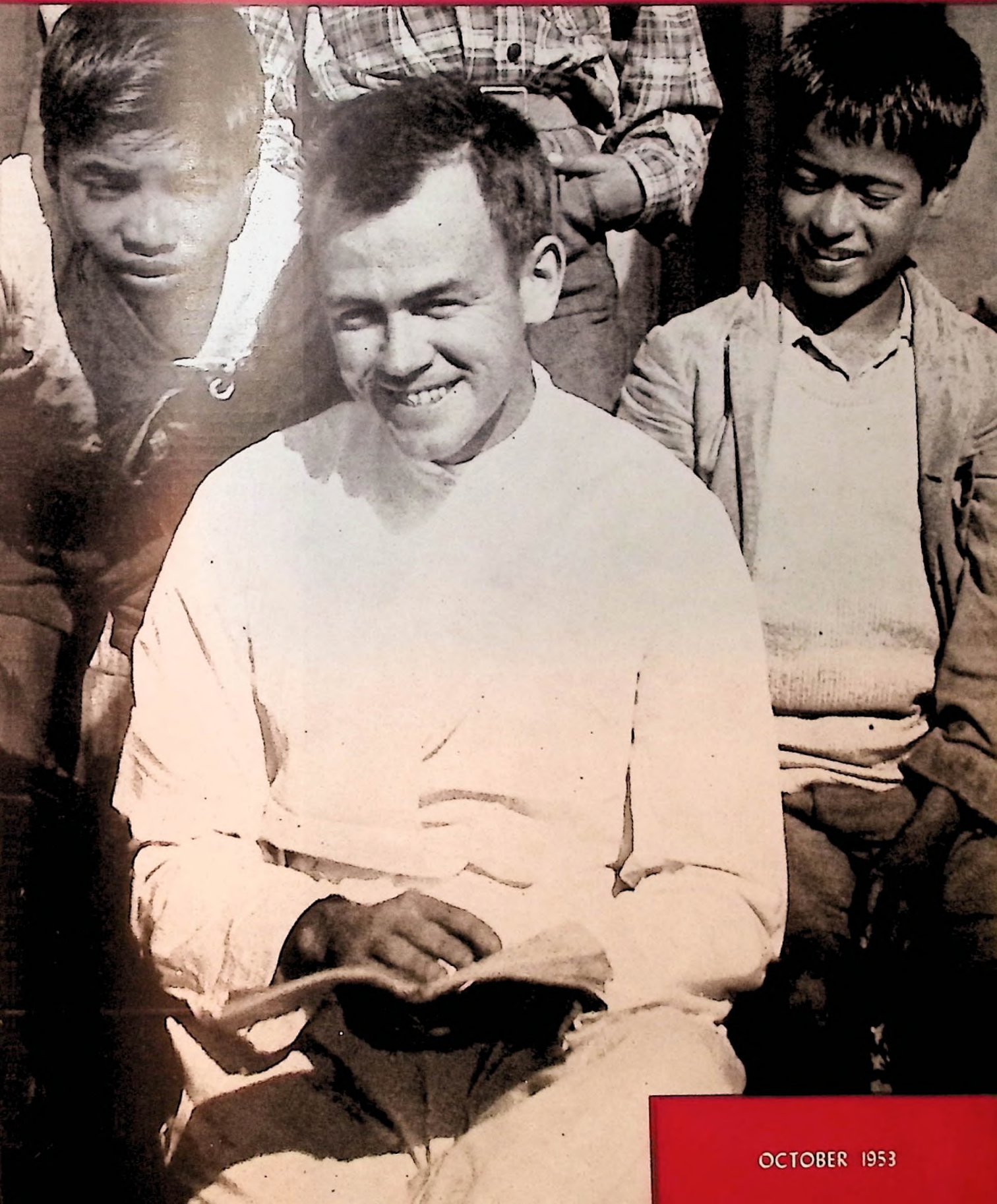


JESUIT MISSIONS



OCTOBER 1953

JESUIT

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Travel can be broadening and also wearying opines Desmond Matthews S.J. of Jamshedpur Mission, India.



MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF 1114 AMERICAN JESUITS

Vol. 27, No. 8

October, 1953

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MISSION OF THE MONTH

Jamshedpur

The history of India is a strange and tortuous one, a tale of feudal states and petty principalities, of ancient family properties, of stratified and rigidly preserved castes. Enormous wealth on one side, absolute indigence on the other. An ancient culture, rooted in caste, guaranteed education and lavish affluence to some, and a life of incredible hardship to the less fortunate. There was no chance to pass from one caste to another.

Slowly, as the world moves ahead, changes come even in the ironclad traditionalism of India. And as the changes come, doors open for the admission of new ideas, new techniques, new methods.

Jamshedpur is the heart of the modern industrialization of India. Steel mills and factories are springing up, and in their wake comes a new need for realigning society. The air is charged with change.

