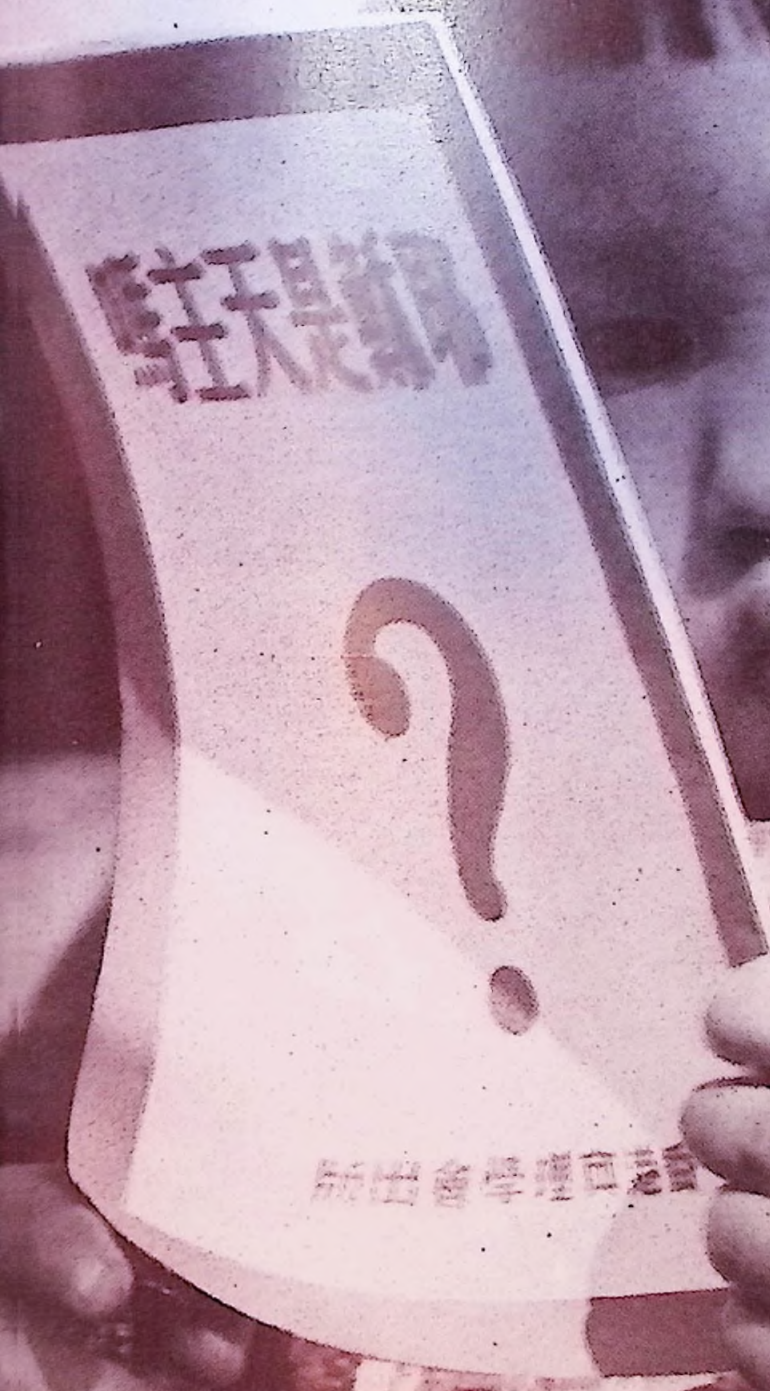


Jesuit MISSIONS

JULY-AUGUST 1952



MISSION JUBILEES

At the halfway mark in JM's Silver Jubilee year we pause to note the other mission anniversaries which occur in 1952. This year is also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the papal proclamation whereby Saint Therese of the Child Jesus was named patron saint of missionaries. So the Little Flower, blooming into sanctity in her cloistered cell, takes her place as co-patron saint of all missionaries beside Saint Francis Xavier.

This year is also the 400th anniversary of Xavier's death. At Goa in India the relics of the Apostle of the Indies will be exposed for veneration for the last time and then sealed in a glass reliquary permanently. At the same time will be celebrated the nineteenth hundred anniversary of St. Thomas the Apostle who was martyred in that land in the year 52.

The year 1952 is a memorable one in mission history. But we must remember that the story of Christ's kingdom has no ending. When this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS reaches you there will be men leaving these shores to write a new chapter in that history, to take up the work which Thomas planted, which Xavier reaped and Therese protected.

JESUIT

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MISSION MILESTONES

India

- 1543—St. Francis Xavier converts 10,000 on the Fishery coast in a month.
- 1549—Father Antonio Criminale, martyred by Badagas near Vedalai. He is the Jesuit protomartyr of India.
- 1595—Opening of the Madura Mission.
- 1656—Death of Father Robert de Nobili in Meliapore at 80. He lived as a Brahmin to win souls.
- 1693—Martyrdom of St. John de Britto. He had converted 12,000 in the Madura Mission.
- 1702—Father Bouchet began the Caratic Missions of South India. Within a half century there were 50,000 converts of the Reddy and Kamma castes.
- 1834—Opening of the Mission in Calcutta.
- 1859—Bengal Mission entrusted to the Belgian Jesuits.
- 1887—Father Constant Lievens converts many Kholis in Chota-Nagpur region. He is India's apostle of Credit Unions and co-operatives.
- 1910—Father Hoffman systematized the work on Credit Unions begun by Father Lievens.
- 1947—Jamshedpur Mission, formed from extremities of Calcutta and Ranchi Missions, is assigned to the Maryland Province.

In this issue of **JESUIT MISSIONS** our lead article unveils the diabolical assaults the Communists are making on the Chinese people. The story is told by a missionary who witnessed it before he was exiled. To one reading that story the question might occur, "Will the faith of Christ be preached again in our time in China?"

We do not pretend that we can give a definite answer to that question. In our time, perhaps; in time, certainly. For we turn to our center spread and are reminded of other days when China drove out the heralds of Christ. On another page a fort in the Philippines recalls the unending parade of missionaries across the centuries.

For there is a power in the souls of the men and women who preach Christ which drives them on despite all difficulties. The rigors of climate cannot stop them, as Father Kelly of Baghdad points out in this issue, nor the hatreds which embitter the hearts of men. The history of mission work has been written in the blood of martyrs and it is a story that will never have an end.

COVER. A year ago Father Fred Foley S.J. caught this Chinese youngster in his serious perusal of a pamphlet. It is not a scene that is likely to be repeated publicly today under the Communists. For the Chinese title is "Is Jesus Really God?"



Inside RED CHINA

(The author, a missionary in China for thirteen years, was recently expelled by the Chinese Communists after imprisonment and "trial" by a People's Court)

AN EYEWITNESS REPORT of tragedy and of triumph in the fierce battle which rages in the Far East.

FATHER, I WON'T BE ABLE TO COME TO Mass again." Mrs. Chang was obviously agitated. By night she had slipped through the Communist guard posted outside our rectory.

"But Mrs. Chang," I replied, "aren't you making matters a little worse than they are? You have come to daily Mass for so many years and . . ."

"Father," she interrupted, "something terrible happened to me yesterday. Mrs. Fan, my neighbor, was visiting me and she asked if I had seen in the newspapers the pictures of the many babies slaughtered by the nuns.

LOUIS J. DOWD S.J.

Then before I could answer she said that she didn't think it possible that the nuns killed those children. Her own boy had once stayed at the orphanage and the sisters had treated him wonderfully. Mrs. Fan was my friend so I said, "The newspapers aren't the Scriptures. Perhaps there has been some misunderstanding."

"Father," continued Mrs. Chang, "you'll hardly believe what I am going to tell you. Mrs. Fan left my house and went straight to the local police precinct and declared that I had spoken against the People's Government. Of course I denied any such thing but the case was not dismissed as easily as all that. This morning I was called before the judge and questioned;

"Mrs. Chang, are you a Catholic?"
"Why . . . er . . . yes."

"Do you belong to the old Church tied up with America and the arch-imperialist, the Pope, or to the new Church, the Chinese Catholic Church, purified of all baneful influences?"

"I belong to the old Church."

"Surely you don't still go to the imperialist American Jesuit church down the street, do you?"

"Yes, I do. It is nearest to my house."

"Now Mrs. Chang, with such imperialist tendencies it is quite possible that you spoke against the People's Government. You have one black mark after your name already, now this is the second. One more and I guess you know . . . well, there will be trouble."

"Mrs. Fan, my neighbor, was present at the trial. The judge turned to her and said, 'You, Mrs. Fan, have been a loyal daughter of the People's Republic. Your husband shamefully worked on the railroad for the Nationalists, but this "offering" which you have just made to the revolution will be kept in grateful remembrance by the free peoples of the world, and the black mark against you for your husband's perfidy will be removed.'"

"So you see, Father," concluded Mrs. Chang, "I cannot afford to take any more chances. I don't blame Mrs. Fan, she *had* to do what she did, but I can't take any more chances, either. There are two black marks against me and the whole family is worried."

This little story is a daily affair on every block of small and large communities in Red China. The Reds have learned to keep the whole populace on the defensive. Everybody is seeking to remove the black marks against them by making so-called "offerings" to the revolution by reporting some neighbor's anti-revolutionary activity, no matter how trivial it might be. By this system the Reds make it impossible for anyone to be just merely passive. The black mark system makes it necessary for them to do something positive in favor of the regime.

The system they have of finding out offenses, even those which happened years before, is exceptionally well organized. Families are divided into groups of ten, with a *Hsiao Tsu*, or group leader, at the head. This leader is a commissar in the employ of the State. His whole job is to indoctrinate and investigate the ten families under his charge. He must visit them continually and make positive reports in writing twice a week. His success depends on his positive anti-revolutionary findings. Even an unguarded word of complaint against his continual intrusion could well be considered a "finding." What his ten families eat and wear must be continually studied and balanced with what they earn. At the mass trials

THE POPE'S *Mission Intention*

FOR AUGUST, 1952

Fidelity of the Chinese to the Church

the Hsiao Tsu must stand with the representatives of each of his ten families and report on their votes and enthusiasm for the cause. This helps to explain the unanimous decisions so common in the People's Courts, and why so many million Chinese, who are either secretly hostile or apathetic to Communism, on the surface seem to be enthusiastic for the Red Government. The following instance will illustrate what I mean.

It came as a great shock to us when we heard that Mrs. Wu, a very upright Chinese woman, had fiendishly kicked her dead husband's body just after he had been executed at the North Gate. She had likewise yelled out for all to hear "that he was a son of a turtle" and that at long last he had been given his just deserts.

"Father, it was the only way I could prove my love for my country," she sobbed later.

There was a time when the author, Father Louis Dowd S.J., could join his young charges in a game of soap bubbles. Now he has been exiled.



