

JESUIT MISSIONS

JUNE 1951



RELIVING THE GOSPEL SCENES



JESUIT MISSIONS

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COVER. Two good reasons why the Maryland Province Jesuits are in Jamshedpur, India. The picture was taken by Joseph Hammett S.J. who is studying Hindi at the Language School in Gomoh, Bihar District.

RELIVING THE GOSPEL SCENES

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General of the Army Douglas MacArthur has been relieved of his command. There is one thing that must be said in that connection. No one who is interested in missionary work should ever forget that when "friendly" Allies were banishing missionaries of "enemy" nations from the territories under their control General MacArthur personally put a stop to such a movement in Japan and Korea.

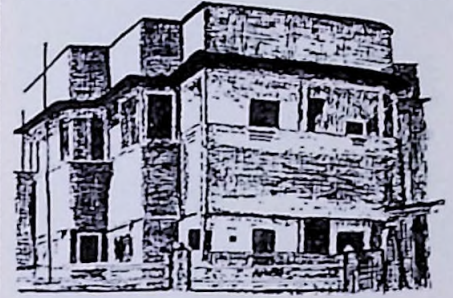
JESUIT MISSIONS takes this occasion to thank General Douglas MacArthur for all he has done in behalf of our own and other missionaries. A real man of vision is one who tries to see things as they appear to almighty God. Time and again General MacArthur asked that more missionaries be sent to Japan. He knew that they constituted the strongest bulwark against atheistic Communism. He recognized that the missionary is a man of God, a man whose whole life is dedicated to the spreading of the Kingdom of Christ. That work is too big to be hampered by the narrow restrictions of nationality or politics. Gratefully we beg God's blessing on General MacArthur.



Father Francis Buck S.J. likes to mix things up. He was born at Saranac Lake in New York when the skiing season was at its height. Now he is a missionary in the tropical isle of Jamaica. His home is Plattsburg, New York, but he is a member of the New England Province. He attended Holy Cross College, the best known institution of Worcester, Mass., after going to school in Dannemora, N. Y. (but not at Dannemora's best known institution). He is

a scientist (Master in Chemistry from Boston College) but every missionary has to be a poet at heart, someone very much in love with God.

As this issue of JM goes to press we are saddened by the news of the death of Father John Baker S.J., Mission Procurator of the Maryland Province. He died May 2nd.



From the time, less than ten years ago, when the Maryland-New York Province was divided into two separate entities Father Baker had played a leading part in Maryland's work.

During all that time he was responsible for the gathering of funds to support the Jesuit seminarians.



Then five years ago the mission of Jamshedpur in India was entrusted to him as Maryland's first Mission Procurator.

At the time of his death Father Baker had the task of providing not only for more than 350 future priests but also for 40 missionaries in India.



Only a missionary knows how important a part the Procurator plays in mission work. The success of the Jamshedpur Mission is due in great part to Father Baker. May he rest in peace!

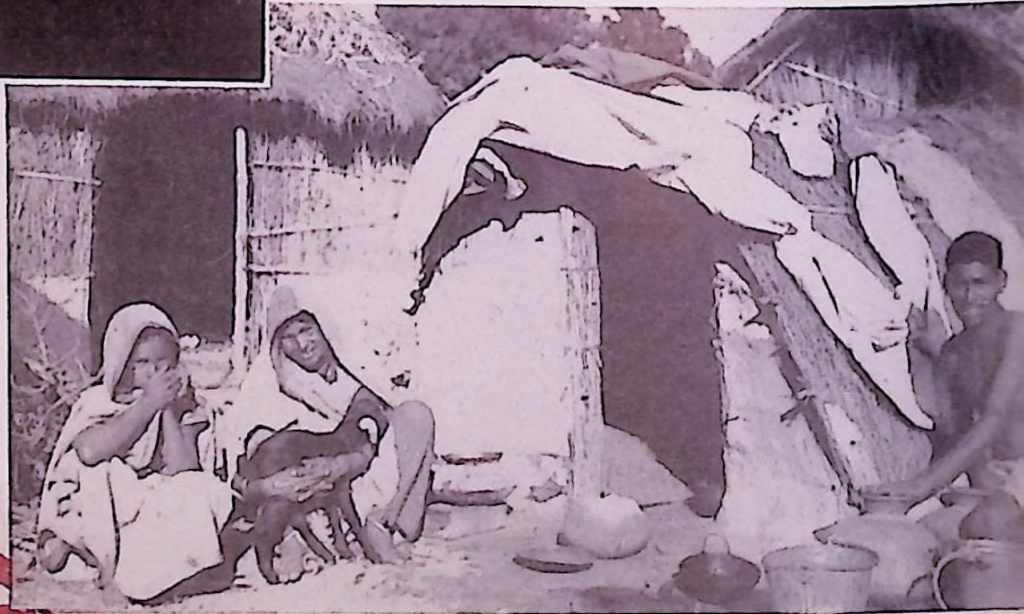
Reliving The Gospel Scenes

ANTHONY P. ROBERTS S.J.

BEFORE THE MISSIONER HAS COME TO India he has been through a varied number of years in which the life of Christ has played a preeminent part. He has had admirable opportunities to reflect on and pray over and learn about the unsearchable treasures of Christ—but through it all there has been one drawback—the people and circumstances and customs and physical conditions of the time of Our Lord he must always more or less create, as he imagines it to have been or as described by spiritual authors. However, when he comes to India an unusual and unexpected pleas-



The missionary in India lives out his life amid scenes reminiscent of those Our Lord looked upon in the Holy Land. A woman on the way to the well for water or a family gathered before their village home recall Samaria or Galilee.



ure is his, for he now sees all about him a striking replica of the things Christ looked at, the scenes He saw, the people He compassioned, the physical aspect of the countryside He trod. It is not the same land, true, but so much, in a physical sense is the same, that the effect of sensing some of the things Our Lord felt and saw and heard remains. Each day the residents of these



small country villages of India unconsciously relive and reenact before one's eyes the parables and lessons and happenings of the Gospels.

For instance, if you stand at our gate here at De Britto House in Gomoh, you can see every morning at dawn small bands of herdsmen, muffled tightly in their sheet-like *dhotis* against the dawn cold, moving over the hard, dusty field, silently driving their goats and cattle to the marketplace or the sparse pasture lands. They are taciturn men, well acquainted with hardship and privation, poor and little-knowing. Yet it was round about their brothers of an earlier age and in far off Judea, that the glory of our God shone—and angelic choirs leapt from the high vaults of heaven to bring to such as these the first glad tidings of great joy.

A little later you leave our compound and go through the narrow, jumbled village, filled with vendors' cries and the high pitched voices of those arguing over prices and wares. Thread your way through the mass of men, and children and sacred cows and goats, and gaunt street mongrels. Near a building, in the dust of the road, a filthily clad man is sitting—hair unkempt and skin blotched and eyes closed, for he is blind—and all through that din his monotonous alms wail never ceases. It is so like the setting of one of Our Lord's miracles that when you shift your gaze from the mendicant, you almost expect to see the God-Man approaching with His Apostles to lay His hands on the blind man's eyes. You are even a little disappointed He is not there, until faith assures you that wherever His little ones are, there is He who has borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows.

Out again on the open road, you see far off a white-robed woman, veiled and with averted eyes, as is the custom of the country. Alone she goes, raising a slight cloud of dust. Who is she? Who knows, or who cares? But most probably the same scene, the same indifference, transpired twenty centuries ago when a woman who was betrothed to a woodworker "went with great haste into the hill country." We have all, in a more or less impersonal way, realized that the Holy Family led a very humble life at Nazareth—we have all real-

ized "in the third person" that Our Lady, the Queen of all the heavens and the earth, "clothed with the sun and crowned with stars," in her lifetime, mended worn clothes and wore mended ones. Now in India two thousand years later you see an anonymous woman going along the hot roadway, and for the first time you suddenly realize that God's Mother too, went swiftly over the burning road under the shimmering glare of an Eastern sun, raising a little cloud of dust after her.

Sometimes you might see what I saw some weeks ago, when it was approaching nightfall. It was a sight so real and so startling that the mists of the centuries seemed to roll away. While saying my rosary, walking up and down in the back of our house, and with daylight fast receding from the sky, I was distracted by the familiar cry of a young goat, a cry remarkably humanlike in tone. As the bleating came nearer I looked over the wall, and there coming down the dirt lane was a bearded countryman carrying around his neck a small kid, the source of the noise. Seen against the western horizon and amidst the sleepy quiet of sundown, this walking, living, breathing vision of the Good Shepherd made all the paintings and all the literary pieces dealing with this subject pale away. When you have witnessed a scene like this, all that you have read or heard of the tender mercies of God for souls, particularly those lost ones in sin and disgrace and affliction, is fused into one brilliant realization.

It is sights and sounds like these, which he sees every day, that always keep the missionary in mind of the goal of his labors and that ever renew in him the great desire to make Love loved. Even in the depths of the night this great calling is brought to his mind, for during the midnight hours, when all have retired, the dark silence is often broken by the cries of the lantern bearing *chokidhars*, the night watchmen, who patrol the village; and as they go through the darkness, he thinks of this vast subcontinent where millions upon millions live and suffer and sink down to death in a darkness more terrible than any that can be conceived, the darkness where the Light of the World is absent.



Members of the team which made Boxing Day in Seaford Town one to be remembered. The boy who turned the handle on the ice cream freezer; the efficient housekeeper and forewoman of the mission cooperatives, Miss Mabel Swaby; and the veteran of twenty-six years on the Jamaica Mission, Father Francis Kempel S.J. He is living proof that a missionary must be a jack of all trades in order to conduct a successful parish.

REV. FRANCIS
C. BUCK S.J.

BOXING DAY IN *Seaford* *Town*



S.J. has been pastor for years. This morning the church stands alone and deserted but the terraced and walled hillside that rises steeply from the sacristy door is busily alive. For today is Boxing Day, a public holiday, and the Seaford Town garden party is tonight. Even now, at a little after eight o'clock, a truck is backing up the gravel road to the stone steps that lead to the rectory on one side, and to the cooperative store on the other. When the truck stops, Miss Mabel Swaby, Father's efficient housekeeper, takes charge. She calls two boys to come and give a hand in the unloading of the ice, the soft drinks, and the beer.

