

Jesuit MISSIONS

APRIL 1952



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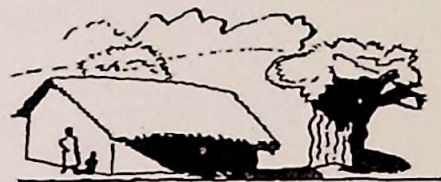
MISSIONS

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MISSION MILESTONES

INDIA

- 1542—St. Francis Xavier landed in Goa, India.
- 1583—Martyrdom of Bl. Rudolph Aquaviva and companions. Their blood converted 1,500 in a year.
- 1599—Through instrumentality of Jesuits India's Nestorian Christians were united with Rome.
- 1620—Mission founded at Patna with stations in Bengal, Nagpur and Nepal.
- 1624—First Jesuit, Father Andrade, penetrates Tibet.
- 1761—Pombal's expulsion of the Portuguese Jesuits, followed by the suppression in 1773, brought almost total ruin to mission.
- 1854—German Jesuits reopen Bombay Mission.
- 1921—First American Jesuits arrive in Patna Diocese.
- 1933—Father Saldanha, first Indian Jesuit of Patna Mission is ordained.
- 1934—Patna earthquake destroyed 10 churches, 2 convents, one orphanage.
- 1951—Jesuits re-enter Nepal to conduct Godavari School, Katmandu.
Nirmala College, New Delhi, assigned to American Jesuits of Missouri Province.
- 1952—American and Indian Jesuits of Patna Mission conduct 1 college, 4 high schools, serve 150 mission stations and run 1 mission Press.

As we follow the Way of the Cross during Holy Week we must keep in mind that the Via Dolorosa is not only a winding path in the old city of Jerusalem but it is also a way of life that has no ending. As long as time lasts there will be men and women choosing freely, as He did, the road of suffering, of disappointment, of apparent failure. They find their own personal stretches of the Via Dolorosa in lands far from home, among peoples whose ways are not their ways. Quietly, uncomplainingly, even as He, they shoulder the cross and stumble on along the rough, weary roads of the mission world.

A cross can be shaped in different ways. In this issue of Jesuit Missions you can discern the various ways in which it is fashioned. There is exile and with it the aching emptiness of rejection and the harvest stolen. There are terrors that come at night in India and the Philippines and there is a dread that darkens every day for a missionary who must live beneath a volcano's shadow. And there is a cross which probably comes closest to the one Our Lord carried for love of us. You will find a description of it on page 27. When you read it ponder the reason why that cross had to be shaped that way.

COVER. The people of India are deeply religious and the places most frequented are the temples which line the sacred river of the Ganges. Men and women, young and old, perform the ceremonial rituals according to age-old custom.



HONG KONG'S *Half Way House*

ALBERT O'HARA S.J.



Founders of Xavier House on the Peak, Fr. O'Hara, Bro. Finnegan and Fr. Pena. (Above left) Hong Kong harbor and the city where missionaries laugh again.

"HONG KONG HAS CHANGED SINCE I WAS LAST HERE," said the bearded Jesuit of some eighty years as we looked out over the sprawling city from our point of vantage on the Peak.

"When was that?"

The answer was long in coming. For my companion was caught in a reverie, his eyes looking out beyond the busy docks, beyond the crowded sealanes of the harbor, fixed with a certain wistfulness upon the misty foothills of China's mainland. Then he spoke, building his slow reply like a bridge of memories spanning time and space:

"It was thirty-nine years ago, when I was on my way to the mission."

Thirty-nine years of unbroken service to the people of China; years of selfless devotion! Yet, China's Red Commissars had labelled him "an enemy of the people" and expelled him. Now he was uprooted from the only home he knew, from the people who had become his people. He was the latest

refugee—but will not be the last—to find a haven in Halfway House at Xavier.

Before the "liberation" of China's mainland, more than 900 Jesuits of 15 nations carried on a richly varied apostolate. Many younger men still in their studies were moved out before the Communists could disrupt their preparation for the priesthood. The older men stayed on to meet the challenge. But the expulsions began in 1950. In

1951, 120 non-Chinese Jesuits were forced through the bamboo curtain into the crowded asylum of Hong Kong. There still remain some 300 foreign Jesuits in Red China with 130 Chinese Jesuits of sterling quality. Twenty-six of these men are at present in jail and many others are under virtual house arrest. It is for such that Xavier House has been established—a temporary home awaiting their eventual release—a halfway house between the past and future.

For more than two years, the Irish Jesuits had welcomed the constant flow of their exiled fellow missionaries. Their kindness and charity in meeting, housing and helping on their way the hundreds of Jesuits in passage from Red China is a story written in the Sacred Heart of the Master. As expulsions became more frequent and the housing facilities of the Irish Jesuits were more than overtaxed, it was decided to find a temporary house where we could lodge the expellees and aid them in arranging the intricacies of police permissions, visas, etc.

I had spent a month of fruitless search throughout the city. No suitable house was found. Then a very kind Chinese gentleman offered the use of a house on the Peak. That was the one region of Hong Kong I had not dared to explore. For the Peak is Hong Kong's loftiest elevation, studded with the palatial homes of the great tycoons who control the city's wealth and live in splendid seclusion from the lusty turmoil of the city's two million less favored souls. However, when I saw the proffered house I had no misgivings. It was as much dungeon as palace, and bare of all furnishings. But kind friends came to our aid. The Columban Sisters furnished a tabernacle and fittings for the chapel. The Saint Nicholas Catholic Club, the Catholic Welfare Association and

individuals also helped. We were soon installed and Halfway House was ready to serve its function.

We welcomed our first group of exiled Jesuits on September 20th, 1951: Archbishop Frederick Melandro and five other Spanish Jesuits from the Anking Mission, newly released after five months in solitary confinement. We had known them in better times as our guests in Nanking. It was a great reunion. "How good it is to be able to smile and laugh again!" was their comment.

Since then scores of others have come: Hungarians, Austrians, Spaniards, Basques, Canadians, French, Italians, Chinese and Americans. Many are quiet in grief at leaving the people they loved and for whom they toiled. Many are still tense from the ordeal to which they were exposed. But after a few days back in a Jesuit house, in the free air of the Peak, where one can speak without fear of the planted informer, they become relaxed and normal. Some are men in their eighties, veterans of half a century in China, yet still hopeful that their names will be kept on the list to return to China when possible. They have no desire to return to their homelands. It is to China that they have given the strength and the love of the best years of their lives. China is their life. If return is impossible, they are more than content that Xavier House on the Peak should be their halfway house to heaven. The younger men have the stronger hope of outlasting the Red regime. So they are eager, after a brief rest at Halfway House, to be off for other work.

Xavier House is international. Jesuits (l. to r.) O'Hara, Finnegan (Americans) Lindenberger, Koller (Hungarians) Schmidt (French) Pena (Spanish) Marchetti (Italian) Standing (Austrian) Imletz, Aregui, Monasterio (Spanish).



THE ROBBER

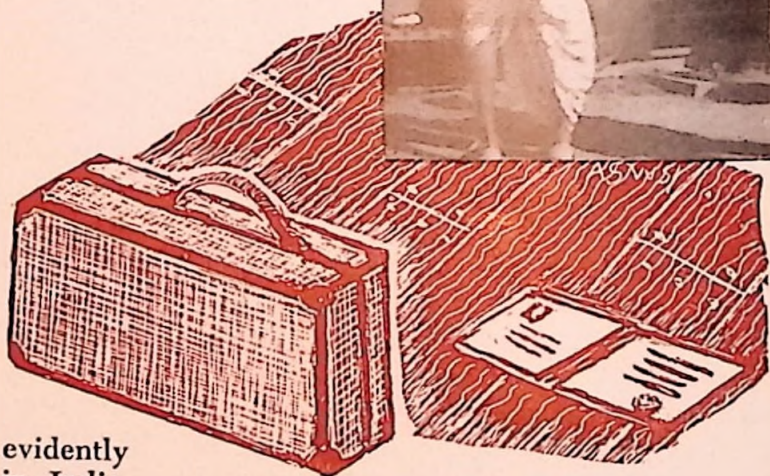
OF *Ranibennur*

A FIGHT FOR LIFE at midnight on a dark street in India was not bargained for by the missionary when he boarded his train.

IT WAS APPROACHING MIDNIGHT IN THE TOWN OF Harihar, on the border of Mysore State, in southern India. Father James Tong S.J. of Owensboro, Kentucky, boarded the train and headed north for Bombay. The train was crowded, and there was no sleeping accommodation. So the weary Kentuckian, already tired from travel and the missions he had preached in the south, climbed up unabashed to sleep on the luggage shelf near the ceiling of the coach. In his effort for survival he had learned to do exactly what the Indian does. Roosted snugly in his isolation the Kentuckian was soon fast asleep. Trustingly, he had left his suitcase and shoes under the bench down below, where the other passengers were tightly seated.

