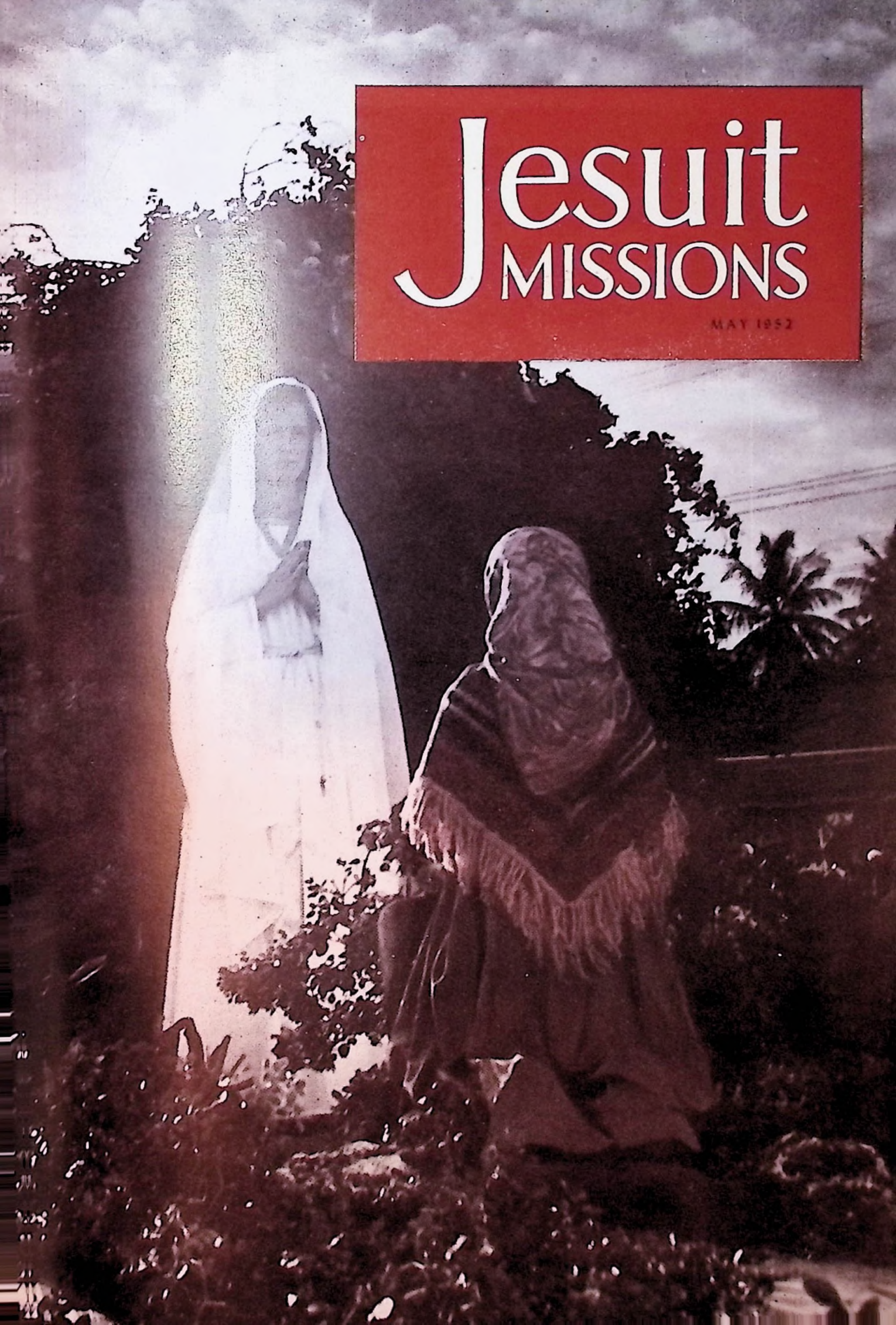
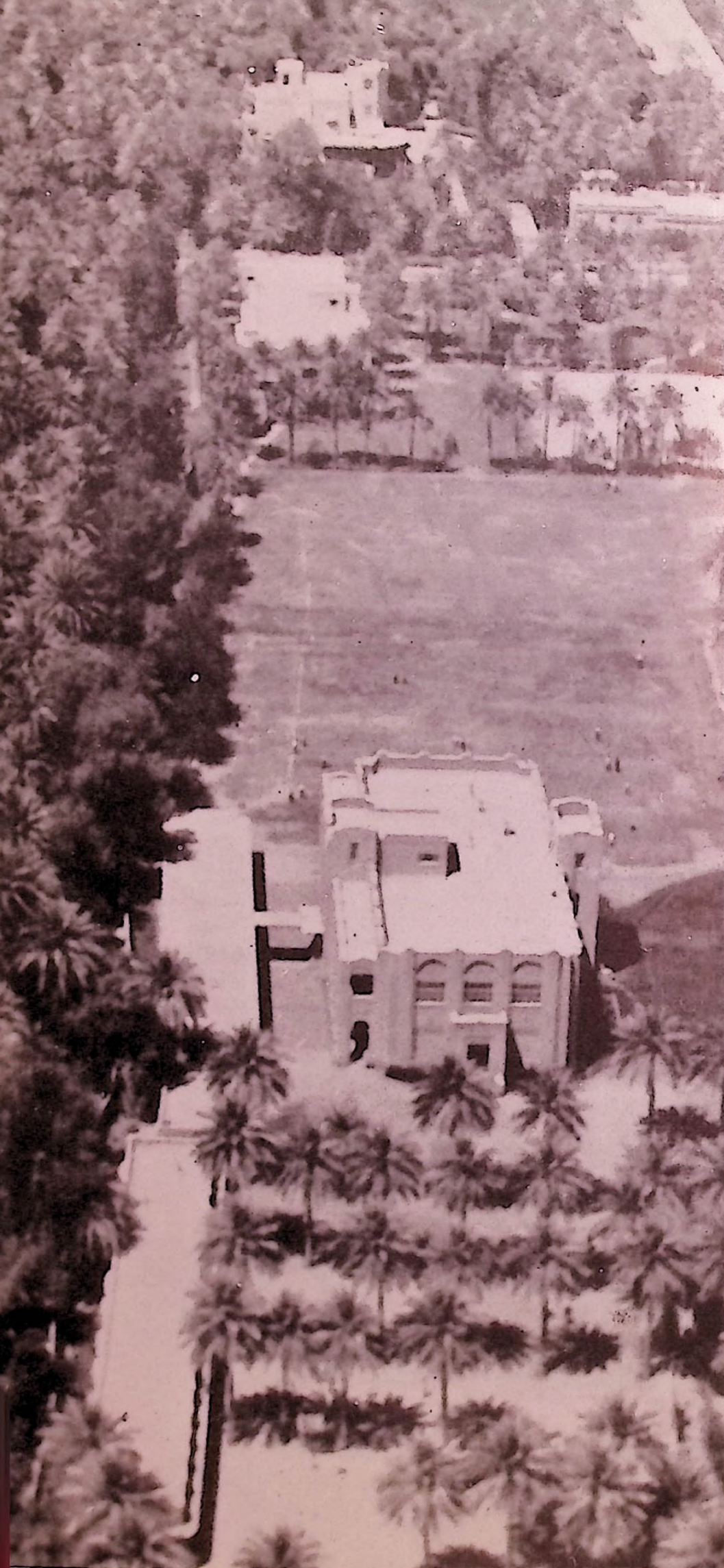


Jesuit MISSIONS

MAY 1952





JESUIT

STAFF

CALVERT ALEXANDER
Editor

JOSEPH F. MacFARLANE
Executive Editor

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE
Managing Editor

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON
LEO E. BIRNEY
FRANCIS D. BURNS
EDWARD S. DUNN
LAWRENCE N. HAFFIE
JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY
FELTON O'TOOLE
ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN
ANTHONY S. WOODS
Associate Editors

THOMAS J. HALLAHAN
PATRICK A. RYAN
FREDERICK J. COSTELLO
J. OSCAR DOYON
Regional Editors
COLEMAN A. DAILY
Business Editor

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn. in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00; Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412. Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

The Business Office of Jesuit Missions is at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Editorial Offices are at 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

MISSIONS

VOICE OF 1022 AMERICAN JESUITS

Vol. 26, No. 4

May, 1952

MY PEOPLE OF NIPPON.....	John R. Hughes S.J.	4
THE APOSTLE OF TEL KAIF..	Thomas B. Mulvehill S.J.	6
THE LINES REFORM IN FORMOSA.....		8
ADVENTURES BEGIN AT FIFTY-FIVE.		
	Richard T. McSorley S.J.	10
THE OLD MAN OF BUBUNTUGAN		
	Clarence A. Martin S.J.	12
DON'T MISS THE BAGHDAD BUS		
	Thomas F. Hussey S.J.	14
COME FOLLOW ME.....	Francis W. Anderson S.J.	15
JAMAICA		16
OUR LADY'S SPANISH TOWN MANTLE		
	Matthew J. Ashe S.J.	18
BEWARE THE SADHU'S CURSE..	Cornelius R. Curtin S.J.	20
MISSION INTENTION	Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.	22
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS..	Felton O'Toole S.J.	24
IT'S A DOG'S LIFE IN ALASKA.....	James E. Poole S.J.	28



MISSION MILESTONES

Jesuits in the Near East

- 1548—St. Francis Xavier sends Father Gaspar Baertz to Persia. The latter converts a lineal descendant of Mohammed.
- 1561—Jesuits attempt to convert Monophysite Copts of Egypt.
- 1625—Thousands of schismatic Greeks are converted by Jesuits in Aleppo, Syria.
- 1647—The Persian King permits Jesuits to establish a residence in Isfahan.
- 1710—64 Jesuits labor in the Near East; 32 in Turkey and Greece; 20 in Syria and Egypt; 12 in Persia and Armenia.
- 1724—King of Persia suppresses all Christian religions.
- 1785—Death of Father Tieffenthaler, first European to describe Kurdistan. He spent 40 years in India, Persia and Afghanistan.
- 1831—Return of the first Jesuits to Syria after the suppression.
- 1841—Founding of the Jesuit University of Beirut.
- 1860—Insurrection of the Druses; 8,000 Christians were butchered, among them 5 missionaries.
- 1932—American Jesuits open Baghdad College, Iraq.
- 1952—22 Priests, 9 Scholastics and 1 Brother of the New England Jesuits staff Baghdad College with an enrollment of 621 pupils.

