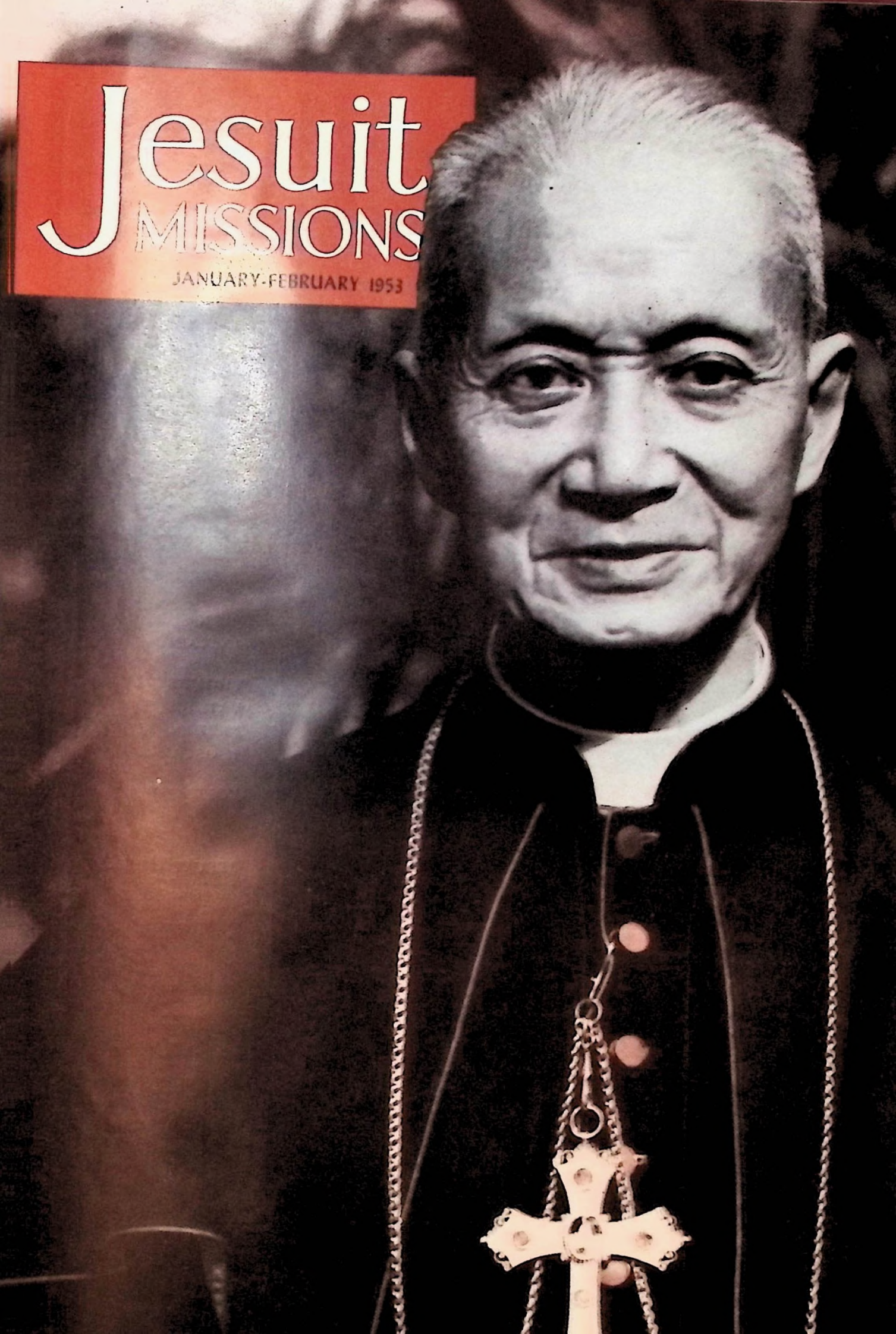


Jesuit MISSIONS

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1953





Down this trail from St. Mary's College in the Himalayas comes each year a band of newly ordained American Jesuits to labor in Patna and Jamshedpur missions.

JESUIT

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PATNA ON THE GANGES

Patna, on India's fabled Ganges river, is a city of 200,000 souls. Over two thousand years ago it was the proud capital of India's first Empire. Today, its ancient splendor somewhat tarnished, it is the capital of the Province of Bihar in Northeast India.

Portuguese Jesuits were the first missionaries to establish the Patna mission in 1620. Their mission was short-lived however, due to hostile influences and it was to be nearly three hundred years before the Jesuits would return there.

The ancient city gave its name to a new Vicariate Apostolic created in 1919 and entrusted to the American Jesuits of the Chicago Province. It is the world's largest diocese in point of population. Embracing most of the Bihar Province and the Himalayan Kingdom of Nepal, the Vicariate has a population of 29,500,000 in an area twice the size of New York State.

When the five pioneer American Jesuits arrived in 1921, there were but 4,000 Catholics. Today there are more than 30,000 and the Jesuit mission personnel numbers 143 priests, scholastics and brothers.

This personnel is divided among four colleges and over a score of mission stations many of which also have their own primary schools. The most recent school is the Godavari College at Katmandu in Nepal.

While political analysts wrack their anxious brains to forecast the shape of things to come in 1953, our missionaries face the New Year serene in the knowledge that their work is not of this year or the next, but of eternity. They are aware that through the years the Church of Christ may know disaster as intimately as triumph, that she may be subject to violent assault. But they are sure with the certainty of Christ's promise that she cannot be overcome.

Their work may suffer a recession at one particular time or place. But no act of their divine mission is ever lost or spent. Three hundred years ago, the family of China's Bishop Simon Tsu was converted by Jesuit missionaries. Three hundred years hence, when the last Red Commissar is only a footnote to history, there will still be Chinese prelates to labor for the Church of Christ. Of that power of the faith to endure, the patriarchal figure of this Chinese Jesuit Bishop is a shining symbol.

COVER. The Most Reverend Simon Tsu S.J., Bishop of Haimen, China, is one of the six native bishops consecrated by the late Pope Pius XI in October 1926. Bishop Tsu is in his 85th year, his 57th in the priesthood and 27th as bishop.

The Faith Endures in CHINA



Through this gate at Lowu Red police have driven into exile more than 200 Jesuit missionaries from China. Rev. Arthur Latham S.J., tells of Shanghai's heroism.

IT WAS IN JANUARY, A YEAR AGO, THAT THE Holy Father addressed these words of sympathy and encouragement to the Church in China:—"Knowing full well the sufferings and anguish that beset you, Our heart goes out to you. . . . You are fighting the cause of God and His Holy Church. . . . Continue bravely in that spirit of fortitude that is born, not of human strength, but of divine grace. Your sorrows, your sufferings and anguish of heart, offer to God as a holocaust to win His blessed peace. . . ."

The intervening months have seen no letup in the pace of Communist persecution. If anything, the pace has been accelerated. We have had recent and striking proof both of the Communist barbarity and the fortitude of Catholic resistance. The heroic endurance of Monsignor Fahy and his Jesuit companions, the inspiring martyrdom of Maryknoll's Bishop Ford, the unquenchable courage of Father Beda Chang and a host of his unnamed Chinese confreres in

the faith, these have been some of the more spectacular elements in that holocaust of which the Holy Father spoke. They are the dominant notes in Catholic China's symphony of praise to God. But a thousand other notes, pitched in a minor key, have blended into the stirring harmony of that symphony.

The following letters reveal how tenaciously Catholic China is holding to its faith with constant, if unspectacular, heroism. They reveal, also, the mutual love in Christ that unites the missionary—even the exiled missionary—and his Chinese brethren. That love, established in Christ, is the secret of Catholic China's endurance.

The first letter is from a young Jesuit recently expelled from Shanghai and now stationed in the Philippines. He writes to one of his former students at present in the United States, but whose family is still in Shanghai:

"It came as a great surprise when we were given our exit visas. From our own com-

munity we had lost Father Beda Chang, who died in prison three months after his arrest. Our Father Minjster was taken some months ago and nothing has been heard of him since. Old Father Tetau, age 78, was arrested for sprinkling holy water on some foul drawings of the Holy Father plastered on the walls of the Carmelite Monastery. Three weeks later he was dead. And so the list grows.

"Of course, Francis, if you read the Communist accounts, you will be convinced that China is now a paradise. But they make no mention of the thousands of suicides that took place right in Shanghai in the space of a couple of weeks while the *san fan* and the *wu fan* were in full swing.

"On the other hand, the Catholics have reacted wonderfully to the pressure put on them to set up an independent Church. The Fathers have been giving retreats and sermons all over the city, explaining to the students and to the fathers and mothers what the Independent Church Movement really means. The Aurora students who have been in prison for more than a year are standing fast, though the first sign of apostasy would bring them freedom. Father Billot of Tou-Se-Wei was arrested several months ago. When they came to get him, the orphans refused to let him go. That was a terrible loss of face for the Communists, since all of these arrests are supposedly demanded by the people. They came a second time and took him, and a dozen orphans also. They are all in jail.

"Perhaps you wonder, Francis, as you read these lines, what my own reaction to all this is, and whether or not I have lost my love for China. There is no need to worry! I love China more now than ever, and I feel as proud as can be that I was given the grace of seeing Catholic China suffer so heroically for Christ. The Chinese people, as far as I am concerned, are the most won-

derful in the wide world. And I am hoping and praying for the day when I will be able to return to them. Let's pray that it isn't far away! Every blessing on yourself and your family still in China.

Sincerely in Christ,
Arthur Latham S.J."

Out of China itself comes the second letter. A former pagan, now a seminarian, writes to the exiled missionary who was truly his father in Christ:

"May the peace of Christ be with us all! You have been away sixteen long months and I am afraid, with the world as it is, that we shall never meet again here below. It is my daily prayer that we may meet in heaven.

"O Father, how things have changed since our happy home at Nazareth was broken up! But, strange as it may seem, I can still see your smiling face and hear your words of encouragement just as plainly as during those hectic days. My courage comes back and I find joy and strength in the 'eternal words' you gave us. O, dear Father, how can I ever thank you enough for coming to China to save me.

