the greatest steel plant in Asia, we have already opened a "Cambridge" school, and Father Enright has begun a labor school for Jamshedpur's leaders and workers."

Father Bertram Ernst S.J., at Piru in the Shahabad District of Bihar, adds a further word on India's conditions.

"Father Edmund Gallagher S.J. joined me here in Piru about two weeks ago and we have been seeing the mission together. He is much impressed by the hospitality and friendliness of the people. It is a fact that there is no people in the world more hospitable and kind than the average Indian villager, and the more so when they know that we are the priests of the Christian religion.

"Tragedy is never far removed from joy in India. A short time ago a group of men appeared from one of the neighboring villages. They said that small-pox was raging in the

Father Bertram Ernst S.J. (left) assists Very Reverend Father Joseph Egan S.J., Provincial of the Chicago Province, at a baptism in India.

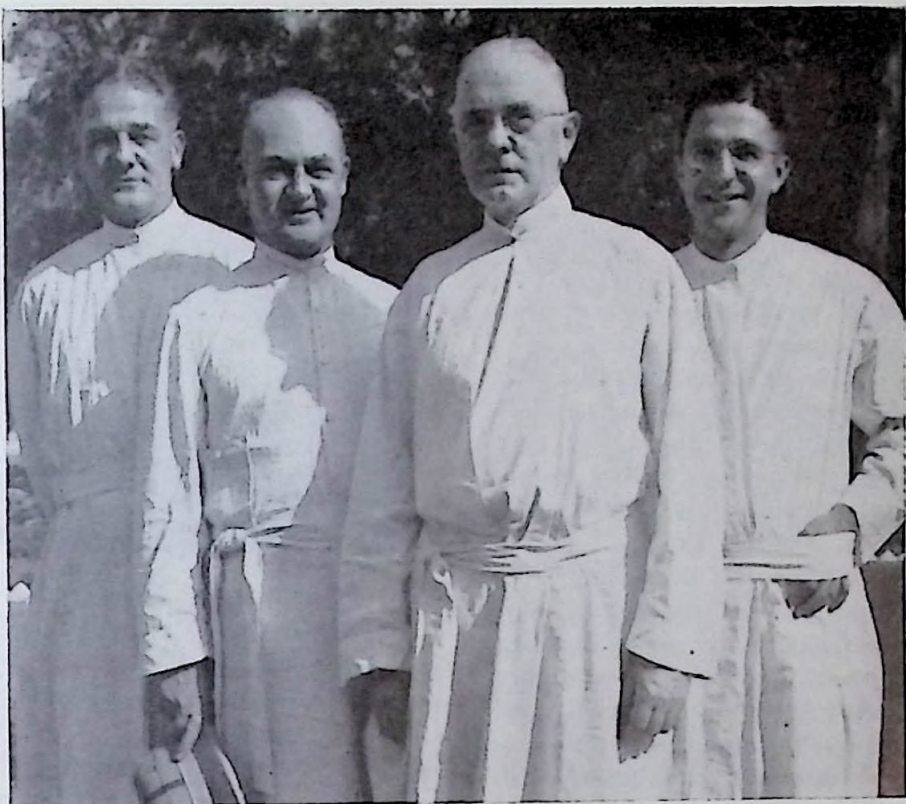




village (the Hindus are not ready to accept vaccination, at least the ignorant villagers, for small-pox is believed to be a visit of the goddess) and several children had died. It developed however that this little boy whom I had baptized a couple of years ago was afflicted with something else, probably pneumonia. They had brought him to a local doctor for treatment. We went to see the little fellow. We found him tossing feverishly on a little pile of straw in a more or less open shed in the chilly winter air. Beside him squatted his grief-stricken mother. He was the last of many children, all dead. I blessed him and offered to have him brought to the mission. One of the relatives hastened to ask the doctor's consent. Then we discovered that there were other patients scattered about in the big shed. On another pile of straw lay a young man apparently very near the end. His mother begged us to save him. I baptized him. Others came begging us to see their sick relatives. Farther down another man called me to see a girl of sixteen or seventeen propped up on a miserable rope bed. She had great difficulty in breathing but did not seem to be in immediate danger of death.

