

JESUIT MISSIONS

DECEMBER 1951



FAMILY LIFE IN ALASKA





JESUIT MISSIONS

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(Left) The last outpost of Catholicism in the Bering Sea between Alaska and Siberia is the steep pile of rock named King Island. For almost half a century the late Father Bellarmine Lafortune labored here among the two hundred Eskimos.

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During the coming year Jesuit Missions will celebrate its Silver Jubilee. For twenty-five years Jesuit Missions has been your window on a strange and a changing scene. A world was plunging downhill but square in the path of that avalanche of self destruction stood handfuls of men and women whose lives would serve to slow the downward rush. For them the biggest thing on earth was the kingdom of heaven. Because of their labors during that quarter century of turmoil His Holiness Pope Pius XII could say of this era, "The Catholic missionary movement . . . is of such proportions as perhaps was never witnessed before in the annals of Christian missions."

Our Silver Jubilee issue in January will commemorate the part played by the American Jesuits in that forward sweep of Christ's kingdom. It will be a special, enlarged edition, staff-written, which will attempt to give the over-all picture of the work of America's largest missionary organization. Watch for our Anniversary Issue.



Father Leon Foster S.J. of Gaya in the Patna Mission has been in India since 1937 and so is in a good position to appraise the Communistic menace there. He first went to India in 1928 and then returned to become the Patna Mission Procurator and the organizer of the famed groups known as the Patna Circles. Back in India again, he started the Patna Mission Service as well as St. Stephen's House for Retreats. He has been very active in social work on

the mission, an interest which he attributes to his boyhood desire to be a farmer when he lived in Peoria and Cincinnati.



Father Francis Kane S.J. at Seattle University is a man who really has to look ahead. As Mission Procurator for Alaska it is his job to keep supplies rolling northward to the men in the field. Those supplies must reach the missionaries before the rivers freeze over. So how



would you like to plan for Christmas on the preceding February? Father Kane has to look into the crystal ball at that time so that by late spring the supplies are on their way.



The Oregon Province has 38 missionaries in the Alaskan field and another 25 men working among the American Indians in Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The Jesuits established the first permanent mission in Alaska in 1886 and have labored continuously since then in what Pope Pius XI termed "the most difficult mission field in the world."

COVER. A hardy inhabitant of Santa Claus land. Those who dwell within the Arctic Circle cannot afford many comforts but they can enjoy to the utmost the few which they have.

(Three Lions)

HOOPER BAY

Calling



Church at the Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, where Father Paul O'Connor S.J. (inset) is stationed.

BREAKFAST IS ONE MEAL I LIKE TO TAKE undisturbed. It was not so to be. Someone was banging at my door. "It is one of the youngsters after the football. I shall let him knock," I thought. But those persistent raps demanded an answer. Finally, I opened the door with an emphatic query—"Now what?"

"Father, the boat is calling you."

"Which one?"

"I don't know, but his name is WXRX." I rushed to my radio transmitter and put a call to WXRX.

"WXRX back to Hooper Bay. Father, we ran aground during the night. We are about ten miles up the coast from Hooper Bay. We have been pounding all night and I doubt whether the boat will last through the day."

"Get off at once, abandon ship," I an-

swered. It was a \$65,000 power barge, but aground at Point Dull in a heavy sea was no place for men on any kind of a boat. It was mid-October, freezing weather and snow already on the ground.

"I shall send out five teams at once for the crew, but get off of that ship as soon as possible! Take no chances," I commanded. I then hurried out to organize a rescue party.

I thought no more about it and presumed that the men had abandoned the ship until I was again imperatively called to the door by the sharp knocks of an Eskimo boy.

"WXRX, he call you again." In this village everybody has a radio and someone is listening almost all the time. Anyway, I never miss a call. I again turned on my transmitter. "Hooper Bay calling. What's up now?"

"Father, I am about to leave ship. All others are ashore with food and blankets. Waves are high. Good bye, Father, pray for me. I don't know whether I will make it." He didn't. Those were the last words of

PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J.

Frankie Johnson, the assistant engineer. He had waited until dusk, hoping to save the ship with the rising tide. The life boat swamped as he tried to get through the breakers. Contact with frigid waters did the rest. It was twenty minutes before the crew, wading into the cold Bering Sea, were able to pull him out.

My transmitter was again put to good use in calling a plane from Bethel to carry the rescued crew to a hospital. They were badly done up both by shock and exposure after twenty minutes in the icy water.

Almost every year there is an emergency with which I become acquainted, or for which I must put a distress signal out, by radio. Last year it was an airplane crash. Through mere routine I had kept in touch with an aviator as he pulled out of Hooper Bay. The day was hazy and the horizon blotted out by snow. All at once the words came over the airplane band, "It is closing in. Must make a forced landing near the reindeer corral." I immediately sent out a few teams to look around for the plane. More teams left of their own accord. At dusk many had returned without seeing a thing.

It was Saturday night and I went to hear confessions. I was just finishing when a knock came at the confessional door—something that seldom happens. I went out and found Bob Smith.

"Father, I come home now. I hear plane near my trapping lines. I hear and then he stop. Maybe I go out again."

"No use going out in the darkness," I answered. "Teams have been looking all afternoon. Besides, your team is tired."

"I better go. Maybe they freeze. Those white men have no mukluks (Eskimo boots)."

Well, he went and with him ten more teams. Later I heard that four teams were still out on the open tundra searching. It was bitter cold and a sharp wind coming out of the north. The night was pitch dark. I returned to the confessional feeling a bit humble myself, but proud of my Eskimos.

All night long they roamed the tundra. At seven in the morning, still dark, they found the survivors. The dogs had finally smelled them out. The searchers had gone several times within a quarter of a mile of the plane, but the aviator did not have on his lights. He was saving them for his radio.

It was quite a sight to see 15 teams come

jubilantly into the village just before Sunday high Mass. They had barely arrived when a blizzard swept down from Siberia and ground drift cut visibility to zero. The two white men looked out of my window at the whirling blizzard. They simply said, "Father, you have good Eskimos."

I could go on and tell you about the time that four of my men were lost on an ice floe while seal hunting. I really hung on the air then. Finally, I contacted the Rescue Air Squadron. They were held up for two days by bad weather, but when they did come they methodically searched 5,000 square miles of the Bering Sea. It was all in vain. The men were lost.

But tragedy and emergency are not the usual talk of the air. Contact between fellow missionaries almost invariably contains a note of amusement. Father Hargreaves will deliberately skip the meaningless call letters and say, "Chevak where the skies are never black, to Hooper Bay with its dismal grey."

We will discuss the coming of the geese, the number of seals stacking up in the village larder, notes on marriage couples, baptismal records, and what-not. I might add that no rural telephone conversations are more assiduously followed by all the Eskimos' receiving sets than the padres' conversations. Sometimes to keep them curious we swing over to Latin or French. It may be unimportant, but the Eskimos lend an attentive ear, "Eekiki, something is in the air!"

Let the gales blow! The Eskimos make use of them to provide the power for their life-saving radios.





The late Father Edward Wasil, S.J., with some of the Filipino youngsters whom he loved and served so well in Gingoog.

Hushed IS THE SONG

JAMES F. DONELAN S.J.

(At Gingoog in Mindanao, Philippines, Father Edward Wasil S.J., of South Orange, New Jersey, died on the 17th of August. He was 44 years of age.)

GINGOOG LIES ON A CRESCENT OF SEA between Talisayan and Kipawa in northern Mindanao. Once its people threw stones at priests. But that was long ago. For, one day, from a little town called South Orange, ten thousand miles across the sea, came a smiling young priest who sang to them a lilting song of grace and love. He was Edward Wasil, priest and missionary of the Society of Jesus. At him they threw their hearts.

Now the smiling young priest with the blue sparkling eyes is dead. And the laughing, little children with the sun-tinted faces who used to dance, hands-linked, about him, are sad, and the sound of their tears fills the

silence of the fields. For this troubador of Christ no longer sings his song.

His music was prayer, and his prayer brought them life. He meant more in their lives, these children of the soil, than their sun and their sea and their stars. For at each dawn's breaking, he brought them the Light, broke and blessed their Bread, and in the evening's quiet sang to them of a Lady with stars in her hair. His prayer sailed with their fishing boats out into the night, and his arm blessed the greenness of their fields.

At the morn of life, his hand poured the waters of grace over their souls, and at its eve, his soothing voice was the last peaceful echo of earth. In the years that lay between, he built a white church under the palms and at its altar offered his Sacrifice and theirs, forgave their trespasses through the love of Christ, and taught them God's truth.

But the enemies of that truth were at hand. They once built a school to warp the minds of his little ones. He forgot that he was only a man, with a limit of strength and endurance, and to the weight of a thousand duties and the heat of a tropic sun, he added the burden of building and directing a high school and college. It became his greatest dream, and when it stood completed it was his greatest joy. He never tired of walking from class to class to look in on his children. There was not time for sleeping and eating, but there was always time for them.

When he was at home those who were too young for school would gather around the little rectory's front steps, waiting for him to call them in. While he rode the barrio trails on his big white horse, they sat around the parlor, looking at pictures of the Boy Jesus—waiting for their Father to come home.

But now their Father himself has gone home. His work is done. He taught them the music of Christ and now they can sing for themselves. And the first song they raise is a hymn of praise for him whom they loved and his family, ten thousand miles across the sea. In sadness they sing, for in his going there went a part of themselves, and they feel the pain. Their land itself seems to share the spirit of their sorrow. The palm trees murmur mournfully, like little old women telling the beads in a darkened church for the soul of a dear, dear friend. The winds of the mountains learn of their sorrow and rush out to tell the sea.

In the hushed stillness of night, while his people sit in the lantern's glow and speak in low tones of their loss, the Pacific tide strokes the bell-buoy in the bay, and the waves carry shoreward a gentle *De Profundis*. Out on the sea's quiet swell, the fishermen he loved cast their nets and mark the course of the Southern Cross. And they are sure that it paused for a moment, in final benediction, above the new-turned grave beside the little white chapel in the palms.

In a moving letter to Father Wasil's mother Father William Masterson S.J. of the Ateneo de Cagayan tells of the grief occasioned by the missionary's death. Part of the letter reads as follows:

FROM THE TIME THE NEWS OF HIS DEATH began to spread early Saturday morning the whole coast of Misamis Occidental province was blanketed in grief. Father Ed had such a capacity for human friendship that it seemed everybody knew him, even in parishes in which he had not been formally assigned. Actually, as we were going out to Gingoog on Sunday we passed three delegations in buses going from different towns to Gingoog. We were to meet people in Gingoog who had come from Cebu (which meant that they had to travel by boat Saturday night from that city to one island, take a bus across that island, then get another boat late Sunday from that second island to the north coast of Mindanao). To my way of thinking, that speaks volumes for the love Eddie had inspired in all those with whom he came in contact.