Twenty-five years ago when Jesuit Missions was in its first year of existence the May issue carried a report of two Jesuit priests killed in a Chinese uprising. The account was written by Father George Marin, then Associate Editor of Jesuit Missions. Today Father Marin himself is in exile from China after 24 years there, nine of them as official Visitor to all Jesuit missions. And today the reports from China still speak of prison, torture, death, for the missionaries who preach Christ.

We do not say that every quarter of a century is a cycle in mission history. But the similarity of events that parenthesize twenty-five years of one man's life is a striking reminder of the missionary's greatest obstacle—the hatred of Christ and the things of Christ. The missionary is in a foreign land because he loves Christ and wants to share that love with others. He comes in love and he runs headlong into hate. For there is a kingdom of hate in this world, even as in the next. And the missionary must destroy that kingdom before he can build the kingdom of Christ's love. It is his most heart-breaking task. Remember prayerfully the men and women who must live with hate before they conquer in love.

COVER. In the city of Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies, Our Lady of Fatima was honored in a manner long to be remembered by the people of the Pearl of the Antilles. Sts. Peter and Paul parish portrayed this Lady of Lourdes float.



Father John Hughes (left) with fellow Jesuit George Minami and students of Rokko High School at Kobe in Japan.

(Below) The Lincoln statue near Kobe is typical of the new Japan. (Right) Dinnertime has its own ceremonial customs.

MY PEOPLE OF *Nippon*

THERE ARE, I SUPPOSE, A LOT OF SEMINARIANS and students into whose hearts these days God is whispering quiet gentle suggestions about following in the footsteps of Xavier to Japan, and I suppose, they are wondering what "these Japanese" are like. There are all sorts of stories about them, ranging from the tales of horrifying, buck-tooth cruelty to the extreme politeness of the tea party. The truth of the matter, as always, lies somewhere in the middle.

The Westerner when he first comes to Japan will meet refined courtesy. He will be struck with what he considers the consummate consideration of the people. He will see people of all walks in life manifesting a self-effacing humbleness and kindness for him as a newcomer and to the people around him. But gradually as time goes on and he begins to see the same Japanese time and again and gives them a chance to



come back to him, after the introduction, he will find what he thinks is an utter lack of consideration of others. He will find Japanese men and women ingratiating themselves with gifts to the foreigner, only to later ask favors which both compromise himself and demand an impossible sacrifice of one's leisure. He will find the Japanese most sentimental in their reactions and yet steeled against all sorts of privations and pain both in themselves and others.

What is the basic truth of the matter? What are these people?

THE JAPANESE and their nature are hopefully portrayed by one of the first American Jesuits to be assigned there after World War II.

To me, the Japanese are a grand people, but like the rest of us they are really human. Beneath all this code of consideration and polite kindness, which down through the centuries has been considered the necessary way of acting, lies the heart that feels for



others, that is selfish, that when pagan is sickeningly proud, and when Catholic, is balanced and sincere. The answer to it all is Christianity, and of course for a clearcut dividing line, it is Catholicism.

Japan is a thickly populated country, the people have had to live close to each other, have had to cultivate the social niceties. They have had to live simply, they had to enshrine the frugal virtues, the ideal of work, of bearing with the extremes of the climate. Their religions, the things which mould the soul, have stemmed from India

and China with its superiority over matter, and self annihilation as its explicit ideal. They have never had the balanced knowledge of the Truth, of Christ, of logic. Always this people, moored on this set of islands, beat a retreat from reason and logic, to the denial of reality; first the reality of sufferings, then the reality of everyday things, and finally the reality of their own conclusions, into Nirvana. No other knowledge did they know, even with Xavier and his successors, for these touched but a mere 200,000 out of 20,000,000 and more. Natural virtue was necessary, surely, for they had to live together closely, but the "great", the bonzes, with their teachings, especially among a people who could not even read the religious teachings, (so different is the language of high culture in Japan), extolled the unintelligible and the esoteric.

Yet all the while, humans that they are, they hungered for the Truth. There were always men, women and children, who risked their reception by their fellows to satisfy the hunger of their souls for this Truth. In many instances they could try to fill this gap with human fellowship, with personal niceties, but basically starved as they were, they had to appear sentimental. Finally today when all restraint is being lifted in Japan, the sweep of souls for the Truth is overwhelming. Basically they are the same people as before the war—for the real militarists were few—but now they can manifest their desires, they are and feel free to seek what they long for.

With all that tradition of suffering, of obedience, of the social graces, they come in simplicity and often in irresponsibility to this new freedom; a freedom which is not so much the workings of democracy as the unfettering of souls.

There will always be the cheats, here and in every country; but here they will seem worse for they have not even the unwanted tradition of Christianity as in the West. But here there will also be—a far greater thing—a nation of children, whom Christ has asked His Apostles, that they "suffer them to come to Him."

JOHN R. HUGHES S.J.

THE APOSTLE OF *Tel Kaif*

Students at Baghdad College from the ancient Christian village of Tel Kaif, located ten miles from famed Nineveh. Yusuf, the apostle of Tel Kaif, is second from right in the back row of the group.

BAGHDAD COLLEGE provided the spark by which an ardent lover of Our Lady set his village aflame.

S EVEN CENTURIES BEFORE THE BIRTH OF Christ, King Sennacherib built his Assyrian capital at Nineveh, by the banks of the Tigris river. Archeologists from America and Europe have made vast excavations at the ruins of this renowned city. The dust and sands of centuries have been cleared away to reveal a royal palace of seventy-one rooms, elaborate bas-reliefs heralding the achievements of Assyrian kings, and thousands upon thousands of clay tablets which sing the praises of religion, science, literature and the culture of a bygone day. Yet the story of Nineveh has never been completely unfolded, and in all probability there are pages that will never be written.

A far better story than that of Nineveh is the fascinating saga of Tel Kaif, a village situated only ten miles from the ancient capital of Assyria. Like many another village of Arabia, it has an unwritten history that has been lost in the mist of ages. For centuries a merciless sun has beat upon it six months of the year and the intermittent rains of winter have drenched the poorly built houses and flooded the narrow, winding streets of the village. The invaders and conquerors of history have marched through Tel Kaif, poverty and want have ever been the lot of its inhabitants, and the progress



of mankind has failed to leave its imprint on this lonely and forgotten people.

But there is a distinguishing note about Tel Kaif, one that places it in a category by itself. It has always been, and is today, a Christian village. In spite of opposition and incredible hardship the light of God's faith has never been dimmed, and for centuries these spartan Christians have upheld the truths which, according to the tradition, were first preached by Saint Jude. Today there are 8,000 souls in the village, each one a Christian.

Several years ago a pious mother of Tel Kaif was teaching the catechism to her young son, when she suddenly paused. "Some day you must go to Baghdad College," she told him, "even if only for a year. There the Fathers will strengthen your faith." Yusuf, for that was his name, looked up at

THOMAS B. MULVEHILL S.J.

his mother and smiled, and dreamed of a day that probably would never dawn. Young as he was, Yusuf knew that two insuperable obstacles blocked his path to Baghdad College; one was the distance of more than 250 miles, and the other was the extreme poverty of his family. Divine Providence overcame those human obstacles when, a year later, Yusuf's older sister married a man



from Baghdad and established her home in the city. A few years later she welcomed him to her home, he registered at Baghdad College, and a new world opened.

Of all the activities offered by the school, the Sodality was Yusuf's first choice. His childlike simplicity, his unobtrusive piety, and his deep-rooted faith made him a natural candidate for such an organization. His enthusiasm for Sodality affairs and his inspiring love for the Mother of God placed him among the leaders from the very beginning, and his restless young soul searched for new horizons. Last summer, when Yusuf returned to Tel Kaif, he realized his opportunity, and began a labor that must have been recorded by the angels of heaven.

Starting with a small group of boys he organized a catechism class, and before long 120 youngsters were being taught their religion by this zealous apostle. Every after-

noon he gathered them into the church and there in common they recited the rosary and the Litany of Loretto. He delivered a few talks on the manner of making a good confession, pointed out the dangers that threatened their faith, urged them to practice Christian virtue and explained at length the devotion to Our Lady of Fatima and other devotions he had learned at school. Finally he went to the Chaldean pastor and asked for a Holy Hour once a week, a favor which the good priest was only too happy to grant. In a word, Yusuf was spreading the Kingdom of Christ in a very real and concrete manner and at the same time impressing upon the minds of his people the good name of his school.

The story of Yusuf, like the story of Tel Kaif, is far from ended. But the indications are that the ending of the story will be happy. One recent afternoon as we sat and talked beneath the palm trees I reminded Yusuf that in another year he would be leaving Baghdad College to face the world.

"Have you any plans for the future?" I asked.

"Yes, Father," he replied, with his usual candor. "I want to be a priest." And so we look forward to another chapter in the story of Tel Kaif, the day when Yusuf will take his place as a priest among his people and uphold the heroic tradition of a village that has belonged to God for numberless years.

Chaldean mother and son of age-old Christian community in the mountains of northern Iraq.



LAST JUNE FATHER EDWARD MURPHY S.J. of the California Province stood under an archway in the neutral Portuguese port of Macao and looked back at the China which had sent him into exile. For fourteen years he had labored there for Christ, and now the enemies of Christ had conspired against him. He had been Superior of the American Jesuits in China and behind him some of his missionaries were still in prison. That was what hurt most.

But a missionary doesn't quit. Across from the Chinese mainland on the island of Formosa the Nationalist Government of Generalissimo Chiang had taken over the University of Formosa with its 3,000 students, half of them refugees from the mainland. The University wanted priests for its faculty, which already included three American Benedictine Sisters. So Father Murphy began the slow gathering in of China Jesuits from their various exiles. In Taipei he set up Beda Tsang Hall, the Jesuit residence named for the Chinese Jesuit priest who was martyred by the Communists.



Newly baptized Catholic girls of the Ami tribe, Formosa's latest prize.