The truck has hardly gone when Father Kempel, loaded down with coils of wire, electric sockets, colored bulbs,

THE VALLEY WHICH STRETCHES FROM the porch of the Seaford Town mission in Jamaica to the ridge a mile away is warm and very green in the early morning sun. Beside the green banana fields and tall coconut trees are the drab, colorless, small wooden huts of the peasants. There are many of these huts lying below the mission church, too many huts, too many people to be supported by the old, farmed-out soil. Riding out on a knoll that juts into this green valley is the mission church of the Sacred Heart, where Father Francis Kempel

pliers and a knife, climbs to the upper terrace and enters the school. The school consists of one room about seventy-five feet long with a raised stage at the west end. In preparation for tonight's garden party, the school benches and desks have been stacked in the corner. Father goes to work getting the tables lined up, and the corner posts nailed into place so as to form booths along the side walls of the room. Then the electric wire is run out and strung along the post tops to provide one colored light for each booth, and a couple for the ends and stage.

About mid-morning, Sister Aloysius and Sister Bede arrive, accompanied by several small girls. The Sisters run the school with its two hundred pupils. Tonight, Sister Bede will be in charge of the grab-bag and gift booth. Two girls under the Sisters' direction begin sweeping the floor with tufted, home-made brooms. Two others twine colored paper around the posts, and along the front of the tables. Toward noon most of the work is finished; the room is clean, the booths decorated for a festive evening.

Father Kempel goes to lunch, and then is on the move again; this time heading over to the bakery. The bakery is a cooperative venture run by the Egg Cooperative Society. The egg co-op was founded ten years ago by Father Kempel, when the local banana business was ruined by the war. In the bakery hut parishioners are rolling, cutting, marking brown cookie dough. Outside in front of the brick oven, old Tom Harding with a long, wooden spit is deftly shuffling pans into and out of the hot oven. Father Kempel greets him with, "How are things doing, Tom?"

"Fine, Fadder!"

"Where is the pig? Have you got him in the oven too?"

"Yes, Fadder, him way back there."

Tom pokes the roasting pig with his wooden spit, making the dripping pig sizzle on the hot bricks. Then Tom says with a wry grin, "Hear him talk, Fadder! Hear that pig talk back in there!" and he pokes the sizzling pig once more.

Returning to the house, Father stops to watch Isaac Blake and two boys skinning a goat. It will make the ever popular curry-goat, a must for every garden party. Nearby three boys are crouched around a large ice cream freezer. They take turns cranking and packing the ice and salt. One of the first dishes to be sold out tonight will be the cherry ice cream, at six pence a cone.

A little after five o'clock in the afternoon, the early-comers to the party begin climbing to the terrace of the school. Eager youngsters crowd around Sister Bede's booth, anxious to try their luck on one of Sister's mysterious packages. Johnny Brown, a brave boy of five, proffers his tuppence and gets his grab-bag. He opens it cautiously—a balloon, a whistle, a framed holy picture (which Sister has made from old Christmas cards). Johnny is delighted. More youngsters come up; soon the grabs will be gone.

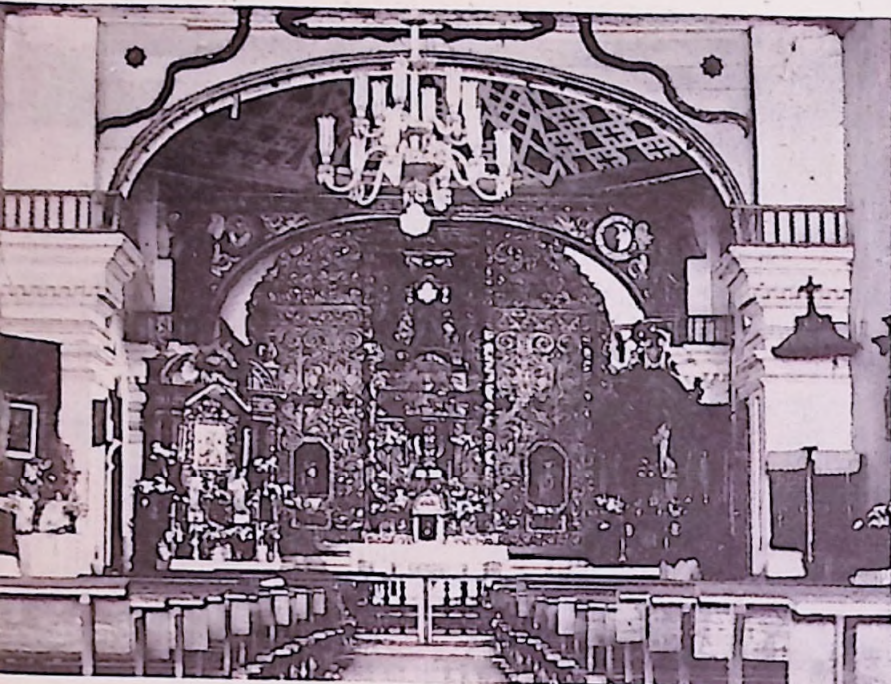
The older folks are coming in also, just a step behind their young ones. The boys and men have started tossing marbles in the ninehole game, that is set up at the far end of the room. The women gather in groups around the food and gift booths. Many others, young and old, are waiting near the stage. The musicians get their music ready, and warm their instruments with a few solid notes. After a few minutes of tuning up, the leader gives the signal that starts the orchestra off in a fast swing number. In all parts of the room feet shuffle; several young couples with broad grins begin dancing on the stage, the only place where it is allowed. Next to bombay mangoes, the Jamaican loves dancing; so the stage is soon crowded.

Even in the main hall, one must look carefully to find standing room; on all sides people are talking, laughing, eating, and watching the dancing. They have been looking forward to this Boxing Day, and now they will enjoy to the full the colored lights, the music, the sweet cakes and the hot curry-goat.

So the party runs along, music, good eating, dancing and laughter. Father Kempel is here and there in the crowd doing his share of eating, talking, and laughing, while he keeps a wary eye on the fun, and especially on the lights. During the past couple of years, the diesel engine supplying power to the lights has failed. This year, after the expenditure of considerable labor and money on the engine, Father hopes his colored bulbs will stay bright to the end.

Now it is after midnight, and those who live far away have already started home. The food booths are the last to lose their customers. The curry-goat is all gone; only a shank of the roast pig remains. Some time ago, the Sisters have retired to their convent, set high on the hill behind the school. The crowd thins more rapidly, and the Boxing Day Garden Party draws to a close, one more busy, full day to add to Father Kempel's twenty-six years in Jamaica.





The rich Spanish tradition of the Conquistadores is reflected in this ornate altar in Tegucigalpa, Honduras.



The mother church for the author's scattered missions is at Casa Cural, Minas de Oro, Yoro.

FIRST FRIDAY *in Las Flores*

JOHN T. NEWELL S.J.

The ordinary way of traveling in the Republic of Honduras is on muleback.

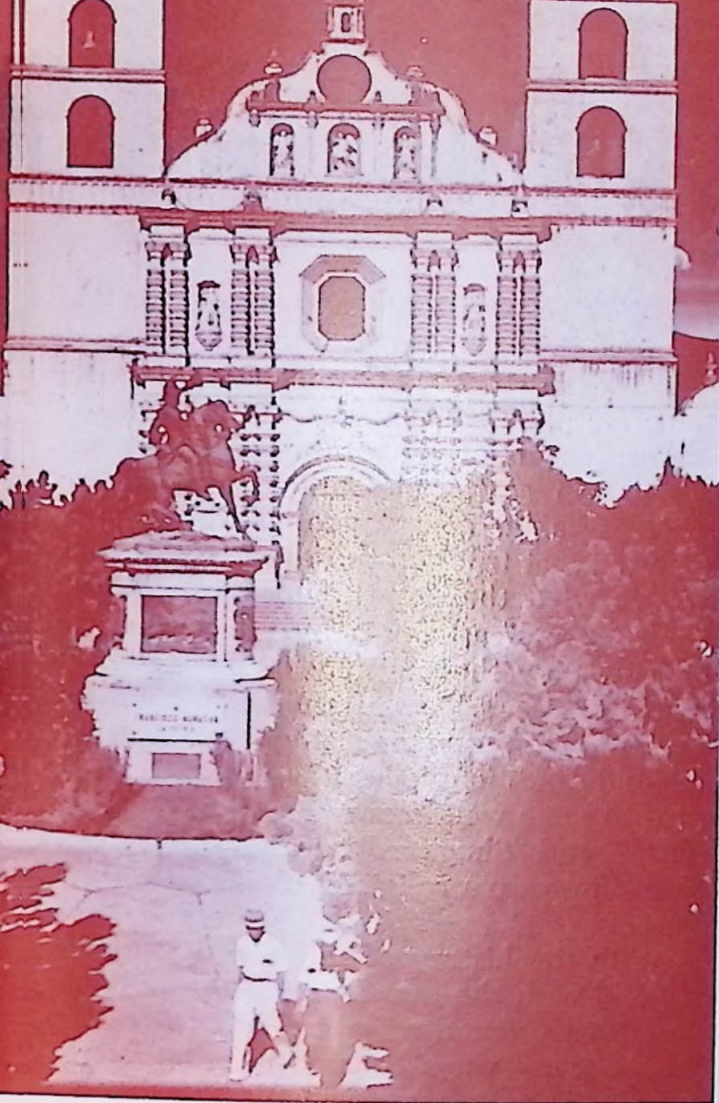


IN OJOS DE AGUA, A VILLAGE NEAR THE former capital of Comayagua, Honduras, dwell Catholics of renown. Comayagua, with its four hundred years of Catholic history, has planted the faith well in this vicinity, and the large and ancient churches with their elaborate altars are witnesses to its rich Catholic past. The historic remains of this first center of endeavors of the Conquistadores are the pride and glory of the Church in Honduras.