"You will be happy to hear that we are still persevering in spite of increasing pressures to change our minds. But it grieves me to report that I am still the same lukewarm weakling. My Rosary is a guiding star on this sea of sorrow. I have said it faithfully every day since you left. It is Mary, I am sure, who has so lovingly made it possible to receive daily Communion even under present conditions.

"You must imagine my sorrow. You and most of the fathers have gone and we are left alone. I know for sure that God is blessing you for all you did for us, His poor lost children. You left your country, your friends, your home to come out here to lead us to God. Your years of labor and sacrifices inspire me to hold fast. Pray that I may stay firm.

"You cannot direct me as of old, but please, please remember me, bewildered and afraid. It is all so incredible! But may God's will be done. Pray! Pray!

Your old pupil,"

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

Assignment



scrambling down many a deep canyon.

When Sidro enrolled in the school, he paid his tuition of three dollars a month with the money he had saved during vacation. His meager earnings were really the fruit of "sweat and tears," for there was no other way of earning a few cents in his village but by stripping Manila hemp. And this is back-breaking work. But Sidro was an orphan and ambitious for an education, so he spent the summer months stripping Ma-

Sidro's pastor writes out his talk for the next day in the presence of a lay assistant. If he is called out during the night the assistant reads the sermon to the people. Below Father Neri climbs the mountains with boy scouts.

PADER, I WANT TO GO HOME."
"Why, Sidro?" I asked.
"A cousin brought me sad news. My grandpader is bery, bery ill."

"Has your grandfather been baptized?"

"No, Pader."

"Do you wish him to go to heaven?"

"O yes, Pader!"

So I outlined for Sidro the fundamental truths to be believed and taught him how to baptize. He repeated the instructions, then the words and ceremony of baptism. The next morning Sidro served Mass and received Holy Communion; after a hurried breakfast I wished him Godspeed on his journey.

Isidro, Sidro for short, was one of the pioneer students when the St. Joseph Mission school was opened a couple of years ago. He came from the last village in Bukidnon Province, Philippine Islands, bordering on the Moro country of Lanao. It is a remote village, reached only by crossing many rivers, by climbing many a steep hill and



for Sidro

nila hemp and saving his hard-earned pennies for tuition.

He was a diligent student, not brilliant, but well above the average. He finished his first year with good marks. Then another summer of stripping *abaca* and saving whatever he could. When school reopened, Sidro was back. To economize, he asked to live in the dormitory and prepare his own food. It was simple fare, corn meal mostly, that he had lugged on his back from his native village in the hinterland.

Several months after classes began, I was assigned to St. Joseph's mission. It was, incidentally, a temporary assignment that has kept me there indefinitely. A first scrutiny of my new charges revealed that several boys had not yet received their first Holy Communion, that three were still unbaptized, and Sidro one of them! After several weeks of intense preparation, the boys were all ready for baptism. Sidro

An old patriarch from the Bukidnon mountains gratefully receives absolution from Father Neri.



had for his Padrino, or sponsor, Major Hidalgo, a hero of the Philippine resistance, personal friend and cooperater with Father Haggerty S.J., the famed "Guerilla Padre."

The young neophyte was soon learning to serve at the altar. The child of the Moro mountains was skipping through the Latin intricacies of the *confiteor* and the tongue-twisting phrases of the *suscipiat*. He soon learned to serve Mass alone and teamed with three others for the High Mass. He was in his glory manipulating the censer through the Solemn High Mass of the fiesta.

It was on that occasion, with the odor of incense still fresh upon him, that he asked to go home to his ailing grandfather, who had been father to him since infancy. He set off early on the following morning, impelled by the fear of being too late, half-walking, half-running through the day, stopping only at the crest of each hill to catch his breath. Here was his story as he told it a few days later on his return to St. Joseph's.

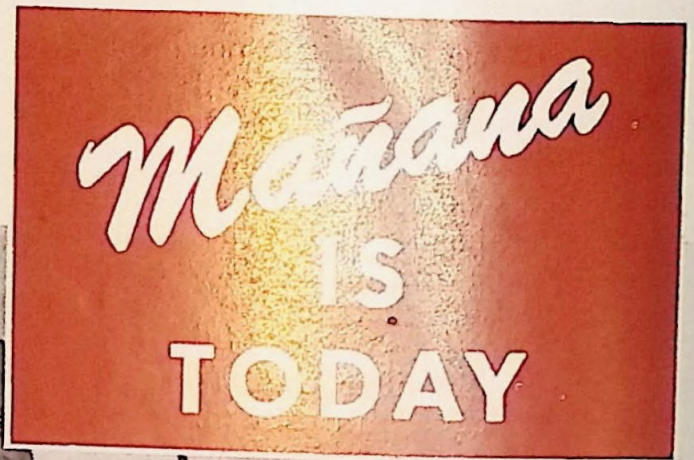
"When I entered the village at dusk, I heard crying. My heart began to throb very fast because I thought I came too late. A cousin spotted me as I approached my grandpader's house and his tearful eyes make me think it is all over. As I enter the house, they whisper that Sidro has come. My grandpader, gasping for breath, seems to get new life and his eyes open as I kneel at his bed. There is no time to lose. I ask him to repeat with me truths of the *Credo* and then I pour the water while I say—'Pedro, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' There was a new light in his eyes as he grasped my hand and expressed his gratitude that I had come. He had lived until Sidro came to him. Soon he died; and I am sure, Pader, that old Pedro go to knock at the door of St. Pedro. I felt lonely, Pader, but I was happy in my heart because I open the gate of heaven for my dear grandpader."

We have many potential Sidros in the hinterland of Mindanao. If we can only get them to our mission school, for even a couple of years! What a tremendous aid it will be to have these children of the mountains bring the Light of Faith back into the darkness of the paganism that broods over their mountain villages!

JAIME NERI S.J.

IN THE TROPICAL LUSHNESS OF THE CARIBBEAN islands, *manana* has been more than a word of Spanish origin. It has been a way of life. Why dissipate one's energies today, when the work can await that beautiful, if illusory, tomorrow? Jamaicans have not been immune to this habit of procrastination. Perhaps there was a reason; there were so many obstacles, all rooted in poverty, that presented an almost insurmountable barrier to social progress. To the casual observer, it seemed that

TROPICAL JAMAICA stirs out of lethargy as new activities break the spell of the old *manana* outlook.



nothing less than a miracle could awaken the island from its lethargy. To this observer, at least, the "miracle" has been manifested. It has a twofold nature, material and spiritual; and the latter would have little impact without the former.

The material aspect has transformed Jamaica's North Shore into a tourist Mecca and a hive of bustling activity. The long-neglected mineral wealth of the island has

Bright skies, sparkling blue waters and waving palms furnish setting for new tourist hotels springing up along Montego Bay on Jamaica's scenic North Shore. (Photo by Panam Airways.)

been unearthed with the development of the bauxite mines. What is far more important, the old idea of exploitation has been superseded by one of benevolent permanent development. For once the bauxite supplies are exhausted, the lands will be converted into cattle country. Thanks especially to Reynolds Metal Co. and its affiliates, cattle experimentation on the island has reached a hitherto undreamed of scale. Where formerly the farmer eked out an existence hap-

JOHN CARROLL S.J.

hazardly dependent on the natural fertility of the land, now he is aided by the best advice that scientific farming can provide. His future is assured. The hundreds of work crews outside Ocho Rios, stimulated by the best wage scale the Jamaican worker has known and the possibility of acquiring a trade, provide a refreshing contrast to the indolence of yesterday.

Nor has the material transformation been entirely the work of foreigners. We Catholics are proud of the role played by the



On the more drab South Shore, another outstanding Catholic, Lennie Chang, architect and contractor, is transforming otherwise unappealing centers into attractive villages with personally trained work crews. The new St. Peter and Paul Church in Kingston with its functional beauty is a tribute to his ingenuity and taste. The generous gift of Lennie's time and advice has made possible the continued expansion of the Church's physical plants in the face of spiraling construction costs.

As Jesuit missionaries, we are particularly pleased to know that these men have been trained under our direction both in Jamaica and in the States. What Reynolds has done in attracting foreign capital to the island, men such as the Issas and Chang have done in encouraging Jamaicans to invest their capital at home where it will give employment to thousands otherwise jobless.

In the wake of the material transformation has come the spiritual aspect of the "miracle." The staggering number of unemployed of former years produced a spirit of apathy in things spiritual as well as material. With Reynolds and the bauxite mines, and the island's own sons, have come hope and, with hope, ambition. The spiritual "miracle" was consummated in the establishment of the minor seminary. To this observer, the picture today is not unlike that of 102 years ago, when the Spanish Jesuit exiles made Catholic lay leadership a reality in Jamaica by establishing St. George's College as a font of Jamaican spiritual leadership.

(left) Aerial tramway carries ore buckets from bauxite mines of Reynolds Jamaica Mines, Ltd. below. Modern mining equipment transforms the Island's labor technique. (Photos by Reynolds.)

House of Issa in making tourism one of the mainstays of the Jamaican economy. As the older generation pioneered in merchandising, so the younger Issa generation is pioneering in the island's newest bonanza. We look with delight on the achievements of Joe and Abe Issa, both of whom have demonstrated what a thorough knowledge of modern advertising, gleaned from the States, can do. Tower Isle Hotel, their pioneer venture in a resort-hotel *a la* Palm Beach, has set the standard for more than fourteen hotels mushrooming between Port Antonio and Montego Bay, the extremities of the North Shore.



Witchcraft is no problem to these Santal boys with Father Morrison. It is to their parents.



Witchcraft ON THE Ganges

INDIA'S MOON OF MAGIC IS FLOATING UP over the ridge to the east as I write. If a tenth of the stories I have heard during the years I have worked with Santals were true, several witches should be zooming back and forth across its mellow globe on their broomsticks. Old blind Mary, for one, now asleep in her hut on the mission property, though she is so fat her broom would need a rocket boost for the take off, and Susannah too. Konka, the shrivelled old man who lives in his cabin on the edge of the forest, called Susannah a witch, and some people think he should know, because he performs bloody sacrifices to the Devil. But Konka changed his tune when I took Susannah, in tears, to the police station, and reported him.

Recently another witch case made me see red, not so much on account of the ignorant

villagers who called the woman a witch, but because of the wily old rascal at the bottom of it all who makes a fat living on the fears and superstition of the poor.