Father Tong caught up on

Father James Tong S.J. of Kentucky evidently prefers the dangerous side of life in India.



his sleep for fifteen full miles. Perhaps he was dreaming of that trip to Rome to attend the Marian Congress. That was why he was now on his way to Bombay to catch a boat. Sleeping the sleep of the just, this shepherd that roamed the land bringing back lost sheep to the fold, forgot for the time being that there might be a prowling wolf around.

The train stopped at a small station called Ranibennur. Father felt a gentle tapping on his shoulder, and hazily through his slumbers there registered the message: "Sahib, someone has taken your suitcase and left the train."

Father Tong was down from his roost in an instant, jabbed his feet into his shoes, and without bothering to tie his laces, was off at a clip down the station platform trying to overtake the passengers that had filed out.



Typical Indian train scene on the Cudh and Irhut line to Bettiah in the Patna district.

He ran with his heart in his mouth, for in the suitcase was his passport for the voyage to Rome. If that were lost, it would take months to replace and the trip to Rome would be definitely off.

The Kentuckian dashed out of the station and up along the dusty road after the passengers whom he could see ahead in the dim light of the moon. He raced a hundred yards before he caught up with them. Panting, he scanned their belongings, and saw he had lost. Nonetheless, with a sinking heart he described his suitcase and asked if anyone had seen it.

The only one who could speak English in that surprised little band spoke up and heartened Father. Yes, he had seen a man walk away with such a suitcase on the road that turned to the left.

The Kentuckian had to make another sprint not to lose his man in the dark of a winding alley or the gloom of a small shack. His untied shoes were flip-flopping, obstructing him as he ran. Like a real Kentuckian, he just kicked them off in the dust of the road and raced on in his socks!

Then hope lit up his heart. Ahead was a man plodding along with a suitcase on his shoulder. It was too late when the baglifter heard the patter of stockinged feet behind him. He dropped the suitcase, and was in the act of turning, when the Kentuckian with one flying leap pounced wildly on his back. He pinned the man's arms to his sides and scolded him roundly for being a thief. The scolding was soon cut short when the thief flashed a leather-bound stick. Father scuffled with him and tore the stick from his grasp, handing it to one of the crowd that was fast gathering.

The Kentuckian thought he could now relax. But a chill dread ran down his spine when he saw, with the moon's light, that all he had accomplished was to unsheathe a vicious sword stick. It was the bayonet type, about 14 inches long, very sharp pointed, used mostly for stabbing. The edges were not so sharp.

Instinctively, Father knew he must fight for his life. He grabbed the naked blade and clutched it hard, wrestling all the while to free it from this robber. Fighting desperately, the Kentuckian tossed his man about until he had bent the sword stick to a right angle and wrenched it free.

Overpowered and disarmed, the robber turned tame. With the aid of a fellow passenger Father brought him back by the arm to the station, expecting his train had gone off without him. But it was still there. The conductor being informed of what had happened had held up the train.

Father took the thief to the booth of the policeman on duty. He had to be awakened at that hour! But wake him the people did. He fumbled about for some matches, lit his little kerosene lamp and took a look at the prisoner's face. "Why," he cried in amazement, almost dropping his lantern, "It's a fellow policeman!" So Patna's missionary from Kentucky was soon on his way again, secure with his passport and happy to be going to Rome. He had done what no member of the All India Jesuit Mission Band had yet done—clean up the police. But it cost him a lot of ribbing. People still remind him that he is a Kentuckian who kicked off his shoes in the dust of the road!

AUSTIN L. REINBOTH S.J.

UNDER THE *Volcano's Shadow*

DEATH HOVERS constantly over the missions which line the slopes of Hibok Hibok, the fiery Filipino volcano of Camiguin Island.



Father Bittner lives at Catarman under the shadow of Hibok Hibok.



EVERY MORNING HE LIFTS HIS EYES TO THE cone-shaped mountain that towers above his barrio of Catarman. Hibok Hibok is not to be trusted. He has seen its fiery death pour down more than once upon his people of this little island of Camiguin in the Philippines. It is not easy to live in the shadow of sudden death.

If Hibok Hibok is quiet in the morning air Father Joseph Bittner S.J., once of Columbia, Pennsylvania, and now shepherd to 12,000 souls on Camiguin, can go about his daily work. On the slopes of the mountain which deals in death he deals in life. And much of his time will be spent in dealing not only with the life of the soul but also with the life of the body.

Scratch a missionary and you'll find a Jack of all trades. It did not take much scratching

to uncover the druggist in Father Bittner. Over the years he has found out that there is more to a missionary's life than the mere dishing out of spiritual medicine to his flock. He has learned that sometimes to win souls the priest must treat the body first.

To his already wrinkled brow, then, the 46-year-old Jesuit pastor has added another worry—procuring medicine for Catarman and its neighboring barrios. Opening a pharmacy is far from Father Bittner's mind. He has enough regular parish work to keep him busy. Besides, there is a general store in Catarman which makes a sideline of selling medicine across the counter. But its black-market prices are so prohibitive and the townspeople so poor that many of them can not afford the price of the medicine.

The padre felt it his duty to take a hand

in the matter. From Father Garesche's Catholic Medical Mission Helpers he was able to obtain some medical supplies. Most of his stock, however, he buys. With a business man's instinct for a real bargain he wheedles the big pharmaceutical firms in Cebu and Manila to dispose their merchandise to him at a discount or at wholesale prices.

Father Bittner is not only a druggist. A little more scratching revealed him as a general practitioner, with a slice of the surgeon

Occasionally, Father Bittner would land a big clinical fish. One Friday, for instance, Father was leaving his convento on a sick call in a nearby barrio. A middle-aged couple with their small daughter met him. The husband had the upper half of his head all wrapped up. The previous Sunday a coconut fell on his head and tore an ugly gash. When father unwound the makeshift bandage the wound was already festering. It took an hour and a half just to cleanse it.

Then he doused the suppurated area with sulfanilamide. He gave the suffering man a penicillin injection and told him to see the town doctor. The fellow later came back with a chicken.

Another time a woman came to him with her thumb hanging by a shred of skin. She was cutting some coconuts with a bolo. The bolo slipped and nearly slashed off her thumb altogether. Father took one of the sewing needles he had just ordered, sterilized it as best as he could, and stitched the wound closed. "Of course it wasn't as neat a job as a surgeon's," Father comments, "but it managed. The marks of the stitching showed, but my people don't mind that."

The town doctor cannot accuse our missionary of poaching on his private property. Most of Father's cases are minor ones. Rarely does the priest attempt

anything on a major scale, and only when there is an urgent need; or when the doctor himself is not available.

What is Catarman's reaction to his corporal work of mercy? I posed this question to the missionary. "Well," he reflected for a moment, "the people really appreciate it. I am meeting men and women whom I never knew or who would never have come before."

Then as a final thought struck him he lifted his gaze once more to the heights of Hibok Hibok. "But there are times when the best medicine and doctors are helpless."

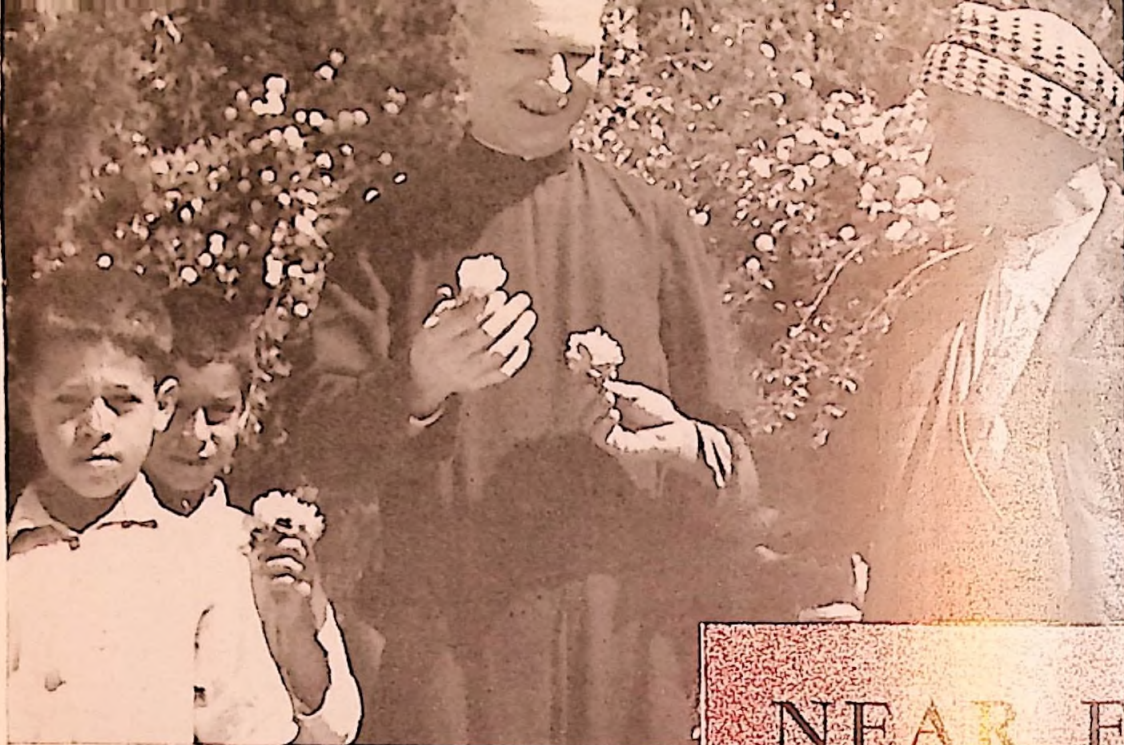


(Above left) Hibok Hibok erupting last December 4th. Hundreds died in the fiery rain. (Above) A burial team under the direction of Father Arthur Shea S.J. digs out the victims.

thrown in for good measure. Queried about the "dispensary" he has set up in his rectory, Father replied reminiscently, "It started with an aspirin. Somebody came to my convento one day. . . said he was feeling sick, and wanted an aspirin."