"It was the only way I could keep my house and property." She and the Hsiao Tsu, who had made these arrangements for her, had both made an "offering" to the revolution.

Only the very heroic are able to defy this system and sometimes this heroism comes from the most surprising people. Three months before we were expelled from China one of our boys, Francis Wang, asked me to instruct his mother before we were expelled.

"She smokes opium, Father, and I guess I told you she is living with a man who is not her husband. But she said she would come to see you."

Francis was only 17 years old but as a boarder at our school he had a desire to enter the seminary and become a priest. If his mother could be instructed, his leaving would be easier.

The stream-lined course was pretty steep for Mrs. Wang's befogged mind, but she came faithfully twice a week for two months or so. Even the Communist guards at our door didn't phase her. As I recall, I tried to get two ideas across. The first was: "Mrs. Wang, has 'Lao T'ien Yeh' (God) ever given you anything? Do you ever thank Him? You Chinese are famous the world over for your gratitude. Be grateful for small favors and you'll get the big one of eternal life and happiness. You see how changed and happy your Francis is since he began to be grateful to God . . ."

And then the second: "Mrs. Wang, my time is short. The Communists are already at our front door, as you saw when you entered this morning. I'm going to have to turn you over to Our Blessed Lady. She'll teach you all the things you have to know. Here, this is a rosary. Mary will teach you in the Joyful Mysteries how to live in peace and patience at Nazareth with her Son. In the Sorrowful Mysteries she will help you to stand faithfully on Calvary by the Cross. And then come the Glorious Mysteries, the resurrection and eternal life, for which your heart is longing so intently. This is life as we poor mortals must live it here on earth."

The course lasted ten short weeks. There was no question of baptism of course for a concubine. I had no way of knowing what good had been accomplished until the close-down came for our church and school.

Then things moved quickly. A Communist Boy Scout accosted Francis on leaving the church one morning after mass, and handed him a note:

"There will be a grievance rally against the Jesuit Fathers this afternoon at four-thirty p.m. in the school auditorium. Your presence is requested. If you should refuse to comply, we recall here two statutes of the People's Government. Anti-revolutionary activities — 10 years in prison. Spy activities for imperialists—Capital punishment."

Francis called for me and handed me the slip. "Father, what shall I do? If I go to the rally I am a traitor to

(Below) Refugees from the Communists are fed enroute. (Right) Red propaganda depicts Communist soldiers, bound together with a strip of cloth to show "unity," advancing to the rescue of the Chinese people. (Three Lions)





God. If I don't go, I'm a traitor to my country."

There were tears in his eyes, and in mine, too, I guess. And his hand was trembling. Before I could speak, he answered his own question. "Father, I thought God wanted me to become a priest, but I guess He has better plans for me now."

I saw him praying in the chapel. It was his last visit. At four the next morning he disappeared and has not been seen or heard of since.

But this is not the end of our story.

Shortly before dinner on the morning he was taken, the porter came shuffling breathlessly down the hall. I kind of sensed that something was wrong. Without even knocking, he opened my door and blurted out:

"Father, Father, Francis' mother is here. She wants to see you."

After a little visit to the chapel where I got the courage to face this poor distracted mother bereaved of her only boy, I went resolutely to the parlors. Mrs. Wang was in the last one and the shade was drawn.

"Father, I don't think any one is following me. I had to see you for just a minute. Father, they came and took Francis away this morning at four o'clock. They said they were schoolmates and wanted to see Francis, but as soon as I heard the knock on the door, I knew that I would never see my boy again. Father," her voice was steady and resolute, "just before he went out the door, I put his jacket under his arm and told him clearly, 'Francis, if you say one word against those Fathers, don't darken this door again.'"

Then she said with her eyes looking steadfastly at the crucifix hanging on the wall; "Father, do you remember when you told me how Mary offered her Boy to God and got Him back, and how they have been together for two thousand years? Well, I know I'll get my boy back the same way. Father, I gave Francis to God this morning."

There was nothing I could say, even if I was able to speak. Here before me was a saint of God. She was standing with Mary at the foot of the Cross. What Catholic mother could say more than this?



You Been There Long?

How much of a toll have the years in the desert taken? Father Madaras (left) has been in Iraq since Baghdad College was founded in 1931, Father Sheehan since 1936.

THOMAS J. KELLY S.J.

RECENTLY I WAS IN BEIRUT IN THE Lebanon, correcting proofs for the Baghdad College year book, *El Iraqi*. One day I dropped into the office of one of the big U. S. airlines to pick up a cut for their ad. The Regional Manager immediately spotted me as a Bostonian, being one himself. But it wasn't long before I got the usual question, "You been there long?" I told him seven years, and his eyebrows arched as he began to wax eloquent and statistical on the problem that the airlines faced with the rotation of their men out here in the Middle East.

He pointed out that their men in this part of the world retained their maximum efficiency just so long and no longer. By maximum efficiency he meant that the men main-

tained a high sales percentage, retained a Stateside view of things, dressed well, etc.

They legislated that a man in Calcutta was good for two years and not one minute more. In Bombay they allowed him three years; likewise in Karachi and Delhi the time limit is three years. In Basrah (Iraq) which is practically in our back yard, two years was the limit. Beirut, with its vacation climate, could hold a man for five years, while in Istanbul, which closely resembles the States in temperature, a man could stay put as long as he proved worthy of the job. After these district managers have played their Eastern role, they return to the States for four months, after which they proceed to a European capital.

Some time ago we read in a book that the life-expectancy of a foreign adult coming to Iraq was a mere seven years. Now with all

SEVEN YEARS is the life-expectancy for a Westerner in Iraq's climate. But the veterans at Baghdad College are too busy to observe that.

this information at our fingertips we wonderingly take a peak at the Baghdad College community and try to figure out why they are not sprawled all over the campus with heat prostration. We have here men like Father Madaras, the Rector, who has been here for 20 years, with one year off in the States, to polish up his English. In the past seven years he has put up three buildings. To be sure he has slowed a little. Seven years ago he used to take three steps at a time, now he does only two.

Or take Father Miff, our portly polyglot, who 20 years ago greeted the very first students of Baghdad College. At present, he handles a riotous mob of first high students, keeps order in a 17,000 book library and occasionally gets in a snatch of tennis.

Then we have Father Merrick, the Apostle of Iraq, who runs up a total of 19 years on the premises. The G.I.'s who knew him in the Persian Gulf Command frequently saw him carrying his own Mass kit in temperatures of 130 and 140 degrees. The soldiers were too exhausted even to tell him to take it easy, let alone assist him.

You'd never suspect that Father Mahan has been here 17 years. With his ever-fuming pipe and his cool and calculated poise we naturally attribute longevity to him and wouldn't be the least surprised if he ran off another two or three decades. Lastly, among the old-timers, we have that master mathematician and perennial athlete, Father Sheehan, who has been home but once in 16 years. He can still hook-slide into second and end up on the base in a standing position. Four others have galloped through a dozen years and most of them have perdured well over seven years—the allotted life-expectancy of men in this part of the world.

Perhaps the explanation of our failure to live up to statistics and scientific findings lies in the fact that we have much more at stake here than all the air companies in the world. You can sum it up with the inscription I once saw in an ancient church in Damascus. "For Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom. . . ."



Father John Miff, born in Malta and a Jesuit of the California Province, has rounded out twenty years in Iraq.



Father Joseph Merrick has spent nineteen years walking the streets of Baghdad to help the poor and needy.

Father Charles Mahan has already an extra 10 years over the allotted 7 which scientific findings prescribe.





The image of Our Lady of Guadalupe which was carried in the procession in Belize.

Hurricane

THESE ARE THE DAYS OF UNEASY CALM IN British Honduras, The giant cohune palms and the wild-headed coconuts stand like wary animals pausing to sniff for danger. There is an eerie stillness over the sticky sea and men move nervously with frequent cautious glances out towards the eastern horizon. For hurricanes are forming far out on the Caribbean and beginning their unpredictable course towards the land. Generally they move northwards through the Straits of Yucatan and sweep across the Gulf or up the Atlantic Coast to worry the people along the southern coast of the United States. Sometimes, however, they slip in behind the cayes and lash the shaggy headed huts of the Colony. No one knows when or where it will be, but many carry with them the fearful memory of the roar of the wind and the thundering crash of destruction.

A few years ago Father William Ulrich suggested that the people of Belize join in a public manifestation of confidence in the protection of Our Lady. The suggestion appealed to the practical Catholics of Belize, who in the course of the years have worn thin the floor of the Cathedral from the pews to the communion rail. No time was lost in activating the idea.

The leaders of Belize are in great part graduates of St. John's College for Boys, or

St. Catherine's College for Girls so the display they planned was a delightfully forceful mixture of reason and emotion. It was warmly human, but humanly controlled. There would be a candle light procession in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Patron of Central America. It would be held early in the hurricane season to obtain the protection of Our Lady for the Colony, and would consist of prayers, hymns, benediction, and a sermon.

The first procession of Our Lady of Guadalupe was held in the Cathedral enclosure. It proved so popular with the people that plans were immediately made to hold the second one through the heart of down-town Belize to the beautiful grounds of St. Catherine's Academy.

You would have to witness one of these processions to believe it. The many Catholic organizations assemble at the Cathedral long before the scheduled hour, and at the appointed time—a most unusual thing for Central America—the bands begin to play and the procession begins to move along the narrow streets singing the litanies of Our Lady. The rest of Belize and many people from the bush,—black, white, brown, yellow, red,—line the curbs several deep, awaiting their turn to fall in behind the organizations. Soon there are thousands of devout people,

many of them non-Catholics, earnestly reciting the rosary and singing hymns in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Last year the half mile between the Cathedral and St. Catherine's proved too short. The crowd along the curb extended right into the convent yard so that many had no opportunity to march. This year the procession moved along a route over twice as long to little St. Ignatius' parish in the extreme southwestern section of the city. At six-thirty sharp Father Robert Hodapp gave the signal and Father Sontag's visual education equipment rolled out into the darkness of the night. A dazzling glare of powerful flood-

