

# JESUIT MISSIONS

MAY 1951



QUEEN OF HEARTS





# JESUIT MISSIONS

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Sunset over the island of Jamaica in the British West Indies. On the shore are drawn up the nets of a fisherman who stands beneath the rude shed which protects him from the tropical sun. The boats in the harbor are the lighters used for the loading of bananas.

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In his Boston office Father John Collins S.J., Mission Procurator for Jamaica and Baghdad, must make very sure that his left hand knows what his right hand is doing.

It is his job to provide support for the missionaries of a lush tropical isle in the Caribbean and those in the desert country of Iraq.



Father Collins has over one hundred missionaries in these two missions of the New England Province.

"It won't do to get any shipments mixed," he says wryly. "I don't imagine Baghdad wants the stuff Jamaica needs and vice versa. Shipping charges are high enough without sending something to the Caribbean by way of the Persian Gulf. And my worst dreams at night are when the pounds and shillings mix with the dinars and fils."



COVER. At Aurora College for Women in Shanghai a Chinese Sister of Charity appears as interested as her kindergarten charges in the tasks at hand. It may not be long before she will be forced to remove the religious garb which has meant Christ to so many Chinese. Photo by Father Fred Foley S.J.

In this issue of Jesuit Missions is recounted the story of the coming of the Pilgrim Virgin of Fatima to India and Ceylon. It was natural that the Catholics of those countries should welcome the famous statue in fitting fashion. The surprising thing was the reverent and sincere reception on the part of Hindus, Buddhists and Moslems. The people of the Orient are deeply spiritual by nature but that alone does not explain the sudden leveling in this one case of age-old religious antagonisms. It is true that the newspapers had reported many marvels associated with the visit of the statue but for centuries these same peoples have rejected far greater miracles of the Christian faith.

No natural explanation can be given for the enthusiasm shown by the non-Catholics. But it does emphasize the part which Almighty God has appointed to Our Lady to play. This is Mary's age. Her message of Fatima must be driven home to the whole world. She must be recognized as the queen of all hearts.



Father Joseph Willmes S.J. of the Patna Mission lets the camera tell the story. He is responsible for the picture spread of Father Pettit's orphanage at Chakhni near the Nepal border. At the present time Father Willmes is finishing a year of ascetical theology at Hazaribagh, "the land of a thousand gardens." He thinks there is a slight exaggeration in the name but he may be a bit prejudiced after spending his boyhood in the Bluegrass country of Kentucky.

He has spent some time in the study of Hindi and avers it is much richer language when rendered with a Kentucky accent.

# Queen of Hearts

EDWARD H. NASH S.J.  
B. HENRY MILLER S.J.

SHE WAS A WOMAN WHO ALL HER LIFETIME had moved only on the fringe of crowds. Except for one day when the wind and the curses whipped around her and her own Son had bade her call another by that precious title. She had gone back to the city from the bleak heights of Calvary, not knowing, not caring in those hours of heartbreak, that her place was no longer at the crowd's edge.

In the springtime of her love she had cried out, "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Now the harvest time had come and the most lovable and loved woman of history began her timeless motherhood of all mankind.

Through the long centuries storms of controversy raged around her; heresy after heresy foundered on the unshakable rock of her love. Her Son had died for all men and no matter how ungrateful, how thoughtless, her children might be she as their mother would be forever constant in her love.

No other woman has ever won so many hearts as has the Mother of God. A splendid example of that occurred a year ago at this time. The statue of the Pilgrim Virgin of Fatima visited India and Ceylon. What happened? The reaction to Our Lady's coming makes interesting reading.

*Father Edward Nash S.J. of the Jamshedpur mission recounts the following.*



The statue of the Pilgrim Virgin at Rampur in the Champaran District. Photo by Father R. Ludwig S.J.

"At the annual meeting of the missionaries of the Chota Nagpur area the question was raised of what action we should take about Our Lady's apparitions at Fatima. Her message of devotion to her Immaculate Heart, the recitation of the rosary, prayer and penance for the conversion of Russia and the peace of the world, must of course be spread; there was unanimous agreement on that. But the apparitions themselves were another question. The practice of the First Fridays had been laboriously built up and taken deep root throughout the territory; many were afraid that that devotion might suffer by the complication of the First Saturdays. Devotion to the Immaculate Conception and Our Lady of Lourdes was also widespread; talk of Fatima and its sensational signs would probably serve only to scatter clouds of confusion over the aboriginal villagers who make up the bulk of our faithful. I had a vivid recollection of the dear old soul back home who told me of her deep devotion to "Saint Fatima." The decision was reached. We would preach the message, but lay no emphasis on Fatima itself.

"Man had decided, and decided wisely. Then Our Lady showed us what fools we mortals be. A statue had been made under the direction of Lucy, the survivor of the

three children of Fatima, and she declared it the one most like Our Lady as she appeared. But another statue had already been placed in the Fatima shrine, and captured the hearts of the people. The new statue set out on a tour of the world. With the turn of the year came news that this Pilgrim Virgin was coming to India. At the first notice, before anyone could even reach for the whip of publicity, enthusiasm was off like a fast-breaking horse from the barrier. Everywhere Our Lady went, the crowds went out a mile and more to escort her in through decorated streets or country roads. In the big cities of the older Catholic sections, well-to-do individuals had pamphlets and pictures printed, and chartered planes to roar over in salute and scatter them to the crowds. When the public devotions and the blessing of the sick were over, an endless line filed past to pay their individual homage, right up to the moment of the farewell procession. Everywhere estimates had been too low; pictures and pamphlets had to be strictly rationed. Those in charge of arrangements were worn to a frazzle trying to keep up to their timetable, and were peppered with pleas to work in at least a short stop in places not favored in the original plans. As often as not, Protestants, Hindus, and Moslems joined in the reception. Communal trouble had been flaring again in Calcutta; it died away at her approach, and there was no "incident" for the time of her stay there.

"With our scattered little flock here in Singhbhum District, we did not rate a place in the already tight schedule. The nearest stop was at Khunti, some seventy miles away on the road to Ranchi, in the heart of the territory of the Mundas, who are first cousins of our Hos. Buses are at a premium, but we managed to charter one and reserve all places in one of the regular Ranchi buses. The overflow—enough for another two buses—had to find their own places as best they could in the regular Ranchi buses.

"Things really began at Khunti at eight in the morning of Easter Monday, when the first detachment from Torpa parish,

five hundred strong, swung into the drive. They had been marching all night, saying the rosary and singing as they came, but the big Munda drums boomed as they passed under the gateway, and five hundred voices rose unweariedly in the thunder of their favorite hymn to Our Lady. They filed into the church for the Mass of Father De Fryne, who had marched at their head, then dispersed to breakfast, visit local friends, and get in some sleep before the arrival of the statue in the evening.

"All day long others were arriving. As our bus came along toward noon, we were passing them for twenty miles out along the road—singles, family groups, and big parish contingents, with the youngest baby riding happily in a sling over mamma's shoulder, and cooking pots, firewood, food, and a little bundle of festal clothing moving along on perfectly poised heads.

"In the late afternoon, the crowd lined the road to welcome Our Lady from Ranchi. The statue was taken directly to the Ursuline convent, where the head catechist gave an address of welcome on behalf of the men and the Sodality prefect for the women.

"As soon as darkness had fallen, a candle-light procession was formed. The half-mile long glowworm twinkled its way over to the convent and wound around the grounds,

In Ceylon Our Lady had to abandon her special chariot for an ancient touring car to cross the harbor to Muthur.



picking up Our Lady on its tail and bringing her back in triumph to the open-air stage prepared for the ceremonies. The convent girls staged a tableau of the Joyful Mysteries of the rosary. The story of Fatima had been told in all the languages of Europe, in the dialects of Africa, in Hindi and Bengali, and in the Malayalam and Telegu of South India. Now Father Paulus Torpo, himself a Munda, rose to put it in one more language, Mundari.

"The blessing of the sick, the presentation of intentions, prayers and hymns, went on all evening. At one a.m. five priests came out for the first Masses on the temporary altars set up before the crowd. As they reached the Communion, seven of us began distributing. The files kept coming on and on. The first group of Fathers finished their Masses and took our places while we vested. It was not until our Masses were drawing to a close that the Communions were over.

"At nine in the morning the procession formed again. The Sodality officers took the statue on their shoulders, little girls from the convent danced before it, and to the resonant chant of the Mundari Rosary, we made our way down the drive to the waiting car. A final blessing with the statue, one last

hymn, a hearty and heart-felt shout of 'Pobitar Dinda Maria ki Jai' and Our Lady of Fatima was off on the road to Ranchi and further manifestations of her children's love and enthusiastic devotion. Human prudence had decided that the story of Fatima should be soft-pedalled, that it would only cause confusion. And within six months her story was known and her picture enshrined in almost every Catholic home in Chota Nagpur, as she herself is enshrined in every Catholic heart!"

*Then from Henry Miller S.J. in Ceylon comes the account of the statue's visit there.*

"If she hadn't been the Mother of God and asking for this very thing, she would probably have been bored stiff. It was no better or worse than she had been getting from cities, towns and villages all over Ceylon and India, and would be getting all over the world. What she ran into when she hit Trincomalee must have been a resume of just about all the things she had seen in her travels through the Indies. Her trip down

Father Ludwig S.J. who took this picture reports, "This was the first time that the Fatima statue was taken on an elephant. It was certainly amazing to see the reverence with which Hindus and Moslems approached to touch the statue."



from the thickly populated northern part of Ceylon was uneventful and lay through thick jungles most of the way. She was riding on a specially constructed and comfortable motorized chariot, so the jungles didn't bother her. With her were the Coadjutor Bishop of Jaffna and about a dozen priests, including the three weary Europeans (one Portuguese and two Belgians) who accompanied her regularly.

"Trincomalee being what it is, it was able to give her a very cosmopolitan reception. There were the Englishmen from the branches of the services based here. There were American, French, Indian and Ceylonese priests. Among the crowds of Ceylonese present there were Tamils, Sinhalese, Burghers and Moors, with all their variant religious leanings of Catholicism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Protestantism and Mohammedanism. But as I said, she had probably seen the same sort of reception wherever she had gone in India or Ceylon.