Over the hills and far away has been the recent history of many people of the vicinity seeking new lands and a better living. In the highlands of the municipality of Victoria they are now established in two settlements, and are being blessed in their efforts to raise coffee. In all the district they are our best Catholics. Somewhat isolated in the high mountains, they are hard to reach, but the visit of the priest is always well rewarded.

Coming in from as far as seven or eight miles around, they assemble at their central place of Las Flores for the three to five days that the priest is present. It is a sacrifice for them, since the accommodations are very limited or poor. However, they ignore such difficulties and enjoy the reunion.

The poor little chapel, which they intend soon to supplant with a substantial adobe



(Left) The outstanding church in Honduras is the Cathedral of San Miguel at Plaza Morazan in Tegucigalpa. The plaza is named after the Honduran patriot whose statue stands there. (Above) Back in the bush country stands a typical mission church.

church, is the center for baptisms and marriages and for confession and Communion of young and old of both sexes. The latter practice, especially, rewards the hard trip of the Padre.

In four years of acquaintance with these people, we have found groups of them making a four-day trip each month to La Libertad or to Minas de Oro, in order to make the nine First Fridays. But now they begged the Padre to come to Las Flores for nine months, so that all could make the First Fridays together. After counting all those who wished to avail themselves of such an opportunity, the Padre concluded that the four-day trip each month would be well worth it.

Last June was the first First Friday. It meant a round trip of 86 miles, with a lot of difficult up and downhill mountain climbing to do, with the rainy season setting in and a number of creeks and rivers to cross. The beginning was inauspicious. On the eve it rained steadily for two hours. First, I heard the confessions of the school children, beginning at 4 p.m. Shortly afterward there

came a hurry-up sick call over some ugly roads. This occupied two hours. Then uninterrupted confessions until 11:30 p.m., by which time almost three hundred confessions had been heard.

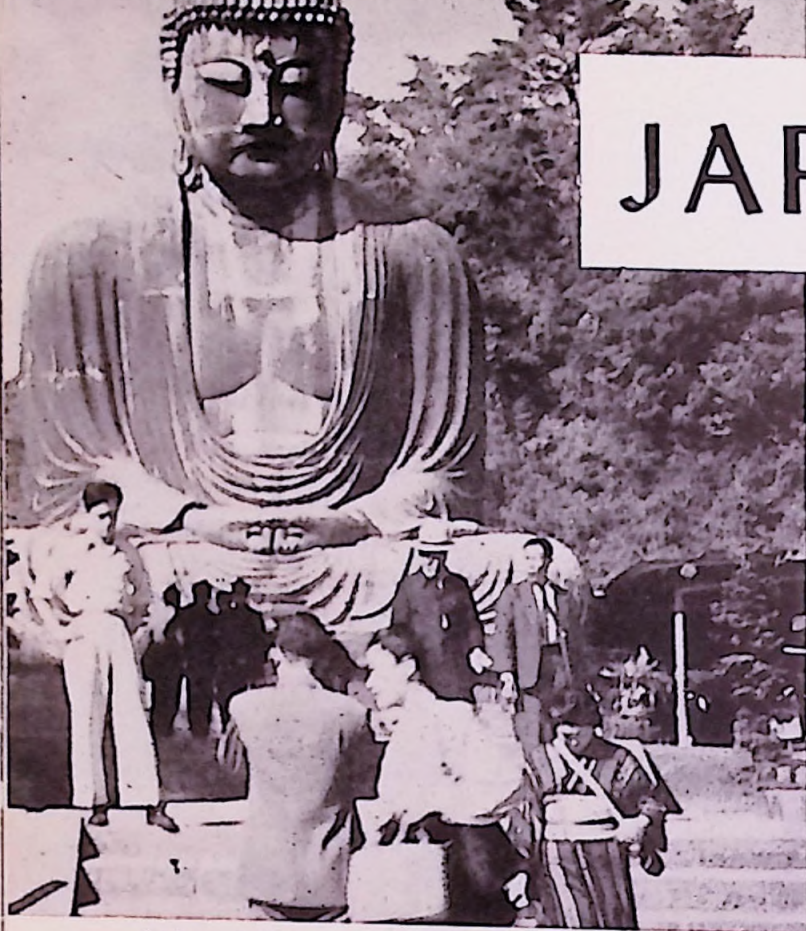
In all history, there had never been so many people together at this place. They had come from a radius of twelve miles. They rested as well as they could during the night, crowded together in the few houses and in the chapel itself. At 5 a.m. the confessions of about fifty more were heard. Mass followed with a total of 341 Communions for the first First Friday.

With their determination and goodwill and real desire to make all the First Fridays, they braved well the first onslaught of the rainy season to make a start, and nothing short of complete disability will prevent them from carrying on to the finish. The Sacred Heart will reward them the more for their extraordinary sacrifice.

Father Newell S.J.



JAPAN IS STILL



(Above) One of the most popular shrines in Japan is the one at Kamakura with its great image of Buddha.

(Below) Part of the "Shogatsu," the New Year's Day celebration, is the parade of the masked revelers.



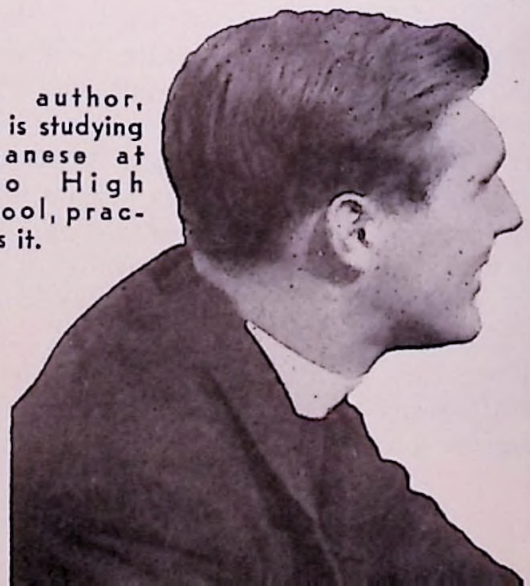
WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS celebrating Christmas, it was merely another work day in Japan. Japanese laborers plied their weary work; life moved on in the same monotony of any other day. Except in scattered Catholic communities there was no advertence to the occasion. Padded feet trudged the dusty roads oblivious to what the day should mean to them.

Christian feasts pass by unheralded and unknown by the majority of Japanese. But on New Year's Day pagan Japan begins its celebration. Following the long-standing, age-old tradition, every Japanese makes a visit to some well-known Buddhist or Shinto shrine, and "Shogatsu" occasions the largest, most impressive religious celebration of the year.

With the history of the nation so closely aligned with the development of Buddhism and other oriental religions, national culture has in many ways become nebulously confused with religious ceremony. The majority of well-meaning, sincere pagans cannot give a satisfactory explanation of some customs, even for themselves. Their final response is often merely that they are carrying on a national tradition. Thus the cultural and religious significance of the occasion are confused, making it difficult to distinguish one from the other.

New Year's Day at any of Japan's large shrines is reminiscent of New Year's Eve in one of America's large cities, or perhaps of the annual Easter parade. Thousands of kimono-clad devotees pack the roads on their short trek to some historic shrine,

The author, who is studying Japanese at Eiko High School, practices it.



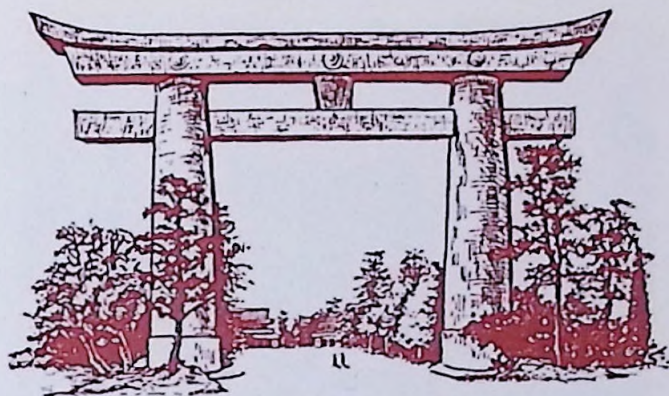
Pagan

where they pay their respects to the gods who are supposed to dwell there. It is one day in the year when the entire family has a religious outing. Men in their subdued colors, women with their elaborate, carefully combed headdresses and bright kimonos, mothers with their babies saddled on their backs—everyone makes the day a colorful excursion as well as one of religious observance.

Roadside vendors hawk their wares of toys or balloons or tidbits. Children with their gas-inflated balloons, their falsefaces and other trinkets, effect an atmosphere similar to a summer Sunday at Coney Island. How much of all this is merely gay holiday, and how much may be sincere religious observance is difficult to estimate. But this much is true: basically it is a day of religious observance. An underlying spirit of deity worship pulses through the celebration and gives it meaning.

Such an event indicates the tremendous task of the Church in Japan. It is true that there has been a surge of conversions; it is true that circumstances now favor a more rapid spread of Christianity. But to convert the nation the Church must spread to millions of deep-dyed, sincere, cultured pagans who are as yet ignorant of the one all-important Truth. She must win away from an unchristian culture a nation which as yet does not know Christ.

Obviously, paganism is not dead in Japan, not moribund. It is deep and solid, perhaps dormant much of the time, but able to manifest its grip on the people on such periodic



ROBERT C. DRESSMAN S.J.

occasions as Shogatsu. A few minutes at any Japanese shrine will prove paganism's vigor. A devout worshipper stands before a shrine, claps sharply to call the attention of the god, then bows reverently and with folded hands makes his petition. Sincerity is beyond doubt. One can only regret the ignorance it manifests, and pray that through God's grace such a one may come to know the truth.

Yet even the truth is not enough for some. Something more is needed. There is needed courage and strength of will to embrace Catholicism, for to the Japanese it often means a revolution in one's life. It means breaking completely with a historic, much-loved past; it means the end, quite often, of an impressive family tradition. It means a complete renunciation of many things which at present are considered basic to Japanese life.