Here, in an area about the size of Massachusetts, the Maryland Province conducts its missionary activities in India in the face of enormous difficulties. Four million souls are in the area: one million of them do not have enough to eat. And to the North, the Communist sickle is reaping Tibet, and the red hammer is poised to strike India. Prayers are desperately needed.

OCTOBER IS A WONDERFUL MONTH FOR THE MISSION-MINDED. Within its span of days falls the feast day of St. Therese, the Little Flower, who is co-patron saint with St. Francis Xavier of all missionaries. Then there is Mission Sunday whose spirit, as one article in this issue reminds us, is not to be confined to a single day in the year. The last Sunday in the month is the Feast of Christ the King which necessarily has added significance for all the men and women whose entire lives are dedicated to the spread of His kingdom on earth. Then there is the feast of St. Alfonsus Rodriguez who is the special patron of our coadjutor brothers, those heroic helpers upon whom our missionaries rely so strongly. You will find in this issue a story that concerns such men and although it has an Alaskan background the same dire need exists in every mission.

The whole month of October is dedicated to the rosary and to Our Blessed Lady whose name is constantly on the lips of all missionaries. The rosary plays an important part in the lives of those who must battle the powers of darkness in foreign fields. Could we ask our readers during this month of October to support those far-flung battalions of Christ by offering an occasional rosary for the missionaries? In her own sweet way the Mother of God will thank you.

COVER. High in the Himalayan hills, where he is studying at St. Mary's Theological College in Kurseong, Stephen Latchford S.J. of Maryland Province's Jamshedpur Mission tells the story of Our Lord to Nepali youngsters from the surrounding villages.

They Chose the Cross

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

THERE IS ONE PATTERN ON EARTH which is unequalled in beauty. It is man's love for Jesus Christ Who chose a cross to prove His love. That pattern is forever being enriched with new and golden threads woven out of the lives of men and women. Eighty new threads were added this past summer as that number of American Jesuits set out for mission fields.

Here were men who had chosen a cross, who would not shape that cross to their lives but would twist their own lives to fit the hard outlines of that cross. For they go forth to become part of a pattern already fashioned by over 1100 other American Jesuit missionaries. It is a pattern of sacrifice and courage, and the nature of a pattern demands that each thread blend with the others into one beauty.

These latest reinforcements for the front lines of the First Legion know what they may expect in their new positions. They were aware even as they set out that some of their Jesuit brethren were in Chinese Communist prisons. They knew too that in India political conditions had brought about the closing of the New Delhi mission and the return to this country of the Missouri Province Jesuits who staffed it.

The world will not welcome these cross-bearers. They will find that a cross is a lonely thing—but they knew that when they



Cardinal Spellman presides at the Departure Ceremony for the New York Province Jesuits who left this year for the Philippines and Pacific islands.

chose it. Deliberately, because it was a harder choice, they asked to be sent to the mission fields. It is an action which many people will never fully understand. But that will be because they do not appreciate the beauty of that pattern which the love of men and women for Christ Jesus is forever weaving.

A cross is stark with sacrifice and suffering. Yet He Himself chose a cross and that road of suffering in order to prove how far He was willing to go in His love for man. It is a very personal thing and a man has to answer it in his own personal way. That is what these American Jesuits who have left for the missions in 1953 have done. They had a choice—and they chose the cross.

Mission Departures—1953

ALASKA:

Rev. Lawrence N. Haffie S.J.
Rev. James Plamondon S.J.
Rev. Raymond L. Talbot S.J.
Mr. William L. Loyens S.J.

BRITISH HONDURAS:

Rev. William J. Brennan S.J.
Rev. William R. Duffey S.J.
Mr. Ronald T. Zinkle S.J.

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS:

Rev. Eamon Taylor S.J.
Mr. Andrew A. Connolly S.J.
Mr. John J. Curran S.J.
Bro. William J. Condon S.J.

CEYLON:

Mr. Edward J. Brady S.J.
Mr. Anthony J. Braquet S.J.
Bro. Emmanuel Trujillo S.J.

FORMOSA:

Rev. Everett J. Mibach S.J.

INDIA:

Rev. James M. Carmody S.J.
Rev. Joseph A. Casey S.J.
Rev. Eugene J. Power S.J.
Mr. Gerard A. Barry S.J.
Mr. Robert A. J. Brungs S.J.
Mr. Gerald A. Drinane S.J.
Mr. James N. Gelson S.J.
Mr. Richard W. Norman S.J.
Mr. William A. Schock S.J.
Mr. John D. Smith S.J.
Mr. Louis F. Stiller S.J.

IRAQ:

Rev. Charles G. Crowley S.J.
Rev. John L. Mahoney S.J.
Mr. John A. Carty S.J.
Mr. John G. Cornellier S.J.
Mr. John J. Donohue S.J.
Mr. William T. Egan S.J.
Mr. William D. Ibach S.J.
Mr. Joseph E. O'Connor S.J.
Mr. Joseph A. Paquet S.J.
Mr. Robert F. Regan S.J.