Since that first aspirin case, hundreds have gone to the padre for treatment. On the average, about 400 a month ask for medical attention, the number sometimes going as high as 30 to 40 a day. School children make up the majority of these patients. Although they pay 50 centavos a year for dental and medical check-up, the school's dispensary is so inadequately equipped that they come to the convento for treatment.

RENATO A. PUENTEVELLA S.J.

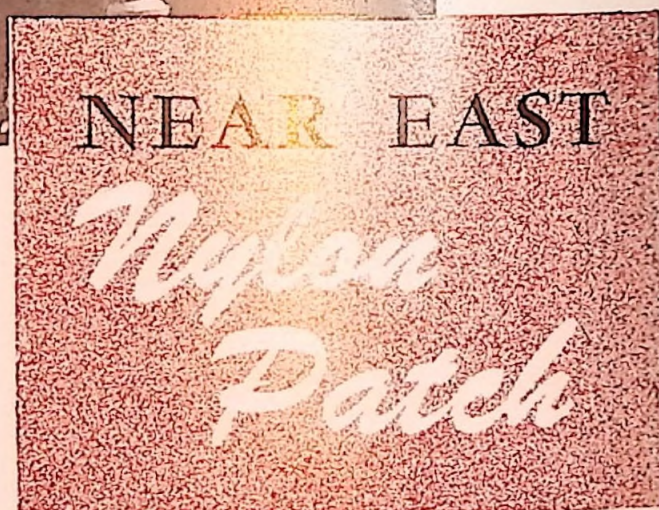


Father Michael McCarthy S.J. of Boston has spent a dozen years in the Near East and is in position to judge Baghdad College's work.

ANCIENT IRAQ welcomes the modern ways of American Jesuits.

TECHNICALITIES CAN BE IRRITATING. OCCASIONALLY the American Jesuits here in Baghdad are reminded that they are not missionaries in the strict sense of the word. For Iraq has a duly constituted hierarchy and a body of its own clergy and so it cannot be considered a mission country. So maybe we aren't missionaries strictly speaking—but we'll keep on working, eight thousand miles away from home, among a people whose language baffles us and in a climate which insidiously saps our strength.

The invention of the first wheel is credited to the Sumerians, an ancient people who flourished in what is now southern Iraq. They were the founders of all modern transport. But the wheel is only half the battle. A round wheel must be complemented by a flat road. Most of Iraq is flat and smooth enough to drive on at low speed, and, until a year ago, there was no more provision made for the modern car than there was for the first wheelbarrow. An enterprising mayor finally had a hundred yards of smooth macadam laid down under a bridge as a



sample of what could be done. The people were so taken with its silky smoothness that they dubbed it "The Nylon Patch" and set up a local company to provide more of it.

Mission or no mission, we are trying to do something just like that—to provide the ancient faith planted by the Apostles Simon and Jude with its necessary educational complement. Since we came to Baghdad twenty years ago we have increased the number of Jesuits from four to thirty-two. We had 103 students in our first year; now we have 621. A large rented dwelling house was all we needed for both school and residence until 1938, but since then there has almost always been a new building under construction. Six substantial buildings are in use and plans have been drawn for a church.

All that, so much and yet so little, is only a patch on Iraq's 5,000,000 population and 116,600 square miles of territory, but we know that it pleases the Iraqis so much that they want more of the same. Please God, more of our graduates may join the two Iraqi Jesuit novices who have formed the nucleus of a local company to provide it.

MICHAEL J. McCARTHY S.J.

A BEANIE *for the Bishop*

HAVERFORD ST. has its greatest day as an old neighbor visits it.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF HAVERFORD STREET in Boston felt their neighborhood pride was at stake. For in Boston's Cathedral the Most Reverend Thomas J. Feeney S.J. had been consecrated Vicar Apostolic of the Caroline and Marshall Islands and Titular Bishop of Agno. And the new bishop had once lived in their own neighborhood! Why, Feeneys were still residing there right now!

Obviously the occasion called for a gift. But what could a group of grammar school children give a bishop? Animatedly they discussed the situation, only to realize sadly that the resources of the Haverford Street piggy banks were definitely limited. Then Pete had an inspiration. "Hey! How 'bout one of them red beanies he wears? Sister Aniceta could tell us how much it'd cost."

Sister Aniceta was forced to admit she hadn't bought any zuchettas recently, but was willing to investigate. When she reported on Monday morning that a very fine "beanie" could be had for six dollars, the gang undertook a five-day campaign.

Parents doubted their hearing when they were besieged by eager off-spring beg-

ging extra chores. Dinner table conversations centered around the fixing of rates for specific jobs. All that week dishes were washed and beds made with unaccustomed alacrity. Errands were run on the double. Then came the climactic moment on Friday when Dorothea held a glass jar and girls and boys dropped into it their hard-earned coins.

Sister Aniceta had a busy Saturday, planning the meeting, getting the invitation to the bishop, and buying the zuchetta. But she had a worse time on Monday, trying to teach history. For there on the desk to be endlessly admired lay the crimson circle—a gift at last for the bishop of Haverford Street. And from the bishop himself came word that he would be there at three that afternoon.

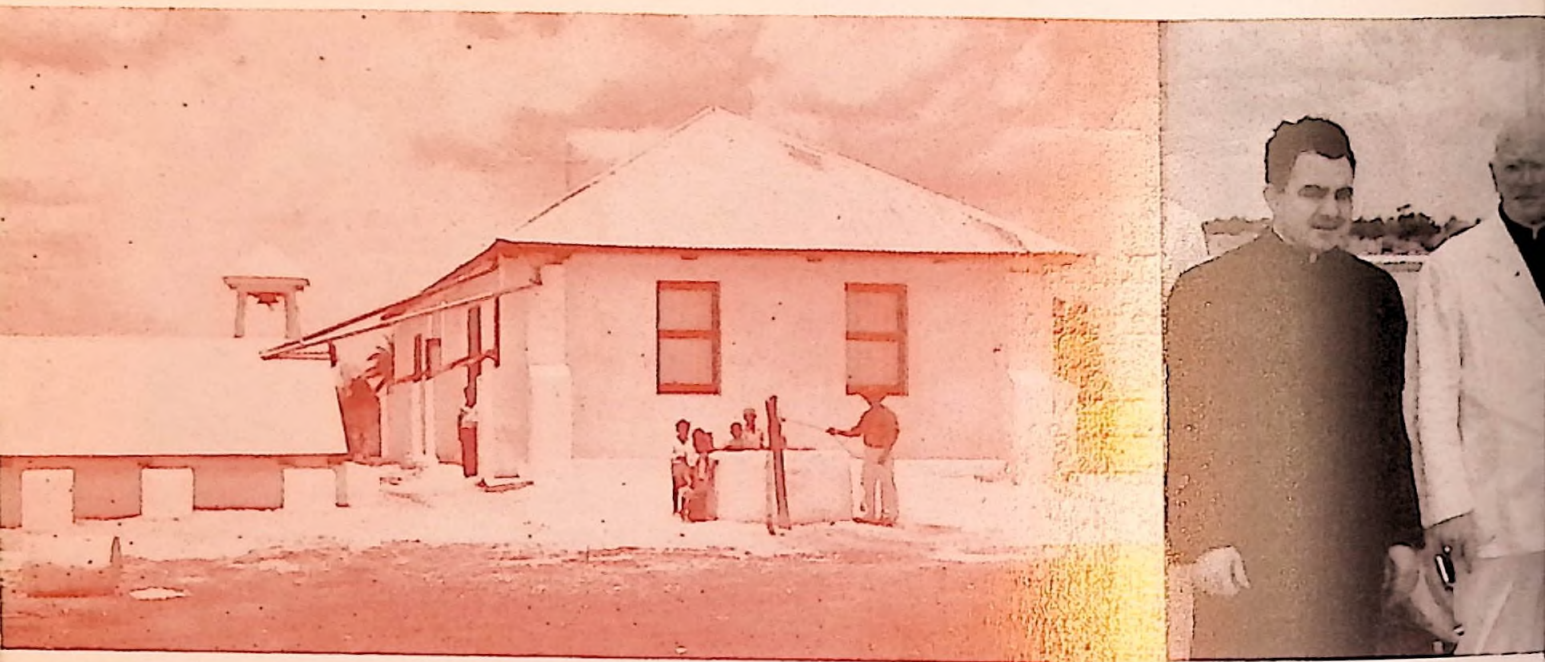
Naturally it was a boy named Tom who handed the zuchetta to His Excellency. It was an altogether gay and informal occasion. There were no set speeches, no uncomfortable silences. For this, after all, was a convening of neighbors, meeting for a rare reunion.