"So Our Lady had a rousing non-Catholic welcome as well as a Catholic one. In her welcoming committee here she found pagans of several species, infidels, heretics and even a few schismatics. And it gave joy to her motherly heart to see this recognition from her scattered children. But what she was most interested in at the time were her faithful children. It was for them that she came, and they knew that, and all the other people knew that. It was a Catholic celebration, and all these others just stood along the fringes or trailed along as much out of the way as they could, considering their numbers. She rode in procession from the venue of the reception at the edge of town through the decorated streets while the prayers of the rosary were sung in flowing Tamil from the loudspeaker on her chariot. Benediction was given in her presence to the crowds gathered at the big town playground. She stayed overnight at the Cathedral here and Masses were said every half hour from one o'clock until past dawn.



This statue of Our Lady was carved by the Chinese boys of the orphanage at Tou-se-wei. Photo by Father Foley.

She paid a visit to the convent to receive the prayers of the nuns and girls there. She even came late one night at the last before she left Trincomalee to pay a short fifteen-minute visit to our little Jesuit community of six here, and we and about a dozen of our school boys recited the rosary and made our consecration to her Immaculate Heart. We followed her around as she made the rounds of the nearby parishes. She had to abandon her chariot and go by launch to a parish across the harbor at Muthur. There we walked alongside her as she rode in a makeshift chariot formed from an antiquated touring car, while Father George Hamilton S.J. straddled the base of her statue to keep it from jarring off. Since her visit there, the parish has become reportedly peaceful, where before strife and even riots were not rare.

"After her stay here at Trincomalee, she went on to the other parts of the island and received another big welcome at Batticaloa, the hub of the mission. She wanted attention and she was getting it.

"Ceylon is not a Catholic country. It is primarily Buddhist since Buddhism is the racial religion of the Sinhalese who make up two thirds of the population. But the coming of Our Lady of Fatima elicited what was possibly the greatest religious response ever had here.

"This was characteristic of her visit. She was getting the attention, far beyond what we would have thought. How much attention would be given to her message? 'Pray and do penance.' 'Men must offend God no more.' 'Say the rosary every day.' People heard it wherever she went. She worked wonders to add importance to it. It would be hard to say so soon how deeply her message penetrated. But some have been led to more fervent prayer and more penance, many individuals have been led to daily recitation of the rosary. That is all she asks, that individuals here in Trincomalee, in Ceylon, and in the whole world hear and heed."

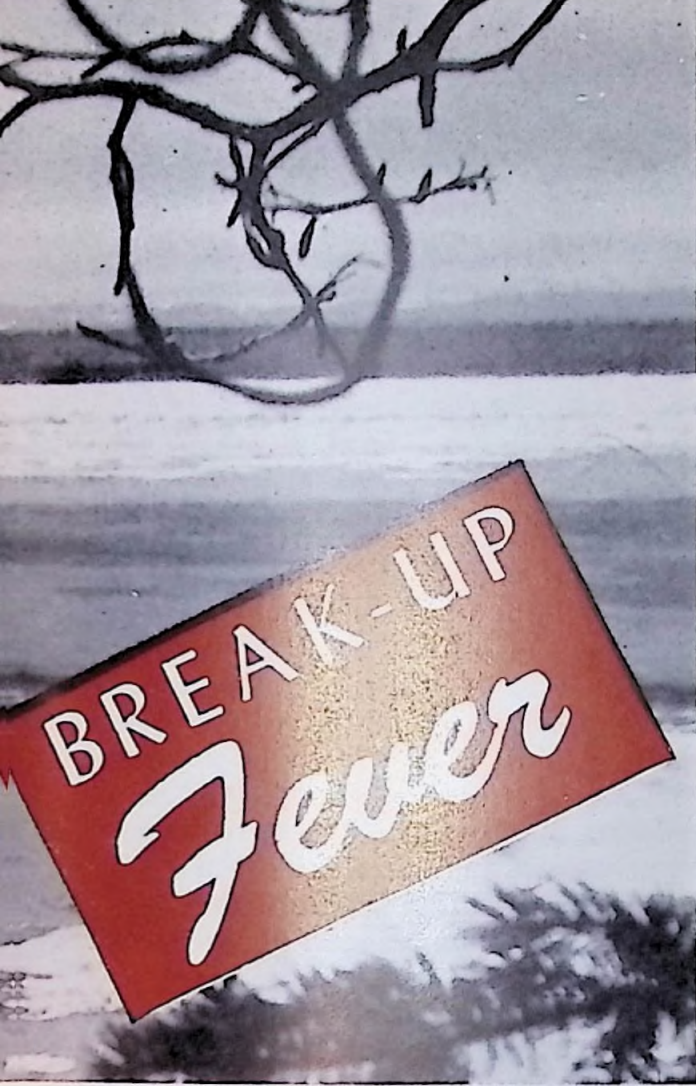
**I**T'S AT BREAK-UP TIME THAT THINGS BEGIN TO happen along the Yukon. The fever to be up and doing is catching. Winter ends and summer begins, as quick as that, for there is hardly any spring. The cold loses its grip on the country as suddenly and violently as the ice cracks on the river.

Most of the rivers of the North are peculiar in this, that they flow northward, or, if not toward the north, at least to a colder region. This is true of the Yukon. Consequently the ice breaks up-river first. It then piles and jams before the onrushing river which overflows and floods the whole country. This built-up water pressure quickly forces the break-up lower down the river. For several days after the ice has broken the river is filled with huge chunks of ice, then it clears.

Just before Break-up the snow that lies atop the ice on the river grows imperceptibly darker, imperceptible to others, perhaps, but not to the Eskimos. They see it immediately and know that the ice is dangerous. Yet they cross it daily, sounding it out

Here are two happy Holy Cross youngsters after the ice has gone.





This picture was taken a short while after the actual breakup at Holy Cross Mission. Many of the Jesuit mission stations are located along the Yukon and the river is the main highway for them.

couple of trees that line up with the drum, or maybe a line sighted along the edge of the church. All this is to decide precisely when that much-looked-at dot begins to move. Because when it moves it means that the ice beneath it has moved too. Someone has won the ice pool! The exact minute that the drum moves determines the lucky one.

Each boy and girl has bartered some precious, if battered, toy, a few marbles, or what have you, to take a chance on that pot. Sister Mary Ida has probably baked a cake for the winner. Sister Mary Eulalia has made something special up in the fur room. Father Superior has put a pocket watch into the pot.

The Break-up may be dramatic with the mighty Yukon jamming, piling, and crunching the huge blocks of ice. It may be that a part of the ice shifts only a few feet with a narrow ribbon of water appearing at the break and gradually widening.

Perhaps during afternoon work period some young woodchopper will holler: "Break-up!! Break-up!!" That is the end of the work period. All run to the river bank, or perhaps to private transits. The prefect has to make the official check with the transit upstairs.

The pot must be awarded in a formal manner, then the lucky one with his boxfull of treasures is surrounded. He pulls out a color book, already half colored, a toy car with three wheels, a rusty jackknife with a blade and a half, six Hershey bars—thanks to Sister Superior—, a couple of homemade rabbit snares, last winter's barrel skis, etc.

Immediately the winner is besieged by offers and the trading begins; a homemade airplane for three pieces of sling-shot rubber, a pair of homemade skates for three rusty muskrat traps, a carved-out boat for fifteen marbles.

Soon the yard will be dry enough for baseball, and the backwaters of the Yukon warm enough for swimming. Winter is over. Summer is here. The Break-up fever has run its course.

ahead of them with a stick, up until a few days before Break-up.

At Holy Cross mission they must chance this if they are to get their early supply of fish. For the fish have caught the Break-up fever and begin to run up the open sloughs, which break before the river does, where they spawn. And the best dipping at Holy Cross is in Reindeer Slough across the river.

There the men work day and night to get their fish before the ice goes out on the Yukon. They stand perilously close to the very edge of the still unbroken ice as they wield their dip nets. Sometimes, to reach farther out towards the middle of the slough, they will even fish from huge blocks that sometimes catch along the unbroken ice. They take risks with abandon, yet casualties are rare.

But at Holy Cross Break-up fever shows itself in a special way. All eyes are glued to a black dot that stands out sharply against the white snow far out in the middle of the Yukon. It is only an old oil drum, but it holds the attention of everyone.

In one of the upper rooms in the Fathers' lhouse the boys' prefect has placed a surveyor's transit, its crosshairs centered on that drum. Each boy has his own transit,—a

FRANCIS J. FALLERT S.J.



This statue of the famous Father Joseph Dupont S.J. was erected in what is now downtown Kingston. Forty years he labored among the poor of the island and, as his epitaph reads, "for the good of all."

## For the Good of ALL

of Cuba and was discovered by Columbus in 1494. It enjoyed the ministrations of the Catholic faith until 1655 when an English expedition of 30 ships and 8,000 men captured Jamaica from the Spaniards and at the same time brought swift and complete ruin to the Church. The Catholic religion was proscribed, its priests no longer permitted to exercise their sacred functions, its churches and monasteries destroyed.

This condition lasted until the year 1792 when the first instalment of religious freedom was granted to Catholics. This freedom was effected through the influence of trade. Catholics from the other West Indian Islands and from South America were settling in Jamaica. These people gradually became an important element in the commercial life of the community and petitioned the government for clergymen of their own religion. This was granted by the authorities.

From 1792 until 1837, a period of 45 years, the Church was served by immigrant priests who could do little more than keep the faith alive, so few were they in number and so uncertain their tenure.

About the year 1837 the ecclesiastical situation had reached a new low. Then Pope Gregory XVI took to heart the spiritual welfare of Jamaica and gave stability to the mission by ordering the General of the Society of Jesus to send missionaries to the island. Hardly had the command been given when zealous priests were on their way to the West Indies, arriving in August 1837.

These missionaries worked out from the city of Kingston to the farthest confines of the island. They catechized, baptized and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in places that had never known the faith.