In the final analysis, the Church will not only bring Christianity to Japan, but it will revitalize the culture as well. Paganism must go, that is the Church's avowed objective. The task is tremendous; it is the task of forming a new nation and giving a Christian inspiration to its culture. But it is something that the Church has done before and will do again. The beginnings are heartening, but to accomplish her designs she must throw all possible strength into the battle. That demands the united effort of the Christian world, the united efforts of the Mystical Body of Christ in gaining on a vast scale a great Eastern nation. It is the prayer of the Catholic world which will give to many intelligent, good-willed Japanese the courage and strength of will to embrace their intellectual convictions, whatever the cost. It will gain for others the grace of accepting Christianity without too great a struggle.



THIS IS

Leopard

LAND

JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.

MARIAM PAHARI MEANS "MARY'S HILL" and it is located in the Bihar District of India, about thirty five miles from Gajhi.



There is more land here at Mariam Pahari and it is more productive. We hope by working the land to help support our Santal orphans and widows. It is more or less an experiment but we hope to succeed.

Mariam Pahari is a beautiful place, set amid wooded hills, with plenty of game around—deer, wild pig and leopards.

Out here in the leopard country you either lock up your dogs at night or soon you will have no dogs. Recently I was jerked out of my dreams in the small hours of the morning by my dogs who were raising a fearful commotion outside my room. One of my men was calling, "Father! Father!" A leopard had come prowling round and my dogs, Skinny and Spike, had caught his scent. They managed to get through a broken slat in the bamboo door and they went for him. For about twenty seconds it sounded as if Noah's Ark had

been bombed. By the time I got outside the leopard was gone, and I thought that Spike had been carried off. But the next morning he came back, with claw marks to prove the story.

A night or two later I heard the chickens squawking at 2 a.m. and I spotted the leopard. With his angry eyes shining in my

One down and one to go. Father's neighbor got this leopard.



spotlight he looked like the devil himself. I blazed away at him with the double barrel but the distance was too great. It was just as well I missed him completely for a leopard who is wounded may turn man-eater and that means the villagers are virtually prisoners until he is caught.

Then my neighbor, a retired army officer whose home is about half a mile away in the jungle, got into the game. The leopard came prowling around there and was promptly bagged.


So everything is peaceful now at Mariam Pahari? Far from it. The leopard's mate is now roaming around and yesterday killed a cow only a few hundred yards from the mission. A short while before a deer was killed close by the residence of the three Sacred Heart Sisters who run the dispensary and girls' school. The Sisters don't like leopards, either.

AT THE END OF THE ROAD WE found the house, three rooms built of mud, with a tiny garden in front surrounded by a six-foot mud wall. It stood in the midst of a group of single-storied mud houses. Beyond, the date palms dwindled away to the desert and the setting sun. The little camp marked the most western point of the perimeter of Baghdad. We did not realize until much later the significance of our coming at the end of the day to that house at the end of the road.

Our quest was a simple one. The war was on at the time and communication with America was disrupted. But a former Baghdadi, completing his studies, desired a little information, a possible footnote, for his essay on the ancient Church of the Nestorians. So we went innocently forth as directed—and we came face to face with a footnote to history.

Behind the mud wall of the little garden five men were sitting. They rose as we entered and greeted us with all the charm and courtesy of the East. All were Assyrians and the most prominent of them was a portly, red-faced gentleman with a rich black beard who was dressed in the robes of a bishop of the Nestorian Church. He was Mar Sergius, Bishop of Jilu, where the ancient cathedral of Mar Zeia with its thousand-year-old treasures had stood until the Kurds plundered and destroyed it in the first World War. This was the famous bishop who, over twenty years before, at the request of the British had gathered his Assyrian mountaineers and, having removed his episcopal cloak, with a rifle in hand had stormed at the head of his men the Kurdish stronghold of Sir Amadiyah.

But now this mud house on the outskirts of Baghdad was his episcopal palace and his diocese embraced little more than the cluster of mud buildings nearby. His story had been the story of the Assyrian nation—and the tragedy of the Assyrians is the tragedy of the Nestorian Church. For the



AT THE END OF THE ROAD



Sometimes in the narrow, twisting alleys which separate the mud houses of Baghdad you can stumble upon a footnote to history. It was down an alley of this kind that the author went to discover, at the end of the road, the tragedy of a forgotten people.

Church that sprang into being over 1500 years ago after the condemnation of the heresiarch Nestorius at the Council of Ephesus still lives on in the remnants of the Assyrian nation.

We sat down in the little garden and an easy conversation began. They were most ready to tell us what we wanted to know about their Church. Their patriarch was in exile, the number of bishops left could be counted on one hand, their religious orders had disappeared with the passing of time and under persecutions, hardships, massacres. The talk flowed on. Then, innocently enough, our questions veered from the Church to the nation. Yes, they wanted to go back to their homes in the Hakkari mountains of the north. After the first World War, when they had fought on the side of the British and the Russians, they had hoped that the victory would mean freedom and their own nation.

We did not question them about their history after the war. We knew the story only too well; the tale of disappointment, false hope and sudden death. But with the optimism of well-meaning people we said, "Well, you are the friends of the Allies. After this war is over they will take care of you." And suddenly they were all silent—the unbearable silence of men who have experienced the futility of words, of men who have failed, men without hope.

The keen pen of a theologian may pierce easily enough the heretical arguments of Nestorius and lay bare the errors of 1500 years ago which led to the first separation, the first rending of the seamless robe of Christ's Church. Yet no one can rob the Nestorian Church, "the Church of the East," of the mantle of glory that it subsequently wore with such magnificence and devotion. In those dark years when Rome was vainly striving to stem the barbarian floods, the Church of Persia was embarking on its

An Assyrian woman in her wedding day finery.



career of conquest and missionary expansion. In spite of the fact that they were always under rulers of a different faith, with persecution often close upon them, the Nestorians made up a fighting Church. When Islam swept in the Nestorians became in great part the teachers of the Arabs.

Even before the coming of Islam the Church of the East had spread to India, Afghanistan, Turkestan and Siberia. At the time of Charlemagne the Nestorians had already set up their bishops through the length and breadth of China. Finally, there was the high noon of the Church of the East when in the 13th century a Chinese Nestorian Christian stood before the stately enclave of the College of Cardinals in Rome and told the amazed Princes of the Church of the "Pope of the East," the obscure Mongol monk who had become Catholikos of the East, Patriarch of all that world that lay between Syria and Siberia, Socotra and Samarkand, Ceylon and the northernmost marches of Cathay; whose flock was numbered in millions. It was the last great hour. A hundred years later the sword of the savage Mongol had cut to pieces the once glorious Church of the East and its remnants were scattered among the mountains of Kurdistan.

And now even the deep gorges of the Hakkiari mountains have been lost to the last people who clung to the faith of that ancient church. When at twilight that day we left the little mud house on the edge of the desert the five men were still sitting in the mud-walled garden. In how many places of the world that day were there like scenes—a handful of men, French, Poles, Czechs, Norwegians, gathered in the land of the stranger and planning, hoping, dreaming! But these men on the outskirts of Baghdad revealed, in a moment of heartbreaking silence, that they trust not in the future. No longer will their old men dream dreams and their young men see visions. The glory of earthly splendor has departed from their church and their nation and no voice would be raised in their behalf at the future councils of the peacemakers and the world-builders. But above the scattered race of the Assyrians there shines the light of another glory, the glory of having suffered all that they might remain faithful to Christ. That is the thought that must console those men when at the end of the day they come to the place at the end of the road.

Come, follow me

THERE WILL BE TORRENTS OF ELOQUENCE loosed across the land in this month of June from a thousand commencement platforms. Philosophers, statesmen and educators will ponder the world's crises and propound to the new generation of graduates their learned opinions. And their words will be weighty with advice to the young men and women about to face the bitter challenge of today's unsettled world. But much of this flowing eloquence, except on the Catholic campus, will be pretty ineffectual.

It is not in the weapons of science or philosophy or diplomacy that the young graduates will find the key to a better world. But rather it is in the words of Christ that the feast of the Sacred Heart recalls with timely emphasis. No commencement message was ever more profound or efficacious than these words, first spoken among the simple folk of the Galilean towns. "Learn of Me, for I am gentle and humble of Heart; and you shall find rest for your souls."