It happened this way. The cattle in the village of Wahanpur began to sicken and a council was held. They should have called a veterinary who might have stopped the epidemic in its tracks at the cost of a few rupees. Instead, they sent a delegation trudging fifty miles across country to village Bongadih to consult a famous witch-doctor.

Drawing near to the village they respectfully inquired of a neighbor if the honored doctor might be in residence. He was, and almost always is. He is a rare combination of a better mouse-trap and one-born-every-minute. In the course of years he has built

up a numerous clientele. Santals seek his advice from many miles around and his influence reaches far across the Ganges. But these Santals with a problem were not admitted to the Presence at once. It is not that easy. The man in the inner office is available only at a price.

"Do you wish to consult the Honored Doctor?" inquired Assistant One.

"Oh yes, if we may," replied the hopeful spokesman.

"But you must know that the Honored Doctor has arrived at his great knowledge only after years of meditation and penance. And at no little cost too."

"We shall pay anything the Honored Doctor may ask," came back the village headman, fingering the little bulge in his waist cloth that contained their hard-won savings.

"What might your trouble be?" chimed in Assistant Two. They told him. "And what

No broomsticks for witches in India. The handleless broom is used for sweeping.



families live in your village?" asked Assistant One. They told that too. And they gave more details until both assistants had a good idea of who lived in the village, whom it would be safe to stigmatize as a witch, and the fee that the troubled villagers might be willing to pay.

The assistants then withdrew, leaving the villagers to cool their heels until the witch doctor had received the necessary information. Then they were admitted into the presence of a half naked, shifty eyed little man, clad in a waist cloth and squatting cross legged on an old rope bed before a mud and thatch house.

The visitors salaamed respectfully and stated their business. Their cattle were sick. Would the Honored Doctor please tell them.

Who is the witch killing off their cattle?

A leaf of the sarjom tree was produced by one assistant, and a small jar of quindee oil was handed over by another. The witch-doctor poured a few drops of the oil on the leaf, rubbed the oil over the surface of the leaf with the palm of his hand and studied it intently. Then with an air of absolute finality and certainty he named the witch. It was as easy as that.

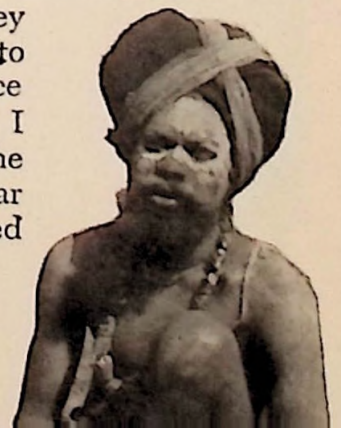
The headman willingly paid the fee which represented the savings of several men for many months, and the party, satisfied, returned home.

But now the trouble had only started. A second village council was called and the suspected witch and her husband were hailed before the members. The man was told that his wife had been declared the witch. Oh, no, there was no doubt about it. The Honored Doctor does not make mistakes and the size of his fee had assured his interest in the case. Charles would pay this large fine, and at once. Mary, his wife, would stop making the cattle ill,—or else. And furthermore, Charles and Mary would clear out of the village for good.

Charles and Mary were both badly frightened. Suspected witches are sometimes beaten, and even killed, and the villagers were in an ugly mood. Charles paid the fine, but took a chance and remained in the village.

In ten days another village council was called. Cattle had died. Charles and Mary paid a second fine, and in desperation, Charles reported the matter to the police. A constable was sent to make inquiries, but this only made matters worse, as it cost the headman and his party a pretty sum to bribe the constable sufficiently to have him turn in a report favorable to them.

Now Charles and Mary, though Catholics, are lax Catholics. Also, their village is far from the mission, and it was not until all else had failed that they reported the matter to me. An uneasy peace was established after I got in touch with the magistrate, but I hear the trouble has started again.



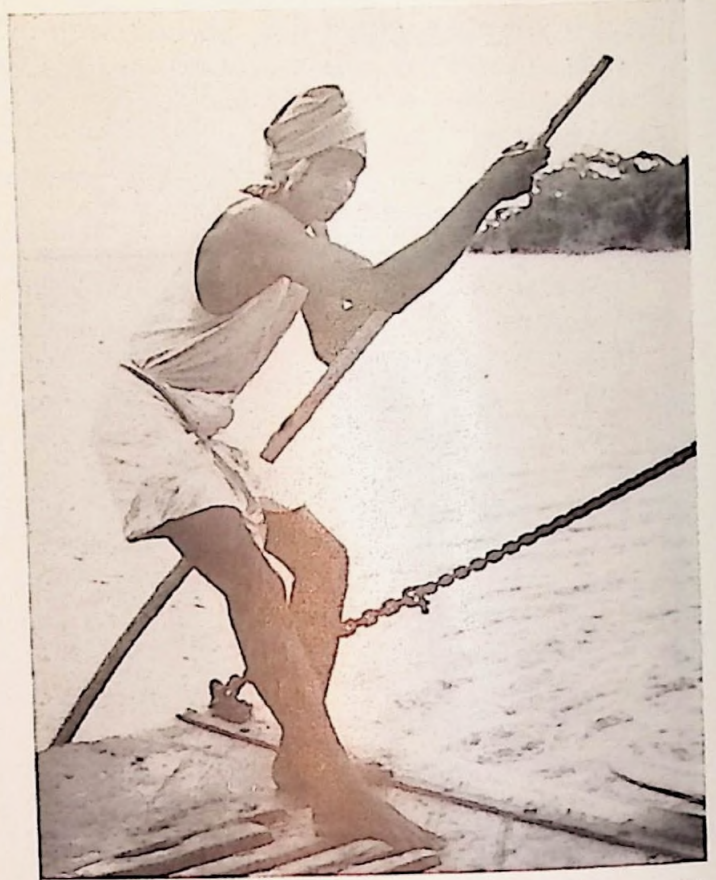
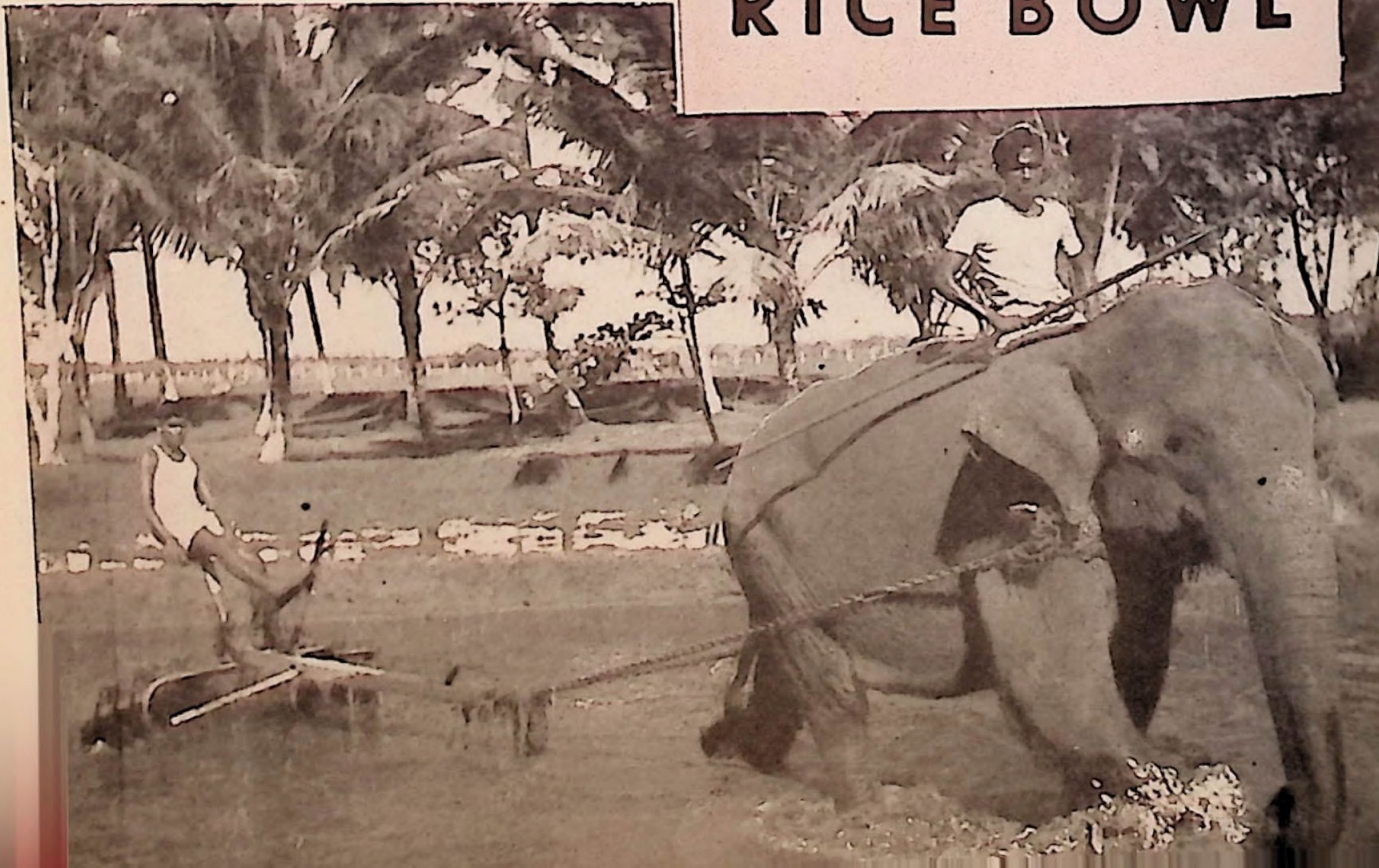
JOHN W. LANGE S.J.

WITH ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE OFFING, may I say a few words about another paddy, a very important one here in the East? For paddy means rice and rice is the staff of life for millions in this part of the world. Where there is rice, there is prosperity and happiness; where there's no rice, there is starvation. It's as simple as that. People out here don't speak of food in the same general terms that Americans use. They speak of rice.