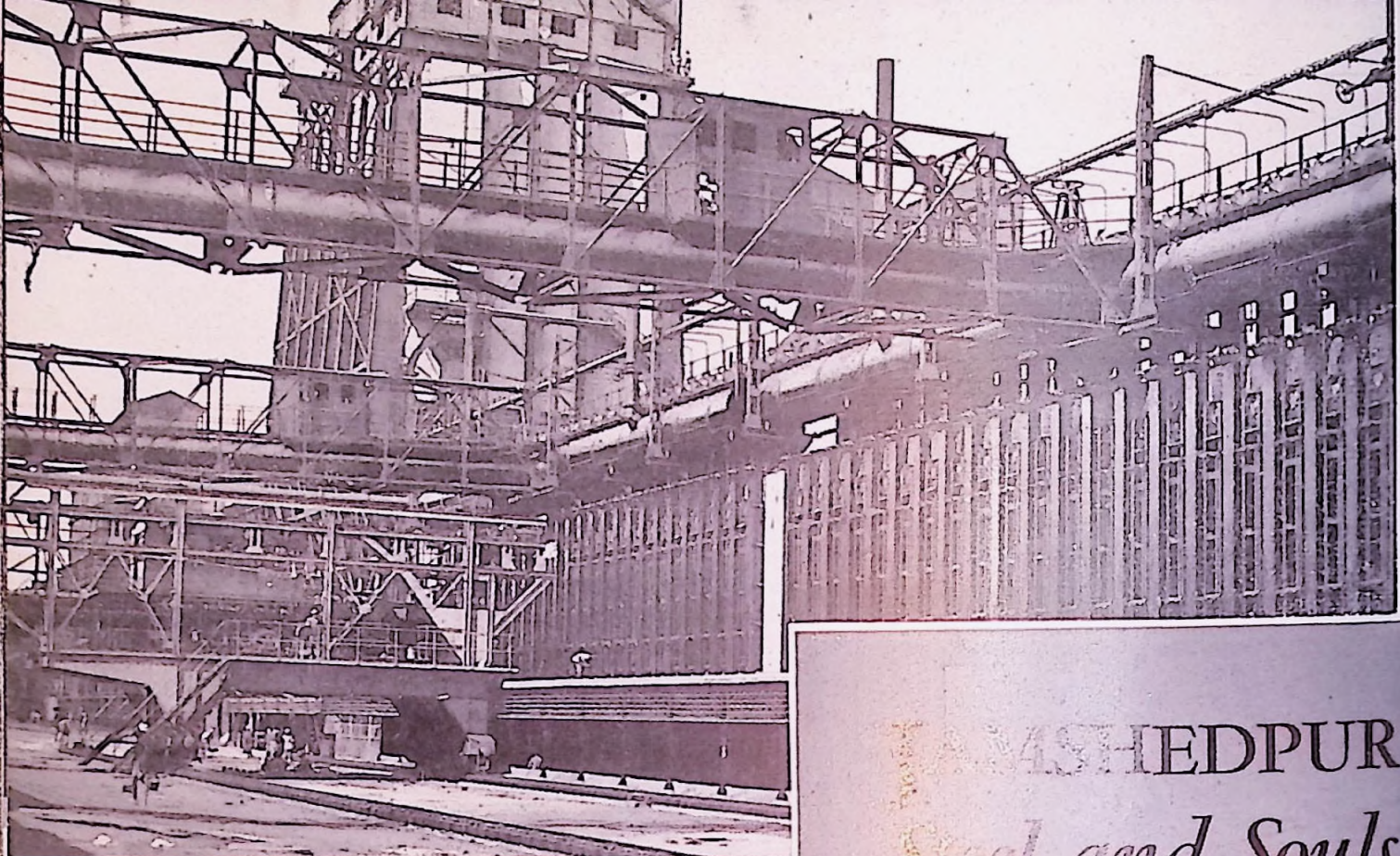


(Above) Part of the Belize processional crowd.
(Left) Shrine of Our Lady in Cathedral plaza.

lights lit up the flower-framed image of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Behind it the band struck up the familiar music of the litanies and the various Sodalities swung into line between the khaki columns of Brother Jacoby's well-disciplined Boy Scouts. As the procession moved along towards St. Ignatius the rest of Belize fell in behind. Soon there was a mile-long mass of men, women, and children honoring Our Lady, their earnest faces lighted by the cheerful glow of thousands of candles.

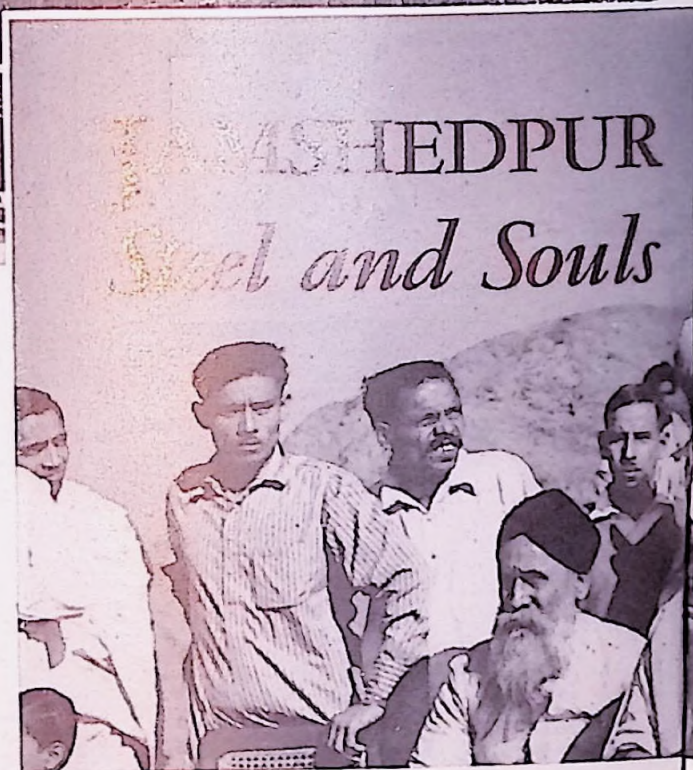
One of the very nice features of the procession of Our Lady of Guadalupe is the beauty of the tropical night. The cooling breeze of the evening rustles the palm fronds bewitchingly and the gentle light of the moon veils whatever might be displeasing to the sight and makes the fences and homes all white with a subdued light. In such a stage setting the people of Belize marched in prayerful petition and filial confidence in Our Lady of Guadalupe. Lovable, decent, intelligent, industrious, godly people they are, and their faith will move the Immaculate Heart of their Mother.

JOHN T. WHITE S.J.



Part of the great Tata steel works at Jamshedpur in India's northeastern section, center of the nation's industrial region.

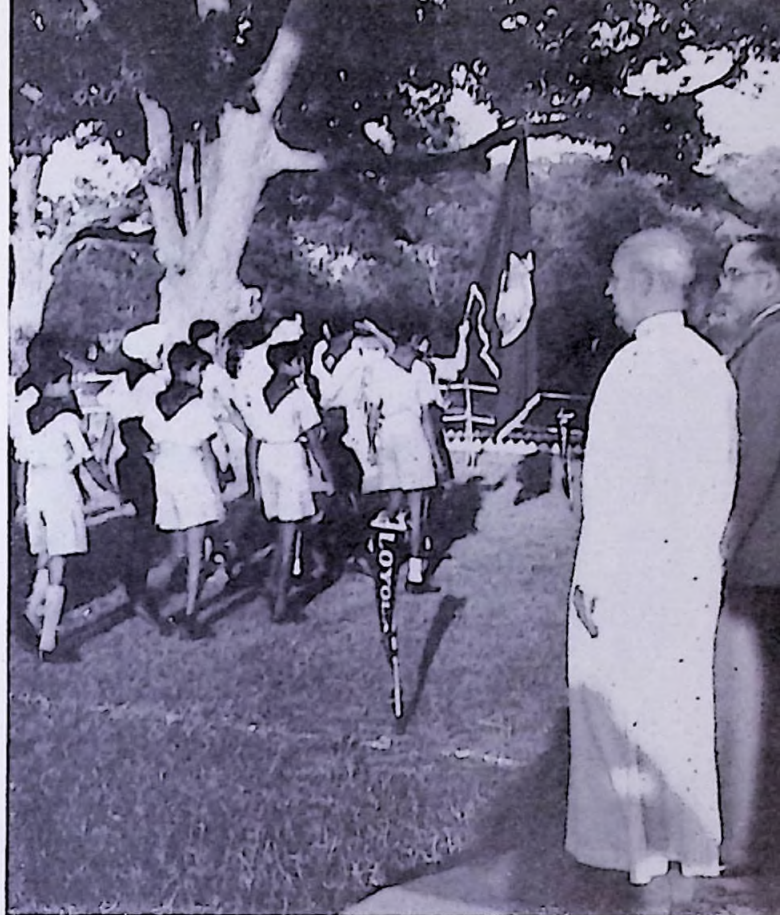
Women of Gomoh where De Britto House, the language school for the Hindi tongue which Jamshedpur men use, is located.



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE TATA STEEL mills, in the very heart of India's industrial region, the Jesuit missionaries of the Maryland Province have been laboring for the last five years.

The work in the mission covers the whole field of missionary activity. There are 9 main churches and over 20 sub-stations where Mass is said. A new Loyola School in Jamshedpur City is being built to replace the inadequate one used until now. The workers in the mills and the mines are being taught Christian social principles. At Gomoh a language school prepares the missionaries for preaching the Gospel.

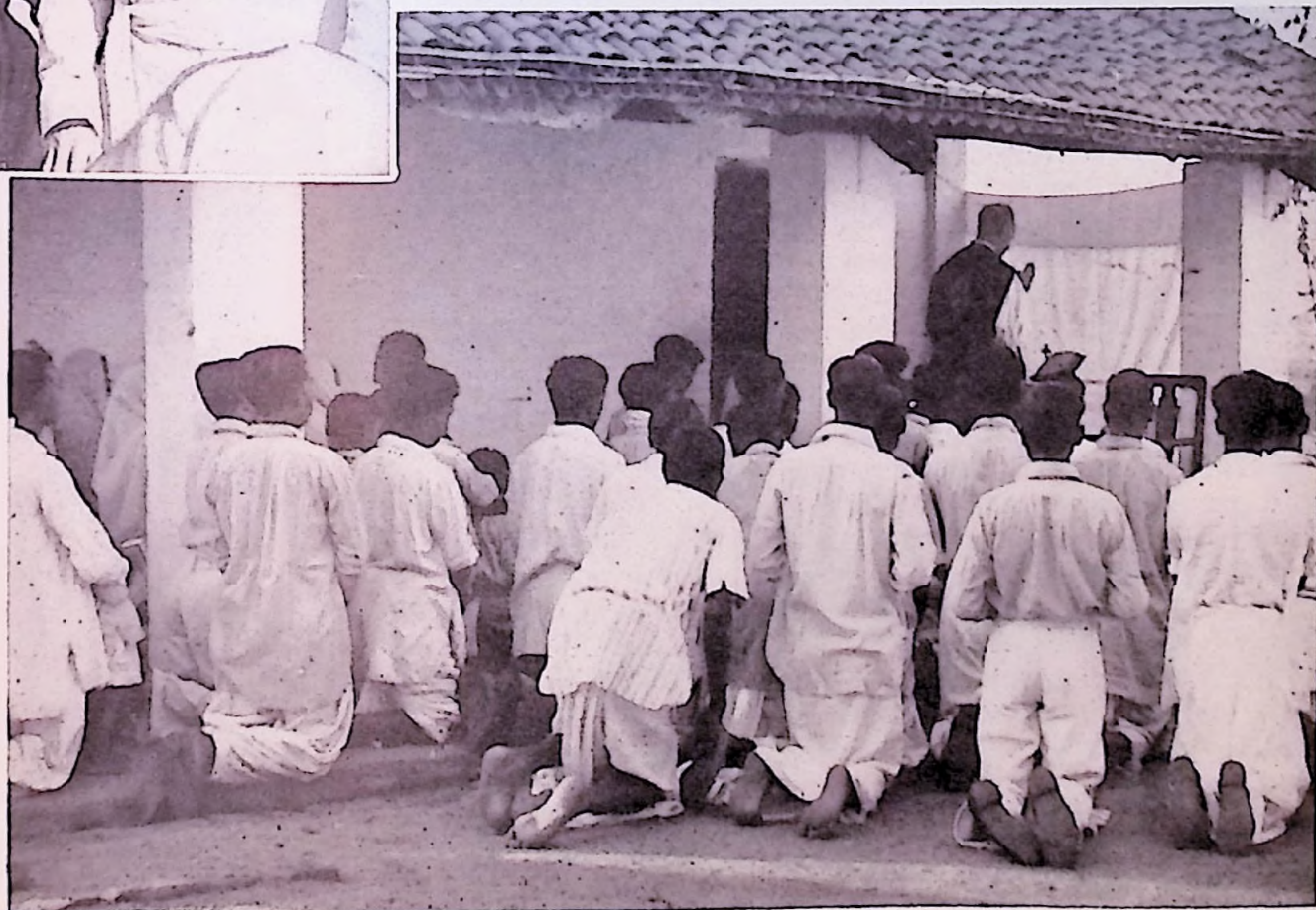
In those few years 37 American missionaries have been put in the field, with 6 more now enroute. Jamshedpur's record is one of progress.