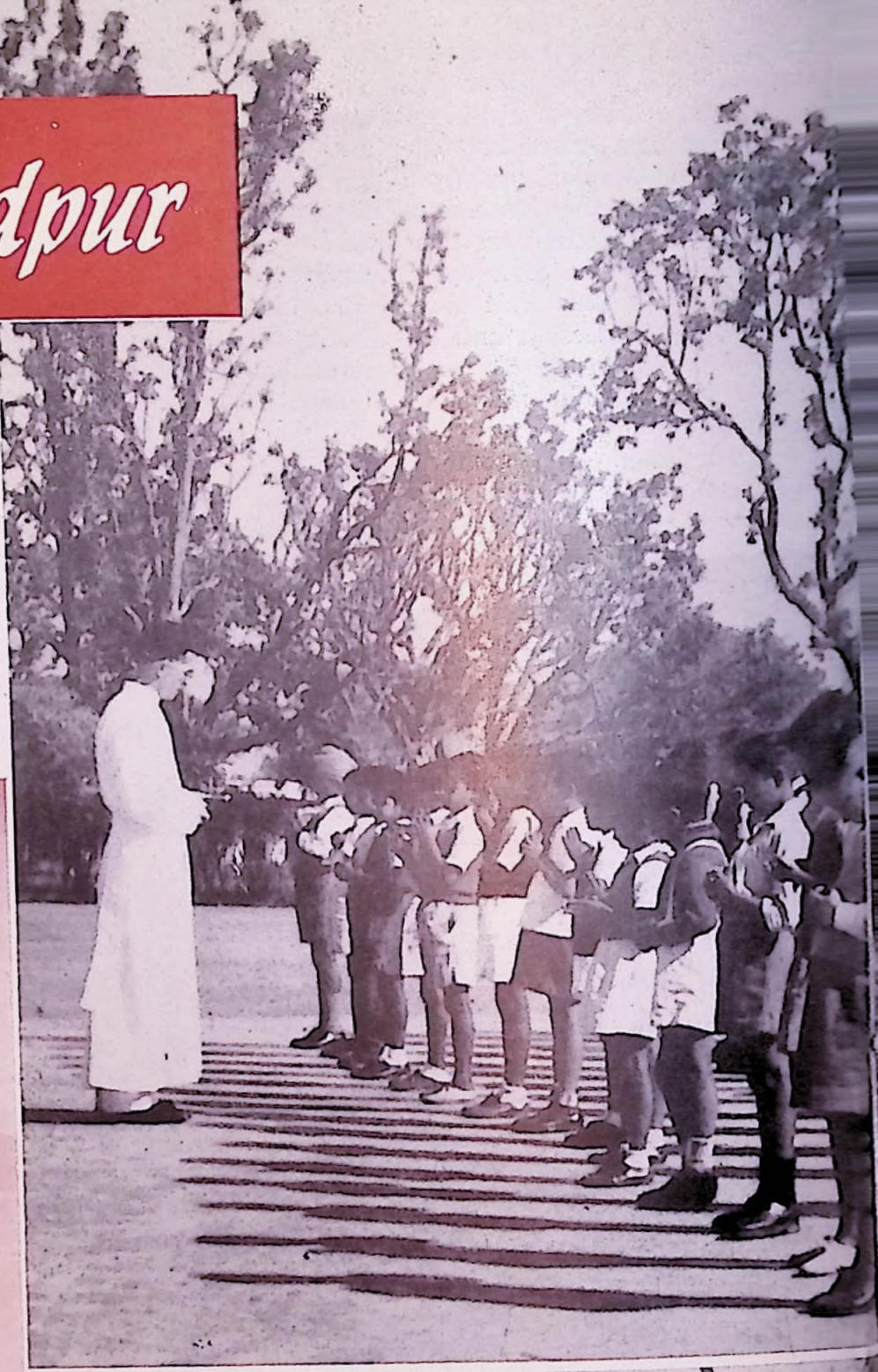
There is something of a paradox in these words of Christ. Eternal Wisdom speaks; He whom, in the litany we proclaim as the "Heart in whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Yet it is not for this that He would have us learn of Him. He presents other credentials than those of a Doctor of Infinite Knowledge. "Learn of Me, for I am gentle and humble of Heart." This is not the usage of your liberal professors. But Divine Wisdom knows well that knowledge is a dangerous drug if it is not tempered with meekness and humility. Only through these can knowledge lead to peace and love in this world.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

Jamshedpur

Before the morning session at Loyola High School in Jamshedpur the students, Christian, Moslem and Hindu, line up for assembly and opening prayer.

This is the kind of country around St. Mary's College in Kurseong where the Jesuit missionaries who are not yet ordained continue their studies.



FOR the last five years the missionaries from the Maryland Province have been working in India at Jamshedpur of the Bihar Province. They have to cover an area slightly larger than that of Massachusetts. It is situated in the northeastern section of India, 150 miles west of Calcutta. Only one half of one per cent of the population is Catholic but we must remember that of India's total population of four hundred million only one per cent is Catholic.

A long range vision has been employed by the men responsible for the success of the Jamshedpur Mission. A school for the study of the difficult languages of Hindi, Bengali and Oriya has been set up in Gomoh; a labor school is being conducted in the city of Jamshedpur, India's industrial heart; Loyola High School is thriving there; Bandgaon is growing; and the missionaries are fanning out into the villages. Jamshedpur is another step in Jesuit missionary advance.

Father Murphy blesses Sisters of Charity from Kentucky before a journey.



(Above) Joseph Hammett S.J. chats with Babuji, ex-pandit.

(Below) Loyola High School is in the city of Jamshedpur.



An important feature in this industrial center of India is the Labor School conducted by Father T. Quinn Enright.





The Twins of Scamnon Bay with their brides. (Left) Fred with Nellie and (right) Frank with Domitilla.

THE **T**WINS of Scamnon Bay

ONE OF THE FINEST WEDDINGS AROUND St. Mary's Mission took place here in our church on Easter Monday. Frank and Fred Alstrom, half breed Eskimo TWINS were married with a solemn nuptial Mass before their friends and relatives and all the children of our school. It was a splendid and touching ceremony.

Twenty-two years ago, when I was a lone missionary in Hooper Bay, I had occasion to visit the village of Scamnon Bay, situated on the Bering Sea coast about thirty miles north of Hooper Bay. When I got there with my dog team, I was received with true Alaskan hospitality by Mr. Axel Alstrom who had a good size trading post near the

FRANCIS M. MENAGER S.J.

village. He was very kind and helpful, took good care of me and my dogs, gave me a nice bed and a fine place to offer holy Mass. We soon became good friends and he introduced me to his family;

his wife was a Catholic Eskimo, very good and very clever, who took splendid care of their home and of their children. They had three boys, Olaf, about five years old, and Frank and Fred, identical twins about one year old, beautiful bouncing babies. The parents had them all baptized Catholics.

When I left Hooper Bay for Kotzebue I had no idea I would ever meet the twins again; but when Mrs. Alstrom passed to a better life a few years after, Mr. Alstrom took his boys with him and moved to a village called Alaranak, about thirty miles from the mission here. In the meantime, the twins grew in age and wisdom and were sent here to school by their father. They showed themselves good and bright pupils and after a few years went back to their father to help him with the new trading

post he had recently started in Alaranak.

As years went by, the two boys became very clever in handling machinery of all sorts. Their big ambition was to become aviators, so they went to Fairbanks, took their pilot training and came back with their own plane. They have been flying all over the tundra ever since.

As the twins reached manhood, Cupid struck them both at the same time. They fell in love with two school girls of about the same age and after a few months, with the blessing of their father, they decided to marry. So the quartet came over in the twins' plane, and we had a few protracted conferences, fixed the papers and the date for the wedding. As I am Marriage Commissioner for the district there was no difficulty.

The night before the wedding we had the customary rehearsal. The boys being identical twins, I had quite a time to distinguish one from the other. I was never sure which one was Frank and which was Fred and so I placed them carefully, Frank near Domitilla who was to be his wife and Fred near Nelly, his future bride. All seemed to go well during the rehearsal, and I had hopes that all would go very well the next morning; but somehow the twins had exchanged places, and I almost married Frank and Fred to the wrong girls!

(Below) The author, Father Francis Menager S.J., the veteran Alaskan missionary now stationed at Akulurak, is shown with the wedding party.

The wedding ceremony took place before Mass, Frank was duly married to Domitilla, and Fred was married to Nelly; then the two couples brought out their prayer books and their rosary and begged the blessing of the Almighty and the protection of our Blessed Mother on their future married life. Thus does God almighty, our good Father, bring us unexpected joys in the land of the midnight sun.

A happy reunion at St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak, on Easter Monday. The newlyweds are pictured with Mother Antoinette of the Ursuline Sisters whose school at Akulurak is the second largest in the Alaskan mission territory. Mother Antoinette is no stranger to the happy couples for she taught both brides as well as the twins. The Akulurak mission will soon be moved to a new site at Andreaufski for the ground at the first location is almost glacial, ice lying only 18 inches under the soil.



A Day in Talisayan

J. GORDON KOLLER S.J.

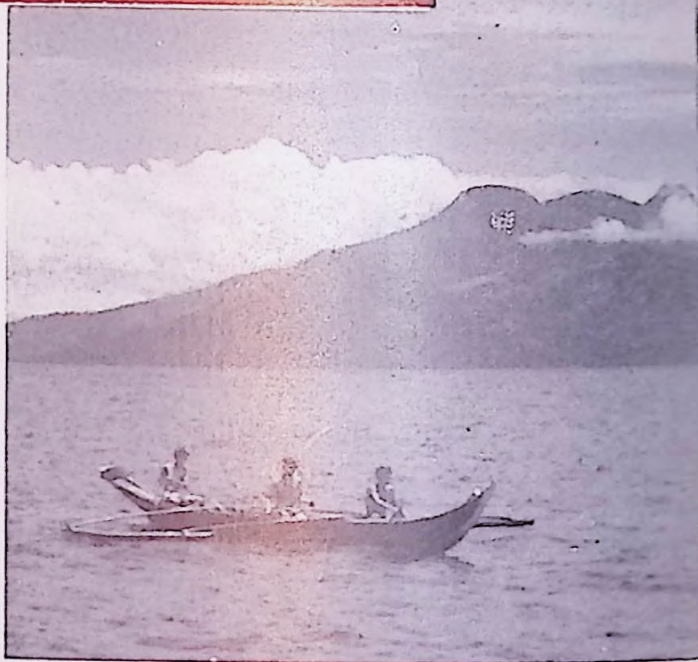


Father Koller

I WISH YOU COULD SPEND a day with us here in Talisayan; you would enjoy every minute. Take today, for example. I woke the convento boys at 4:50 a.m. They must ring the church bell, open the windows, prepare for Mass, clean the convento, prepare breakfast, etc. By 5 a.m. the basketball team was already clamoring for the ball; then before Mass is finished, the smaller grade school children are already beginning to come. From then on until dark at evening, the voices of children are ringing out in play.

But it isn't playtime for everyone. Since the fishing is very poor at this season, you would see my people out during all the day. Right now, without leaving the typewriter, I can see about 100 meters outside my window, a barroto (Philippine small outrigger canoe). The men in and around it

(Above) Across the water looms the maverick volcano of Hibok Hibok on Camiguin Island. (Below) The scene witnessed by the author from his desk.



are gathering in their net, while other men off at a little distance are throwing stones to chase the fish into the net. Very early this morning I saw a barroto coasting silently over the smooth ocean, when suddenly the lone fisherman pulled in his line . . . he had caught a small fish. Yesterday afternoon I saw one lone fisherman who had waded waist-deep into the ocean; he was stealthily advancing in a crouched position with his net prepared in his outstretched arm, and then suddenly he flung in a beautiful and perfect large circle his net, the bottom of which plummeted to the ocean floor. . . . I hope he caught a good supper. Nearer to me along the shore small groups of women and children were turning up the rocks and coral of the ocean bed in search of crabs and sea food for their supper.