And that's the end of the story. Except that the bishop was heard to remark as he left the familiar scene:

"The beanie's close to my head, all right, but the children are close to my heart."

A former neighbor is welcomed back to Haverford Street. Bishop Feeney received his "beanie" from friends.





THE CONTRACTOR OF *Roaring Creek*

IN HURRICANE LAND a missionary who once worked on St. Louis construction jobs is now laying strong foundations for Christ's Church.

SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO A TALL, LANKY high school boy used to hang around construction jobs in Saint Louis. At first he was a part of the idly curious who stand by the hour watching a steam shovel or concrete mixer. Then he began asking questions of men on the job. Finally, he went to work. He managed to put in many man hours laying foundations, shoveling sand and gravel, pouring cement, building forms.

Francis C. Ratermann was a contractor's son. Most people took it for granted that he would follow the profession of his father. But instead he entered a seminary.

Straw bosses, who had explained to him in the course of a job such things as the ratio of sand to gravel in a cement mix, shook their heads. It seemed to them that he was passing up a promising career.

Yet the years have shown that young Frank Ratermann, today a Jesuit missionary, abandoned nothing. In his chosen field he

has utilized all his potentialities as a builder in the best business in the world — spreading the faith in faraway lands.

In 1946 Father Ratermann went to British Honduras where the Society of Jesus has worked for a hundred years. On his arrival he was put in charge of building a convent in the central district of the British Colony.

This convent in the Stann Creek area of the Crown Colony was the first of many structures built of hurricane-proof, reinforced concrete. Next followed a school in the northern district of the country called Orange Walk. This school was built to house 300 children.

By 1947 Father Ratermann was in full charge of a construction program that ran for five years and saw 52 buildings erected. These consisted of schools, convents, teachers' houses and rectories. Each had a concrete foundation. From the ground up they were of all types, concrete, stone, wood, or wood with a "bush" roof. The "bush" top was a carefully laid network of cohune leaves.

For an idea of how Father Ratermann works let's travel to an on-the-scene operation—Roaring Creek, sixty miles southwest of Belize. Here about a hundred families support themselves on small plantations and



(Extreme left) This is the type of construction that can weather hurricanes. (Center) At Belize airport farewell is said to Bishop Helmsing (3rd from left) Auxiliary Bishop of St. Louis and very interested in mission work. With him (l. to r.) Father Lodes, St. Louis archdiocese treasurer, Bishop Hickey S.J., Fathers Ratermann and Knopp, Superior. (Below) His first reconstruction job.



by working for the road construction crews.

The Colonial Government wanted a school built here for some eighty children. Father Ratermann, with the help of the donated services of the fathers of his pupils, erected a school with a capacity of 100, a house

for the visiting missionary, a teacher's house with an outside kitchen that was a separate structure. All but the kitchen had a concrete foundation. The total cost of the construction was \$1,500.00.

To show how far Father Ratermann makes his American dollars go, as compared with the construction engineers of the colony, a comparison is necessary. Recently, the government put up school buildings and teachers' quarters to take care of 180 children in three different localities. The Jesuits under Father Ratermann's direction put up the same type of buildings for 800 children in ten localities at less than a third of the cost of the government project!

Thus careful planning, mechanical know-how and zeal have been combined to soundly establish elementary education in British Honduras. This combination plus the generosity of friends in America has produced a

network of 71 Catholic schools throughout the colony.

However, it must be added that neither the skill of men like Father Ratermann, nor the generosity of American friends would have achieved this ideal set-up without the cooperation of the British Colonial Government. Fifty percent of the cost of all teachers' houses, 25% of all schools and school equipment, and all the salaries of teachers, whether they are religious sisters or lay teachers is borne by the government. In few countries today is the government liberal enough to support Catholic education as the British Government does in the colony.

As the Society of Jesus observes the centennial of its labors in British Honduras, it can point with pride to the condition of elementary education today. But it is a pride that does not single out individuals like Father Ratermann for effusive praise, but rather pays tribute to a cooperative endeavor in the work of bringing souls to God. For every missionary is a contractor in building the kingdom of Christ.

WILLIAM J. BRENNAN S.J.

THE MOSQUE



CEYLON IS IN THE EAST—AND IN THE EAST anything can happen. So don't be startled when I say that St. Michael's College in Batticaloa has become a Mohammedan mosque!

Abdul Raheem Mohammed Aboobucker has just reached his "coming of age," making his debut as a full-fledged Moslem. At sixteen years of age this little boarder of St. Michael's College is required to adhere to the strict prayer schedule of the sons of the prophet. Anyone who has ever traveled into a strongly Mohammedan section of the East will know what that means. In places like Pakistan or Persia where virtually everyone is Mohammedan, it results in five full breaks in the daily program, since five times a day the Mohammedan must stop, turn his face towards Mecca and say his prayers. In places like our mission here in Ceylon, where the Moslem, though strong, is well outnumbered by Hindu and Buddhist, this rigid devotion to prayer is for the most part postponed if it interferes with the pursuit of daily business.

But for "Bucker," as he is called by the

The reading of the Koran, the facing towards Mecca and the prostrations are Moslem ritual.

other boys, this was not good enough. He wanted to follow the prayer schedule as closely as possible. Being a boarder this was sure to pull him out of line in games, study hall and other boarders' exercises. But Bucker was determined (perhaps partly because his father was also determined for him) to do what he could. So when the detailed plan was brought up to the prefect, it had to be

B. HENRY MILLER S.J.

of St. Michael

approved. You can't very well forbid a boy permission to say his prayers, can you?

Then it was that we found ourselves in the unique position of setting up a mosque under the aegis of St. Michael. Bucker had to have a place to pray. He couldn't do it out in the dormitory or study hall. With all the ritual of prostrations and the like, that would be asking too much of anyone's religious fervor. So it was that the office of the Prefect of Discipline became St. Michael's Mosque, and Father George Raywood S.J., our Disciplinary, closes down his punitive establishment when prayer time comes along.

Bucker had his mosque and his special schedule and St. Michael was bent over backwards, but Bucker made him bend just a little more for good measure. Brother Booth, in his office as buyer for the boarding house, found himself dragged into a situation reminiscent of Aline Kilmer's humorous essay on "Hunting a Hairshirt." On his shopping rounds one day he found himself prying around town in search, not of a hairshirt, but a prayer mat. The Moslem shopkeepers must have thought they had snagged a strange convert. But he was successful and now Bucker says his prayers with all the necessary liturgical props.

To date, our little Moslem is persisting in his fervor, rising at 5:00 a.m. to get in his first half-hour of prayer, retiring to his mosque during his lunch period, staying back from games after school for another session with his prayer mat and eating an early supper to make room for the last two.

We have gotten used to seeing him so absorbed in his prayer in his private mosque, but at first it had us expecting a crop of little minarets to be sprouting forth beside the lofty tower of St. Michael's.

B. Henry Miller S.J.



Come, follow me

ONE OF MY MOST TREASURED MEMORIES of Jerusalem is the privilege that was mine on Holy Thursday of assisting the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem at the solemn ceremonies. They are performed at the specially prepared altar of the Holy Sepulcher and the elaborate ritual fuses the sacred mysteries of the Cenacle, Calvary and the Tomb into a single theme of incomparable love.

To receive one's Paschal Communion before the very Tomb of Christ, almost within the shadow of Calvary itself, is to perceive with fresh insight how truly the Last Supper and the Cross are but two phases of the same undying sacrifice. In the Cenacle, the Divine Victim offered Himself for that complete immolation that was to be consummated on the Cross. The tortured hours that lay between were less a postponement than a prolongation of Christ's offering and the Father's acceptance.

So it is that the Blessed Sacrament will ever remain the "memorial of Christ's Passion," as much a symbol of His suffering as the Cross itself. So, too, it is that we cannot devoutly and sincerely approach the one without readiness to embrace the other. Any other attitude of soul is unworthy of the true lover of Christ. For it is to accept the fruits of His love while spurning the cost that His love compelled Him to pay.

It is by treasuring the Passion of Christ and by willingness to share His Cross that we partake most richly of the fruits of that "sacred banquet, in which Christ is received; the memory of His Passion is renewed; the mind is filled with grace; and a pledge of future glory is given to us."

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.