JAMAICA:

Rev. David F. Carroll S.J.
Rev. Joseph M. Connolly S.J.
Rev. Ralph B. Delaney S.J.
Rev. Gardiner S. Gibson S.J.
Rev. Francis J. Osborne S.J.
Rev. Joseph A. Riel S.J.
Mr. Brian S. Duffy S.J.
Mr. Horace A. Levy S.J.
Mr. Richard F. Olson S.J.

JAPAN:

Rev. Thomas G. Hand S.J.
Rev. William A. Laney S.J.
Mr. Robert T. Becker S.J.
Mr. Donald S. Mason S.J.
Mr. H. Francis Mathy S.J.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS:

Rev. Francisco Araneta S.J.
Rev. Luis G. Candelaria S.J.
Rev. Antonio M. Cuna S.J.
Rev. N. Matthew Fullam S.J.
Rev. Aureo Nepomuceno S.J.

Rev. William J. Nicholson S.J.
Rev. Francis M. O'Byrne S.J.
Rev. Manuel G. Regalado S.J.
Rev. Samuel R. Wiley S.J.
Mr. Joseph A. Dacanay S.J.
Mr. Denis P. Murphy S.J.
Mr. Calvin H. Poulin S.J.
Mr. Edward J. Spinello S.J.
Mr. John G. VanBemmel S.J.

AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS:

Rev. James D. Birney S.J.
Rev. John F. Bryde S.J.
Rev. Lawrence L. Cusack S.J.
Rev. L. C. Helmueller S.J.
Rev. Victor F. Hinderer S.J.
Rev. Charles L. Kerr S.J.
Mr. Joseph C. Gill S.J.
Mr. Joseph F. McCormack S.J.
Mr. Francis A. Prokes S.J.
Mr. Leon S. Rausch S.J.
Mr. Jerome A. Weitzer S.J.
Bro. George A. McMonagle S.J.

AMONG THE AMERICAN NEGROES:

Rev. John J. Bernard S.J.
Rev. John J. Dougherty S.J.
Rev. Andrew A. Hofman S.J.
Rev. Charles A. Schnorr S.J.

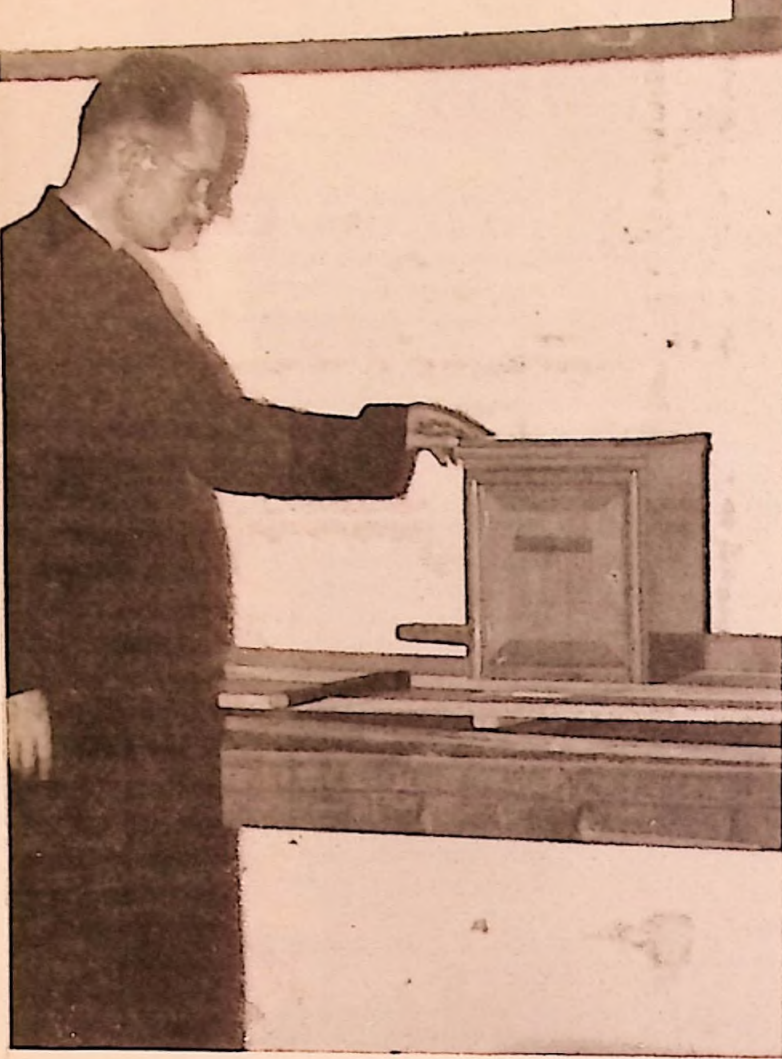
AMONG THE SPANISH SPEAKING:

Rev. Leo A. Doyle S.J.
Rev. Walter M. Janer S.J.