Ten years later, in 1847, came the greatest of them all, Father Joseph Dupont S.J. He was to preach the faith in the mountains and in the city for forty long years. These were forty years of incredible labor among

**I**N EVERY PIONEER WORK, WHETHER IT BE the building of a great nation like the United States or the establishment of the Church in some foreign land, the names of certain men stand out as heroes to future generations. Such a hero is Father Joseph Dupont S.J., a pioneer in the work of rebuilding the Church on the tropical isle of Jamaica in the British West Indies.

This beautiful island lies 90 miles south

FRANCIS J. OSBORNE S.J.

IN MEMORY OF FATHER  
**JOSEPH DUPONT S.J.**

BORN AT SAVOY, FRANCE  
7TH AUGUST 1809

DIED AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA  
11TH SEPTEMBER 1887.

A TRIBUTE OF PUBLIC GRATITUDE  
AND AFFECTION TO ONE  
WHO FOR OVER FORTY YEARS  
LABOURED AMONG US FOR  
THE GOOD OF ALL.

the poor in their thatched huts on the perilous mountainside and among these same poor in the back yards of Kingston's crowded streets.

One of his first missionary journeys carried him into the hill country of Above Rocks. Every month he would mount his horse and head for the mountains. It was no easy ride over the serpentine trail that clung precariously to the side of the mountain.

There were thousands of souls in this district, men and women recently released from slavery and others who were refugees from the political upheaval in Haiti. Here he would find an outlet for his priestly zeal.

The 82-year-old Marie Antoinette Dumont, who was baptized by Father Dupont, to this day carries fond memories of this kindly Jesuit missionary. It was at her grandfather's house that he would dismount, call out to the family his arrival and make the Dumont home his headquarters.

During his stay there would be many problems to settle, both spiritual and temporal. Social work was badly needed among a people who had just emerged from the evil of slavery. They were now thrown on their own and a lifetime of dependence on slave-owners was no great help in solving their newly acquired economic problems.

Into this chaos stepped Father Dupont. He would throw both his heart and his head into the work. He saw how necessary it was that these people should be able to support themselves and their families. They owned no property so he would buy land for them and settle them on their small homesteads. Then there was the question of seeds and plants to be bought so that they might cultivate the land. He would secure these requisites that they might subsist on the land he had purchased for them.

His difficulties were not all economic; there was spiritual chaos to be set aright. A diabolical cult, having its origin in the fetish worship of Africa, had reared its head in the Jamaican mountains. Marie Antoinette Dumont still remembers the rite and how its adherents would hold commerce all night long with the evil spirits until the first rays of the sun ended their wild devilry or—maybe it would be Father Dupont bursting into their midst and casting a quick glance over the company to see if any of his parishioners were there. If they were, he would swing his stick in swift attack, chasing them and the evil spirits with them down to his chapel where he would catechize them well on the nature of the devil.

September 11, 1887 marked the end of Father Dupont's apostolate in Jamaica. On that morning he said Mass, had his breakfast and was preparing to go to the prison to teach catechism to the inmates when the Lord, for whom he had spent 40 years of apostolic labor, called him to his reward.

His funeral was one of the greatest that Kingston ever witnessed. Every business house in the city remained closed and it seemed as though every inhabitant attended the last farewell to their beloved priest.

In order that his memory might not die, the citizens of Kingston erected his statue in the public square with this inscription: "In memory of Father Joseph Dupont S.J., born at Savoy, France, 7th August, 1809, died at Kingston, Jamaica, 11th September, 1887. A tribute of public gratitude and affection to one who for over forty years laboured among us for the good of all."

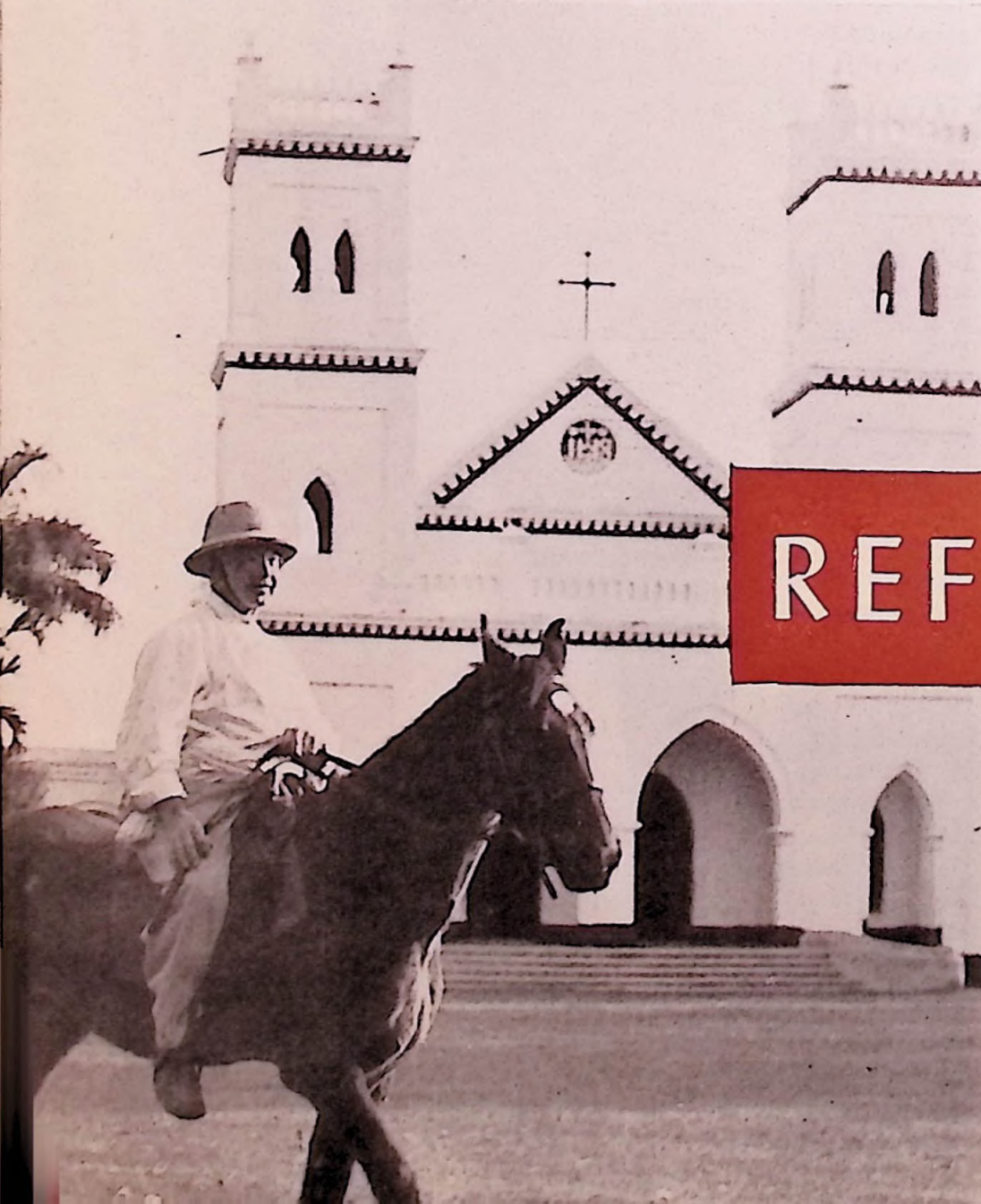
Father Osborne and Marie Dumont who was baptized by Father Joseph Dupont.





After a busy day the orphans and Father Pettit crowd into the play room for a chat or several serious rounds of the Indian version of Chinese checkers.

In front of his stately church the veteran missionary mounts his horse Bigli (Hindi for lightning) who insisted on throwing his original owner.



## REFUGE IN

to feed and clothe. Beyond that there is the question of their further education. Most of them will not be able to go beyond the elementary schooling which they receive at the mission under the care of the Indian Sacred Heart Sisters. "Not when my Sunday collection totals only eight annas, about ten cents," says Father Pettit ruefully.



JOSEPH F. WILLMESS.]

FAR AWAY IN northeastern India near the Nepalese border lies the little Catholic village of Chakhni. Hidden away amid rice paddies and sugar cane fields, it is the home for five hundred Catholics who live happy, secluded lives.

The first object which catches your attention as you approach from a distance is the beautiful old Catholic church with its mission and orphanage. Here you will find Father Aloysius Pettit S.J. He is one of the veteran Patna men, the founder of Khrist Raja High School, the first American Jesuit to publish a book in Hindi, and one of the first missionaries to work among the Santals.

Now Father Pettit is stationed at Chakhni, among the depressed castes of the Champaran District. His orphanage there is his big concern for he has 35 orphans



modern way of threshing the rice.



Candle light must serve for prayers.



First aid for one of the orphans.



Most important is the teaching of catechism.