Father Ed lay in state in the beautiful church (which he, and you also, had built) from Sunday morning after Mass till the funeral at around eleven on Monday. It would have done your heart good to see the constant stream of people, young and old, men, women, and children, who kept coming

to pay their last respects to and pray for their late pastor. The Knights of Columbus took over most of the details of the funeral, from arranging for the watches during both nights Ed was waked to the construction of the tomb. They were in constant attendance at the bier, especially the Fourth Degree Members of the Knights (of which Eddie had become one in May of this year). Fourth Degree Members of the Knights came from several towns, twenty of them by bus all the way from Cagayan.

On Monday we had six Masses in the church, one after another, includ-



Travel in the Philippines is rugged going. Father Wasil had an International truck with specially designed body for covering his wide territory.

ing four low Masses, a high Mass and a solemn Mass (the funeral Mass). My, what a tribute to see the number who approached to receive Communion at all those Masses, especially the number of men. And the outpouring for the funeral! The church was jammed and the people were standing six and eight deep around all the doors. There were almost too many touching tributes to recount them all right now. I will have to content myself with just listing some of them. I note the ones I do because I think that they give evidence so concretely of the devotion which he had commanded.

One of the men who insisted on being allowed to help carry the casket was a former Governor of the province, a man now eighty-four years old. After his turn at carrying the casket was over he walked the entire way to the cemetery, more than a mile in the dead heat of mid-day. Several people remarked on that particular mark of love.

After we had gone less than a quarter of the way to the cemetery, I noticed a boy, perhaps about fourteen years of age, walking a little to the side of me, with one leg horribly deformed. He was walking on crutches. I was wondering how far he would be able to make. After he had gone more than half way,

The rectory at Gingoog where Father Wasil lived out to the end his short but brilliant missionary life. Five years ago Gingoog, with no priest, seemed lost to the faith. Father Wasil won the town back.



I saw him pull out, evidently to rest a while. I was so struck by that, I kept wondering whether he was able to make it all the way, later. Actually, as we were coming out of the cemetery after the burial I saw the boy starting back. Sure enough, he had followed through and had remained on the fringe of the crowd of at least 1,000 people who had crowded around the grave, after walking the more than one mile in the dead heat.

The remarkable thing about Ed was that he was loved by *everybody*, educated, ignorant, those blessed with this world's goods, and those in dire poverty. Over here, as a sign of mourning, people will have some black bunting strung around the outside of the house. These buntings were in evidence everywhere, and none the less in the shacks of the very poor. Right near the sea as we passed to the cemetery I noticed many real "shacks" (I use the word reverently for they are home to those dwelling in them) with the narrowest, short strip of black cloth hung on their front (their occupants couldn't possibly really afford to buy even that much, but there it was anyhow). Another one of these homes of the very poor had a black cloth with words sewn on it in white strips of cloth. The words were a parting prayer: "Don't Forget Us, Our Father."

I won't try to tell you that I didn't have a hard time not to break down as I witnessed all these genuine outpourings of affection. Even now the recollection of them chokes me up. But what got me most was the heart-breaking sobbing of the little kids, the hundreds of them (literally hundreds) that accompanied us to the grave. To my mind it was extraordinary to see youngsters of that age so understanding of what a terrible loss death had brought to them. Honestly, as we stood about the tomb this sobbing was like a wave that would not be beaten back, rolling on against the battlements of heaven itself. . .

You realize, I am sure, how deeply I sympathize with you at Eddie's departure from this world. There is no gainsaying that his leaving us, in a sense and for a while, cuts deep into one's heart, be our faith ever so strong. The main reason for my writing is the hope that I can thus help assuage the poignancy of that grief, chiefly by letting you know how many thousands, yes, thousands, share that sorrow with you, and consequently are praying *with* you for Father Ed, as well as praying *for* you, and the rest of the family back home.

EDWIN G.
McMANUS S.J.

The BEGINNING of the END



ELENA AND JOHANNA ARE TWO PALAUAN girls who have scarcely heard of Catholic Action, Jocists or the various other names for lay apostles. But during the last war when the Japanese killed the Spanish Jesuits stationed here, and left the Palauans without Mass or the sacraments, these two girls did heroic work in keeping the faith alive.

The island of Angaur was Elena's home. Here she baptized babies, instructed children, prayed with the dying; she gathered the people together in small groups for the daily rosary.

Johanna lived on Babeldaob Island where she lived the same kind of life, except that here the Jap soldiers even prohibited public religious gatherings. So they made their altar a small box with a hinged cover, and placed a crucifix and statue of the Blessed Mother inside. When they were alone, the cover was opened and they prayed the rosary before their make-shift altar; when the soldiers came by, the door was shut.

Although they had never seen a nun, Johanna and Elena both felt they had vocations. Once there had been nuns in Palau, German Franciscan Sisters, but they were



Sister Elena, Katherine Finn, lay worker on the mission, and Sister Johanna (circle). Father McManus of Koror in the Eastern Carolines with Sodality.

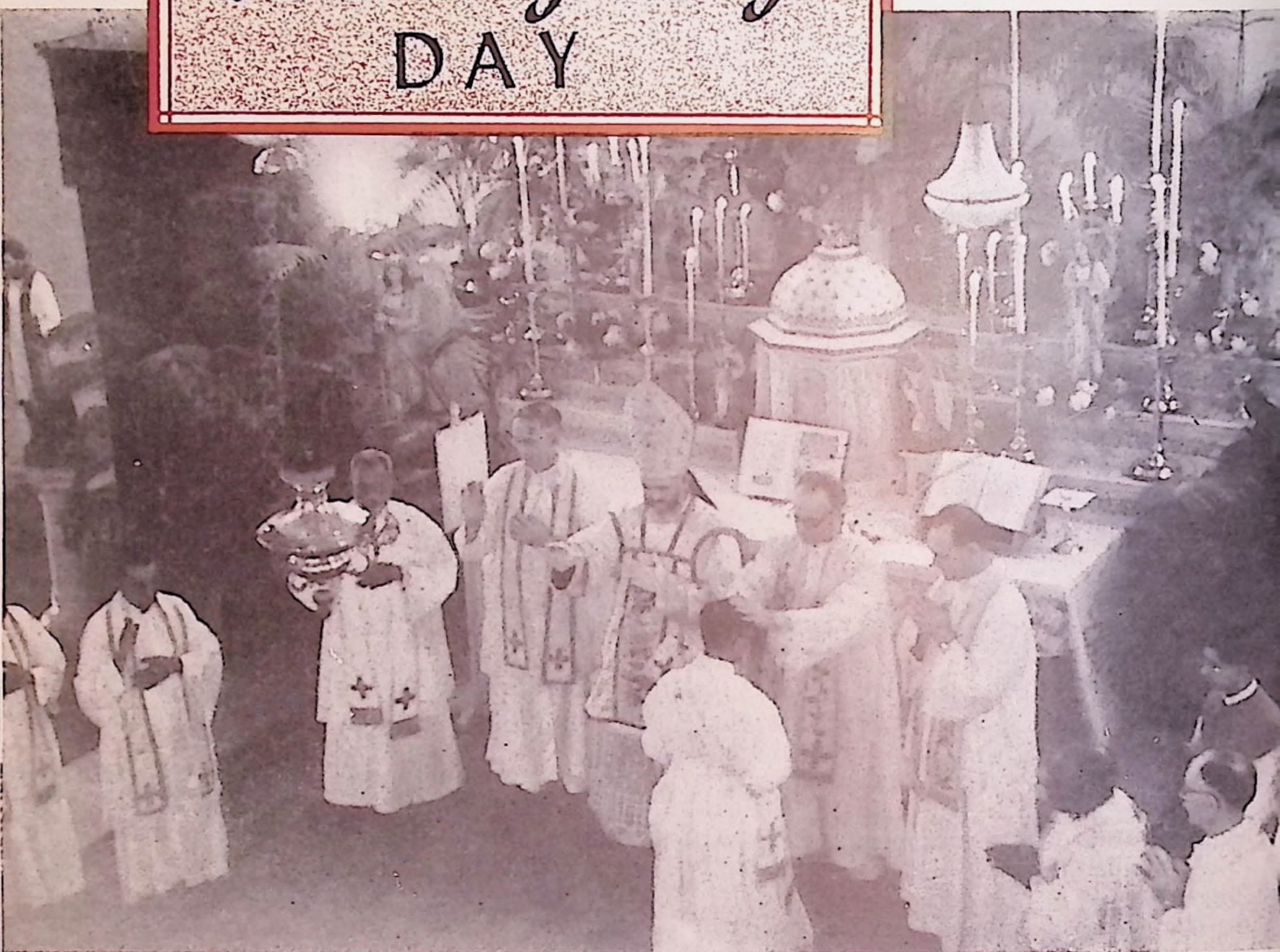
deported in 1915 long before either girl was born. There seemed little chance that Elena and Johanna could be accepted in a novitiate, but they kept hoping and praying. Finally it was arranged, and last year the two girls went to Ponape to begin their noviceship with the Spanish Mercedarian Sisters. Afterwards they will return to Palau and form the nucleus of a native congregation.

Now what has all this to do with the title: "The Beginning of the End"? Just this—the formation of a native clergy is the beginning of the end of the foreign missionary's work. The whole mission activity of the Church is nothing more than a temporary "stop-gap," designed to last only until the Church is well established in the country. Then the missionaries move on to other fields and leave the native clergy in charge.

It seems to me that a native clergy is even more necessary here than in some other missions. Our chief opposition in Palau comes from Modekngei, a pagan sect that is very nationalistic. These Modekngei people resent Christianity as a foreign importation; their slogan is "Palau is our Motherland"; they reject Our Lord as a Westerner. I feel that only a Palauan clergy will ever win them over and make this a Catholic country.

So a native clergy is absolutely indispensable. A beginning has been made with Elena and Johanna. May they serve as an example for many another Palauan boy and girl!

A REAL *Thanksgiving* DAY



IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF GLOUSTER, OHIO, this November 22nd will indeed be a real Thanksgiving Day for a gray-haired, aging, Irish mother. But the gratitude welling up from her heart will not be untinged with sorrow. There will be thanksgiving because her first-born son will that day for the first time offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. There will be sorrow because he is far away, half way around the world, in India, and she cannot be there to feel his hands on her head as he gives his first priestly blessing.

Perhaps, as she kneels in the little parish church of Glouster, attending the commemorative Mass, offered by a seminary classmate of her son, she will be consoled by the

St. Mary's College in Kurseong, India, is high in the clouds but Ordination Day brings it closer to heaven.

thought of that other Mother on the day of her Son's first Sacrifice. Mary was with her Son, at the foot of His altar, when He offered His own Body and Blood for the redemption of mankind, and yet "was there any sorrow like to her sorrow?" Still more, was there any joy like to her joy as she realized that on Calvary, she was cooperating with that Son in the redeeming of all men? Dare we not say that, in a way, through the mothers of priests Mary continues to co-offer the Sacrifice of Redemption?