XAVIER'S *India*



(Left) St. Francis Xavier who set the Fishery
(Above) Fishermen along the coast of South I



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS ago, St. Francis Xavier sailed out of Goa for the first time. It was a journey to a remote and bleak island of Sancian in the East Indies. Before he departed he told his companions, "I shall return no more for my body will return."

Ten years had passed since the Portuguese would later be called "the East Indies" first set eyes on the island which runs south to Cape Comorin. It was to be the first mission which St. Francis Xavier would cultivate. Before he had traveled the seven miles along the shoreline from Goa to Sancian a hundred times. Now, as he prepared to depart, his name had become known to the Fishery Coast. He had brought the people to Christ and a century later the Fishery of St. Francis had but a few converts by the persuasions of the Dutch missionaries and the works that he did."

Four hundred years ago, a man walked a little along the Fishery Coast. He could remember the great apostle's words:

(Left) In this little cave, St. Francis Xavier spent many years. He could see "Ceylon as a distant land."

MEMORIES



of India afire for Christ.
still keep their way of life.



(Above) Village of Christian fishermen converted by Francis Xavier.
(Below) The Church of the Gesu in old Goa where Xavier's body lies.

ON APRIL 14TH, Francis
harbor of Goa for the last
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South China Sea. Shortly
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Apostle of the
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dow against the sunrise."





A Killer Visits CEBU

ALFRED T. HENNELLY S.J.

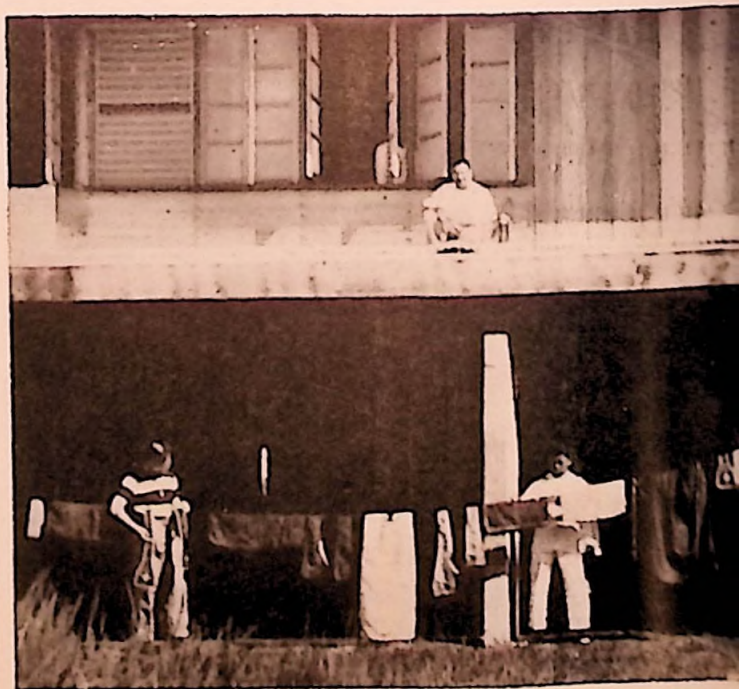
IF YOU WERE TO ASK A JESUIT WHAT "REGULAR ORDER" means, he might smile wily and answer: It's the only daily routine in the world that never changes. But in some cases his answer would be wrong. At Woodstock last year, regular order was interrupted by a fire; at Jamaica a hurricane smashed the daily routine; and at Berchmans College, the Society's newest Philosophate at Cebu City, Philippines, regular order was shattered last December 9th by an uninvited guest. This visitor was a killer typhoon.

Typhoons are the extremely violent tropical cyclones that yearly ravage the Philippines, Japan, and the entire China Sea during the autumn months. Each storm travels slowly, in a rotating circle of vicious wind and rain from 50 to 100 miles in diameter. As the priests and scholastics at Berchmans were celebrating the Feast of the Immaculate Conception last December 8th, the fiercest typhoon to strike the islands in twenty years was gathering its savage energies and moving westward across the Pacific to the onslaught.

On December 9th the storm churned across the Leyte Gulf and crashed against the island of Leyte. Its stay was brief. Only a few hours later typhoon "Amy," as it was named by the Weather Bureau, whirled on, after strewing Leyte with thousands of wrecked homes, millions of dollars worth of ruined crops, and at least 432 known dead. It had cut off in its onrush all communication between Leyte and the rest of the Philippines. After mounting new energies on the

unobstructed stretch of the Camotes Sea, the killer struck at the heart of the island of Cebu, propelled by the unparalleled fury of 100-mile an hour winds.

At Berchmans College, the Jesuits first sensed danger when the invisible hand of the typhoon twisted open doors and windows about 11 P.M. Immediately, a dozen of the scholastics were summoned from the two residences, Bellarmine House and Canisius House, to help in the main building. As they sprinted the ten yards between dwellings, they met typhoon "Amy" in the open. A solid sheet of rain whistled parallel to the ground and stung the skin like hail; a wind that reached a peak intensity of 120 miles an hour tore the rain-gear from their backs, and filled the night with the crack of splitting



trees and the shriek of metal roofing. There were no gusts, but a single roaring, unflinching onslaught of wind and rain.

For the next four hours, under the direction of Fr. Francis X. Clark S.J., Rector of Berchmans, the struggle went on to save the building from ruin. The walls of concrete stood firm, but the wooden frame windows began to buckle beneath the fierce pressure of the wind. In the threatened sections, after the windows had been hastily barricaded, everything of value was moved to the center of the building. Special precautions were taken to safeguard the twin centers of a house of studies, the chapel and the libraries. Despite desperate efforts, the gale smashed through many of the windows, drenching books, vestments, and other valuables before they could be moved. Since the typhoon had ripped through poles and electric wiring in its first onslaught, the work was done entirely by flashlight.

Meanwhile, as the Filipino farmers poured into the parlor of the main building seeking shelter, the Jesuits began to realize what havoc the killer typhoon was wreaking among the nipa homes. From the farmers they learned that the other building on their property, a long, wooden structure, called the Camarin, had been twisted from its foundations, overturned, and flung twenty yards, to end in a rubble of splintered lumber and sheet roofing.

At Berchmans College in Cebu the Jesuit seminarians hang out altar vestments to dry after the drenching typhoon has gone its way.



The night of terror was all but spent before the killer moved on. By 3 A.M. the wind raged merely in gusts and the rain moderated its intensity. "Amy" had left 96 known dead in Cebu, and an additional 60,000 homeless. The juggernaut then careened across the Guimara Strait to the islands of Negros and Iloilo, claiming at least fifty-one additional victims before veering northeast into the South China Sea.

At Cebu, Holy Mass was celebrated in the flooded chapel of Berchmans at 3:30 A.M., with fervent prayers of thanksgiving for the safety of the community. At dawn, the Jesuits surveyed the scene of disaster. With the trees that had once shielded Berchmans either destroyed or splintered, the surrounding territory was visible for miles. Twisted roofing sprawled in grotesque patterns on the grounds; the Camarin strewn its beams and metal in every direction; banana and bamboo orchards were devastated. Filipino farmers turned from their homes to their ruined crops and despair was etched in their faces. In the city, workmen wandered dazedly through the ruins. In three days, Berchmans had cleared away most of the debris; for the farmers and the poor, the havoc of the night of December 9th will endure for many years. These are the ones who have suffered most from the visit of the killer "Amy." As members of Christ's suffering Mystical Body, they need our prayers.

It is the poor who suffer the most from the onslaught of the typhoon. Their frail homes stand little chance against the wind's fury.





(This is the third article of the series on Alaskan mission stations)

THERE ARE CORNERS OF ALASKA WHERE life is primitive, brief, and extremely hard. But I have recently seen what one zealous missionary can do to transform them.

Until a year ago, Hooper Bay was but a collection of mounds on the shore of the Bering Sea. Each mound was but an indication of a dwelling beneath, a dwelling which was ill-lighted, constantly damp, the floor an evil smelling mud into which had been ground during the course of years, grass, seal oil, the remains of dried fish, and so many other off-products of civilization. Only one who had been brought up in such surroundings could possibly stand the odor and the sight. As a result of such living conditions the number of babies who died was very little short of the number born. The only pleasant feature of such a situation was the fact that heaven was rapidly being peopled with Eskimo babies.

But that was before last year! Today Hooper Bay presents quite a different picture. It is still a collection of dwellings on the shore of the Bering Sea. Its people still live on dried fish and seal and other products of

BUILDER BY THE BERING SEA

the sea. The snows still drive in on the everlasting winds and pile up in drifts fifteen or more feet in height. It is still so isolated that it is literally the end of the world. But a wonderful transformation has taken place in Hooper Bay. There are still a few of the old mounds to be seen, but the most of these are used as storage houses, while the people of the village, for the first time in their history, live in dwellings which they can keep clean, sunlit, warm and dry.

The story of this transformation is the story of the priest who is spending his life for his people, Father Paul O'Connor S.J.

