

Jesuit MISSIONS

MARCH 1952



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MISSION MILESTONES

The Philippines

- 1581—The first Jesuits arrive in Manila.
- 1659—101 Jesuits cared for souls of 520,265 Christians in 84 different places.
- 1750—Martyrdom of Fathers Lambertini and Morales on the island of Bohol.
- 1768—Suppression of Society of Jesus in the Philippines. At this time there were 9 colleges and 158 Jesuits on the entire mission.
- 1859—Return of the Jesuits. Ateneo de Manila and Observatory founded.
- 1889—Jesuit priests on the mission numbered 79.
- 1901—Arrival of Father Stanton, first American to be ordained in the P. I.
- 1927—When Jesuit Missions magazine was founded the mission personnel in the Philippines numbered 175, 53 of whom were Americans. The formal transfer of the mission from the Aragon Province to the Maryland-New York Province took place Easter Sunday.
- 1952—Today 339 Jesuits staff over 280 mission stations, 1 university, 5 colleges and 8 high schools. They also direct 25 other high schools and 10 elementary schools.

The coming of Lent usually means a kind of mental inventory of our habits and way of life. It is a checkup which makes us more conscious of the richness of our circumstances, of those scores of little items which add up to Twentieth Century civilization in America. We are living in the most materially advanced country in the world, in an atmosphere where luxuries have a way of hardening into the necessities of life.

It is well to take an occasional look at the world beyond our borders, the world of the real poor—and the world of the missionary. As you read this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS you can glimpse, on several occasions, the poverty and destitution that is found in other parts of the world. Sometimes it is explicitly mentioned; sometimes we must read between the lines to sense the wretched background to the story. So a Jesuit missionary in India, praising the work of a Medical Mission Sister, mentions briefly that the only site for an appendicitis operation was his tin chapel. It is an example of what most missionaries must face. They are working among the world's poor; they themselves must live the life of their people. No one is closer to the destitution of Christ on the Cross than the missionary who is Christ among the poor.

COVER. In the East nothing is more intriguing than a market place. Here in the Philippines a young mother bargains with an itinerant bird seller while her tiny daughter chortles in glee at the antics of the feathered prisoner in the cage.

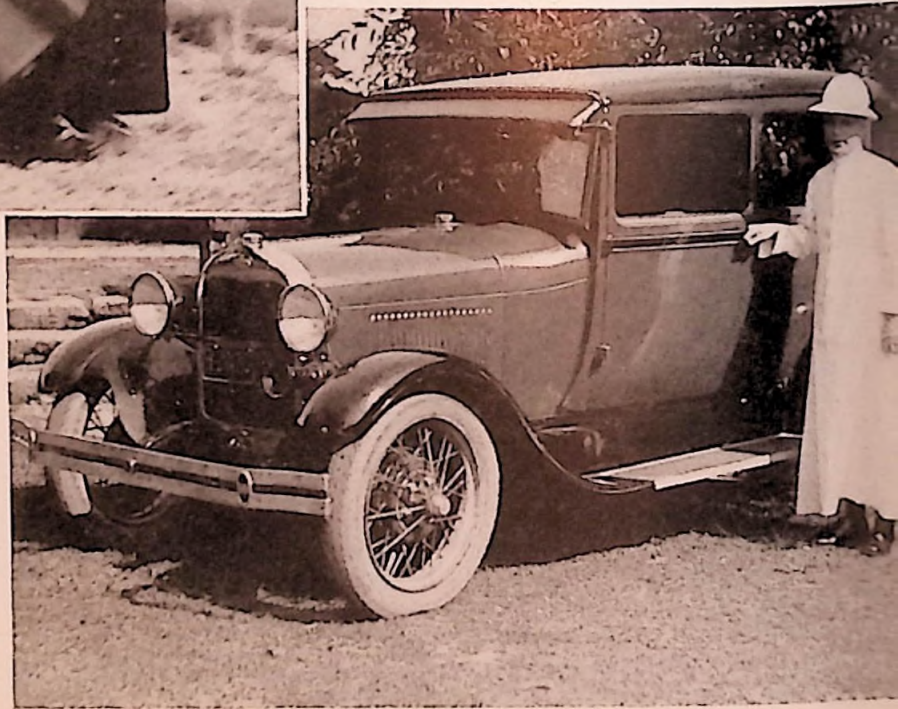


Archbishop Hayes, the Papal Nuncio and Father Cullum at the airport on the day of Installation.

ANDRES L. ABEJO S.J.

ON DECEMBER 3, 1951, THE Most Reverend James T. Hayes S.J. was installed as the first Archbishop of Cagayan de Oro City. For the Catholics of Northern Mindanao it was a day of great rejoicing. Over ten thousand of the faithful—parish delegates from near and far, smartly uniformed cadets of the Ateneo de Cagayan and girl students of Lourdes College—lined the streets to welcome their beloved archbishop. No newcomer among them, His Excellency has worked among these people for the past twenty-five years. Those who know him best, speak of him as a great spiritual leader, and as a builder par excellence of churches and schools. Today, thanks to the persistence of His Excellency and his fellow missionaries, both Jesuits and Columbans, the Cagayan diocese can boast of a high school in almost every parish. It is a far cry from the situation that existed a quarter of a century ago.

A QUARTER CENTURY IN CAGAYAN



Father Hayes in 1929 with car given him by Fordham students.

It was in 1926 that the church bells of Tagoloan proclaimed the arrival there of the first group of American Jesuit missionaries, among whom was Father Hayes. Father Hayes' first assignment took him to Talisayan. Here he won the hearts of all with his sincere Christian charity and zeal and with his attractive personality. To make his work more effective, he plunged into the study of Visayan and in a short time showed a remarkable facility in both reading and writing the language.

It was only a year later, however, that Father Hayes was called from Talisayan to

become Superior of the Jesuit missionaries in Northern Mindanao. The people of Talisayan were so overwhelmed at the loss of their beloved pastor that they sent a delegation of the principal men of the town to beg for his return.

Three years later, in 1930, he was appointed Superior of all Jesuit missions in the Philippines. It was in this way that his field of labor widened and that more and more people came under the influence of his missionary spirit. On the human side, one of the things that endeared him to many people, was his remarkable memory for names and faces.

In 1933 when the diocese of Zamboanga was partitioned into two separate dioceses, Pope Pius XI appointed Bishop Hayes to the new See of Cagayan. This was good news to the people who, by this time, had no doubts about his administrative ability and his genius as a builder.

The next eight years were eventful ones. Bishop Hayes, with the cooperation of his fellow missionaries, busied himself with the work of setting up a sound educational system. With more than a million people in Northern Mindanao, the problem was not an easy one. However, with the help of generous American friends, a system of parochial schools patterned after that of the United States was gradually established. In Cagayan, Lourdes Academy for girls and the Ateneo de Cagayan for boys were founded. Today, both are colleges and on their way to becoming universities.

For those who could not be reached by the parochial or high schools, other means

The Cathedral of the new Archdiocese of Cagayan suffered considerable damage during the war, only the walls escaping destruction.

had to be found. A Boy Scout troop was formed in every parish and a ten-day scout camp was conducted every summer in three different places; the Knights of Columbus were organized with the help of Father Isaias Edralin S.J. and a successful League of the Sacred Heart was established. But the greatest harvest was reaped during the Diocesan Eucharistic Congress. In Cagayan alone, there were thousands of Communion, marriages were rectified and many fallen-away Catholics brought back to the fold. The progress of the diocese was amazing. New parishes were founded, old churches renovated and many barrio chapels built. This was the picture when war moved into the Philippines in December, 1941.

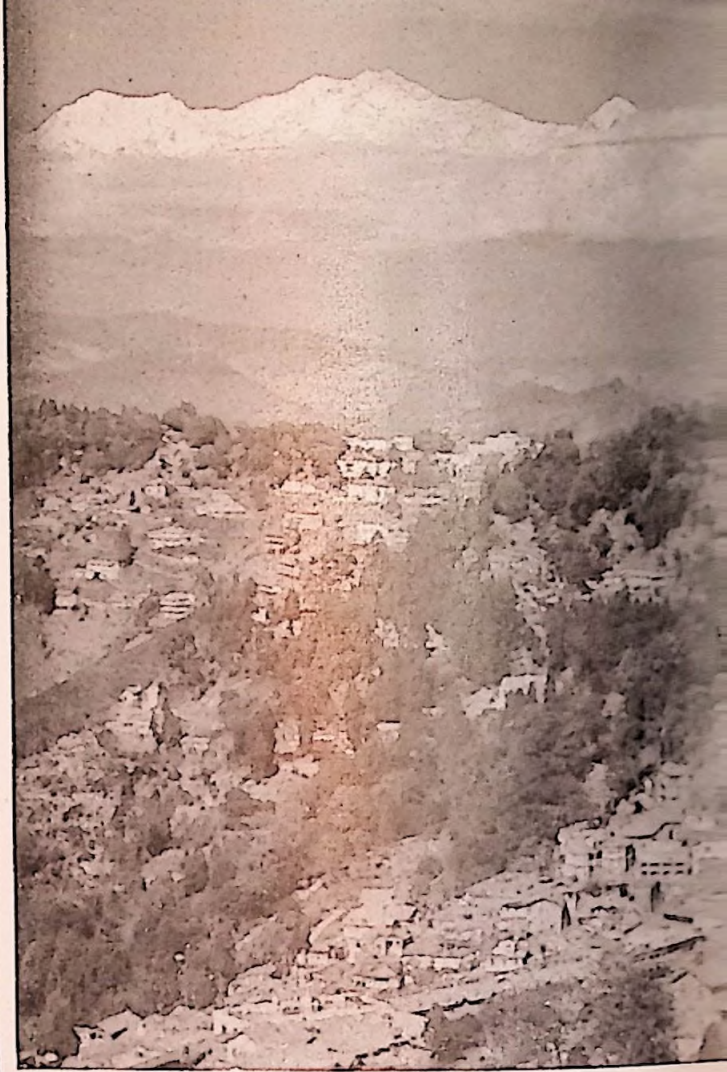
In the very first days of the war, Bishop Hayes was placed in a concentration camp where he suffered the same indignities and lived on the same starvation rations as his fellow American and Filipino priests. From Cagayan he was moved to Davao and then to Santo Tomas in Manila. When he was finally rescued by an American Army detachment, his one thought was to return to his people in Mindanao.