"By this time the messenger returned saying that the doctor advised leaving the sick child for the night as he would visit the patients during the night and give him another injection. We left the depressing scene of poverty and suffering, and I recalled that a few steps away a wealthy Hindu is constructing a good house for old cows. Yes, an asylum for aged cows!

"The next morning, the relative of the sick boy was at the mission. The poor little fellow had passed away a short time after receiving the injection at 2 a.m. The mother had seen



The Provincial of the Chicago Province, Very Reverend Joseph Egan S.J. (third from left), recently visited the missions in India which are staffed by missionaries of that province. With him in this picture, taken at Mokameh Junction, are men who are familiar to the readers of *Jesuit Missions*. At the far left is Father Marion Batson S.J., pastor at Mokameh; Father Richard Wellfle S.J., Superior of the Patna mission and well known author; and at right is Father Louis DeGenova S.J., assistant to Father Batson. Father Egan made a point of visiting every missionary, Jesuit and diocesan, during his tour of the districts confided to his men.

the last of her children go and they carried her home in the night. I offered to bury the little body in the mission compound, but they did not return and I learned that they had taken the little body back to his own village for burial."

#### PROGRESS IN PROGRESO

Down in Yoro, Honduras, Father Joseph Wade S.J. reports on the mission of Progreso.

"The people of Progreso have responded quite well to our efforts during these four years since Father James O'Neill's arrival in November, 1946. The number that attend Mass has grown slowly, but steadily all the time. The attendance at

Mass is about 500—during last Lent it was higher. There is a great devotion to the Sacred Heart through the Apostleship of Prayer. There are about 80 Communion on Sundays and First Fridays, the number going much higher on feast days. In general, the spirit in the town is one of great attachment to the priests, everywhere there is respect. Progreso is interesting because one has the feeling that little by little Progreso is going to be a really fine parish.

"Father John Murphy very ably cares for a big and important work in the numerous camps of the United Fruit Company. It is largely a work among young men, as the majority of



the workers are in the age group from 16 to 25. Father Murphy keeps their faith and practice alive during the critical years when they are away from home. Later most of them will return to the interior of Honduras to make their homes or will go up into the hills bordering the company plantations to establish their homes and to farm.

"When they get into the hills they will find that they are not without a shepherd, because there the zealous Father Joseph Hebert will be at their doorsteps. Father Hebert has the villages in the hills. The work is hard as it is pushing by jeep, muleback and on foot over rugged mountain terrain. But Father is young and strong and anxious to bring the consolations and protection of religion to his scattered sheep.

"The two of them have about 30,000 between them. No small parish!"

From another part of Yoro Father William Moore S.J. of Olanchito adds a brief note.

"Standard Fruit Company has put up a nice church in honor of Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini. The company has also donated a public address system. When two big horns were put up in the tower of the new church in Coyoles, we could preach and broadcast Christmas music over a rather vast area of banana land.

"The same Standard Fruit also gave us a 750-watt generator. Father Hogan used it yesterday in a nearby village, and reported great success in lighting a little school room and broadcasting sermon and music."

#### DE GUSTIBUS

At the Chinese Language School outside of Manila Robert Cunningham S.J. of the California Province is studying Chinese with missionaries of half a



A recent news release of the relief agency CARE will be of interest to JM readers. It reads in part: "A former Minnesota farm boy and mail carrier, who later graduated from St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas, is doing perhaps more than any other man to improve conditions in a large part of the vast state of Bihar in North-eastern India.

"He is Father Francis Loesch S.J., the parish priest of Patna, formerly of Kimball, Minn., where a brother, George, and a sister, Mrs. Anthony Pelzer, still live. (Three other sisters also live in the States: Miss Clara Loesch, a nurse, and Mrs. Ted Repa, of Chicago, and Mrs. J. H. Holthaus, of Route 3, Buffalo, N. Y.)

"Besides attending to his religious duties in Patna,

dozen other nationalities. He smilingly reveals that he understands perfectly the difficulties that occur in the UN.