The Eastern Province of Ceylon, where the Trincomalee Mission lies, used to be known in ancient times as the "Granary of the East." It lost that title to Burma years ago, and is now fighting to regain it. Four-fifths of Ceylon's rice at present has to be imported. And there is never enough to satisfy all of the seven million mouths that have to be fed with it. We have just begun our twelfth year of rice rationing! The government imports it, subsidizes the cost and rations it to the hungry population. Naturally, the government can't go on doing that indefinitely, so they are taking steps to restore their own native granaries.

A thousand years or so ago, the old kings of Ceylon, in spite of their incessant wars, managed to keep the numerous population fed. They performed prodigious engineering

Ploughing a rice paddy. Tractor, native style, is geared for power, not speed. *(Three Lions.)*



Native ferryman poles his barge, laden with rice, across the harbor of Ganza in Ceylon.

Ceylon's
RICE BOWL

feats in constructing water works for irrigating the paddy fields. Parakrama Bahu the Great, according to tradition, swore a mighty oath that he would not permit one drop of the rain that fell upon Lanka to return to the sea without first doing its duty in the paddy fields. And, judging from the very imposing ruins of his dams and waterways, he came very near realizing his ambition.

The irrigation department of the Ceylon government has been laboring for years to reclaim the ancient works, and to build new dams. Take, for instance, the lake at Polonnaruwa, Parakrama's capital: the ancient dam, part of a tremendous earthwork enclosing a chain of three artificial lakes that well merited the name of "Parakrama's Ocean," lay breached for centuries to an extent of 300 yards.

The irrigation department made two unsuccessful attempts to close the breach. They brought in all the latest tractors, earth-movers and excavating machinery and threw a huge labor force into the task. But they couldn't succeed in closing the gap. The rains came and washed everything away before they could raise the earthwork high enough. Then, in 1942, one of the engineers got a brain wave: he laid a six-foot culvert under the bund, and, through this, harmlessly drained off the water that accumulated. When the earthwork was complete, to a height of 40 feet or more, the culvert was removed, the hole plugged and the dam was once again ready to impound water for Ceylon's paddy fields. How the ancient builders of this imposing dam managed to do the work without machines is still a mystery.

Parakrama's Ocean is only one of the big irrigation projects in the Trincomalee Mission. Two years ago, the Ceylon government signed a contract with the Morrison-Knudsen International Co., of San Francisco for the construction of a new dam down in the southern part of the Mission. M.K.I., as the company is designated, is one of the biggest construction companies in the world. The job they have now nearly completed, in record time, is \$15,000,000 worth of irrigation and hydro-electric works, and a lake 35 square miles in area. This will go far towards solving Ceylon's rice problems, as it will irrigate many thousands of acres.

All of Ceylon has been amazed at the way the Americans tackled the big project, and at the pace they maintained. Their gargantuan machines spewed out thousands of

cubic yards of concrete and earth, transforming the landscape before your very eyes. As the work progressed and gathered momentum, dozens of huge machines made their appearance in the middle of the jungle. The railway line to Batticaloa, rail-head for the project, groaned and protested under the mighty volume of freight it had to carry. Huge diesel tractors, whose snarling din could be heard for miles, plied the roads night and day, hauling the equipment down the 56 miles from Batticaloa to the dam site.

The Ceylonese have learned something, too, about Americans since M.K.I. came here. They have learned, for instance, that Americans are prodigious workers. It has been a cause of no little astonishment to them to see the white bosses doing the work themselves, instead of just standing off and ordering someone else to do it. They have marvelled to see neatly groomed executives step out of their offices, take off their shirts, and climb up to drive a tractor or an excavating machine when a particularly ticklish piece of work had to be expertly done.

If this one lesson goes down it will mean something for us missionaries, because until now the people have pictured all Americans as rolling in indolent wealth! They see now that if America is a wealthy nation, it is solely because the people of America work.

Panniers are filled with some of the produce of Ceylon's 5,430 acres under rice cultivation.

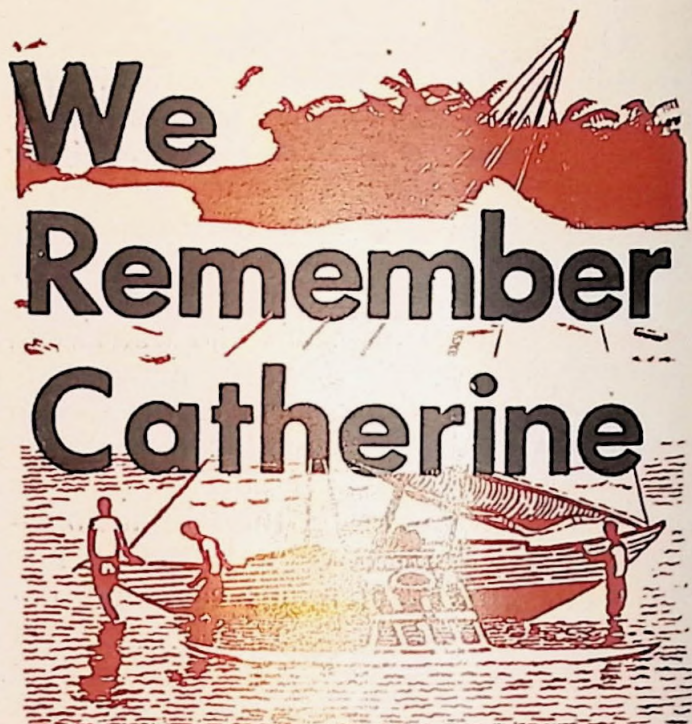




Catherine sailed a canoe across Tomil harbor.

CATHERINE LAETAMAN LIVED IN THE village of Teb. It belongs to the Tomil district of the island of Yap and lies on the shore of Tomil harbor across from the village of Nemar, one of the older mission stations. If, by chance, one hears of Catherine in Teb or inquires of her among the faithful who attend Mass at Saint Christina's Church in Nemar, this is the simple story that will be told.

Catherine was an old lady. Despite that, she sailed a canoe, the weather and wind



FREDERICK C. BAILEY S.J.

permitting, across Tomil harbor every Sunday and holyday in order to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Sailed a canoe! In my five years on these islands I have never seen a woman, young or old, sailing a canoe. For that is a hazard willingly left for the men. When the weather was nasty and the water choppy, Catherine poled and paddled a bamboo raft to church. Heroic.

After Mass she always circulated among the people who sat about the church and asked them to pray for her people of Tomil. Children were her special friends. She carried a little basket of Yap delicacies for them. These she gave them with the plea: "Pray for Tomil."

Tomil was a stronghold of the native religion. Few of its Catholics—there was only a small minority of them—were distinguishable from their pagan neighbors. But the devil, hard hearts and bad example never dismayed Catherine. She was sure that prayer could move mountains.

Nemar was kind to her. The people she met there listened to her, promised to pray and kept their promise. Father Luis, the Spanish Jesuit resident in Nemar, encouraged and consoled her.

Tomil was cruel to her and the men, especially the men, derided her. She lived close by the *valu*—the men's house. She tied her canoe and raft to the pier in front of it. Whenever she passed it on her way home from Mass, the men, Catholic as well

as pagan, insulted her. She smiled. She offered the humiliation to God. She prayed for them.

Then came the recent war and no Mass, but Catherine went on praying and asking others to do the same. The war ended. Shortly after that, Catherine died.

When I came to Yap five years ago, I heard nothing of Catherine. However, I heard much from Tomil. Many pagans asked for instruction and were baptized. The Catholics, with few exceptions, returned to the fervent practice of their faith. Apostles sprung up on every side. Tomil became my joy and I wished that other districts would only do as well.

One day about three years ago I received a donation for the erection of a chapel. I immediately thought of Tomil. The people were delighted when I told them. Soon the plan was ready and the men, pagan as well as Catholics, started to work.

It was finished for Christmas 1950. Since that day we have celebrated Mass there on all Sundays and holydays, on all Wednesdays and on the feast of Saint Catherine of Sienna. Why on her feast day? Because the chapel is Saint Catherine's. Mind you, I did not name it Saint Catherine's because I knew the story of Catherine Laetaman. I heard of her only this year. It was so named because the money was received through the will of a Miss Catherine Bailey, no relation of mine, who requested that the chapel be dedicated to Saint Catherine, her patroness.

Coincidence, you say? Perhaps it is. But I rather think that Catherine Bailey and Catherine of Sienna, from their vantage point in heaven, know better. They would see it as God's answer to the prayers of Catherine of Tomil.

A happy couple of the Western Carolines. An old woman named Catherine is remembered because she brought the faith to many such couples.



Come, follow me

I HAD LEFT THE LAND OF "UR OF THE CHALDEES" for an assignment in Jerusalem. My journey was much swifter and more comfortable than that of Abraham when God called him out of Ur to establish His people in the land of their destiny. The transdesert bus from Iraq to Damascus and the sleek American cars on to Beirut and Jerusalem sped over many a desert mile of the ancient caravan routes.

In fact, the very speed and comfort of the journey seemed almost indecent as I reflected on the long, arduous and hazardous trail of the noble Patriarch across so much of the same difficult terrain. Yet I felt a curious and humbling sense of companionship with him in spite of the wide chasm of centuries between us. For he had come to establish the remote antecedents of that same Christ in whose service I too had been summoned to the Holy Land.

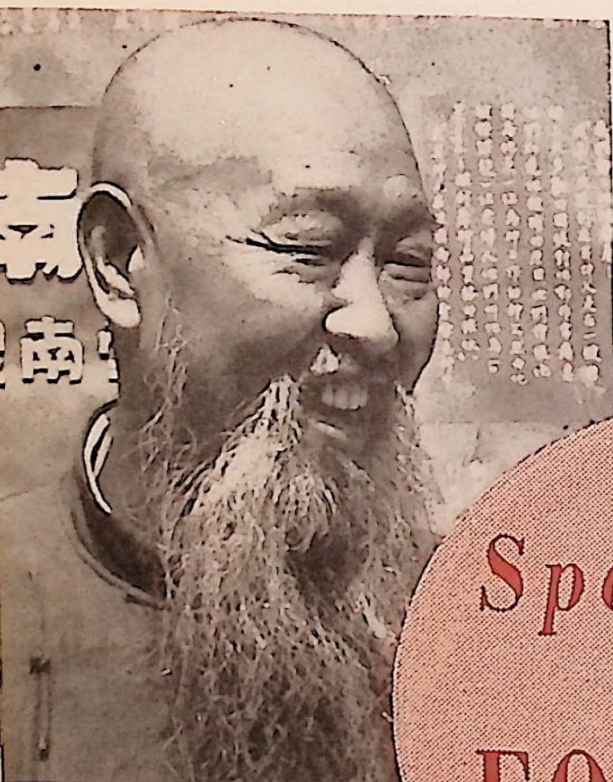
My arrival there was in early January. It was in the very heart of the Nativity season and I could not have selected a happier time for my introduction to the homeland of Christ.