(Left, above) Father Carroll Fasy S.J., Superior of Jamshedpur Mission and Headmaster of Loyola School, presents an award as Father James McGinley, Dean of the school, smilingly approves. (Right, above) Father Fasy and Indian official review scouts.



(Left) Father Quinn Enright's apostolate is mostly with the mill workers. He heads the Xavier Labour Relations Institute. Father John Holland celebrates Mass on a Jojobera veranda.



MUSING ON *Mosaboni*



RICHARD J.
NEU S.J.

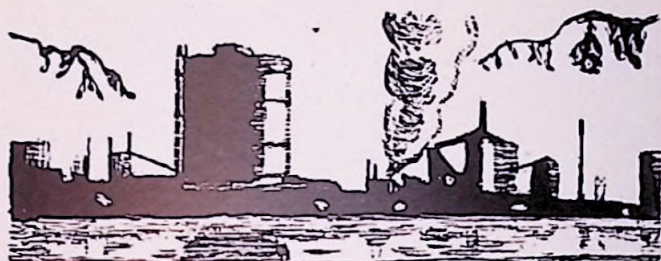
MOSABONI IS FIFTY MILES THROUGH THE jungle from Jamshedpur. It is one of the two mission stations which I take care of when not held down by my other jobs at St. Mary's Church in Jamshedpur and the Xavier Institute of Labour Relations or when I am not studying Hindi.

Mosaboni is not the mud-hut, thatched-roof village that is the usual concept of an Indian mission station. It is a mining town and the ore it produces is carried in big buckets along a huge moving cable to the mill at Moubhander, seven miles away. Moubhander is my other mission station and the Indian Copper Company has its refining plant and local offices there.

You wouldn't think the rains could move a town a hundred miles farther away, would you? But that is what they've done to Moubhander. During the rainy season that seven-mile stretch between the two missions is for ducks only. For the bumpy jungle road that connects the mines and the refinery crosses the Subharnarekha River on a low causeway and the passage is twenty feet under water when the rains are on.

The Subharnarekha and myself have come to grips during the dry season and I must admit that I rarely emerged from those meetings with any sense of triumph. So during the rainy season I add one hundred miles to the distance between my missions by going fifty miles back to my Jamshedpur base (and the one bridge) and then coming up the other side of the river to Moubhander.

Why not use the cable cars to cross the river? I thought that might be the simple solution to the problem and proposed it in Mosaboni. The answer came in Oriental fashion, with further questions. "Have you



ever been dumped with a load of ore? How do you look in copper?"

I was musing on that last question on my next trip to Mosaboni. The paved road ends twelve miles from Jamshedpur and then the bumps and ruts begin. In the dry season my little Ford must make like a jeep, sliding down one side of a ravine and clawing its way up the other whenever I chance upon a missing bridge. In the wet season the terrible dust is gone but the ruts and puddles provide an interesting outdoor game. Is that puddle two inches or two feet deep? And believe me, it makes a difference when I guess wrong. Then there are the sudden tropical storms which blind you just as much as a snow storm does when you are driving over the Pennsylvania Poconos. You can only

(Above) Father Neu with Archbishop Perier of Calcutta. (Below) Sellers of vegetables in the Jamshedpur markets are experts in bargaining.



stop, hoping that the spot you are on is solid and will stay that way. Otherwise it will be a long stop.

How would I look in copper? It's an intriguing question. Back at my home in Arlington, Virginia, we have the memorial to the Unknown Soldier. If I were to ride a cable car of ore to Moubhander and disappear enroute do you think they would set up the result in some niche and entitle it "The Unknown Missionary"?

My musings were interrupted as I swung around a bend in the jungle. In the dusk I could see a gray form ahead. I switched on the headlights and promptly braked sharply. An elephant was moving along the middle of the road, going in the same direction as myself. I suddenly remembered that long ago as a Jesuit novice I had once been told that I walked like an elephant. With keen interest I settled down to study the comparison. There was plenty of opportunity to observe that study in periodic motion for it was some time before the road widened sufficiently for me to pass him. Now after all these years I understand the full meaning of that remark. And I want to warn someone that I also have the memory of an elephant!

Oh well! On to Mosaboni!

Herbert Covely S.J., Maryland Province missionary in Jamshedpur, with a group of Indian children and one of India's own sisters.



Come, follow me

THE APPROACHING FEAST OF SAINT Ignatius Loyola brings to mind an episode in his life that I used to recall with wonder and gratitude whenever I walked the rocky slopes of Mount Olivet to the place of Our Lord's Ascension.

A year after the one-time soldier had laid his sword at the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat, he set out as a penniless pilgrim for the Holy Land. The joy of finding himself amid the scenes of his Master's life led him to a swift decision. He had found his life's vocation. He would live there, preaching Christ to the Moslem unbeliever.

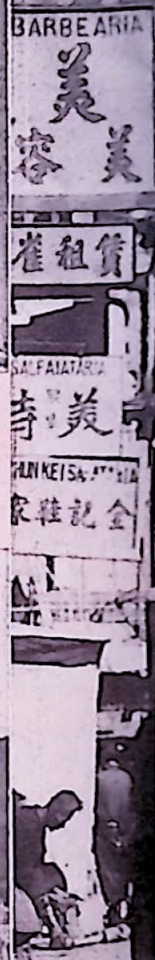
He had not reckoned, however, that only the Franciscan guardians of the Holy Places enjoyed official immunity. The solitary pilgrim often ended as a captive slave on a Turkish galley. To protect him from his own rash zeal, the Franciscan Provincial was constrained to use a gentle hint of excommunication before Ignatius agreed to quit Jerusalem.

But his soldier's instinct was still strong for a last skirmish before surrender. So he slipped away from the pilgrim's hostel, alone and without a guide. He ran to the mountain of the Ascension for a farewell glimpse of the spot where his Master's feet had last hallowed this earth. But there he was blocked by the Turkish guards until his only possessions, a penknife and a pair of scissors, were forfeited to gain him access to the sacred spot.

After a frantic search, the Franciscans found him hastening down the mountain toward Jerusalem, radiant with a vision of his Christ and ready now to leave Jerusalem to discover his true vocation,—sainthood and the foundation of the Jesuits.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

MACAO...



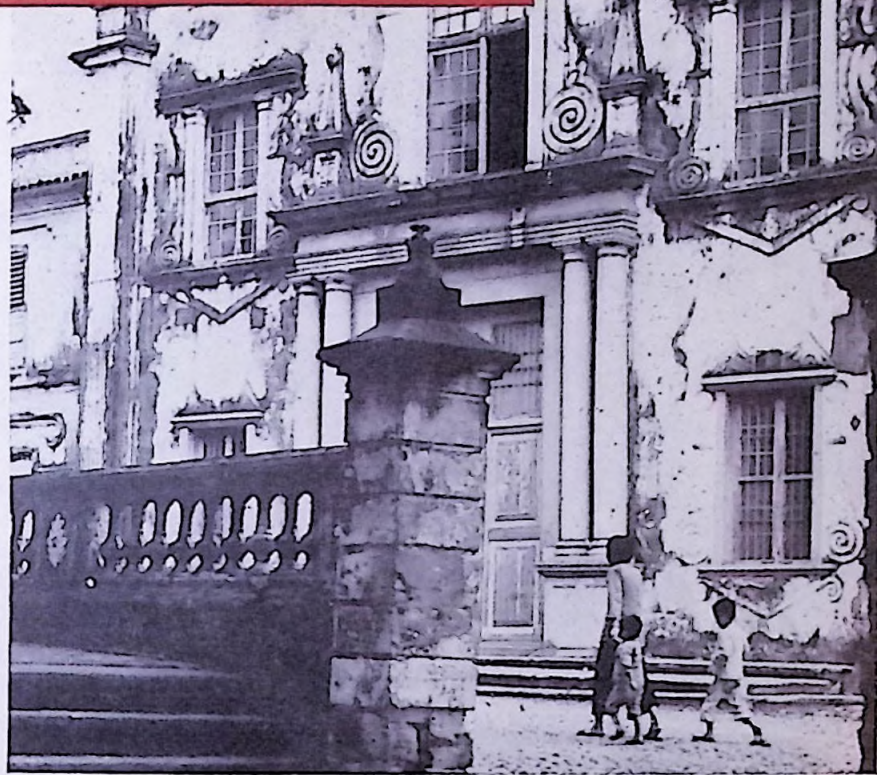
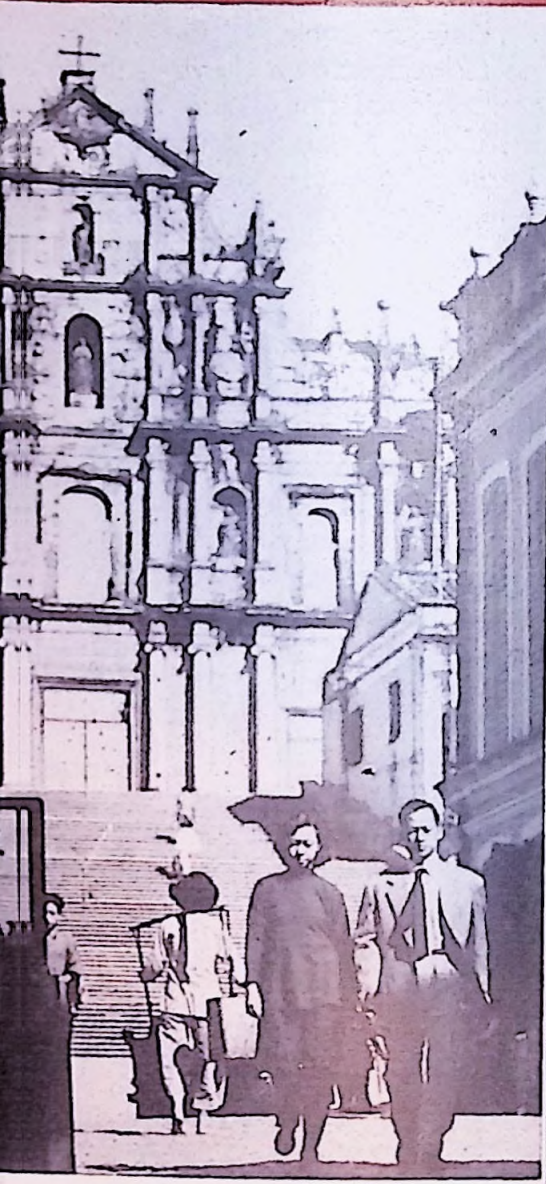
Father Edward Murphy S.J. looks over Macao, the city of churches reminiscent of ancient Portugal. At the upper right is the Monte Fort which was first built by Jesuits. (Right) Street in Macao dominated by the famous baroque facade of St. Paul's Church, first built in 1602 and at one time the site of the Japanese Jesuits' novitiate.