The sight that met his eyes in Mindanao was a sad one—a roofless cathedral with charred walls, and parish churches in various states of ruin. But above all, he was deeply touched by the plight of his people. With the help of his priests, of the Philippine Catholic Welfare and of his friends in the United States, he set to work on the difficult task of the spiritual and material rehabilitation of his diocese.

To the people of the Philippines, Archbishop Hayes is a great missionary—one who stayed with his flock during the most critical of times to build and rebuild a diocese for God and the Philippines.



THE PLACE OF THE *Thunderbolt*



The mighty peak of Kinchenjunga, "Five Treasures of the Snows", seen from distant Darjeeling.

On the last day of the Tibetan year the Devil Dances are held at the lamaseries in the hills.

THIS IS DARJEELING . . . DORBJE-LING . . . "the place of the thunderbolt"; one of the most amazing towns in Asia. Up on the northeast frontier of India where the independent kingdoms of Bhutan, Nepal and Sikkim cluster around Tibet; where the foothills of the Great Himalaya roll down to the plains of the Ganges and towering snow peaks look down on steaming jungles.

A day and a night and 300 miles from Calcutta we reach Siliguri, the last town on the plains of Bengal. From here a cart road and a narrow gauge Darjeeling Hill Railway write the fifty miles and seven thousand feet up

through the dense forests of the Terai jungle, along the brink of sheer cliffs, through acres of tea estates and terraced hillsides to the hill town of Kurseong. Here, built on a bluff beyond the town is St. Mary's College, the Jesuit theologate for all India. To St. Mary's come future priests from most of the races of India and missionaries from Belgium, France, Italy, Malta, Yugoslavia, Poland and Spain, as well as from Canada and the United States, to finish the last four years of their course of studies.

In the town of Kurseong itself we see for the first time great numbers of the Nepalese hill folk; the men armed with the curved knife called the *kukri* and their women with their velvet bodices, brightly colored *sarees* and huge gold earrings.

DESMOND S. MATTHEWS S.J.

DEVIL DANCES high in the Himalayas are the age-old Tibetan way of ushering out the old year for the mountain people.

Twenty-five miles further up the mountain road lies Darjeeling; the end of the hill railway and the end of civilization. Beyond are only mule paths and forest roads and the Nepal-Sikhim border with the eternal snows.

On Sundays, the weekly *hat* or market is held in Darjeeling. From the mountains come the hill people, bringing salt and wool and hides from the frontiers of Tibet; yak milk and native tea and potatoes from Nepal, and brassware and woven rugs from Sikhim. Nepalis, Lepchas, Bhutias, Tibetans and Sherpas swarm through the bazaar. Great heaps of tea, rice and lentils, vegetables and fruit, yak milk and charcoal quickly disappear, and iron buckets, hurricane lamps, plates, knives, old clothes, looking glasses and cheap toys find their way back through the mountain passes. And then it is evening and the town looks like a handful of stars thrown against the mountainside.

Darjeeling is the jumping off place for all the great Himalayan expeditions to Kinchenjunga and Everest, for just beyond the town the great ranges begin, rising higher and higher until beyond them all the mighty peak of 28,000 foot Kinchenjunga raises its ice-sheathed walls. Over there, among the icy peaks everything is silent: Everest—"Goddess Mother of the World" and Kinchenjunga—"The Five Treasures of the Snows" brood over Asia, secure in their strength.

The Sherpas, the Lepchas and the Tibetans worship them and fear them. They are a world apart, akin both to heaven and to hell; something to be revered, feared and worshipped.

Living as they do amidst God's grandest creation it is not surprising that the hill people are deeply religious. Their prayer flags, temples and shrines are everywhere in evidence. Saffron-robed monks have their lamaseries on the hillsides and the wail of their twelve-foot trumpets echoes from the crags as they frighten away the devils in their religious ceremonies. On the streets and in the bazaars they are a common sight with their prayerwheels and tinkling bells, praying as they go. Down from the lamaseries of

Tibet they have come, begging their way, and gaining merit by the pilgrimage.

Once a year, on the last day of the Tibetan year, the Devil Dances are held at the main lamaseries in the hills. This weird rite brings to an end the reign of the devils during the past year. The lamas, dressed in elaborate costumes, with huge richly carved and painted devil masks on their heads, perform the highly ritualistic dances. The dances are varied: one represents the death of an ancient tyrant who usurped the spiritual leadership of Tibet centuries ago. At a devil dance in the Potala in Lhasa, one of the princes of Tibet concealed a cross-bow under his costume and with it slew the tyrant and freed Tibet. There is the dance of the skeletons and the dance of the dog-faced devils. There are different dances for the black hat, red hat and yellow hat sects of lamaism.

The dance steps are slow and formal and conform to a definite pattern; and all are carried out to the accompaniment of clashing cymbals, thudding drums and the wail of huge twelve foot trumpets. The high lama of the monastery presides, while his assistants add to the din with booming gongs and trumpets made from human thigh-bones which give out an unearthly sound. The ceremony concludes with the offering to the devil-of-all-the-devils of the accumulated debris of the past year from the monastery. So another Tibetan year comes to an end.

Dancers await their turn. Normally an annual event, the dance witnessed last year by the author was the first to be held in 12 years.





There we would find, along the Diala River all the essentials for a Baghdad picnic; grass, a level stretch suitable for baseball, volley ball and races; and the graded bank of the river for our lunching spot.

Nearby was a little village of mud huts from which our arrival drew a great exodus of curious villagers. They came in clusters of wide-eyed, ragged and unwashed children and

CHRIST



IT WAS THE FEAST OF OUR Lady's Immaculate Conception, the patronal feast of Baghdad College. The day dawned steel gray with lowering sky and penetrating cold. Nevertheless six of us Fathers set out on bicycles for the rendezvous with our Sodalists. We met them on the outskirts of the city, more than a hundred of our students, all equipped with bicycles and that amazing energy that never seems to ebb in an Iraqi boy. We grouped informally, then with three Hail Marys for Her protection away we pedalled.

We were picnic-bound; the Fathers cautious and vigilant, the boys exuberantly gay, and none of us suspecting that Our Lady was planning to turn that picnic into an experience in the Christian social apostolate. Our destination was Zapherania, an experimental farm about an hour's cycling eastwards from Baghdad.

(Above) Father Madaras, assisted by Fathers Connell, Curran and La Bran, presides at Baghdad Sodality Reception.

hollow-cheeked adults. We were at once struck by the strong contrast between our own lads and the destitute urchins from the village. The same mercurial tempers of adolescence were in both groups. The boys from the village ran about as noisily, jostled

and pummelled one another as merrily as did our own students. But socially, what worlds apart! In physical appearance, how vastly different! Our students, warmly clad and smartly groomed even in their sport clothes. The villagers, unkempt and dressed in thin motley of shreds and patches. The "Haves" and the "Have Nots". The rough material out of which Communist agitators in the Middle East as elsewhere create their spell.

We wondered whether our boys were sensitive to the contrast. Did they feel any

WALKS *by* *the Diala*

sympathy for the wretched lads around them? Or were they hardened to the familiar sight of others' poverty? The sequel dissolved our doubts.

At noon we gathered our Sodalists together to recite the rosary in common. Somehow . . . perhaps in the strangeness of seeing a group of boys at prayer . . . The villagers sensed our reverence and, mingling in with us, they stood silent and reverential themselves as our voices chorused "Salaams" to Our Lady. The rosary finished, we grouped ourselves along the Diala bank for lunch. As for myself, I lost much of the keenness of my appetite on seeing the villagers stand by with the expectant gaze of hungry vultures. If we needed proof of their hunger, we had it in watching one gaunt old man jump into the icy water to retrieve an orange that had been carelessly allowed to roll from a student's lunch; or the sight of two urchins fighting fiercely for possession of an empty sardine tin.

It soon became evident that our boys were not at all insensitive to the poverty and hunger that confronted them. They could not invite the villagers to join them. Oriental etiquette precluded that on both sides. But quite

ROBERT B. CAMPBELL S.J.

without ostentation, they were contriving to find ways to whittle down their own healthy appetites, making sure that there would be an ample stock of "leavings" for the uninvited guests. It was a gratifying example to us of their unobtrusive charity. Quite simply and without sermonizing they had done something intensely practical for the least of Christ's little ones and then went back to their games as carefree and seemingly thoughtless as ever.

But they brought away from that picnic by the Diala something more than the memory of a pleasant day outdoors. So, at school on the days before Christmas, their contributions of clothing for the poor reached record heights. And the weekly classroom collections for the poor showed that a new spirit of generosity was abroad. Our Sodalists had grasped a fuller knowledge of Christ's social plan. Now they understood that through the spirit of Christ they themselves can help to renew the face of the earth right here in the desert. Only this spirit can break the spell of Communism's appeal.

The Near East is white for the harvest but the great danger lies in the laborers who are trying to reap it. Will they be Christ's or the enemies of Christ? I wish that all Americans could see the kind of poverty which I saw on that picnic. The poor will be always with us but we must strive and pray that they be God's poor. Material wealth may be always lacking but the important thing is that they enter into and possess the richness of that life of grace which Christ gave us.

A group of youngsters from a village close to Baghdad College. They learn at a very early age how to battle for themselves in life.





Father Tsukamoto, diocesan athletic director, and Anthony Drahurd, CCM president, with eager helpers. (Left) Time out for bandsman.



ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES OF cooperation between the Japanese people and the Occupation Forces is the Council for Catholic Men in Japan. Organized almost two years ago, its purpose is to aid Catholic Action in the Land of the Rising Sun. The chief aims of the Council are the propagation of the faith and support of the various missionary endeavors in Japan.

The seed of the organization was sown by John Blewett S.J. when he explained to a few friends in the Occupation Forces his

NORBERT J. TRACY S.J.