On the feast of the Epiphany I made my first visit to Bethlehem. Before dawn I set out from Jerusalem in the shadow of the Magi to follow them on foot to the little town, a mere six miles away, where they had found and adored their Eternal King. With the Magi, too, I felt the same companionship. For their quest was my quest—the same Christ who is the central figure of all history, who binds all men of every era and condition into a common brotherhood of love and sonship of God—the Christ who is the Prince of Peace.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



Archbishop Joseph Kuo, newly consecrated Metropolitan of Taipei. (below) Catechist reflects warmth and wisdom of Old China.



Inspecting building permit on site of new library for Catholic. Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J., Prefect Apostolic of Yangchun; Father Paul O'Brien S.J., Mission Superior; Father Murphy S.J., Mission Superior.

Ever since China fell to the Communists, the island has been increasing in importance as a missionary area. It has been swelled by thousands of mainland Chinese fleeing the terror. Many exiled missionaries have found there a place to still work for their beloved Chinese as well as for the world.

Recognizing the island's new importance, the Church has elevated the Prefecture of Taipei to the status of a Metropolitan See. Archbishop Joseph Kuo, former Prefect Apostolic, is the first Archbishop of Taipei.

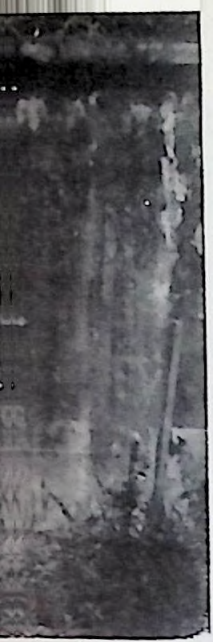
New prefectures are being created and one of these is being assigned to the Jesuits of California. It is the district of Hsinchu.

It will be Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J., recently expelled from China because of torture in prison. For the American Jesuits on Formosa, teaching and conducting research at the University of Taiwan, work, too, is being expanded.

Spotlight
ON
FORMOSA

Fr. Shaules S.J., picnics with English students.





udent Center—
Father Edward
Vice-visitor.

Formosa has
population has
from the Red
where they may
ive Formosans.
has raised the
with Monsignor
shop.

been assigned
Jesuit Superior
Falhy S.J., re-
eight months
past two years
a have been
atholic center
n Taipei. This



Jesuit members of Taiwan University faculty relax for photo with young Formosan.

class at Taipei.

Strenuous exercise at Taiwan University Field Day: but studies are more popular.





CHRIST *on Mount Dalma*

FRANCIS MCGAULEY S.J.

MR. JOSEPH HAMMETT S.J., SCOUTMASTER of our Loyola Troop in Jamshedpur, had arranged a week-end camping trip to Mount Dalma, the highest peak along the rugged, mountainous range of jungle forest surrounding the "Steel City" of India. Father Simon Kirch S.J., cheerfully volunteered to go along as chaplain. Packing his Mass kit, he labored up the steep, twisting jungle trail in pace with forty scouts and four scholastics, Messrs. Kennedy, Roberts, Hammett and myself.

Father Kirch was uncomplaining until we reached the trail's end. Then he sat down wearily on the rough stone steps of our cabin and, shaking the sweat from his eyes,

The Author looks thru rose-colored glasses.



he reverted to his role of Physics Master at Loyola School to give us all a disquisition on the physical laws of heat. It turned out to be the proper keynote for the trip. For there was heat in the hundred degree tropical sunshine; the hot spice of Indian curries and

chillies put fire into all the food; the hot sting of mosquitoes seared us when we tried to sleep; there was even a forest fire close to the camp to add a further intensity.

Exploring the mountainside on our first full day at camp thrilled the scouts with excitement that the elders probably shared but managed to conceal. Those fresh claw prints: were they tiger tracks? Nobody felt venturesome enough to follow them to a test. There was no mistaking the elephant signs, however. The newly crushed underbrush and battered trees told us, as did the fresh heaps of dung, that the herd was nearby. The boys were tense with the expectation of catching a view of them, but we saw nothing more than a few frightened monkeys that scurried away at our approach. Nothing more, that is, until one of the scout packs came rushing terrified out of a cave they had started to explore. The resentful growling of an Indian bear had voiced his irritation at having his afternoon's siesta disturbed.

The trail brought us finally to a clearing on the mountainside where a group of Sadhus (Hindu ascetics) lived in caves, like the ancient Christian hermits of the wilderness. A mud wall sealed off the entrance of each cave, except for a narrow opening. As we approached, one of the Sadhus came out of his cell and with a deep scowl on his face ordered us to stop. The path in front of his



(above) One of Hindu Scouts who saw Christ on Mt. Dalma. (left) Scouts prepare spicy Indian dishes that scorch the palates of uninitiate.

cell was "holy ground." So following his directions, we detoured his cloister and made for the bottom of a long series of jagged steps that led to a cavernous gap in the mountainside. It was the "temple" of the Sadhus, a place much frequented during the Hindu festivals.

The boys asked our Sadhu if they might examine the temple. He turned dreamily and nodded assent, then added the warning—"Jutay, jutay!" This, too, was holy ground so we had to take off our shoes to make the ascent. We stepped cautiously out of the last glimmer of daylight as we advanced into the cavernous darkness of the temple. In the dim light of the entrance our faces were swept by what seemed to be a huge spider web. It proved to be a sort of curtain of streamers hanging from the ceiling, with various charms and talismans tied to them, devices to scare the evil spirits away.

"Look, Father, someone is over there," came a whispered warning from one of the boys. Two bright eyes stared fixedly out of the gloom. Drawing closer, we lit a match and saw that it was merely two dabs of phosphorous paint put on the wall to resemble human eyes. Beneath them, the flickering match revealed a reddish stone set on

a mud altar. One of the boys explained—"This is what they worship." This was the idol before which so many pilgrims prayed in their search for God.

The memory of that cave returned to me vividly on the following morning. There is not much time for quiet reflection during a scout encampment. From the moment when some eager lad who has seen Leslie Howard in the fencing scene from *Romeo and Juliet* jabs a bamboo pole into your ribs in the early morning with a challenge to play Tybalt to his Romeo, until the last echoes of the evening song-fest have died away, the scouts are a busy and chattering lot. But there was that hour of silence each morning. Those were the moments when Christ came to Dalma and many of our boys saw Him for the first time. Father Kirch offered the Sacrifice of the Mass each morning on the porch of our cabin and we knelt along with the Catholic boys on the ground below. Many of the Hindu and Parsee boys stood off to the side where they watched and listened curiously during the Mass. They were attentive to the reading of the Gospel and later some of them remarked—"We knew everything that Father read. We studied it in Bible History." But when Father Kirch pronounced the words of consecration and raised Christ in his hands for all to see, they did not understand that it was the same Christ of whom they heard in the Gospel. That mysterious reddish stone in the Sadhus' cave meant as much to them as did the Sacred Host. So we prayed during the silence of the Mass that our non-Christian friends would one day discover the great truth and find their Divine Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament. He was on Mount Dalma but they did not recognize Him.

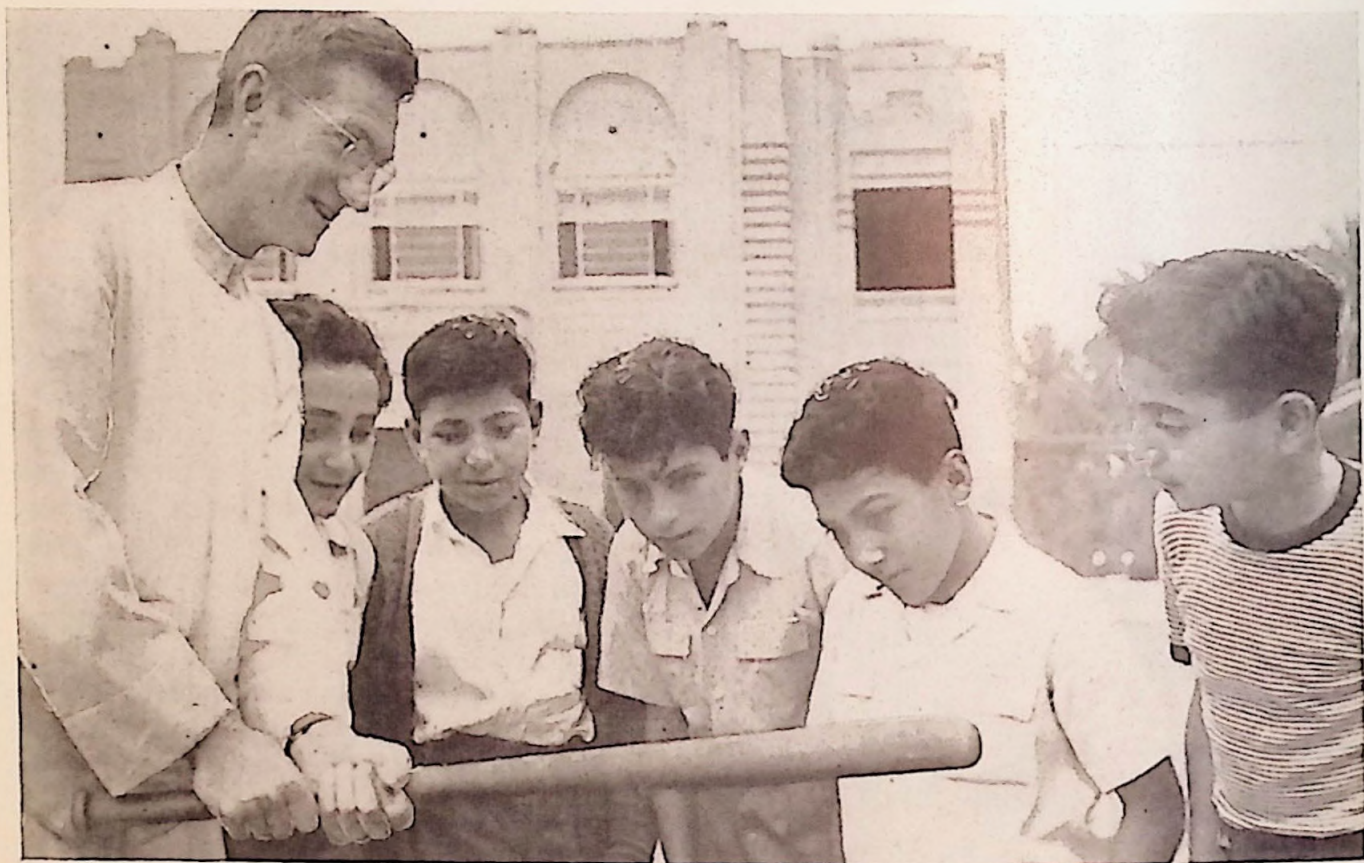
Loyola's Scoutmaster before Mount Dalma.