Daniel T. Rice S.J., son of this gray-haired, Irish mother, will be ordained in the chapel of St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India on November 21, 1951. Five thousand feet above Patna and the Ganges valley, his future vineyard, he will kneel in the sanctuary before Archbishop Perier with a group truly representative of the catholicity of the Church. From all parts of India, from France, Italy, Belgium, Ohio, New Mexico, Missouri; from countryside, village, and city; from cottage and mansion they have come, leaving behind all they possessed, that India may "have Life and have it more abundantly."

During the ordination ceremony Father Rice's rough hands may feel strange, tied up in a soft, linen band. Hands that held a plowshare steady beneath acres of Ohio farmland, that guided a tractor over the campus of John Carroll University as Dan worked his way through college, hands that fashioned scientific instruments out of cast-offs for the class rooms of Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah, hands that laid new floors and wired houses in a land where trained artisans are scarce, hands that repaired everything from fountain pens to jeep motors for fellow missionaries—a missionary's hands, used to hard work. (Were there not callouses on the hands of the first Priest, put there by long hours in the carpenter shop of Nazareth?) But for the future those hands will be able to dispense more than physical comfort. Raised in absolute sinners, lifting Christ's Body at the Consecration, putting hosts on faithful tongues, they will be instruments of new and added Life for Christ's mystical body.

Curly, black hair, flecked with white, no longer manages to cover the growing bald spot on the top of Father Rice's head—an indication that he has worked with more than his hands. It takes more than physical dexterity and strength to make a missionary priest. In a lonely mission station, confronted by knotty moral and theological problems, his only library for consultation is his own store of knowledge. In a land like India with centuries of religious background, where even high school children ask speculative questions, the missionary must be prepared to explain God and His creation with theological precision and everyday clarity. No longer can he be satisfied with knowing enough Hindi to preach simple homilies and teach the catechism to uneducated people. More and more

high school and college graduates are turning up, even in villages. And on trains, as he travels, he must be prepared to discuss technical problems of religion and science with college graduates and professional men. No wonder our priest-to-be has been seen wandering around with an abstracted look as he tried to find Hindi expressions to explain the doctrine of the True Vine, St. Thomas' philosophy, and modern physics.

Hands and head play a big part in the making of a missionary; but more important, more vital, is his heart. The missionary must love his people and their country so much that if he were to return to the place of his birth he would be truly homesick for his adopted land. On his Ordination Day Father Rice will have to bless the members of his family from afar, but I am sure that nonetheless there will be a large number kneeling at his feet that day, asking for his blessing, the children to whom he has devoted part of his weekly holiday for religious and moral instruction. And the light in his eyes and theirs will show clearly that the people of India have become his people, and he their priest.

Father Rice is not unknown to the readers of these pages. You have read his stories of life in India. Many of you have written to him and received letters from him. He takes this opportunity of asking you to remember him, his mother, his companions at the altar, and their mothers, as he will remember you, on the day he becomes "a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech."



Father Daniel Rice of the Patna Mission, ordained on Thanksgiving Day at Kurseong.

Let there be MUSIC

ON AUGUST 6, 1945 THE CITY OF Hiroshima was a barren, broken, devastated wasteland. Powdered ruins heaped upon disintegrated steel was all that could be seen of the once thriving metropolis. More tragic than the material disaster was the spiritual desolation which gripped the people. Dazed, uncomprehending souls lived a vacuum-like existence in a suddenly arisen ghost-city. Life had no meaning, no future. What was to be done? Could Hiroshima ever be restored to its original condition? Could the crushed spirits of her people even be drawn again to their former richness and vitality? Such were the post-war problems of the missionaries, themselves victims of the first atomic explosion.

It was this spiritual desolation which impressed Father Ernest Goossens S.J. when he returned to Hiroshima after his liberation from wartime imprisonment. With ten years of missionary experience behind him, he began again to preach the Prince of Peace to his people, a people in need of encouragement and hope.

As a means of ransoming souls from the despair that threatened them, Father Goossens' thoughts were running parallel with Japanese temperament. Why not capitalize on Japan's cultural heritage, the delicate appreciation for the arts, which is characteristic of the nation? Receiving encouragement to begin this new kind of apostolate, Father Goossens gathered together three enthusiastic Japanese friends, and with their help soon was surrounded by a small but zealous group of music-lovers. A chorus was formed, and within a few months the group was giving recitals in Hiroshima and nearby towns. So encouraging was the enthusiasm of his singers and the response of the hearers, that Father Goossens became more daring, and finally determined to begin a music school to promote young musical talent.

As a first step he cleared away the debris at one end of the property on which the



Miss Minami is one of the singing instructors at Father Goossens' Art and Music Academy in Hiroshima.

former Catholic Church of Hiroshima had stood. Through the generosity of American benefactors a small house was erected on the site. A half-dozen match-box size rooms were partitioned off for music rooms, and after much effort a few musical instruments were assembled. Ready now for a few students, Father Goossens let it be known that his music school was open for enrollments.

Instead of the expected meager handful of applicants, the school was soon besieged by five hundred requests for admittance. It took no hasty inventory to know that facilities were inadequate for such numbers, but by carefully arranging practice hours and by the addition of a temporary frame building, two hundred and seventy applicants were accepted.

Because facilities are still inadequate, a usual day in the music school must begin early and end late. At seven o'clock in the morning the strains of a piano begin to roll out of the windows and down the street.



The Academy's Gregorian Choir is known throughout Japan for its Christmas broadcasts of the Mass.

Msgr. Aloysius Ogihara S.J., Apostolic Administrator, with Catholic children of the A-bombed city.

The last bell at ten p.m. silences the last late-practicing soprano or violinist. During the intervening hours there is a constant clash of chords emanating from the tiny practice rooms. Though practice for the student, it is truly music to Father Goossens' ears, for it is one step toward the realization of his dream, a vision of the time when facilities will be adequate and students may study in better surroundings than the present temporary buildings.

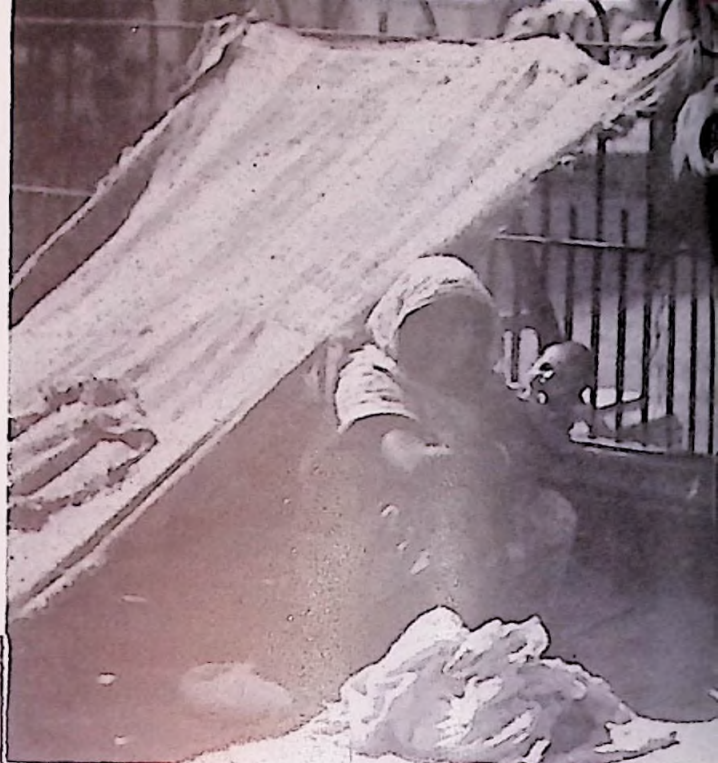
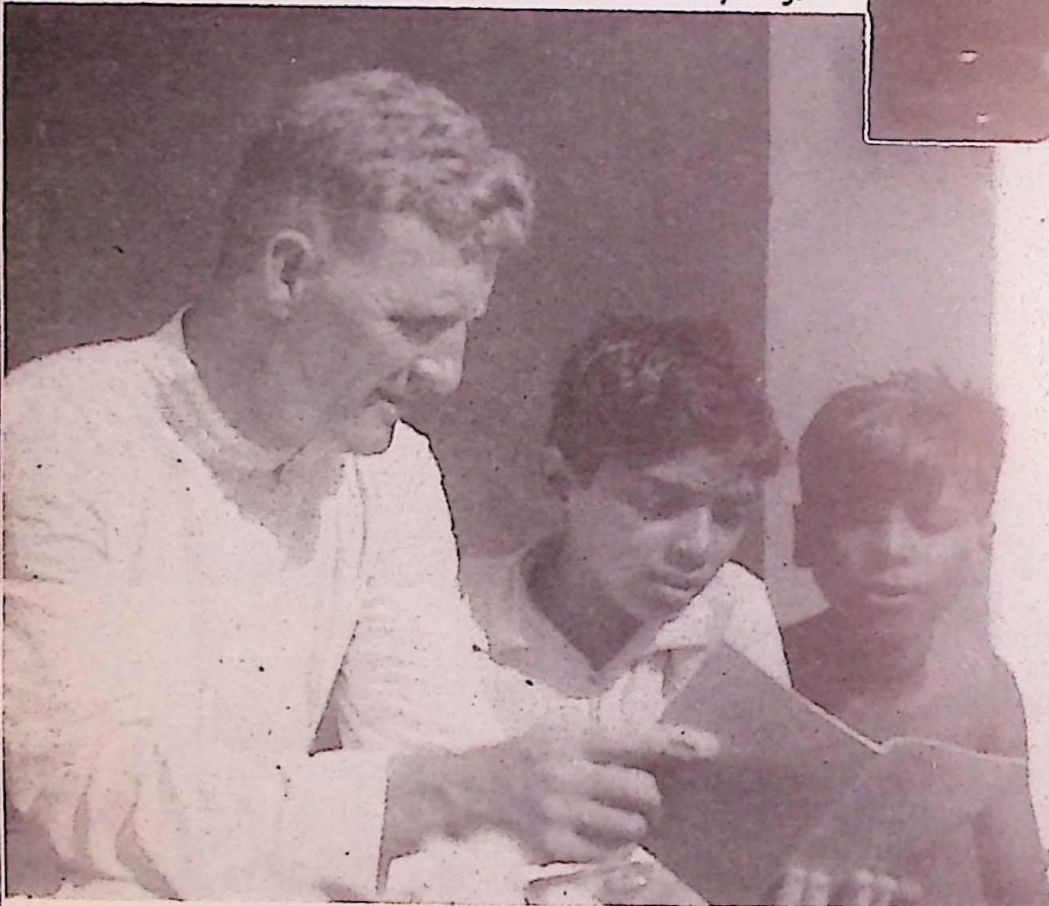
In 1949 an auditorium was erected adjoining the tiny school, and it is now the center of a dramatics course which has been added to the school curriculum in addition to courses in art and literature. At present the school boasts of 400 students and 32 professors in a building which was designed for one-tenth of that number. There is a forty-piece orchestra, a mixed choir of sixty voices and a children's choir of fifty. On four different occasions the Japan Broadcasting Company has invited the

Music Academy's choir to give a nationwide broadcast to its forty million listeners. Each time the group has presented an hour of beautiful religious music, Masses by Schubert and Beethoven, and beautiful hymns of the Church. These broadcasts, in addition to occasional concerts, have done much to impress upon Japanese how eagerly and enthusiastically the Church promotes the arts. Among the students of the Art and Music Academy there have been a number of conversions, and many have begun to study intensively Catholic thought and teachings.