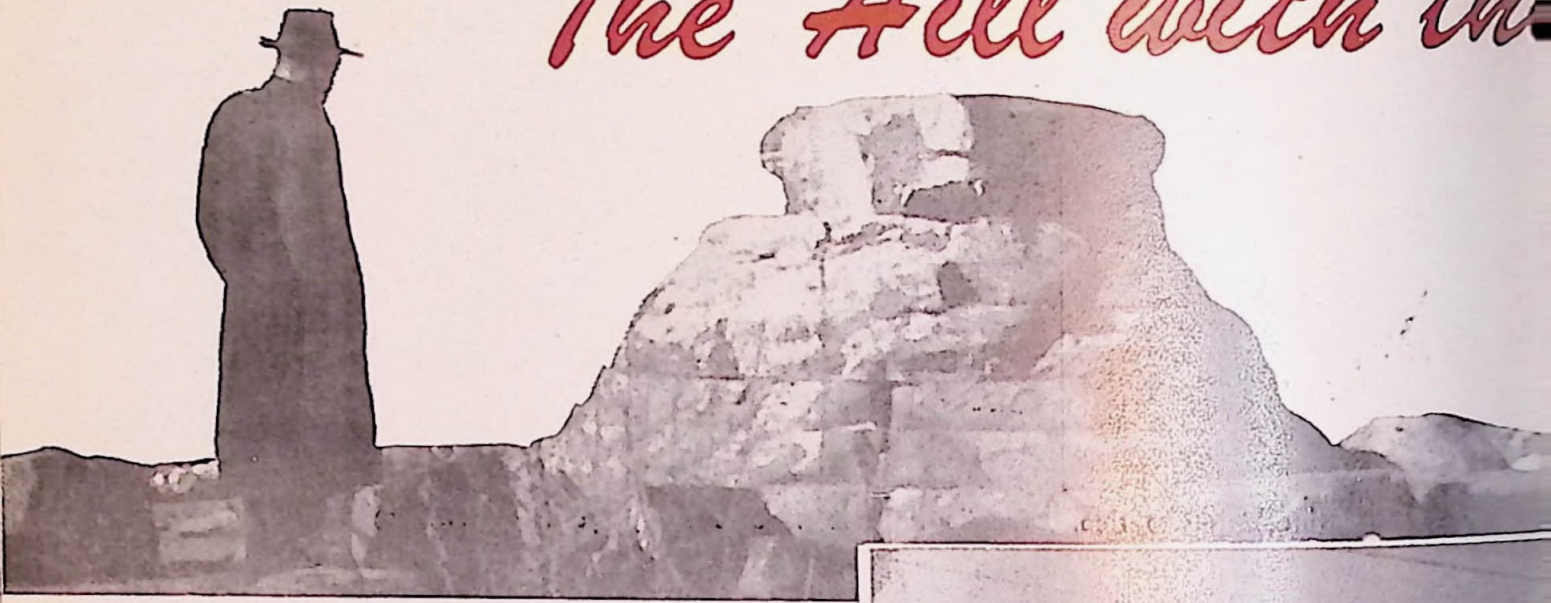
Father Pettit gives a conference to the Sacred Heart Sisters.



# Chakhni

In the quiet of the afternoon the missionary who has spent over a quarter of a century among the depressed peoples of India finds the time to read his breviary.

# The Hill with the



**T**HE TRAIN TO TOKYO IS ALWAYS CROWDED by the time it reaches our Taura station, so the two of us got in and hung to the straps. We had left the language school a few minutes earlier, and were on our way to the capital city with a very special purpose in mind. Some 325 years ago two Jesuits, Father Jerome de Angelis, a Sicilian, and Brother Simon Yempo, a Japanese convert and catechist, were put to death on the outskirts of Japan's east-capital, and we had set out on this bright winter day to find the spot where the martyrdom occurred.

At every stop after Taura we watched the people come crowding in, kimono-clad ladies, business-like gentlemen, and a few rosy-cheeked children. Most of the men immediately took out their morning newspapers, put on their horn-rimmed spectacles, and began to read up and down with the greatest avidity and attention. The ladies, contrary it would seem to Western custom, generally relapsed into silence, and the children wriggled near to the windows.

We passed through Kamakura, the once fabulous city of the ancient Shoguns, where a great 40-foot Buddha still sits pensively watching the centuries go by, then through Ofuna, and finally Yokohama. At Yokohama you cross a wide river on a trestle, and you are in Tokyo. Now the beautiful Fujiyama began to dominate the horizon to the west, gorgeously white in the winter sunshine,

JOHN K. SLATER S.J.



(Top) Diego Pacheco S.J. at the tomb of Hideyoshi, Tokugawa Shogun who executed the Jesuits. Below the hill with the secret is the noisy city.

moving along with us as we crossed the city.

If ever a city was built to tax the ingenuity of visitors, Tokyo is that city. It is the mythological labyrinth of modern times. The Imperial Palace stands in the center, and from that hub radiates an intricate maze of streets and roads, parks, bridges, gardens, and thousands upon thousands of Japanese wood and paper houses; and this for a distance of perhaps fifteen miles in each direction. Electric cars serve the city well, however, so that if you know where to board the proper

# SECRET

car and the exact name of the station at which to leave it, there is a good chance that you will reach your destination.

Shiba Park was our first objective, for we wanted to see the tomb of Hidetada. This ruler was one of the first of the Tokugaway Shoguns, and the man who had our two martyrs executed. There, close beside him, rest several of the once mighty rulers of Japan, but now practically all the tombs are rubble, and devastation has replaced the monuments to might. It was a strange sensation as we stood, two Jesuits, beside the ruined burial place of a once mighty lord who had burned two fellow-Jesuits at the stake. He sleeps under toppled stones, while the faith he sought to root out springs up and blossoms round about, and Jesuits return in greater numbers every year to the land he ruled.

A mile or two from Shiba Park, again to the south, there is a long low hill which runs parallel to one of Tokyo's main arterial highways and to the railroad lines which border it. At the north end of this hill, where it rises abruptly from the level of the city to a height of perhaps forty feet, there stood before the war a great mansion, home of a wealthy Japanese. The foundations still stand, and one or two pillars of stone reach toward the sky. Behind this ruin are a few small houses and then a graveyard; and next to this graveyard is a slight elevation, almost circular in shape and bordered by a few trees. This is the place which we have reason to think was the scene of our martyrs' passage from this world into the glories of paradise. Not only does it command a sweeping view of the city, a fact which is traditionally connected with the death of these two Jesuits, but before the war a temple is known to have stood on the spot. Now a temple on a hill in Japan is a thing as common as mosquitoes in July, but this temple is different in that it succeeded an older building, a court of justice, and was built by a devout Japanese to do honor to the spirits of all those who had been condemned to death in this court and put to death on the spot. The noisy city clangs and swirls about below, but the hill is quiet and aloof, as though it knew and kept a secret too precious to be told.

*Come, follow me*

ON THE FEAST OF PENTECOST SOME years ago I found myself in a little Arab town beyond the Jordan, called El Hosn. It was the time of the wheat harvest, coinciding with the Old Testament Pentecost, and the town wore a cheerful air. The winter rains had been abundant, so the harvest was plentiful. And the pastures were still green with the freshness of spring, yielding rich fodder to the sleek flocks of grazing sheep. It was a distinctly biblical scene, such a panorama as Christ often looked upon in nearby Galilee, when He spoke of "fields white unto the harvest," or when the grazing flocks suggested the parables of the Good Shepherd.

The feast was celebrated with a solemn high Mass, a rare treat for the faithful of El Hosn. In the afternoon we witnessed an inspiring play, acted by the girls of the mission school. It was the story of the martyrs of the Coliseum. For four hours these Arab girls, trained and beautifully costumed by the Arab nuns who taught them, held their audience in wrapt attention. Their acting was superb and their feats of memory phenomenal.

But it was the message of their drama, so appropriate for that day and for our time, that most impressed me. Because the fortitude of the Christian martyrs, whom they so reverently portrayed, was born of that same Holy Spirit who infused the fire of courage into the timid Apostles. The same Holy Spirit had kept these Arabs faithful through 13 centuries of Moslem domination. And only His strengthening presence can impart to us the courage needed in our own severely testing times.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



# Jamaica

The hope of the Church in the beautiful Pearl of the Antilles is in Jamaica's own clergy and religious. Miss Hortense Pannock is now Sister Hyacinth and Father Leslie Russell was the first Jesuit ordained in the Kingston Cathedral.

Brother Louis Latibeaudiere, alma mater, St. George's College Kingston, after his novitiate

Fr. Leo Butler, 33 years.

Fr. James Becker, 26 years.

Fr. William Hannas, 26 years.

Fr. Francis Kempel, 26 years.

Fr. William McHale, 24 years.



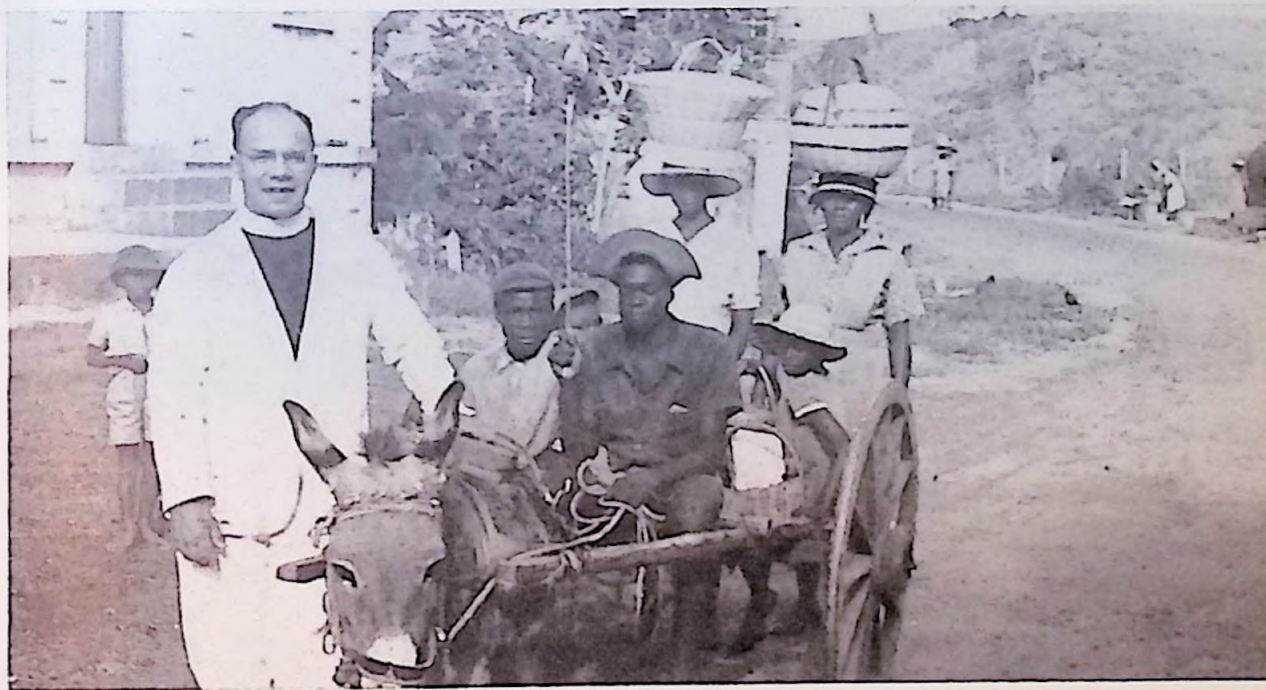
*a Hundred Years* THE SOCIETY OF Jesus has labored in the island of Jamaica. In 1847 the English Jesuits undertook the care of this mission field which had been sadly neglected during the long blackout of Catholicism from the middle of the 17th Century to the close of the 18th. During that time Protestantism had established itself securely, thus providing a further obstacle to Catholic missionary work. For today the number of individuals who have not come into contact with some form of Christianity is practically negligible. For the missionary, this situation renders his work more difficult for he is not faced with the black and white contrast of a pagan country and simple minds cannot grasp the finer shades of distinction in Christianity's varying forms.