"There's an old saying, 'There's no arguing about tastes.' In a little international community such as we have here there must needs be daily applications of this dictum. In

## CARE

Father Loesch (1) operates a model experimental farm to show villagers how to improve crop yields; (2) manages a machine shop where he trains Indian youths to become skilled mechanics and blacksmiths; (3) is designing and erecting concrete - and - steel schools and hospitals, and (4) supervises a gang of 500 workers who turn out 40,000 bricks a day at kilns which he has established on the banks of the Ganges River.

"Father Loesch also keeps a shrewd eye turned for bargains in scrap, which he converts into structural steel; is constantly called on for advice on technical matters by the priests of the outlying missions, and still finds time to give a hand to Government and commercial interests—like the time he bossed the moving of a highway bridge for the Bihar State Engineering Department. Or the time he installed the new press for one of the Patna newspapers when nobody else in the region knew how.

"A typical day with Father Loesch might start, after breakfast, with a call on a business firm to collect payment for bricks sold from his

the refectory for example, we have seen fruit cake sandwiched between two pieces of bread; bananas peeled with a knife and eaten with a fork; doughnuts cut with a knife and eaten with a spoon, etc. For some time there was one bottle of catsup on each table in the refectory. For the Americans this was



# for a Famine

kilns—at the control rate of Rs. 29 (\$6.09) per 1,000 against the black market price of Rs. 45 and 50 charged by most of the privately-operated kilns.

“Then, he’ll turn up at Loyola Industrial School for Boys, where he maintains the machine shop, works the farm and trains boys in many skills. Students in the two-year course earn while they learn arc-welding, drill-press operating, carpentry, blacksmithing and auto mechanics. Father Loesch himself learned his skills the hard way. He tells how, when first he received an arc-welding outfit several years ago, he had to teach himself how to use it before he could teach his pupils.

“Next stop will probably be the Loyola Industrial School Association’s brick kilns. On his calls at the kilns, one of Father Loesch’s chief interests will be to observe relations between the workers—Hindus, Muslims and aborigines (the people who were in India when the Aryans arrived thousands of years ago). For though there are some 40,000 Catholics in the Patna diocese, several times that number among those of other faiths have ben-

efited by Father Loesch’s work.

“For many years, until he became Patna parish priest, Father Loesch was superior of Catholic missions scattered throughout the diocese. His improvement programs in and around Patna are closely tied in with the educational programs in the mission schools. In appealing to CARE for aid in helping Patna’s diocesan institutions to remain open, Father Loesch pointed out that many hundreds of students are boarded for the nine-month school year—and that the children must eat.

“But famine conditions now prevail in many areas of Bihar because of failure of the rice crops. Already, two Catholic mission schools have been forced to close for lack of food. Although the control price of rice is 16 to 18 rupees (\$3.36 to \$3.78) per maund (80 pounds), there is desperately little rice in the ration shops. On the open (black) market, source of most of the rice being eaten today, the price is now around Rs. 30 per maund—a price the schools find impossible to pay. Hence Father Loesch’s appeal for CARE food package gifts.”

quite a treat, giving as it did some flavor to an otherwise tasteless meal. Then it happened. Other nationalities began to get curious and in a very short time all the catsup was used up. A few weeks later we found a bottle of mustard on our table. This time we were more cautious and even hinted

to the others the bad effect such a condiment had on the stomach. But as we had feared the mustard also went as did the catsup. Since then we have had only salt and pepper. I guess we can only say with Job: “The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Praise be the name of the Lord.”

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

For the benefit of the Hopalong Cassidy fans who also read Jesuit Missions we think the following incident in Baghdad should be put on record.

The students have always thought highly of Father Francis Curran but lately his stock has gone up 500 per cent. He and some other fathers attended a sort of fair downtown for the athletic betterment of the city youth. At one of the booths they found a shooting range with real guns. The purpose of the game was to hit a match box at 20 feet or so. The match box was preserving its original lustre until the great Father Curran arrived on the scene. He paid his 20 fils, picked up an old .45, raised it level with his eye, slowly came down on the target and let go. Needless to say, he smashed the box to smithereens on the first shot, thereby becoming an even greater hero than he had ever been before. His father on the Arlington police force will be proud to hear of this achievement, but prouder still of the aftermath. In connection with the shooting episode, inquisitive tongues asked Father Curran what his father does. Father Curran calmly told his admirers that his father was Minister of Defense for Arlington, Mass. There’ll be no holding him after that!

