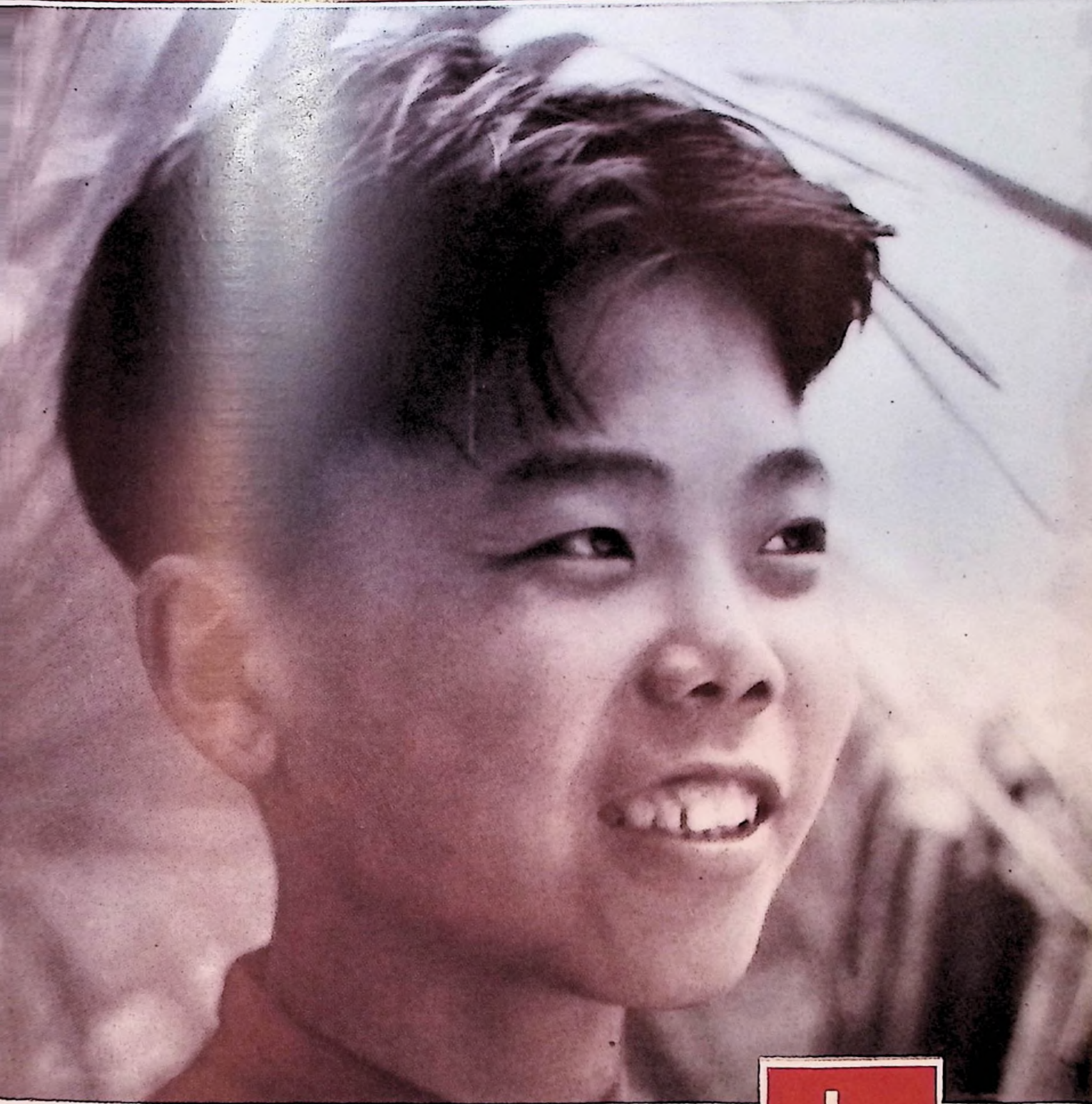


JESUIT MISSIONS

NOVEMBER 1951



FAR EAST SUNSET AND DAWN



JESUIT MISSIONS

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(Left) On a street in Peiping a Chinese beggar has written the tale of his life so that passersby may be moved to help him. The long shadows of sunset accentuate the story of wandering, disappointment, poverty, but not despair.



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In this issue of *Jesuit Missions* you will find a story of courage and faith which would be difficult to equal in these days. We regret that limitations of space prevent us from printing Father Louis Dowd's full account. But one statement of his we should take very much to heart. "I have watched as the West, with America in the forefront, turned the key in the lock of that vast jail (of China)—and then threw away the key. I have listened, as have the enslaved of China, to the verbal shufflings of men responsible for that gesture of open-eyed ignorance and inhumanity. Some day the West will be called to account for that act. Even now, China is an armed camp, full of hopeless men who will fight because they must—and because they want to. The Communists will see to that."

We think Father Dowd's article pinpoints the most important—and the most overlooked—factor in the crisis of today. Neither power nor diplomacy can stop the forces of hell; only the love of Christ is strong enough to do that.



Father Lawrence Haffie S.J. of the Oregon Province hung up his skis and snowshoes in Alaska last summer and headed for New York and his new job as Associate Editor on *JM*. Once before he had done a similar thing. About 15 years ago he had left the claim which he was mining for platinum and returned to Seattle to become a Jesuit. As a missionary he went back to Alaska. Now he knows the country and the people well and he brings that experience to his new job. With his quick smile, he says, "Claims may peter out, but the work of a missionary never does."



Father John Lipman S.J., Mission Procurator for the California Province, has a job replete with heartaches. For the men for whom he must find financial support are the missionaries in China who are undergoing their darkest hours.

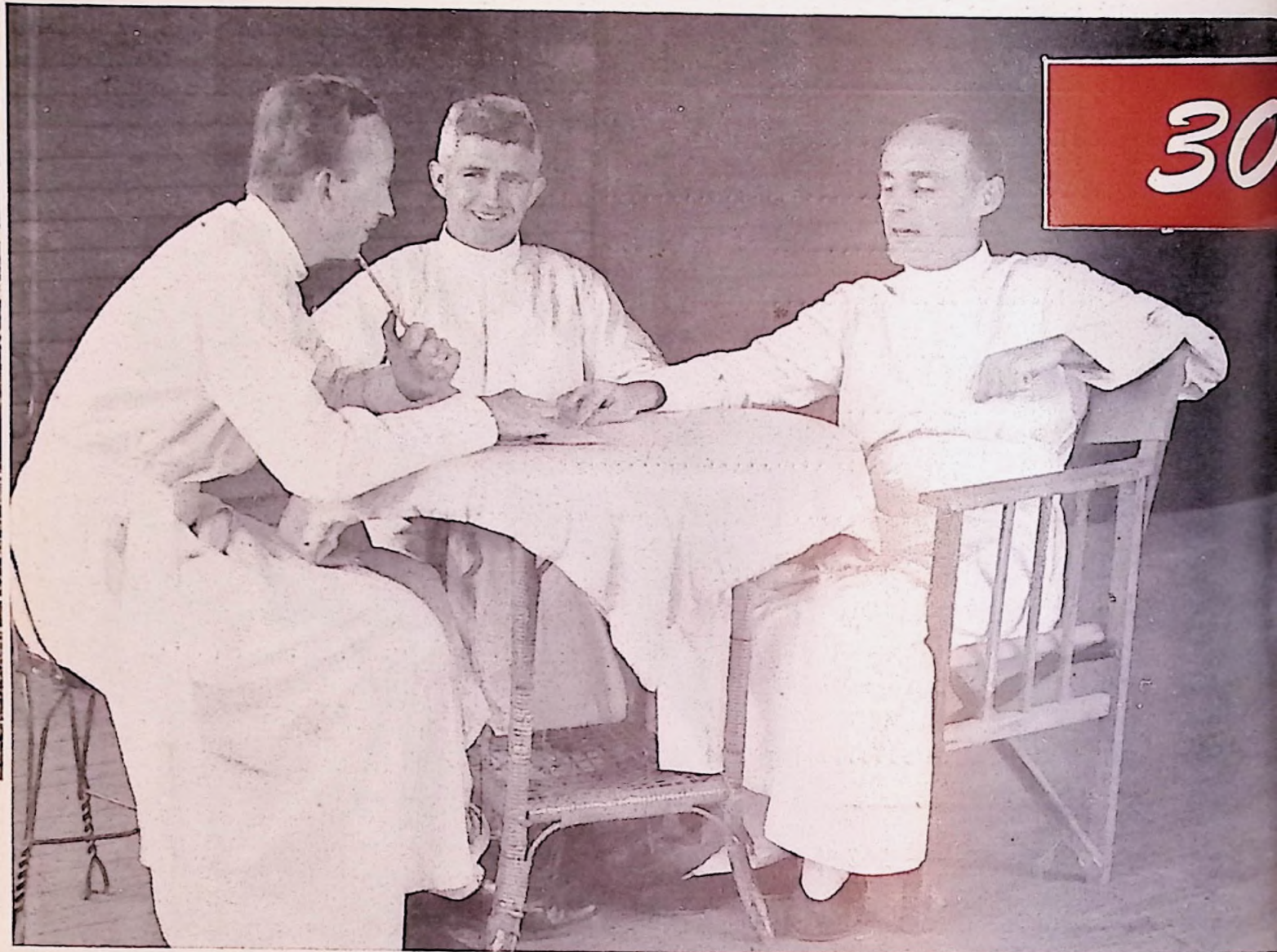


Three years ago he himself returned from China after twelve years in the field. Since then he has had to watch the Communist death grip encircle Nanking, Yangchow, Shanghai, Zikawei. All the time he worked to set up China-in-Exile in the Philippines and to provide for the men driven from their missions. It is no easy job



Father Lipman is well qualified. Shanghai remembers him as the leader of the Relief Committee in the city's most trying hours. But even experience does not lessen the heartaches.

COVER. One of the important things to note in the moving story told by Father Dowd is the age of the youngsters who were loyal to Christ and His Mother. The boy on the cover was on his way to enter the Jesuit school in Yangchow when snapped by Father Fred Foley S.J.



In the Philippines Father Stevenson questions Fathers Murphy and Dowd on their experience with the Reds.

I AM GRATEFUL TO COMMUNISM. AS A CHINA missionary, recently escorted from Nanking to the border at the end of a tommy-gun, I must admit that Communism has given me some of the finest hours of my life. It has brought me within inches of these chilling ultimates—torture and death. The proximity of either has a way of deepening your prayer, a way of casting a hard light into the still dark corners of your soul. I am grateful for that.

But I am especially grateful to Communism for a preview of its ultimate futility. At a time when the free world plays with half measures, when generals pin their hopes on larger guns and louder explosions, and diplomacy stumbles blindfolded, I saw the war waged on a level the West has consist-

ently ignored. And I saw Communism defeated decisively. In Nanking I saw that monstrous apparatus grind to a halt before the unflinching faith of thirty Chinese boys who had a profound vision of good and an uncompromising aversion for the evil that is Communism.