The story of any worthwhile endeavor is usually the story of one man who is dissatisfied with conditions and sets out to change them. Father O'Connor, after more than fifteen years of labor with Eskimos in various parts of Alaska was sent, five years ago, to Hooper Bay. The squalor, the filth and disease and the deaths of so many were a chal-



purchased in quantity and shipped by barge. The people of the southern Bering Coast went on a building spree. One village after another took on a changed appearance. Almost instantly the incidence of disease took a sudden drop. Babies who were slated for a trip to heaven suddenly took a new lease on life and lived. The colds and the hacking coughs began to diminish, and for the first time in the history of Hooper Bay, God's sunlight in the homes of the people began to accomplish wonders. But it was not just for Hooper Bay that Father O'Connor labor-



(Above) Out of this lumber pile at Hooper Bay will come worth while homes. (Right) In the old style houses there wasn't much protection against disease.

lenge, and he wouldn't have been Father O'Connor if he hadn't done something about it. Government officials had visited Hooper Bay and had seen the situation. Nothing was done. Then suddenly there appeared in Washington, a tall gray-haired priest, built like a football player, with facts and figures at his fingertips. He obtained a hearing before the Finance Committees of both House and Senate. He spoke for his people and for the other Eskimo people of that bleak section of the coast, and he came back to Alaska with the battle won!

Acting as the agent for the government, he has gone to person after person, explained everything, and has made loans to one hundred and seventy different families. His only security was the word of the borrower.

It doesn't take much to build a home for an Eskimo. Five hundred dollars, used to advantage, goes a long way. Through another Government agency, building supplies were

ed. New homes began to spring up like magic in Chevak, Scammon Bay, Tununak and other villages.

Cleaner clothing became evident, body lice began to disappear, and a new life, a worthwhile life, began for the Eskimo.

It takes a man of God to live at Hooper Bay, even under the best of conditions. It takes a man with a great deal of zeal, and much love for his fellow man to take the isolation, the cold, the darkness and the winds. But he feels more than repaid for all his labors and hardships for his people when they crowd his church to overflowing, to sing to God, to recite the rosary, and when they live their simple lives in faith and confidence in the God they have learned from Father O'Connor.

EDMUND A. ANABLE S.J.

THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTIONS

APRIL: SPREAD OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS IN MISSION COUNTRIES.

AFTER TREATING THE ROLE OF COLLEGES in missions, Pope Pius XII in his recent encyclical "Evangelii Praecones" continues as follows: "An equally useful service is the dissemination of timely publications. It is scarcely necessary for Us to dwell at length on this point, for everyone knows how effectively newspapers, magazines and reviews can be employed either to present truth and virtue in their proper light and inculcate them deeply upon men, or to oppose fallacies masquerading under the guise of truth, or to refute certain false opinions which are hostile to religion, or which do great spiritual harm by distorted presentation of vexed social questions. Hence we warmly commend those Bishops who interest themselves in the widest possible distribution of printed works of this sort which have been carefully edited. Though much has already been done, much remains to be done."

From the above pronouncement of His Holiness we see the role of the Catholic press in the missions. This is not something new in mission history. It was realized by the apostles who committed to writing the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles and their instructive epistles. It was not less utilized by missionaries of an earlier age when far fewer

Sanjivan Press of Patna Jesuits in India.



people in mission lands were able to read or write. By the end of the sixteenth century the Catholic press was established in China, Japan and India; in the Philippines and Mexico; and in the South American missions of Peru and Paraguay. The types of works they produced varied from catechisms and devotional books to textbooks for schools and colleges, and dictionaries and grammars for the use of future missionaries. Of such importance did Father Matthew Ricci S.J. judge the learned journals that rolled off the Chinese presses that his statement became almost a proverb: "China will be converted by books rather than by preaching."

Education in the missions has widened the need and usefulness of the Catholic press. For the press today is a two-edged sword that can do good or harm. Catholic missionaries marvel at the speed with which the enemies of Catholicism flood their missions with literature containing heretical and materialistic doctrines. Doctrines that contain atheistic propaganda and distorted presentations of moral and social problems must be counteracted by other pamphlets containing the sound principles of Catholic philosophy and theology on the same subjects.

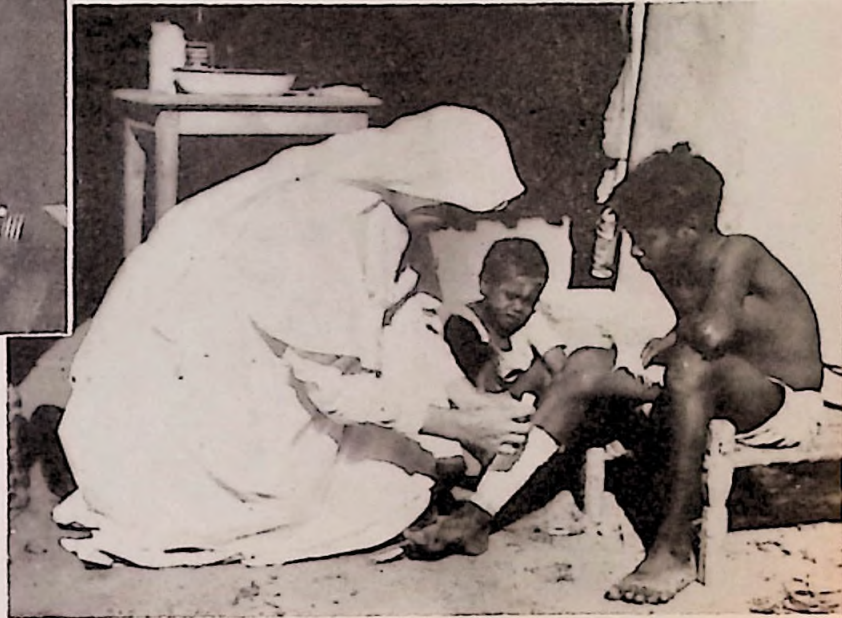
But to keep the Catholic presses running in mission countries requires more than financial backing without which they can not even be set in motion. The production of newspapers and magazines, books and pamphlets requires a competent staff of editors, religious and lay, not only steeped in the church's doctrines and social principles but also thoroughly familiar with the social and historical background of the mission country and conversant with the idiom and mode of expression of the languages and dialects of the mission people. Last but not least, that their publications may be effective, daily prayer is needed that they may accomplish their lofty purpose of spreading the faith and defending the Church's doctrine in mission countries.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMAN S.J.



Fr. Nicholas Pollard wants to bring the Sisters and Christ's mercy to the sick.

*“They brought
their SICK”*



Furnishing Sisters' rooms (4)	\$100.00 ea.
Furnishing Chapel	300.00
Our patient kit	20.00
Hot water heater	25.00
Sink and basin	25.00
Medical stocks	125.00
Two cots	25.00
Windmill for water supply	250.00
Sewing machine	75.00
Kitchen furnishings	75.00

REMEMBER THE GOSPEL SCENE when the people brought their sick to Christ and “He healed them all?” There are hundreds of sick in Shahabad District, India, and Father Nicholas Pollard S.J. wants to follow Our Lord’s example. He plans to construct a convent and a dispensary. Highly trained Sisters will live in the convent and dispense the medicines, cleanse the sores and bind up the wounds of the neighboring poor. We appeal to you in your pity for the sick-poor to supply Father Pollard and the Sisters with the things they need.

JESUIT *Missions* 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Afield WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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

Deep in the heart of every missionary there is a single desire that will not be silenced. It is at the bottom of each act he performs and gives meaning to the life of heroic self-sacrifice that he has freely chosen. It is a generous, completely selfless desire that asks for one thing only—that men may come to know the splendor and the loveliness of Christ. It is an extension of Our Blessed Lord's own ardent desire that all men might come to Him in love and adoration.

THEIR FATHER'S HOUSE

Hindu sightseers, during the annual Fair in Bettiah, crowd the church of Our Lady of the Nativity, unaware that they are in the living Presence of Him for Whom their hearts yearn.

"It was a gala day, a religious festival of the Hindus," writes Father Edmund Burke, S.J. of Chicago. "But what drew the crowds to Bettiah was the famous Fair, during which Bettiah becomes a great center for the sale of oxen and elephants and for the thousand and one things that country people love. It was also a great opportunity for sight-seeing.

"When the festival was at its height, I sat in the back of the church observing the crowds. There was confusion and talking, but I saw no sign of deliberate irreverence. And when our Catholic men arose to give a brief talk on Christianity, everyone settled down quietly and listened with the greatest attention. The large image of the crucified Lord on the cross was the focus of all eyes, and I was

struck to see the reverence and sympathy expressed by these simple people, seeing for the first time an image of the Savior of the world. The lecturers were quick to notice the attraction of the crowds for the cross and they made special efforts to bring out the truth that Jesus Christ came into the world to take our sins upon Himself.

"As they were leaving the church, many stopped to admire a statue of St. Anthony holding the Child Jesus. It was touching to see the women stop and smilingly point to the image of the Child Jesus and say: 'Oh, look at the baby!' So many of them were carrying their own babies astride one hip that it gladdened their hearts to see the same representation in our church.

"That is the way they come. For fifteen minutes or a half hour, thousands have come to their Father's House.