Jesuit missionaries bound for the Caroline and Marshall Islands and for the Philippines leave St. Ignatius Church in New York after receiving

their mandata from Father John McMahan S.J., Provincial of the New York Province, at the Departure Ceremony last May.





Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J. carefully inspects the tabernacle in his new Formosa post. He remembers the China experience.

OUR LORD DOES THE ODDEST THINGS sometimes. He gets you into a situation, which involves Himself, and then He expects you to get Him out of it. Here is a sample of how He works.

Just three days before my fellow China missionaries (Fathers Fahy, Thornton and Beauce) were imprisoned by the Reds in Yangchow, China, our parishioners put on a "show" for us in our back yard. It was a demonstration for the National Church Movement—a movement proclaiming the "People's" control of the Church. The show lasted several hours—with singing, speeches, and shoutings of anti-American propaganda. The mob dispersed late at night, hurling vicious imprecations at the four of us who were peering cautiously out from behind the storm shutters.

Next morning, a Sunday, I got up to say 5:30 Mass in the parish church. The church is parallel to our house and only twenty yards distant from it. I started to go out the side door when suddenly my Superior, Mon-



Father William Ryan S.J. of the California Province spent ten months in Red jails after the episode he relates here. For weeks he lay on the floor of his cell, unable to move after the night-long questionings by his captors. He is now enroute to Formosa.

Gambling

signor Fahy, accosted me with, "Look out at the gate." I glanced quickly and saw at our main gate a Red soldier with a rifle stopping all from coming in. I asked Father Fahy what the trouble was, and he said he suspected our hour of darkness had come. He added that he and the other Fathers had been stopped from going over to the church. We talked for a minute, then decided that I might make a run for it—if the guard didn't spot me—and perhaps say Mass and remove the Blessed Sacrament. We figured this might be the day for the People's "take-over."

Just about the time I opened the door to steal over to the church, Brother Fekete (our Hungarian coadjutor brother) went out ahead of me. This distracted the guard long





Monsignor Eugene Fahy of Lomita Park, California, was Prefect Apostolic of Yangchow in China. After ten months in Communist prisons he was expelled. Today he is starting anew at Hsinchu in the Nationalist stronghold of Formosa.



Father James Thornton S.J. was born in Galway, Ireland, and entered the California Province in 1930. He was ordained while in Concentration Camp in China during World War II. He also survived Communist imprisonment in 1952.

on CHRIST

WILLIAM D. RYAN S.J.

enough for me to make a dash for the church door. It was a dash all right—the “prize” was a real Treasure, and the contestants bitter “rivals.” Don’t ask me how I made the church door: I was pretty jittery when I opened it and once inside I bolted it—and held my breath listening for the guard’s running footsteps. No footsteps—so I scooted down the aisle to the sacristy, vested, said Mass. My congregation was Brother; he had gotten in the back way to serve.

After Communion, I heard a roar outside. Fists began to pound on the church doors; cries arose, “Open the door!” I moved quickly to finish Mass and as I came to the middle

of the altar to give the Last Blessing, the front doors of the church burst open—and I turned to bless the “mob.” What a sight—a stunned but truculent group of parishioners, most of them fallen away Catholics, led by a group of youngsters who had been the leaders of our Legion of Mary.

Some were mumbling “How did he get in here?” One said out loud, “Let’s stop him!” All were ready for action with banners and flags to take over the church in the name of the People’s Government. I continued on with the Last Gospel and when I finished I called Brother to get the veil and a candle, and accompany me out the back way with the Blessed Sacrament. Brother spiked that plan with the remark that the back door was guarded and that they probably wouldn’t let us get by. Thus did the situation arise that I mentioned in the beginning. Our Lord was “on the spot” and He expected us to get Him out of it. With a hasty aspiration to help us in our “gamble,” I decided to make the try, out the side door near the Enemy.

Brother and I started to move quickly down the side aisle to the seething group. My heart began to thump harder and my hands trembled as I carried the Blessed Sacrament nearer and nearer . . .

Whether it’s the Gael in me that would rather die than allow the Blessed Sacrament to be desecrated or whether I was just plain scared to death, I’ll never know; but just as I arrived at the group cluttered around the door, I stopped a split second, raised the Blessed Sacrament a little, and spurted out, “This is the Blessed Sacrament” (in Chinese: “Jesus’ Body and Blood”). It was a

At Hsinchu, Formosa, the new Jesuit residence is inspected by Monsignor Fahy (center) with Father Edward Murphy S.J. (left) and Father Chang.



tense moment I shall always remember—the startled hush, the baffled facial expressions, the sudden realization of Who was passing by . . .