(Left) From Macao exiled Father Murphy takes a last look at Red China.



REFORM

in Formosa

Father Murphy has also begun an information center with a spiritual and philosophical library for the people of Formosa who range from primitive tribes like the Ami, many of whom have been recently converted to Catholicism, to the educated Catholic students of the National Taiwan University, some of whom are shown (below) with Father Murphy.



So the battle lines reform in Formosa as Father Murphy welcomes Fathers Shaules (left) and Weingartner to Taipei. Father Fred Foley S.J. took all the photos on these pages.





Artist's concept of the landing of Father White S.J. and colonists from the Ark and the Dove in 1634.

SIXTY-FIVE MILES SOUTH OF WASHINGTON, D. C., on the stretching tongue of land that lies between the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay, stands a large granite memorial with an inscription on it. "In St. Mary's City in 1634, Father Andrew White of the Society of Jesus, Apostle of Maryland and First Historian of the Colony, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in thanksgiving to God for having led the Pilgrims to a land of sanctuary, where they and their descendants might live in civil and religious freedom."

It is a spot made famous by the adventures of a fifty-five year old priest. Father White tells the story in his own words, "On the twenty-second of the month of November in the year 1633, being St. Cecilia's Day, we set sail from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, with a gentle east wind blowing." Then he narrates the stormy story of the voyage to Maryland in ships called the Ark and the Dove. He tells how the two little ships entered the Chesapeake Bay and sailed up the Potomac River to a little island in that river near Leonardtown which he named St. Clement's Isle. His narration says, "On the day of the Annunciation of the Most

Adventures Begin at Fifty-Five

RICHARD T. MCSORLEY S.J.

Holy Virgin in the year 1634, we celebrated the Mass for the first time on this island. This had never been done before in this part of the world."

Father White then goes on to tell how the pilgrims sailed from St. Clement's Island to land at St. Mary's City and there made one of the few landings in American colonization where there was no bloodshed. In exchange for gifts to the Indians, they received land, plowed fields, and even the huts in which the Indians had lived.

OLD MARYLAND remembers with pride one colony in America founded without any bloodshed.

This mission founded by Father White was the first established in British North America. It is the oldest Catholic foundation with permanent existence and activity within the limits of the original thirteen colonies. It is certainly the first Jesuit establishment in the United States, and probably the oldest in the world that has been in the continuous possession of the Society of Jesus.

From this center, Andrew White, pioneer English-speaking missionary in America, set forth to convert the Indians along the Potomac River and the Chesapeake Bay. Though he was a man of fifty-five when he arrived in America, he traveled by canoe, sleeping under it on rainy nights, carrying it where necessary. Twenty-four years of teaching theology in four different universities in Europe had provided this native of London with a background which made him a genius with languages. Quickly he learned to speak the dialects of many different Indian tribes and to write books—a grammar of the Indian language, a dictionary, and catechism.

So successful was his preaching to the Indians that, six years after he landed, he achieved one of the greatest victories the Church ever won among any American Indians. On the morning of July 5, 1640, Father White baptized the Emperor or "Tayac" of the Indians, the chief of all the chiefs, Kittamquund. With great ceremony this imperial ruler was baptized in a chapel of Indian bark style on the banks of the St. Mary's River at St. Mary's City. There, with Governor Leonard Calvert assisting, and all the gentry of the colony standing by, Father White poured the living water on the chief and his Number One wife. From that day to this, the Piscataway Indians, of whom this chief was leader, have been a predominantly Catholic tribe.

The success of Father White was cut short by a revolt of the Protestants under the pirates Clayborne and Ingle. The city of St. Mary's was attacked, the government overthrown, and Father

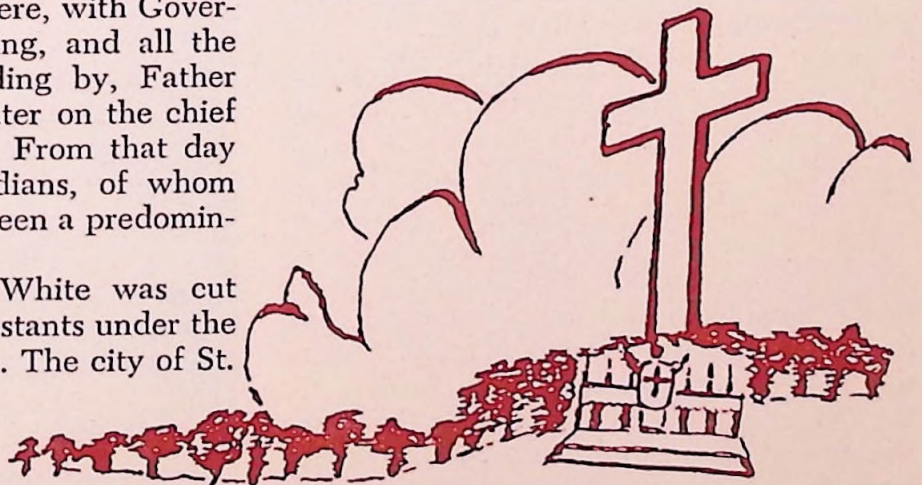
White was taken in irons to England. There he was presented for trial to English justice.

He was ordered to abandon the kingdom, but continued secretly to serve the English Catholics with the sacraments of the Church. Recaptured, he was sent to prison and for three years the sentence of death hung over him. Then he was banished again from the kingdom.

His petition to return to Maryland was turned down by Jesuit Superiors because they considered him to be too old and infirm. So this man, at the age of 67, went again in disguise to his native England at the risk of his life. Because of his disguise, the story of the next ten years of his life is not very well known, except that some of it was spent in prison.

Though Father White was often about to be executed, he never received that crown which he so willingly would have worn. In London, on the morning of December 27, 1656, during his customary hour of prayer, he felt a warning that the end was near. At his own request he received the last sacraments.

So 77 years of activity and 52 years of priestly life came to an end. His was a life full of labors for the God he loved; a life in which he was often imprisoned; in which he had been in peril of the sea, in peril from the Indians, and in peril from traitors and false brethren. He had prepared in Maryland the cradle in which the infant Church would grow in freedom and from which would emerge the hierarchy of all the United States. He had established in Maryland the center that would pass on the heritage of faith to our generation. And there today the memory of this man who sailed away to the missions at the age of fifty-five is still revered.





(Above) Father Martin welcomes Father Jaime Neri S.J. in jeep. (Right) Church at Jasaan.

APPROXIMATELY NINETY PERCENT OF THE people who die in the Philippines, die without the last sacraments. There are many reasons for this. Not the least is the great shortage of priests. Here in Northern Mindanao the priests are ten or more miles apart along the coast and in the mountains thirty and forty miles apart.

Many people who live only a short distance from the priest die without the last sacraments. They just do not call the priest when their near ones are dying. This is because of ignorance, apathy, or confusion.

Others come from a long distance to the convento only to find that the priest is up in the mountains and is not expected back for two more days. When the priest returns, the sick one has already been buried. Or the sick one might take a turn for the worse during a typhoon and the messenger might find the rivers swollen and the bridges

washed out and be unable to reach the priest.

Whether from apathy, ignorance, distance, weather or the scarcity of priests, the odds are pretty well stacked against the people of the Philippines appearing before the judgment seat of Almighty God strengthened by the last sacraments. Yet despite these odds—and some that he added—there is a little shrivelled-up septuagenarian dying tonight down in Bubuntagan, finally at peace with himself and with God after forty-three years away from the sacraments.

Three times I visited him to hear his confession and to give him the last sacraments. Three



THE OLD MAN OF *Bubuntugan*

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE for that last change of heart in the old man who was dying in fear at a lonely barrio in the Philippines?

times he whispered his refusal between racking coughs. Yesterday afternoon I visited him again. He was much weaker but just as determined not to clear up those long years of neglect before he died. That sounded pretty final to me and I climbed into my jeep feeling very gloomy. It is a terrible thing to see a person drift into eternity at enmity with God.

This afternoon the high school students had just finished the rosary out under the big acacia tree where we have a shrine of Our Lady when a young man from Bubuntugan came over to me and asked me to come and anoint his mother who was very sick. I went over to the church to get the Blessed Sacrament. In the tabernacle there was a pyx containing one host and as I was turning the key in the door I recalled another sick woman whom I had anointed last week and decided to put another host in the pyx for her.

When I opened the pyx in the sick room down in Bubuntugan, I found that the extra host that I had put in the pyx was really two hosts that had stuck together and as I separated them I thought of the listless old man approaching God's judgment with empty hands. Might as well talk to him again, I thought.

It was with little hope that I went back again to the old bamboo shack and up the rickety ladder into the dark room where he lay close to death. I knelt down beside his bed and took his hand in mine. He was weaker than ever but just as determined to

keep his soul closed to God's grace. I talked to him and tried to make him see his danger and the great need for preparing for the end.

"But you are very sick, you know."

"No!"

"Maybe you will die soon."

"No!"

"But it has been a long time now since you have been to the sacraments and you should make your peace with God."

"No!"

There didn't seem to be anything left for me to say and I knelt there for a moment wondering what could be done for the old man. I started to rise and then found myself back

on my knees again saying to him as gently as I could, "I have brought Our Lord to you in the Blessed Sacrament. I have Him right here with me. You are going to open your heart to Him, aren't you?"