Then I looked over to Camiguin Island, which is about 5 kilometers across the water, to see if the volcano was still belching smoke or ashes. Not long ago about 100 people were killed by acid from the volcano.

So you see, there is never a dull moment. That is why my letters are few and far between. During the day it is almost impossible to write . . . so many interruptions; baptisms, funerals, sickcalls, marriages, etc.

If you doubt me, come down and spend a day in Talisayan!



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

JUNE: Solid Christian Formation of Teachers in the Missions

EVER SINCE THE DAY OUR BLESSED LORD gathered the little children about Him and blessed them, the Church has been deeply solicitous to instill in young minds the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. It has always been aware of the fact that the well-instructed child of today is the ardent, intelligent Catholic adult of tomorrow. No sacrifice, no expense has been spared to make possible the proper spiritual formation of the child.

Nor has the importance of the child been overlooked by the enemies of Christ. One has only to recall the "pleasant" persuasions offered to the young by Communistic and other anti-religious groups—socials, clubs, athletic events, insignia and uniforms,—to win them to godless causes.

In missionary countries, a great part of the missionaries' efforts is devoted to the work of education. This is, of course, in no way surprising in view of the influence that the school commands in every missionary land. In undeveloped countries, conversion to Christianity has always kept pace with the intellectual, social and moral evolution of the people, and it is still the missionary who is foremost in bringing civilization to these lands.

In the educational history of the missions, normal schools have always played a most significant role. The missionaries have well understood that along with the formation of the native clergy, the preparation of Catholic teachers was of the utmost importance. For this reason, nearly every mission district has one or more normal schools as well as its minor seminary. Teacher candidates are given a careful preparation during three or four years for teaching in the primary schools. In the Belgian Congo alone, in 1949, there were 55 normal schools training 4,465 teacher candidates. Another example is to be seen in the normal school conducted by the Jesuits in Minieh, Egypt.

Here, teachers engaged and financed by the Association for Catholic Schools in Egypt, are given a thorough training in the doctrines of their faith before embarking on a teaching career in one of the 110 primary schools in the villages of upper Egypt.

Where such well-trained teachers are lacking, other religious groups are zealously at work exercising an influence completely out of proportion to their numbers. In the Belgian Congo, though Protestants form less than 5% of the population, they are able through their schools to reach almost one third of the children of the country.

For many years the missionaries have endeavored to assure these teachers an adequate salary and, in this way, to improve their social standing in the community. However, the temptation is great to abandon teaching for easier and higher paying positions with private colonial firms or with the government. That these teachers may have the strength to make the very real sacrifice of continuing to bring Christ to the young people of these mission countries, is the prayer of the Holy Father and of all fervent Catholics.

A Catholic lay teacher conducts a class in India.



I Am Your Priest



George Bernard Wong S.J. (right) is welcomed to the Jesuit high school in Yangchow where he taught before going on to the priesthood YOU made possible.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER IS ADDRESSED to all the benefactors of JESUIT MISSIONS for it was due only to their generosity that a Chinese youth, George Wong, was ever able to write it. The letter speaks for itself.

“Dear Father Alexander,

“A little over twelve years ago, in the December 1938 issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, you published a letter with the title, ‘A Chinese Jesuit?’ It was an appeal from Father Francis Rouleau S.J. on my behalf so that I might be enabled to follow out my vocation to be a Jesuit and a priest.

“You were most kind indeed to have published that appeal, and the results were astonishing. Your sympathetic readers, (friends ‘sight unseen,’) have been wonderfully generous in their response. It is so Christ-like. By their unstinted sacrifices they have made it possible for me to be what I am now (by God’s grace), a Jesuit. It is

due to their magnanimous cooperation that I was able to make a year of special studies preparatory to my entrance into the Jesuit novitiate at Los Gatos; to cross the Pacific twice—once to enter the Order, and the second time, after my seven years’ studies in the States, to return to my own country as a Jesuit and a missionary. Moreover, their abundant acts of kindness, shown me throughout all these years of my religious education, have been extraordinary, far beyond my worthiness and deserts.

“How can I ever thank them for all their Christ-like charity? How can I ever thank you, Father Alexander, and your staff at JM, for your cooperation that prompted such missionary zeal among your readers?

“Now, with joy and gratitude in my heart, it is my happy privilege to announce to you the day of my ordination to the holy priesthood—May 31st, 1951. The day we have so longed for, prayed for, is to be here in a short month. I know you will rejoice to see that day when, please God, I shall celebrate my first holy Mass.

“Assuredly you will all have a most particular memento in my first Mass and in all the Masses I shall be privileged to celebrate thereafter. Let me say again what I have said to you and to my benefactors more than once before: the share you have in my vocation and missionary apostolate is very intimate and personal. And now you participate in my priesthood, the divine Priesthood of Christ, in a very special way too. For I am your priest, spiritually yours, now and forever,—with the foreverness of Christ’s Eternal Priesthood.”

GEORGE B. WONG S.J.
Shanghai, China



Sacred Heart DEVOTION

in the Missions

You have read on a preceding page the story of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in Comayagua, Honduras. The inspiring heroism of these mountain people in making the Nine First Fridays even at the cost of a four-day trip each month shows the value of cultivating the love of mission people for the Sacred Heart. So in this month of June we ask you for help to purchase the necessary pictures, badges, medals, prayer-cards, hand-books and leaflets for all our missions. About every one of the missions a story like that at Comayagua could be told. We want to encourage this love. We are sure you do, too. A donation of two dollars from you will help us secure the needed equipment. Our Lord Himself has promised that persons who propagate this devotion will have their names written in His Heart and they shall never be effaced from it.

JESUIT *Missions*

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



Afield

WITH

AMERICAN JESUITS

A DAY IN JUNE

There are many things that we simply take for granted. One of these is that June and marriage go hand in hand. Another is that courtship, whether long or short, is somehow necessary. Then there is the very personal question of who will be running the new home. So we hope you won't be too shaken by the report from Francis McGauley S.J. of the Jamshedpur mission in India.

"Manuel, our bearer, went home to get married. He's only sixteen but they believe in 'getting your man' young here, although the bride and groom don't have much to say about it. The families make the choice, set the date, and the two victims keep their fingers crossed. Manuel has only seen his wife-to-be once, two years ago when she passed by with a

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

crowd of other girls. The courtship will begin on their wedding day. One thing about marriages here: it must be the only place in the world where the man gets in the last word. He's complete boss, so my father commented in a letter, 'It must be paradise'."

But one of the first to deny that the paradise was perfect would be Father Bertram Ernst S.J. of Bihar District in another part of India. For years Father Ernst has battled against the child marriages which take place even among the Christians. These marriages have been forbidden under the new government but Father had once expressed the fear that the law would not be enforced. Now he writes.

"Perhaps I will have to take back what I said in regard to enforcing their marriage laws.

A few minutes after the departure of the District Magistrate some of my lax Christians came in with rueful faces. They had been summoned to the police station to answer to the marriage of some of the young children of the family. I was somewhat amused, as I had been urging them a few weeks back not to go through with the proposed attempts. We will see what happens. The parents cannot be changed much but it may save the children. Also the Sunday closing of post offices is more rigidly followed than it was under a Christian government. I use it over the people when they say that they cannot find time to attend Mass. So we keep hoping."

FOR RICHER OR POORER

Father Eugene Fahy S.J., recently appointed Prefect Apostolic of Yangchow mission in China, has also had his troubles with bride and groom.

"One of my catechists has had difficulty in finding a wife. Negotiations were begun for the daughter of a neighbor, a new Christian, but an aunt let fall a remark about the four gold presents, ring, bracelet, necklace and earrings. 'She has pagan ideas on the old customs', complained the catechist. 'She doesn't think like us Christians. Everybody is poor now and all the face business drops out.' I agreed with him. After all, I am footing the bill.

"But I wanted to foot more than the bill when Wang Ken Sao asked Mother Superior to hand me the list of articles necessary for his wedding with Mei Kuei Hua, Little Rosary Flower. The list was nicely typewritten in Chinese and English so I would have no room for doubts. The first part was headed For Bride; two golden earrings, one long cot-

Father Bertram Ernst S.J., missionary in Patna, with parishioner Mary.





Father Eugene Fahy S.J. of the California Province has been appointed Prefect Apostolic of the Yangchow district on the Yangtse.

ton wadded gown, one long unlined gown, one cotton wadded jacket and trousers and one pair of satin shoes. Then For Bridegroom; one long cotton wadded gown, one unlined gown, one pair of leather shoes, one felt hat, two silver rings. Then followed a long list of the furniture the couple would need for their home. I'm afraid Wang Ken Sao is in for a big disappointment even before he marries!"

LIKIEP LURES

The indirect approach to marriage is well exemplified by an incident recounted by Father Thomas Feeney S.J. in one of his inimitable "Letters from Likiep" in the Marshall Islands. Father Feeney had begun a very successful co-operative among the children of his Holy Rosary School. Its success prompted nine young ladies, whom Father immediately dubbed "the nine muses," to

consider a similar organization which might free them from the tedium of washing, mending, cooking, etc. without financial remuneration for the same. So they sat down and thought. As a result they decided on a bakery co-operative. But they had no oven and no money to purchase one. Let Father Feeney tell the rest.

"As they thought they recalled that 'ilikin an Albert' to the rear of Albert's house, Paul Haacke had contrived an oven from two empty gasoline drums. At this point I might warn the reader that in the Marshalls adaptation of means to an end can be frightful in its immediacy. In a body they moved in on Paul and after seven minutes' vigorous application of the subtle rhetoric which is one of God's most potent gifts to woman—even little women—poor Paul was converting not two but six drums into three ovens, capacity per oven seventy loaves of bread, or as the Marshallese put it 'bilawa', corruption of flour, the ingredients for the slices on the platter.

"The duennas of the drums had never heard the word inflation but as we gazed at their third batch of doughnuts, mistaking them for miniature Goodrich tires, we sensed that they had caught the idea. Despite the rapid sale, two doughnuts remained overnight on the counter. By the dawn's early light even the uninitiated could detect that deflation had set in. So they remained on the counter. In time they even became identified with the counter until finally having reached the lowest level in their fall from grace, Edwin the Comic dubbed them Adam and Eve, in doubtful but not entirely disrespectful honor, of those who first speculated and lost."