The story and the lives of most of them began in Yangchow, an ancient town directly north of Nanking on the banks of the Grand Canal. During the uneasy peace that followed the Japanese surrender I taught at Chen Tan, our Yangchow middle school. There I met them first. As young pagans they were merged with the lot, neither better nor worse, equally as limited and as indelibly marked by their surroundings.

My part was played in the catechism class, an unscheduled course that left most of them unimpressed. This was not surprising. Their world was a circumscribed affair, bound by a bean-curd shop or a small square of the

LOUIS J. DOWD, S.J.

CHOSE CHRIST

good earth, and ending in the dull finality of death. But the breathtaking vision and promise of the Gospels reached deeply into a few, and the life of the spirit began for them. They were young, seventh and eighth graders by American standards, not yet hardened in the earthy ways of those about them. As the months went by, one after another expressed his desire to become a Christian. With some it was oriental courtesy; with the rest it was conviction. This latter group was to become the nucleus of that band of small stalwarts who would meet Communism head on. A Sodality was formed, and besides a daily instruction they were taught to pray. For the usual reasons, and some not explained—Mary would know—the rosary became their favorite devotion. It was a common sight during recreation to see these young pagans prayerfully pacing the schoolyard, beads in hand, communing with Our Lady. The day would come when those beads would be clutched in trembling, sweaty little hands, a steely circlet of strength as they sat encircled and alone in a mob of 500 raging students.

And then the long awaited came to pass. Yangchow was “liberated” in January, 1949. They came in quietly—grim, disciplined troops who moved with an efficiency never before seen in China. They went about their tasks with friendly smiles and modest competence.

But the tranquil honeymoon was soon to end. Once fairly entrenched and in position the Reds began to move. As a Catholic priest and an American, I was not forgotten. The school was taken in March, and the students immediately subjected to a clever propaganda pattern. The incongruity of a despised “American imperialist” on the teaching staff was pointed out. Pressure was applied, and a petition was soon circulating demanding my resignation. When the signatures were counted, the whole student-body was represented—except my small group. They were guilty of the unthinkable. They had refused to sign.

To say their refusal was a small boy's gesture of loyalty to a friend is not to go deep enough. It was, surprisingly, more than that. In some dim way, call it grace, they knew that any concession to Red demands meant a fatal loss of integrity. Others around

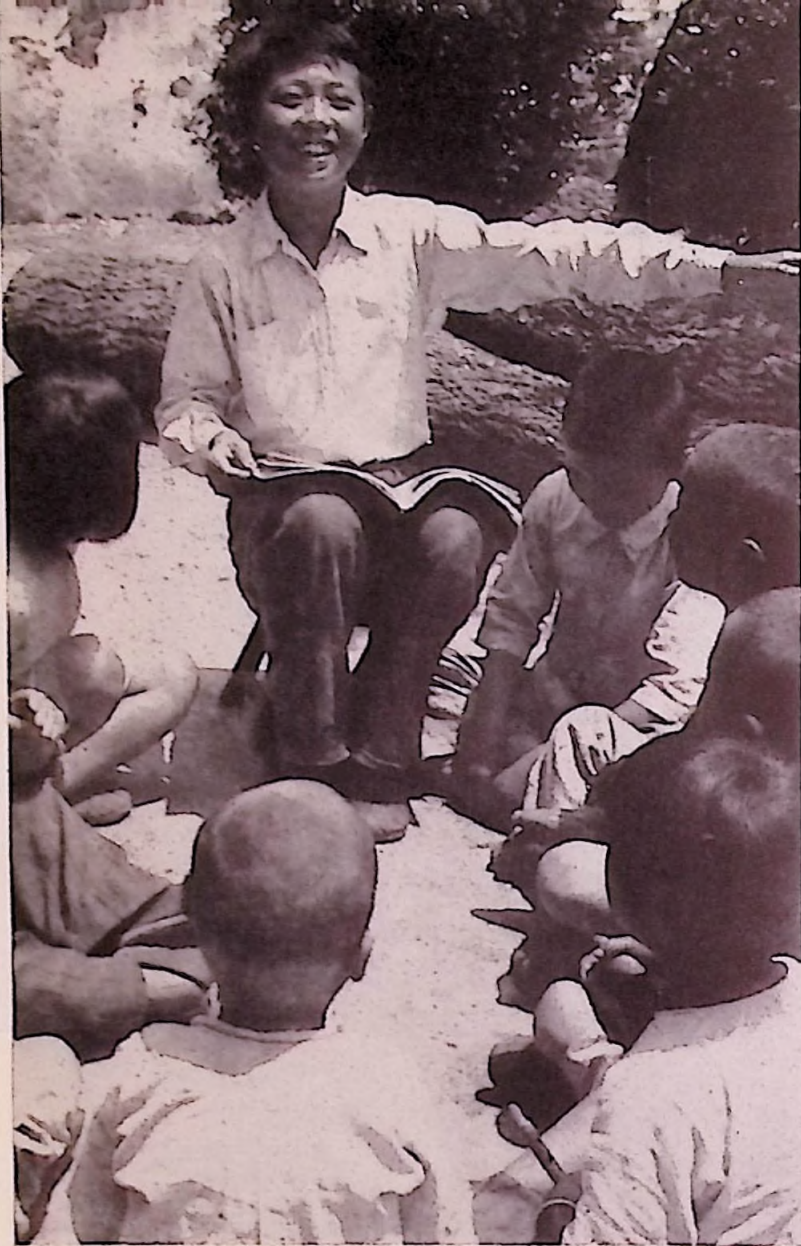
them had bowed to the new Mecca in Moscow, and they saw them possessed body and soul. With courage and insight beyond their years they chose the Master they would serve. Weeks of smiling overtures, veiled threats, the pleadings of parents, the bitter censures of fellow students, failed to move them.

The school term ended before more serious pressure could be applied. During the summer, the Communists were too occupied with major control problems to continue their efforts to break a band of obstinate boys. Then in August I made a decision, dangerous for all of us, but one that proved successful. With frightened parental consent and agreement among the boys, fifteen in number, they were moved piecemeal to Nanking.

As soon as possible, I began what was later termed “counter-revolutionary activities.” In other words, we got down again to the vital business of prayer, instruction, and a study of the menace that threatened more than their lives. By careful selection, the Sodality grew to an earnest thirty, the majority of them young pagans under instruction.

And then it came. In December, 1950, the busy commissars finally got around to Hung Kuang. The school was a propaganda prize. It was Catholic—an abomination in the “People's” heartland, and it was run by Americans whose compatriots were aggressively pushing back Red China's best in Korea. With a firm grip on the city, the Reds were riding high and expected no trouble from us. They launched their campaign with the now familiar drive for signatures. Our students were urged to sign in order to rid the school of the six Jesuits now in possession. The drive lasted a week. There were thirty non-signers.

What happened to us after that, happened to no other school in Nanking. Not even the Communist schools in the city received such a merciless pounding. Ordinary classes were suspended. The students were subjected to



One of Father Dowd's thirty boys who were loyal to Christ engages in "counter revolutionary propaganda" by teaching catechism in Nanking.

an intensive course of party indoctrination, such as is only reserved for Red Staff Training Institutions. Marxism, with its twisted facts and fantasies, became the daily and nightly diet. There were special classes, discussion groups, supervised reading, endless rallies, war games, etc. Through all this, as expected, the Sodalists were given special attention.

When the Communists eased back to gauge the results of their drive, they found the boys in even stronger opposition. The incessant pressure had forced them into new and far more luminous depths of prayer. The petitions of the Lord's Prayer had become the real concern of their lives: God's glory, Kingdom, and His holy Will. And the rosary? In open contempt of hostile eyes that watched their every move, they strolled about our courtyard with beloved beads in hand. This was reported at a Retaliation

Meeting. "Every noon, in the garden of the Jesuit residence, the boys of the so-called Sodality of Our Lady, are seen with their hands bound in chains. There is an American imperialist driving them from behind. They are slaves, and we ask the government to take the necessary means to free them." The group was amused with the wording of the charge. "We are Her slaves," they told me, "and we have no desire to be freed from our chains—our rosaries."

The commissars were perplexed, but more determined than ever. Direct attack had failed; it was time for the subtle move.

A grand religious rally was quickly organized in support of the Church Independence movement, and other schools were ordered to participate. The Sodalists were to be forced by pressure of numbers to take sides—for the American imperialists, or for the Independent Catholic Church, for China and her people. High ranking Reds were to preside and the press was invited. Evidently, this was it. And every Sodalist knew it.

Since none of us dreamed of how we would be hit, there could be no special preparation for the way the blow struck. Past masters of surprise and shock, the Communists had made a conquest, calculated to sweep the Sodalists off their feet. The prin-



cipal of the school, a loyal Catholic greatly admired and trusted by the boys, had sold out completely. The opening of the rally found him standing, first to speak, playing out the Judas-role. The boys were stunned as he began:

"Now at last I know the truth about these American priests. They have treacherously deceived the Catholics of China and are betraying our beloved country into the hands of the Wall Street war-mongers. Today I wish especially to warn the Sodalists of Our Lady. They have been duped. I ask them to open their eyes before it is too late. I do not wish them to deny their faith. Expelling the Fathers is purely a political issue. I am a loyal Catholic, as all know. But I am also a loyal citizen of China, and will not see her fall into American hands. I ask the Sodalists to show their love for their country and to ascend this platform and accuse these so-called priests."

That, delivered in a wavering voice, was the speech of the unhappy apostate. He stood expectantly, listening to the thunderous applause and the mounting cries of "Ascend, ascend!" Hunched in their seats, the shocked and frightened boys clasped

It was Communist classrooms like this one in Yenan which brought a hitherto unknown kind of conqueror to the southern parts—competent, disciplined men.



their beads and prayed, "Sweet Mother of God, pray for us sinners, Now . . ." The moments went by, each a fearful age of time. The hall shook with the stamping and shouting of impassioned students. But no one arose. Though the focus of terrible attention, the little ones held grimly to their seats and prayed their broken prayers. We were not accused that day. It was a victory that Mary alone could claim.

Since moral pressure had failed, the Reds were bound to play the tyrant's last card—force. Knowing that, I moved to trump their ace. As once before, I contrived to have most of the group fade from sight before the secret police swooped in. Twelve, who had long expressed a desire for the priesthood, made their way to seminaries in different localities. Others simply vanished through closing cracks in the bamboo curtain. Two were caught and held, the president and secretary of the Sodality. Their one hope had been to serve God as priests.

We were hidden away in the infirmary. For the few who remained it was the last meeting, the most memorable of all. We said the rosary together, the Sorrowful Mysteries this time, as tears flowed unchecked. When the last bead had slipped through trembling fingers, the president rose.

"Two of us will be jailed tomorrow. We have no intention of accusing the Fathers. We hope, through the intercession of Our Lady, to be loyal to our consciences and our Church, come what may. We have lived the Joyful Mysteries together in Mary's Sodality. Now we are about to begin our own Sorrowful ones. For Christ, our Master, it was the agony of the Cross, and for Mary the long agony of watching His. Their way shall be our way to the Glorious Mysteries our hearts so long to enjoy. Pray for us."