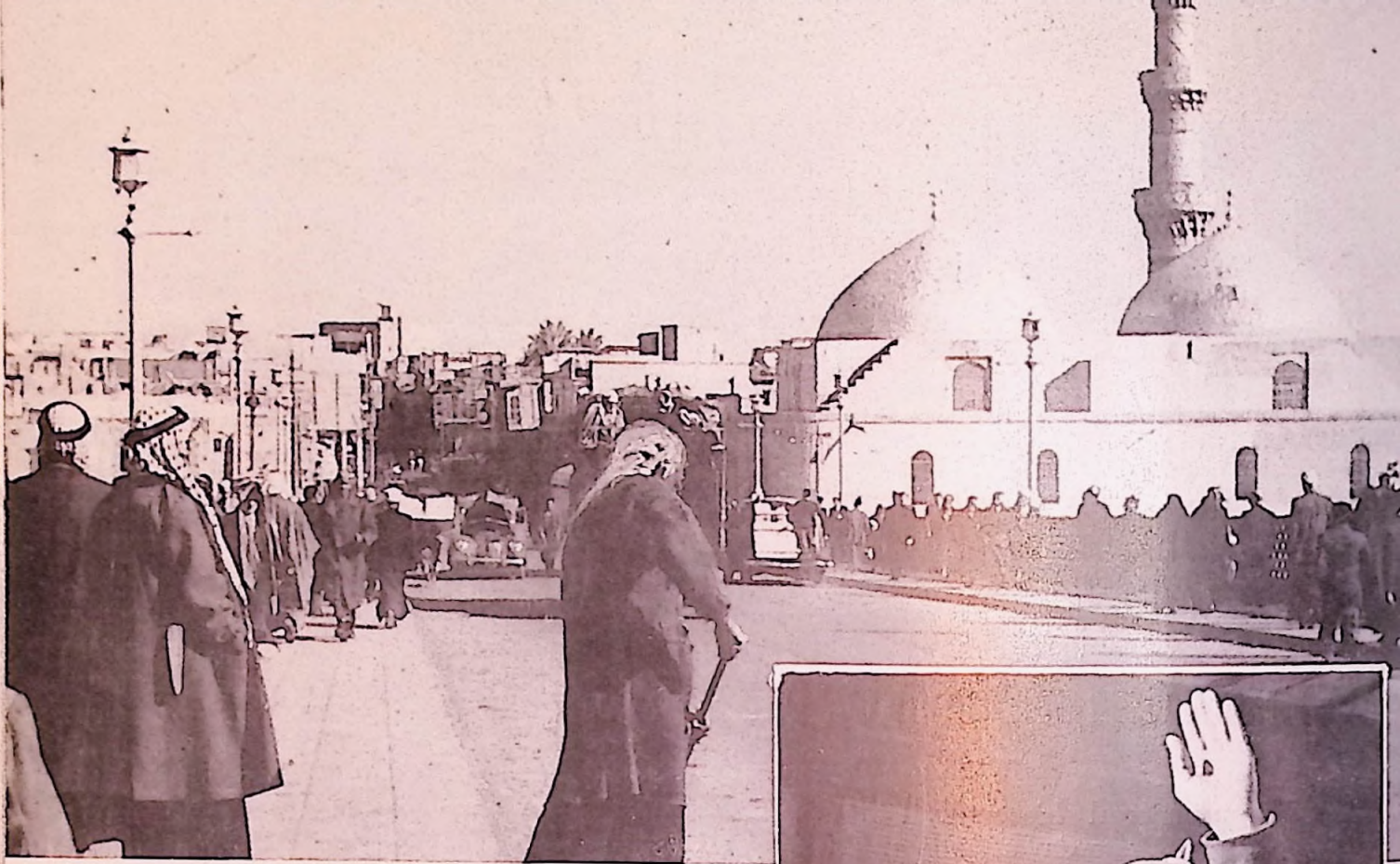
He looked up into my face and there was a light in his eyes. "Oh, yes, Father."

"And you are going to make your confession so that you can receive our Lord?"

The forty-three years were rolled away and he received our Lord again with great joy and lay there peacefully while I anointed him and gave him the last blessing. Then I went quietly down the rickety ladder into the sunlight, awed by such grace.

Some day, when by God's grace my own ship is safely moored, I am going to ask the recording angel to tell me whose prayers and sacrifices were responsible for the great grace that came to the old man of Bubuntugan. He will probably point out one of those great missionaries of our day who won that grace. Or maybe it was the quiet figure who knelt in the chapel of her cloistered convent in the peace of the early morning hours; or the little nun who held a handkerchief for a sniffing first-grader in pigtails and said in her heart: "All for thee, O Sacred Heart."; or the old white-clad hospital sister, with feet aching after long hours comforting those in pain, who just lifted her eyes and sighed in love.

CLARENCE A. MARTIN S.J.



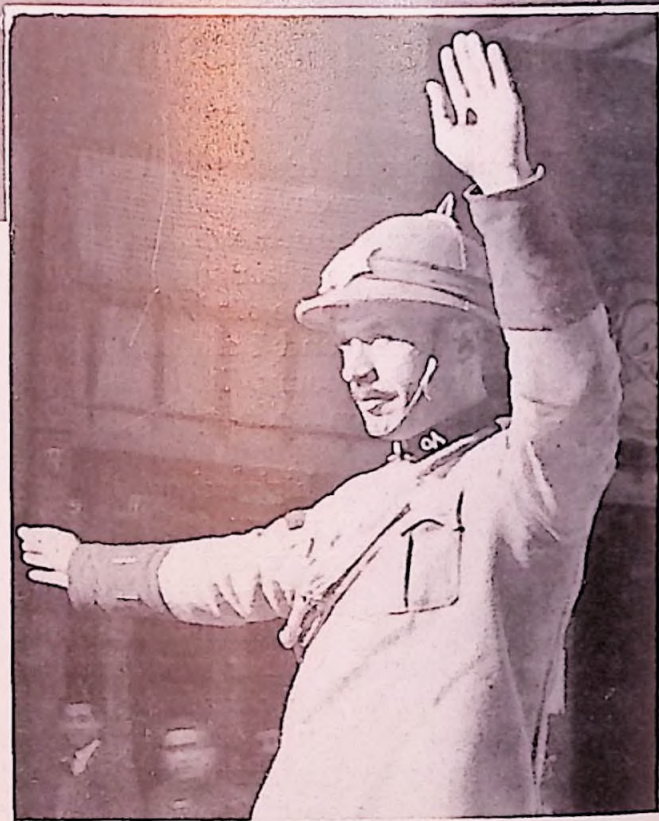
(Above) Street in rapidly modernizing Baghdad.
(Right) One of city's finest, deft and natty.

Don't Miss the **BAGHDAD** **BUS**

THOMAS F. HUSSEY S.J.

IN OUR CHILDHOOD WE MAY HAVE THOUGHT that the traditional mode of travel in Baghdad was the flying carpet. But the fact is that now you have to use a Chevrolet bus with a Wayne body. Perhaps the Chevy is a less romantic means of conquering space but it is no less intriguing. Indeed, if you ride second class (saving the equivalent of one cent) you get more adventure for less money. You rub shoulders with the common man who, being humbler and simpler, does not conceal himself behind the cold civility of the first class passenger.

There is a natural dignity in the flowing lines of an Arab's dress, the slightly tilted circle of camel-hair rope that crowns his



head like a black halo and holds on his headkerchief. But, alas, he trips on the flowing ends of his robe as he mounts the bus steps and the jerky start throws his headpiece askew. He lunges into an empty place on the bench or grabs hurriedly for the strap-hanger's bar (that has no straps) and his cloak slips off his shoulder. The smooth composure of his dress and manner are all gone. He pays the price we all pay to the machine age, sacrificing his dignity on the altar of speed. However, he recovers himself quietly, looks about him and touches his forehead solemnly to his fellow passengers in turn with a deep-throated "Allah bilkhair," wishing God's benediction on the assembled com-

pany. His are the same gestures, greeting and gravity that a desert sheikh uses out under a spreading camel-hair tent when welcoming a meeting of his headmen. The only difference—our hero is in a swaying, red Chevrolet.

Thereafter the happenings in the second-class compartment are as much his concern as they are of all the other passengers. Another man comes and squeezes himself down into a half-foot space of bench, crowding an elderly lady. There is a round of protests from the other men. "It's a shame to crowd an old woman like that," they say loudly to one another. "He's practically sitting in her lap." For the Arab has more regard for women than he is usually given credit for. This is proven again when the bus stops and a mother with her child staggers in tripping over the folds of her long black cloak. Quickly a young man rises to give her his place. Strangely, customs that are fading in the West are growing in the East. They even give place to Father sometimes which makes him wonder if those gray hairs are really becoming so noticeable.

And poverty knows its own. Against all the regulations of the bus company a lady carries in a big tray of bread or, it may be, cheese, drops it on the floor and plops down beside it. The conductor protests to "my aunt," as he calls her, argues with her and quotes the company regulations but "my aunt" sits stolidly on. The truth is that there is no harshness, no finality in the conductor's protest. He is scarcely less poor than she, knows the bitterness of her struggle to earn a few cents a day and that the bus is her only way of getting her wares to market.

Of all the varied types you meet none are more amazing than the two Chaldean Catholic nuns who board the bus in the gray hours of the morning. They ride the bus for a little way, eyes cast down, hands quietly folded, and then get off again to slip down the labyrinth of streets in the old quarter of Baghdad. They are off to impart some of the wisdom of God to God's poor and are undoubtedly the most amazing of the passengers of the Baghdad bus that day.

Father Thomas Hussey



Come, follow me

"HE WAS LIFTED UP TO HEAVEN, SO that He might make us partakers of His Godhead." This is the sublime and eternal destiny of the followers of Christ, as expressed in the Preface of the Ascension. Saint Paul has phrased it in other terms, no less bold and challenging:—"We are children of God . . . His heirs also; heirs of God, sharing the inheritance of Christ; only we must share His sufferings if we are to share His glory."