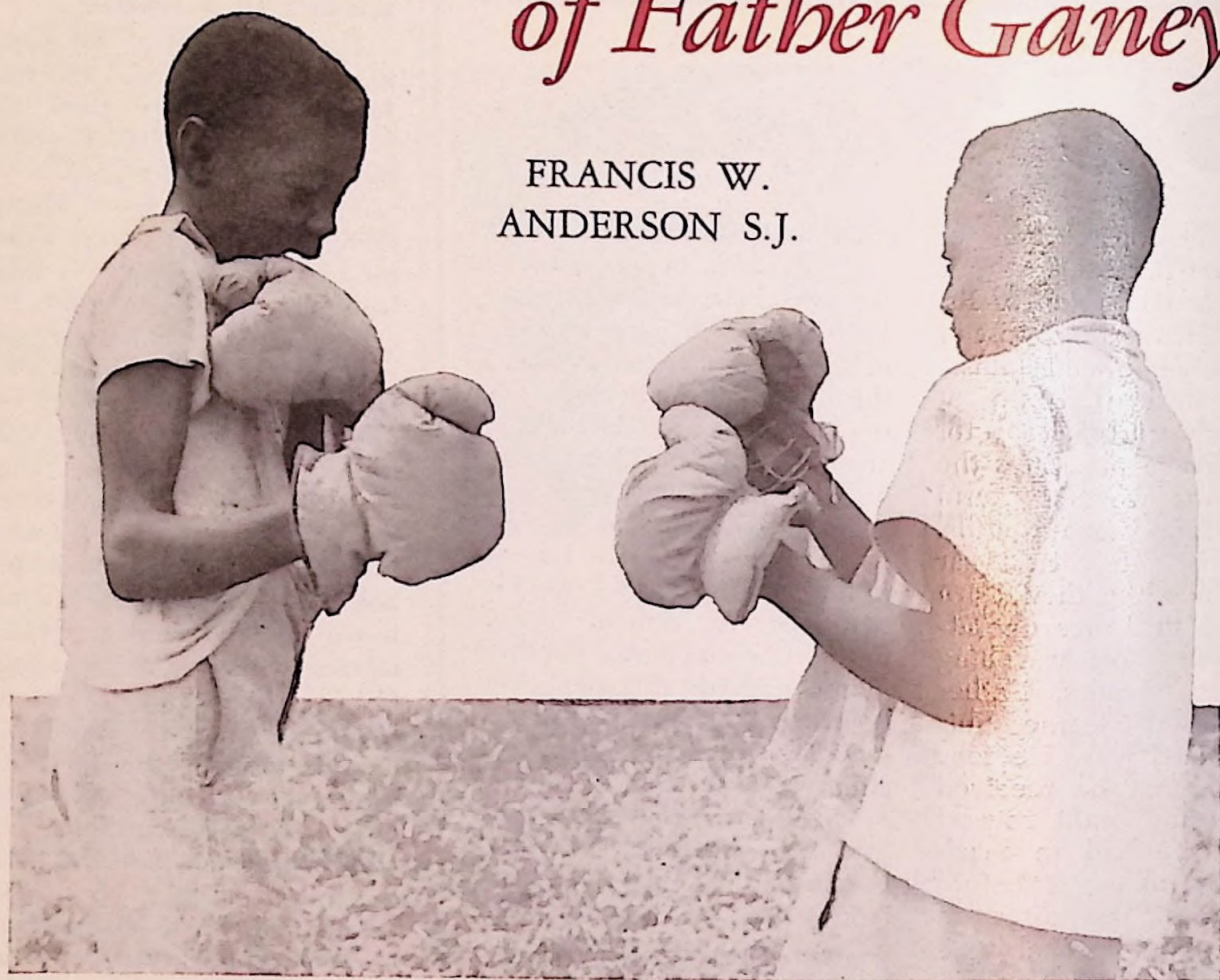
Fathers John Murphy and William Moore, Jesuits now in Honduras.