As was the custom, he appointed the apostolic works for the coming week. With a smile he commissioned himself and the secretary "to visit the prison." Was this a boy speaking, this youngster with the quiet smile and clear, determined eyes? The Reds would never shatter that sort of steel.

Not long after we were ordered out of China. In two short days I had left behind me thirteen years of happy work, my heart, and thirty boys. How many of them are now in prison or dead, I do not know. But this I do know. The Reds may have taken their lives—but they have not taken their souls. Thirty chose Christ—He will not let them go.



Sacred Heart statue stands unharmed amid debris in Jesuits' residence. The roof of St. George's College is gone and windows are gaping holes.



Bishop and Superior inspect ruins



The \$850,000 Wind

THE HURRICANE THAT RAVAGED JAMAICA on the night of August 17th-18th was the most devastating in the Island's mission history. One night of terror lay waste much of the product of a hundred years of patient building. The damage amounted to more than \$850,000. Three different phases of the storm's impact have been described by Jesuit missionaries who must sow again where the whirlwind reaped.

Father Francis Buck of Saint George's College, Kingston, tells of what transpired in the Faculty Residence:—

"A gentle wind from the west blew up about nine p.m. It blew but a few minutes, then it drifted away. Fifteen minutes later the hurricane struck. It hit with full fury from the very first. We had gathered in the scullery, a solid room with brick walls and small windows set just below the roof. But the raging wind tore open one window after another. Rain with the force of a firehose drove through the open windows and the wind began to pry the roofing loose. We retreated from the scullery in search of a dryer and safer place.

"Our flashlights were of little use, for they could not penetrate the heavy curtains of water that enveloped us. Father Rector groped along the wall to the chapel to make sure that the altar and tabernacle housing the Blessed Sacrament were secure and dry. The altar was in a safe spot but the rest of the chapel was a shambles from wind and rain pouring through the unhinged door.

"At ten-thirty the fury of the hurricane was still unspent. The wind was still pounding at the walls and tearing gaps in the zinc and asbestos roofing. Streams of water were pouring through the ceilings of every room. But we had found a safe retreat in the first floor shower room and behind its solid concrete walls we sat, soaking wet, on the cement floor to wait out the storm. We could only conjecture what was happening to the other buildings on the campus. For asbestos shingles and sheets of zinc were whistling through the air like murderous scythes, making it impossible to venture out of doors.

"By two o'clock on Saturday morning we were able to begin the Holy Sacrifice. Then

we could only wait and pray until the dawn should reveal the awful prospect of destruction round about us."

Across the city of Kingston, the Alpha Orphanage and Industrial School of the Sisters of Mercy housed 800 boys and girls in its various buildings. It was in the Junior Home for the little boys that the storm took its greatest toll. *Father William Feeney* recounts some of the harrowing details:—

"The Junior Home was a large, one story frame building whose principal room was the dormitory where 103 small boys were lying awake, fretful and apprehensive. Sister Thecla was in charge, assisted by Sister Xavier. Both are small in stature and frail in build, but they were giants on that night.

"When the storm burst, Sister Thecla tried to reassure the children. She lighted two hurricane lamps and placed one in the middle of the room and the other along the south wall where the youngest children were. Joined by Sister Xavier and two Senior boys,

Part of the boarding school at St. George's College in Kingston, revealing damage to the roof.





The Alpha Orphanage, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, suffered the greatest damage from the hur-

ricane. On the morning after the tragedy the laborious task of cleaning up the debris is begun.

Charles Clerk, 18, and Fitzroy Davis, 15, she knelt in prayer among the children. A hundred small and trembling voices began the Creed. Before it was finished, the north wall of the dormitory was driven in with a thunderous crash. The hurricane lamps blew out. From then on utter darkness added to the horror.

"The children leaped from their beds and crawled as best they could to where the Sisters called to them on the south side. They crushed about them in the darkness to grip their hands and arms and skirts. By shouting names and feeling for their heads Sister Thecla tried to account for all the youngsters. She sensed that a fourteen-months-old baby was missing and cried out to Charlie and Fitzroy who groped among the debris and found the infant under a cot, lying in six inches of water, but unhurt.

"During all this time the prayers of the children continued, growing more pitiable in their frantic tones. Decades of the rosary were said. Then they kept repeating 'Jesus mercy: Mary help!' At last, and without prompting, their ingenuous cry rose to heaven—'Jesus, stop the storm!'

"It really seemed that this last prayer prevailed. For after this the worst of the storm had passed, though squalling winds and driving rain continued. A rescue party from the Senior Home and St. Joseph's Hostel for young men was able to get through and bring the children to a place of safety. Three young lives, however, had been snuffed out. A crashing roof beam had sent two to

heaven; a falling wall the third. But to have seen the shambles in the morning light was to marvel that the storm took only three of Sister Thecla's children."

It is the Island's shepherd, *Bishop McEleney*, on whom the ruins of the storm weigh most heavily—and his is the deepest anxiety for his stricken flock. His Excellency writes:—

"A pathetic instance of the fury of the winds was the case of a mother rushing from a falling home with her baby in her arms. As she faced the winds, the child was blown from her grasp into the wild night to disappear forever.

"The damage to the mission has been appalling. We have suffered the loss of about one-third of our entire holdings throughout the Vicariate. The most severely hit was our Alpha Orphanage and Industrial School run by the Sisters of Mercy. Their losses are staggering and irreparable. Saint George's College, run by our Jesuit Fathers, was next.

"We set up relief stations in various parishes and the pastors are taking care of the homeless in their schools and churches. We were able to shelter 17 in our own house here. Much could be written of the efforts of the Fathers and Sisters and Catholic people to aid in the works of charity and reconstruction.

"For the moment, we ask your prayers that our efforts might be successful and we implore alms of all who can aid us by ever so little to cope with the crisis that Almighty God in His providence has sent to test us."

Jojobera Has a Future

JOJOBERA IN JAMSHEDPUR, INDIA, is only part of a parish. It has an interesting, though short, history. Sometime in March 1949 a few Catholics in the area asked to have Mass in a place where most of them could attend. Their proper parish is about five miles away, and since most of them work a seven-day week it was impossible for them to practice the devotion of the 52 Sundays. So Father John Holland S.J. started with a total of twenty-eight people. Mass was celebrated on the verandah of Mr. Duffy's house, with the women in the shade and the men in the sun. Mr. Duffy, a very fine Catholic, came over from Ireland when he was about 18 months old and now has an Indian wife and a little daughter.

When I was assigned to Jamshedpur I started going to Jojobera last January. I found that we now had a house for Mass. It's a good sized hall which holds about 150 people on the feasts of Easter and Christmas, the only days when the whole crowd is able to get to Mass. Now we average about 45 Communion each week out of a congregation of about 70.

Don't get the picture of a States-side parish. Oh no! The men earn between \$12 and \$24 per month and think they are doing well. The Sunday collection averages about fifty cents. Men and women use different sides of the hall. No pews. And the men run the place. I get there about 45 minutes before Mass and start to hear confessions. By that time the three sacristans, (men, of course) have started to set up the altar. Others are out picking wild flowers and putting them in vases. When flowers can't be found they use paper flowers made by a man in the locomotive works. All the women do is sew the altar cloths. Men do everything else.

The people, mostly Adabasis from Chota Nagpur, have a traditional system of government which, in a sense, handles the business of my "parish". It's called the "panchayat", or committee of five. They talk things over with me, with each other, with the people, back and forth. Then, when there is general

EDWARD H.
DINEEN S.J.



agreement, they make me their proposition. Whenever money is involved, they assess every wage earner a few annas, (about five cents), and buy what is needed. It's a great system.

Right now we're dickering for a plot of land to build a school and church. The men will do the building themselves in their spare time. The walls will be mud. The roof is a question since some money will probably be involved. The place we're using now has several disadvantages.

We're not sure we can keep it; it was severely damaged during a heavy wind storm and is now propped up with poles; and it is not centrally located. The new place we have our eyes and prayers on will reach 100 people and be closer to their homes.

Some of the men are very apostolic. They spend hours of their scanty leisure time in spreading the doctrines of the Church among their friends and in seeking out newcomers to the area. Say a prayer that we keep our fine spirit and grow. Jojobera has a future.

The first Mass in Jojobera is offered by Father Holland on the veranda of Mr. Duffy's cottage.



Land of CHILDREN



Here are six good reasons to bolster the author's thesis that the hope of Japan lies in her children.

JAPAN IS TRULY A LAND OF CHILDREN. THEY are everywhere. There is no street that has not hosts of them along the curbstone, and from every house tiny faces peep out to smile at the passing stranger. They are of course much smaller than their elders, which brings them close to Orphan Annie's "mite size", but their energy and the warmth of their smiles are in strong contrast to the size of their little bodies.

Although the country is very poor in a material way, it has a store of wealth in the simple and natural ties of affection within its families. The Japanese have to this day never lost the art of finding happiness and

contentment within the family circle. Affection is lavished and affection is returned. Out of their slender means they contrive to give everything they have to one another. Festivals are frequent, and Japanese boys and girls learn to look forward to these as children in more Christian lands do to Christmas or the feast of St. Nicholas. There is a special festival once a year just for boys, and another just for girls and their dolls. Toy shops are ubiquitous, and the toys, although cheaply made, are brightly colored and attractive. In a country which has a passion for reading, the children have almost as many books as their elders.

Japanese parents take their responsibilities seriously; they train their children conscientiously, but one does not have to be in the country long to see that, pagan though they are, they long ago mastered the principle that love is stronger than fear. This is the secret of the strength and beauty of their family life, and ultimately the reason why they have been able to rise at all after the disaster brought upon them by their misguided leaders. When all else was lost they still had one another, and upon the family they could build again. It is always true that love shows itself most clearly in what it does, and as we watch the care with which these Japanese parents train the rising generation, we cannot doubt that it connotes great love, nor fail to see in that love a seed which we hope one day to bring to flower in the charity of the full Christian life.

But love which is truest is also most exacting. The Japanese do not spoil their children, and they do not spare pains to fit them for useful lives ahead. One afternoon as I was walking with a companion, a Jesuit from Czechoslovakia, through the hills, a group of four or five little boys and girls came down the path toward us. All of them were about seven years old. They had been sent to gather firewood, and each had a bundle of light fagots and branches as big as himself strapped to his back. Chattering merrily, until they caught sight of foreigners in such strange parts, they passed us by with wide black eyes and solemn faces and went on down to their homes. On another day and here in Yokosuka, three little girls in ankle-length kimonos passed along the sidewalk nearby. Each had a little brother or sister strapped to her back exactly as mother so often carried the baby, and as she herself would one day carry children of her own. The need for such diligence in the youngsters is taken for granted. Play is not left out, by any means, but Japanese children learn to work as early as they learn to play.

The economic stress in Japan is such that unless they are taught to be diligent as children they will not survive as adults.