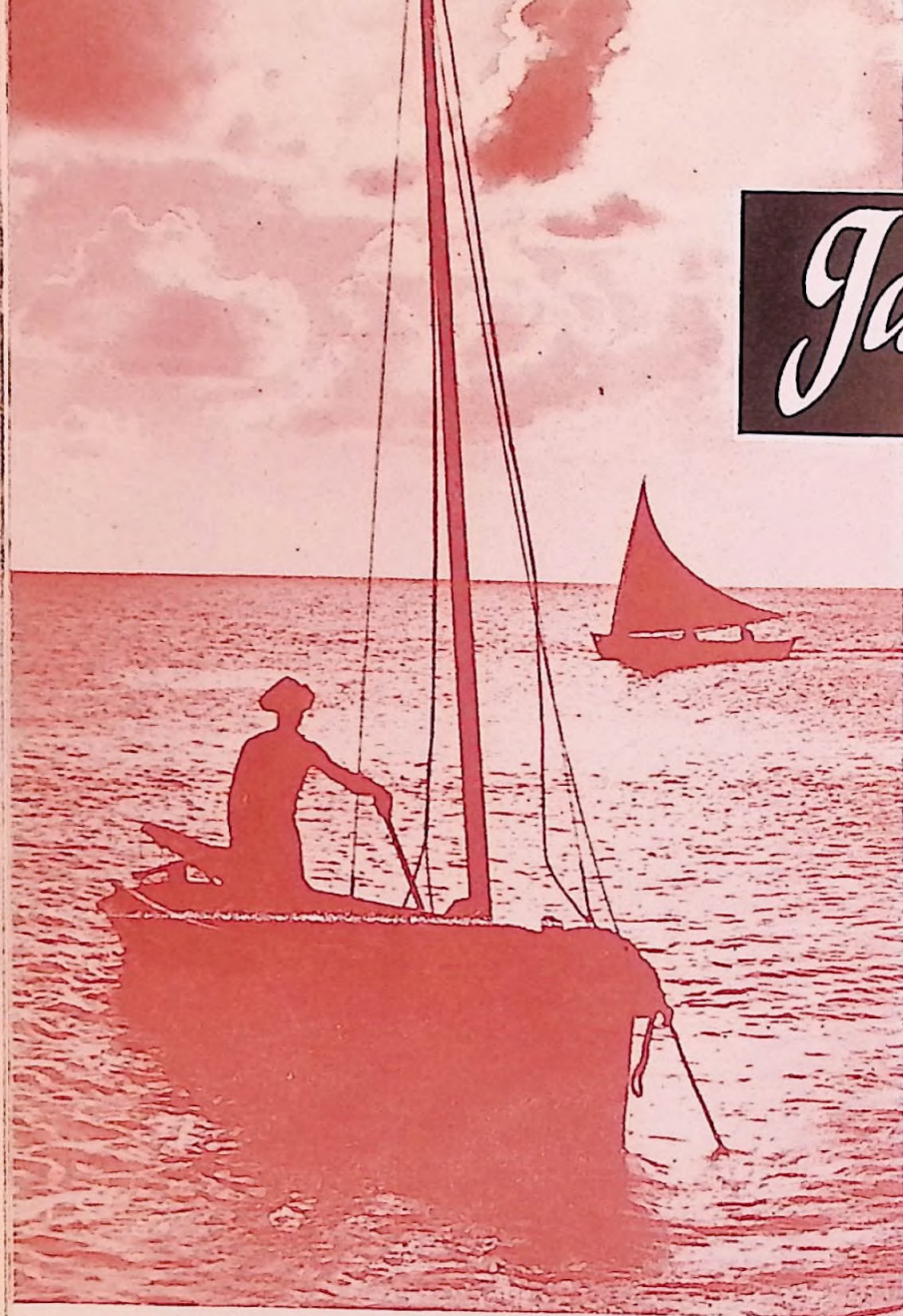
The Ascension of Christ to begin His heavenly priesthood was the final assurance of man's restoration to God's grace as it was Christ's own restoration to the glory that was His from eternity, the glory of which "He dispossessed Himself and took the nature of a slave." The return to His eternal inheritance had led Christ through the dark way of Gethsemane to the tragedy of Golgotha. Such was divine wisdom's plan for our redemption. As Christ explained the mystery of His Passion to His disciples, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?"

To share, therefore, in the glorious promise of His Ascension, we too must endure with Him our own Gethsemanes, we too must walk with Him the Via Dolorosa. But it is again Saint Paul who heartens us with his appraisal that "the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come."

As though to emphasize that fact, Christ ascended to His glory from the summit of Mount Olivet. For it was at the foot of this same mountain that He had suffered the deep humiliation of His Agony, accepting a death of shame that we might live in glory.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

Jamaica



A Jamaican fisherman comes home at sunset to the beautiful island which has known many shadows in its history.

On the north side of the island is Don Christopher's Cove where Columbus is believed to have anchored his vessels.



Port Antonio, long a center for the

Ruins of English fort at Port Royal



THE ISLE OF JAMAICA has known Columbus and the Spanish g inhabitants, the Arawak Indians. Still their only friends the missionaries covered ruins today. The English packed with thousands of Irish by 150 years Catholicism was blacked

Then in 1837 the "Second S Jamaica. Men like Father Dupont The work goes on today—but hurried break in Christ's kingdom on the is

MEMORIES A



anna trade, still echoes its Spanish origin.

Father Dupont's statue in Kingston.



history and heartbreak. The coming of
 meant the extinction of the original
 from Africa came in frightened loneliness,
 see churches and monasteries are vine-
 and the vessels which Cromwell had
 girls, sold into indentured labor. For
 on this isle of sunshine and blue water.
 in England meant a new budding in
 boored to rebuild the shattered mission.
 poverty, ignorance can still spell heart-
 history.



Two Alpha orphans with nurse betray racial differences.

Cathedral of St. George in Kingston, Jamaica's capital.



A good Catholic of St. Ann's in Kingston.



The Girl Guides, part of a May Procession in Spanish Town, in front of St. Joseph's church.

Patience always has its reward, as this Sister of Mercy, one of many who have built a wonderful reputation for their order in Jamaica, reveals.

OUR LADY'S *Spanish Town Mantle*

WHEN ST. CATHERINE'S GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL at Spanish Town in Jamaica moved its location to the former Magnus estate, the students were picturesque in their new uniforms of light blue and white, the colors, traditionally, of Our Blessed Lady's mantle. Likewise happy in spirits were these young scholars, for they had been praying to Our Lady for suitable accommodations to replace the crowded conditions at the old convent building in the downtown Catholic center. Evidently no less pleased were the Sisters of Mercy who have settled in the lately acquired residence, away from the difficult circumstances under which they had been living.

This new holding, indeed, represents what all local Catholics may well consider with pride as the most valuable single development of the Church in Jamaica's old capital

within the last half century. For, though the mission in Spanish Town, even after the English occupation, looks far enough backward (the present St. Joseph's Church being over seventy years old), still it has been a long time coming of age, especially in the field of education. The jumble of strange architecture, to the rear of church and rectory, that somehow answers the needs of a complex school system has always been a monument of wonder to the casual visitor.

Until the recent expansion, our campus,



MATTHEW J. ASHE S.J.

let us give it a name, comprised in its totality an elementary school caring for upwards of seven hundred children, a kindergarten with one hundred and fifty, and within the past two years Preparatory and High Schools with about one hundred students. Crammed into this picture, and forming part of it, was the partitioned convent for the three Sisters who staffed these various branches of learning, assisted by twenty lay teachers. Hence, apart from the advantages the new property provides for the Sisters and the secondary school, an important by-product is the release of much needed space for the lower schools.

The estate recently purchased should be altogether ideal for the purposes intended. Reasonably back from the road and approached by a pleasant driveway, the solid two-story brick house stands in a setting proper alike for convent and school. For the present, the upstairs section will be reserved for the Sisters' residence, with the compartments on the first floor used for classrooms. Plans on paper call for another building on the grounds assigned exclusively for school purposes. When that materializes the house already on the land will be retained solely for the convent.

Scholastically, the aim of Sister Mary Clare, the Principal, and her two lay assistants is to prepare the students for the much coveted Senior Cambridge Certificate. Over and above this, the curriculum strives for a broad cultural course of studies together with proficiency in commercial subjects. Religiously, the existence of a large and growing school beyond the elementary grades is an enterprise whose value cannot be over-estimated in the future of Catholicism in this area. In fact, the so far unexpected success of this high school for girls opens the way for a similar school for boys in Spanish Town, an adventure that would be equally welcome. Right now, though difficulties seem insurmountable, pressure of events and what amounts to almost popular demand, call for equal educational facilities for the Catholic boys of the parish.

A significant footnote on the suitability of the project is that the two acres of land make available ample space for recreation and sports. Net ball, popular variation of basketball, and volley ball, have so far been favorite games in the period set aside for athletic recreation. Competitive zest is here

enhanced by anxiety for contests with high schools in neighboring, metropolitan Kingston.

Another sidelight on the propriety of the site is that it lies along the way of the main artery of travel which leads to such progressive communities as those of Bog Walk and Linstead. Timely bus transportation running between Jamaica's former capital and those townships makes enrollment possible to candidates west of this city. Moreover, substations of our mission at Old Harbour, Port Henderson and Gregory Park can be relied upon to send their own quota to the new school.

Versatile Father Francis Gilday S. J., prodigious worker and great planner, predecessor of the present writer, once drew up a detailed blueprint for a Girls' High School in Spanish Town. Mother Xavier, here for over a score of years, also envisioned such a dream. Wearing the symbolic light blue and white of Our Lady's mantle, the steadily mounting number of students at the school betokens the fulfillment of many hopes and fervent prayers.

Father Ashe, pastor at Spanish Town, also has spiritual charge of a leprosarium, hospital, and prison where death sentences are carried out.