# THE GOLDEN GLOVES

## *of Father Ganey*

FRANCIS W.  
ANDERSON S.J.



**T**HERE IS A LONG QUEUE WAITING OUTSIDE Cathedral Hall in Belize. The tropical evening is abuzz with excited voices expressing the hope that there will still be room in the packed hall. The animated crowd is on hand to cheer their favorites in the number one sports event of British Honduras, —Father Ganey's "Golden Gloves." I am sure that even if you are the most casual reader of the sports page, you will not confuse the Golden Gloves with the story of old King Midas and his golden touch. Especially in this year when newspapers across the country have been hailing the silver jubilee of the famous boxing tournament for America's eager amateurs. The Golden Gloves has become one of the most popular programs of organized sport for American youth.

How Father Ganey imported such an institution into British Honduras is a story that reveals one of the less publicized phases of missionary activity. Missionaries have to assume many strange roles, as you probably know, in extending God's kingdom on earth.

But Father Ganey is in a class apart as a successful boxing promoter. Yet when it all began he scarcely knew the difference between a hook and a jab, let alone a counter-punch and a one-two.

Father Marion Ganey of Gillespie, Illinois, arrived in Belize fifteen years ago. He was a slim, quiet priest of studious mien, as befitted one fresh from his four-year course of dogmatic theology and that final year of Jesuit formation in ascetical theology, known as Tertianship. Belize was a far cry from his native Gillespie and from Saint Louis where he had studied and taught. He found it a steaming tropical town hacked out of a mangrove swamp on the edge of the Caribbean. Though it was the country's capital, most of its 23,000 people were desperately poor. As Father Ganey settled to work, his interests were directed into two fields—the problem of young boys with too little occupation and too much time for mischief, and the improvement of economic conditions among the distressed people.

He was aware that the learned volumes of the Summa Theologica, so recently his daily companions, did not contain the complete answer to his problems. Yet the Angelic Doctor had left him with a valid guiding principal,—“a certain modicum of physical wellbeing is wonderfully conducive to growth in spiritual stature.” That, in fact, is what started Father Ganey off as a successful boxing promoter and a champion of the underprivileged. For he understood, as all missionaries in depressed areas must, that effective preaching of the gospel means more than sermons and instructions. Surplice and stole are not enough. It has been so since Christ first preached in Galilee. If He taught the multitude, He also had compassion for their hunger and disease. So He fed them, as He also cured their ills.

The boys of Saint John's College, where Father Ganey was stationed, were amply provided for. They had a well integrated sports program to fill their hours of leisure. So Father Ganey turned to the unorganized and unsupervised lads outside the school, the potential problem children. He saw the need of a Catholic Youth Organization after the pattern of the American CYO founded by Bishop Sheil in Chicago. Wholesome supervised recreation was the first need. The formula was an athletic program that would get the lads off the streets quickly and permanently. Amateur boxing was the cornerstone of Bishop Sheil's CYO. It corresponded to the need of the moment and to the limited financial and physical resources available. The success of the early boxing tournaments enabled the CYO to move on to a more comprehensive recreational and cultural program and such projects as the Sheil School of Social Studies. So Father Ganey set his sights on similar objectives.