Babies are lovable anywhere, perhaps because they are so newly come from the creative hand of God. They pluck at our heartstrings, somehow. The proud parents take their chief delight for the time being in

describing the features of the new-born child to anyone who will listen. Although the baby's redness is a point generally omitted in such description, in Japan the very word for baby, *akambo*, means "the red fellow," as if the Japanese considered that the most characteristic quality of the newest member of the family. He is treated very well in Japanese homes, for the baby is the hope of a new generation. He is loved and made to feel that he is loved, but he is not spoiled. As in so many other branches of Japanese life, custom partly governs the care of baby too. For instance, the Japanese mother almost invariably carries her baby, not in her arms, but on her back. Two bands of cloth tied around both of them keep him from slipping, and thus the lady of the house has her hands free for shopping or for work.

So much for a few words of description of the little ones in this land of little people. Japanese children are much like children the world over, and Japan's hope, like the hope of the world, is in its men and women to be. But they are blessed with an especially intense curiosity, these boys and girls of the Land of the Rising Sun. They will appear from nowhere, and in crowds, to gaze at you in wide-eyed wonder as you walk along. Young as they are they have caught something of the fever of a nation which finds its heart empty of all save shadows, and doesn't yet know what will best fill it. Families are poor, some of them desperately so, but the little ones seem to realize instinctively that they were somehow intended to be happier than they are. Hope springs eternal in the human breast and defeat in war has not snatched hope for better things from the hearts of the Japanese. Little wonder, then, that the boys and girls, to whom

past years of war have little meaning, are brighteyed with hope for the future and whose hearts long for a love which only the coming of Christ can bring. Everywhere we turn in Japan we meet with that yearning. We need a hundred more missionaries to fully satisfy it and to win into the kingdom of Christ this Land of Children.



Nilavelly's Martyr

EUGENE J. HEBERT S.J.

ELIZABETH WAS A CATHOLIC OF THE VIL-
LAGE of Nilavelly near Trincomalee,
Ceylon, but not the kind that delights
the heart of Christ. She was living with a
Buddhist named Malli, without having been
properly married. They had a child, a girl
six months old. But Christ had plans for
greater things than this for Elizabeth and
grace began to win back a wayward human
heart soon after Father Simon Arulappah S.J.
began his weekend visits to Nilavelly. The
parish priest had found it difficult to visit
his many mission stations as often as once a
month. Now that Father Arulappah's long
priestly studies were over and his weekends
free from teaching class at St. Joseph's in
Trincomalee he was happy to be able to offer
Sunday Mass for the people who had been
so long neglected.

He went to see Malli and Elizabeth as
soon as he found out about them. The Bud-
dhist was unmoveable. He would never
allow the child to be baptized. But Eliza-
beth saw her mistake. She took the child
and went to live with her mother.

The next Sunday Father Arulappah was
surprised to see a familiar face at the com-
munion rail. He wasn't certain that this was
Elizabeth receiving Communion before her
confession. It might be her sister. But after
Mass Father discovered that it had been
Elizabeth. In her innocence she had done all
that the Father had told her by living with
her mother and caring for the child. She
was here to make arrangements to have the
child baptized. After being tactfully told that
she must go to confession she humbly re-
ceived the sacrament.

It was two weeks before Father Arulappah
was able to visit his parish again. The people



Father Simon Arulappah S.J. (left) chats with Father James Babb S.J. on the occasion of the latter's visit

had a sad tale to tell him this time. Malli
did not like being balked by the priest and
being made to live alone. One morning he
bought a bottle of arrack (the local whiskey
made from coconuts) and borrowed a shot-
gun. After drinking most of the arrack he
went to the house of Elizabeth who was
cooking hoppers, a kind of pancake made
with rice flour instead of baking flour. Malli
tried to persuade her to come and live with
him again. She refused. She must do as the
Father told her. He wanted to take the
child but she would not hear of it. Then
he took the gun and shot her at close range.
In a panic he began chasing Elizabeth's
mother and the other women about the
place. All the men of the village were work-
ing in the fields at this hour. Fortunately a
car with some naval policemen passed along





to Ceylon. As Mission Procurator of the New Orleans Province, Father Babb has 42 missionaries to support.

the little used road and saw the commotion. As they stopped to investigate Malli pointed the gun at his head and ended his life.

Thus the humble town of Nilavelly has offered to God a martyr. Father Arulappah found a sinner and gave God a repentant and determined Magdalen. Eizabeth chose death rather than offend God. In her simple straightforward manner she expressed it, "I must not do it because Father told me it is wrong."

This is a splendid example of Father Arulappah's influence. He knows his own people and they understand him. His kindness and sympathy in helping his less fortunate people has enabled him to win their confidence. Today he is their pastor and the faith in Nilavelly is in good hands.



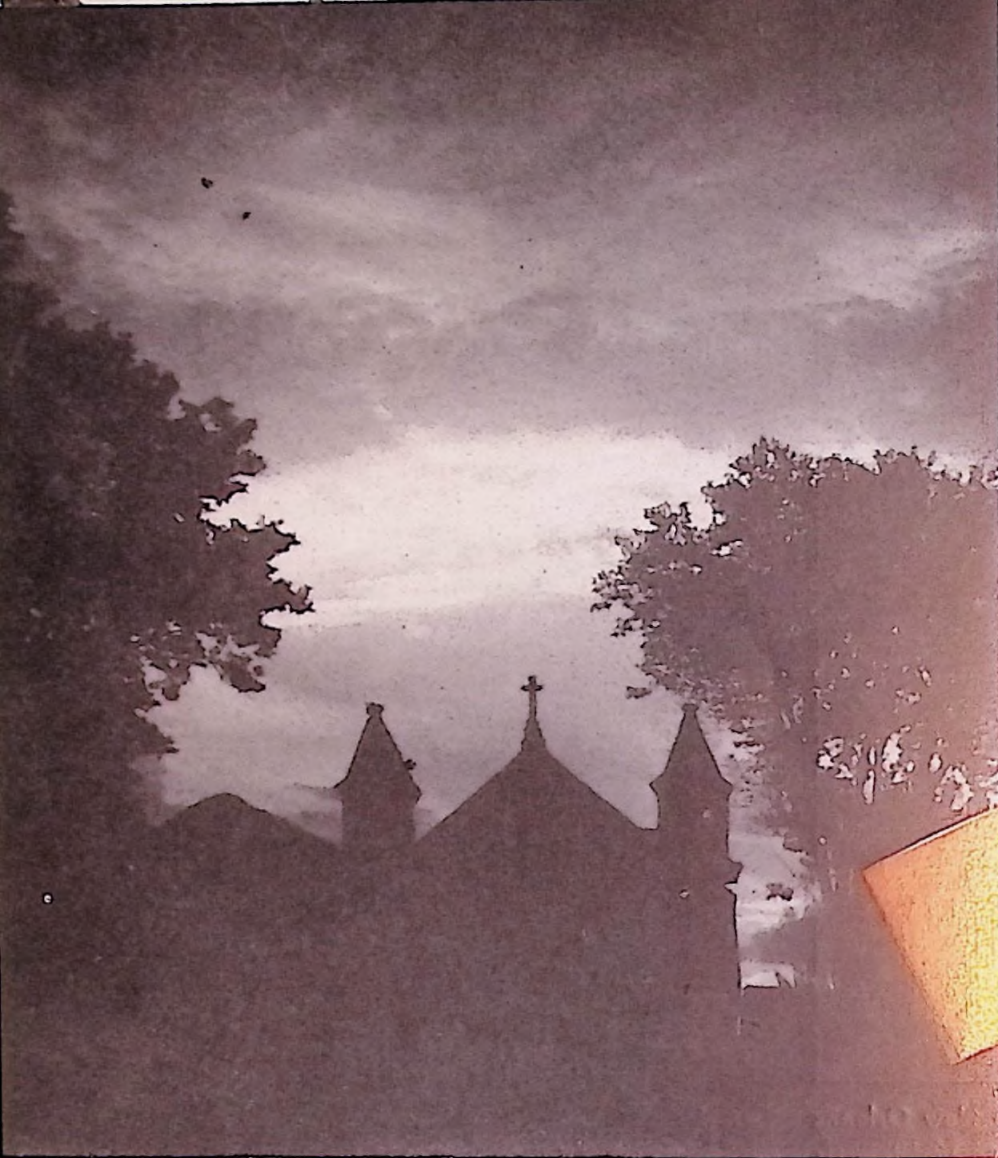
Come, follow me

WE WILL READ IN THE GOSPEL FOR THE first Sunday in November the story of Christ's calming the storm on the Sea of Galilee. It was not such a furious storm as the hurricanes that sometimes sweep our coasts. For Galilee is really a sea in miniature. Its greatest width is a mere seven miles and its longest axis a mere fourteen. But, like the mountains and plains of the Holy Land to which great events have given significance out of all proportion to their modest dimensions, its inland waters loom large by contrast to the flat and arid deserts that lie beyond.

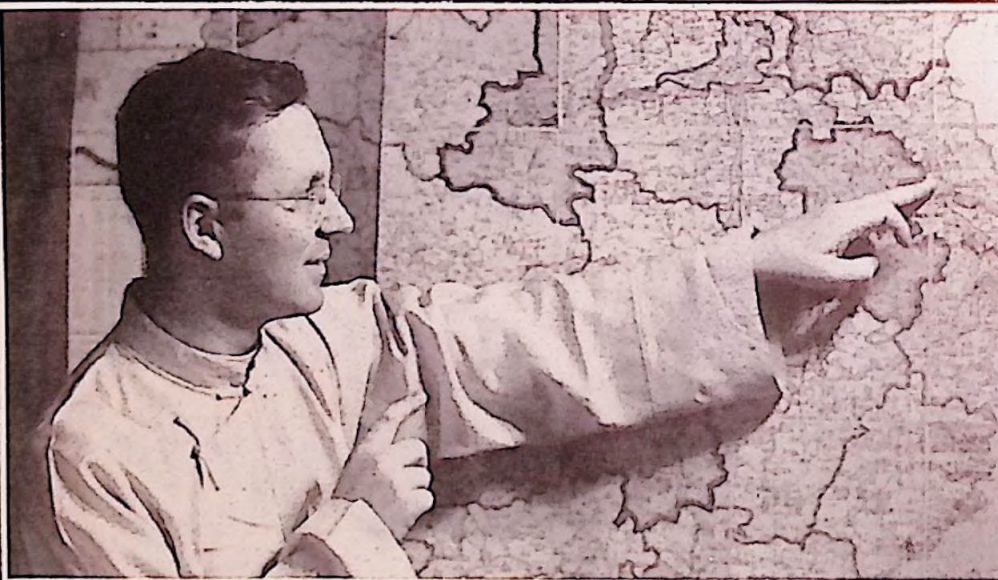
Yet there is a peculiar violence to the sudden storms that rise on the Sea of Galilee. The surface of its waters lies in a torrid basin six hundred and fifty feet below sea level. It is girt by a ring of mountains, down whose slopes currents of cool air suddenly rush to strike the hot and lazy atmosphere that floats on the sea's surface. Turbulent gusts of wind are set loose by this clash of contrasting temperatures and Galilee seethes with a rush of angry, wind-whipped waves that envelope the small and shallow boats of sailing fishermen.