The Bund of Macao. Beyond is the Pena (The Rock) whose chapel dates back to 1622. About 10% of Macao's 350,000 people are Catholic, a high percentage in the East.

MACAO, near the River, gateway to the East. A city of Catholicism. A city of prostitution. A city of their business. From the atmosphere of the time. Out for the Chinese. A city of sinners— Today a refuge into the past, the God with (PHOTO

Gateway to China



The Church of St. Augustine is over 300 years old and is now staffed by Jesuit missionaries driven from their China missions.

Exiled Jesuits work on monumental Chinese dictionary for missionaries. Fathers Torio, Zamar, John Wang, Fr. Goyoaga.

PORTUGUESE PORT
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BY FRED FOLEY S.J.)

MEMORIES ALONG MISSION TRAILS



awaiting the grand Consecration ceremonies of India's first aboriginal bishop, His Excellency Nicholas Kujur S.J. Several thousand Indians smiled when Seraph strolled with his goat to a place up front. Near the decorated raised dais, he took his place and made Cotton crouch down at his side. Such a solemn ceremony dictated due awe and reverence. So, the Indian boy lavishly patted Cotton's head to keep him from making a sound all the while.

It was the first time Seraph was present at a Pontifical High Mass, and he wished he also knew the Gregorian Chant, sung alternately by the Seminary Choir and hundreds of boys and girls around him. When the newly-consecrated Bishop Kujur eventually wove his way through the vast congregation to confer his blessing, Seraph could almost reach out and touch his pontifical robes. Fortunately, he tugged at the golden cord around Cotton's neck just in time to prevent the kid from nibbling at His Excellency's cincture.

After the bishop retired to pre-

A GIFT *for the Shepherd*

ROBERT J. MAYER S.J.

AS HE WALKED DOWN THE RANCHI ROAD, Seraph held tightly to the golden cord tied around the neck of his little white goat. He was afraid his pet would be swallowed up in the crowds streaming into town for the big celebration. Before sunrise he had left an overnight encampment in a dry rice field, and now at 6 a.m. he was within sight of Ranchi. Passing through the busy bazaar, he shuddered when he saw several goats about to be sold. They were the same size as his own kid, "Cotton."

Finally he turned off the main road and walked into a spacious open midon where thousands of men, women, and children sat

pare for the coming public reception, Seraph remained seated and pulled out a chapatee to eat. Though dry, it tasted good and he shared it with Cotton. One of the Boy Scouts on hand obligingly brought him some cold drinking water to round out the little meal.

Half an hour later, Cotton pricked up his ears when hosannas suddenly pierced the blue Indian sky. Returning in triumph, the new bishop was carried aloft in a crimson-and-gold trimmed throne, preceded by red-robed dignitaries, white-cassocked clergy, aboriginal sabre dancers with scapulars round their necks, and chains of girls performing their tribal dances.

As the bishop and ecclesiastical dignitaries ascended the raised dais, thousands of In-

THE FIRST BISHOP to come from the Adibasis, the original inhabitants of India, is consecrated in a moving ceremony at Ranchi.

dians again poured into the campus and formed a solid semi-circle in front of the platform. Not far from Bishop Kujur's seat of honor, Seraph and Cotton sat still on the grass below. They were in a good spot to watch the display of loyalty which followed. After nineteen women had mounted the dais with vessels and towels and performed the tribal ceremony of washing and anointing the hands of the new bishop, public representatives from distant and nearby missions stepped forward to present speeches, sing songs, and offer gifts. While 96 girls from the Ursuline College gracefully sang and danced in flowing sarees of all the colors of the rainbow, Seraph listened closely to the original words of their Hindi song:

*Poor and rich, small and big,
inhabitants of Chota-Nagpur,
we come close to you and offer
you our greetings.*

*Gold and silver, elephants and
horses we have none,*

*But what we have
we offer with joy:
The love of our
hearts and our
humble little gifts.*

Seraph's eyes almost popped out, and Cotton almost got up and ran away when one of these "humble little gifts," a new Austin, suddenly sped by them. This present from the Catholic Association of the Ranchi Diocese was followed by a gift from the Catholic Cooperative Bank, a net bag holding 1001 silver rupees. Gifts piled up, especially when mitres,

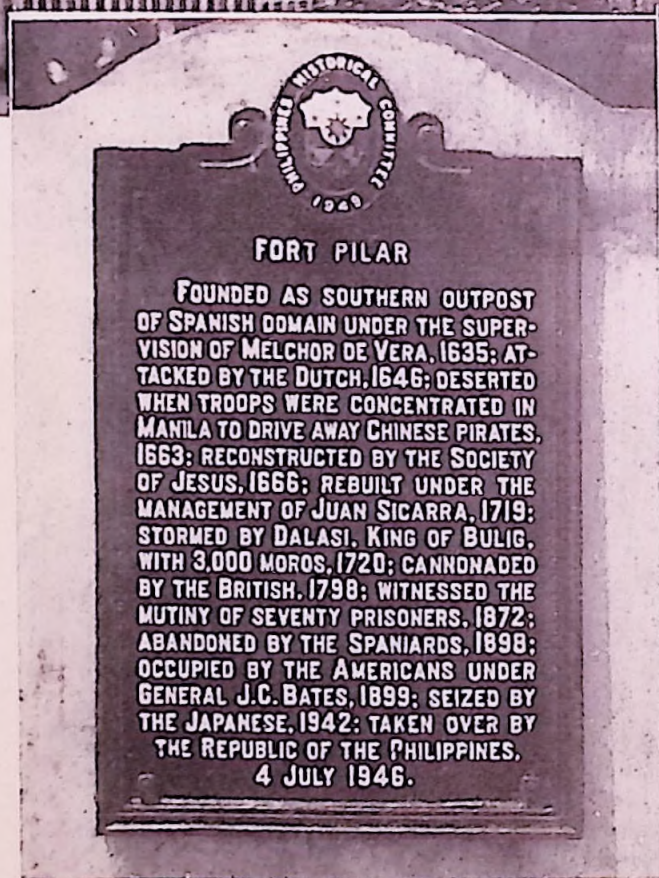
crozier, and other articles of episcopal equipment were presented, along with the traditional garlands of flowers that encircled the bishop's neck again and again.

Interesting as all of this was, Seraph seemed anxious for the public presentation of gifts to come to an end. After a couple of hours rolled by, he finally found himself in one of the many lines filing up towards the new bishop. Some people were surprised that the boy didn't tie his kid to a tree before joining the line. For still at his side was Cotton. Patiently but eagerly Seraph awaited his turn. Cotton was on the best of behavior, and the youthful master stroked his head with gentle affection.

In front of Seraph, a young Indian woman held out her baby daughter to kiss the bishop's ring. Smiling, the bishop blessed the mother and child as they departed. Just then, His Excellency felt something soft nudge his right knee. It was Cotton's nose. Seraph knelt and kissed the bishop's ring. He knew his little speech by heart and his clear voice rang out, "My Lordship, I would never have sold my pet kid Cotton for all the annas in the world. He is the best thing I have." Pausing a second, he slipped the end of the golden leash-cord into the bishop's hand, and said to his little goat, "Cotton, here is your new master. Bishop, take him, he's all yours!"

His Excellency Nicholas Kujur S.J., the first of India's original inhabitants to be raised to the episcopacy, after his consecration.





(Above) The shrine of Our Lady of Pilar. The devotion to Our Lady under this title was introduced to the Philippines by the Spanish soldiers and is now a favorite Filipino one. (Below) The plaque at Fort Pilar in Zamboanga recounts the leading episodes in which the fort has figured. The Dutch, the British and the Moros have all attempted to capture it.

Fort Pilar

ROBERT J. FITZPATRICK S.J.

IN THESE DAYS OF ATOMIC BOMBS, JET planes and guided missiles, old stone forts do not mean much in the way of defense. But back in the days when modern weapons were as distant as daily excursions to the moon are today, one fortress in particular had a great deal to do with the defense of a very important city in southern Mindanao. The fort was Fort Pilar, and the city Zamboanga.

Not a small number of this world's people are notoriously ignorant of the historical sites in the cities where they spend years. Lest we be guilty of the same charge Father Kenneth Bogart and myself sallied forth one recent morning to seek first-hand information about one of Zamboanga's historical places, the Fort. It was

a mere ten minute walk from the Ateneo de Zamboanga. Upon emerging from beneath the ancient acacia trees near the fort, we found that several of our fellow Jesuits had beaten us there by two and three hundred years.

The fort was built three centuries ago by the Spanish Government under the engineering direction of the Jesuit, Father Melchor de Vera. It played the role of both penitentiary and defense for the nearby towns and barrios against the continual raids of the Moros from the south. The still youthful Jesuit mission outposts in these small barrios also enjoyed the protection offered by the fort.

When the Spanish soldiers sailed to Manila to help defend the city against the invasion of Chinese pirates in 1662, this fort was destroyed to prevent its capture by the Moros. These Moros were thus left free to invade Zamboanga, ruin the shipping industry, work havoc with farming, sieze and enslave or even kill the Christians. This widespread tragedy made necessary the rebuilding of the fort in 1719 at its present spot. Another Jesuit directed this last reconstruction. Henceforth the fort, under the

the stone wall where the gate had been.