USE THAT TITLE WITH APOLOGIES to the late Gertrude Lawrence, who featured the song in her last Broadway role as the alien school teacher in "The King and I." With a shift of scene from Siam to the Tigris and, of course, a change in the teacher's sex, "Getting To Know You" might very well be the theme song for one's first year of teaching at Baghdad College.

"GETTING TO KNOW YOU"

ROBERT T. FERRICK S.J.



Baghdad boys getting to know Fr. Cronin of New Haven and how Ted Williams holds baseball bat.

Getting to know the Baghdad boy comes only with constant and varied experiences with him and his ways. The process is speeded—or impeded—by the fact that from the first meeting the young Baghdadis are also getting to know the teacher. Take, for example, the first day of school. You tell them your name. It has a strange sound in their ears. They find it difficult to pronounce; so, as is the way of the boy, the difficulty is bypassed, some characteristic is singled out, (complimentary or not, depending on your sensitivities) and the teacher is tagged.



Baghdad College's
Robert T. Ferrick

In my own case, a height of six feet plus made it easy. *Abouna Taweel*—the "long Father"—had come into his own. Came the winter with a new local cinema-hero, and the "long one" in his black cape took on a new identity; he was now "Flash Gordon." Each morning I was subjected to merry little quips about rocket ships, invisible rays and men from Mars. But I had to insist that they insert "Father" into the script; so Father Flash and his minions resounded through the corridors and on the playing fields until the serial ended in the local cinema and my glory was eclipsed. By this time, I thought, they had had their fun and I began to apply the pressure of a more strict discipline. Soon I was no longer tall, flashy nor flight-happy. I was now *Abouna Sa'ab*,—the "hard Father."

On the more serious side, there was the gradual revelation of some of those dominant factors that influence the Eastern temperament, though the revelation was not necessarily imparted by incidents of serious nature. There was that hectic day on the ball field, for instance.

Much has been written on the fatalistic philosophy of the Oriental and though philosophy is a rather grand word to apply to youngsters in Second High, it is a polite way of describing some of their baffling antics. Westerners are urged to be patient and understanding with the attitude expressed by such phrases as "what does it matter?", "never mind," or "tomorrow,"—current phrases that reflect a fatalistic acceptance of things as inevitable. But I would challenge these apostles of understanding to remain patient and serene when your room team is playing its strongest rival in the Second High League, holding a four-run lead in the last of the ninth, with the victory cup in the balance, only to see the team go to pieces quite unperturbedly and succumb to a five-run rally by the opposition.

With two men out, a dropped fly, a momentary loss of control by our pitcher abetted by an umpire with defective vision (so I claim) all conspired to fill the bases. They were cleared by a score-tying homer. My team seemed to sense defeat. I tried madly to rally them from the third base line. But *maktoob* was their calm reply—"it is foredoomed." And as if to prove them right the opponents went on to score the winning run. How would my fine apostles of "patience and understanding" have reacted to such a minor catastrophe?

More easily understandable is that gracious Eastern hospitality. An early experience of its spontaneous warmth came when I first accompanied our boarders to the downtown cinema. The main attraction was a comedy featuring Budabutt and Lu Kostelo, who proved to be the redoubtable pair of Bud Abbot and Lou Costello. Before the slap-stick sent the scrubbed schoolboys into convulsions, Father was the center of a private comedy in a minor key. His entrance, observed by new-found friends, brought rivers of Pepsi Cola "with the compliments of Hannah, Yusuf, Jamal, etc." In keeping with custom, you had to drink every last drop or give offense. Then the boys began to lavish their attentions on Father. Chocolate bars, gum drops, chew-

ing gum; he was faced with an embarrassment of choice from which young Chabah extricated him by dumping a fistful of salted watermelon seeds into his hand with the assurance—"They are the best, believe me, Father." His awkwardness in manipulating the local delicacy was not unnoticed. It is a fine art, cracking the seeds with the teeth, and separating the husk from the kernel with the tongue. Father was grateful when the house lights went out and he was able to dispose of the seeds unobtrusively.

Such are the procedures by which one gets to know his boys. There is no dearth of revealing incidents; the classroom, the study hall, the athletic field, the off-campus excursions to the cinema or picnic grounds, all bring out facets of their many-sided and fascinating characters. In getting to know them, incidentally, the teacher also gets to know a good many things about himself. For he is living in a world of new experiences, his reactions to which he could not have divined by mere speculation. Behind all the humorous moments, he realizes the wealth that is to be probed, the alert, keen minds that are to be developed, the generous and noble, if impulsive, characters that are to be formed. But even more, here at Baghdad, he sees that there is a Catholicism to be strengthened, a divided Christianity to be healed, a Moslem people to befriend and to attract. Our boys of today are the men of tomorrow. Getting to know them now may be at times a laborious and formidable task. But one day we hope to find them the desired fruit of our toil, the men of our dreams.

Father McDonough has no trouble getting acquainted with the new boys. They love music.



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

**JANUARY: The Pontifical Association
of the Holy Childhood**

**FEBRUARY: Heroic Constancy of the
Clergy and Faithful of China**

THE PURPOSE OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD Association is best expressed by Pope Pius XII in his decree establishing a "Holy Childhood Day" to be observed each year on February second, the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady.

"To receive with great charity unwanted children, to nourish and bring them up as good Catholics, to pour over them the cleansing waters of Baptism, to give them a good schooling and teach them a trade, to fill them with the spirit of the Gospel and the Catholic name—all these tasks are the work of this Pontifical Society."

Taking its inspiration from the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Holy Childhood Association was founded in France by Bishop Forbin-Janson in 1843 as a missionary union of Catholic children of all countries. The United States,

Very Rev. Richard Ackermann C.S.Sp., the National Director of the Association of the Holy Childhood in the United States.



as a missionary country in those days, was helped by the prayers and alms of "The Little Saviours," as the Bishop called the children-members. Soon American branches were begun and today they flourish in all our Dioceses.

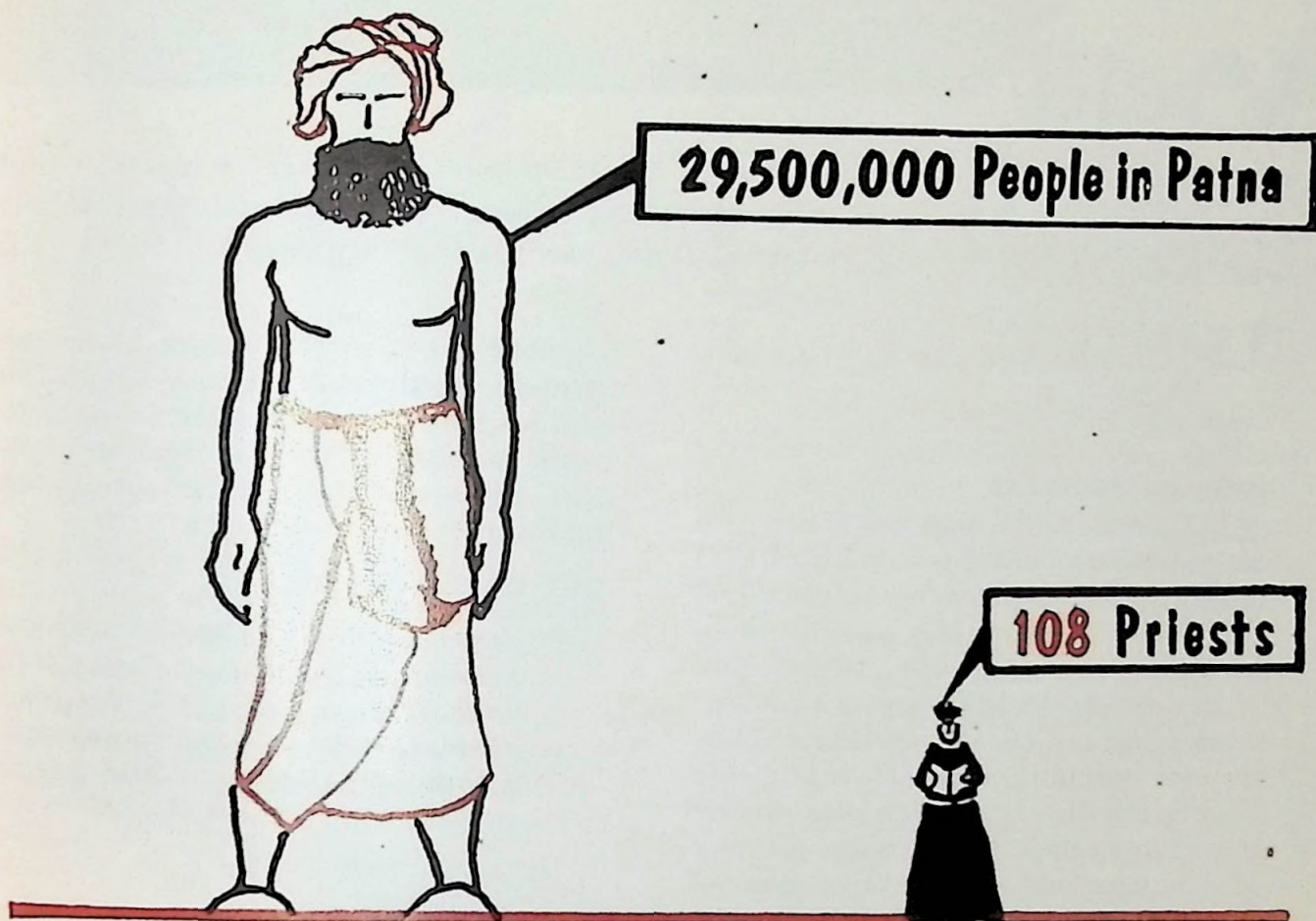
In the century of its existence, the children enrolled in the Association have contributed well over fifty million dollars which have been distributed to the missions under the supervision of the Holy See. At present, the Association supports 1,500 orphanages, 4,743 workshops where children receive manual training, and 11,600 schools. In 1952, the number of children in the missions helped by the Association totaled 385,704 in nurseries, 108,659 in orphanages and 2,802,159 in various schools.