The divine power that stilled the wind and waves on that night of storm was not revealed for the apostles alone. Their plight was but a symbol of the angry tempests that would rise against Christ's church and the anxious tensions that would sorely try the souls of His elect. We must ever be mindful of His saving presence. For faith in His watchful care is our key to peace. To fail in that is to share His censure—"Why are you fearful, o ye of little faith?"

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



Sunset and



(Upper left) Sunset over the church in Yangchow, once the center of the American Jesuits' mission. (Left) Father Paul O'Brien, Superior of the Jesuits in exile, points out on the map the abandoned mission. (Lower left) Farewell to Shanghai! (Lower right) The end of the road—and a dream. But in Japan Father John Hughes (right) and his fellow missionaries face the future with smiles.



CORJESI
CENRUE
DINICHI
CORNICI
V

Dawn



THE R. EAST



THE DARKNESS IS SETTLING DOWN IN CHINA. The foreign missionaries have been driven from their posts and forced into exile. In the Philippines the Jesuits of the California Province await the passing of the night which closed in on years of labor and dreams.

But across the Yellow Sea the dawn is bright. In Japan the harvest is ripe and the missionaries there are striving to reap its fruit while the golden hours last.

Sunset and dawn; Good Friday and Easter Sunday; tragedy and triumph. Remember God's soldiers in the Far East.





We Mousetrap COBRAS

DAVAO IN THE PHILIPPINES, SIX DEGREES above the equator, was having one of its hottest summer days. But a telegram announcing the unexpectedly soon arrival of Fathers Hudson Mitchell and Joseph Smith managed to shake us out of our tropical lethargy. The seven Jesuits at the Ateneo de Davao were living in temporary quarters and two more men could not possibly be squeezed into our present setup.

The difficulty was solved by a little makeshift cottage, hot as an oven during the daytime due to its uninsulated tin roof. The cottage is only twenty yards from our main building so we hastily made it ready for occupancy. In our rush of preparation we overlooked the surrounding thick wall of ten-foot cogon grass which also has its occupants.

Fathers Richard Cronin and John Montenegro volunteered to move to the cottage, feeling that the newcomers might find it



Two of the new Jesuits were allowed to spend their first night in a cottage. (Insert) Father Hudson Mitchell's first gift was 16-foot python.

rather a sudden change after the land of skyscrapers and snow. Their first night in the new residence was not a lonely one. Rats galore resented their intrusion and one, almost as big as a cat, seemed to consider it a personal affair, according to Father Cronin.

"A trap!" suggested Father Montenegro in the long-awaited dawn. So later in the day a trap was bought. In the absence of all cheese, roasted nuts were used for bait and the trap set. The hunters theorized that once the human factors were removed by the busi-

ness of teaching class the trap would have visitors. Little did they know!

The five-minute warning bell rang. The campus became relatively quiet. Gingerly, a small rat approached the trap, placed its nose against the roasted bait, and took a little bite, leaving a few fine tooth marks on the piece of coconut meat. Suddenly it jumped and shot like lightning into a little hole on the wall. Still shaking with fear but feeling safe in the dark, it looked back and saw near the trap the snake that had grabbed its tail.

Intrigued perhaps by the smell of the bait, the serpent attempted to extricate the white meat from the trap when, "SNAP!" its slimy neck was securely clamped between the trap's board and steel spring. It writhed and tried to wiggle out of the trap in vain. Its slippery scales did not help. It hissed and dragged the trap to the door, making a desperate attempt to get away from the house. At first, the sight of slimy scales flashing as the snake squirmed paralyzed Father Cronin. Overcoming his fear, he approached the reptile. Then his eyes popped. It was a Filipino cobra! It lunged at him, sticking its pronged-tongue out. Father Cronin drew back, fainted, and grabbed a rod. The cobra raised its head again for an attack. Father Cronin struck back. The snake had no chance in its handicapped position. But Father Cronin took no chances. The snake was by no means dead. He took the trap and all to the Biology Laboratory where the cobra now rests preserved in formaldehyde inside a Ball jar.

There are other snakes around. In fact the first gift offered to Father Mitchell by his first Davao friend was a live python four inches in diameter and sixteen feet long. But this one causes us no anxiety. It is a larger relative of his who is giving us some concern. He forced our attention on him in a striking manner.

This python at large is twenty feet long and spotted black and white. He first showed his hunger on two chickens marked for a Sunday dinner. But his appetite has grown.

Davao was having another of its hot summer days. The shadows on the coconut trees were not more than a yard long.

Brownie, a horse owned by Mr. Fox, the manager of the local Smith Bell Co. branch, was leisurely grazing on its master's grassy yard about a hundred yards from the Ateneo soccer field. But it was too hot for Brownie to go on grazing under the one-o'clock sun. It sought shelter under a low spreading

mango tree. Just below a rough brown branch, Brownie was instinctively wagging its bushy tail to take a sweep at the annoying flies that alighted in swarms on its back.

The stillness of the day emboldened the hungry python to crawl into the open. The time for its next meal was a little overdue. The wagging of the dark-brown tail attracted the black and white wriggling serpent.

Jose Rana, a twelve-year old Filipino, was paralyzed and speechless when he saw the shining scales glittering in the sun. His eyes glazed as the big python sluggishly squirmed its way to the low mango tree. Slowly it climbed, and crawled on the rough leafless branch directly over the half-asleep horse.

Securely, the snake wound its tail around the mango branch. Slowly, it raised its head, poised for a sudden sweep. Set! Lightning-like, it pounced on the unsuspecting beast. In a second, half of the serpent's body was twice closely wound around Brownie's neck.

A struggle! The horse did not know what had gotten hold of it. It tried to get away from the mysterious strangle. The serpent's body was stretched but its tail was glued to the mango branch. Slowly the snake crawled around the horse's neck, and gradually the slippery strangle grew tighter and tighter. Brownie made circles with his hind legs. He jumped and kicked and neighed. But very soon his eyes were bulging out and his neighing became more distant. Brownie was choked.

Then little Jose Rana found his voice. He shouted. A few men looked out of their windows. Pedro Torete, a government detective, rushed down to the contest with his .45. But he did not shoot. He was afraid he would miss the snake and kill the horse. Mr. Fox, Brownie's master, might not believe the snake story.

Suddenly, in the continued struggle, the mango branch broke. The cracking frightened the python. Hastily it dove into the tall cogon grass. Brownie staggered four or five steps then dropped dead.

And now the hunt for the murderous python is on. The black and white horse-strangler is still hiding in the neighborhood of the Ateneo de Davao. Mousetraps will be no good for him.

ANDRES L. ABEJO S.J.

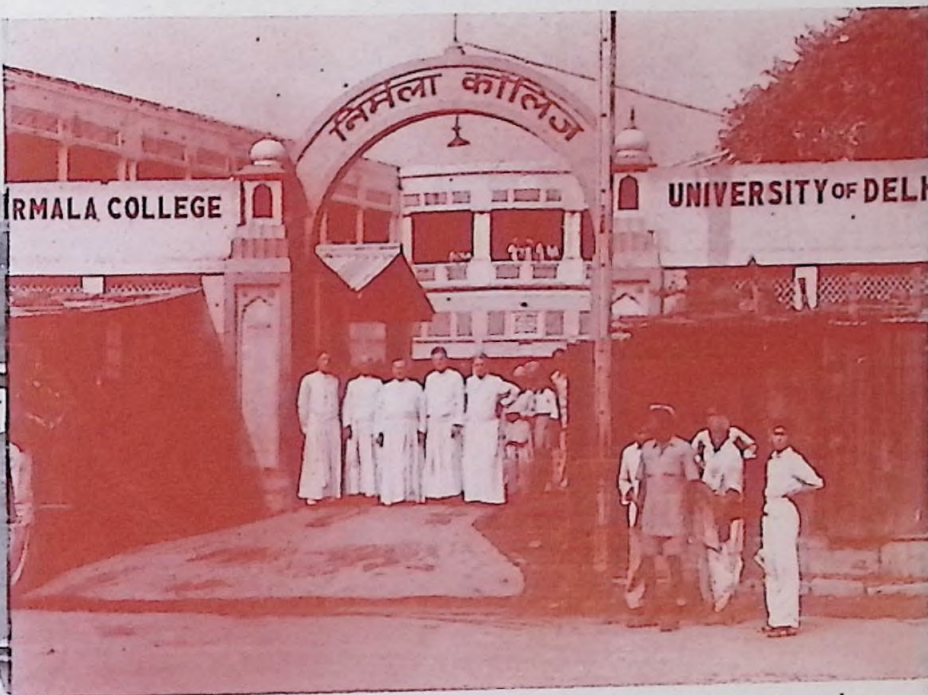


Archbishops Vanni, Perrier and Fernandes visit Father Smith. Father Choppesky in action in Nirmala College class. White cassocks, pith helmets and bicycles are the fashion now for the Fathers.





At New Delhi airport Fathers Saldanha, Dempsey and Smith (l. to r. in white) welcome Brother Illing, Fathers Huger and Choppesky.



The enrollment at the new school was 461 on opening day. Nirjala is the Sanskrit word which means "Immaculate Lady."

And Now in New Delhi

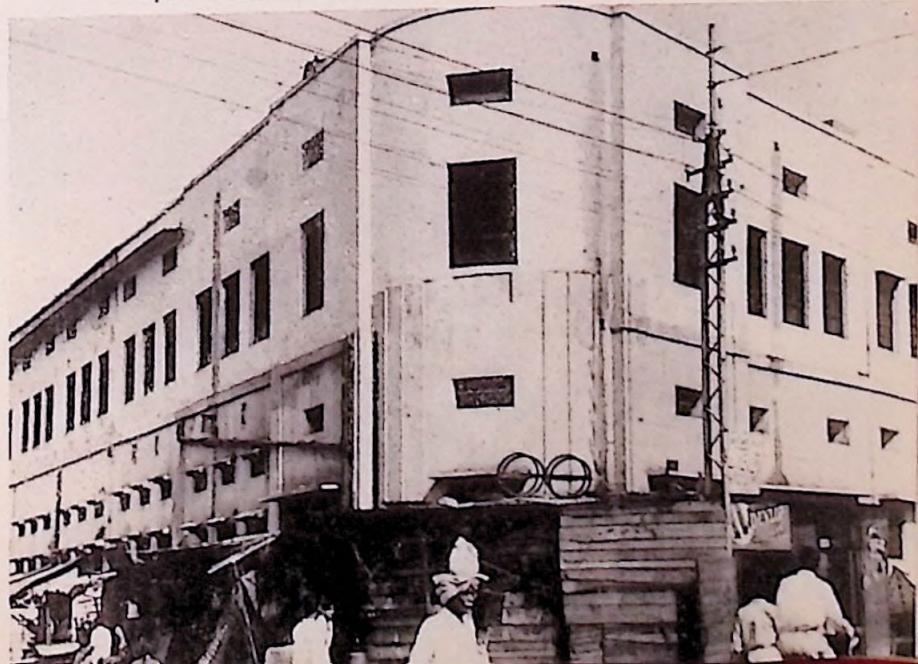
Five American Jesuits are now in New Delhi, India, to conduct the tenth Jesuit college in that country. Back in 1580 Jesuits taught at the court of Akbar the Great Mogul in the city of Delhi and now after a lapse of centuries they return to take up their educational activity.