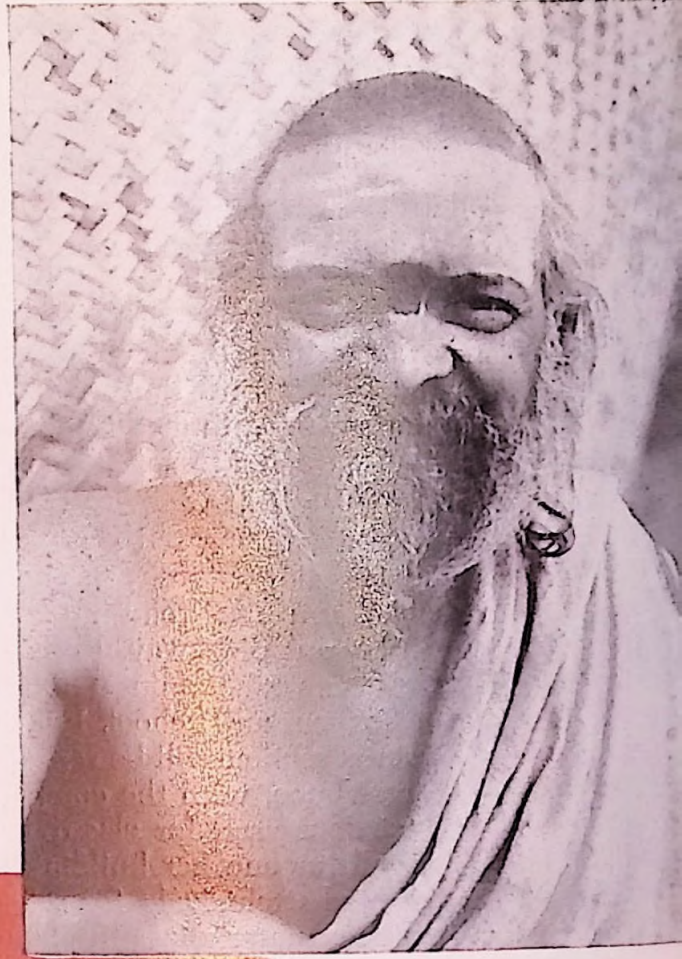
THE LITTLE TOWN OF GOMOH ALONG THE E.I.R. tracks is usually a sleepy place. In corners of the bazaar white, hump-backed cows nose for food. Their leisurely wandering sets the pace for buyer, merchant, coolies and anyone else in the bazaar. Turbaned Punjabis or pigtailed Hindus wait quietly for trade, hour after hour, taking in the occasional passerby. Meanwhile they fan themselves or smoke through long thin tubes their water-bowl pipes which rest on the floor.

Day after day, year in, year out, this is Gomoh. Then last week the excitement came. A bearded, long-haired sadhu or Hindu holy man walked gravely into the quiet bazaar and demanded one thousand rupees from one of the merchants.

"Your dead uncle," the sadhu then continued, "promised us this money."

"How do I know that?" asked the very business-like merchant.

Then all eyes began to turn on the mer-



Beware the SADHU'S Curse



CORNELIUS R. CURTIN S.J.

chant of whom the darkeyed visitor had demanded the money. He squirmed and shuffled uneasily as all waited for his answer. From his hesitation the sadhu seemed to sense that the answer was to be no. So, the sadhu mumbled his threat.

"If you do not give me the money I will dig a hole before your store and will live in that hole fasting. As you well know, if I die, a curse will fall on you and your family and all the people of this town."

A few Christians taking in the spectacle asked themselves what invisible power would back up this sadhu in his so unreasonable demands. It could only be the devil. What good man would fear him?

The Bengali merchant seemed to take the

same view. In a solemn, firm voice he told the sadhu that he could not accede to his demand.

But the poor village folk around were dazed at the merchant's answer. They stared at the merchant unbelievably. Had he dared the sadhu to bring a curse on himself and all of them?

Glassy-eyed, thin-haired old men bowed their scantily-clad black bodies down to the earth in beseechings. "Would you, honorable sadhu, take our money instead?"

The bearded sadhu folded his large arms, looking from people to merchant. He answered haughtily, "I will have none of your money. Only his."

The merchant sputtered nervously, "You have my answer," and retreated to the back of his store.

THE DARK FEAR of the unknown power hangs heavy over the villagers of India when a sadhu is thwarted in his request

The sadhu seemed a little disappointed. He thought that this scene would soften the storekeeper. He made a gesture at beginning to dig his hole. But the people grabbed kudalees and dug for him.

Dusk was falling as the fakir dropped into his hole. It was two feet deep and long enough for him to sit in comfortably with legs stretched full length.

He wore no clothes but a loin cloth, so women brought cakes of precious cow dung from nearby houses to burn to keep him warm. The thick smoke from this fuel would also keep away the mosquitos. He had only three other possessions with him. A clay pipe, a brass vase-like lota, and an umbrella.

Before drifting off to their mud huts the sadhu's devotees filled his lota with drinking water. A few stayed watching in the dark to tend his fire but no talk passed between them and the fakir.

The next day the secret of the sadhu's fast came out. The ritual was hourly, at least during the daylight hours. For two minutes of the hour he would blow on a pipe made of sea-shells in a monotonous whine. Mean-

while, an attendant would fill his one-piece clay pipe with ganja, a powerful sedative believed by the people to be poisonous. Cupping his hand and covering it with a cloth, the fakir smoked his pipe through the cloth. After a few hours his eyes

showed the effects of the dope smoke.

For ten days the hourly ritual of the horn-blowing and pipe-smoking went on. Then, finally the family, wife and children, of the merchant came begging the fakir to forgive them. Next, the merchant offered twenty-one rupees in place of the thousand asked for, plus a new lota and some cloth. Though the sadhu had put in only half of his reported capacity, twenty days, for fasting, he gave in and accepted the rupees.

But then the party began for him. He came out of his hole and set himself up under a sacred peepul tree near the town soccer field. There many people administered to him, feeding and bringing him water and money. At our last passing the spot these attendants had set up a canopy over the man, who seemed quite to lack the quickness to decide whether to be happy over his present state or sad over his defeat at the hands of the merchant. But the incident showed the fear which these sadhus inspire in these poor people.

Market day in a town in India is the most important day in the week for India's millions.



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTIONS

MAY: Defense of the Family in Japan

JAPAN HAS MADE ASTOUNDING STRIDES toward a stable recovery since V-J Day. It has shown itself receptive to many wise directives inaugurated by the Occupation Forces and other post-war agencies. But while it has been the recipient of many blessings it has also been the victim of sinful propaganda. Not the least of this is birth-control propaganda offered to the Japanese people as the sole remedy of their over-population problem.

Today Japan has a population of well over 83,000,000. In 1945 it was only 75,000,000. Experts predict that by 1957 it may reach 110,000,000. This increase has been attributed in part to health safeguards and the earlier marriage-age of girls.

To prevent over-expansion several solutions have been suggested, but only one, artificial birth-control, has been given wide propaganda and trial. Unfortunately it is the one "solution" that may prove the ruin of Japan since it undermines the family, the basis for the well-being of any nation.

A Catholic wedding party at Osaka in Japan.



This artificial birth-control was branded by the Catholic hierarchy of Japan in its first pastoral letter after the war as utterly immoral, and in its stead a more rational and scientific exploitation of the soil was recommended. Later when "neo-Malthusian advocates," to quote a New Zealand writer, "succeeded in master-minding the Government into promoting race suicide officially without even consulting the people", Catholic Japanese women protested to General MacArthur.

What advances artificial birth-control has made since then may be gathered from a report of Mrs. Shidzue Kato, Japan's Margaret Sanger, issued last July. In 1949, she reported, 153 Government health clinics that give advice to women were opened. Mrs. Kato was planning to introduce a bill providing Government subsidies to train 40,000 mid-wives in "modern methods". Mrs. Kato further reported that 246,000 legal abortions were performed in 1949 and that perhaps ten times that number were performed illegally. Mrs. Sanger, in India as this goes to press, is planning a visit to Japan to further this abominable work.

Assuredly such a wholesale slaughter of innocents merits God's wrath on the Japanese nation for it perverts the God-given principles that safeguard the essence and dignity of marriage and the family, the nucleus of human society.

To safeguard the family in Japan from such perversion we should pray that Government officials and foreign advisers will brand artificial birth control for the plague it is and give trial to other solutions as the scientific exploitation of agricultural areas, the industrialization of other areas, with the concomitant lifting of barriers to the import of raw materials and the export of manufactured products, and the planned emigration of Japanese families to under-populated areas where they can earn a livelihood befitting human dignity. Thus they will defend the sacred rights of the family for Japan and benefit the whole human race.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

BAGHDAD
COLLEGE

الجامعة العراقية

Tigris R.

Furnish A New Home for the *Holy Family*



Pulpit	500.00
Vestment Case	400.00
Communion rail and gates	300.00
Holy Water Font	50.00
Canonical candlesticks	45.00 each
Stations of the Cross	40.00 each

THE EXPANDING STUDENT body at Baghdad College, Iraq, under New England Jesuits necessitates a college chapel. The present enrollment far exceeds the tiny chapel now in use.

FATHER LEO GUAY has drawn plans for a chapel, dignified but simple, to seat 600. Will you help furnish this new house for the Holy Family and their Eastern sons? A look at your parish church will tell you what is needed. Listed are a few suggestions.

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

CHINA

Like a miracle drug in medicine, the tape-recorder is doing marvels for California Jesuits studying Chinese at Chabanel language school in the Philippines.

"Any way you look at it," says *Father Philip Bourret S. J.*, "plenty of hard work goes into making a Jesuit from California into a Chinese-speaking Jesuit ready for the mission field of China.

"But two years of experimenting with electronic teaching-aids at Chabanel has demonstrated that the process can be speeded up and made enormously more efficient. This year we have gone a step further and installed a battery of tape-recorders so that every student will be able to have a recorder for his own use for as many as four or five hours a day. Tape-recorded lessons and exercises are so nearly natural reproductions of the Chinese teacher's voice, that each machine is like another teacher for the school—with the added advantage that machines don't get tired out toward the end of a long day as teachers do.

"Our dozen recording machines are all located in a single "Electronic Laboratory" where each student sits with earphones in a semi-soundproof booth. He can listen to a master recording of a drill exercise which is being played so that all can listen at the same time. Or he can use his own machine to make a recording of his own attempts to imitate the drill lessons, playing it back afterwards to recognize his own mistakes.

"We are beginning to appreciate the task a broadcaster has to make his program sound well. *Father Alden Stevenson S.J.* has discovered that the only time when people don't spoil his records with noisy footsteps is at mealtime. Incidentally, he had a recording ruined this evening by a persistent

cricket just outside his window that would not be scared away.

"Recording machines are expensive but it may be that this new method will turn out Jesuits with a fluency in Chinese that is ordinarily had only after many years of living in China."

ALASKA

Something novel in the way of place names comes out of Alaska. You probably didn't know it, but one can go to Purgatory or Hellforsure and enjoy it!

"For many years, perhaps for centuries, the natives between Scammon Bay and the lower Yukon had been scattered in settlements of two to four cabins in an area of some 4,000 square miles. Every attempt to put them all in one settlement or village had met with utter failure. However, year after year the children of these scattered families came to our central boarding school at Akularak, and after graduation some of them

Father Philip Bourret of the China Mission.