CATHOLIC

idea of sending Catholic Japanese abroad to study and then return as leaders for the Church. With characteristic energy the idea was seized upon by Mr. Anthony Drahurd of the Provost Marshall Section and so expanded that within a few weeks the Council of Catholic Men became an actuality.

Membership in the Council is open to all Catholics—Japanese, members of the Occupation Forces, of the diplomatic missions, officials of SCAP, business men, etc. Any non-Catholic who wishes to join may hold honorary membership. By thus unifying the Catholics of these different groups and of all nationalities the Council hopes to be a powerful weapon of Catholic Action.

One of the first undertakings of the Council was the setting up of a Catholic Youth Organization in Tokyo's 29 Catholic parishes. To provide the needed equipment for such a project (and at the same time to center attention on the new CCM) a well-advertised baseball game was ar-



The Council of Catholic Men got the CYO off to a good start with equipment worth 500,000 yen.

ACTION

IN *Japan*

ranged with all the Catholic groups in Tokyo lending assistance in one form or another. Mrs. Douglas MacArthur graciously consented to throw out the first ball. As a result of this first venture over 500,000 yens worth of equipment was obtained.

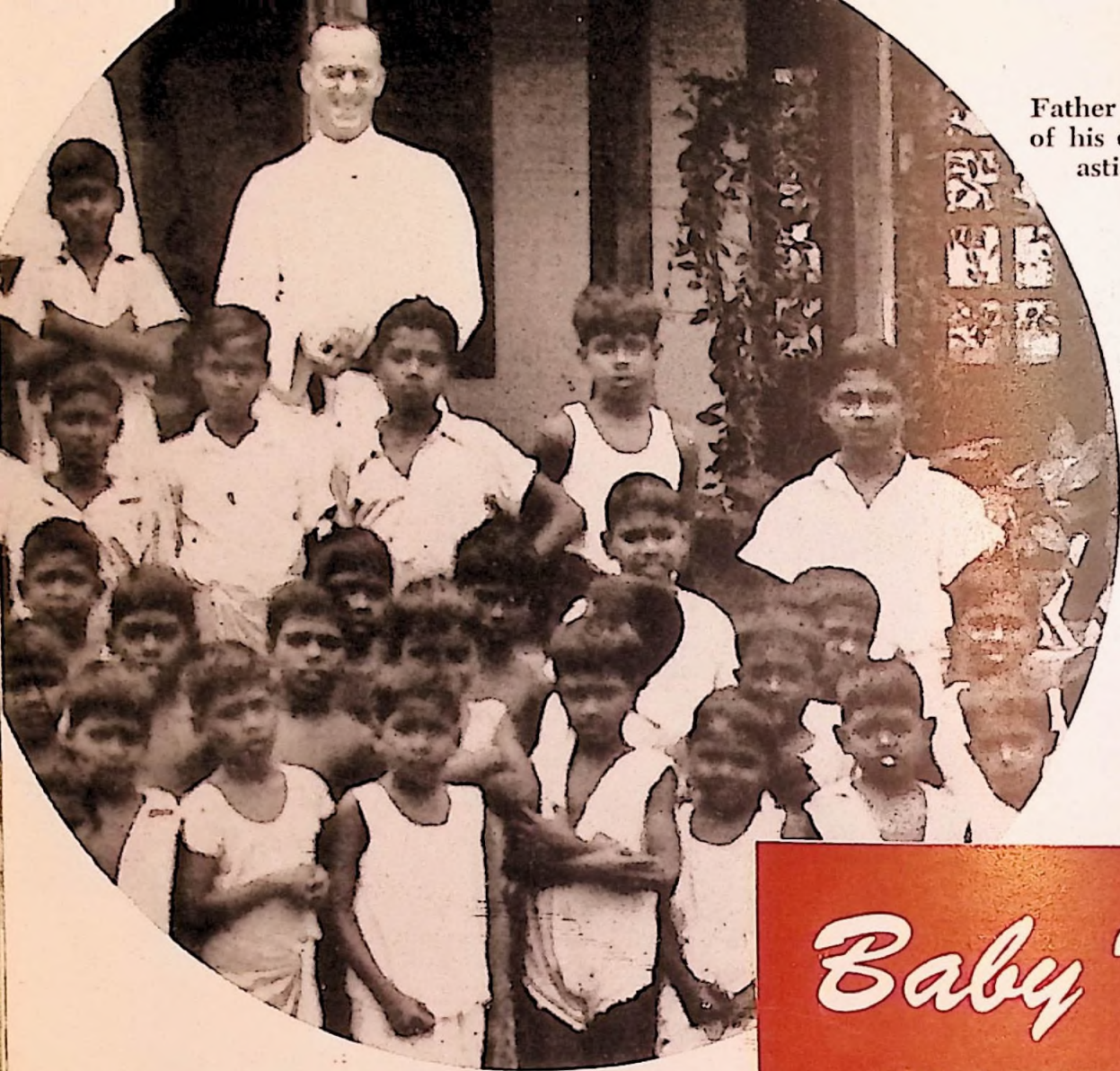
The Council has also conducted a drive for funds to build a Student Center in Tokyo which will act as a counterbalance to Communist propaganda. The Center offers lectures, good reading matter, recreational facilities and personal guidance.

At the present time there are four Council groups in Japan who are doing all they can to further Catholic activities. The vari-

ous missionary orders as well as the diocesan clergy have found in the Council of Catholic Men a valuable ally. The help given by the Council is especially timely for the hour is at hand in Japan when the four-hundred-year-old dream of Francis Xavier may come true. The Japanese, in whom the great missionary placed the most hope, stand at the doorway of Catholicism.

Ready for the first pitch. St. John Vianney is one of the twenty-nine parishes in Tokyo.





Father Lange with some of his charges of St. Sebastian's Orphanage.

J. W. LANGE S.J.

Baby Town IN CEYLON

ST. SEBASTIAN'S ORPHANAGE HAS A strength of an even hundred, about equally divided between babies and non-babies. If, however, the number of babies (5 to 9 years old) goes on increasing, we are going to have to change the name of the place to Baby Town! Of the last ten new admissions, the oldest is nine. Just the other day there came along one of the wildest-looking men I've ever seen, with a huge mop of fuzzy hair, bloodshot eyes, lips stained with blood-red betel juice, dirty and shabby—and lugging three of the smallest youngsters imaginable, all with their hair cut short.

He had a sad story to tell of how his wife ran off and abandoned him and the six children because he had lost his job and fallen upon hard times. He had succeeded in placing the three older children—all girls

—in a convent boarding school, but could not go in search of work as long as he had the three little ones to look after.

Well, discounting a lot of what he said, we could still see plenty of reason why we should take in the three tots. So we agreed to, and asked him to write a note, giving us charge of them.

Then the fun began! For four days running, with time out only for food and a little sleep, tiny Vincent, aged 3, kept bawling for his papa. Papa was not the sort of figure you would picture any child crying for, but anyhow there it was! And then we knew! The wild man had said at least one truthful thing: the children's mother had undoubtedly abandoned them. For little Vincent never once mentioned her!

Most of our "orphans" are of this kind; very few are real orphans—parentless

children. The part of Ceylon where the Trincomalee Mission lies is the poorest section of the island. The government distributes more charitable relief doles here than anywhere else, in proportion to the population. And, besides St. Sebastian's, there are six other orphanages in the Mission.

To run an orphanage successfully when you haven't got plenty of money at your disposal, you've got to economize on everything. You can't afford to pay for much hired help; the boys have to learn to do many things for themselves. You can't reasonably expect them to do their own cooking, so you have to hire cooks. If you want them to be clean, you have to send their clothes to the laundry, and get a barber to keep their hair trimmed.

But they have to collect and chop their own firewood, do their own house-cleaning and "decorating," mend their own clothes, do their own supervising and attend to many other details which in other institutions would be handled by hired help.

The big problem, of course, is food. It is really a thing of wonder to see them eat. Quality doesn't seem to make a great deal of difference, just so there is plenty of rice. Yet a hundred-pound bag of rice lasts only two days! Incredible as it may seem, they must be eating their own weight in rice every two weeks. And rice is still being rationed, for the twelfth successive year!

There isn't much nourishment in rice. The vitamins, such as they are, come from the vegetables, meat and fish that are served with the rice. But these important adjuncts amount to hardly more in volume than a sort of thick gravy called "curry." Milk, butter, eggs, pastry, fresh fruit are all conspicuously absent from the orphanage table. So what they get to eat just about suffices to fill their stomachs, and not much more.

Clothes are Problem No. 2. It's not a very complex problem, we admit, since all they ever wear at one time are two articles of attire, a shirt and a pair of shorts. But when textiles of all kinds are scarce and dear, it's not easy to provide even their meager outfit. Thank God for the good friends in the U. S. A. who provided us with our sewing machines! Brother Richard S.J. and his clever little teen-age tailors are able to turn out all the shirts, shorts, and play-suits we need. That is, if they have the cloth!

Recreation offers no problems. Just let them alone! If they have a ball of some sort, so much the better; if not, they'll find something to kick around. The babies, the Fifth Set, as we call them, have plenty of ideas, and untiring energy with which to pursue them. Today they might be enacting the martyrdom of St. Sebastian; we might get there in time to rescue the central figure before things get too realistic! Or they might be on the road, flagging down the cars and trucks that come along, or gleefully poking in some hole where a snake was reported to have been. Never a dull moment at St. Sebastian's!

Prayers, too. Only half of them are Catholics, but they recite the Missa Recitata in their own language, and the rosary, with the same gusto they do everything else. Motherless as many of them are, their childish devotion to the Mother of God is touching.

They are wonderful youngsters, and we hope to be able to bring them up to be good men. We want to do all we can to develop them physically, mentally and spiritually to their fullest capacity.

Brother Richard supervises the making of all the clothes which the orphanage will need.





East Indian couple take charge of the dart throwing at a Jamaican parish garden party.



Xavier Mattadeen and his bride, married at Linstead church, are of East Indian descent.