The five Americans, all members of the Missouri Province, are Fathers Paul Smith, former head of the English Department at Creighton University, Omaha, and now Superior of the new mission; Father Bernard Dempsey, well known authority on public finance and economics; Father Gregory Huger, former Professor of History at Marquette; Father John Choppesky, former Dean at Creighton; and Brother John Illing, architect and planner of the college. Father Charles Saldanha, an Indian Jesuit, is the Principal.

The new institution is named Nirjala College and is part of Delhi University. The faculty comprises the six Jesuits and more than 30 Indian professors.



The name of the school is the Sanscrit for Immaculate Lady. The approach to Nirjala along the main street. Once the Punjabi Islamia School, it is hoped to be a temporary site only.



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

NOVEMBER: The Missions in Indo-China

WHEN THE FATHER OF ALL CHRISTENDOM bids us pray for the missions which he designates by the Latin term "in Indosinis", he envisages more than that coastal strip of Asia that we have known as Vietnam and Indo-China. He beholds that whole peninsula south of China hemmed in by the Bay of Bengal, the Strait of Malacca and the South China Sea. It embraces the countries of French Indo-China, Thailand, Burma and Malaya, an area of some 790,000 square miles with an aggregate population of some 65,835,000 inhabitants of whom only 1,799,000 are Catholics. Most of these Catholics are either living in the Vietnam sector of Indo-China or are descendants of Indo-Chinese parents.

These countries of Southeast Asia merit our special prayers for Russia casts covetous eyes at them, carefully watching every gain made in those mission areas by the Communist troops of Mao-Tse-tung and Ho-chi-minh. Furthermore, all of them except Thailand have been the scenes of almost constant turmoil since the end of World War II. Let us glance at them briefly.

Burma has known no true peace since it received its independence from Great Britain. The Karen rebellion, which flared up in 1948 and has raged for almost three years now, has caused the Catholic missions severe

The Catholic Cathedral at Phat Diem in Indo-China.



losses in property and personnel. Although it is generally agreed that the insurrection was not Communist-inspired, the Reds have capitalized on it to strengthen their own aims and power in Burma.

In Malaya too the Church with its 84,000 adherents among a population of some 5,700,000 has suffered considerable destruction due to guerilla warfare and insurrections carried on chiefly by "overseas Chinese" troops with "overseas Chinese" backing. Catholic missionaries realize that they alone have the real answer to this Red propaganda of the so-called "People's Movement" but they are hamstrung both by their own shortage of manpower and means of counter propaganda.

Thailand with its mere 50,000 Catholics among 17,897,000 inhabitants, mostly Buddhists, has suffered least from Communist aggression but its position is precarious since it is wedged in between two countries where Communism is strongly entrenched.

The war between the Vietnam forces and the Communist forces of Ho-chi-minh has been termed by a recent writer "the most important 'little war' in the whole of Southeast Asia." And such it is for the Church too. For there the forces of Communism are lined up against the Vietnam army, many of whose soldiers are fervent practicing Catholics. The battles in the Red River Delta area have caused the Church irreparable harm and forced many Catholics to flee from their missions in the north to safer territory southward.

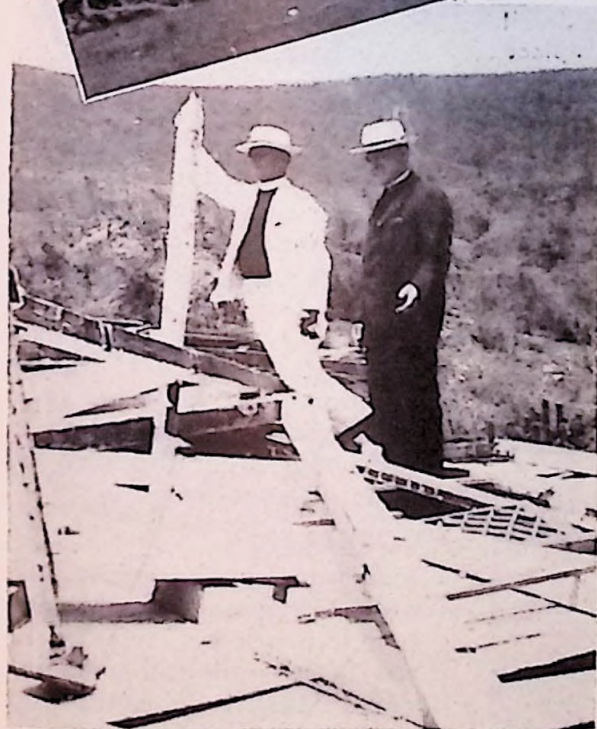
These countries, which gave to the Church the twenty-five Martyrs of Tonkin, beatified last April, and literally thousands of other unbeatified martyrs, plead to the Catholic world for assistance in their more recent trials and future perils. Let us, members of the same mystical body, respond to their pleas by prayers during November for the devastated and imperilled missions of Burma, Malaya, Thailand and Indo-China.

Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.

TRAGEDY *in the Tropics*



Fr. Mahoney's house is a wreck.
(Below) It was a church.



WHEN THE HURRICANE struck with sudden savagery at 9:15 p.m. Father Francis Mahoney was alone in his rectory at Morant Bay on the eastern tip of Jamaica. He thought of his yard boy, Ralph, who slept in a small house in the backyard. Despite the furious wind and bludgeoning rain, Father Mahoney ran out to summon Ralph. But the boy's little house had disappeared. Ralph was nowhere to be found in the darkness. Then the rectory itself began to disintegrate. The roof and upper story were splintered like a match-box. When the sun shone next morning, Father Mahoney found a shovel, dug a shallow grave for Ralph and sadly buried him. His own nerves were taut and ragged, his house and church a shambles. This is but one terrible incident in a terrible night. It was repeated all over the poor Vicariate of Jamaica. Bishop John J. McEleney S.J. begs your gifts of \$1, \$10, and \$100 to repair and rebuild the \$850,000 damages to his churches, schools and orphanages.

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INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS

FRIENDS AT HOME

The missionary is a man of deep faith, of burning zeal and limitless courage. And yet, in the providence of God, the success of the missionary often depends to a great extent on the prayers and the sacrifices of the faithful at home who are eager to help in the work of making Christ known. Father Edmund Burke S.J. of Mokameh Junction, Patna, India, sums up the fine achievements of the past four or five years "all made possible by friends at home."

"Khrist Raja High School is a beauty spot and has given us many priestly vocations. St. Francis Xavier's High School in

Patna is described in the daily papers as the "premier" school of the state of Bihar. Recently we opened a college in the nation's capital on lands and in buildings donated by the government. But perhaps the greatest news is that the Jesuits of Patna have entered the Forbidden Kingdom of Nepal. Years ago our friends were offering "mountains of mountain-moving prayers" for this intention. Now at last it has come to pass.

"Other steps forward are the new hospital here at Mokameh staffed by American Sisters of Charity. There are also new American Sisters at Gaya and Jamalpur, both running flourish-

ing schools. There is also a new girls' school at Muzaffapur, and new mission stations have been opened at Shahpur and Gulni. Patna now boasts an efficient mission press, where the Patna Mission Letter and its sister publications for India, a Hindi Catholic Weekly and a Hindi Messenger of the Sacred Heart are published. The most beautiful building in Patna is said to be the new Catholic Womens' College.

"Here at Mokameh we have a new school building and shelter for our people when they come to Mass, and, of course, we have the lovely Shrine of Our Lady, Mother of Divine Grace. Finally, at Bettiah, after seventeen years, there has risen from the ruins of the Great Earthquake the imposing Church of the Nativity of Our Lady, a beautiful monument to the devotion of a great benefactor and of the Bettiah people and pastors and of all Mary's children both in India and America."

CONGRATULATIONS

November is the month of months for young Jesuits of the Ordination class at Kurseong, India. Three of the new priests are well known to JM readers for their stories on the Indian scene over the past few years. We're sure that you remember Alfonso Del Marmol S.J., Daniel Rice S.J. and Anderson Bakewell S.J. May they and all the members of this year's ordination class spend many years of fruitful labor for souls in a land of great promise!

CORRECTION

Mention of Anderson Bakewell S.J. reminds us that a recent letter of his caused a few red faces among the Editorial staff of JM. In a picture-spread in the July-August number, we thought we were showing you a rare view of Mt. Everest. As a matter of fact, we couldn't have come any closer to being right—which is small consol-

Father Edmund Burke S.J. of the Patna Mission with a Canadian Jesuit, Father John Prendergast, in a far from quiet Darjeeling marketplace.





ation. For the sake of getting things straight (and by way of apology to Anderson Bakewell and his daring party of mountaineers) we are quoting the following excerpt from the letter:

"I think it is necessary to point out that we are now somewhat in the position of the movie director who reputedly used a California Redwood in the filming of the Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Mount Everest does not appear! The peak shown is Lhotse, (27,890 ft.), the south peak of the Chomolungma group, of which Everest (29,002 ft.) is the highest member. In the photograph in JM this appears just to the left of the summit of Lhotse and has, unfortunately, been blocked out."

Father Richard Schuchert S. J. in Japan is of the Chicago Province.