In 1894 the work was taken over by the American Jesuits who now have over seventy

missionaries in the field. About thirty of these men are in educational work while the others are engaged in parish activities or in the field of social work.

One of the most important aims of any mission is to foster vocations. If the Church is to take firm root in any country the people themselves must eventually provide their own priests and sisters. This can be a long task when poverty and illiteracy must first be overcome. Education must precede vocations.

Pictured here are the veterans of the Jamaican mission, the men who have spent many years of their lives in cultivating this Caribbean field. To them must go the main credit for the growth of the Church in Jamaica during the last quarter of a century. The notable increase in vocations to the priesthood and sisterhood is their greatest achievement.



Father Charles Judah S.J., of a prominent Jamaican family, has a brother a Jesuit priest.

now back at his  
Winchester Park,  
United States.

Joseph Countie,  
23 years.

Fr. John Blatchford,  
20 years.

Fr. Joseph Krim,  
19 years.

Fr. Charles Eberle,  
19 years.

Fr. Ray Sullivan,  
19 years.



**Y**ESTERDAY I TOOK A TRIP AROUND THE mission of Christ the King in Grand Coteau, Louisiana. There were a lot of things I wanted to know about the work that is being done for Catholic Negroes, particularly in the Lafayette diocese, the diocese with the largest number of Negroes in the country.

Father Cornelius Thensted S.J., pastor of Christ the King, gladly showed me around, and while pointing out the work that is going on, told me some of his present problems.

"A mission, no matter where it is," said Father Thensted, "is a constant challenge, and this one is no exception. At least, when you're faced with the problem of educating 800 youngsters, well, I call that a challenge. Schooling is pretty expensive these days."

As we visited the two grammar schools, the high school and the two churches, I saw for myself the problem that is Father Thensted's daily concern. But there were so many things to be enthusiastic about, that for the time being I quite forgot that there was a challenge. Here in the Southland, right before my very eyes, I was witnessing the very real miracle of 800 Negro youngsters receiving a Catholic grammar and high school education. I couldn't help thinking of what this would mean to the Church in the years ahead. Each of these children, armed with an education and with an intelligent understanding of his faith, would be a source of immeasurable good in his community. But more important, each child was growing to adulthood with first-hand experience of the Church's sincere and loving concern for the colored people.

I watched the colored sisters, Sisters of the Holy Family, go about their work of teaching and catechizing, and it was easy to understand why they have such an excellent reputation. Alert and understanding, they've won the hearts of the children and have made the schools the fine institutions that they are.

I'd been shooting questions at Father Thensted for the greater part of the day, but I managed to avoid the most fundamental of all. As we were returning to the rectory I got it off my chest.

**JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY S.J.**



## *Challenge in the* **SOUTHLAND**

"How do you manage to do it all—from a financial point of view I mean?"

Father Thensted gave me an amused look. "That's the \$64 question," he said. "That's where the real challenge comes in. You see, on the average, it costs me about eight cents a day for each child in our schools. And since we have around 800 children, well..."

"I see what you mean by the \$64 question," I said. "But what about parishioner-support?"

"That's the crux of the problem," Father Thensted explained. "But let me give you the picture. There are 350 Negro families in Christ the King mission. I'd say that each

family averages about seven children. Most of the parishioners work at small farming or are share-croppers. You know enough about that type of work to realize that the pay is, to say the least, rather small. It's all that a man can do to keep his growing family in food and clothes. For such people, education, if it entails money, is necessarily a luxury."

I started to ask a question but he waved me off.

"I don't want you to get the wrong impression," he continued. "My assistant, Father John Millet S.J., and I, have seen countless examples of the innate generosity of our people. It's simply that they can't give what they haven't got. When they do find a means to help, they go all out. Our parish buildings, painfully put together from Army surplus material, are nothing to boast of, but our people are mighty proud of them. We've had to learn to economize—and how! The parishioners themselves make the altar candles from the left-over stubs. Used clothing, mended toys, and discarded household wares are sold at fire-sale prices at occasional rummage sales. On top of that, we bring in a few precious dollars from various entertainments, athletic contests and socials. Believe me, every penny is put to good use."

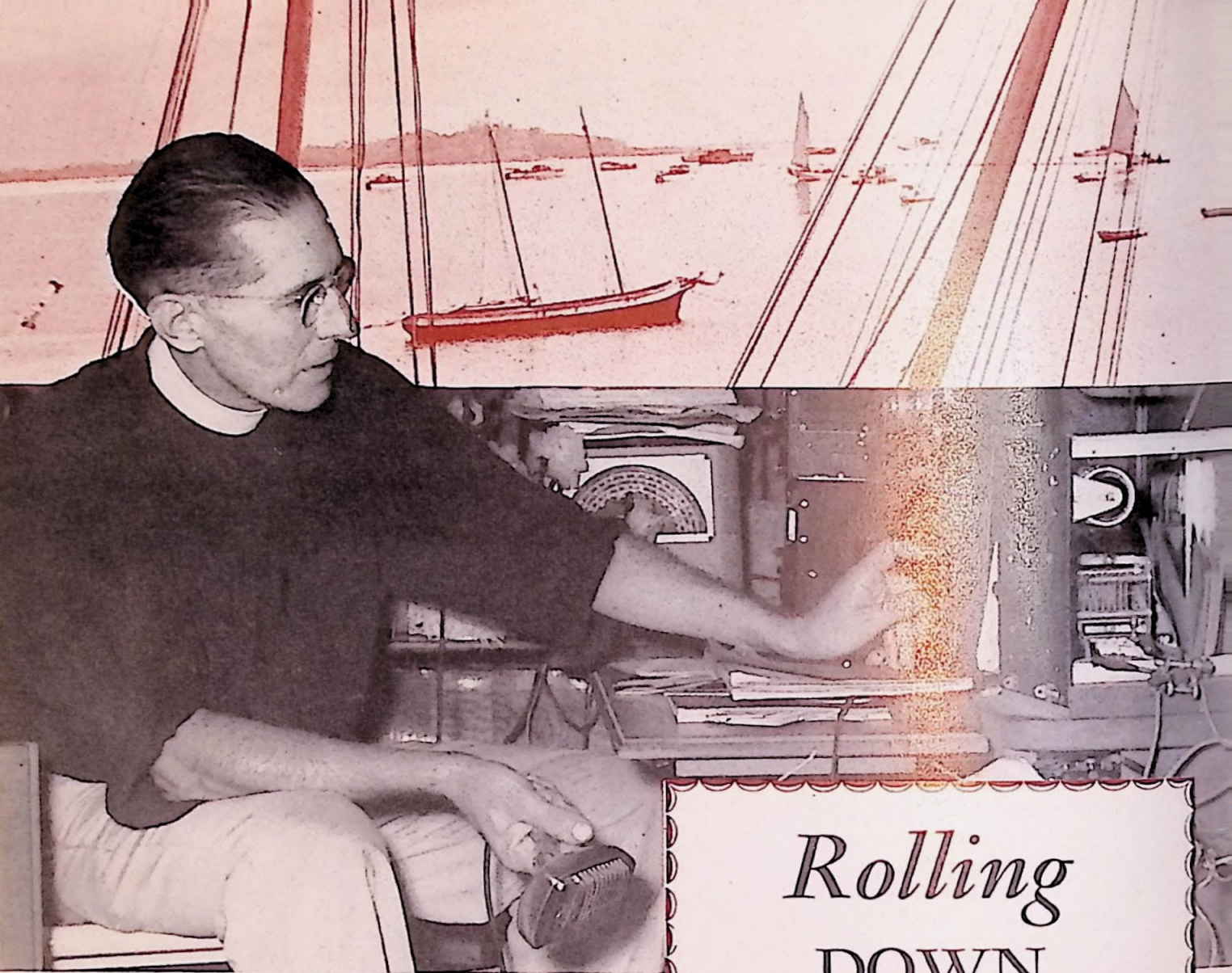
"What are your hopes for the future?" I asked.

"Well, as for the future," said Father Thensted, "I can only hope and pray that the day will come when I can support the mission of Christ the King. Really support it, I mean. There are so many really necessary things that we are forced to do without. But to be honest with you, I don't spend much time dreaming about the future. Right now I've got a sizeable debt that is of great concern to me and to my beloved flock."

I left the mission of Christ the King with one thought—There's one man that God isn't going to let down. And He won't either.

(Above) A school yard in Louisiana isn't any different from a school yard anywhere else when there are tops to be spun. (Right) Father Thensted S.J. with Christ the King children.





(Above) The home port for Father Sontag, the river pilot, is this harbor of Belize. (Below) The author at his short wave radio and p.a. system.

## *Rolling* DOWN THE RIVER

**M**Y LITTLE CRAFT ON THE BELIZE RIVER is becoming something of a Show Boat. Of course it does not have the saloon or the gambling tables or the dance floor of such fabulous side-wheelers as the old Mississippi Belle. It is hardly spacious enough for all that; and, besides, it caters to a much simpler people and dispenses more wholesome entertainment. But what is of primary importance, it enables me to dispense some good solid religion to my folks in the scattered mission towns along the river.

You may have read in the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS* about my adventures with my motor caravan, that combination of mobile chapel and rectory, studio-on-wheels, cinema and broadcasting station, in which I tour my missions in the hills beyond Belize. My last round of these mountain villages took me 72 days. And I had such good results,

especially with my varied sound equipment, that I decided to convert my motor boat into a floating but modest replica of NBC Studios. (I wonder if that free advertising will earn me another sound-recorder.)