This is indeed an enviable record and a source of pride to the Directors and promoters of the Association. But we must not forget the more important spiritual purpose of the Association. It is to teach the value of the Catholic Faith, to foster in them a love and zeal for souls, to encourage the exercise of the sublime virtue of Christian charity. It strives to gather the little ones of the Church around the Infant Jesus, to direct their attention to His loving example and to offer them an easy way of imitating His virtues. It teaches them that, by their prayers and sacrifices offered for the missions of the Church and for the children of the missions, as well as by their generosity, they are furthering the growth of Jesus' Kingdom.

Also, because the Association is similar in plan to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and its close connection with this great organization, membership in the Association of the Holy Childhood affords a valuable preparation for future membership in this adult mission-aid Society.

An explanation of the Mission intention for February, in more persuasive words than our own, will be found in the article on pages four and five of this issue.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.



IS A
CATECHIST
NECESSARY
?

In the Diocese of Brooklyn there are 5,238,000 people. To bring Christ to them there are 1,400 priests, — One for every 3,700.

In the Diocese of Patna, India there are 29,500,000 people. To teach them there are 108 priests — One for every 27,300.

To begin to reach his people the priest in Patna must have assistance. He finds it in his team of catechists. These instructed, zealous laymen teach the Catholics and the converts. They attract pagans to the priest and to Christ by their own good lives. They live in villages which the priest can reach only once in a while. Around the catechist the Church grows. That is why support of the catechist is so vital to the mission. Can you help by sending a dollar a day, a week, a month for the support of a Patna mission catechist?

Afield

WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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

LOOKING FORWARD

At the turn of the Year, we pause with our missionaries in the field to thank God fervently for the blessings of the Old Year, while invoking His bountiful help for the projects of the New. Missionaries, as you no doubt have reason to know, never cease to plan for the future. They are very optimistic souls. Their immense faith in Divine Providence and in the generosity of their friends makes them so. That is why they combine the vision of dreamers with the hard practical sense of the realists to achieve results that baffle the more cautious and calculating.

A missionary looks at the twisted wreckage of a building laid low by an earthquake, a hurricane, or the devastation of war. He spends little time bemoaning the tragedy. He begins to dream of a finer church or school rising on the

This church at Porus, Jamaica, recently dedicated by Bishop McEleney S.J., typifies the building program of the Vicariate to replace those destroyed by the hurricane of 1951.



ruins of the old. Then, with his unconquerable optimism, he beseiges both God and his friends with zealous importunity, while setting about the countless jobs that mean translating the dream into reality.

OUT OF THE WRECKAGE

Jamaica is a fine illustration of that missionary optimism inspired by faith. Here is a partial record of her missionaries' reaction to the devastating hurricane of eighteen months ago.

"It seems that all we do is dedicate new buildings," according to HIS EXCELLENCY, BISHOP JOHN MCELENEY, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica. "On the feast of the Stigmata of Saint Francis of Assisi we dedicated our new school at Alvernia, which is conducted by the Franciscan Sisters of Allegany, New York. It is a



thoroughly modern school; in fact, the most modern of all Jamaica's present schools.

"In October we dedicated the new diocesan seminary in Kingston and 'Claver House,' adjoining the orphanage and industrial schools at Alpha. It is to be a home for the girls who leave Alpha at the age of sixteen, where they may stay until they secure employment and adjust themselves to their new life. Lady Foote, wife of the Governor, turned the key that formally opened the house, and then gave a very effective address.

"Our building program keeps on apace. We are putting up a new Saint Anthony School with some help from the Government. It is immediately behind the Cathedral Rectory. It will be larger than the school at Alvernia and equally modern. Work began in August and we hope to have it completed in February.

"FATHER WILLIAM CONNOLLY, S.J., has the distinction of building two churches at the same time. His new church at Lionel Town is just completed and his church at May Pen is well on its way. FATHER MATTHEW ASHE, S.J., will have his newly restored school in Spanish Town dedicated soon. FATHER JOSEPH LEROY, S.J., is ready to choose a date for the dedication of his new church of Saints Peter and Paul. It is on the Old

Hope Road, not far from the West Indies University and will be next in size to our Cathedral."

PROJECTS IN THE PACIFIC

From the far islands of the Pacific another missionary bishop reflects the dreamer and the realist as he sketches some of the plans that are rapidly removing war scars from the Caroline and Marshall Islands:

After a recent visitation to his Vicariate, HIS EXCELLENCY, BISHOP THOMAS FEENEY, S.J., writes from his residence on Truk: "To date, on this visitation, I have travelled about ten thousand miles by plane and boat. I have travelled in every kind of boat known to these islands. Moving from the bigger ships to outboards and launches and whalers and outrigger canoes, it becomes more certain than ever that a missionary needs agility as well as zeal!

"On Truk the land originally taken from the Catholic Church during World War II by the Japanese has been returned to us. Buildings erected by the Japanese were the answer to our need for a boys' high school and a minor seminary. A corner of one building has been reserved as the Bishop's residence.

"After some essential renovations we

Children gather for May devotions outside their school on Truk, Caroline Islands.





opened the first Boys' High School in the Caroline-Marshall Islands. The standards are not precisely what you expect in America for your own sons. For example, our students range from sixteen to twenty-two years of age, but are currently grappling with sixth grade work. Equipment is of the simplest. The focal point of all is a plain little chapel, whose windows admit not only light but rain. However, we are determined that with God's help and the continued aid of our benefactors at home, this school will become the finest in the Trust Territory.

"On Ponape the last of a building program is now under way. This district enjoys a peculiar advantage in that FATHER HUGH COSTIGAN, S.J., and the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy have the invaluable aid of two lay missionaries, Kay and Dick Finn. Mrs. Finn helps the nuns in teaching while Dick oversees the construction projects.

"Back in the Marshalls on Jaluit, negotiations have been completed for the leasing of land where the Catholic School, destroyed by the Japanese, will be rebuilt under the direction of FATHER THOMAS DONAHUE, S.J."

NO TIME FOR TEARS

Our California Province missionaries, expelled from Red China, are not idling their time in unavailing tears. What Red China is tearing down they are cheerfully building up in their apostolate among dispersed Chinese in other lands.

A further call upon their generosity is being made, as FATHER JOHN LIPMAN, S.J., the Province Mission Procurator, informs us: "The California Province has been honored by Very Reverend Father General with a new missionary assignment, in addition to the existing China Mission. We have been asked to establish and staff a new Junior and Senior High School in Japan, in the now world famous city of Hiroshima.

"Reverend Father Provincial has indicated that he hopes to have the new school in operation by the fall. There

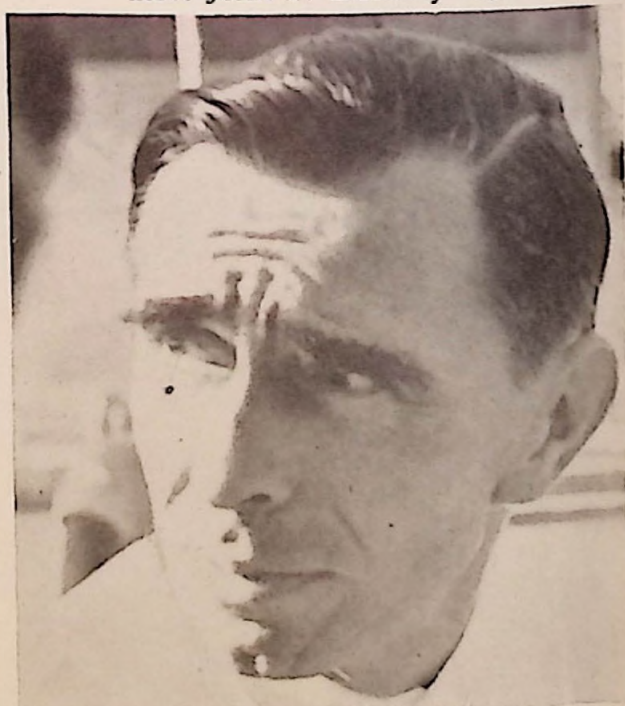
have been no definite decisions as to the personnel of the new school. In all probability most of the staff will be recruited from others than those presently assigned to the China Mission. But there is also the possibility that some of them will be asked to transfer to the new field of operations. The California Jesuits already working in Japan will undoubtedly form the nucleus of the new faculty, aided by the temporary loan of other men belonging to the Jesuit Mission of Japan.

CANA LEADS TO HAPPINESS

The missionary's projects involving bricks and mortar are only a stage toward his ultimate goal, the sanctification of his people. The Cana Movement in the Philippines has been a potent force in inspiring Catholics to sanctity in family life.

"The Cana Movement has been growing steadily in the Philippines," writes FATHER JOHN P. DELANEY, S.J., founder of the Movement there as he was years ago in the United States. "This past year the Movement has been rebelling against its too-prolonged infancy. It is restless, eager to get out of the cradle and move around a bit. In Manila, more than ten Cana Conferences have been held in a

Rev. John P. Delaney S.J.