Thus, the germ of an idea five years ago, nurtured and developed by Father Goossens, has made an important contribution to the apostolate in post-war Hiroshima. It has shown that the interests of the Church are universal, that she fosters and develops the arts. More important, it has given many non-Christians not only a new interest, but a new faith.

RED PERIL IN *Patna*

Father Robert Wilkinson S.J. is director of the League of the Sacred Heart in Behar-Sharif but he always has time to teach catechism to his young.



A poverty-stricken mother with child dressed in burlap is a familiar scene on the sidewalks of Calcutta. These are the ones who are too readily won over by the promises of the Communists.

establish the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The Communists, with their fellow travelers, paid and unpaid, are agitating strife and discord throughout the country. In Calcutta, which is the hotbed of Communism in India, they stop traffic and burn street cars; they waylay people and do violence to them. A U. S. official in Calcutta recently told me that the Communists have gone too far and so stirred up many

people against them. For a time they have been dormant, but their plan of changing India through violent revolution has not changed.

Then other leftist groups are allied with them. The Socialists, for instance, have a Marxist platform and, even if they do not take orders from Moscow, are dangerously close to Communistic ideals and principles.

It is useless merely to cry down the Communists. We must, like the Communists, do something. It is not sufficient merely to try to throw out or knock out Communism. We must act; 'we must change the world',

LEON A. FOSTER S.J.

WE HAVE IN OUR PATNA MISSION AND in the whole of India, due to the the extreme poverty of the people and the concomitant suffering, a fine setting for Communism. Communism is at our back door; it is even at our front door for there are many Communists in India and others who, although they do not call themselves Communists, agitate for the Marxist's program of life. Tibet, our northern neighbor, has just gone Communistic, since the 'People's Government of China', has stepped in to 'liberate' them. For some time now Nepal has been threatened with civil war, very probably stirred up by Communists who see in any calamity or disturbance a chance to promote their world wide revolution to es-

not motivated like the Communists by hatred, but by love.

With our two fine hospitals and some thirty dispensaries, we are doing all we can to help our Patnaites in a medical way, but we are doing practically nothing to relieve their more pressing hunger and nakedness. Then we are certainly helping the people to help themselves through our three fine high schools, where we endeavor to develop the intellectual acumen of the children and thereby help them to help themselves. These are splendid works of mercy but they only touch a fringe of the people.

The educational work, besides being carried on in three high schools and many other secondary and primary schools, is also going forward through the Catholic Book Crusade and information centers. The work of the C.B.C. has functioned rather successfully for eight years, under the direction of the great Father Henry Westropp, the missionary of two hemispheres. (He worked among the Indians of the United States for some fifteen years prior to coming to India in 1916.) He plans to get good literature in the hands of many people and thus help to educate them so that they can help themselves. He wants books and more books.

Then Father Robert Wilkinson has just recently opened up an information center and reading room, in the heart of old Patna City. He would be glad to have literature, especially Catholic literature, to help forward his work.

Finally, we are about to open up in the bazaar of Patna an information center under the direction of Father John Brennan who is our sociologist and heads the 'For God League' in India. Father Brennan has been preparing himself for such a work for twenty-five years in India and now is perfecting his Sanskrit so that he may converse with the most intellectual Hindus. For this work and his remaining campaign, Father John Brennan needs literature.

By aiding these social projects in the mission of Patna, you are missionaries and social workers too, doing your little part as you can for the kingdom of Christ in Patna. May the Lord bless you, all of you!

Literature may be sent direct to the three Fathers at St. Xavier's, Fraser Road, Patna, India.

Come, follow me

ISAIAS, THE GREAT PROPHET OF Christ's nativity and messianic mission, lived in a time as turbulent as our own, when the "lords of the earth stood in array", trusting in armies and chariots to impose their will on subject people. The prophet was a lone and unheeded voice, spurned and at last slain because of resentment against his message.

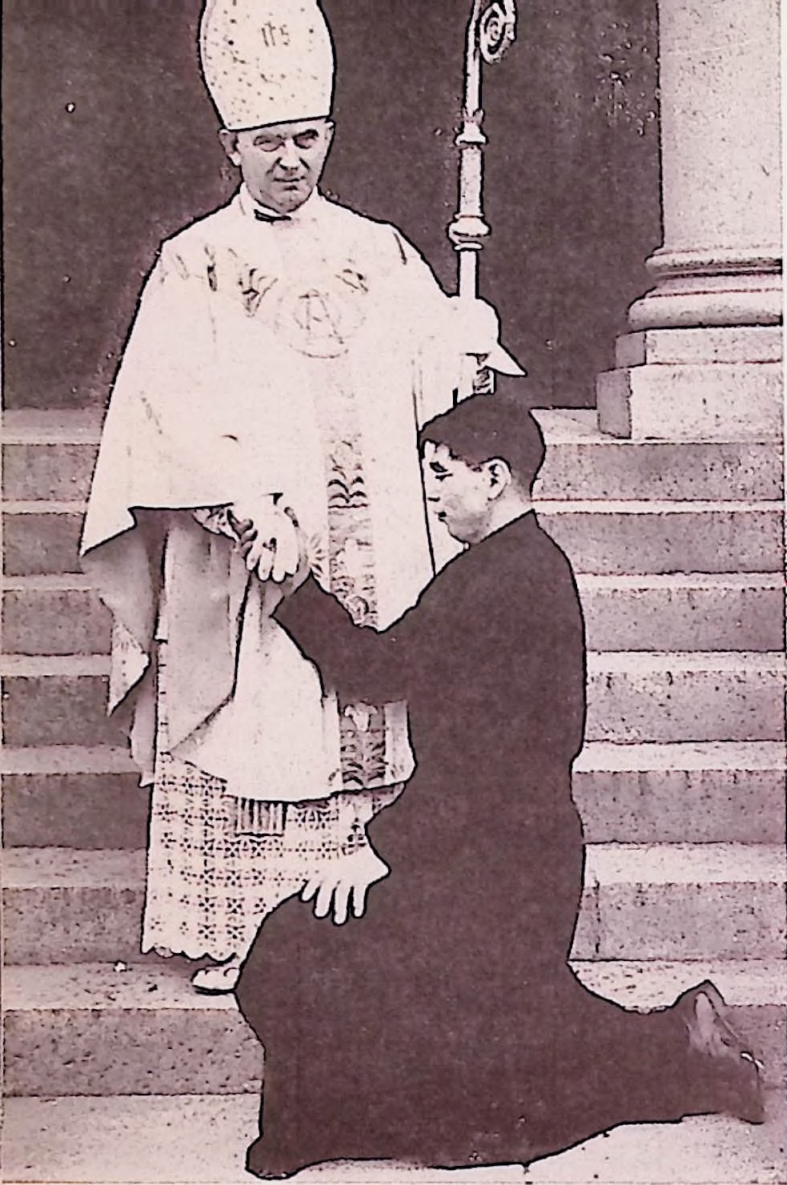
In an age of wars he had preached for peace with fiery condemnation of the war planners. In words that form the Introit of the Mass for Christmas dawn, he had foretold the coming of the Kingdom of Peace—"For a Child is born to us . . . and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the PRINCE OF PEACE".

The secret of peace, then, lies deep in the mystery of the first Christmas. It is cradled in the crib of Bethlehem, in the Infant Christ, Incarnate God, whom Simeon was to call—"a sign which men will refuse to acknowledge."

While men ignore the message of Bethlehem, it is no wonder that Versailles, Geneva and Lake Success are symbols of futile striving after peace. To ignore Bethlehem is to beget the confusion that permits the Communists to adopt the role of Isaias, crying "Peace" and posing as its zealous champions. Millions of war-weary people are lured by the siren voice into false and illusory hope.

Yet, there is no truer test of Communism's deceit and insincerity than its strategem of preaching peace with the impassioned tones of Isaias, while Herod-like, it seeks out the Child, the Prince of Peace, to destroy Him.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.



His Excellency Francis Gleeson S.J., Bishop of the northern section of Alaska, with Brother Ignatius Jakes S.J., an Eskimo coadjutor brother.



Joe Afcan of the Akulurak mission has a family picture taken. One grandchild sneaked in.



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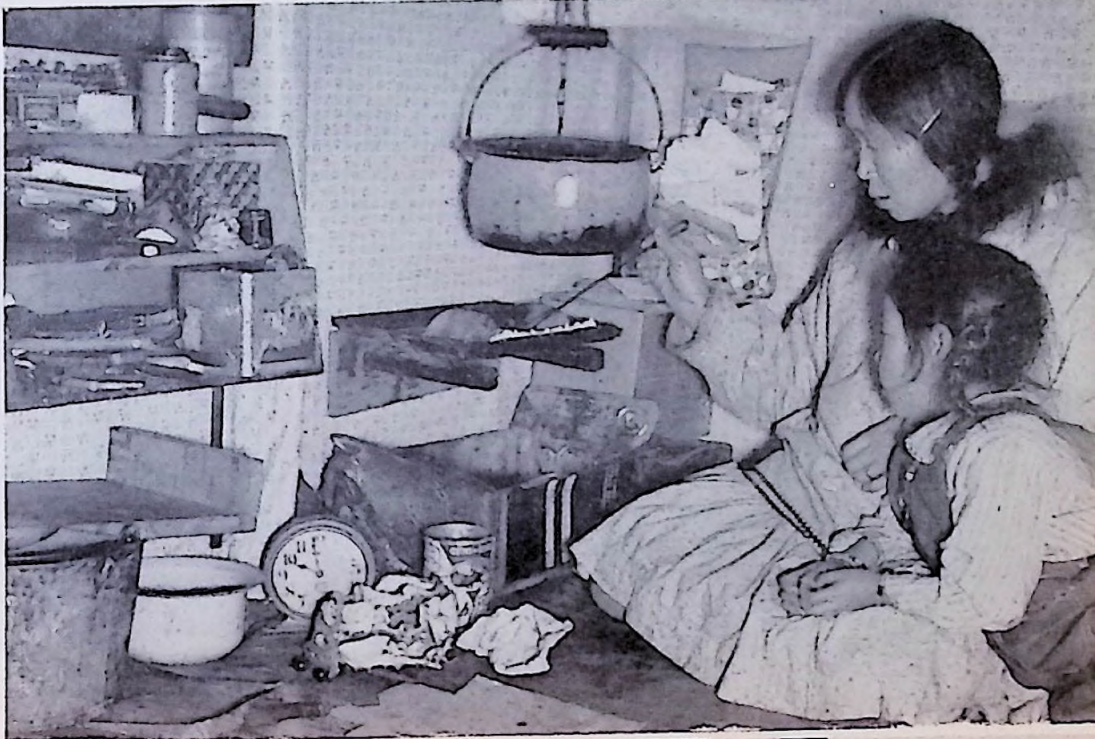
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WEALTH Family Life

In the Northland are a hardy people freed from the complexities and pressures of modern civilization, whose existence centers around the essentials of life. Food, shelter, and their primary concerns. But in the face of the environment they gain an independence, a spirit of hardiness. It is a hard life and a happy one.