I installed an electric generator in the stern of the boat and transferred most of the sound equipment from the caravan. This included a big speaker with amplifier, a victrola, recording equipment and a very powerful horn from a motor truck. The horn was sort of a station signal to announce the arrival of the "fadda." An ordinary ship's bell would create no stir in the villages. Folks were accustomed to hear them echoing up from the river. But a loud and vulgar horn would prompt even tropical indolence to curiosity. The simple device worked better than I had expected. It is now routine.

My last trip up the river took me a month and it was my first in the combined role of captain and crew. My old skipper had quit on me to look for an easier berth. I am quite glad now that he did because I found it much more satisfactory without having to be bothered with him. He was a temperamental fellow and a powerful man with the knife and fork. I used to be hard put to it sweating over the galley stove to cook enough food for him. Now the role of ship's cook is simplified. I have only myself to provide for. I eat if I'm hungry; and if I'm not, well, there is no cooking to do. Running the boat alone saved me \$60 on the trip, enough to pay for all the gasoline—two drums of 53 gallons each.

The trip worked out most satisfactorily. The electric light alone, furnished by the portable generator aboard, was a novelty along the river and a source of delighted wonderment to the simple folks. Each night there was a two to three hour program relayed from the boat over the loud speaker. The religious features included transcriptions of the Sacred Heart Program, the story of Our Lady of Fatima, and sacred music. Then I gave an instruction and we said the Community Rosary.

The rosary was not said in customary fashion with the priest leading and the people answering. Rather, I said the entire rosary very slowly and the people said each

word in unison with me. Thus they learn the prayers correctly and are able to recite the rosary themselves when no priest is among them. Between the decades I played recordings of the dramatized life of Christ.

On pleasant moonlit evenings the people thronged to the river bank bringing boxes, stools or whatever else they could improvise for seating arrangements. To be seated in the glow of the arc lights was a novel experience for them and they listened very attentively. On chilly nights they would build a bonfire by way of supplementing their religious fervor. If it was raining, as it was on many evenings, I cautioned them over the loud speaker to stay at home. There was no difficulty about their following the devotions while seated at home. For the tropical nights were still and the sound carried clearly to a distance of two miles.

That stillness was a useful ally to me in another respect. For every night I could reach the indifferent souls who never came to church. The loud speaker could be depended on to carry the Master's voice to His wandering sheep.

The evening's religious program was always followed by a broadcast of entertainment. Though music of any kind is enjoyed, the most popular entertainment is the playing of sound-recordings made in neighboring villages. These never fail to fascinate. The people marvel to hear the voices of their friends in other villages, coming over the loud speaker just as if they were present.

The sound-recorder has its more serious uses too. I have put on a tape recorder an explanation of the Mass together with the Missal prayers. While I am celebrating Mass for the people I can also, by setting the recorder in operation, teach them the meaning of the Holy Sacrifice and help them to follow it with deeper understanding. Missionaries of the past have enjoyed the gift of bilocation or the gift of tongues. For us less favored mortals, the wonders of science compensate for our lack of sanctity. A gadget can sometimes be a pretty useful substitute for a miracle. Without my gadgets I would be heavily handicapped when it comes time to go rolling down the river.

Father Sontag has an interested audience on hand.



GREGORY B. SONTAG S.J.

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# THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

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## MAY: Catholicism in Indonesia

AT THE CLOSE OF 1949 THE UNITED STATES of Indonesia became a new member of the world of independent nations. It comprises five large islands—Java, Sumatra, part of Borneo, Celebes and the western half of New Guinea—and thousands of small ones stretched along the equator for a distance longer than that from New York to San Francisco. In 1949 the population was estimated at some 76,000,000 including about 290,000 Europeans and Eurasians. Djakarta, the capital, is on Java, one of the most densely populated areas of the world.

This vast island republic is divided ecclesiastically into twenty-one Vicariates Apostolic and Prefectures Apostolic, and is served by nearly 600 priests, 280 brothers and 1,200 sisters of whom 70 priests, 60 brothers and 300 sisters are of Indonesian origin. Another 500 Indonesian seminarians are preparing for the priesthood. Indonesia has a Catholic population of 800,000, more than half of whom live on Flores of the Little Sunda Islands. On Java, however, the most important island of the Indonesian archipelago, the proportion of Catholics to non-Catholics is scarcely one to a thousand.

On March 16, 1950 His Holiness appointed His Excellency, Most Rev. George de Jonghe d' Ardoye, who for several years had been Apostolic Delegate, Internuncio Apostolic to the President of the United States of Indonesia, after the newly formed

republic had established diplomatic relations with the Holy See.

Although the Church was established on some of the islands of Indonesia by the Portuguese even before St. Francis Xavier visited Ternate and Amboina, it was almost obliterated by the Dutch Calvinists, and Catholic missionaries were forbidden entrance until the Napoleonic conquest of the West. It was not, however, until the beginning of this century that the faith showed any marked increase. Even in 1925 Catholics in Indonesia numbered less than 300,000.

Though Calvinism is no longer a major obstacle, other problems face the Church in Indonesia. About three-fourths of the Indonesians profess Islam, at least in name. But in many regions it is tempered by Animism and Hinduism upon which it has been superimposed without complete conversion. The unsettled political and economic situation of the new republic poses another problem for the advance of Catholicism. And lastly Communism which has made such tremendous gains in China and Southeast Asia within the last two years is a constant threat to the peace and progress of Indonesia. To many of the Indonesians the present dilemma seems to be not one between materialism and Catholicism but between Communism and Islam.

However, the future of Catholicism in Indonesia is not all dark. The new Constitution under the fundamental principle termed "Pantjasila" professes faith in God, the First Cause and Last End, and guarantees liberty, sovereignty, justice and democracy. Furthermore, President Achmed Soekarno of Indonesia has praised the social, charitable and educational activity of the Catholic Church which has greatly contributed to the progress of Indonesia in the past. To these hopeful assurances we add our prayers this month that Catholicism will make even greater progress in the future and advance the United States of Indonesia before God and men.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

Indonesia as it appears in comparison with the U.S.



# IF YOUR PRIEST *Lived* *over the Mountain*



... and one of your family were dying, you would want to move the mountain to get him to your house. You would be more than grateful to him for driving over treacherous mountain trails to

help your dying relative. The priest would feel it only his duty. Now the Mission of Jamaica is all mountains. To say



Mass at the various mountain chapels means such a trip. To instruct his parishioners in their isolated



cabins is impossible on foot. For traveling in Jamaica a car or jeep is absolutely indispensable and they need gas.

Help the missionary anoint or baptize



by paying for his fuel. It costs fifty cents a gallon for Christ to ride the Jamaican roads.



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# Afield

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### HOME ON THE RANGE

One trait which is not often associated with a missionary is domesticity. We overlook the fact that much of his daily program is made up of the very prosaic chores around the house. No matter how far he ranges across the world there is still the question of eating, sleeping and taking care of the house, the igloo, the tent, the nipa hut. Every missionary should be required to take a course in Domestic Science before he leaves for the mission field. This is emphasized quite well by Father Henry Hargreaves S.J. of Hooper Bay, Alaska, who had to learn the hard way. He says the moral of his story is, "There is no excuse for a girl who can't cook, and here in Alaska the same is true for a boy."

Father Hargreaves writes, "When I arrived at Hooper Bay I got a very proper start in cooking under an expert, Father Paul O'Connor S.J. Dutifully I

learned the intricacies of the double boiler for that is our main weapon here. After several practice runs the meat, fish or vegetables began to strike a happy medium between charcoal and life in the raw. Then you are ready for higher things.

"Soon you use every kettle in the kitchen with suave assurance, and the warm feeling of mastery surges over your spirit when you summon the maestro to dinner and reveal a medley of evident edibles.

"But how swiftly recedes the first fervor when you find yourself in a little cabin in Chevak—your first mission stay. Swiftly declines the culinary esprit. You discover that boiling covers a multitude of recipes; and one kettle on the gas cooker puts out a bevy of calories.

"Ah, then comes the devil's suggestion. First of all, you made the exciting leap into the dark of actually mixing the pancake batter without recourse to the recipe solemnly printed on

the box. You found you could judge the amount of water and flour to turn out something distantly related to the pancake family. Of course this enthusiasm was tempered at times when you did not have enough flour mixed to satisfy an elf; or else there was a surplus, and you wondered if those tan little products could be used as protective pads under the coffee pot to save the table top.

"What I want to hint is that the devil with a greasy finger points to the frying pan as the solution of all difficulties. You notice that shortening saves items from frying to a frazzle right off the bat. Gradually meal time exhales the murky aroma of a hash house.

"But once the frying pan hypnotism wears off, I imagine the next fatal step would be from the frying pan into the fire—just heating what-have-you right over the flame, as some men were doing in the Kazim the other day.

"The Kazim is the men's browsing room, carpenter shop, sleeping place for out-of-towners, but especially the locale for their sweat baths. When I looked in recently, they were having a combination bath-banquet. A smoky fire flared from the pit in the middle of the floor, splashing its lurid red upon the smoke-blackened rafters, upon the shadow-etched faces of seven naked, sweating men squatted round the pit, upon chunks of whale meat stuck on pegs over the fire, dripping blood into the hellish pit. Did the men smile a welcome, or was it a prank of the nervous light on white teeth anxious to rip roasted Beluga whale?

"What an easy way to cook, think I. But before I take the last logical leap into culinary suicide, this final stage in the decline of a chef, summons come by short wave. Father

Father Leo Shea of Baghdad College checks with Daniel and Hassan the summer equipment that must be readied for the torrid days ahead.





Paul O'Connor, my superior, requests my return to Hooper Bay. So it's back to a renewal of the kitchen fervor. Back to steady flames and diversified kettles, back to gastronomic orthodoxy and prosaic platters, back to double boilers!"