Jesuits from Chicago Province enroute for Patna Mission are received in special audience by Holy Father. (left to right) Messrs. E. J. Daily, F. P. Chenderlin; Very Rev. John J. McMahon, New York Provincial; Frs. R. M. Rosenfelder, R. L. Zeitz; Bros. A. J. Nehr, J. LaMielle.

six-month period. The whole diocese of Lingayen has sprouted at least twelve Cana Clubs in as many towns. The movement has been introduced in Davao, in Capiz, in Batangas. Naga has been begging for an inauguration, and Baguio. Cana Conferences have been held in Tagalog as well as English.

"The Cana Movement looks to the spread of pre-marriage courses for young people. For the past six years such a course has been offered in connection with Catholic Action in the University of the Philippines. Just this month almost a thousand students packed the series of lectures. The young people sincerely aspire to the highest spiritual ideals of their vocation to marriage."

SUCCESS STORY

It is such triumphs of divine grace as the following that confirm the missionary in his optimism. For these, the dreaming and the building are eternally worth-while.

"About fifteen years ago a proud young Anglo Indian used to have discussions with me," writes FATHER JOHN MEYER, S.J., of India's Patna Mission. I told him that he would become a Catholic one day. He had an immense pride and vanity that were his downfall. They kept him from rising higher in the army than the rank of captain and led to his being cashiered for striking a fellow officer. He squandered his own, as well as his mother's and sister's, inheritance. He was sued as co-respondent in a divorce case, then jailed for rough handling a lawyer. He was bitter against society and drifted into Communism. We got him released from jail and his experience made him think. He took instructions and was received into the Church. It was heroic self-mastery as well as generous correspondence with God's grace. His religion means everything to him and all who knew him marvel at the change. His mother now has been inspired by his example to ask for baptism."

“ONE RIFLE, ONE BLANKET, and twenty bottles of hooch . . .”

That was the price paid by an Indian husband-to-be for an Indian girl many years ago on the upper Yukon in Alaska. The price varied of course, depending on the strength and beauty of the Indian maiden. Whether she could break trail all day with snowshoes, how much she could carry; these were all impor-



BRIDE OF THE *Yukon*

tant items in arranging the price. But the end results were very much the same, the girl became a slave in every sense of the word.

Then Christianity came to parts of this great river and Christ's teachings replaced the Indian "customs." The priest took the place of the medicine man, and women, who had been mere chattels to be ordered about, whose sole purpose for existence seemed to have been for man, were at last recognized as human beings with rights and freedom. They were not for sale. Marriage lost the aspect of the heathen and took on the beauty of a Sacrament. It is surely a study in contrasts, the marriage of today at Holy Cross Mission and the barter of yesterday.

The customs of the Indians of those early days make the hair stand upright. It was not unheard of for instance, that the wife be killed also at the death of her husband so that she might go into the great beyond to wait on him as she had done in this life. Wives were made to kneel upon the funeral

Claude Demientuff and his smiling bride, Martha Aucoun, represent the new tradition in Alaskan wedding customs.

pyre of their husband until their hair was burned off. In many instances female children were killed. But enough of the years long disappeared into history. Let us catch a glimpse of today, say at Holy Cross.

As with all marriages there is first the courtship. Marie had met Edward while skating down at the lake and Edward had asked if he might come and see her. As the older girls of the Mission are free to entertain the young man of their fancy of a Sunday afternoon, Edward became a regular visitor.

These visits were precluded by much primping and curling on the part of Marie, much pressing and patching by Edward and a good deal of excitement on the part of both. Months of Sunday afternoons roll by and love seems to have entwined two hearts. Indirectly, with much beating about the bush, the question finally comes out.

"Lots of snow last night," Edward says.

"Yes," Marie agrees.

JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

Silence.

"Joe and I cut two cords yesterday," Edward tries again.

"It must be hard to cut in deep snow."

"Yes," he ends that conversation.

Silence.

"Father says the mail plane is coming," Edward bravely starts up again.

"Good, it hasn't been in for two weeks."

Silence.

"Marie . . . would you like to marry me?" He is scared now that it is out.

"Yes." and her face is a deep red, flushed with happiness.

The banns are finally read in church and both Edward and Marie blush deeply as the dark, smiling eyes of all the younger children look their way. There is much teasing. But both of them are happy, contented to be teased . . . even enjoying it.

Finally the day of days arrives. The weeks previous have been busy ones for the Sisters of St. Ann. The bride will not appear before the altar in anything less than what befits such a wonderful sacrament. Indeed the little girls and boys stare with wide eyes as the bride enters the church. Some say the Sisters have a magic wand to wave over their stock of "used clothing" sent up by friends from the States. The music from the old pump organ begins.

Marie, a descendant of the native women who didn't know Christ, whose ideas of matrimony were so flimsy that the old Fath-

ers used to marry the "married" just after they had been baptized, kneels at the altar of the Blessed Mother. Her voice shakes just a trifle as she makes her supplication to the Mother of God. She asks that she might be a pure and holy wife, faithful to God and her husband in good and evil days. She asks Mary's intercession that she may be blessed with a family and that her own motherhood may be modeled on that perfect model, Mary herself.

She then joins her husband-to-be and before the witnessing priest vows herself to an insoluble union of love. The nuptial Mass follows and kneeling in the sanctuary they receive their Lord Who saw fit to raise their union to the dignity of a Sacrament.

Attending the wedding breakfast, so perfectly prepared by the Sisters, and the dance in their honor that evening, the thought of contrasts again carries one away. Is it worth it, the effort and work, the patient suffering of loneliness, the discouragement and sacrifice that makes it possible that Christ and His teachings may dwell in the whiteness of Alaska? Look at that happy couple, look at the hundreds of others like them, see their children growing up as followers of Christ, see the harvest bend beneath the sickle of love . . . there is your answer!

Lui Reich, seal hunter of Kotzebue, takes time out to pose with his young wife and sturdy son.

Youngsters at Holy Cross Mission School know a happiness that pagan Alaskans did not possess.





The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

In appreciation of your sacrifices, we will offer again this year eleven novenas of Masses for you personally and for the souls dear to you. The following list is submitted so that you may prayerfully join us. If you so desire, you can send your intentions to be placed upon the altar during the novenas:

- February —Our Lady of Lourdes
- March —St. Joseph
- April —Easter
- May —Mother's Day
- June —Sacred Heart
- July —St. Anne
St. Ignatius
- August —Assumption
- September—North American Martyrs
- October —Christ the King
- November—Daily commemoration of
the Holy Souls
- December —Christmas

Not only as the chalice is raised 99 times during the novenas but in all of our Masses and prayers a plea for you will go heavenward. We live, our missionaries live and, above all, souls will live for eternity because of your charity. God must love you.

Gratefully yours in Our Lord,
COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Cow or Cash:

The Franciscan Sisters at Bettiah, India, wrote a rather amusing letter asking whether any of our subscribers would have an extra cow about their grounds. They realize as well as you the impossibility of literally fulfilling the request. It expresses, however, their desperate need for a cow. The Sisters stated that some of the infants under their care had died because of a lack of milk. \$5.00 a month would be a very desirable sum to purchase milk for the babies. If anyone can afford \$100.00 for the purchasing of the cow, they would have a daily supply of milk for the children. JESUIT MISSIONS will be glad to forward your donations to Sister Deomira in Bettiah.

Refund Requested:

Several missionaries so stressed the emergency of their requests that it was simply impossible to await the next publication date to list their needs. Judging from previous responses, there was no doubt that some of you would answer the appeal so the following articles were purchased. If you desire to become a donor then the charge will be removed from our books and the missionary will be notified of your gift:

- 2 Altar Missals at \$40.00 each
- 2 Benediction Copes and Veils at \$50.00

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- 1 Typewriter at \$65.00
- 3 Sets of Altar Cards at \$15.00 each
- 6 Books at \$3.00 each

Newman Club:

There are many Catholics in the United States who preserved their faith during collegiate days because of the Newman Club. The Moderator was available to discuss philosophy and kindred subjects, to offer his priestly absolution and advice in many personal problems. The library offered solid Catholic reading while the meetings afforded an opportunity of association with other Catholic students. There is a possibility that for the first time a Newman Club will be established in the Near East. Father Joseph Holland of Boston is responsible for the beginning of this important apostolic work among the students attending the American University of Beirut. The President of the University has given his full permission. The rest depends upon Father Holland and you. Donations will be forwarded by JESUIT MISSIONS. Your books and magazines should be sent directly to:

Rev. Joseph Holland, S.J.
University of St. Joseph
Beirut, Lebanon

Davao Develops:

During World War II, the city of Davao, Mindanao, Philippines was a strategic stronghold of the Japanese. Its harbor and the surrounding agricultural wealth have made it an important city. It is an ideal spot for a Jesuit College. Recently, Father Martin J. Casey of Philadelphia was appointed rector of the Jesuit College. It is his part to expand the activities of the school. Expansion means building and building involves a heavy expense. Perhaps you could afford at least one item listed below. Your gift cannot be evaluated in dollars as it will be applied towards the building of character in the hearts of young Filipinos:

\$5.00 buys 3 bags of cement (420 bags needed).

\$5.00 buys 1 sheet of roofing (313 sheets needed).

\$10.00 buys 1 keg of nails (10 kegs needed).

\$10.00 buys 1 window (30 windows needed).

\$10.00 buys 1 door (24 doors needed).



FOR YOUR
Novena of Grace

JESUIT MISSIONS has published an eight-page leaflet containing the essential prayers, hymns and history of this Novena of Grace, color-illustrated.

PRICE LIST (postage additional)
\$15.00 per thousand
2.00 per hundred

For single copy send 5 cents and a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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

A PRACTICAL CHALICE



If you would like to donate this set as a memorial, we will have it suitably inscribed with names.

PICTURED at left is one of the most practical gifts for the missionary you can find. Space and weight are of prime importance to him as he packs to journey to his next mission station in the hills. Skilled goldsmiths have come to his aid now. They have designed a chalice and ciborium to the missionary's own specifications. The stem and cup and base of each 8-inch vessel unscrews and both vessels fit neatly into a single container. Perhaps you, your Church, society or club would like to give to the missions a memorial chalice that will be used constantly. Here is your opportunity.

WE CAN purchase this chalice and ciborium set for \$115. This is a very reasonable price for such a useful gift. If a smaller donation fits your budget, don't hesitate. Many small donations help us fill many great needs of the missions.



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