Three boys started to kneel down. This was most providential, for it gave me the precious seconds I needed to get out the door. Their kneeling barred those behind who were stretching out to grab me. The leader started to shout, "Stop him, stop him!" but I was out the door and almost through a smaller group who were too puzzled to grasp what was happening. Father Thornton stood at the side of the house, gesticulating excitedly and booming, "Run, Bill, run!"

I started to run but an apostate stood directly in my path. He grabbed my vestments. In a blaze of temper, I shouted, "Get out of the way!" and shoved him aside as I bolted up the stairs and inside the door ahead of the Brother. If it weren't so precarious at the time, it might have been highly amusing to watch how Father Thornton held the screen door against the infuriated crowd—with Brother caught outside with his candle and bell!

The next few moments flew as I rushed down to our chapel to put the Blessed Sacrament in the Tabernacle. But two things prevented me. One was Father Fahy saying Mass—I didn't want to disturb him; the other was the possible desecration of the Blessed Sacrament at the hands of an irresponsible mob. So at the suggestion of Father Beauce, I hid the Blessed Sacrament in his clothes closet, and then unvested.

Meanwhile the mob had broken in and

Father Thornton ran before them to the chapel. He filled the door with his six feet two frame, folded his arms and asked the group what they wanted. A soldier strode up with his rifle and threateningly sputtered, "We want that 'Thing'."

Father Thornton glared defiantly and I can still hear his, "Kill me first!" A bedlam of voices echoed through the house, "Push him aside . . . This is the People's property. . . . you have stolen our church and house."

But Father Thornton refused to budge, and though he now admits that he was pretty nervous he never moved or lowered his stentorian rebuttals. Suddenly his face lit up. He turned to a guard and demanded silence. The mob stopped chattering and down the halls we heard, "All right. So this is your house and property. You are supposed to be the guardians of the People—you soldiers and police! You belong to the Public Security Department. Why don't you keep order and peace? Why do you allow your property to be destroyed and the Public Security endangered?" It was a masterful thrust, and the guard's brow clouded.

Father Thornton laughed later when he narrated the incident. "You should have seen his face when I said that. He just whipped around and ordered the astounded crowd out of the house." In two minutes, the house was quiet again and we sat down to breakfast . . .

Sometimes our Lord does the queerest things. He gets you into a situation—and then says, "All right now, get Me out of it." You better do it—or He is liable to do it Himself, dragging you along.



After the first inspection Monsignor Fahy smilingly "hangs out his shingle" at the new quarters while Father Murphy looks on in approval. Although it is a tiny start in a new land there is plenty of opportunity for contacts and the neighbors have already begun to drop in for visits.



The new Ateneo de Manila in Quezon City and Brother John Duffy S.J., its living legend.



THE ATENEO'S *Living Legend*

FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY Brother John Duffy S.J. has been part of the history of the Ateneo de Manila in the Philippines. Few others have won their way so deeply into the hearts of the Atenean students as has this gay and unassuming son of Ireland.

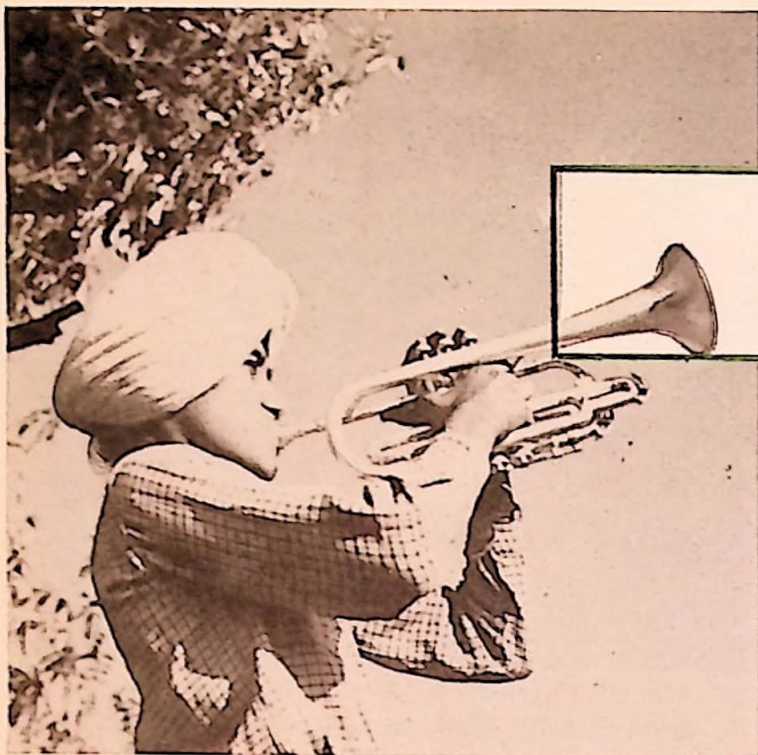
A veteran of the Boer War (he was in the same POW stockade with Winston Churchill just before Churchill made his escape) he entered the Society of Jesus in 1909. In 1927 he was assigned to the Ateneo and has been there ever since. He has watched the youngsters who once ran to him for a story grow up, enter the seminary, say their First Masses, and even become his superiors.