The fort gave ample service during its younger days, as we learned from a plaque at the main entrance. This historical plaque narrated briefly how the fort repelled the attacks of the Dutch, withstood the cannonading of the British, and the onslaught of the mighty horde of 3000 Moros under the king of Bulig. However, during the recent war, when the Japanese invaded Zamboanga, the fort offered little protection, but the shrine of Our Lady there was still the center of devotion to her. All through the months of bombardment by the American air force the fort remained unscathed amidst the ruins.

Fort Pilar is no longer useful as a defense against military invaders. But the shrine there is still a truly spiritual defense and pillar of comfort to Zamboangēnos in their devotedness to Our Lady of Pilar. And let us hope that our work as Jesuits in Zamboanga will last at least as long as the fort of our fellow Jesuit, Father de Vera.

The bugle and drum corps of the Ateneo de Zamboanga, Jesuit school in Zamboanga City in the Philippines, presents a smart appearance.

OF ZAMBOANGA

special protection of Our Lady of Pilar, was named Fort Pilar.

As we walked from the main entrance of the fort, we could see Rio Hondo, a Moro village, in the distance, while at the top of the fort's parapet we had an excellent view of the famous image of Our Lady of Pilar. Throughout the year it is venerated by the faithful, and especially so on her Fiesta, October 12th.

An interesting legend has it that during a procession of the faithful to Our Lady's shrine at the fort, a rumor flashed through the throngs that Moros were about to attack. The crowds surged through the open gate into the fort's interior, and mysteriously the gate was suddenly blocked with rocks, thus saving the lives of all. The image now adorns



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

JULY: Lay Apostles in Indonesia.

THE APOSTOLIC NUNCIATURE OF INDONESIA embraces not only the Republic of Indonesia, a territory of some 3,000 islands, the five largest of which are Sumatra, Java, West Borneo, Celebes and West New Guinea, but also part of the Portuguese Island of Timor and British North Borneo. Of its estimated population of more than 78,000,000 the World Almanac for 1952 states that 93 per cent is Moslem. Though Catholics are only a little more than 1 per cent of the population, the faith is spreading rapidly in Indonesia. Thus in 1928 there were only some 275,000 Catholics; in 1942 it had jumped to 601,700 and in 1951 it further increased to 911,072.

But this Catholic population is by no means evenly distributed throughout the archipelago. For 58 per cent of all the Catholics live in the Little Sunda Islands, especially Flores and Timor. But in these same

Bishop Soegyapranata S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Semarang, with President Sukarno of Indonesia.

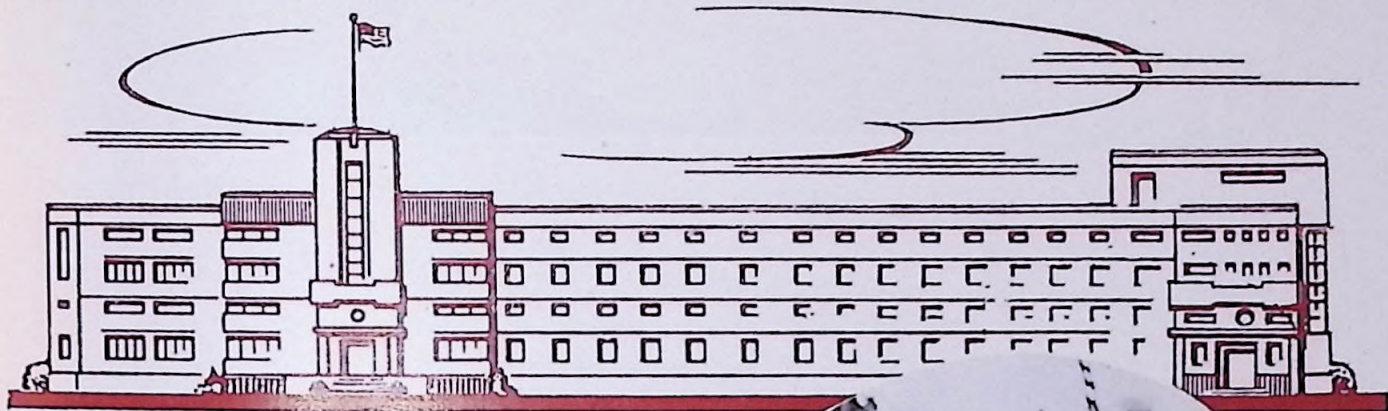
islands dwell only about 4 per cent of all the Indonesians. However, the Catholic Indonesians have an influence in the civil life of their country far beyond the proportion of their numerical strength. Why? It is attributed in no small part to the education which Catholics receive at their mission schools. With government aid the Church in Indonesia conducts 1,264 primary schools, 126 secondary colleges, 30 normal schools and 75 vocational and agricultural schools. It also maintains 46 well-equipped hospitals, 89 dispensaries and 59 orphanages.

On more than one occasion Mr. Sukarno, the President of the Republic of Indonesia, has expressed his admiration for the loyalty and achievements of Catholic Indonesian laity for the new republic. What Rev. Anthony Coppens, N.C.W.C. correspondent, wrote while the Indonesians were seeking their emancipation from the Dutch is not less true now that they have gained it: "The Indonesian Catholics are 100 per cent Catholics and 100 per cent Indonesians, entirely devoted to the welfare of their country. What the Catholics have done during the last 20 years at the colleges of Moentilan, Ambar-swa, Djodja and Batavia has been declared a thousand times more valuable for the independence movement than all the speeches of the United Nations. . . ."

Three chief problems, however, face the Indonesian Catholics in their endeavor to act as a leaven to the progress of their republic. First, the vast Moslem population impregnated with their religious ideas; secondly, the diabolical cleverness of the Communists who have not ceased to pose as friends of the downtrodden while fomenting disunity; and lastly, the huge influx of non-Christian Chinese who since World War II and especially since the Communist "liberation" of China have sought freedom in already over-populated Indonesia. If active lay apostles of the Church in Indonesia can cope adequately with these major problems, then with God's grace we may expect even greater progress for the faith and lasting freedom for the Republic of Indonesia.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.





BARGAIN

*bricks for
your dollar*



Ten bricks for a dollar!
That is a bargain anywhere.

Very Rev. Carroll Fasy S.J. and Indian Educator, Dr. Ghandy, set Loyola School corner stone in place.

YOUR DOLLAR WILL buy ten, good, solid bricks in Jamshedpur, India. To the Maryland Jesuits there these ten bricks mean more than just clay blocks. They mean stepping-stones to heaven for many an Indian soul. Inside the walls built from the bricks these American Jesuit teachers will be teaching Christ's way of life to hundreds of Indian boys. Four years ago two Jesuits taught 34 boys in two classes. Today ten Jesuits and eight laymen teach 300 boys in twelve classes.

5 Ways To Build Loyola

- 1) Buy One Desk—\$5.00
- 2) Electric Fixtures—\$10.00
- 3) Furnish Classroom—\$200.00
- 4) Furnish Chapel—Any Amount
- 5) Ten Bricks—\$1.00

HELP MARYLAND JESUITS build solidly for souls. Buy these bargain bricks. Each one represents souls to be saved.

JESUIT *Missions*

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

NOW THAT THE SUMMER MONTHS ARE HERE and the wide open spaces lure Mr. and Mrs. America to the seashore and the mountains, we think that this would be a good time to remind you to continue your prayers for our American Jesuit missionaries. A brief prayer offered in a summer cottage on Cape Cod, or on the white sands of Carmel, an aspiration sent heavenwards during a quiet stroll in the Adirondacks or in Yosemite Valley, is not pushing things too far. What better way can you find to secure God's protection and love during those lazy days away from home? Yes, that vacation can be spiritually refreshing too!

LANDSCAPES

The tropical loveliness of Jamaica and the barren wastes of Aruba are described by two American Jesuit missionaries.

"What is it like here in Jamaica? Well, roughly speaking, the island is a mass of hills and mountains with a fringe of flatlands all around the edge. The contours of the landscape are not unlike the Berkshires and western Connecticut. Instead of the evergreen and the oak," writes FATHER SILVIO GARAVAGLIA S.J., "we have the graceful coconut palm on every horizon and the large and languid banana plants and the tough pimento tree. Most of the best land is owned by large estates (plantations of bananas, coconuts, sugar, citrus, and some cattle properties), with the Great House on an eminence and barracks for the workers on the lower roads.

"The sea towns on the flats, like Port Maria, Port Antonio, Annotto Bay, etc., are 'sheds' for all the hillsides within ten miles or so. Into them pour not only the swollen waters of the rainy season but also hundreds of people who go there for market, court,

bank, hospital, and other services. Beginning with Friday evening and all through Saturday, the roads to these towns are teeming with a motley crowd—women with heavy baskets on their heads, mules and donkeys laden with fruits and vegetables, mulecarts loaded with those fortunate enough to be able to ride, goats being driven to market—a truly fascinating pageant full of talk and laughter and chatter. It is their day of 'jollification' and for exchanging their few shillings for a yard or two of cloth or some other manufactured article."

In startling contrast to Jamaica is the Dutch colony of Aruba. When FATHER WALTER BALLOU S.J. left his Jamaican parish to conduct a mission in Aruba, he learned that not every island is as lush as Jamaica.

"Aruba is a small island about forty miles north of Venezuela, one of the Dutch possessions. It is about twenty miles long and six miles wide. Eleven Dutch Dominicans, their white robes blowing with the continuous trade winds, minister to about forty thousand Catholics. There are about six lovely churches, excellent schools and convents. But I must say that the Aruba landscape is the most unsightly I have ever seen. There are few trees. As a matter of fact I believe that the trees are easily outnumbered by the

Bishop McEleney S.J. and Father Ballou S.J., the former Superior of the Jamaican Mission.





smoke-stacks of the oil refinery. There is no vegetation, no grass to speak of. You may see a few sheep, goats or stray donkeys, but never a cow. Everything has to be imported, including the drinking water, which is distilled sea water pumped into large water towers erected in convenient locations throughout the island. The gaunt, barren rocks are impressive in their own way. Since the rainfall is very small, the strong trade winds blow away all the top-soil, leaving the really beautiful homes with no decent setting to point up their beauty."

JONQUILS IN THE DESERT

In cathedrals and parish churches, in jungle huts and army trucks, the humble Christ comes to His people at the summoning of the priest. Here's an account of Mass in a desert-theater.

"During Holy Week, FATHER JAMES LARKIN S.J. and I had a special insight into what can be done with the help of willing sponsors, responsive faithful and dogged perseverance on the part of the missionary. We assisted two Italian Carmelite Fathers," writes FATHER LEO SHEA S.J. of Baghdad, "in performing the complete ceremonies of Holy Week and Easter among the people in the oil fields of Kuwait. It began on Palm Sunday with the full ritual of the solemn blessing of the palms that had been flown in for the occasion. Then followed a three-day retreat with talks in the morning and afternoon and Benediction in the evening. With the extraordinary privileges that have been granted to enable us to bring the consolations of religion to the British and Indian Catholics working in this extraordinary 'mission,' we four priests were allowed to say Mass on Holy Thursday, each in a different place. Over 300 people assisted at the High Mass in the main chapel, which was very tastefully decorated. A series of Holy Hours for the various groups were held during the day.