There are other things in Alaska besides names which give Father Llorente food for thought.

settled in a place that is now known as the village of New Knock Hock.

"Today," writes *Father Segundo Llorente S.J.*, "there are 150 people here. Incidentally, the name "New Knock Hock" is an approximate English spelling of the sound the Eskimos utter when they pronounce the name of their village. There is now a post office here under that name, although the whites would like the name changed to "Stormy," Alaska.

"Talking of names, when the gold diggers stampeded Alaska and covered every creek and brook, they were confronted with the task of naming rivers, lakes, mountains and villages. There is a village officially named Hell-for-sure or just Hellforsure. It was named by a non-Catholic. Sometime later, an Irishman settled nearby on a spot more rugged and difficult than Hellforsure, but he would not swear and besides he wanted to make a profession of his faith. So he called the place Purgatory. To this day, you can mail a letter to Hellforsure and Purgatory, Alaska, although neither has a post office. But the places actually exist and people live there.

"In New Knock Hock we have a lovely

church and a little school with about 30 children. Recently I distributed 30 communions, which means a great deal in this vast tundra—a moss-covered glacier between the devil and the deep sea."

INDIA

Catholic books, magazines and pamphlets, carry on a silent apostolate among the people of far-away lands. Missionaries, aware of their great influence, find them indispensable.

"When a patient at the hospital in Darbhanga asked me for some religious matter to read, I brought him the *Catholic Digest*, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and a pamphlet on the Little Flower by Vernon Johnson.

"About a week later," continues *Father John Meyer, S.J.* of Samastipur, India, "I again visited this Hindu patient. He expressed gratitude for the literature and he looked very serious and concerned when he said that he was especially impressed by an article in the *Catholic Digest* relating the conversion of a Chinese gentleman. 'It was very remarkable,' he said. 'I learned a great deal from that article and it moved me very much. I'd like to know more about your Catholic beliefs.' An article on St. Lawrence in the *Sacred Heart Messenger* aroused his admiration, and he was especially pleased by the pamphlet on the Little Flower. He had heard about her before, and this little sketch captivated him. And best of all—he got others to read.

"In one of the villages rarely visited by a priest, the spirit of the Catholics has been noticeably improved by the literature which I've been bringing them from time to time. In this same place a high caste Hindu is taking instructions and is teaching his children the catechism. I was delighted to know that he finds the *Young Catholic Messenger* and the *Junior Catholic Messenger* especially useful. If the children who sent these magazines to me could see the wonderful work they are doing, they would be very happy indeed.

"Every day, young and old, Catholic and



non-Catholic, Hindu and Moslem, come to the rectory seeking good and useful Catholic literature. You can readily see why I value it so much. I feel that it is almost indispensable here for the people in search of God."

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS

No one wants to return to the Stone Age. But now and then, the missionary's quest for souls leaves him no choice. Here's how it feels to lead the simple life.

"Some months ago a copra ship skirted the reef and slipped through the passage into the lagoon of Ulithi atoll. After one lone American had climbed over the side into a native canoe, the ship got under way and soon the last bit of civilization disappeared over the horizon.

"From that day onward," reports *Father William Walter S.J.*, "I was living a life out of this world. I had gone back 2000 years into history. The Machine Age had vanished with its banks, stores and restaurants; its streets and autos; its movies, radio and daily newspapers; its postoffice, its butchers, bak-

ers, grocers, doctors and dentists. No more bread or milk, meat or butter, eggs or cheese, fruits or vegetables! No dishes or soap. No salaries, taxes or money. And no budgets—which is a blessing since there is always too much month left at the end of your money.

"For the whole length of my stay there was just the simple life of the Stone Age. Fish and taro to eat and coconut milk and rain water to drink. But it was a very happy and busy life. Mogog Island was my headquarters although three and often four days a week were devoted to paddling and sailing across the fifteen-mile lagoon to bring Mass and the sacraments to the other islands. Three days a week I gathered the children for catechetical instruction, and almost every night the young men of the island helped me in the study of the Ulithi language.

"Going back several thousand years is a hardship, especially if your stay is prolonged into months. You must live off the land unless you bring cases and cases of food. The native can live forever on coconuts, taro and fish. You can put up with it for a while—and then you find yourself with an irresistible craving for civilized foods.

THE JAMAICA MISSION SUFFERED A heavy loss in the recent death of Father James J. Dolan S.J. at May Pen in Jamaica. A tireless, dynamic laborer in the vineyard, he died suddenly on March 4th, having worn himself out in the service of the Master. In 1934 Father Dolan left for Jamaica and had labored there continuously except during the war years when he returned to serve as chaplain in the Armed Forces. One of the best known Jesuits on the island, he had conducted the parish retreats at the various mission stations during the past few years. His loss will be keenly felt in Jamaica. R.I.P.





"Still, you are living like a king. You are the only one with a shirt to your back or shoes to your feet; you sit on the only chair, sleep on the only cot, cook on the only stove in the whole atoll."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Every missionary has problems—from what to do about that leaky roof to how to win and hold converts. Here's an unusual problem involving a murderous python.

"Father John Mc Keaney S.J., lone Philadelphia Jesuit in Mindanao, Minister and Dean of Studies at the Ateneo de Davao, was worried about the murderous python that successfully eluded its pursuers after it had strangled a horse in the neighborhood of the school. Naturally, he was very much concerned about the safety of his students," says *Andres L. Abejo S.J.* who tells the story.

"One evening, Jess Kalipayan, poultry-boy, exhausted after thoroughly cleaning up the poultry enclosure, slept very soundly across the door of the nipa hut that housed Captain Estrella's chickens. It was to make sure that no thief would enter without his knowledge that Jess threw his body across the door of the main chicken coop.

"Captain Estrella in his well-lighted house was reading a detective story. The clock struck eleven and the Captain laid his book down. He looked out toward the chicken coops and saw that the red embers from the twigs and rotting wood which Kalipayan had gathered and burnt a few hours before, were dying out. The night was dark and the silence broken only by the low murmur of the hens in the chicken coops. Guard Kalipayan was asleep, but the Captain knew how tired his poultry-boy was, and decided not to disturb his rest. Captain Estrella clicked off the light and went to sleep.

"At the nipa hut, Kalipayan was suddenly half-awake. He felt something heavy yet ticklish on his abdomen. He thought he was going to scream but no sound came. He had no need to open his eyes to assure himself of the horrible thing that was moving—for an eternity it seemed—over his body.

"Drenched with perspiration, he felt the last inch of the python's tail slip from him. Suddenly, the crazed crying of the chickens and the wild beating of wings shattered the night. The python that had been prowling about the yard of the Jesuit school only a short distance away, had returned for Captain Estrella's chickens.

"Kalipayan dashed to the Captain's house, and together they returned to the coop—the Captain armed with a .38 and a flashlight. Playing the light around the main coop, the Captain was surprised to see what was almost certainly a large balloon tire. He threw a questioning glance in Kalipayan's direction. Had there really been a python here at all? Suddenly, the tire came to life and a wicked-looking head appeared. It was a python all right, coiled and enjoying a catch. Now warned by the light, the python hastily poured a length of his six-inch girth into a nearby hole. But he had eaten greedily and could not manoeuvre his large stomach through the opening.

"The Captain took aim and fired. Another shot and the python lay still in death. The chickens are now at peace—and Father Mc Keaney's problem is solved at last."

Father McKeaney has one less worry at Davao.



THE LIGHT DANGLING from the ceiling dimmed in warning, then died out as the dynamo at Alaska's Holy Cross mission went off for the night. All of the little boys were tucked in for the night except the two "dog men," Bobby and Francis, who had skated too long before going down to feed the mission's twenty dogs. They would be up presently, so I switched on a battery light and opened a book.

They came up all right, making such a racket that fifty heads popped out of the blankets to see what had happened.

"Fathal!" Bobby shoutingly whispered between bangs on the door.

"Shhh!" I said as I opened the door, "what's the matter, won't they eat?" Those dogs not eating would have excited anyone.

"Now, Fada," then a pause for effect and breath, "Lady's had her pups!"

Trying to look properly impressed at this marvel of canine maternity, I questioned them to see if they had taken care of their new charges and then swished them off to bed. But secret murmurings went on in the dormitory long after I had turned in. Morning chores would suffer for sure.

And suffer they did, for I was swarmed upon immediately after breakfast by a full fifty eager beavers who wanted to see the pups. I was no less curious than the boys, so we set off for the corral together.

A few minutes later there were youngsters all over the fence of our "maternity ward" and the conversation was something to hear.

"Hey, look at the black one . . . he'll pull two sleds when he grows up, maybe three!" This was little Peter from Diomedes Island.



It's A Dog's Life in **ALASKA**

"Naw, he's too fat. The spotty one is more husky." That ended that conversation for Calvin was a good dog man.

"Let's call the fat one Albert," Jimmy put in. Everyone laughed except Albert.

"Boy, Lady sure has good pups," this was little Neil this time, "only one female and seven males!"

"Bobby said two females . . . you got bum ears?"

The fence-top critics would go on forever but the sweeping and cleaning awaited and the school bell not many minutes away. So with whistles and calls back to Lady, we gradually made our way back to the mission.

It was a daily thing after that; permission to go to the corral. Weeks passed, then months and the little balls of fur had grown into large and very clumsy pups. The two

JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

females had met with a sad fate as they are not of much use in the harness. Each of the pups had a name now: Spoon, Flash, Red, Buster, Spot, Fat Stuff. Some still called the fat one Albert.

Finally the day arrived when Brother Fox put the pups on a small sled to get them used to the lines. There is a terrific uproar as each pup receives his harness and his short line is attached to the long tow line running between the two rows of dogs back to the sled. The old timers of the corral join the chorus for they are jealous. But they must wait as the snow is still light and real sledging is out of the question. The pups certainly don't seem to know it as they romp off with the empty sled and one "dog boy" bounding along behind them.

Then the hard work begins. Teaching the dogs to obey the driver, to really work, to turn right at Gee and left at Haw, keeping your eye peeled for leaders in the team, trying to keep lines from getting tangled, breaking bad habits, weeding out slackers and most of all, keeping clear of other teams until they will follow their leader. It is quite a sight to see a team go straight through the village with dogs just a few feet away all down the line snapping and growling at them . . . and yet not turning an inch from the trail.