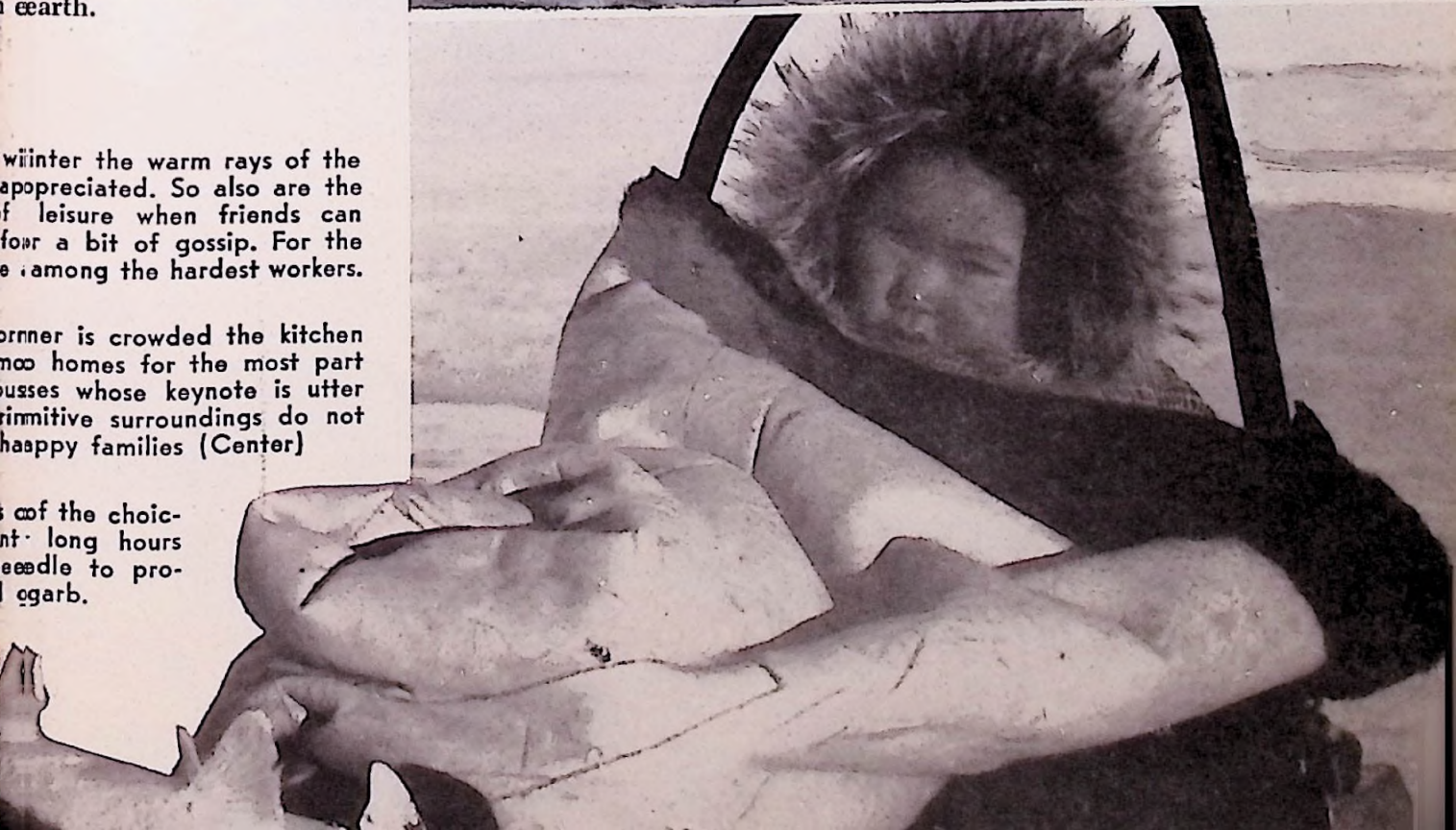
Men and women in Alaska share the hardships of life but they also know the joys. Victory is sweeter when earned the hard way. In Alaska it is the way of Our Lord Himself—and for those to whom the Kingdom of Heaven is the goal of His kingdom is the reward on earth.



In winter the warm rays of the sun are appreciated. So also are the pleasures of leisure when friends can gather for a bit of gossip. For the women are among the hardest workers.

When the corner is crowded the kitchen is the common home for the most part of the women whose keynote is utter simplicity. Primitive surroundings do not detract from the happy families (Center)

... of the choicest
... long hours
... needle to pro-
... garb.



Mister HAPPINESS

SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE TERRIFYING Hurricane in Jamaica, the Sunday Gleaner of Kingston published the list of the 154 victims. Like all lists it was barren of emotion and of praise, merely stating the essential facts. The eighth name in the second column was 'Ralph Buchanan, 17, Catholic Rectory, Morant Bay.' Certainly Ralph deserved more than that for, with his outstanding record in life, it is the firm conviction of all that no soul was more prepared to meet its Maker and Savior.

I met Ralph in October, 1948. I had gone to Trinityville and on arriving had noticed a new face on the porch of the home where I was to say Holy Mass. I cannot say that the strange boy made no impression on me for he was so singular that I can recall tagging him as Mr. Happiness. When Mass was finished I knew that he would come and introduce himself and so I looked forward to the moment. He did, awaiting his turn until last for he was a newcomer. A smiling country lad but Mr. Happiness fooled me! Instead of talking up, as I expected, I was amazed and taken back as he said with sureness and charm, "Good morning, Father,—would it be possible to obtain a Baltimore No. III Catechism?"

I answered, "Surely, but wouldn't you

like to stay at the Morant Bay rectory and study it there?"

"Father, I will see my uncle and I'm sure that I will be down on Saturday". Those three remarks, pithy as they were, started Ralph and myself on a strong partnership.

There was no mistake about Ralph for he proved by his worthiness that we very often know a good thing when we see it. His family has always been known for its diligence and good character and added to this came the revelation that he had received some training from the Sisters of Mercy; one of the Sisters said that Ralph was a good boy before he went there and could be depended on always to be a good boy.

For the first month he spent his time adjusting himself, doing all the necessary tasks that presented themselves. He was at Mass each morning and one could not but be struck by his fervor. At night one could always hear the singing of hymns in his quarters just in back of the rectory.

Then came the moment I had been waiting for. One morning there had been no server for the Mass; right after, while unvesting, Ralph came and asked if he couldn't serve Mass. He was told that it would take a little training; his response is

Father Francis Mahoney S.J. of Morant Bay, Jamaica, and Ralph, "Mister Happiness."





This was all that was left of the rectory at Morant Bay after the hurricane struck it last August.



His Lordship Bishop John McEleney S.J. attempts to console the Buchanan family at Ralph's grave.

tion of the Sanctuary Society. He was solely in charge, never asking me for help. He made one trip to Kingston to watch the Holy Rosary altar boys at Benediction and high Mass. It was all studied beforehand—at the church he observed and remembered.

There are countless other things to relate about the church and the rectory. But he really reached his peak one Sunday evening at Benediction. We all approached the altar and I sensed an air of futility; it soon became apparent for, after the Blessed Sacrament had been exposed, the church was soundless. No organist! While I was wondering whether or not I would start an "O SALUTARIS" that would be unknown and necessarily a solo, Ralph started off with a sureness that left no doubt. Looking back, the evening could have been an annoying one but Ralph saved it.

Well, Ralph is gone, a victim of the 1951 hurricane that literally blew everything in the Morant Bay area inside out. He was crushed in one of the seven buildings of the mission that came down. His body lies beneath the very lawn where he worked and prayed so hard. The second Mr. Happiness will never measure up to the first.

still clear, "Father, I have been studying a book for the last month and I think that I am ready."

The next morning Ralph served Mass, with only self instruction, so exactly and with such excellent diction that the performance seemed incredible. Close checking proved that Ralph had never served before.

The dependable catechist was now beginning to show himself. Ralph went to Sunday School but, even at fourteen, he was so far ahead and so exact that in no time at all he was not only a teacher but the apparent superintendent. It was a joy to watch and hear; he went much beyond the lessons and could always be relied upon to give little exhortations on the saints and urge all on to greater fervor, words easily taken, for he never asked anything that was not part of his own wonderful life.

In no time at all there was the re-institu-

FRANCIS J. MAHONEY S.J.

The Shepherd



Father John Fox S.J., veteran Alaskan missionary and shepherd of Pilot Station.

(This is another article in the series on Alaskan mission stations.)

How I wish the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS could have the experience that has been mine during the past three days! Never have I been so forcibly shown the eternal and true value of things as these hours at this little Eskimo village of Pilot Station.

I had left Holy Cross, on the way down the Yukon, with the intention of staying a few hours at this little mission where Father John Fox S.J. acts as guide and pastor to some twenty-two families. (He has three other mission stations as large or larger.)

The very beginning of this trip was a novelty, for my pilot was an Eskimo, Mike Dementieff, flying a little biplane of his own. When we landed, I wished to pay for the trip (airplane trips in Alaska are expensive), but I was told, "You don't owe me anything. Maybe I can pay you back for all the things the Fathers did for the 'Old Man' and us kids."

My education progressed! As I made my way up the trail to the little church perched on the hillside, a tall, spare figure in a rather faded and much-patched cassock hurried



down to greet me. Snow white hair crowned a majestic and smiling countenance and Father Fox welcomed me to "his" village. And yet with the welcome there was a note of apology. The night before Father had started to give his people a retreat, and when Father Fox gives a retreat, it isn't anything like the well-planned affairs run in houses especially dedicated for the purpose. A Father Fox retreat gets right down to fundamentals.

The people of the village pose no problem, for they have their homes right here where they can eat and sleep, but what about those who come from miles away? To have them share the hospitality of the village would mean visiting and conversation and there would be little value to the retreat. So Father solves the problem very simply. To the women and their babies he gives up his own quarters. For the men he partitions off the back of the church with a couple of old tents, and the little room used for the teaching of catechism becomes the dining room. Father himself takes the little shed in front of the church for himself, where with Spartan simplicity he does very well.

My arrival made his accommodations that much more crowded. I was given the bed; his own sleeping bag rested on the floor. But that was the least of it. Not only does Father give his flock the points for meditation in the retreat, but while they are meditating on the eternal value of things, Father makes sure the temporal is taken care of by cooking their meals. One item at a time is prepared on the small one-burner Primus stove, and is then placed upon the top of the small oil heater to keep warm while the next item is cooked.