"Perhaps the most interesting Holy Hour was that attended by the Goanese. The exotic accents of their Concani language and the haunting minor-keyed melodies of their song, gave a delightfully Indian flavor to their hour of adoration.



PATNA MISSION suffered a great loss on April 17 in the death of the veteran missionary, FATHER HENRY WESTROPP S.J. Altogether, 36 years of his life

were spent among the people of India who came to love him for his Christ-like charity and his ardent zeal for souls. It was Father Westropp's great good fortune to have worked in almost every part of the vast Patna diocese. In 1916, when he was first assigned to India, he began his missionary labors in Bombay. Five years later he transferred to Patna.

High among Father Westropp's many abilities as a missionary, was his genius in organizing parishes and mission stations. To the north of the Ganges he started Our Lady of Victory mission near Bettiah, and after working for some time at Chuhari and at Chainpatia, he founded the mission stations of Buxar and Arrah in the Shahabad district. Finally, he worked among the Santals and founded the Santal mission at Gajhi.

Born in Cleveland, Father Westropp entered the Society of Jesus in 1893. After his ordination at St. Francis Mission in South Dakota in 1905, he began his missionary career among the American Indians and continued in that work until he was assigned to India.

The fire of his zeal burned brightly until the very end. As late as 1942, he organized the Catholic Book Crusade at St. Francis Xavier's School in Patna, and from there he directed its dynamic activities in every country of the Orient. When death came, Father Westropp's long and fruitful years in God's service had certainly entitled him to a place among the really great missionaries of our time.



"But Easter Sunday, as might be expected, was the climax of these extremely moving days. A large, indoor movie theater served as the church. The deep stage was hung with full-length, purple backdrops and a gleaming white centerpiece behind the altar. Gorgeous lilies and jonquils flown in from Beirut in the Lebanon decked the altar, while the apparel of both priests and altar boys was as splendid as one might expect to find in a cathedral church. It was hard to believe that all of this was taking place in what was, only a decade ago, a bleak desert shore on the Persian Gulf."

BEGONE SATAN

It was thirty below, but the baby didn't seem to mind—a handy disposition indeed for an Alaskan baby.

"On Saturday night I had a nice, warm fire glowing in the new chapel at Northway," writes FATHER JOHN BUCHANAN S.J. "I figured that that would make things comfortable for Sunday Mass and, incidentally, for a baptism that I intended to perform before Mass. You see, the Werleins of the Weather Bureau had a new baby and we all looked forward to this first christening in the new chapel.

"We all arrived at the chapel bright and early on Sunday morning only to find that the stove had run out of fuel during the night. For the time being, Mass was impossible, but we were determined that the new little Werlein would become a Christian that very morning. The Werleins and Zamorskis and Gordons huddled around the font as the devil was ordered to leave little Stephen alone once and for all. We wouldn't have minded a little of the devil's heat at that particular moment, but that is the sacrifice that a Christian has to make. The temperature at the time was thirty below zero.

"When the ice-cold water washed over the head of little Stephen in the age-old formula that Our Lord demanded for admission into His eternal family, Stephen almost woke up! When the water flowed into the bowl it immediately turned into solid ice. But now, at any rate, Stephen by the gift of God was a Christian—an adopted son of God with an eternity of happiness before him. The gift



Father John Lane S.J. distributes dates to the poor at St. Xavier's of Patna in India.

was as instantaneous as the water turning to ice. We all looked at each other in a kind of amazement and burst out laughing. We had witnessed the first baptism in our new chapel.

"An hour later we returned for Mass only to discover that the chapel was too warm! Guess I'll have to get to work one of these days on that temperamental old stove of mine."

A MILLION THANKS

When the drought struck India, millions were faced with starvation. What American help did to alleviate the situation is recounted by a veteran American missionary.

"As the world knows, India has just weathered a year which threatened distress for millions of people. With its primitive farming methods, the country cannot bear any alteration in climatic conditions without serious crop failures, famine and death. For the past two years the weather has been changeable—drought instead of rain, and rain during the dry season. Millions of people were faced with outright starvation," reports FATHER FRANK LOESCH S.J. of Patna, India.

"It would be impossible to thank each



organization and each individual who helped so tirelessly and so bountifully. The American Friends' Service Unit in Philadelphia and Montreal, the American Red Cross, the National Catholic Welfare Council, and the hundreds of friends in the United States who sent us CARE parcels, contributed tons of milk powder, wheat, powdered eggs and multipurpose food. To all of these individuals and organizations who dealt directly with our missionaries in the Bihar district, I would like to say—a million thanks."

"Where, how, and to whom this food was given, is an interesting and important point. In Bihar where a large per cent of the population is undernourished, the food had to be placed where it would be most beneficial and where it would reach those who could not in any way help themselves. Hence, most of it went to the children, to deserving family groups and to the sick. The milk powder was distributed through milk kitchens set up in places where they could be strictly supervised. With few exceptions the powder was mixed at these kitchens and distributed in liquid form once or twice daily to the children and nursing mothers. Most of them drank it on the premises. Such centers cov-

ered Patna Mission and included Holy Family Hospital in Patna and Nazareth Hospital in Mokameh where the infants, the orphans and the tuberculosis patients were the chief milk drinkers. Kitchens set up on the hospital premises catered to the poor of the neighborhood. Orphanages in north Bihar at Bettiah and Chakni and many of the mission stations ranging from Barh to Shahpur received their share."

"What is the present situation here in India? To be quite truthful the same situation as last year continues to exist. The two years of crop failure is still being keenly felt. True, the upper classes get plenty to eat since they can afford to pay three and four times the normal price. It is the poor who suffer, and it is only Christian charity that sees the suffering and feels impelled to alleviate it. To whom do these people turn in their need? They come to the Catholic hospital and mission stations. There is no place else for them to go. The individual goes where his individual case will be heard. This is something which all recognized—the Friends, the Red Cross, CARE,—when they sent the supplies direct to the American Jesuits in Patna Mission."



The recent consecration in the Diocese of Brooklyn of His Excellency John J. Boardman as titular Bishop of Gunela and Auxiliary to Archbishop Molloy is of great interest to the mission world. For the past fifteen years Bishop Boardman has headed the diocesan Society for the Propagation of the Faith and in that time he has multiplied tenfold the aid for missionaries. The zealous director established a program of mission education and spiritual aid which made his name blessed in the mission world. The Holy Father has twice honored his generous work for the missions. Gratefully Jesuit Missions prays—ad multos annos!



“Father, You Don’t Understand!”

IT IS REALLY AMUSING TO hear new arrivals coming out pat with all the answers for Alaska. I remember a young lady writer of just six weeks standing in northern Alaska, telling a nurse how to wear a parky and keep from getting cold. She did not know that the nurse was a veteran of some fifteen winters in top Alaska. Needless to say, the sourdough, just the faintest twinkle in her eye, let the cheechako do the talking. Giving advice is a wonderful and uninhibited trait of democracy, and all of us, including missionaries, get it.

Unfortunately what often appears on the surface as mere comedy has a way of developing into tragedy. I remember a time not so long ago when I presumed to suggest to a flying educational inspector that I thought the overall plan for Eskimo education was to train leaders who would return to their respective villages and give their people the benefits of their knowledge. It seemed to me after several years of thoughtful observation that every year small villages were skimmed of their best talent. This talent after being developed was somehow or other shunted all over white Alaska. (By white Alaska I



(Circle) Father Paul O'Connor S.J., veteran Alaskan missionary. (Above) Big sister tries to help the camera man.

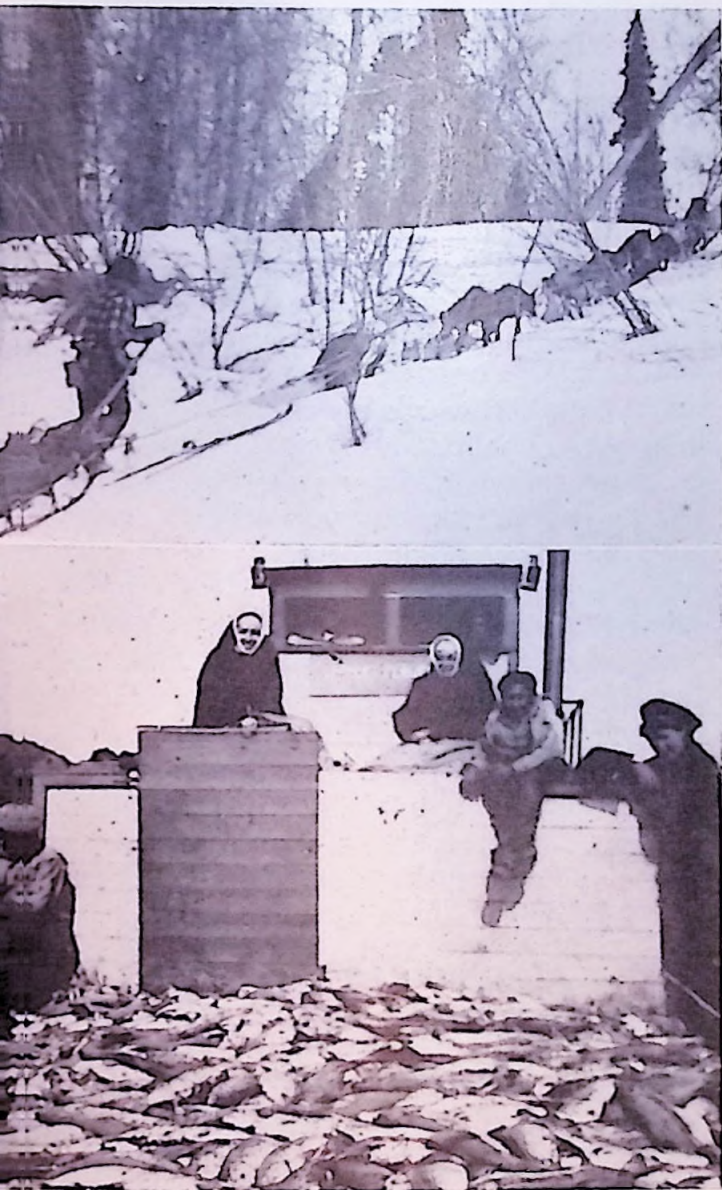
mean centers predominantly white.) I was ready, even anxious, to discuss various angles of this subject. It is a big question, debatable, with no easy solutions, and has some aspects of genocide about it. But I was dismissed with a cursory, “Father, you do not understand!”