His years of devoted service began when the Ateneo was located on the old Arzobispo St. site. He saw the college destroyed by fire and then rise from the ashes on the Padre Faura location. There he was in charge of the grounds from 1932 to 1941 as this new

Ateneo expanded in amazing fashion. Then came the Japanese Occupation during which Brother Duffy claimed exemption as an Irish neutral and remained to guard the Ateneo while the Americans were interned. He stayed at his post amid the bombing and shelling and the raging fire of the Battle of Manila and he left only when the school had been reduced to ashes.

His advice and counsel played no small part in the postwar decision to transfer the Ateneo to its present site at Loyola Heights in Quezon City. And as the college rises in new magnificence Brother Duffy is there—the living legend so loved by students and workmen.

When he speaks of himself the seventy-three-year-old Jesuit uses the terms of his days in the Merchant Marine. "I'm just an old tramp steamer idling at anchor in the harbor, waiting for a place to dock." But to thousands of Ateneans Brother John Duffy is a man who served God by serving them.



One of the Boy Scouts of the Loyola School in Jamshedpur. Carl Dincher S.J. is the troop moderator.

Jamshedpur

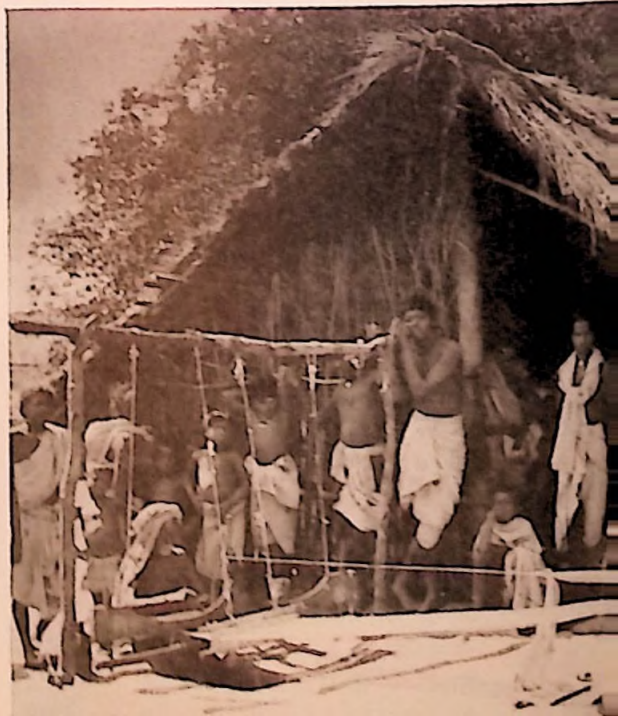
THE ALL-ROUND MISSION

WHEN A MAN SETS OUT FOR THE Jamshedpur Mission in India he cannot be definitely sure just what phase of the apostolate may be his. For he is entering a country which is striving manfully to come to maturity in this age of the machine and old India and new India rub elbows in this district.

A missionary may be a parish priest in one of the villages of traditionally agricultural India and his apostolate will be among the poor. He will travel from village to village by motorcycle, bicycle or on foot and often enough his chapel will be only the veranda of some home.

On the other hand, the Jamshedpur Mission embraces the heart of India's industrial region which is symbolized by the

(Left) Father Carroll Fasy S.J., Mission Superior, at dedication of school. (Lower left) Father John Blandin at Bandgaon.





Father John Holland S.J. makes a Sunday trip to a colony of railroad workers. The best place he has to say Mass is this veranda.

enormous foundries of the Tata Steel Company, the leading industrial concern of the country. Here is an apostolate among the workers and the Labour School conducted by Father Quinn Enright S.J. has a very important place in a country where Communism is fighting a ceaseless battle to gain control.

Then there is the field of education, an apostolate emphasized by St. Francis Xaxier from his very first days in India. Only in the classroom where Christian ideals are ingrained can the future leaders of the country and its own clergy be correctly trained.

Yes, Jamshedpur is an all-round mission and the sixty Jesuits who must labor there will find a rich and diversified field for their efforts to spread Christ's kingdom.

(Below left) The old India is the land of villages with their thatched huts and their fields to be tilled, lying outside the village limits.



If one wants a home he must build it himself so husband and wife labor together to do it.

India is striving mightily to develop its resources and one of its outstanding industrial concerns is the Tata Steel mills.





(Above) Brother Francis Fox S.J. of Holy Cross Mission is one of the men upon whom the missionary priests rely. (Right) Brothers Feltes and Laird of the same mission in the Northland.



JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

"THERE'S CATECHISM TONIGHT, FADA?" asked Michael.