SACKFUL OF YENS

The wonderful kindness and affection of our servicemen toward the children of occupied countries is something that every American can be proud of. That it is something deeper and nobler than mere sentimentality, can be vouched for by missionary priests and sisters who have had many occasions to witness innumerable acts of generosity and self-sacrifice on the part of our servicemen. A fine example of this was recently reported by Father Richard Schuchert S.J. of the Chicago



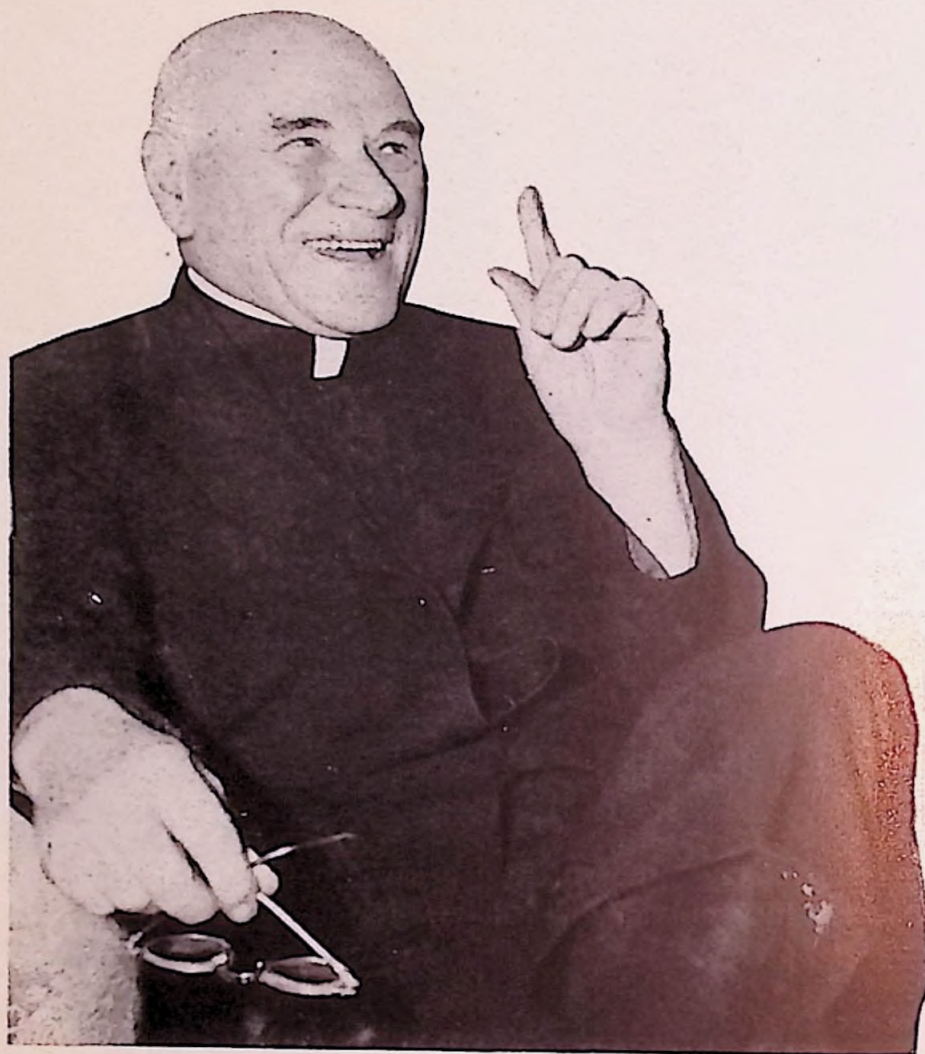
Father John McCarthy, New York Jesuit, is stationed at Likiep in the Marshall Islands where he finds plenty of activity.

Province, now at work in Yonago, Japan. When the soldiers of a nearby air base discovered the poverty of an orphanage conducted by the Japanese Daughters of the Sacred Heart, they decided that something had to be done about it.

"The finest thing for this poor orphanage was the advent to Miho of a certain Air Force outfit. For the benefit of friends in California, this outfit was the 452nd Bombardment Wing Flight, commanded by Brig. General Luther Sweetser Jr. Along with them came a fine chaplain, Father Gerald McCarthy, a Benedictine from St. Anselm's Abbey, New Hampshire.

"It didn't take the men long, under the inspiration of their chaplain, to organize a campaign to build us a new orphanage. First came a gift of \$500 to buy land adjacent to the mission compound in the city. Next came a big raffle which netted over \$3,000. This may not seem

much to build and equip an orphanage for 52 orphans, but you must remember that this is Japan. With the full approval of General Sweetser and the cooperation of the various service clubs on the base, this campaign was the work of about three weeks, sandwiched in between the March of Dimes and the Red Cross Drive. I might mention Captain Frank Grasso, who literally spent himself as general chairman. It was none of my work, nor was it my idea. All I had to do was to appear on the final night, and in the presence of His Honor, Mr. Nosaka, Mayor of Yonago, accept on behalf of the Japanese sisters the handsome check from the hands of General Sweetser. Next morning we had another little ceremony when Sister Superior deposited nearly a million and a half yen in the local bank. Inflation being what it is, this was quite a sackful of cash. The eyes of the other bank clients popped like flash bulbs when



that comes their way. Father John McCarthy S.J. of Likiep, Marshall Islands, writes:

"The ordinary delays in mail are nothing compared to the delays in freight. About a year ago I ordered a large pump for my ship. It finally arrived after eleven months. Incidentally, the ship bringing the pump from Kwajalein encountered heavy seas, sprung her seams and began to take on water fast. The crew unpacked the pump and put it to work. It's big enough to keep ahead of any heavy leaking, so they had little trouble. The next thing we've got to get are life rafts—which means more waiting."

Just in case you've dreamed up a picture of the poor missionary sitting on the white beach day after day waiting for that much desired speck on the horizon, we might say that Father McCarthy is a very, very busy man. Along with the usual priestly duties, he teaches school, conducts catechism classes, runs his own carpenter and machine shop, and sees to it that the mission boats are kept ship-shape. When the children of the island went off recently for a few weeks of copra picking, he saw a chance "to bone up on Marshallese and code, things I've been slowly getting after, now that school is closed."

PULLING TOGETHER

The presence of a school in a community often accomplishes more than the mere education of its children. This is especially true in a small community where good social relations are of the utmost importance. From Orange Walk, British Honduras, Father Eugene Latta S.J. writes of a problem that is well on its way to being solved through the appearance of a new community school.

"The villages of Trinidad and San Lazaro are but two miles apart and neither has had a

"By golly! I can still show you young fellows a few things yet!" One of the best known and most lovable Jesuits in the country celebrated in September his Diamond Jubilee as a member of the Society of Jesus. Father Patrick Ryan of the New Orleans Province and one of the staff of JESUIT MISSIONS became a Jesuit sixty years ago and started on a whirl of activity which shows no sign of decreasing. There are many churches, chapels and schools in Texas and throughout the South which are lasting testimonials to his years of service in building the kingdom of Christ. Twenty-five years ago he helped to found and edit JESUIT MISSIONS Magazine and since that time has been a tireless worker in its behalf. With deep gratitude we offer to our fellow editor our congratulations on his Diamond Jubilee and we pray that many more years in the apostolate be his.

We would also like to take this occasion to announce the Silver Jubilee of JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. We are planning a special Anniversary Issue for the beginning of 1952 in which we hope to present to our readers a significant and universal picture of what America's largest missionary organization has accomplished in the course of the last twenty-five years.

Sister spread it on the counter to be totaled up on the abacus."

SLOW BOAT TO LIKIEP.

If you've ever grown impatient waiting for the delivery of

that television set or that much needed washing machine, you'll be able to sympathize with the missionaries in the South Pacific who have to wait it out for every single item, large or small,



school before last year as they were too small to warrant individual schools. What we did succeed in doing was to put a school midway between the two villages and to furnish them with a first-class teacher. First we had to spend weeks convincing them of the need for a school and for a teacher's house. That took some doing. The next step was to get the school building actually under way. When it was finally begun, each village took on a certain portion of the work. However, they wouldn't work together. It is odd, but before this project, the men of the two villages, though not at variance with one another, were not very friendly. For example, while working on the school, the men of Trinidad would work on one side and the men of San Lazaro on the other.

The village of San Lazaro is smaller numerically, which meant that the men had to go at full speed to keep up with the men from Trinidad. At last the place was built and now relations have changed a lot. This is due in great part to the fact that the children of the two places have come to know one another. Added to this, the teacher is a wonderful mixer and has done a lot to bring the people of both villages together."

WALKING TIME

It is so common today to discuss a trip in terms of flying hours that it might come as a shock to some to realize that

there are still places in the world where the only practical mode of travel is by foot. That is the verdict of Father William Ulrich S.J. of San Antonio, British Honduras, who has learned the hard way.

"I try to visit my five missions every two months. If I could get there by jeep, I could visit them oftener but that is not always possible. To go to Aguacate and Teresa, I just have to walk through muck ankle-deep. I also have to cross four small rivers. Once I had to sleep on the bank of the Rio Blanco. I had tried for four hours to cross it with my two cargadores, even going to the trouble of building a raft of balsam wood, but the current and high water from a flash flood of the night before, prevented me from budging. Incidentally, I was well aware of the small personnel down here and didn't want to do anything to diminish it. Let me say here that walking through the bush is like walking through a tunnel. Striking out from San Antonio, for example, I hit into the high bush. After crossing a range of high hills the terrain descends to below sea level.

This helps to explain why the path is almost always swampy. For a stretch of 15 miles or so I lose all sight of the sun. You'd expect it to be cool, but actually a hot seething humidity seems to rise from the ground as invisible steam. Trees fallen across the path and low over-

hanging branches make it just about impossible for horseback. There's no solution for it. You just have to walk. Luckily, my other missions are approachable by jeep."

FUROSHIKI

William J. Everett S. J. of the Chicago Province, has some interesting things to say about Japanese customs as far as church attendance is concerned.

"In Japan women do not wear hats at all, so to fulfill St. Paul's injunction about having women cover their heads in church something special had to be worked up. It was decided that the women should wear white lace or net veils. At baptism, then, each Japanese woman receives one of these veils which she puts on whenever she enters the church. As she walks down the aisle, the Japanese woman carries with her a small package done up in a colorful silk wrapper, a furoshiki, as they are called. After kneeling down, she unties and opens this large scarf-like cloth. Inside are her prayer books, her purse, and another smaller furoshiki package. This contains her veil. This propensity for having everything wrapped up is a firmly fixed trait among the Japanese.

If a man has nothing else to bring to church except his Sunday missal, he will have it neatly bundled up in one of these cloth wrappers. It is almost considered an insult to give anything unwrapped to a person. I recall the embarrassment and curious expression used by a woman who met one of our fathers and wanted to give him a gift for the new church he was building. Since she had not anticipated the meeting, her gift of money was unwrapped—a fact which seemed to annoy her no end, and caused her to make apologies for handing over the money "naked", or "hadaka" as she put it."

Father William Ulrich S.J. with a couple of parishioners of his British Honduras post.





The Mosque of *Omar*

JAMES F. MORGAN S.J.

THE RECENT ASSASSINATION OF KING ABDULLAH of Jordan as he entered the enclosure of the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem meant another blood-stained mark on one of the world's most sacred shrines. The site is venerated by Jew, Christian, and Moslem. Vividly in my mind is the recollection of my visit there last year with a group of Jesuits from Baghdad.

It was an August morning when we set out for the spot where two thousand years ago had stood the magnificent Jewish temple of Herod—the one where Simeon welcomed the infant Christ, and where the Son of Man was rejected thirty-three years later.

We were fortunate in having as our guide a learned and scholarly Iraqi Dominican, Father Marmarji, who is stationed at St.

The sacred shrine of the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem. This photo was taken from the roof of the Fortress Antonia. Mosque of Aksa in right rear.

Stephen's in Jerusalem. A few minutes walk brought us to the entrance of the temple area, not far from the Fortress Antonia, where Pilate condemned Jesus to death. This whole section is now the site of Moslem mosques and shrines . . . the gigantic Mosque of Omar (as the Crusaders called it) near the center, and the smaller Mosque of Aksa at the southern end of the esplanade. The two mosques combined are known to the Moslem world as "The Mosque of the West", to contradistinguish this great shrine from the center of Islamic worship, the mosque at Mecca in Arabia.