Finally the pups are pups no more and you have a team. They may be Malamutes or Huskies, but more likely they are a mixture of both of these. You only have to wait until nightfall to guess that somewhere in the family tree there is a howling portion of wolf.

These dogs, who have played so large a part in Alaskan history, are still one of the missionary's greatest helpers in this land of snow in abundance. Airplanes have taken over the long tedious hauls that were once run by sled, but in the trips to their various stations the dog sled is still the Alaskan bus.

One or two dried salmon a day, fresh

water and most of all a good disciplinarian for a driver, and these barrel chested individualists become a real team of rippling muscle for man's good.

Our Lord has taken many a sled ride on His way to those in need of the last sacraments. He too has the missionary's joy of going out across that white tundra in the endless quest for souls. There is a peace in that great, quiet land that brings you very close to Him.

But there goes a team out across the river now. Their tails are curled up over their backs as they run. Spoon is taking a "drink" in the form of a mouthful of snow from the nearest snowbank. Buster is snapping at the heels of a straggler in front of him . . . who happens to be "Albert." They grow smaller and smaller, finally disappearing in the distance as tiny dots of black on white.



(Above) The author with several of the friends whom he describes. (Below) Now they are grown and ready to be the missionary's right hand.





The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

The success of a mission depends upon two factors; prayer and material aid. Of the two, prayer enjoys the priority. Monthly, we feature the specific needs of a mission. You may not be in a position to contribute even partially towards one of the items. You can, however, always contribute prayers to that mission.

You would perhaps pray oftener and more fervently if you varied your mission intentions. Generalities seldom inspire perseverance. You might select a different Apostle for each of the twelve months of the year. You could then direct your mission petitions to him. May is the month of Mary. Since She was entrusted to the care of St. John, you could ask him to foster a love for Mary in the hearts of the Jamaicans. Another month you might pray to Nathaniel who was simple of heart. Ask him to break down the resistance of a proud pagan. Matthew was a business man and all missionaries need his guidance in financial matters. Because of the extraordinary election of Matthias as an Apostle, his intercession could be asked for an increase of native clergy.

Select an Apostle a month for the mission of the month.

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY, S.J.

Shoes — Passports:

An average of seventy-five Jesuits annually leave the shores of the United States for the foreign missions. Their traveling expenses and outfitting involve a large expenditure. Each new missionary of 1952 should have at least a new pair of shoes. \$10.00 will be the minimum price per pair. One item alone, therefore, is \$750.00. They must secure passports costing another \$10.00 so the bill rises to \$1,500.00, even before they pack their bags with shirts, collars or handkerchiefs or go to the ticket agent. Could you send \$10.00 towards the traveling expenses of the 1952 Jesuit Missionaries?

Swimming Suits:

Soon, everyone will try to take advantage of a weekend or holiday to get to the beach or lake for a swim. The two hundred Indian boys at the mission of St. Francis, South Dakota, feel exactly the same way. There are swimming facilities at the mission for the two hundred boys, but there are not two hundred suits available. Would you have an old suit? Father Pieper, in charge of the mission, will appreciate your trouble in sending the package parcel post:

St. Francis Mission
St. Francis, South Dakota

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Edmund A. Anable, S.J.
900 Broadway,
Seattle 22, Wash.

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

China (Suchow)
Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J.
762 Sherbrooke St., West,
Montreal 2, Canada

Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. John H. Collins, S.J.
1106 Boylston St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

**British Honduras, Yoro, India
(New Delhi) and U. S.
Indians**

Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Mo.

**China (Nanking, Shanghai
and Yangchow)**
Rev. John K. Lipman, S.J.
821 Market Street
San Francisco 3, Cal.

**India (Patna) and
U. S. Indians**
Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

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

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

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

Language Schools:

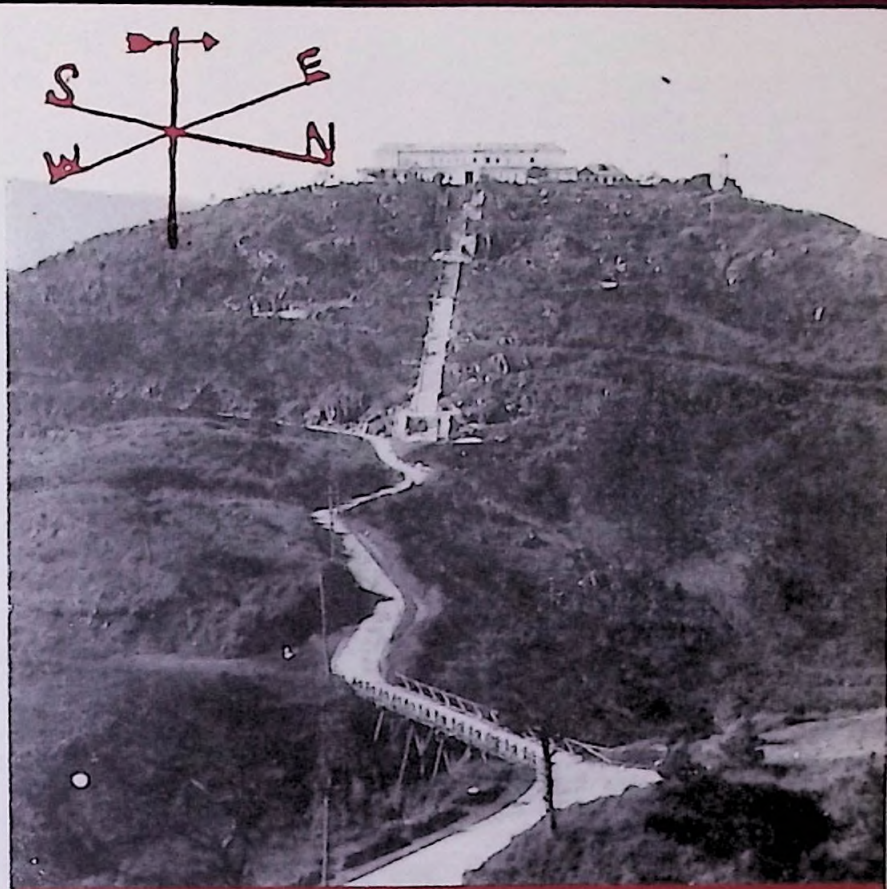
We will celebrate soon the feast of Pentecost. It was the day on which God bestowed upon the Apostles the gift of tongues. The multitude gathered in Jerusalem "were bewildered in mind because each heard them speaking in his own language." For His own good reason, God has not given the same gift to the missionaries of the present age. In certain missions, our priests and scholastics devote two years exclusively to the study of the native language. It requires a great deal of faith on the part of the missionaries, especially as they are always so anxious to begin their missionary life. It is an expense to support them during their courses. For their proficiency, a wire recording machine is very helpful. Could you contribute \$10.00, \$20.00 or more for the Jesuits studying in the Language Schools?

F.F.F.:

We asked in a previous issue for contributions to purchase religious articles for the chapel of the new community in Formosa. Following the adage, "First things first," now we ask your help for house furnishings. The missionaries need sheets, pillow cases, blankets, kitchen utensils and also dishes and silverware. Can you send \$5.00 for the Formosa Furnishing Fund?

Rosaries:

During the month of May and also October we normally ask your donations to purchase rosaries for the missionaries. The children and older folks of the missions are no different from yourselves. They, too, lose and break rosaries. No matter how many gross we send to the missionaries, they can always use more. I am sure that the Mother of God will intercede for you, especially this month, if you help Her children in the missions to honor Her and Her Divine Son. We would appreciate a gift of \$2.00 for a dozen rosaries.



PHILIPPINE

Mission Needs

Many an American sailor owes his life to the Jesuit weather observatory in Manila, P. I. It was destroyed during the war. Now Jesuit Fathers Deppermann, Doucette and Hennessey have moved the observatory to Baguio. For their small chapel they need:

A MONSTRANCE	\$100.00
CENSOR AND BOAT	20.00
ALTAR CARDS	15.00
CANDLE STICKS	10.00
ALTAR LINENS	5.00
BELL	2.00

JESUIT MISSIONS

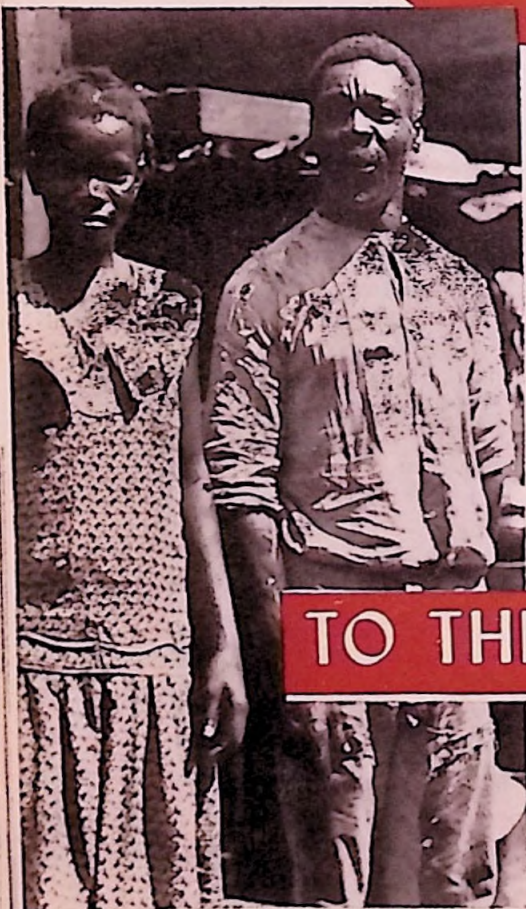
962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

TO THE TOURIST



Jamaica
MEANS
THIS

Palm trees, blue lagoons, luxury hotels, all the sports and beauty that the tourist heart desires. Jamaica means paradise.



The Missioner in the hills sees rags, poor food and shacks. Jamaica means poverty. So he begs for a few dollars from you to buy clothing, food, medicines for his frequently destitute people. Will you send him the \$1 or \$5 you can spare?

TO THE MISSIONER

JESUIT MISSIONS

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