"May God bring these people to the knowledge of His loving presence on the altar."

The church at Bettiah, Patna was blessed last November.





sidered to belong to the mother's clan, it is the maternal uncle or grand-uncle who has authority over the children.

"For this reason, children can be, and frequently are, taken away from their parents and given to the care of someone else in the clan. The child then considers the adopters as father and mother.

"This is not to say that the Palauans have no parental love. I have seen women weep bitterly, and remain disconsolate for many months when their children were taken away. But such is the force of social usage.

"The Church, of course, is strongly opposed to a custom so destructive of family life, but the best we've been able to do so far is to see that Catholic children are adopted only by Catholics. However, we have not always been successful in our attempts."

ANNAS INTO RUPEES

Although English is the official language of the classroom at Nirmala College, New Delhi, Hindu has a way of getting into the act.

"You are always a 'Padre Sahib'" writes *Father Bernard Dempsey S.J.*, formerly of St. Louis University and now professor of Economic Analysis, Money and Banking,

Father Paul Smith S.J., Superior of New Delhi Mission in India, the Very Reverend Neil Mc-

and Treasurer of Nirmala College. "The watchman is a 'chokidhar'; we live by the 'Gol-Dak-Khana' (Round Post Office). As Treasurer of the college, I need only two words—'Kitana?' (How much?) and 'Jaida' (Too much!). The word 'Achchha' (try to pronounce all the h's) means anything from Hmmm or Well! to Very Good. OK is 'theek hai'. In Hindu class we are still at the stage of 'The daughter of the farmer uses the pen of my aunt's brother sort of thing.' But I can now add annas into rupees by 16's almost as fast as dimes into dollars by tens."

SECOND SPRING

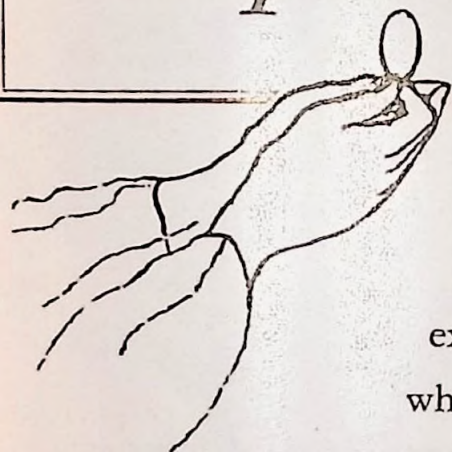
"Catechetical instruction on a large scale is responsible for a 'second spring' in the Philippines," according to Father Patrick Shaules S.J., recently assigned to Formosa.

"The students of the Good Shepherd Sisters are preparing 10,000 children for First Communion; the Legion of Mary is instructing tens of thousands of people; and, one Jesuit alone at the Ateneo, has 3,000 catechists working under his direction. Things may seem quiet, but actually the shoots of a second spring are appearing everywhere as the ancient faith renews itself."

Brearty C.P., Secretary to the Apostolic Internuncio, and Father Dempsey S.J. at Nirmala.



I AM A *Leper Priest*



The startling
story of a priest
whose zeal for souls
exposed him to the dread
white plague of leprosy.

I AM A LEPER. WHO I AM IS OF NO IMPORTANCE. However, I will tell you that I am a missionary priest. And you might also be interested to know I am an American.

I shall not tell you to what Religious Congregation I belong, nor even in what part of the world I am working. Only God and a half-dozen persons know that I have leprosy. Even my family does not know. The reason for this secrecy I shall explain in a moment. An American Jesuit who is a close friend asked me to let him have this account, which explains how it happens to appear in the mission magazine of the Jesuit Fathers.

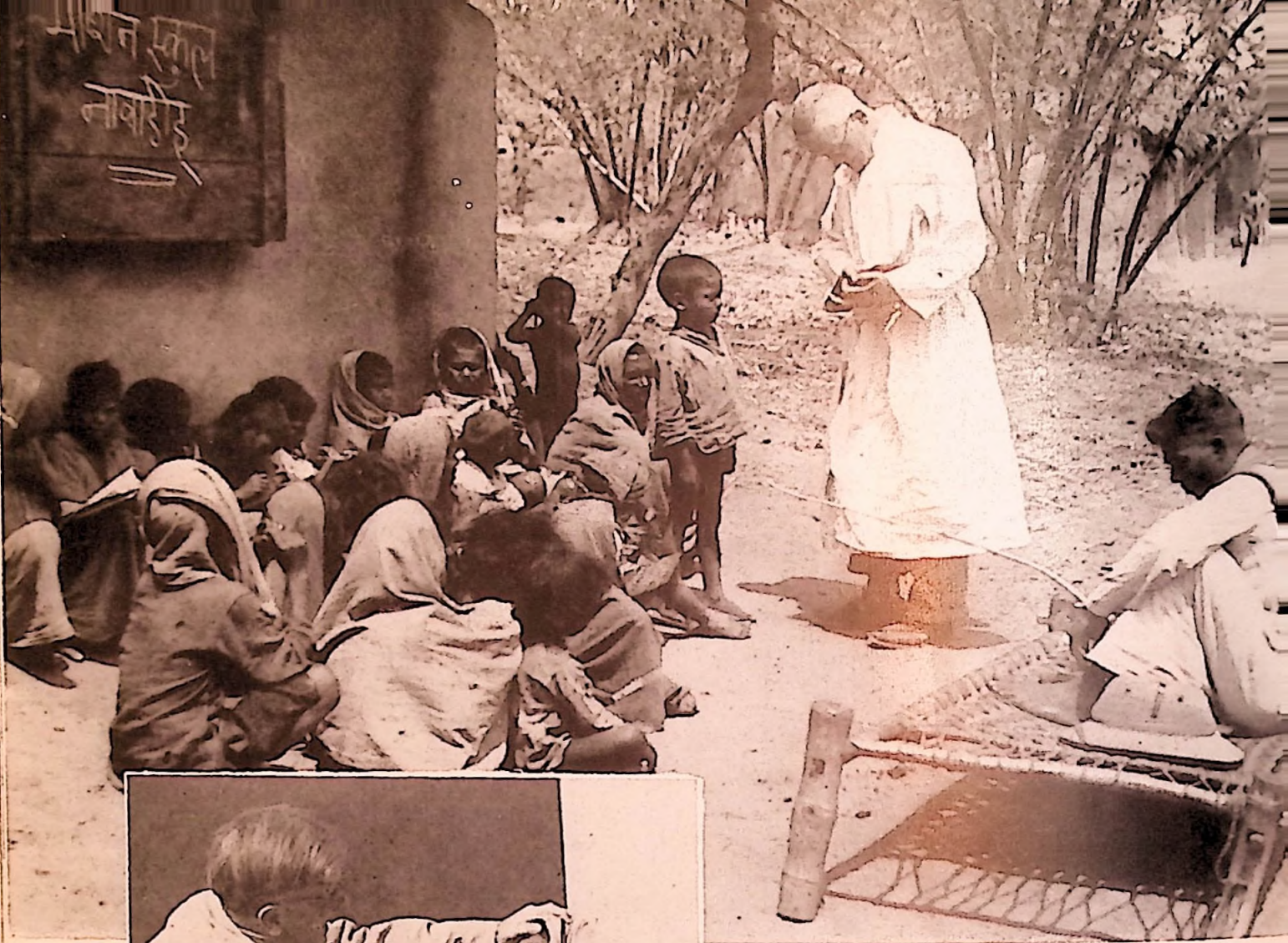
I must be unusually susceptible to leprosy because adults are usually immune to the disease. Of course I have had to minister to lepers sometimes in my missionary work and that is how I was exposed to the disease, but leprosy is most often contracted only in early childhood. The disease is only mildly contagious even in its worst forms, and often has an incubation period of many years. In fact, although much less contagious than tuberculosis, it is like tuberculosis in that many people have the bacillus lepra in their systems all their lives without knowing it. The natural forces of the body can keep leprosy inactive for long periods more easily than tuberculosis. But given certain conditions such as prolonged under-nourishment or extreme physical exhaustion, latent leprosy will become active and begin producing the symptoms which, if not properly treated, will eventually cause the disfigure-

ment that makes leprosy so horrible.

However, there is no reason for the popular horror of leprosy these days since the discovery of the wonderful new drugs with which I confidently hope to remove all my present symptoms of the dread disease and keep it inactive thereafter. The importance of my story is that I became a leper because in the course of my missionary work a prolonged period of under-nourishment and extreme physical exhaustion produced the peculiar conditions that allowed the disease to become active. I was under-nourished because I had not the means to provide properly for myself,

and I was physically exhausted because there were not enough priests to do the work required, and I had to do the work of several. This is not an exceptional condition among missionaries. In my case it resulted in leprosy, others become tubercular, still others break down in various other ways. There is nothing particularly heroic about it. Until sufficient manpower and material means can be provided to do the work in the missions which has to be done, these things might be considered as "occupational hazards" of missionary life.