"Well, not tonight, Mike, I have to clear my roof today, or poof . . . no roof!" They both laughed.

"All right, Fada . . . tomorrow morning?"

"In the afternoon I hope, my boy . . . There's wood to get in the morning or I'll be freezing."

"You want me to help? And I'll come in the afternoon for catechism too, Fadal!" And the little fellow was off for home, leaving the priest to the task of clearing the roof of snow.

Perhaps it is splitting wood, or sawing ice

to melt for water, shoveling the crushing load of snow off a roof, mending furs and boots so necessary in the North, "cooking" three meals a day, building, rebuilding and repairing their chapels, keeping half a dozen dogs fed and watered, sleds repaired and in good running condition, tinkering with an

old and stubborn outboard motor, caulking "holy" boats, cleaning and oiling firearms which the North's snow and water easily damage . . . all of these make tremendous inroads on the time an Alaskan missionary priest would desire to spend in spiritual work for his flock.

In other lands a missionary may let many of these physical worries slide for a while and devote all the time he can to his apostolic work . . . and still make a go of it. But the Arctic is a demanding home and to let these material things "ride" very often means a frozen corpse. These tasks are absolutely necessary. They have to be done.

The missionaries "trim" the material work as closely as possible. This is easily witnessed in their cooking which would make any mother gasp . . . (and forever silence any complaints about food here in the States). But even with the greatest personal sacrifice, much time must be spent in merely existing.

Yet these missionaries are priests who have spent some fifteen years in diligent study, in ascetical and spiritual training in order that they might bring Christ's teachings to men and distribute His graces in the sacraments.

"If only I had the gift of bi-location," said a veteran missionary last year as he was faced with the problem of building a chapel

or doing direct spiritual work with souls; with filling a child's mind with truth or a barrel with water.

And the answer to the problem? The answer is there in Alaska already, the Jesuit Brothers. They are working hand in hand with their fellow religious priests. But they stand like a tiny group of Marines, badly outnumbered, before the insurmountable wave after wave of work. Their lives are heroic in their devotion to duty, and the only complaint lodged against them is their fewness!

But only on the largest mission stations are they found; they are almost a luxury in the North, these Jesuit Brothers. But even in these missions many more are needed. Especially out in the "drifts" (corresponds to the "bush" of other missions), where the priest stands alone in his battle for Christ, do we hear the cry, "Dear God, send reinforcements . . . soon!"

The vocation is not an easy one. Religious Superiors do not send a brother to Alaska . . . he volunteers. But so it is in any battle when a tough assignment comes up; volunteers are asked for. Here is a tough assignment, tough enough for the hardest soldiers of Christ. As Christ looks down the long ranks of Christian manhood and sees the glitter of the weapons of faith and love, He asks for volunteers. Will you answer?

in ALASKA

Brother Charles Wickart S.J. of Fairbanks is an expert hunter, trapper and fisherman.



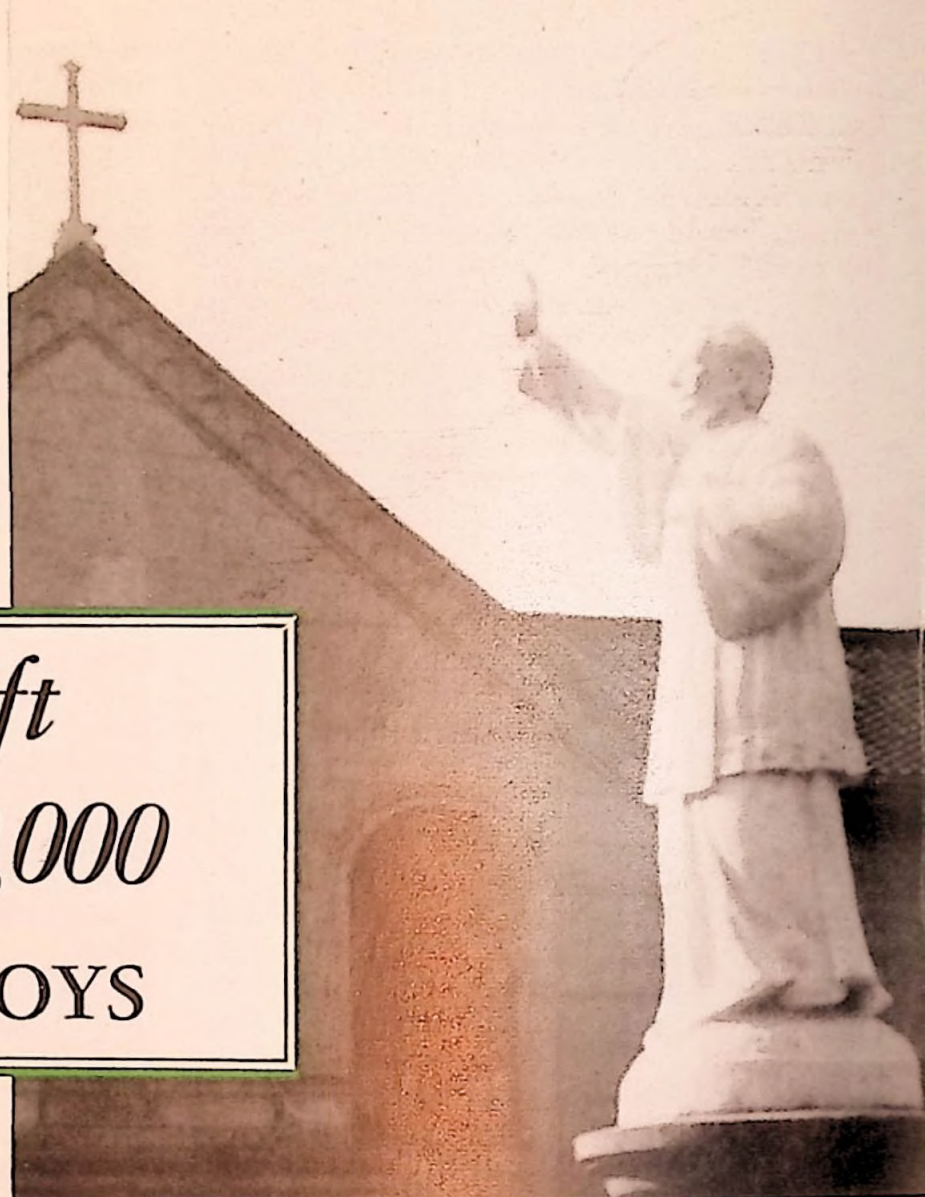
But there are not enough Brothers! In proof of that Bishop Gleeson drives his own tractor.