A PECULIARLY INTERESTING and noticeable fact that strikes the visitor to Jamaica and that intrigues the missionary is the variety of large racial groups concentrated in this "tight little isle." The largest Asiatic group here is the Indians. As these nationals loom larger in the business, social, sporting and political life of Jamaica, so too they are presenting to the Church new opportunities for expansion.

Over one hundred years ago, shortly after the emancipation of the slaves, immigrants from India began to flow into Jamaica. Many of them came as laborers to work on the sugar and other plantations as indentured servants. A special arrangement whereby they or their descendants could return to India whenever they wished to do so was part of their contract. Nearly one third of the more than 35,000 Indians who came here before 1916 remained in Jamaica.

Of those who have settled here permanently many thousands live in and around

East Indians in the West Indies

the sugar and banana estates. Here their natural talent for helping nature to make things grow bigger and better is well exercised on the towering sugar canes and the multiple-fingered many-handed banana stems. The Indians do a preponderant percentage of the cultivating and harvesting, both men and women laboring patiently, carefully, efficiently and cheerfully under the blazing rays of the tropical sun. They also take an active part in every other phase of sugar and banana production: mechanics, engineers, firemen, overseers in the factories, truck loaders, drivers, and scale checkers; their sons analyze the contents of the vats in the laboratories, and their daughters run the office typewriters.

With the increase of educational advantages many of the Indian people are proving that their native ability and keen intelligence are just as serviceable in any of the diverse business and professional lines as in agricul-

HARRY W. BALL S. J.

ture. Retaining the substance of a way of life that derives from the higher cultures of dimmest antiquity, they give evidences of it not only in the distinctive ceremonies surrounding marriage and funeral observances, but also in their high regard for the worthwhile things of life. They strive ambitiously that their children may have the best education possible, may develop an appreciation for the arts, may fit themselves for useful work in science, business, and political life, and may take their place in the social life of the community.

The Indian people are brown-skinned, with straight black hair, dark brown eyes and usually of small regular features. In build many of them are slight, but wiry and strongly constituted. They are inclined as a racial characteristic to be retiring, shy and modest. Religious by tradition, philosophical by temperament, keenly critical by nature, ambitious for the best in life they are evidently the raw material best suited for Catholic instruction, and a joy to the missionary priest. When they become members of the Church their sincerity makes them whole-hearted, loyal converts, and apostolic missionaries to their own.

Meanwhile we are praying that we may have vocations among our Indian families, nuns and priests of our own to minister to our own. This prayer seems to be about to be realized, as the first applications have been made. Now our East Indian Catholic Jamaicans are a grownup community, mature enough to produce their first vocations.

The majority of Jamaica's East Indians came from the Calcutta area, close to Patna Mission.



Come, follow me

ON ASH WEDNESDAY, AS OUR FOREHEADS are signed with a cross of ashes, it is not merely a reminder of our earthly mortality. There is a far deeper lesson implied in the sobering words—"Remember, man, that dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." Death entered into the world only because of sin. It is for sin, therefore, rather than the contemplation of our body's dissolution, that our hearts should be humbled by the discipline of the penitential season of Lent.

None of us can be so complacent as to think that he has no need of the penitential exercises of this holy season. For complacency is the most vulnerable of armaments against the keen weapons of our enemy and God's.

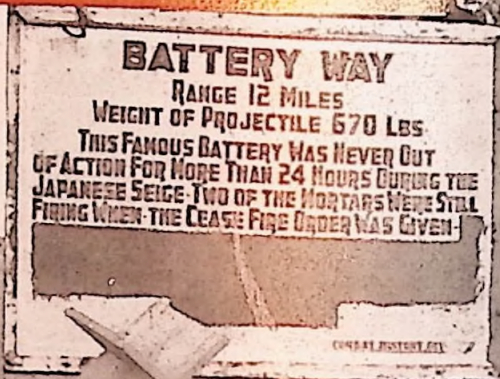
Christ Himself was Infinite Innocence. Yet He endured the rigors of His forty days in the wilderness to steel Himself against the challenge of the enemy and, in His "compassion on our infirmities", to show us the way to resist the spirits of evil. It would be utter folly, then, for us to think that, if we merely bear on our forehead for a few hours the ashen cross of penance, we will have armed ourselves sufficiently against the evil that besets us on all sides and at all times.

The spirit of humility and contrition is our strongest armor against the assaults of temptation. But it is also the fruit of penance; not of the solitary or isolated act of abnegation, but of such practices as the Church invites us to in this season when, in answer to her urgent prayer, the God of all mercy reveals Himself more than ever "patient and plenteous in mercy".

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.

MEMORIES ALONG MISSION TRAILS

PHILIPPINES



Battery Way and its story of endurance and never be a rusted memory for those who lived through it.

VINCENT G. CULLEN S.J.

TEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE December morning of Pearl Harbor. Now in the morning sunlight our landing barge clanked like a discontented washing machine across the twenty sparkling miles of Manila Bay toward Corregidor. Off the starboard bow mountains rose gradually from the jungles of Bataan and dropped suddenly into the strait separating Corregidor from the mainland. It was very quiet that morning.

The barge rounded the headland and wheezed into the harbor facing Bataan while the caves along the water's edge, once alive with Japanese, gaped at us in silence. The concrete pier where we landed was empty except for a chipped gun turret sitting on the dock like a stranded sailor waiting for his ship. On shore the tall yellow grass, whispering in the wind, all but hid the hollow-eyed pill boxes, and here and there we passed torpedoes rotting in the sun.

The staff car struggled uphill past the bleached skeleton of Middle-side barracks and the hospital to Battery Way, where twelve-inch mortars turned their muzzles to the sky as though awaiting another attack. In the silence of memory we could see the gun crews scamper around the guns that smoked and snarled, and then went silent.

(Above left) Malinta Tunnel is silent now. (Below) The old Spanish lighthouse has seen history in the making. (Right) Beyond the ruined barracks lie the jungles of Bataan.





Jesuit missionaries stop at Battery Way to examine one of the long-neglected mortars.

MALINTA TUNNEL
Served as General Headquarters and Hospital for American forces during the siege. Its 10,000 ft. of tunnel contained storage space, offices and quarters. President Quezon was re-inaugurated here on 30th of Dec. 1941.



Father Joseph Stoffel S. J. reads the inscription at Malinta Tunnel.

...age will
...eat story.

bomb fragments gashed their muzzles and gouged the concrete pit.

The road led us on and up to the old Spanish lighthouse that had dozed on the night that Dewey slipped into the Bay. All around the tower green, corroded M1 and Japanese rifle cartridges told us of fighting at close quarters, and down the narrow, twisted stairs echoed the eery banzai battle cry.

Further on, Topside barracks slumbered in the sun, dreaming of parades and gold braid, swords clanking on the pavement. Above our heads an eagle skimmed through puffy clouds that had spilled Eleventh Airborne men into the havoc below. And on the flag-

staff opposite the commandant's quarters we read these words: "Hoist the colors to its peak and let no enemy ever haul them down." The Stars and Stripes were gone, but the prophecy remained, for a friendly hand had hauled them down and the red, white, blue and gold of the Philippine Republic floated over the island.

We returned to the sea with the setting sun. The barge chugged off into the twilight and darkness wrapped Corregidor. To us Corregidor may be only a rusted memory, but to those who see it every evening blood-red again in the sunset it is a symbol of a faith and a way of life that will not die.



QUIET IS
Corregidor



TWENTIETH CENTURY

Goupil

JOHN J. QUINN S.J.

FIRST LAYMAN to volunteer for the Maryland Province mission of Jamshedpur in India follows in the steps of Goupil.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO RENE GOUPIL was a layman who volunteered to help the missionaries among the American Indians. Today he is St. Rene Goupil, one of the North American Martyrs.

A few months ago the first layman to volunteer to assist the Maryland Province Jesuits in their mission work in India set sail for Jamshedpur. He is John Stephen Connor, member of one of Maryland's first families, and the oldest of the nine boys and one girl in the family of Mrs. Ann Loretto Connor and the late John S. Connor of Catonsville, Maryland. All nine boys were graduated from Loyola College in Baltimore. In 1950, their lovely mother was awarded the President's Medal from their Alma Mater.

Academically, the thirty-five-year-old missionary has traveled far. In 1940, the University of Maryland awarded him a Law degree. In 1948, he received a B.S. degree from Loyola College. In 1949, he was granted a Master of Laws degree and in 1951, a Master of Arts in Social and Political Philosophy from the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C. This past summer he attended the school of labor relations at the University of Wisconsin and gained a certificate of merit. This school—the oldest of its kind in the United States—is sponsored by the University and the labor organizations of the AFL and CIO.

To complement this theoretical knowledge, Mr. Connor confidently depends on

the practical experience of work as a long-shoreman, warehouseman, seaman in the merchant marine, legal adviser in his father's brokerage firm, and five years' Navy service—beginning as an apprentice seaman and finishing as a Lieutenant Commander. About his navy career—two years in the Atlantic, more than two years in the Pacific—the reticent lay missionary is reluctant to speak. He has been an Instructor in the Loyola College Evening School of Baltimore. He is a member of the American Society of International Law and the American Academy of Social and Political Science.

Mr. Connor will continue to teach at Loyola, but it will be the Loyola School in Jamshedpur. He will also be an Instructor at the Xavier Institute of Labor Relations. Here—within the shadow of the Tata Steel Mills—he will lecture on Trade Unions and organize them in the interest of the steel workers.

His project is as grand in scope as his vision is panoramic. He plans to study the culture, customs, and language of the people, and, with Christ's principles as foundation, blend them with those Christian ideals of the famous Mahatma Ghandi into a Catholic pattern of social justice. This momentous undertaking will take a life time, but Mr. Connor is willing—and unafraid—to attempt it. He does not intend to Americanize the field of his labor, but to Christianize it. He is always the missionary, with the missionary's zeal for souls.



The first class to make their First Communion at the new mission near Fraser, Colorado.

REVIVAL *in* *the Rockies*

ROBERT R. DE ROUEN S.J.