Father Feeney then lists the astounding number of articles

produced in the bakery over the period of its first year. His final word should be deeply pondered.

"For the nine muses themselves, Flora, Vera and Erna, Margaret, Monica and Donna, Bella, Teresa and Karla, this activity has meant a lease on a new life, has expanded the horizons of self help by corporate action, and since June 1950 has totalled \$1,500 in sales, \$800 in expense, \$700 in profits and three husbands."

HERE AND THERE

Father John Lange has a note regarding the impact of modern civilization on Batticaloa, Ceylon. "Last week one of those jet planes from the Independence Day celebration in Colombo turned up, and went right over the orphanage. The youngsters thought it was the



Father Thomas Feeney S.J. whose missionary experience has included the Philippines and Jamaica as well as a stint on JESUIT MISSIONS as Associate Editor talks things over with Anton de Brunn in front of his rectory on Likiep in the Marshall Islands.

Communists in Retreat

Last October 18th in a well executed series of raids on several sections of Manila, the Philippine Military Intelligence Service, assisted by Manila police officials, rounded up 150 Communist suspects.

The most satisfactory "catch" was made in the Samanillo Building on the Escolta. With this raid in the Samanillo Building the "nerve center" of the Communist movement in the Philippines had been exposed since it included the ranking officials of the "Politburo" — the local Communist secretariat which directs all Huk operations throughout the Philippines.

After careful screening at Camp Murphy, thirty out of the one hundred fifty suspects were sent to the state penitentiary at Muntinlupa in the province of Rizal. This group, charged with rebellion, murder and arson, numbered 21 men and 9 women and included the members of the Politburo, namely the Executive Chairman, the Secretary

of Finance, the Chief of Research and Propaganda (a member of the Philippine Office of Foreign Affairs), the Chief of Military Operations, the Secretary of Organizational Plans, the Secretary of Education and the Chief of Travel and Communications (a woman). Perhaps no group in the world could be considered as less favorable to a proposal to make the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius or anything even remotely connected with the Exercises.

But an approach was made. Father Arthur Weiss S.J. canvassed the group at Muntinlupa and found them not only willing but even anxious to hear a Jesuit expound "the Catholic philosophy of life." At first reluctant to listen to talks on "religion," they later expressed willingness to hear something about God and His relations to society. The next step was to contact the government authorities. The Secretary of National Defense, the Secretary of Justice and the Director of the Bureau of

Prisons granted the necessary permissions and passes. Father Albert O'Hara of the California Province, an exile from the Jesuit missions in China, was also granted permission to give a talk on Communism in China.

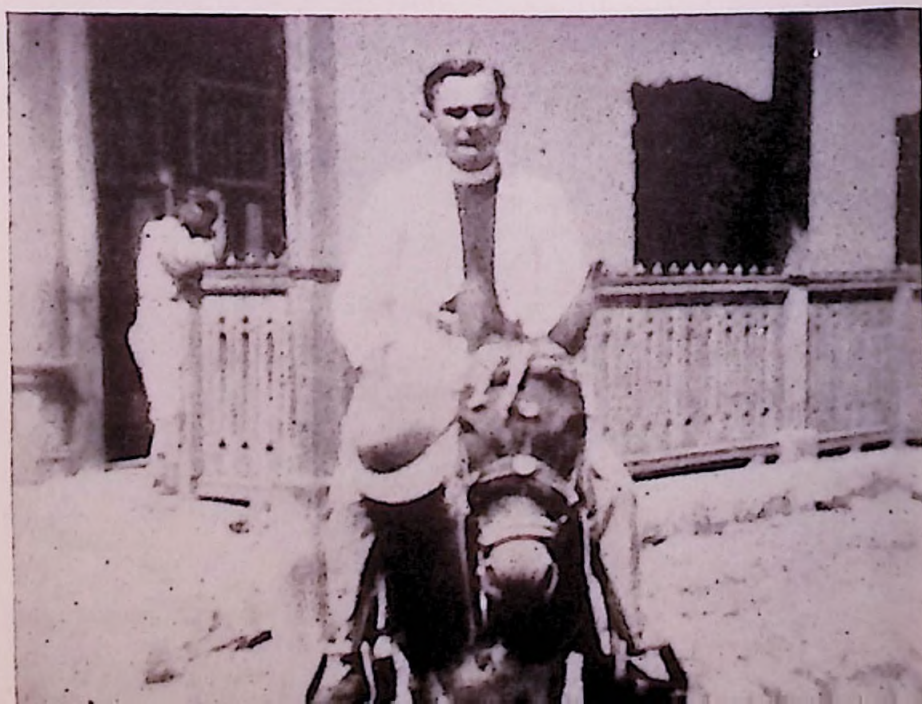
Because there were no trials scheduled for the last three days of Holy Week the "retreat" was to be given on those days. There were four talks each day. As things turned out, interest was so keen that the talks always went over the time allotted and a lively discussion followed every talk. To attend these talks it was necessary that all thirty "retreatants" be released from their cells to which they returned afterwards.

For those who might be interested in knowing what form a "retreat" to Communists might take, the following is a schedule of the talks. **First Day.** The Existence of God (Rejection of Dialectical Materialism and its auto-dynamism). The Existence of a Spiritual Soul (Consideration on Engels' "Material Mind" and Marx's "Conscious Will"). The Use of Creatures (Economic Determinism). The abuse of Creatures (Private

end of the world. They said as much, with tears, in Tamil. Brother Richard had gone out just as the thing appeared and when he returned he found the place in a panic. The small kids were crying, some were hiding under the desks in the study hall, a very tense group were over in the church before the Blessed Sacrament and three others had high-tailed it for home! It took quite a bit of persuasion on Brother's part to calm their fears."

Down in Minas de Oro in Honduras a famous character

Father John Newell S.J., who is the superior for the Jesuit missionaries in Yoro, has to make Dolly do double duty since Golondrina died.



Property and the Maldistribution of Wealth). Second Day. Sin. (Marxian Ethic, the "Class Struggle"). Death. (Fatalism of Materialism). Hell (Communism's False Securities). Heaven ("pie in the sky"). Third Day. Need of Religion ("the opium of the people"). Redemption and Revolution (revolution of the spirit vs. the spirit of revolution). The Two Standards (Christ, Marx). The Final Victory (Love over Hatred).

It was not possible to give the third day of the retreat. At about eight o'clock on Good Friday, towards the end of the evening talk, the prison was alerted. It was learned that the Huks intended to stage a raid whose main purpose was to release the members of the Politburo. Quick action was necessary. All thirty "retreatants" were hurried off to Manila where they were put aboard a ship anchored in the bay.

Father Weiss is at present making contacts with the military authorities and hopes to resume the experiment. By pitting the book of the Exercises of St. Ignatius against the "Communist Manifesto" of Marx and Engels he is engaging the enemy at close range.

has departed from this life. Father John Newell reports, "I have some sad news for you. My mule Golondrina, who has served me so faithfully and long, is dead. Two days ago Juancito announced that she was dying down at the end of the plaza. Before I said Mass I tried, on the advice of the experts, to get her down to the creek in order to bathe her. She was suffering mightily from pain in the stomach. I had to go back for Mass and the experts took over for that time. After Mass another expert sug-



A veteran of many years of service for Christ on the China Mission, Father Leo McGreal S.J. has recently returned to the United States. He had been stationed at the Church of Christ the King in Shanghai.

gested half a litro of rum together with lard but poor Golondrina expired before it could take effect. It is a big loss to me for a good mule costs at least one hundred and fifty dollars down here. And I can't expect to find another one to match Golondrina."

The mention of lard recalls a story by Father Jules Convert S.J. of St. Michael, Alaska. "Knowing I'd be the guest of my parishioners during the next four or five days while visiting them in their small trapping camps, I had taken special care of choosing what to put in my grub box: simple but substantial food, to supplement the Eskimo diet to which a white stomach is slow to get used, and such that it would not cause too much envy or talk among these extremely poor people. Among other things, I had substituted just plain cooking lard for butter, having noticed so far that it was about the only luxury with these folks when they want to change from their tasty seal oil. For two days, nobody paid the slightest

attention to my little private cooking in the igloos where I stopped for the night. But in one of the dirtiest and most destitute of all the igloos I visited on that trip, the folks were amazed to see me spread lard on my bread. One of the men reached for his own grub box and offered me a large can to share with him: five pounds of genuine butter!"

A THOUGHT FOR JUNE

June is the month of dedication—to the priesthood, in marriage, to life's career. It can also be a time for dedication in the life to come by remembering the missions in your last will. Our legal title:

Jesuit Missions, Inc.
962 Madison Ave.,
New York



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Kandy



UNTIL A FEW MONTHS AGO, KANDY WAS just a place with a sweet name.

Over in Batticaloa we Americans knew about the Papal Seminary, knew that Father Glennie had taught theology there after ordination, had been its first American Rector, had come from there back to us as Bishop of Trincomalee. It was a lovely quiet place to make a retreat, and occasionally one of our men was called to give one to the seminarians. Nothing more. Just a place up in the hills with a sweet name. Then one day Father Superior said, "They need an English teacher at Kandy." It's funny how a little thing like that can change your whole attitude towards a place. Now it was "home." I was going to live there!

Everybody knows that Ceylon is the

The Papal Seminary at Kandy in Ceylon was built a half century ago to care for the diocesan priests of India, Burma and Ceylon. (Circle) Bishop Ignatius Glennie S.J. of the New Orleans Province.

Pearl of the Orient and shaped like a pear. Well, then, if you want to find Kandy, just chalk out a large pear on the living room rug. Now you stand in the middle of the pear, just south of center, facing the stem. The stem is Jaffna, about which we have nothing to say, except that most of the five-cent cigars come from there. On your right will be the Eastern Province, Batticaloa, Trincomalee, the whole diocese of Bishop Glennie; on your left, Colombo, the metropolis. Now if you will just kick the tea leaves off your shoes, you will be able to see—yes,

that's right, Kandy, "home, sweet home"!