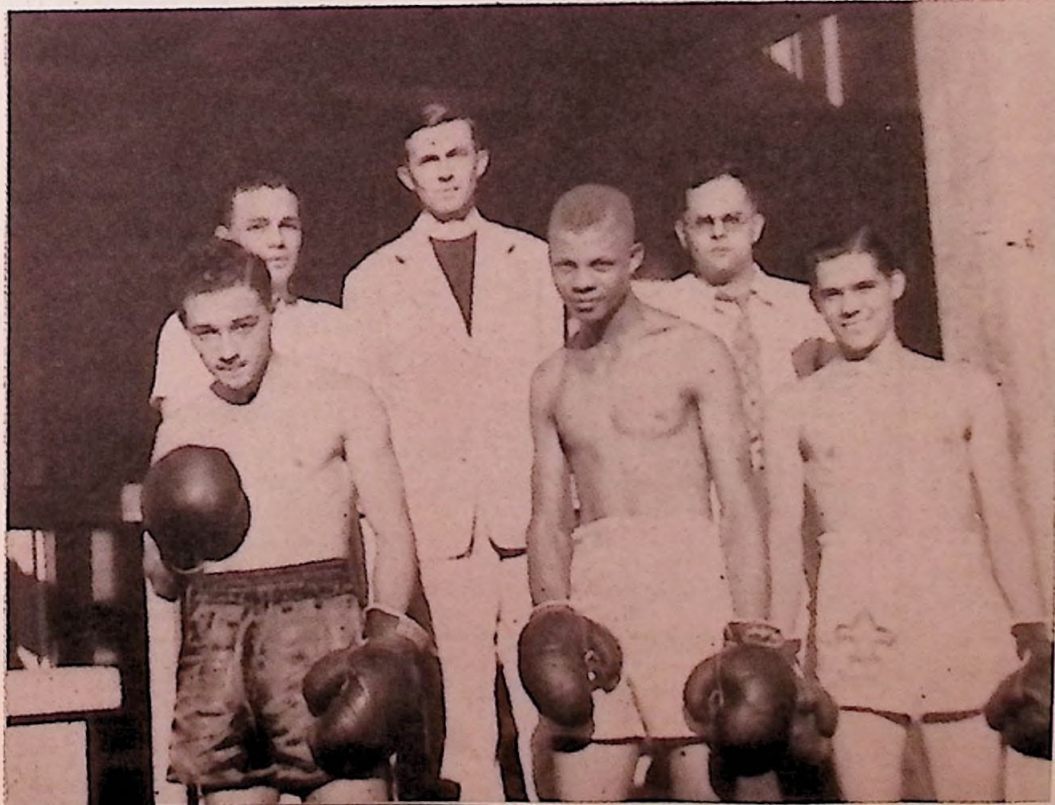
From his Saint Louis days he knew the popular success of the annual Golden Gloves sponsored by the Globe-Democrat. So he wrote to the paper for suggestions and soon had complete instructions, detailing

every item of the promotion and equipment. He found on the local scene a boxer of experience and took him and the Globe-Democrat letter as his guides.

But preparing for the first tournament involved expense and debt. The training of the youngsters had to be supervised, and this included diet as well as exercise; equipment had to be purchased; the ring constructed and other expenses covered. A neat promotional trick caused a great stir of public interest and guaranteed a house full of paying patrons. On the day before the first tournament, Father Ganey assembled his hundred eager contestants and led them in their robes and trunks on parade through the streets of Belize. The obvious fine condition of the boys, their alertness and new-found self-possession impressed the viewers. A fine crowd turned out for the tournament. Enthusiastic public support has made it a fixture. Last year's tournament, with nearly 200 boys competing, required seven nights to run. More than a thousand fans overtaxed the hall's capacity each night and hundreds were turned away. The Governor General of the Colony was present to distribute the prizes and praise the social contribution that Father Ganey had made.

The tournaments have been financially successful, so Father Ganey's Catholic Youth Organization is on its way. Now he can give more time to his expanding Credit Unions and Farming Cooperatives. But they form another chapter in Father Ganey's story.

Father Marion Ganey S.J. with the officials and class champions of his Golden Gloves tournament. Father Ganey's social apostolate also includes Farming Cooperatives and Credit Unions in British Honduras.





# The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

As a novice at St. Andrew's I was assigned to help Brother Goergen in the chapel. Weekly, we would spend hours making hosts. For each new novice Brother would read a poem given to him by Father Peter Dolin and entitled "Song of the Host-maker".

It is interesting to note that Father Dolin was the first Business Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS. As his successor, I feel a fraternal pride in quoting his tribute to the hidden hostmakers.

Jesus comes to feed His people,  
Yet He bideth in retreat  
While I fashion fitting garments  
Spun of flour, water, heat.  
Sing, my heart, amid thy labor:  
For the King His garments spread;  
Only through our joint providing  
Can the multitudes be fed.  
Little hosts, O how I love you!  
Mine to make, but Christ's to be;  
Soon you are to change, O marvel,  
Into His Divinity!