AT THE FOOT OF ONE OF THE MAIN PASSES over the Continental Divide near the small town of Fraser, Colorado, is situated one of the most interesting old ranches in the West. The Cozens place was famous as a horse-changing place for the stagecoaches after they came over the perilous mountain pass from Denver. Today the ranch house has been converted into a small chapel for the people in the vicinity and it is served by a Jesuit priest each Sunday from Denver some seventy miles away.

Two summers ago, some of the poor Mexican people were at the early Mass with their

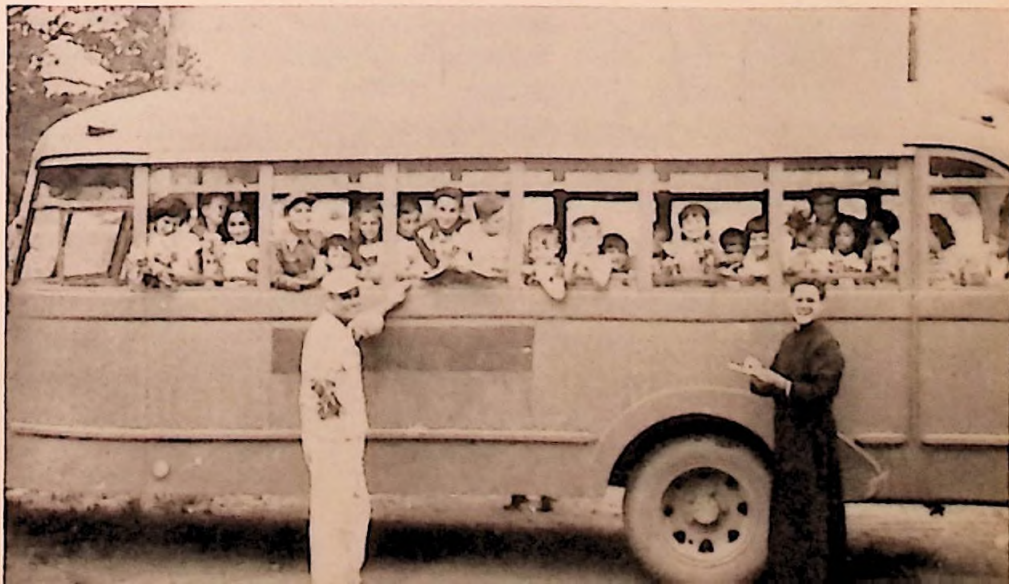
A bus was obtained to pick up the children in nearby towns.

little children. They asked the padre, Father Walter Luebke S.J., if these little ones might not make their first Holy Communion at the ranch chapel. Most certainly! This could be arranged very easily. Would the children please come for instruction each morning for the next two weeks? The first morning three came. The next morning two more. After instruction these five boys and girls were able to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion.

Last summer, the job of teaching catechism was given to several students for the priesthood who were spending some time at the ranch for their vacations. This time Father Luebke announced at Mass that catechism classes would be held for the children again. At the opening session, much to the surprise of the priest and teachers, nearly twenty children came. Where had they come from? The previous summer had done marvels. The boys and girls had spread the word around about the fun they were having at catechism—making project books, coloring pictures, and hiking up to Our Lady's shrine on the hill near the ranch. As a result of this enthusiasm, youngsters from other families became interested.

As the summer's work progressed the number of children grew too, and the total reached 28. A bus was obtained to pick the children up in the nearby towns. A special instruction class has been started recently by the pastor, and the people of the lonely vicinity are given a weekly opportunity to obtain instruction in their holy religion and to prepare properly for holy matrimony.

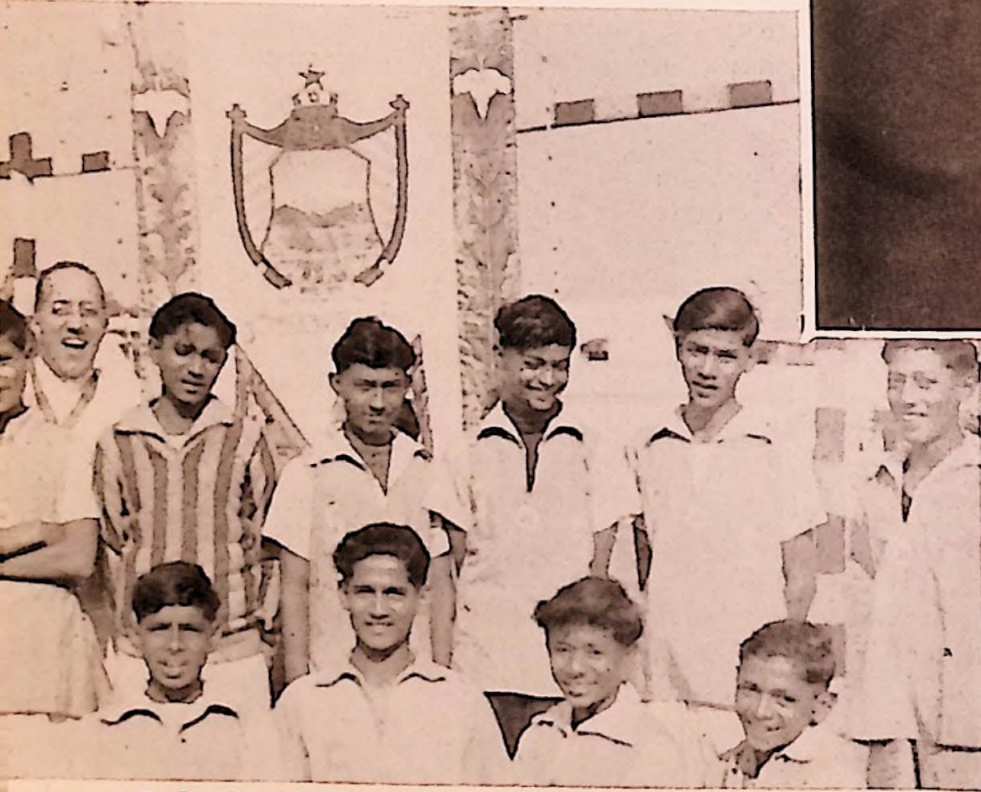
This mountain area, once badly neglected, is now coming to know Christ better and to serve Him more faithfully. People who could not afford to drive some 30 or 40 miles to Mass on Sundays now have the Holy Sacrifice and the consolation of the sacraments within easy reach. A child pointed the way.



VINCENT W. McGLINCHY S.J.

TWENTY YEARS AGO I BADE FAREWELL TO the States and started off to India as a missionary. I was ready for anything—jungle warfare, grass huts, rice and bananas, man-eating tigers and death by snake bite. One thing I was not ready for—teaching. I had not left my old Kentucky home with too many selfish motives but I did think the missionary life would be free from the daily routine of the classroom.

Well, for the last twelve years I have been Headmaster of the Mission Middle School in



Father McGlinchy with the Sodality football team. The banner was painted by a former Sodalist who is now a Jesuit.

Bettiah! I have gone through a fire, an earthquake, hail storms, the Rebellion Period, the Independence Period, the establishment of the Indian Republic, outbreaks of cholera and the bubonic plague and all the other things that go with life in India. And I am teaching and very happy!

The school which I was trying to escape has become my apostolate. In the classroom, the crooked can be made straight, the wayward turned homeward. The Headmaster's office is not a torture chamber. I've discovered that advice, persuasion and reproofs can and do bring results. In these twelve

MAN

years I've found the Indian boy generous, eager to be good, anxious to improve, ready to take advice, thoughtless in his mistakes and selfishness, quick to forgive and possessing the great virtue of a sense of humor.

The Hindu and Mohammedan boys far outnumber the Christians. I teach them Morals or Character. I have found them very attentive, anxious to be good and their consciences quite correct. In these classes I teach the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all men by means of the Our Father. The Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Prodigal Son, the Ladder of Creation, games turned into parables. . . . all help me to mold the boys' characters. They see the wisdom and beauty of it all. Their parents have frequently expressed their gratitude for the care which is shown their sons.



The Headmaster of the Mission Middle School at Bettiah takes time out to bless a rosary and to do a little village catechizing in Hindi.

Proposes but...

TWENTY YEARS in India—a veteran missionary looks back across that time and finds that it was well worth while.

One of their parents told me in public, "It is wonderful how you love these boys and make no distinction. I entrust my son to you completely and I thank you for what you are doing for him." We have to turn away about 50 boys every year for want of room. We have two sections in each class with an average of 45 boys in each section. Our total is 613 boys and this excludes the 375 infants in the Infant classes. "The school is the largest and the best in the whole of Bihar," I quote from our Visitors' Book.

Since I am in a mood to boast I might as well do a good job of it. Our football team

is second to none in the district. We conduct two football tournaments of our own and join in outside matches as well. We were given land near our school for a playground as our school compound is crowded with buildings. It was a cabbage patch two years ago. Now it is the center for all the games and fights of this section. An old friend, Joe Ryan of Old Kaintuck, received my monthly copy of the Patna Mission Letter and read it in silence year after year but he proved himself grateful. When I was in need of help he remembered me and this too on his death bed. He willed me \$500. Now the cabbages have been replaced by swings, slides, see-saws, a small football field, a basket and volley ball court, six hand-ball alleys, parallel and horizontal bars and a gymnastic ladder. All these have become possible through the help of a dying friend. These Bettiah boys will remain eternally grateful to their unknown benefactor for this little Boys' Town.

The Star of the Sea Sodality is another if not the most important activity of the Mission Middle School. With the help of small donations year after year I have been able to build up a library, buy a gramophone and two hundred records, equip the Sodality team with suits and take them on one picnic a year. From this group the Mass servers are chosen. From this group, too, come the volunteers who do all the extra school work, who care for the flower garden and playground, who help manage the tournaments. They are not afraid of work. They are sufficiently fond of prayer and ever eager to play. They are Our Lady's boys.

I was wrong in thinking in my younger days that I would not like teaching. I was stupid for imagining that the missionary field was not on the playing field. I was wrong in my opinion that the classroom or Headmaster's office could not be made a pulpit. In this little village of Bettiah, in this little school of 1,000 souls, I've found my flock. In this flock you'll find all kinds of sheep, the ordinary and the extraordinary too. Those that remain on the slopes and those that know how to climb the heights. There are wonderful boys in this group, eager to be helped, anxious to be molded into saintly forms. It is a work worth while.

THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

MARCH: The Preservation of the Faith in Latin America

IN HIS ENCYCLICAL "EVANGELII PRAECONES" issued last June Pope Pius XII had one significant paragraph on the Church in Latin America. It reads as follows: "We pray God especially for those missionaries who labor in the interior of Latin America, since we are aware of the dangerous pitfalls to which they are exposed from the open and covert attacks of heretical teaching."

This paragraph contains a wealth of food for prayerful consideration. In it the Pope points a finger at one of the grave menaces to the faith in Latin America, namely "open and covert attacks of heretical teaching." This menace grows in gravity when we consider it not in the abstract but in its true historical setting.

In Central America, Mexico and the Caribbean islands with a population of some 49,364,000 souls there are more than 42,983,000 Catholics. In South America with its 104,978,000 inhabitants some 94,157,000 claim adherence to the faith. But to minister to these 154,342,000 souls of whom approximately 89 percent are Catholics there are only 26,612 priests. If these were distributed equally throughout all of Latin America—which is patently impossible—there would be only one priest for every 5,150 Catholics. But there are vast inequalities of distribution. Thus, in Guatemala which permits no foreign priests there is but one priest for every 25,500 Catholics; and in the Dominican Republic one for every 13,500. Add to this the fact that most of the parish priests are stationed in the larger and more populous cities while still others are engaged in purely educational and social works. No wonder then that the Sacred Congregation for Seminaries and University Studies in November of 1950 in its plea to General Superiors of religious orders for clergy for Latin America lamented "that in many of these countries there is difficulty in finding priests to bless marriages; in others Catholic organizations have found girls who desire to

recite the rosary, and yet were not baptized at the age of twenty." In face of such a situation it asked: "In fifty years what will become of those nations? Will they still be Christian, or so ravished by incredulity and indifference as to be a fountain of tears for Holy Church?"

But the scarcity of priests and priestly vocations for the constantly increasing population is not the only threat to the Church. The closing of missions in the Far East has sent packs of Protestant zealots, often backed by American funds, not so much to evangelize the pagan Indians in the mountains but to ravage the shepherdless Catholic flocks in the urban areas. Though less than three percent of the Latin Americans have subscribed to Protestantism its "ordained" ministers number approximately 3,500 and its active mission staff some 13,300—a number equal to about one half of all the priests of Latin America who are serving 89 percent of the population.

Illiteracy among the poor and a rampant spirit of irreligion often approaching anticlerical laicism together with legislation hostile to religious education make Latin America a fertile field for Communism.

During March our prayers must join those of His Holiness in beseeching God for more priests and religious for Latin America; for more religious instruction and for more Catholic schools, colleges and universities so that, properly instructed, the Catholics of Latin America may resist the "open and covert attacks of heretical teaching."

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

On the previous page Father McGlinchy mentions how grateful he and his boys felt towards the late Joe Ryan of Kentucky for his thoughtful remembrance of them in his will.

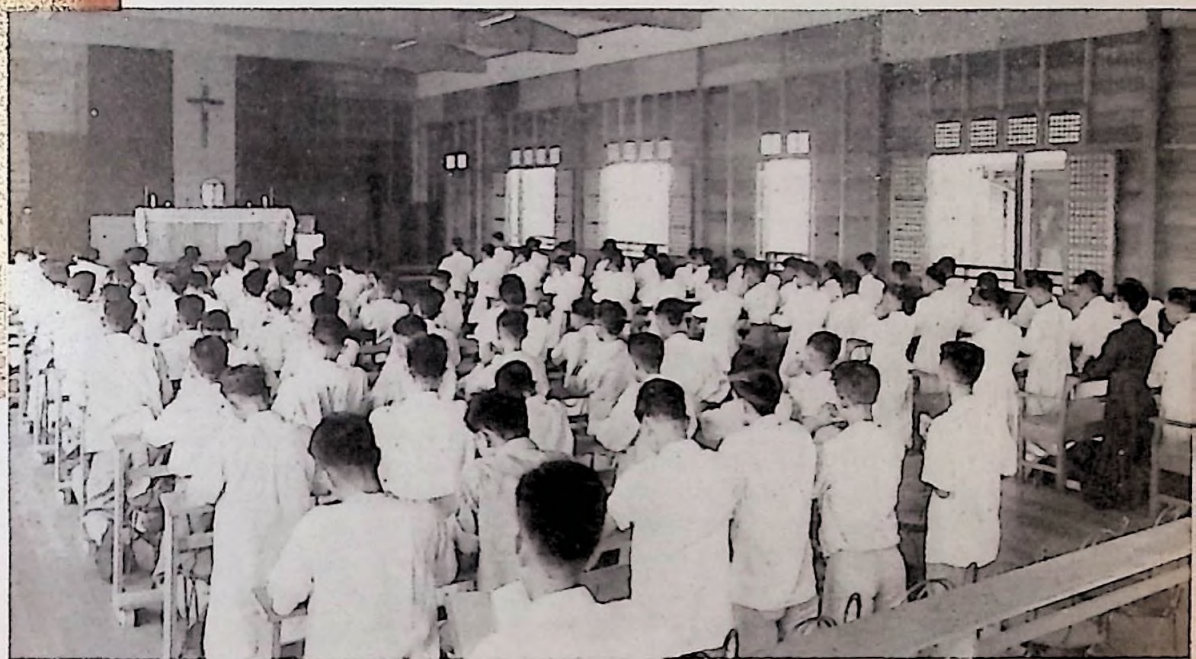
Will you keep the missions in mind when you make out your own will, please? Our legal title: Jesuit Missions Inc., 962 Madison Avenue, New York.

JOSEPH'S TASK *Can Be Yours*



Jesuit Missions readers gave this Fatima statue.

San Jose seminarians at prayer, preparing for priesthood, so vital to the Philippine Church.



For three and a half centuries San Jose Seminary has been teaching young men to change mere bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. Filipino priests, trained first by Spaniards and latterly by Americans, have baptized, fed, married and anointed millions of souls, transforming their nation into the only Catholic people of the Far East. The value of the work of San Jose can only be priced by God. The years of patient teaching, of hard study, of generous sacrifice, of self privation have spelled salvation to countless souls.

Now the largest apostolic seminary in the Philippines has just moved from the old war-ruined quarters to newly erected buildings at Quezon City. Training for the priesthood now are 176 students. How urgently these priests are needed you can readily see from these figures. In the United States there is one priest for every 620 Catholics; in the

Philippines one priest for every 9,000. Many of the Filipino boys training at San Jose come from poor families who cannot pay for their education.

In this month of St. Joseph who provided for the education of the First Priest, Christ, we ask you to share his vocation by supporting these seminarians who will soon take the priestly role of Christ for their people. One dollar a day, thirty dollars a month will provide them with food, clothing and books. With the situation such as it is in the Far East your charity may well be supporting a new martyr for Christ on a future Filipino Calvary.



JESUIT *Missions*

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

Afield WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

WOMEN IN WHITE

We have often meant to pay tribute in this column to the nursing Sisters in the missions who carry on such a magnificent apostolate among the suffering. The work of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary, of the Maryknoll Sisters, of the Dominican Sisters of Blauvelt, the Medical Mission and Marist Sisters—to mention but a few—has not yet received the acclaim that it deserves. To know that the Sisters staff over 900 hospitals, care for 17,000 lepers and give medical attention to almost 41 million patients a year, is to have some idea of the extent of their influence in mission countries.

SISTER—M.D.

The missionary priest, better than anyone else, knows the heroic self-sacrifice in the lives of these religious women as they go about performing their Christ-like healing of body and soul under the most trying circumstances. From Bihar, India, Father John A. Morrison S.J. sends us an account of the work of one Sister-Doctor, a Medical Mission Sister, which is typical of the hardship and self-sacrifice involved in such a vocation:

"When Margaret, one of my fifteen year old orphans developed what I suspected was appendicitis, I sent Michael, one of my catechists, to Patna City with a letter for Mother Superior. Holy Family Hospital responded nobly to my call for help and Sister (Doctor) Leonie and Teresa, an Ouraon nurse, landed at Jha Jha at 3:30 a.m.

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

next morning. If I had had a jeep of my own we could have reached the stricken girl in Mariam Pahari at seven o'clock.

"Under the circumstances, the best I could do was to send Sister and the nurse to the bus stand about a mile away where they could board a bus that would take them as far as Sono—twelve miles from Mariam Pahari. While Sister and Teresa were on their way to the bus stand, the first wave of the monsoon zoomed over the hills, drenching them to the skin. Meanwhile, a friend and neighbor of mine who happened to be in Jha Jha with his jeep, offered his help. However, the jeep was out of gas. I went to the chief of police for help but he was unable to do anything for me. Finally, I found a dealer who managed to supply me with two gallons of gas.

"It was quite discouraging to find, after all, that the jeep was useless, at least for the time being, since thanks to the heavy rain, the spark plugs were standing shoulder-deep in water. With the understanding that my friend would follow when the jeep was in running order, I set out for Sono on a motor-bike. There I managed to find a bullock cart for Sister and the nurse, and the long, slow twelve miles to Mariam Pahari was begun. Luckily, after three miles of this disheartening pace, the little jeep caught up with the cart and carried its occupants to within two miles of the sick girl—where it again went dead.

"It was at 2:30 p.m. that Sister Leonie made a quick examination of the patient. Fearing an abscess and believing that Margaret was a poor risk, Sister decided to operate. A retired army nurse who lives in the district and who had dropped in to help, handled the ether like a professional. We used my tin chapel for an operating theater. With the necessity of keeping out the dust and flies, we had to close the shutters—which meant that the operation would have to be done under flashlights.

Medical Mission Sisters with Bishop Augustine Wildermuth S. J. and Father Marshall Moran S. J. The latter is now in Nepal.





Father Garavaglia in Jamaica.

"When Sister found that she had a burst-appendix case, there was nothing to do but insert drains, sew up the incision and leave the removal for a later date. Incidentally, the army nurse who has seen a lot in army service, had high praise for Sister Leonie's cool efficiency, and also for Teresa who acted as assistant surgeon.