Hence it was no temple we walked through as the sun rose high in the heavens, but one of the most beautiful mosques, and the second greatest, in the Mohammedan world.

Stepping inside the grounds onto the beautiful and expansive esplanade, we saw on our left some of the original base rock on which once rose the Fortress Antonia. Beyond this is the present-day courtyard used by the Arab Legion, where we begin the public Way of the Cross with the Franciscans every Friday afternoon. There are various little stone oratories about this paved area,

mostly of interest to the Moslems themselves. There is one, however, in the northern section of the esplanade which the Mohammedans call the "Seat of Jesus", where He presumably sat when teaching in the temple. The shrine has no ancient tradition behind it, however. The followers of Mohammed, of course, believe certain things about Jesus, as they call Him, and a devout Moslem has great reverence for "the son of Mary" as one of the great prophets in the line of David. They believe in His ascension, but they do not believe in His crucifixion.

Now we headed for the octagonal-shaped mosque of Omar in the center of this great expanse. Here we had to put on large, leather slippers as it is forbidden to go into the house of prayer with shoes on. The Moslems themselves go in barefoot, so we obliged by doing as the guides wished, and leaving the required backsheesh for the men who tied the slippers for us.

This Mosque of Omar, with its great central dome, covers the stone of sacrifice of Solomon's temple. Here was the site of Ornan's threshing floor which David had purchased as the locale for his altar to the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob. Here, too, stood Herod's temple, the one standing in the time of Christ. This large, irregular rock was thus the spot where countless paschal lambs were brought to be slain; where the apostles themselves brought the lamb for the Last Supper on the day before the New Pasch, when the Lamb of God Himself was immolated on the rock of Calvary.

The interior of the mosque is, surprisingly enough, in Byzantine style, and truly a work of beauty. Rich blue and gold mosaics cover the walls and dome. The floor is completely covered with soft carpets. There are numerous stone niches for prayer, "mihrabs," always pointing toward Mecca. When a Moslem is seated on his carpet praying, it is impolite to walk in front of him, as this breaks his stream of communication, and he has to begin all over again.

Underneath the rock of sacrifice, we descended a flight of stairs with the aid of candles and a little more backsheesh to a cavernous space where grain was stored in ancient times. When Mohammed was being escorted up to heaven by the angel Gabriel, the Moslems tell us, he stopped off at this rock to pray in company with Abraham and the other great prophets. After this, he re-

sumed his heavenward journey, and the rock began to take off and follow him into the air. Angels had to hold the rock back.

We also visited the smaller mosque. Here are two famous pillars with only the space of a few inches between them. The idea is that if you can pass through the pillars you can get into heaven. I didn't try it myself, but I feel confident that if I had the devil chasing me with a red-hot pitch-fork I could wriggle through. This edifice was once a church in honor of Our Lady.

Thus Christ's temple, upon which He lavished so much love and zeal, over which He shed such bitter tears, no longer exists today. "If thou hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace; but now they are hidden from thy eyes." The beautiful "Porta Speciosa," the "Golden Gate" through which He rode from Bethany on His day of triumph stands closed. He cannot enter; it is no longer golden; there is no beauty in it.

Christ came unto His own, and His own received Him not. Christ walked out of the temple of Jerusalem on Tuesday of Holy Week, never to return. With Him went His peace which the world cannot give. Indeed the peace of Christ has never returned to this city of His love, to this poor, strife-filled land. When will Jerusalem receive once more the Peace of Christ? When will Jerusalem receive the Christ of Peace?

From the Russian Tower atop the Mount of Olives Fathers Joseph Connell and James Morgan look out over Jerusalem, the "city of peace," scarred by war.





The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

The fulfillment of Mass intentions is a constant concern for every priest, particularly a dying priest. He is apt to repeat again and again the number of Masses yet to be said.

Canon Law and diocesan regulations specify the conditions for accepting and satisfying Mass intentions. The acceptance of a stipend is a contract and must be satisfied according to the wishes of the donor. In case of a doubt regarding the number of Masses to be offered, a priest cannot use a free interpretation but rather a "strict interpretation."

The normal offering for a low Mass is \$1.00. Occasionally, an additional amount is received and it would seem from the wording of the letter that the donor wants that extra offering for the missionary. May I suggest that in sending Mass intentions or giving them to a priest you specify exactly the number of Masses. It may save him anxiety and embarrassment.

I simply cannot tell you how grateful our missionaries are for your Mass offerings. A dollar brings a good exchange in foreign countries. Any sacrifice you make in arranging for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass must be most pleasing to Our Lord.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Damaged Churches:

When the hurricane struck the mission of Jamaica the violent velocity of the wind ripped roofs and blew in windows and doors. In its wake was a terrible torrential rain. Nothing could stop the water from seeping into every crevice. Beautiful vestments were soaked and altar missals were waterlogged. Practically everything for the altars of the mission churches must be replaced. Listed below are some real needs:

Altar Missals	\$40.00 each
Candle Sticks	35.00 each
Vestments	25.00 each
Solemn Vestments	60.00 each
Albs	25.00 each
Surplices	5.00 each
Stoles	5.00 each
Cinctures	2.00 each
Cruets	1.00 each

In forwarding donations for the above items may we have the liberty of applying your gift to the churches most in need?

Portable Organ:

The sound of an organ has a magnetic power in awakening in the soul sentiments ranging from deep repentance to exalted joy. For his parishioners of the mission of Corozal, British Honduras, Father Robert

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
900 Broadway,
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Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and
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403 Wellington St., West
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and
Home Missions
Edward J. Farren S.J.
Calvert and Madison St.
Baltimore 2, Md.

Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands
Rev. William T. Wood, S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

McCormack desires a portable organ. He will use it not only at the main chapel but he will be able to put it in his car or strap it on the back of his donkey and take it to some of his outlying mission stations for their fiesta celebrations. The price of the organ is \$125.00. Would you help Father McCormack and his parishioners by sending a contribution of \$1.00 or \$10.00 towards the organ?

Another Host-Oven:

If a pastor in a city parish discovers on Saturday night that his supply of hosts is low, he can phone his neighboring parish or convent to take care of the emergency. It is quite a different story for Father Costigan of Ponape in the Caroline Islands. His nearest neighbor is on another island several hundred miles away. The Sisters of his mission will be scrupulously careful in making the hosts to be used on the morrow for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. You can have a part in preparing the hosts for Mass by sending a donation of \$200.00 or a part of it towards the purchasing of the host-oven.

Beaded Bags:

For the past several years, readers of JESUIT MISSIONS have kept the members of the St. Joseph Mission Guild busy ripping up beaded bags for rosaries. Package after package of rosaries has been mailed to the missions. At present writing, the supply of beaded bags is practically nil. Perhaps tucked away in a drawer you will find a bag which can be used for rosaries. The color of the beads makes no difference. Please be good enough to send your package directly to

Miss Ruth Larkin
126 Hylan Boulevard
Staten Island 5, N. Y.

Children's Clothing:

Father Fuller of the Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, has written again asking that our readers remember his Indian children. The temperature in South Dakota will drop very low during the next few months. Clothing, new or used, is urgently needed. Father Fuller will also appreciate any costume jewelry which is coveted by the Indian girls and ladies for ornaments. To save time and expense would you be good enough to direct your packages to:

Reverend Harold Fuller, S.J.
Holy Rosary Mission
Pine Ridge, South Dakota

Japan
MISSION NEEDS

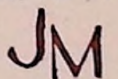


When World War II was over, American Jesuits were ordered to Japan to work in what is one of the most promising mission fields of the Church. Thousands of converts are coming in yearly. For their crowded school and mission chapels our missionaries beg urgently for the following items.

6 CIBORIA	\$100	each
3 SETS OF OIL STOCKS	13	each
10 ALBS	25	each
ALTAR LINENS	3	

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



Training To Battle In China

Jesuits offer Mass at Chabanel Hall.

懶 貪 嫉 忿 迷 慳 馬
惰 饕 妬 怒 色 佛

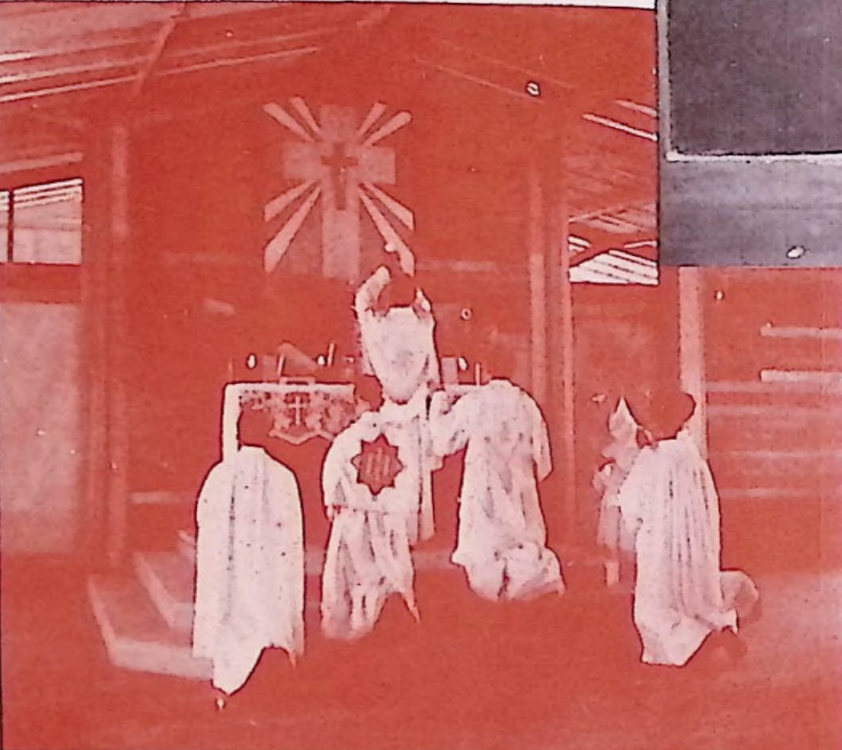


Chinese is difficult—as you can readily see.

BEHIND THE FRONT LINES OF CHRIST'S battle for China, now held by the last few surviving Chinese and foreign priests, a new brigade is training. In the friendly shelter of the Catholic Philippines 145 young Jesuit priests and scholastics and 82 diocesan seminarians are preparing for the day when they will advance to the front. Many of the Jesuits are Americans from the California Province. Many others, and all the diocesan seminarians, are Chinese driven from their homeland with no one to support them. Inside China a deadly persecution is raging. Foreign priests face prison and exile, Chinese priests face prison and death. It is a war of extermination as efficient and terrible as the Church has ever endured. These exiled Jesuits and seminarians in the Philippines beg you for the means to live, and perhaps to die, for Christ and His Chinese children. \$2, \$20, \$200—whatever you can afford will be a godsend to these exiled soldiers of Christ for their food, clothing and training.

JESUIT *Missions*

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



Chinese priests newly ordained to suffer with Christ.