EDMUND A. ANABLE S.J.

A Pilot Station

When all is ready, perhaps a meal of fish, rice, tea and bread, the bell is rung and men and women eat in silence. Well, not exactly in silence. The babies refuse to be intimidated and even the solemn dignity of a retreat can't keep them on their best behavior.

Then this morning I was given a glimpse of what the angels in heaven are privileged to see each morning; the Mass of a people who have nothing of this world's goods, but are rich beyond the wealth of millionaires with the blessings and love of almighty God.

The chapel is small, so small that the Communion rail by actual measurement, is fourteen inches from the altar platform. There are no pews or kneelers, but backless benches. Every inch was literally jammed with crowded fur-clad humanity. The prayers in Innuït swelled in mighty chorus to God, giving thanks for the few things which make life possible for these simple people. As I knelt at the back, against the wall, I saw every person approach the Communion rail and receive almighty God. And as I thought of the great, beautiful churches of the States, with their long sweep of Communion railings, but with only two or three persons kneeling there, I realized more and more how blessed and wealthy are the simple and the poor.

My own Mass was a continuation of revelation. The prayers were answered by

the server, but the Latin responses also came from many attending their second Mass. And when those same voices rang out in a hymn to Our Blessed Mother, in Innuït, the gutturals had a way of becoming smooth and liquid.

Yes, the angels are very close to these people and it is easy to understand why, as one watches and listens and studies the simple and selfless man who for almost twenty-five years has dedicated his life and energies to these people, Father Fox.

In the evening, despite the darkness and the cold, I was astounded to see every inhabitant of the village once more climb that hill and gather together for the rosary and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. And my astonishment was complete when I learned that every evening, retreat or no retreat, they have their rosary together.

It was at this mission of Pilot Station that I received a great deal of consolation in finding here a number of men and women who had been boys and girls at Akulurak in the years I had been there. How they delighted to remind me of the teeth I had taken from their aching jaws, of the cuts I had bandaged, and the iodine I had painted on their brown skins! What a pleasure it was to find these same youngsters, men and women now, the leaders in their village, still serving Mass, still acting as interpreters, still the inspiration and help to those of their fellows who had not been so fortunate as to have the same mission training as themselves.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Our Lord was thinking of Pilot Station, when He said that.

These people haven't much in the line of worldly wealth but they are rich in the blessings of God.



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

DECEMBER: Missions in the Polar Regions

THE POLAR REGIONS ARE GENERALLY DEFINED as those regions beyond the limit of tree-growth. Since there are no native inhabitants in the Antarctic polar region, our considerations will be confined to Arctic lands. In America we have the Vicariate of Alaska and the Canadian Vicariates of Whitehorse, Mackenzie, Hudson Bay and portions of Labrador. There are the islands of Greenland and Iceland, the prefectures of Northern and Central Norway, and the northern portions of the Vicariates of Sweden and Finland. The rest of polar Europe and Asia is hemmed in by Russia's Iron Curtain.

How many souls are at present in the latter regions we may not know but we do know that human beings, many of them Catholics, are bringing Christ to lands that know not God. These apostles and martyrs of the faith merit our prayers.

Alaska and northern Canada number some 26,000 Catholics out of more than 100,000 souls. The former is the field of American Jesuits, the latter of Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Greenland has no resident missionary for its 18,000 people, some of whom are of Danish origin and hence Christian. Though Catholics in Iceland count only 500 out of a total population of 128,000 the Church is making definite progress under the Montfort Fathers.

It is difficult to estimate the number of Catholics in the polar regions of Scandinavia since statistics available give only the figures for the entire Vicariates of Sweden and Finland, but it is probable that these districts are not far different from the Prefectures of Northern and Central Norway where one finds less than 400 Catholics in a population of some 581,000 Norwegians. These Scandinavian missions are served by Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, Missionaries of the Holy Family, Picpus Fathers and diocesan clergy.

In all these Arctic missions the chief hardships are those of climate, distance and



This mission chapel at one of the outposts of the American Jesuits in Alaska is typical of the Arctic.

sparseness of population for tremendous areas. While 90° below zero (Fahrenheit) is the lowest recorded temperature, temperatures of 50° below are not unusual. Zealous missionaries will often mush miles and miles at this temperature to bring the sacraments to a single family or person.

Though the airplane and river-boat have lessened the hardship of travel, there are still villages that cannot be reached save by dog-sled. And the airplane is often beyond the pocket-book of the Arctic missionary.

Add to these difficulties the post-war influx of speculators seeking quick wealth in the recently discovered radium and uranium veins and in the coal and oil fields and you have a problem that would stagger even a zealous apostle of the faith. Too often these speculators need a missionary far more than the natives whose simple way of life they have disrupted.

December snows, then, should remind us not only of Christmas but of the frozen wastes of Alaska and Canada, of Greenland and Iceland, of the Scandinavian countries and of the hapless regions of the U.S.S.R. where souls still await the Christmas message of the angels. Backed by our prayers the faith will prosper even amid trackless tundras of perpetual snow.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

MISSIONS NEED THE MANGER



THINK of your first childhood visit to the Manger, possibly your first real religious experience, one so vivid that it has remained fresh for you even until now. Christmas without a visit to the Holy Family and the Manger is unthinkable to us American Catholics. That is why we ask you now, almost within hearing of the Christmas bells and sight of the Manger, to help us supply Christmas Cribs for our many churches in the missions. Constant appeals from the missionaries reach us for funds to buy the figures and materials. Will you aid us with one, two and ten dollar gifts to make the Christ Child more real to the children and adults on our worldwide missions?



JESUIT *Missions*

962 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

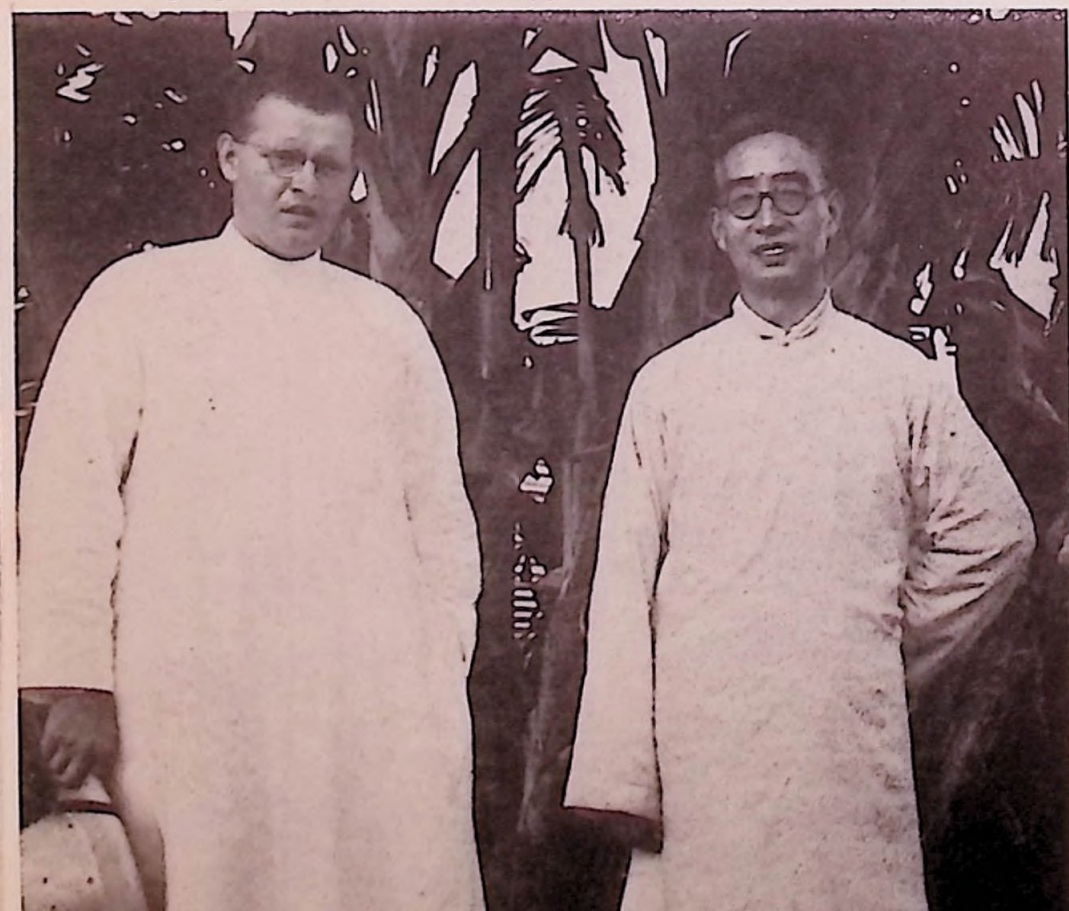
Afield WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

VENITE ADOREMUS

Come, let us adore Him! Year after year, the magic of these words thrill us as though we were hearing them for the first time. The invitation to come and adore the Son of God made flesh is such a compelling one! Come, let us adore Him . . . and the happy memories of all the Christmases we have known come thronging in on us—the Christmas cribs we have seen through the years, the resplendent settings of the solemn high midnight Masses, the lovely, haunting strains of *Adeste Fideles* and *Jesu Bambino*, and above all, the crowds returning from the altar rail with Christ in their hearts and a joy too deep for words.

Nor can we easily forget the sheer ecstasy of children around

John Dahlheimer S.J. (left) with one of his teachers at the Chinese Language School in the Philippines. Day by day new exiles arrive.



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

the Christmas tree, the great good fun at the family dinner table and the little things that mean so much—the holly and the candles and the carolling.

GOING TO BETHLEHEM

The missionary too, has fond memories of Christmas in San Francisco or Chicago or Boston. Although in many parts of the mission world there will be no holly wreaths to brighten the little mission chapel, still the new-born Christ will be there to offer Himself to priest and people as the most perfect Christmas present.

Sometimes, of course, the missionary will find Christmas celebrated much as it is here at home—but with rather novel additions. Here are a few impressions sent to us last year.

From the Philippines, Father Theodore Daigler S.J. had this to say:

"In some of the old towns there are troupes of actors and singers who enact the Christmas story in dance and recitative and song in the tradition of 300 years ago. One sees them on the street dressed as the three kings or the shepherds, as Our Lady or Saint Joseph.

"The crib is quite different from your little-on-the-one-side-of-the-church crib. Here it is a brilliant spectacle which sometimes fills the whole front of the church above the high altar. The town of Bethlehem and the surrounding countryside is depicted. One sees horsemen advancing, camels plodding, women carrying jugs on their heads, carabaos with riders pulling a mud-sled, sheep with their shepherds, men pounding rice, others roasting pigs, nipa huts decorated with hundreds of lights. Incidentally, the figures are moved by mechanical devices and all, apparently, going to Bethlehem."

FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS

Another side of the Christmas gaiety and pageantry is reported by John Dahlheimer S.J.:

"Nearly every parish that I have visited in the Philippines has a public address system so placed in the church that it dominates the village. The church at Angono was no exception, and on Christmas Eve music flooded the town. However, the music was interrupted at times by the following "commercial":

"The visiting Father will now hear confessions in Chinese, English and Spanish."