"P. S. Margaret is up and around now, and Holy Family Hospital can chalk up another victory."

RED FOR A MARTYR

We wonder how many people who saw "Quo Vadis" left the theater with the idea that martyrdom for Christ is a thing of the past. For people of this mind, a few moments conversation with an exiled China missionary would prove quite startling. Today, perhaps at this very moment, men and women are suffering torture and death at the hands of the Communists rather than prove traitors to Christ. The following letter, sent to us by Father Philip Olinger S.J., a former China mis-

sionary now in exile in the Philippines, is an example of what men today are suffering for the love of Our Lord:

"In Shanghai, Father Beda Tsang S.J. died a 'martyr' on the 10th day of this month. Father Tsang was a few years ahead of me in Theology and was one of the most brilliant Chinese Jesuits we had. When the Communists arrived, he was Rector of the College of St. Ignatius at Zikawei.

"His influence in Shanghai was considerable and he therefore became one of the prime objectives in the Communists' efforts to force a native church movement. Just after the feast of St. Ignatius he was 'invited' to take a course of indoctrination. From then until two weeks ago he was held incommunicado, though the Communists on several occasions published statements supposedly made by him in favor of a separate Chinese Catholic church.

"On November 10th his brother, who is a doctor, was called to the Ward Road Jail to receive Father Tsang's body. The Communists claimed that he had died of a brain tumor.

The doctor, however, found his brother's body lying naked on the floor of his cell and diagnosed his death as due to maltreatment and starvation. The body was almost unrecognizable—so badly had he been beaten and mistreated. The Communists would not allow a public funeral and the body had to be buried that same night.

"The next day, without any instigation, all the churches in Shanghai were crowded all day with thousands of Christians, and 200 priests throughout the city said Mass for Father Tsang in the red vestments of the martyrs."

FAITH

We like the simple, child-like faith of "the old man of the mountain" in the following little sketch written by Father Silvio Garavaglia S.J. of Highgate, Jamaica:

"There is an old man who lives on the mountainside near the May River Church. He has knocked about a great deal during life, and is now toothless and lives by himself in a wattle hut. His wide-jowled smile is simply out of this world. He

Jamshedpur Jesuits Stephen Latchford, Walter Cook, James Keogh, John Deeney and Edward McGrath team up at Kurseong.





BRAVERY IN BRIEF

We proudly pass on the following item from the Manila Bulletin. It is part of a nun's eyewitness account of the recent eruption of the volcano Hibok Hibok.

"It was also this priest, Father Ralph Lynch S.J., who almost single-handedly pulled out the dying victims from the inferno. Even when all the people could only think of saving their lives, Father Lynch kept going into the burning barrio of Mabini to rescue the injured. Again, Father Lynch, with three other priests, also Jesuits, Father Arthur Shea of the New York Province, and Fathers Mark Falvey and Patrick Shaules of the California Province, and assisted by boy scouts and students, buried the dead. The people refused to help. The dead were buried in a common grave. Because of the lack of help, Father Lynch consented to the cremation of the victims to avoid an epidemic."

was converted a few years ago and was evidently too old to learn the technicalities of the catechism, but he has a charming faith. I was chatting with him one day and asked him if he did any praying. He answered "Fahda, prayer is my bread." I asked him if he was not afraid to be alone with so many thieves prowling about. He threw out his chest and pounded it with the palms of his hands and exclaimed: "Me and God (meaning the union of the two) fear nothing."

"He derives a great deal of consolation from Mass and Holy Communion. "I find big sweetness in it," he said. His trust in Divine Providence is summed up quaintly by him: "What God do is well do." He does not know the act of contrition by heart, but he improvises one of the tenderest and most touching acts of contrition I have ever

heard. Some day I am going to ask him to dictate one for me, although it would still be without his matchless intonations."

THE GREAT PROMISE

And there is a story that took place on another mountain, thousands of miles from Jamaica. But it too, is a story of faith as told by Father Jaime Neri S.J. of St. Joseph's Mountain Mission, Talakag, Bukidnon, P.I.:

"We drove along the main road and then toward the mountain as far as the jeep would take us. Then we started on our way through ravines, primeval forests and mountain farms. We finally reached an isolated home where an old lady was dying. Since she was still conscious, she was able to receive her Eucharistic Lord.

"I noticed that she wore the Carmel Brown and I asked about

"I SHALL BE IN PRISON"

(The extraordinary letter that follows was written by a young Chinese girl, formerly a student of the Sacred Heart Convent in Shanghai, to a girlfriend now living in Japan. The original letter was in Chinese.)

"When you receive this letter, I shall already be in prison. I go on the 14th. Don't forget that glorious day. All my things are gone except these pictures. I could not bear to destroy them, so please keep them for me or give them back to the people in them. . . . All the details about me, I have asked Reverend Mother Fitzgerald to tell you.

"Today I said good-bye to Reverend Mother (Fitzgerald), for I am afraid I shall not be there to go to the station to see her off. When we kissed, I felt overwhelmed with sadness. My mind is empty; there is nothing left now but heaven, nothing else.

"I have been questioned several times—the first time for nine hours, the second for three hours, and yesterday for five hours. It is painful indeed to bear it. Mary is sick through worrying over me and is now in the Sacred Heart Hospital. Please pray for us. It is all too painful, too painful. You cannot imagine it. Several of my



it. The family mentioned that she had once been a promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Yes, in this remote place by the side of the mountain, isolated and alone, Our Lord fulfilled His part of the promise—the Great Promise of the Sacred Heart.”

MAN OF ACTION

Writing from Tok Junction, Alaska, Father John Buchanan S.J. lets us know that he is kept pretty much on the move from one day to another:

“We’ve had some pretty cold weather up here at Tok—close to 40 below zero. At present it’s 20 or 30 above.

“I’ve just finished building two storm porches on the chapel at Tok and was trying to remember my high school physics on electricity—I’m putting in lights now. Then I remembered a little job that had to be done



At Novaliches in the Philippines Father Denis Lynch S.J. and others greet 92-year-old Father Vila, a Jesuit for 72 years.

at my other chapel in Northway. I rushed about, building a roof-jack, and made record time to Northway, 60 miles away, deposited the roof-jack and visited among my people.

“Next morning, I made a very quick trip back to Tok, gassed up my little car, loaded in the Mass kit, blow torch, lantern, parka, etc., cleaned out the stove, cut kindling wood, and left at three o’clock in the afternoon for Gulcana which is about 160 miles through the mountains south of Tok. Although it was already dark at three, I made good time. Incidentally, it is a most beautiful trip through winding mountain roads and quiet snow and ice.

“I now have two new chapels insured against fire, and the little car and truck insured against Alaskan drivers (excluding myself, of course). Pews for Tok are being cut now and will soon be ready for installation. Once that is finished with, I’ll take off for Chitina, my most beautiful little Indian village, deep in snow and mountains about 260 miles from here. From there I will return to Tok for my Sunday Mass and for a second Mass at Northway.”

Father Edward McManus S. J. is the newly appointed Superior of the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission.



friends have betrayed me. Pray and do penance for them. Most of the priests and bishops whom you know have been taken. Please pray for them that they may have the courage to be martyrs. My only problem is my family. When my parents saw my name in the paper, they fell on their knees before me and begged me to turn traitor. O God! It is the first time I realized what suffering is!

“I have nothing to leave to you and to the Mothers who love me so dearly—but my love in return. Give my love before my death to all of them. Even with death before me, I prefer it to eternal death, to leaving my faith. Sing alleluia with me!”

Porcupine SMILES

JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.



The Sioux gather at a Jesuit mission station in South Dakota. (Above) An Indian chief in processional regalia. As you will gather from the story there is a big difference in the day-to-day garb and the ceremonial costume.

THERE IS A VALLEY IN SOUTH DAKOTA that would charm the heart of any man who yearns for wide horizons and tumbled canyon walls in a country strong and free as the roving winds, untamed and vigorous as a stallion racing with the breeze.

Everything in Porcupine from George Malone's Post Office to the sentinel pines keeping watch on the heights of the craggy buttes has the brand of the West. A new country, vibrant, strong, dynamic. Skies filled with leagues of clear air. You could reach out, it seems, and touch God.

At the foot of protecting buttes, that rise like giant hands to shelter the mission from capricious winds, is nestled Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, the largest of the mission stations radiating out from Holy Rosary, the parent mission at Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

Father Leonard Fencil S.J. is the resident priest in charge of Our Lady of Lourdes Mission. Four Sisters from the Omaha Motherhouse of the School Sisters of Notre Dame comprise the teaching staff. To Sisters Teresa, Consolata, Agatha, and Consilia, Porcupine is a second Nazareth, and each day another twenty-four-hour opportunity to serve God by serving His Indian children, teaching them in the classrooms, and aiding them and their parents to fulfill their daily needs.

And here is where the Sisters' most unique

unit of social service enters the picture—the clothing dispensary, where every day is Christmas, and Sister is Santa. Both the grateful Sioux and the good Sisters utter a humble prayer of thanks to the Great Spirit for moving the hearts of distant benefactors whose kindness makes possible this charitable enterprise.

An old shirt from a thoughtful benefactor in the Bronx becomes the proud possession of Jim Afraid Of Bear. When the winter winds whistle across the prairie, Jim Afraid Of Bear will feel a special warm spot in his heart for the kind person who sent such valuable clothes to the land of sky and wind.

A calico dress from Boston will make Mary Charging Thunder's dark eyes dance like sunbeams. Her spreading smile is expressive, though silent, thanks for the benefactor.

A pair of warm mittens from Chicago will make Philip White Rabbit clap his hands with glee. Mary Crazy Thunder will thrill with pride upon becoming the happy owner of a used but serviceable sweater.

Reservation trails are sandy and strewn with rocks, so George Walks Under The Ground is happy when Sister Teresa asks him, "What size shoes do you wear?"