Personally, I have the consolation of being able to continue with my missionary work while under treatment for leprosy. I am a "negative case", which means that I am not yet a danger of contagion to others. Please God, I never shall be. With proper care I expect to keep the disease inactive for the rest of my life; but I shall never be able to do the work of several men again. Although in my present, and constantly improving, condition there is no danger of my communicating the disease to others, (if that condition should change I would of course cease all work immediately) my Superiors do not wish my condition known because the unwarranted popular horror for leprosy would repel people from me and impede my usefulness as a priest. And I do not wish my family to know lest they become unduly alarmed. I consented to write this for my Jesuit friend as an appeal for more missionaries, and the means to support them and their work.



All Things to

WILLIAM G. GOUDREAU S.J.

THERE IS A PRIEST ON THE PATNA Mission in India whom I want you to meet. He is Father Nicholas Pollard S.J. and he is a missionary's missionary.

I visited Father Pollard at his station in the village of Ganj while I was collecting material for an Indian music book which I was helping to edit. And what I saw during those few days impressed me deeply.

Father Pollard is everything to his people. He is first their priest, their arbitrator and lawyer, their doctor and nurse, their secretary and banker, and—to sum it all up—their loved and trusted friend—all things to all men.

If we follow Father Pollard through his regular day I think you will understand what I mean when I say he is a missionary's missionary.

A missionary must be all things to his flock. (Left) Father Pollard conducts a catechism class, a regular and important feature of his busy day. But then there are other activities such as (lower left) alleviating the suffering of a parishioner by extraction of a tooth. Father Pollard sets off on his motorcycle for villages where he is priest, judge, doctor.

He is up an hour before dawn to make his hour of prayer. After his period of prayer he has confessions, Mass, a short sermon and Communion. One of the rooms of the mud hut is the chapel, and the other is Father's parlor, bedroom, kitchen, office and dispensary. Father says Mass barefooted because his altar is of mud too, and shoes might break it. After Mass he attends to the sick for an hour or so. The sick come in dozens from miles around. Father treats all the wounds and diseases he can cope with, and sends the more serious to the Medical Missioners in Patna City. Then comes breakfast of 'chapatis' and jam, with coffee.

After breakfast he hops his motorcycle and is off to the surrounding villages, preaching and catechising. He usually has a law suit to fix, a quarrel to straighten out, or a wedding to arrange, at the same time. Whenever he returns there is lunch; rice and pea-soup,



ALL MEN

vegetables, and maybe a bit of meat. After lunch there is rest for an hour or so because it is too hot for anyone to do anything.

About two-thirty or three in the afternoon comes another period of caring for the sick. Then Father walks out between the rice fields under the palms for another hour of prayer. After this his people gather in the early dusk for instructions and prayers. At last darkness and sleep drive the people to their own huts and Father has his frugal meal of rice, pea-soup, and 'chapatis.' Finally, evening prayers and to bed for a well-earned rest. It is certainly a life closely resembling Christ's own life on earth.

"Father," I asked, the second day of my visit, "don't these people ever have any recreation or entertainment?"

"Of course they do. I'll arrange a little show for you tomorrow night if you want."

"Yes, I'd like it very much. What kind of entertainment will it be?"

"About once a month or so the people gather, Hindus and all, for a few hours of the Isaian."

"The Isaian, Father? Never heard of it."

"We have the whole life of Christ written in verse and set to music. The people sing and chant the stories of Christ's life to the accompaniment of drums, stringed instruments and boy dancers. I preside and explain the meaning and moral of each story as they sing it and the dancers act it out. This way their recreation becomes inseparable from their faith. The Hindus too are coming slowly to learn about Christ in this way, by our singing and entertainments."

I thoroughly enjoyed the show and got a few more tunes for my book, too. Music is in their blood. I saw how deeply the Christians love their music and dances, which, inseparable from their religion, is an integral part of their life and thought. Thus the faith is, in every sense, their joy and happiness. And they are especially fortunate in having Father Pollard for their shepherd.



The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

When you give a Christmas or birthday gift to a relative or friend there is thought in the selection, there is time required to wrap it carefully and address the card. You do expect an acknowledgment and normally feel slighted if gratitude is not expressed. We try to keep that principle in mind here at JESUIT MISSIONS when we receive your letters. Common courtesy and good business would dictate an acknowledgment. While both motives prompt our care in thanking you, yet we would like you to feel that there is something additional. It is our priestly appreciation for your kindness extended to our brother Jesuit missionaries.

Of late, some people have not received an acknowledgment of their correspondence. Their letters of inquiry were not complaining but rather very understanding. From investigation, it seems that some mail has never reached our office. If you send a contribution to JESUIT MISSIONS and, after a reasonable length of time, you receive no acknowledgment would you kindly notify me?

You, the missionaries and ourselves form a triangle pointing heavenward. We would never want to be responsible for breaking it.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY, S.J.

Holy Oil Stocks:

When a priest is called to a dying person he carries two small cases. One looks like a wallet and the other like a needle and thread kit. In the wallet-shaped case is the gold pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament and also a compartment for a little white corporal and a finger towel. In the other are the oil stocks. You probably noticed the priest unscrew the gold top, dip his thumb into it and then anoint the eyes, ears, etc. A few of our missionaries in the Philippines need a set of oil stocks. Perhaps this thought might prompt you to provide them. You could give your gift with a prayer to Our Lord that you and each one of your family receive the consoling blessings of Extreme Unction. The price of the stocks is \$13.00 each.

Altar Cards:

There is a frequent repetition in the Wanted Column of items desired by the missionaries. One reason is this. When we send your gifts to a missionary, other missionaries are apt to see them or hear about them. A good example is altar cards. Your contributions provided many sets of altar cards for the missions. New parishes and new chapels have been opened and several missionaries desire the same type of cards. Would you help us in this? The cost per set is \$15.00.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
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Ceylon and Home Missions
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Philippines, Caroline and
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Rev. William T. Wood, S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

Holy Thursday Ceremonies:

During this month, we celebrate the feast of Holy Thursday. It probably holds many recollections for you when you were either an altar boy or a flower girl in the procession. Do you recall the joy of your own mother in seeing you in the procession? The ceremonies of Holy Thursday will be conducted in all of our mission churches. In some, however, the ceremonies will be less impressive simply because the missionaries do not have cassocks and surplices for the altar boys nor torches for them to carry. We would like to prepare now for Holy Thursday of 1953. Our missionaries will appreciate your gifts of \$5.00 or \$10.00 towards their Altar Boy Societies.

The new cassocks, of course, will not be put away in moth balls for next Holy Thursday. They will be used on the intervening major feasts, such as Corpus Christi, Christ the King and Christmas.

Light for a Church:

The two previous requests have a very intimate association with the Blessed Sacrament. At first sight, the following may seem to have no reference to the Blessed Sacrament. It is a generator. A few months ago, we requested donations to purchase a generator for Father McCarthy. We repeat it because the funds are still far from sufficient. This generator will illuminate the sanctuary during Mass and Benediction. In addition, it will provide light for the dispensary, for the children's dormitory and for the convent of the Sisters. Sometimes people hesitate to send \$1.00 feeling that it is not very much, especially for an expensive item like a generator. If you and a few hundred other people would banish that idea then perhaps we could light an entire mission on an island in the Pacific.

The Life of Christ:

Under this caption, we list a twofold request, namely, for catechetical charts illustrating the life of Our Lord and, secondly, for the two-volume life of Our Lord written by Father Prat. You know very well that children will remember a picture better than an hour of instruction. The charts are priced at \$10.00.

On file, we have numerous missionary letters referring to Father Prat's books. Like the charts, their price is \$10.00. Many of the letters are from non-American missionaries and we would certainly like to answer them.

Volcano Victims



EARLY IN DECEMBER 1951, THE VOLCANO OF Hibok Hibok erupted causing widespread disaster on the island of Camiguin, P. I. The following Jesuit priests were commended highly by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities for their heroic devotion in burying the dead, comforting the survivors, and attention to the relief work: FATHERS JOSEPH BITTNER, MARK FALVEY, RALPH LYNCH, RAYMOND LUTZ, ARTHUR SHEA.

It is predicted that it will be a year or more before some of the towns recover. Can you speed the day of complete rehabilitation by contributing to the relief work of the American Jesuits?

CLOTHING	\$10.00
FOOD	5.00
MEDICINE	3.00

Contributions are also needed for the replacement of vestments and other altar supplies.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

At the UNIVERSITY GATE



THREE AMERICAN JESUITS, Fathers Edward Murphy, Frederick Foley, and Patrick Shaules, driven from their mission in China, are now at Taiwan University, Formosa. They are opening a reading room and small religion lecture hall *just outside the University Gate*. They ask for \$300 to supply the place with Catholic books and magazines.

Such a room will be a natural gathering place for Chinese students. Will you open this door to the Church for these students by contributing some of the necessary \$300?



JESUIT *Missions*

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Father Foley (above) and Father Murphy (below) are now teaching at Taiwan University in Formosa.