"At eight o'clock a band took over and kept up manfully until midnight. Shortly before midnight, the people were treated to a recording of White Christmas as sung by El Bingo himself. Midnight Mass was exquisite as celebrated in the fine



Despite the impression at first glance Father Thomas Hussey (right) is the coach and Father Madaras, Baghdad Superior, the spectator.

old Spanish church, but immediately after Mass the moderately silent night was broken by the clamor of the people. We were informed that the congregation wished to kiss the image of the Christ Child. Father Hsu and I—a Chinese and an American—carried the statue back and forth along the communion rail. The people were much impressed, realizing that our countrymen were battling one another that very night not too far to the north.

“When the crowd had gone, I curled up on a mat on the bamboo floor, wrapped myself snugly in my field jacket and tried to sleep. Mercifully, there were no mosquitoes but there was something worse. Loud brass bands kept circling the town and at three o’clock in the morning the convento was treated to a delicate rendition of Chattanooga-Choo-choo.

“Such was our barrio Christmas, a rather noisy celebration but easily borne with when we remembered that it was just another nation’s way of saying: “Welcome, little Child Jesus”. We love our silent night, but the Filipino is evidently con-

vinced that the Savior’s coming is something to shout from the housetops. How I wish that the world would listen.”

BERA DIN

While missionaries in the Philippines celebrate Mass in the little barrio churches to the sound of the organ, the castanets and tambourine, Father Frederick Bailey S.J. will begin his Mass on the island of Yap to the strains of “Nap-ni-thuthup”, the islanders’ expression for Holy Night. In India the missionary will be greeted at the door of the church with “Kushi Purb” (Happy Feast) or “Bera Din” (The Big Day). And everywhere, in every tongue, the missionary and his people will find a way to express “this wonderful thing that has come to pass.”

VACATION

For the missionary who happens to be teaching in a high school or college, Christmas brings a change of occupation if not the much earned rest. As Father Thomas Hussey S.J. writes from Baghdad:

“It is Christmas vacation and all through the house there is a blessed peace. It is not only

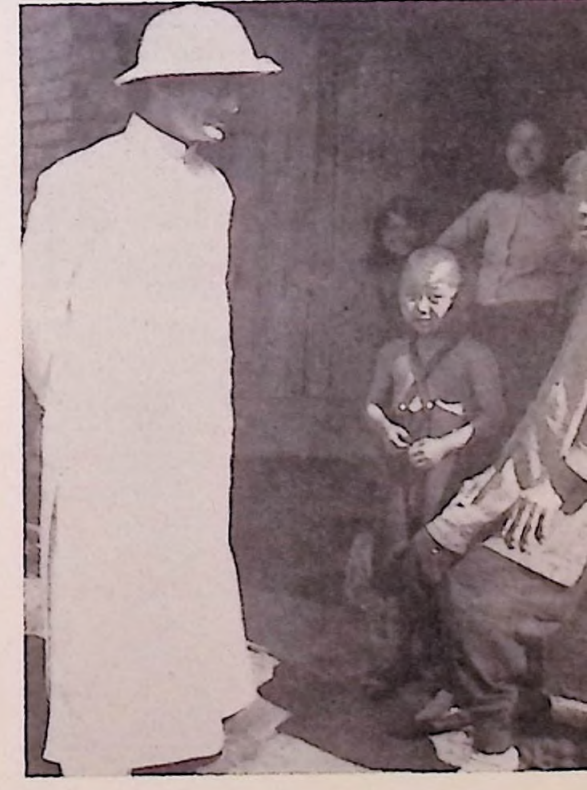
the inward peace that comes flowing out of the Crib, but also the outward peace of a boarding school without the boarders. Those little and big disturbers of our peace and of our plans to catch up on our correspondence, have gone off to their homes in the snow-filled mountains of Kurdistan on the borders of Persia or to homes by the edge of the brown desert or to the evergreen date groves on the Persian Gulf.”

CHRISTMAS IN CHINA

We have no way of knowing what kind of Christmas the few California Jesuits still in China will have this year. Separated from their fellow Jesuits who have been expelled from the country over the past year, living under the up-raised fist of Communism, we can only pray that the Christ Child will protect and console them for the courageous fight they are waging for His sake.

The picture has now become clearer than it ever was before. The choice for the Chinese

Father John Gordon S.J., China missionary now in exile, with three generations of Chinese.





At the new Nirmala College in New Delhi Fathers Paul Smith S.J. (right) and John Choppesky S.J. with some of their students take time out to greet a young refugee from troubled Pakistan.

people has narrowed down to two ways of life—Christian or Communist.

PRINCE OF PEACE

That the struggle for the hearts and souls of the Chinese people is one that is being waged by the Prince of Peace and the Powers of Darkness, seems clear from a rather remarkable letter that has been forwarded to us from China. Written as a Christmas letter by a young Chinese to his former teacher, Father John Gordon S.J. (since expelled from China), it is shot through with love and affection for his former friend, and emphasizes the diabolical power of Communist propaganda to influence even the good. The sentence "So I wrote my name on the paper" is an admission that he has joined the Communist party.

Before presenting the letter which is written in rather halting English, we want to give

you Father Gordon's comment:

"I thought that you'd be interested in reading this—just as it is. It proves that Communism takes a hold on some young people (this boy is 19) and makes fanatics of them. This young man was a Catholic, still loves the Church—but with modifications. He no longer believes in Christ. While he does profess belief in God, it is the Marxist god whose heaven is to be found right here on earth. He is in the Communist navy now."

The letter reads:

Dear Father Gordon:
I have not write one letter to you about four month. Father, although I want to write some letter to you because I want to tell you some thing that I saw and thought, I couldn't write one word. When I wanted to write letter, if I tell you the truth then I think may be some unhappiness for you, but if I tell you the fib I dislike this.

Father you know I like peace. I love peace very much. I cannot see some boys and girls lost their Papa and Mama. Father, you must know who kill the peace-people now. Who made some people no house for living? Father, I know you love the people of the world. You love the kind people better than the fighter. I do too. So I wrote my name on the paper. I will (fight) against the fighter till I drop my own last blood. I want to be the champion of peace.

Christmas shall come. I make a Christmas card for my Father Gordon. Why not post letter? Because I am afraid this is last letter in this year. The American army fight with the Chinese, so may be ship can't go. Father, if you have any time please write one letter to me.

Your student . . .

NIRMALA

We extend the season's greetings to the staff of Nirmala, the new Jesuit College in New Delhi, India. To Fathers Paul Smith, Charles Saldanha, Bernard Dempsey, Gregory Huger,



John Choppesky and to Brother Illing, we wish a most happy and successful New Year.

Just in case you haven't brushed up on your Sanskrit recently, the name "Nirmala" means Immaculate Lady, referring, of course, to our own Blessed and Immaculate Mother Mary. And, incidentally, if the name happens to strike your fancy, you have Father Paul Smith's word for it that it is perfectly all right to use it as a baptismal or confirmation name.

According to the latest reports Nirmala College is doing very nicely.

As Father Smith puts it:

"The next student to be admitted to Nirmala College will be our five hundredth. We have 431 men and 68 coeds. Only five students are Catholic, three are Protestant, and one is a Parsee. We have no Mohammedans although we are in a former Muslim school and neighborhood. The rest of the students are Hindus. We also have 70 manly Sikhs, most of whom have full beards. Incidentally, all 70 Sikhs happen to have the name Singh (Lion). A Smith, who is accustomed to be one of a sizeable minority in any American gathering, feels isolated and alone. The Smith solidarity is somewhat shaken by the jarring fact that in the combined telephone directory for Old and New Delhi there is only one Smith listed."

HANDICRAFT ON LIKIEP

Education that is worth the name will bring out the hidden talents of a youngster. If any proof is needed, we think that His Excellency Bishop Thomas Feeney S.J. can offer some pretty satisfactory evidence. He writes:

"Credit for revitalizing handicraft on Likiep belongs to all our pupils, both boys and girls. The girls are inventive, original and adept in weaving fans from coconut or pandanus fibres. For

centers they use turtle shell, sanded, dried in the sun and polished. While favoring fans, they also produce belts with their own designs worked in varicolored dyes. The boys concentrated on ash trays from coconut husks, letter openers from kano wood polished with shoe blacking or Gorham's silver polish and inlaid with mother of pearl from lagoons of Ebon and Likiep.

"With dress material donated by benefactors in New York and Boston, school girls in the age span 14-16, completed over 150 dresses. These separate talents just listed had lain dormant for years. What price their resurrection? Independently of our normal school sanctions—one thing and one thing only, immediate cash payment on the spot by the school Director. And the result? For the pupils of Holy Rosary School and the people of Likiep—food, hope, and what one visiting war veteran described as "the happiest laughter I have ever heard." For visitors and guests — handicraft. For the writer—the first signs of the evolution of a people towards the ideal of self-sufficiency—reward for and of true and efficient education."

The biggest revolution on the island of Likiep in the Marshalls has been the co-operatives introduced by Bishop Feeney for young and old.