### TIME FOR A CHANGE

In somewhat similar vein Father Robert Sullivan S.J. in Baghdad reveals various doings behind the scenes. "Right now you may be thinking in terms of your spring cleaning. Over here our spring doesn't last long enough for that. But it is our time for a change. Twice every year comes a change in our community life, a change more sweeping, perhaps, than any other Jesuit house has to face. And the man who is the moving spirit behind this far-reaching shift is genial, ever-smiling Father Leo Shea S.J.

"When the sand flies begin to make their presence felt and even the scholastics commence to move around at a slower pace, the signal for the change is given by a sign on the bulletin board: 'We don khaki soon.' What does this apparently innocuous announcement mean for Father Shea? Almost a complete turnover in house equipment. His is the task to make sure that each Jesuit (and there are now 31 of us) has at least two khaki habits and two pairs of khaki trousers that are presentable. All clothes take a terrific beating at the hands of our Sulaikh washerwomen, and hence several trips to the tailor are in order, either for repairs or for replacements. Sun helmets, too, are essential items, and the purchase of these means a trip to the suq.

"Each room is provided with a fan, and this has to be cleaned, oiled, and put in working condition before being installed. Mosquito nets are needed for the Fathers who sleep out under the stars; their beds must



The Most Reverend Francis Gleeson S.J., Bishop of Alaska, could give Father Hargreaves a few lessons with the double boiler and the frying pan. The bishop is cook for the crew building the Andreafski mission.

be moved up to the roof and with them go straw matting, to protect the mattresses against the heat of the sun during the day. But an afternoon siesta is practically a 'must' during the hot months, so Father Shea has to arrange for an army cot to be placed in the rooms from which the beds have been removed. Usually, too, he has to see that the house is sprayed with DDT and that each room is supplied with a Flit gun that subdues all insects.

"The water coming from the faucets is now quite warm, so Father Shea thoughtfully supplies tungas and appoints a servant to keep them filled that

we might have cool, fresh water for drinking purposes. His solicitude reaches even into our spiritual life: light vestments and also fans are placed in the chapels to lessen the discomfort of perspiring while we offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

"These are the main items that affect the Jesuit community; but in addition, Father Shea has to provide for changes in the boarding section and in the school itself. Most likely, too, there are many other details which cause him anxiety, but which we take for granted. The whole laborious process is not completed in a day, but when summer order is in full swing,



Father William Ryan S.J., stationed at Yangchow in China, smilingly argues with a rickshaw puller who is politely making the customary demand for a higher tip. Photo taken in Nanking by Father Fred Foley.

there is no doubt about the 'change' in our way of life. Why, we even rise at 4:00 a.m.!

"Then, after a summer of heat and dust storms, comes another change. Again Father is on the run! But I've never seen a man who can smile so easily while going so fast!"

#### KEY HOLE ON LIFE

The mention of spring cleaning recalls an incident related by a China missionary. Father Eugene Fahy S.J. of Yangchow

Mission needs no introduction to JM readers. He has authored so many sprightly articles in JM that his name is synonymous with zip and zeal. For a long time now Father Fahy has been writing regularly to his missionary brothers in Shanghai and Nanking, giving them the news behind the mission news. The goings-on among the Fathers in their mission residence, their activities with the Christians (in the Sodality, for instance), their catechetical

work, marriage cases, baptisms, sick calls, problems of the poor and needy, and other phases of mission life. One of these is the following:

"Father Stanislaus Liu is directing the Men's Sodality, with different members taking turns at each meeting practicing catechism. Today's prize sodalist compared confession to a bath. Father Liu corrected him. 'You only take a bath once a year. That's a retreat. Confession should be frequent. Like washing your face!'"

Father Fahy also is responsible for this one. "After the sodality meeting last Sunday and just when Benediction was starting, Father Ryan looked out the window and caught one of his little ones up the apricot tree! He sheng a ta ch'i (i.e., got angry) and yelled him down. The lad came around sheepishly later but Father Ryan wouldn't let him open his mouth. 'I don't want to see you for a week!' Thus verbally spanked he kept his distance for several days until he found an excuse to return something to Father Ryan and renew relations. 'What's the matter with you?' asked Father Ryan. 'Why did you do a thing like that?' 'I wasn't stealing the apricots; Father Liu was below and he told me I could pick some!' So Father Ryan asked me for a new pair of socks to give to the boy to square himself!"

#### ASSISI IN CEYLON

We have no comment to make on the following. It is the word-for-word copy of a paragraph from a recent letter of Father Claude Daly S.J. of St. Joseph's College in Trincomalee, Ceylon.

"Oswald is a sand crab. Every night he comes across the beach to our recreation room. I usually say my office after recreation, walking up and down the sacristy. Oswald walks up and down beside me."



## No More Need for Silence

For a long time the editors of Jesuit Missions have refrained from publishing any news about our missionaries in China. The reason for that is obvious. The situation was too delicate, too pregnant with possible disaster. The reports were on hand, detailed, documented. They held the truth but to reveal that truth might give a weapon to men to whom all truth was a stupid lie. One report of torture and death could serve as an excuse for another's torture and death. And all those reports are signed in the age-old Jesuit custom, "Your brother in Christ." You don't sell your own brothers in Christ down the river for the sake of publicity.

### Darkness Falls

But now the situation has reached the point where there is no need for silence. And there is one thing that must be told. Time and again in those reports is revealed the spirit of the men who have waited quietly, prayerfully, through the long hours of their Gethsemane. Some have progressed to the crowning with thorns, others have already drunk to the last bitter lees the chalice of Calvary. All around them as they waited the things into which they had poured the years of their lives were taken from them. Churches, schools, convents, hospitals—those little worlds with Christ and His Mother at the center which they built in the villages along the Grand Canal and in the Yangtse delta—are gone now. All missionary activity is forbidden or

severely restricted. Priests and nuns have stood before the People's Court for the mockery of trial. The darkness is closing in on the Church in China.

How do the missionaries feel as they remain at their posts, in forced idleness with its dragging empty hours? There is one letter that is typical of the spirit of those men, a letter that might make the world understand a little better the men and women who once chose of their own accord to walk the path of the exile, to endure all suffering even unto death—because long ago the Son of God had done the same.

### Failure Or?

One missionary recounts the loss of his church and school and the complete restriction of his activity so that except for his Mass, prayers and meals the day is a blank. "Now you will surely agree that there is nothing big or heroic about that. The whole routine from one end of the week to the other is as drab and ordinary as a wet Monday. The man who looks for results would pronounce the whole affair a failure; that the mission was a waste of men and money. We should pack up and go elsewhere. You must be patient with that sort of man. He has an argument assuredly, but his premises are false.

"For one of the most essential elements in a normal man's balanced life is his subconscious resolution, 'Tomorrow I shall finish it.' I recall my fellow students of yester-

years who right now are stooped under work, but for the world and all its riches I cannot sympathize with them. It's not so hard to write a success story tolerably well, but it is another matter to write a downright failure successfully. The glowing success of this story, however, lies in the fact that Christ foresaw and foretold in minute detail just such a failure. It's all written there in the book for us. It is the failure of the grain of wheat which must go underground and rot to increase its kind a hundredfold. It is the failure of Good Friday, mankind's greatest hour.

"So if we can take this inactivity now I would say that we are successful missionaries. Even St. Paul's hardest hours were not those of his weary travels, shipwrecks included, but rather his constraint under bonds. So if there are no catechumens, no expansion, but much contraction of our field of activity it would still be wrong to write failure as our unqualified epitaph.

### Lives Of Faith

"Naturally we groan and moan perhaps for more elbow room. We reflect on our long years of preparation just to while away idle hours; distant hills look fair and green. Even Aunt Nora's argument that America needs us more than any country seems to sound plausible now. But in our saner moments we realize that we are doing the nicest job we could possibly do just now. We are living lives of faith, and our prayer, distracted though it be, is very much from the heart. There are hundreds like us throughout China, and we are easily the most fortunate. But we need all the prayers you can muster for us."