In these days of accelerated jet planes, built-up vitamins and smashed atoms, those of us who live and work in the canyons of steel and concrete in vast cities, may tend to forget that on the vast sweep of the Dakota prairies, the descendants of Red Cloud and American Bear still live in cabins and tents. Scattered among the willows along creek beds, or perched high in the timber among the swaying pines, you will find their wind-shaken, canvas homes, a black chimney tilted crazily from the corner. Down in the ravines you will find a mud-chinked log cabin—typical of the West as it was in the days of Custer and Rain-In-The-Face.

On Sunday morning the clear tones of the bells in the steeple of Our Lady of Lourdes Mission call the children of the prairie to assemble and offer the first day of the week to Wakan Tanka, the Great Spirit. Soon the clip clop of hoofs and jangling harness make music in the morning air as iron-rimmed wagon wheels roll over the bumpy trails.

Perched high on the never quiet spring-board seat of the first wagon is Mary Iron Rope wearing a jacket from a benefactor in St. Paul. Her brother ties the reins to the barb wire fence, and, in shoes sent from

Spokane, walks into the house of prayer where the Blackrobe will bring the King of Time and Space to the modest chapel.

The chapel fills up rapidly and with striking patterns of color to rival those in the vestments of the Mass. Wrinkled squaws wearing shawls bright as deer's blood on fresh snow, young Sioux maidens with braided hair as black as the magpie's wing; cowhands in high-heeled boots and spurs, stacking ten-gallon Cheyenne hats under the book rack. Chubby-faced papooses blink in angelic wonder and bronzed full-bloods who rode with Red Cloud raise aging voices in the Lakota prayers led by Fast Horse, the catechist.

As the tinkling bells of the Consecration announce the coming of the Great Spirit, the Sioux bend reverent heads in prayer. Their hearts are glad. Their brothers and sisters in Christ across the United States have remembered them. They, in turn, ask Wakan Tanka to bless the benefactors of Our Lady of Lourdes Mission.

Like women the world over she welcomes a day when she can wear her little-used finery.





The Business of Missions

Novena of Grace

Dear Friend:

In the letters from JESUIT MISSIONS you are constantly asked to pray for God's blessings upon our missionaries. The reason is that the ultimate success of any mission depends upon His graces.

From March 4th to the 12th, inclusive, many make a novena in honor of St. Francis Xavier, Patron of the Missions. Though many temporal favors have been granted by Xavier's intercession, innumerable are the coveted graces given to souls.

You may know someone rather remiss in his religious duties. If you but ask, Xavier will plead for him. May I recommend to your prayers an intention of great moment—all the missionaries and Catholics of China? God is asking many of them to accept suffering of soul and body comparable to the days of Nero.

Your zealous prayers for China will be a source of many and unexpected graces for you and your family. During the novena, the priests at JESUIT MISSIONS, especially as they stand at the altar of God, will rely upon the intercession of their saintly brother, Francis Xavier, to recommend your intentions.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Novena Prayer

Prayer to St. Francis Xavier

O most lovable and loving St. Francis Xavier, in union with thee I adore the Divine Majesty. The remembrance of the favors with which God blessed thee during life and of thy glory after death fills me with joy, and I unite with thee in offering Him my humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise. I implore thee to secure for me, through thy powerful intercession, the inestimable blessing of living and dying in the state of grace. I also beseech thee to obtain the favor I ask in this novena. (Here recommend your intentions). But, if what I ask is not for the glory of God, and the good of my soul, do thou obtain for me what is most conducive to both. Amen.

Our Father ... Hall Mary ... Glory Be.

Pope Pius X granted a plenary indulgence to all who make this novena in any church. The indulgence can be gained twice a year under the usual conditions.

A leaflet with additional prayers for the novena can be purchased at JESUIT MISSIONS. Please confer the back cover of this issue.

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.,
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762 Sherbrooke St., West,
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51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

WANTED

Seminarists in Macao

Early in January, Father Louis Dowd took lunch with the office staff of JESUIT MISSIONS. His stories were an inspiration. He stressed his interest in securing help for the following five seminarians Vincent Feng, Peter Hu, Charles Wang, Thomas Shih, and John Huang. These young boys were all in Father Dowd's Sodality in Nanking. While many of their friends were rushing to enter the Communist schools these boys resolved to be different. Literally, they left all for Christ—home, friends, and country. At great risk, they traveled from Nanking to Hong Kong and then on to Macao. Under the direction of the Jesuit missionaries exiled from China they are making preliminary studies awaiting the day when they will be accepted into the Jesuit novitiate.

Someone must support them. Would you be willing to send \$5.00 or \$25.00 to be applied to their support?

Our Lady of Lourdes Mission

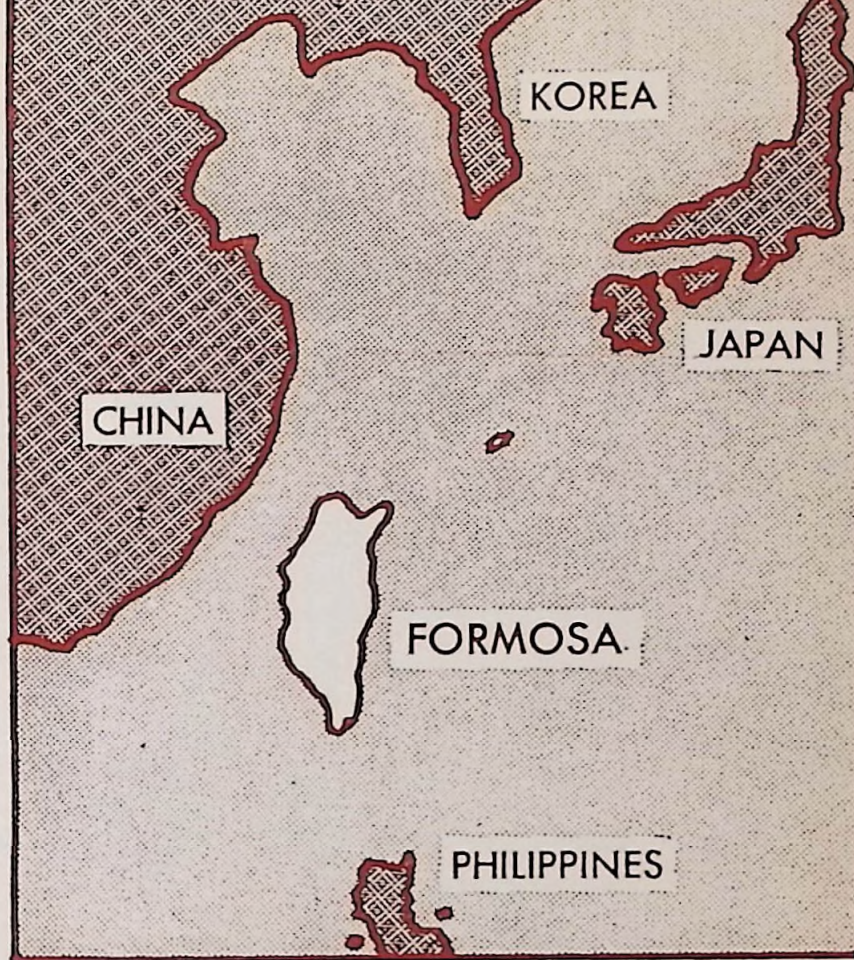
After reading the article of Father Scott on pages 28 and 29 some of you may be interested in forwarding clothing to Our Lady of Lourdes mission in South Dakota. The children are numerous and they vary in size, weight and height so whatever clothing you can spare will fit at least one or more of the Indian children.

Send your packages to

**Our Lady of Lourdes Mission
Porcupine, South Dakota**

Friends Wanted:

The following quotation from a letter of Father Vincent McGlinchy will supplement his article in this issue: "Twenty years ago, I left the States for Patna. The friends I had have forgotten me because I have forgotten them, or rather neglected to write to them. Now, I really need friends. The Inspector of Schools condemned the eight rooms of my school claiming they are too dark, dirty and unfit for use. Could any of the friends of JESUIT MISSIONS help me rebuild my school? Even \$1.00 will be a welcome gift. Every vocation fostered, every conversion made and every character molded in the new school will be a source of blessings upon my new friends."



FOR *Formosa Chapel*

Fathers Murphy and Foley, California Jesuits exiled from China, have been sent to Taipei, Formosa, to start work there. More will be sent soon. For their chapel they beg the following items.

MISSALS	\$10
REQUIEM MISSALS	15
VESTMENTS	25
ALBS	20
ALTAR LINENS	5
SACRISTY MANUALS	3

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

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HISTORY OF THE NOVENA
 Among the many devotions adopted by the Faithful to invoke the intercession of Xavier, is a nine days' prayer called the "Novena" in honor of Xavier's canonization. St. Francis himself suggested this devotion to Father Mastrelli, whom he miraculously cured at the point of death, assuring him that "All who would earnestly ask his intercession with God for nine days in honor of his canonization would infallibly experience the effects of his great power in heaven and would receive whatever they asked that would contribute to their salvation." It became known throughout the whole world as the "Novena of Grace," on account of the innumerable graces and extraordinary favors obtained through the intercession of Xavier.



Death of St. Francis Xavier (1552)



Conversion of Francis Xavier (1534)



St. Francis Xavier in India (1542-49)

Imprimi Potest
 Rev. David Nugent, S.J.
 Provincial: Province of Maryland
 Nihil Obstat
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 Censor Librorum
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 Archbishop of Baltimore

Novena of Grace
March 4-12

Jesuit Missions
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FOR YOUR
*Novena
 of
 Grace*

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, the great Apostle of the Indies, whose preaching and miracles won thousands of pagan souls to Christ, keeps preaching still in the thousands of Novenas of Grace all over the world. He promised to use his powerful intercession with God to obtain for those who seek during the Novena of Grace "Whatever they ask that would contribute to their salvation." Be sure to make your local novena March 4th to 12th.

JESUIT MISSIONS has published an eight-page folding leaflet containing the essential prayers and hymns and history of the novena, illustrated with colored pictures. Prices are \$15 per thousand, \$2 per hundred (postage additional). Single copies will be sent on receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope together with 5¢.

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 NEW YORK 21, N. Y.