The other day a white told me, "Father, this Theodore Hunter is an excellent electrician. He really could go places. Certainly, he is wasting his time in this village."

"Just what do you mean by wasting his time?" I asked. "He is the chief of the village, has five children, is a good seal-hunter and provider. Is that wasting his time?"

"No, but . . ."

Off to the mission at Holikachuk by the favorite method of travel in Alaska. (Three Lions)



Sisters of the Holy Cross Mission return on the Little Flower with a precious fish cargo.

"Or do you want him to go to Anchorage and become just another servant of the whites? Here he is the chief and a contented father with a happy family."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way. I mean wasting his talent!"

"Is every kind of talent that one happens to see in these small villages to be taken from

that village and put at the exclusive disposal of some uninterested whites? Are all small Eskimo villages to lose their leaders at the beck and whim of misguided whites?" I continued.

"Father, you don't understand. We are trying to help these poor people!"

He looked at me sadly when I departed.

Last year some government officials came up with the idea of transporting Eskimo workers all the way from the Yukon down to the railroad to be section hands. It was just the thing to straighten out Eskimo economy and for some to pay their bills at the stores. The job was to last five months. That we missionaries might have had a different idea did not matter at all. We were not consulted and when we did protest, we were again assured, "Father, you don't understand, but you will when you see all these young men coming home with a substantial check!"

Again the best talent was scooped up by planes from the villages—gone for five months in the best time of the year, the fishing season! I later visited these villages that used to be thriving communities with salmon hanging on racks for miles up and down the Yukon. Not this year! These communities seemed like villages of the dead. With their leaders gone, only the sick and the women left at home, there was no initiative, no life—just a deadening paralysis.

In late fall the men did return. They looked fine, had new suits, and expensive jackets, even shoes, but not much money. They were surprised to find no fish put up, dogs sick or dead, houses shabby and unkempt. I might add here that a family without a dogteam may as well die or get out of the country. With no dogs there is no fuel and no hunting.

Fortunately, here at Hooper Bay the Eskimos still prefer to bag their food from the sea rather than take it from the shelves of the store. As one good hunter told me patting his stomach, "White food no fill him up, seal—he fill him up good!" (Which is another way of saying that Eskimo foods have plenty of vitamins!) "You understand, Fadder?"

"Eee, nalthunretaka" (Eskimo for I understand very well.)

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.



The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

In the morning you are apt to become impatient if two things are delayed, your cup of coffee and the mailman. A good cup of coffee and a few letters can really start your day off well. Frankly, I am very dependent upon both helps.

There is only one occasion when I am not at all happy to see the mailman. Several times during the month he puts on my desk a bundle of undelivered magazines. They are marked by the Post Office as "Unknown, no forwarding address." It is not that I regret paying the postage due but rather that I will have no way of contacting these friends of my brother Jesuit missionaries.

As a priest, I can hardly appreciate the details and expense involved in moving. It is asking almost the impossible of you to send JESUIT MISSIONS a card giving your old and new addresses. If you do forget, perhaps when you settle down in your new home you will do so.

You, the missionaries, and we at JESUIT MISSIONS form a bond of friendship. No one likes to lose friends, especially when so many are dependent upon them. That is our feeling when a name drops from our list.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Altar Stones:

As you kneel in the pew at Mass you can see on the altar the chalice, the paten, the Sacred Host. There is one thing, however, that you cannot see. In fact, the priest does not see it unless he lifts up the three altar cloths. It is the altar stone. It is set in the table of the altar directly in front of the tabernacle. It is so essential that without it the priest could not offer his Mass. In the stone, there is a little cavity containing relics of the saints. These are sealed in the stone by the bishop. In view of the expansion of the Philippine mission there is a need of 41 altar stones. Would you care to give an offering of \$10.00 towards a stone? Morning after morning, a chalice and Sacred Host will rest on a stone provided by your sacrifice. God will be rich in granting you a share in these Holy Sacrifices of the Mass.

Altar Wine:

Another essential item for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is wine. The Church gives very minute directions about the type of wine to be used. A missionary never regrets buying altar wine. The fact remains, however, that it is an expense. July is the month of the Most Precious Blood. The wine in the chalice, at the solemn words

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51 East 83rd St.,
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of consecration, becomes the Most Precious Blood. Here is another opportunity for you to share in the Masses of our missionaries by sending to JESUIT MISSIONS an offering of \$3.00 or \$5.00 for altar wine. It will be the prayer of our missionaries and our own that by the merits of the Precious Blood extraordinary graces will be granted to you and your family.

Orphanage at Gaya:

Father Hubert Schmidt, like Our Lord, has a great love for children. He simply could not see so many abandoned children wandering the streets of Gaya in India. Some months ago he started to construct an orphanage. In one sense, he is like the man in the Gospel who began a building but could not complete it because he had not computed his funds. Father Schmidt is also a man of great faith. He is convinced that God will inspire friends to help him. Father Schmidt needs your help. Could you send \$5.00, \$10.00 or \$25.00 towards the completion of his orphanage? July nineteenth is the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, patron of orphans. He will intercede for you in a special way.

Sunday Missals:

In all parts of the world there are altar missals provided by the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. Several of our missionaries are very anxious to purchase inexpensive Sunday missals for their people so that they might attend Mass with greater devotion. In some mission stations, a priest has Sunday Mass only once a month. On the intervening Sundays, the people could devote time to reading the prayers for that particular Sunday. Then, too, the missal will contain morning and night prayers, a few explanations of the sacraments, etc. A missal will be a great help in preserving and deepening the faith in the hearts of the mission people. Could you send \$1.00 to JESUIT MISSIONS for a missal?

Visitors:

One of the joys of being at JESUIT MISSIONS is the opportunity of meeting so many of our priests going to and coming from the missions. They always stop at the office and express their gratitude for help extended to them. We would like to be able to deepen that gratitude. Would you consider sending a stringless gift for our visiting missionaries? It will get them off to a good start.



Father Walter Cook S.J. soon to be ordained.

NEW PRIESTS *for* *Jamshedpur*

AND YOUR PRIESTS TOO!

if YOU will adopt them.

Fathers COOK, DEENEY and KEOGH,
Jesuits of the Maryland Province,
will be ordained

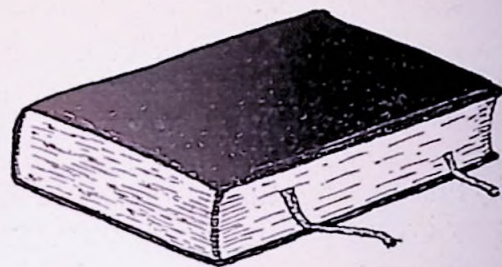
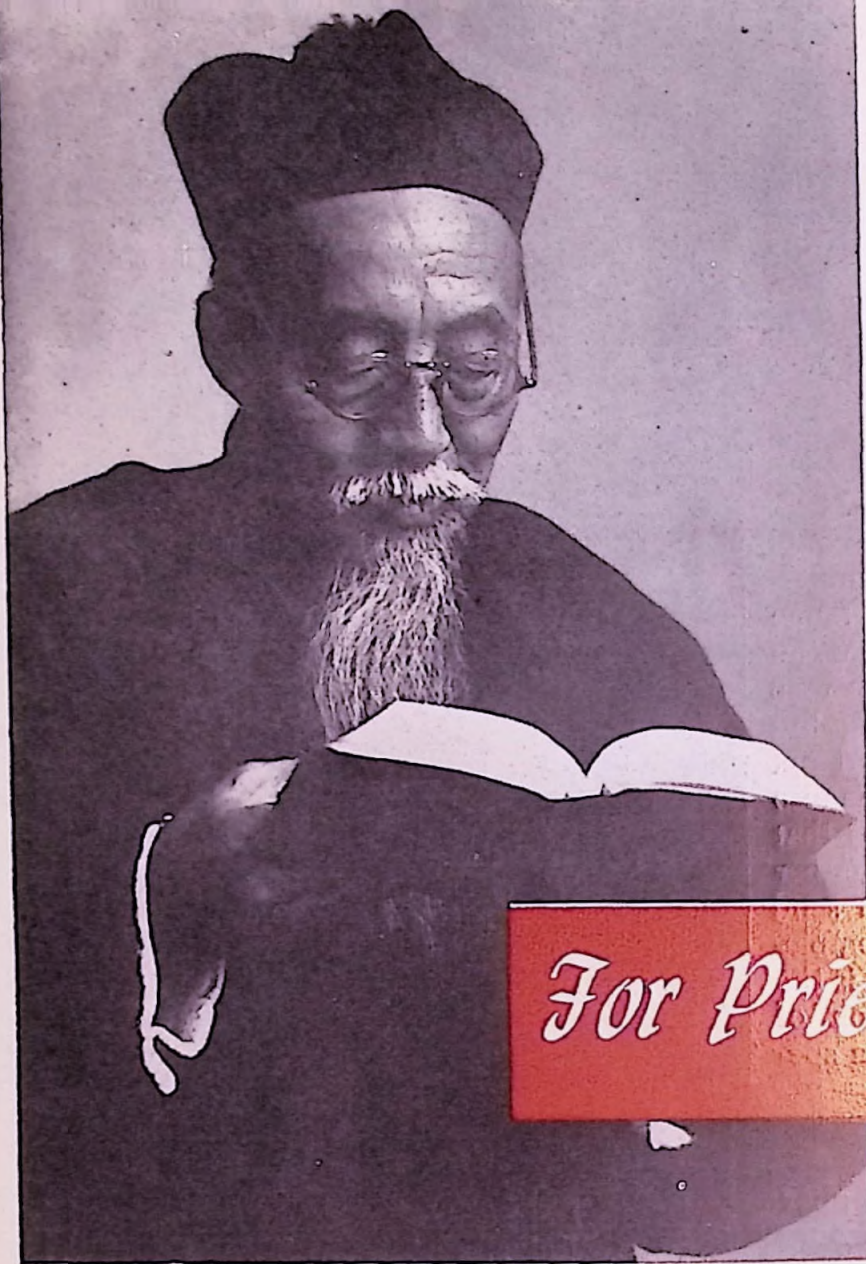
For the Jamshedpur Mission, India
for LIFE.

Would you send \$1.00 a week or a month
to complete their studies?

They will be good SONS for your family.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



For many a year this venerable priest read his office, praying for the whole Church. Many of his Chinese and American fellow-priests, exiled by the Reds, were robbed of their breviaries. New sets have to be bought for them.

For Priestly Prayers

MANY YOUNG JESUIT priests are being ordained this summer for the missions. Filipinos, Indians, Ceylonese, Chinese, Americans will be priests together and forever. Each day of their lives they will read their breviaries for the Church and for their people. Would you like a grateful share each day in this rich treasury of priestly prayer?

EACH SET OF FOUR breviaries costs \$45. Perhaps you can afford a gift to buy a set or at least one book of the set. It will be a rich investment for you.



JESUIT *Missions*

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