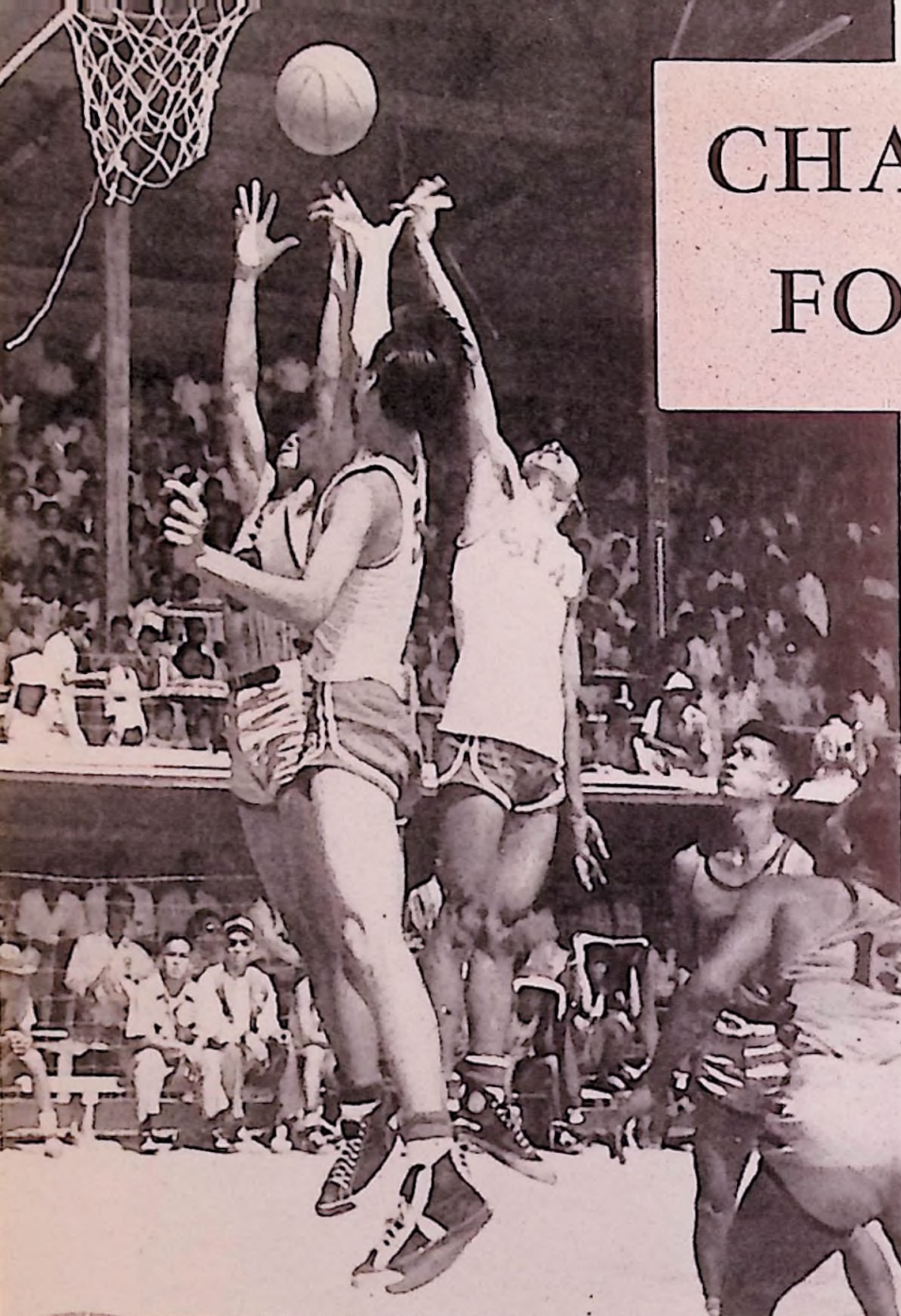
# CHAMPIONS FOR *Christ*

JAMES F. DONELAN S.J.

The first chapter began in July, 1948. It was not a very encouraging beginning. I remember the student Mass that first week of school. Throughout it, even during the Consecration, the boys sat passively, and only one walked to the communion rail when the bell rang. I remember the strange answers to questions about the Sacred Heart or Our Lady, and how difficult it was to get homework done. The first basketball tryouts turned up a number of eager recruits with a lack of fundamentals, but a willingness to learn.

They were shown, shown everything, shown how to pray as well as play, taught the meaning of the Mass and the

Jose Gil and Rey Hipolito, co-captains of the Ateneo de Davao team.



The Blue and White Knights of Our Lady go high in the air to defeat the All-Star team chosen from the public schools.

ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 7, 1950, IN THE Villa Memorial Gymnasium in the city of Cebu in the Philippines, a remarkable event occurred. The highly-favored, undefeated basketball team of San Augustin College lost in the championship round to a comparatively unknown high school team of San Augustin College lost in the championship-Davao, youngest of the Jesuit Ateneos, with an enrollment of less than two hundred and fifty, became the Catholic High School Champions of the Visayan Islands and Mindanao.

This is the story of that basketball team, the story of their growth to the stature of champions, champions of basketball and champions of Christ. It is the story, too, of their school, for one story cannot be told without the other. Only a few chapters are told here for that is all that time has written.



promises of the Sacred Heart. The team took the name of Blue Knights, and their uniforms were the Blue and White of Our Lady. It was slow work. That first year there were no Missae Recitatae, no Sodality, no Catechism Club. We had no school paper, no dramatic society. We won no championships. But it was a good year, and at its end we were satisfied, and even a bit proud. The seed had been sown and we were confident that the following year we would reap the harvest.

We did. At the opening of school our first Sodality was formed. On Sunday mornings the entire student body assisted at Mass, and the altar rail was crowded. Ateneo boys gathered the poor children from the nipa huts and *barong-barong* of the fisherman and taught them all about the Boy Jesus and His Mother. School plays were staged, and an Atenean won the City Oratorical Contest. The Blue Knights, now stronger and more experienced, ran up a string of twenty-seven consecutive victories, winning the City and Mindanao PAAF Championships in basketball.

Winning those championships brought many advantages to the Ateneo but the most important was that it increased the effectiveness of our good example. It was a great surprise to the people of the city that a school which stressed religion, discipline and studies could also win basketball championships. As we met and defeated teams

from other cities, the people of Davao adopted the team as their own.

It made us even more effective in the outlying villages. As champions we were often invited to play at the fiestas and tournaments in the towns around the gulf, Kingking, Malita, Mati and Tagum, where basketball is idolized with an intensity that would be surprising in Indiana or Kentucky. But there, too, the men often regard the faith and especially the sacraments with an intense indifference. Last October the team sailed to a little barrio village along the gulf called Malita. There they easily beat the two local teams. The next morning with the eyes of Malita now upon them they carried Our Lady's statue in the procession, recited her rosary before Mass, and at Communion time their blue and white jackets lined the altar rail. It was a High Mass and the team formed the choir. The townspeople could not be but tremendously impressed to see how these champions of the court proved themselves champions of Christ.

In the beginning it is written that this is the story of a team and of a school. This chapter ends here but the story goes on. In closing we pay tribute to the men who are writing this story, in Davao and in Tuguegarao, in Zamboanga and in San Pablo, in Cagayan, in Naga and in Manila, men who are spending their lives for Christ beneath the Southern Cross, that those He has given them become His Champions.





# The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

Every wife considers her husband perfectly helpless when it comes to shopping. The few times she does send him to the store he always comes home with butter instead of oleomargarine, a sirloin steak instead of chopped meat, or muslin instead of cheese-cloth. You can supply the comments.

If men in general lack the technique of domestic buying could you imagine any man less qualified than a priest after 17 years in the classroom? Father Paul Smith, head of the English Department, Creighton University, Omaha, has been appointed superior of the mission in New Delhi, India. He has to open a college, arrange a curriculum of studies approved by the Government, select professors, but first he must establish a home. At this point, I doubt whether he would be quick in quoting the price of pillow cases, carpets, etc.

May is Mary's month. She had to begin a home in Nazareth and Egypt. Certainly Mary will be sympathetic with any prayers you offer for Father Smith. Obviously he needs more than prayers. Your financial help will please the Mother of God, Father Smith and all of his brother Jesuits.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Editor's Note: This month, we are changing the appearance of the Wanted Column because we thought you might be interested in seeing in detail the essential items needed for the new Jesuit House of Studies in Cebu, Philippines. We have quoted no prices for definite articles, but \$25.00 to \$100.00 will purchase most of the things for the chapel. If you cannot afford the entire amount perhaps you can send a small donation or make monthly payments. From your own experience, you will know the price of the household furnishings. If the article you select has already been purchased may we have your permission to use your gift for another item?

### The Chapel

Main Altar	1
Side Altars	3
Tabernacle	1
Tabernacle Veil	1 set
Crucifix	4
Torches	6
Missal Stand	4
Altar cards	4 sets
Missals	4
Sick Call Rituals	2
Book for Ceremonies	1
Litany Book	2
Ordo	7

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Prayer Card for Mass and Benediction	1
Sanctuary Carpet	
Crib	1
Stations of the Cross	1 set
Altar Bell	1
Cruets	4 sets
Communion Cloth	2
Corporal	2 dozen
Pall	1 dozen
Purificator	3 dozen
Altar cloths	12 sets
Solemn Vestments	2 sets
Vestments	4 sets
Amice	3 dozen
Alb	1 dozen
Cincture	6 white
Thurible, Boat	3 sets
Ciborium	3
Monstrance	1
Surplices	2 dozen
Ciborium Veils	6
<i>Dining Room</i>	
Crucifix	1
Pitchers (metal)	12
Silver	
Plates	
Cups	
Tables and Chairs	
<i>Kitchen</i>	
Pots	12
Frying Pans	various sizes
Coffee Pots	12
Knives	4
Refrigerator	1
Meat Grinder	1
Stove	1
<i>Clothes Room</i>	
Sewing Machines	2
Hand Needles	1 dozen
Sewing Machine Needles	1 dozen
Light socks	20 dozen
T-shirts	25 dozen
Rain coats	10
Bendix Washer Dryer	1

As complete as the above list may seem, we have omitted supplies for the infirmary and even for the library. A House of Studies without a complete library is like a factory without a machine shop. It will be a major expense to equip the library with books on science, philosophy and theology, not to mention shelves, filing cabinets, tables and lamps.

Kindly send your donations for the new House of Studies to JESUIT MISSIONS at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21.



## MISSION NEEDS FOR *Jamaica*

Jamaica Jesuit missionaries beg your gifts for the following list of items they need for their work. You will certainly find something listed to fit in with your budget.

CANDLES	<b>\$1.00</b>
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RAINCOATS	<b>5.00 ea.</b>
ALTAR CARDS	<b>15.00</b>
VESTMENTS	<b>25.00</b>
LARGE CRUCIFIX	<b>50.00</b>
ALTAR	<b>500.00</b>

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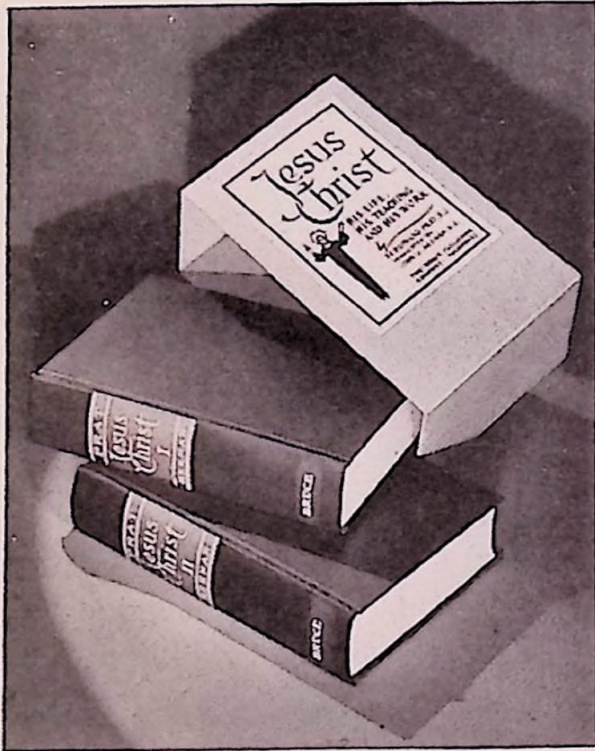
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**JM**

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