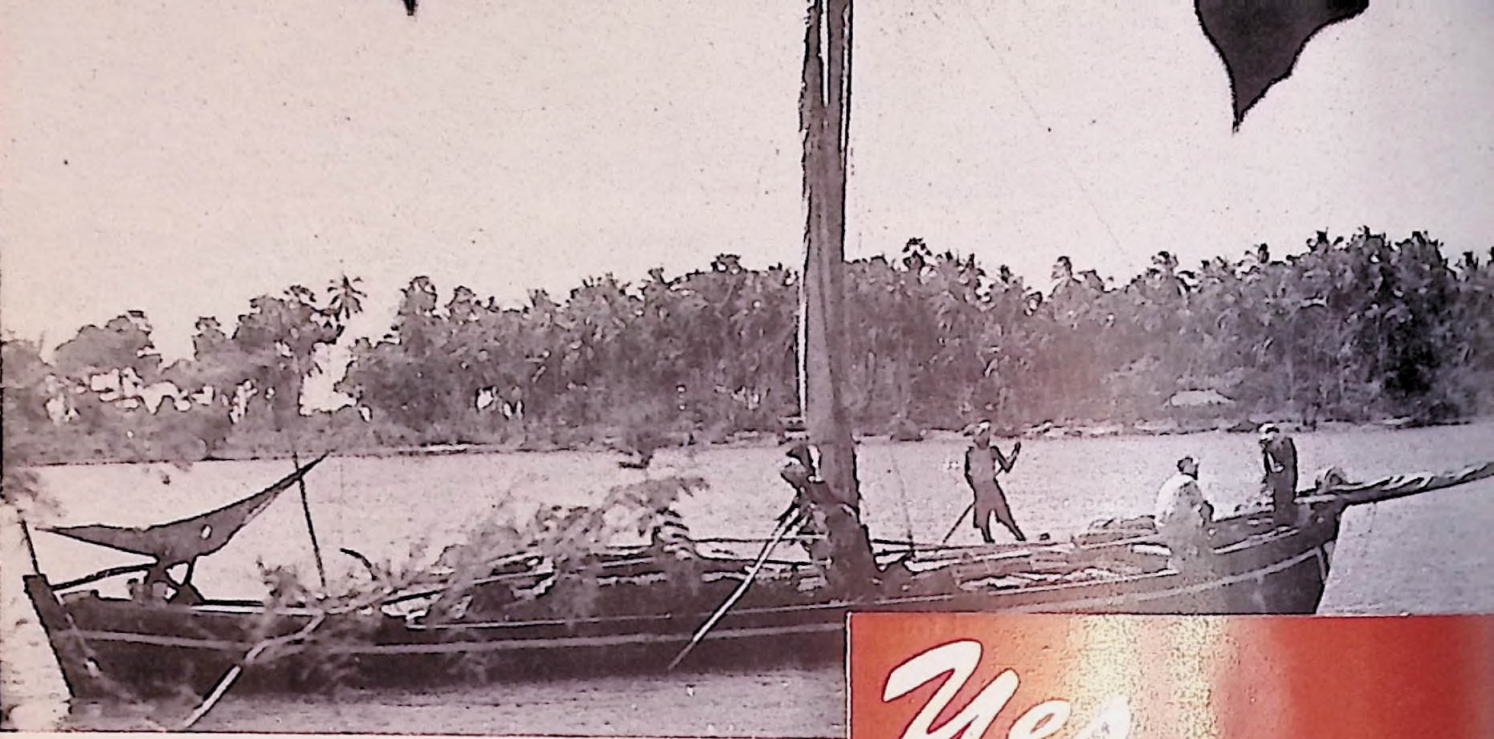
INDIA TOMORROW

Another missionary who is doing his share for the education of India's younger people is Father John Murray S.J. of Bihar.

"The youngsters here are wild about western films and Tarzan pictures, and many of the people can sing modern American songs in their peculiar Anglo-Indian accent, which is not thoroughly English but more like Scotch. They say "mon" for man and "goost" for ghost.

"Among the big problems facing me here is schooling for the children. Our school goes up only to the sixth year. For further education, children must be sent to boarding schools. The latter are not too expensive, but these people have so little margin on their salary that it is impossible to educate very many children. Some men spend 60% of their salary, and even more, to educate three or four children. They know that in the India of the future only those with a good education will have a chance for decent subsistence. If we had a Catholic school here in town for grades above the sixth, it would make the burden less for those who reside here."





The customary mode of travel on the Ceylon lagoons.

ONE OF THE OLDEST ARGUMENTS ON THE "Golden Isle" of Ceylon concerns our singing fish. There have been disputes about the fact in the Colombo papers. There are even disputes here in Batticaloa. Many people here know that they have heard them, but some haven't and they therefore argue that there is no such thing as a singing fish.

This dispute has been such that everyone wants to give the fish a chance. Some hear the fish and some do not. This doesn't help at all in the dispute. You have to go on a night when there is a moon, there can't be too much breeze, this condition and that has to be fulfilled and if you don't get the songs of the fish then you are inclined to say that the conditions were laid down because there just aren't any singing fish. Then you have to contend with the fact that the Batticaloa lagoon is the only place that you can find the singing fish in Ceylon. As a matter of fact it is the only place that I have heard of where you can find them in tropical waters.

I have been in Batticaloa for more than two years now and am a staunch believer in the existence of singing fish. Father John Lange has been here much longer than I have and he is the one who introduced me to the fish, so recently when he proposed the idea of proving beyond a doubt that there were such things as singing fish I was

WILLIAM H. MORAN S.J.



all for the idea. We decided to record them. A couple of nights we talked about how we could record them, how we could get a microphone under water and not get it wet, where we would set up the recorder, etc. Then last month when the moon was full we decided to give it a try. Under the full moon the fish should be singing to their hearts' content. We took an amplifier to the bridge just in front of Father Lange's parish house, which spans the lagoon. The microphone was put into a football bladder and sealed as tightly as possible. We let the microphone into the water at about the middle of the bridge to a depth of eight feet and the results were beyond our expectations. The singing fish were going very strong and clear.

With another microphone attached to a wire recorder we took the sound from the amplifier and recorded it. First a minute run and then we played that back to see how it was cutting. The results were very good. As a matter of fact they were too good so we tuned down the volume on both the amplifier and the recorder to half and found that that was quite sufficient.

The sounds are hard to describe. They are somewhat like the noise of a frog but it is easy to tell that it is not frogs making the noise. The amplifier picked up four notes very clearly but the highest note would not come in too truly. There was a deep bass fellow who must have been very close to the microphone for when he cut loose the sound was so loud we got nothing but vibrations. It is not difficult to distinguish the four notes on the record, and if you listen very closely you can get the fifth one every now and then.

We recorded eight minutes of the singing. We would record two or three minutes and then play that back to see that it was coming in clearly, make what adjustments we thought would bring it in clearer and then record another couple of minutes. Everything was going fine until water got into the connection of the microphone under water and that was the end for the night. After that, silence from the amplifier.

The day after we made the recording three priests from St. Peter's College in Colombo were in Batticaloa. They listened to the record in the morning and that evening Father Lange arranged to have them taken out on the lagoon in fishing boats. Since I had never been out that way I asked to go along and there was plenty of room. I was glad that I did go along for it proved something to me that I was wondering about. When we made our recording we were close to the bridge and so the fish might just possibly have been making the noise as they rubbed against the pilings of the bridge. We went out from the parish house to the spot where we had recorded the night before and could hear the fish clearly above the water. The fishermen stopped rowing and we just drifted with the stream. That cleared any doubt that I might have had. In about half an hour we had drifted about half a mile from the bridge and if anything the song was clearer than at the bridge.

So now when someone comes to Batticaloa and tries to belittle our singing fish we will just dig out our record and make him listen to it. We don't have to wait for a moonlight night, nor for the wind to stop blowing. We have something to confound the sceptics . . . the actual song of the singing fish, recorded for the first time in their natural habitat.



By the smooth waters of Batticaloa two Ceylonese girls investigate the habitat of the singing fish.

William Moran S.J. (right) and Frederick Cooley S.J. of St. Michael's College in Batticaloa, Ceylon.





The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

The spirit of giving characterizes the spirit of Christmas in heaven and upon earth. The Father so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son and the Son so loved us that He gave Himself for our salvation. You emulate this divine spirit of giving by sharing the riches of your life with others.

For many, the spirit of Christmas is merely in the air but, for you in particular, I would rather say that the spirit of Christmas is in your hearts. On the official calendar, Christmas day appears but once. On the calendar of JESUIT MISSIONS each one of the 365 days could be listed as Christmas. Day after day, your spontaneous and sacrificial gifts reveal to God and to us your spirit of giving. Your letter may be addressed to JESUIT MISSIONS but, actually, it is intended for God. Its contents are given that Christ may be given more abundantly to souls. In accepting and dispersing your gifts we are only the go-between.

Fervent are our prayers that at the midnight hour when heaven and earth pause to commemorate the birth of the Christ Child, the plenitude of grace may descend deeply into your hearts and all whom you love.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

"And She brought forth Her first born Son and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger."

You can share, in some degree, Mary's joy by supplying altar linens for the Eucharistic Christ Child. Father Harold Murphy of the Philippines, Father Fox of Mountain Village, Alaska, and Father Dagani of Zamboanga, need several altar cloths and also smaller altar linens such as corporals and purificators. If you care to make the smaller altar linens you can do so but the large altar cloths will have to be made according to specifications. It will be more practical to send to JESUIT MISSIONS a donation of \$2.00 or \$3.00 towards the altar cloths rather than to purchase the linen yourself.

Father Fox also desires a communion plate. We can buy one for \$12.00.

"To know Our Lord more intimately, to love Him more ardently, to follow Him more closely."

That is the prayer of Jesuit novices the world over. The minute details of Our Lord's life are the preoccupation of a novice. He can gain this knowledge by instructions but the greatest source is reading. Father Lynch,

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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

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

China (Suchow)
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762 Sherbrooke St., West,
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Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
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821 Market Street,
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India (Patna) and
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Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and
Canadian Indians
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Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

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Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands
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51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

the Master of Novices at Novaliches, would like to have one set of Prat's Life of Our Lord for each one of his novices. There are now approximately fifty novices at Novaliches. If you could send \$5.00 or \$10.00 towards the books, you would share in the prayers of the Jesuit novices and in the Masses of the missionaries of the Philippines.

"As He was walking by the sea of Galilee He saw two brothers, Simon and his brother Andrew, casting a net into the sea."

Peter and Andrew gained their experience as fishermen in the sea of Galilee, only 13 miles long and 7 miles at the widest point. From heaven they must watch with admiration the ability of the missionaries of the Carolines sailing their boats 4,600 miles from Truk to Ponape and then only touching six of their eleven mission stations. Father McManus is rather fearful that some of his ocean traveling may be curtailed simply because of a lack of fuel. Last June, diesel oil cost \$7.00 a drum and it is now \$15.00 a drum. Can you help him and the other missionaries of the Carolines by contributing to the fuel fund?

"Come, blessed of My Father . . . I was a stranger and you took Me in, naked and you covered me."

For years, Father John Morrison of Bihar, India, has been beginning new projects. His latest is a home for widows and orphans. He would like to start work on the building as soon as possible. He needs \$50.00 for each unit of the building.

A further fulfillment of the above quotation would be to help Father John C. Murphy of Yoro. He needs summer clothing for the children of his mission. He particularly listed shirts, pants and dresses for children between the ages of six and fourteen. You can save time and expense by sending the package, well wrapped and well tied, via parcel post to

John C. Murphy
Casa Cural
El Progreso, Honduras, C.A.

N.B. Mark the packages as follows

"Ropa para Nino Pobre" (Clothing for poor children.) This will facilitate clearing the package through customs.

Alaska

MISSION NEED



The orphans at Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, beg the practical Christmas gift of clothing. Multiply your own family by ten and you realize how much it costs to clothe this large family of Christ. We will gladly forward your money gifts.

COAT	\$25.00
SHOES	5.00
SHIRTS	4.00
WOOLEN GLOVES	3.00
TOYS	2.00

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

IN *His Mother's* PLACE

The Infant Christ

needed swaddling clothes at Bethlehem and Mary, His Mother, supplied them. Christ's priests on the missions need vestments for Mass. Will you take the place of His Mother? The climate, especially in tropical countries, is very hard on cloth and keeping the vestments fitting and decent is a problem for the missionary. He must see to it that every one of his chapels is equipped with vestments in the five liturgical colors. They need not be elaborate ones but light and suitable for his circumstances. Can you help clothe Mary's missioner? We can purchase the vestments at \$25 a set.

If you would like to give a set in memory of a departed relative or friend, or for some other intention, send us a donation and we will see the needy missionaries are supplied. Christ's name belongs on your Christmas list.



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