Begging Our Lord to reward you for your sacrifice in helping the brothers and sisters of the missions preparing hosts for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, I am,

Sincerely yours in our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

## Public Address System:

Father Meyer, of Samastipore, India, might have a loud voice but there are limits to its carrying power and endurance. He would like to modernize his preaching and catechetical instructions by using a public address system. For us, the public address system is quite an ordinary thing, particularly at rallies. It would be a very decided novelty in the small villages of India. Father Meyer states that for \$225.00 he can set up a portable public address system.

## Vestment Case:

In the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS the name of Father John Lange has often appeared. He is in charge of a large orphanage in Batticaloa, Ceylon. Since his appeals in JESUIT MISSIONS have always had such a splendid response he is a very faithful correspondent, not, however, without listing in each letter a few special needs. His latest request is for a vestment case. Our readers have supplied him with vestments and now he would like to give them proper care. With the help of his orphans he can build a case for \$50.00.

## Varia:

In the March issue of JESUIT MISSIONS we featured the mission of British Honduras

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and published the major needs of that mission. We have on file at JESUIT MISSIONS, however, two full typewritten pages with various items requested by the missionaries of British Honduras. Listed below are additional needs—universally wanted by the missionaries:

- Small crucifixes .....\$ .20 ea.
- Copy of the New Testament 1.00
- Medals ..... 1.00 doz.
- Catholic Almanac ..... 1.50
- Requiem Missals ..... 12.00 ea.
- Rosaries ..... 24.00 gross

The celebration of a patronal feast of a parish is always the big event of the year. Many of the missionaries would like to purchase new statues of their patrons and patronesses. Among those listed are St. Joseph, St. Anthony, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier and, of course, the Blessed Mother. We can buy the statues at various prices. A donation of \$25.00 towards a statue will be a very welcome gift to the mission. It will also further devotion to a particular saint and would merit for you his special intercession.

**Sanctuary Lights:**

In the present issue, you will find a number of articles intimately associated with the Blessed Sacrament. We add to that number with the following suggestion of donating eight-day wax candles for sanctuary lamps. The candles are needed for the chapels. You might wish to donate either a week's or a month's supply. During the last war, many gave similar donations as a prayer for God's special protection upon their sons in the service. Would you give a donation of \$1.00 for a candle?

**Shoe Machines:**

Imagine the problem of the Sisters of Mercy at the Alpha Industrial School in keeping 450 boys and 267 girls in shoes. To appreciate the following request please read the article by Bishop McEleney entitled "Meet 'Tony Bony'." Sister Marie Therese is praying that someone will be good enough to supply her community with the means of purchasing the machinery for making shoes. At present, "Christian Adam" is making his shoes by hand. The machinery needed consists of a combined Finisher and Trimmer and a Gumming press. The estimated cost is \$280.00.

# Philippine MISSION NEEDS



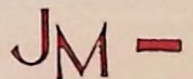
For Filipino Jesuit students like the one above a new house of studies with chapel, classrooms, library and living quarters must be equipped. Urgent needs are listed below.

ALTAR MISSAL	<b>\$40.00</b>	
BED	<b>35.00</b>	
VESTMENTS	<b>30.00</b>	
DESK	<b>25.00</b>	
REFERENCE BOOKS	<b>5.00</b>	each
SUPPORT OF A SEMINARIAN	<b>3.00</b>	

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

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





## *Success of a Mission*

AT NOVALICHES in the Philippines in 1950 twenty-six Filipinos entered the Jesuit Novitiate to begin their training. This brought the number of students to 102. You can see from this that Our Lord is calling a goodly number for the harvesting of souls. The future of the Philippine Mission in well-trained priests is being assured. But remember that each of these young men of Christ is completely dependent on the Society of Jesus for food, clothing, education, medical care. The financial burden of this is very heavy. Three dollars a day is needed for each student. Could you adopt one student for one day a year? Your support for a Filipino Jesuit Seminarian will be an eternal investment for you and a Godsend to the Filipino Church. Your good work will be multiplied each day of his priestly life by the good deeds he does for the thousands of souls God will place in his care.

**JESUIT** *Missions*

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