Seeing Kandy for the first time, you will probably stop to shop in Miller's or Cargill's, two large, well stocked department stores. You will see the Queen's Hotel (Lord Mountbatten slept here); Victoria Park, clipped, geometrical, and precise as a colonel's mustache. These are holdovers from the good old days of "Empire" when all Ceylon was simply Lipton's Tea Garden.

You dodge buses, small cars, bicycles, and rickshas, all on the wrong side of the street, and move down Main on the other side. You pass the jail, the market, dozens of small shops, the Hospital (where six Maryknoll Sisters find it very difficult to keep up with the Dodgers). Eventually you will wind back to the Lagoon and the Temple of the Tooth where you are bound to see any number of head-shaved monks in flowing banana-colored togas. You will have noticed the traffic cops in khaki shorts and jacket, wearing Teddy Roosevelt Rough Rider hats, wide brim turned up over right ear. You might ask one of them where the Papal Seminary is. You stand a fifty-fifty chance of finding out.

Some fifty years ago the Apostolic Delegate for India, Ceylon and Burma, was from Poland, and he liked hills. He liked the hills around Kandy so much that he settled there himself, and built, two miles from

To the author, Father Raywood, Kandy was just a place with a sweet name until it became "home" to him. He appears to be enjoying its flavor.



town, on top of a hill which reminded him of one back home, a Papal Seminary for the dioceses under his jurisdiction. He asked the Belgian Jesuits to take charge. He left to Progress the business of finding a way to climb the hill without wasting half a day. Now there is a black top road and a bus service to Ampitiya, and the Coney Island atmosphere, the driver's jet pilot attitude towards his bus, the traffic and scenery are well worth the ten-cent fare.

The top of the hill is an inverted wash-tub, round and flat. The first building is the new grey-stone, Gothic Chapel under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier. This is connected by a side passage covered with a four story building about five miles long which looks very much like what Archbishop Zaleski wanted: a Polish fortress on top of a hill. Every corner is a crenelated tower from which you expect huge brass cannon to boom out at any minute. The walls are two and one half feet thick, built to last until Judgment Day. Place two B-29's tail to tail and you have something like the shape of the building. One wing belongs to the Philosophers, the other to the Theologians. The Faculty, classrooms, dining room, parlors take up the rest. The insides are caught up and held together by an artery of corridors lined with big broad-chested windows that can draw deep draughts of fresh air. If you like the mountain top view, this is a grand place to live, for you command the adjacent tea, rubber and coconut estates in all directions.

The seminarians who study here represent some thirty different dioceses of India, Pakistan, Malabar, and Ceylon. In recent years Burma has found it difficult to send students. Many of the students have a terrible time with English, and the situation is not improving. India is cutting as fast as she can all ties with Britain, even in the schools.

But meanwhile, in our fortress on the hilltop, we are preparing the men who will some day carry the heaviest burden in the work of the Church in their native lands. They are happy about it, and so are we. For everybody likes Kandy.

GEORGE H. RAYWOOD S.J.



The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

Do you remember the hours spent in teaching your Mary the sign of the cross? You had to be most patient and offer candy or a cookie as a reward. Once the words and actions were coordinated you felt very proud. The next time company came to the house Mary stood in the center of the room and made the sign of the cross. You and dad beamed and everyone applauded.

Consider the hours demanded of a missionary to instruct 25 or 50 children to make the sign of the cross and to learn the fundamentals necessary for their first confession and first Communion. No missionary regrets the time required but he has so many other things to do; he is always building or repairing his church, school or convent; he has baptisms, marriages and funerals and must be ready for an emergency sick call. Hours of time could be saved for so many spiritual and material improvements if only the missionary had qualified catechists.

In the terms of United States dollars the services of a catechists are not high but to a missionary with no dollars they are expensive. If you would send a monthly contribution for the support of a catechist, the apostolate of the missionaries would be more effective.

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

Patna Transportation:

Last November, Bishop Wildermuth of Patna was in an airplane accident. Even at this late date, Bishop Wildermuth is using crutches and is definitely "grounded." With his affliction he finds it very difficult traveling by ox cart and even in trains. He has a tremendous territory to cover and feels that if he had a jeep he could, with comparative ease, reach many of his outlying parishes. A jeep is small but by no means small in price.

We know that many of our readers are not in a financial position to buy a car for themselves much less donate one to Bishop Wildermuth. We thought, however, you might be able to contribute an amount within your means.

Bishop Wildermuth wants something with four wheels while Father Edmund Burke of Mokameh Junction is interested in two wheels—a bicycle. His territory is only part of the diocese and consequently he can reach most of his places within a few hours on a bicycle. To purchase a bicycle in India Father Burke will need approximately \$50.00.

Wheat Wanted:

Two months ago, we published the appeal of Father Loesch for Care packages to provide food for the starving people of his

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

Ceylon and Home Missions
Rev. James C. Babb, S.J.
4439 S. Carrollton Ave.,
New Orleans 19, La.

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Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and
Canadian Indians
Rev. F. J. Costello, S.J.
403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and
Home Missions
Rev. John C. Baker, S.J.
Calvert and Madison St.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

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

mission. Now from Father Astruc of the Madura mission comes the following report.

Many people in that mission are endeavoring to exist on one meal a day. For the children the Sisters can supply one cup of milk at noon but their supply of powdered milk is almost exhausted. Added to the pathetic needs of the people, the priests of the mission are greatly concerned about the shortage of wheat and consequently the impossibility of making bread and particularly hosts. With a permit they are allowed only one bag of wheat every month.

Gratefully Father Astruc will accept a donation to purchase milk for the children, bread for his people and wheat for making the hosts.

Intellectual Starvation:

The following appeal is not as pathetic as the above but it is important. In a recent letter from Father Claude Daly of St. Joseph's College in Trincomalee, Ceylon, he refers to the missionaries suffering from intellectual starvation. Some books published in Europe and the United States reach the local book shops in Ceylon but only those which the importer has a guarantee of selling. In this limited selection the priests find few acceptable books.

A practical solution would be to send \$3.00 to JESUIT MISSIONS. We can apply it towards a membership in the Catholic Book of the Month club. With additional money we can purchase a series of pamphlets for the convert classes conducted by Father Daly and the other missionaries.

Father Linehan, superior of the Ceylon mission, would appreciate a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, latest edition if possible; also the Book of Knowledge series and any other standard reference books.

Altar-Statue:

For the Chapel of St. Rita in the mission of Yoro Father John C. Murphy needs an altar and a statue. He knows that he can have the altar made out of native mahogany at the cost of \$135.00. He is also interested in securing a statue in honor of Our Lady of Fatima. Here again, Father knows the ability of a local artist and also the quality of the wood to be used. The price estimated is \$200.00. Would you be interested in a full or partial payment towards the altar and the statue in honor of Our Lady of Fatima?

Jamshedpur
MISSION NEEDS

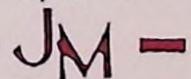


The Maryland Jesuits at Jamshedpur, India, beg the following items for their country mission chapels. As you can see, several needs are for poor children. Small donations help much.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| SUPPORT FOR CATECHIST | \$1.00 |
| PRAYER BOOKS | 2.00 |
| CATECHISMS, ROSARIES, MEDALS | 2.00 |
| ALTAR BOYS' CASSOCKS | 5.00 |
| FIRST COMMUNION DRESSES | 10.00 |

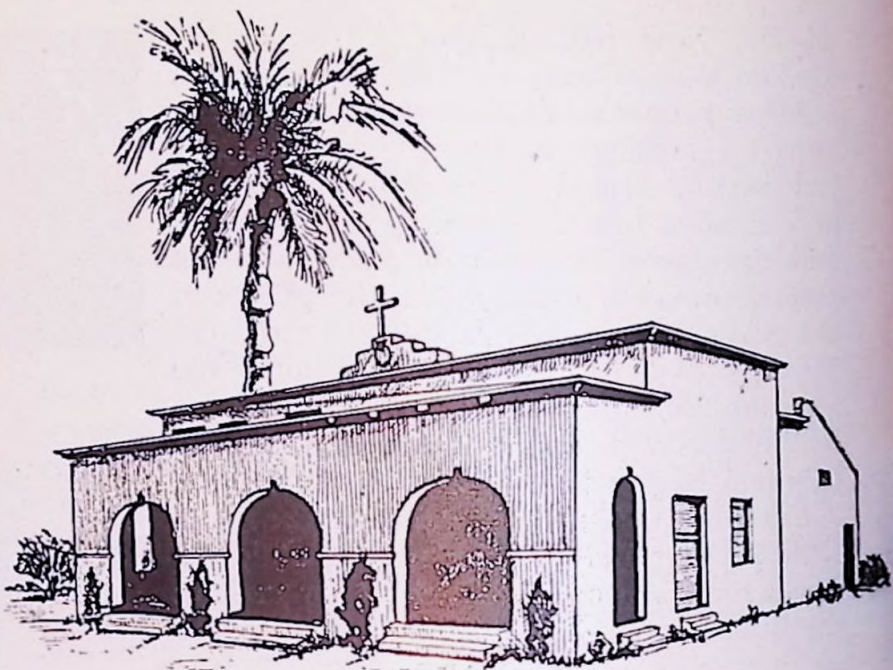
JESUIT MISSIONS

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





The lettering above this altar seems strange to us, but the statue is not. Indian Catholics have the same love we do for Our Lady and Her Son.



A SCHOOL *For Jamsbedpur*

MARYLAND JESUIT STILL BEGS
YOUR AID FOR BANDGAON.



REMEMBER THIS AD? We told you last year of Father John Blandin's struggles to build a combination chapel and school for his people at Bandgaon, Jamsbedpur, India. He asked for two thousand dollars to give Christ an altar-home, and his children a school where they may learn to know and love their faith. Several hundred dollars were donated in response to this appeal. Perhaps you intended to help but something prevented. Father Blandin still needs that help. Your dollar or two will give him real aid in the form of the bricks and mortar and beams he needs. Give now, so you will not forget later. Send your donations to

JESUIT *Missions*

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