Mexico offers a
helping hand to
a Tokyo seminary.

PETER ARRUPE S.J.

A Gift
from 50,000
POOR BOYS



Statue of St. Francis Xavier, gift of 50,000 poor boys.

THIS IS A SHORT STORY AND A SIMPLE one. Yet, plain as it is, it is clothed with that subtle charm that gives color and warmth to life and makes it worth living.

The facts themselves could hardly be more commonplace—the sending of a statue of St. Francis Xavier by a group of small Mexican poor boys to the Tokyo Catholic Seminary. In mission countries things like that happen with the regularity of gentle, steady rain. Nevertheless, in the very simplicity of this particular case there are some special features that give it unusual charm.

Since old times the Japanese nation has been ruled by select minorities. The bulk of the nation, however, consists of a huge mass, docile and disciplined, which allows itself to be led without any show of troublesome scheming against the law. This mass is made up of Japanese, all of them animated with the same love of their country and inspired by the same basic ideology.

Yet it is not hard to see beneath the surface that it is not homogeneous, that the narrow frame of green islands within which it thrives has been the melting-pot of many races. This has produced a nation of markedly univalent and at the same time complementary individuals.

On the one hand there is this enormous mass, easily manageable, which works, obeys, and allows itself to be led. On the other, there exists a strong core of leading brains, seemingly born to rule and govern. These two groups balance each other. The larger one is the one that does the work, the smaller sows the ideas and points the way.

The Church in Japan is trying by every means to reach the leading classes, which are to leaven the mass. With this end in view she is training, in her seminaries, select groups of future priests—the seed of the harvest to come.

The Society of Jesus has been put in charge of the Interdiocesan Seminary of

Tokyo. Here seminarians are being trained who will soon scatter over the whole Japan. As is only natural for a mission seminary, a statue of St. Francis Xavier used to stand in its front yard with the gesture of blessing and welcome. Xavier, too, had been a leaven of the masses, a leader born to rule, and the seed—buried in the furrow—of a gigantic harvest of Christians. He was the ideal pattern for young men with dreams of apostolate and ambitions of conquest.

Then the war came, and the Seminary received its share of suffering, but was not destroyed. Though its walls were damaged, it stood firm. The Saint's statue, however, fell under the leveling blows of the shells. The pedestal, unshaken, continued to stand guard in front of the entrance, but HE was no longer on it.

Two years ago I passed through Mexico. There I talked to the boys of an institution known as the "Catechism Centers of St. Francis Xavier." There are some 50,000 of these boys, who meet once a week in various buildings scattered throughout the capital and its neighborhood, there to satisfy the

hunger of their little souls with the Word of God. On that occasion, to test the generosity of their childlike hearts, I threw out the idea of a new statue of St. Francis Xavier for our Seminary. It would be a gift from the boys of Mexico for the future priests of Japan.

Since then two years have passed. My suggestion had taken root in those generous little hearts, and my dream has become a consoling reality. Now the Seminary has its statue, of white marble, in the center of the front yard like a shining promise of purity and zeal.

As I said at the beginning to give a statue is nothing out of the ordinary. What is unique in this case is that the donors were 50,000 small boys, boys going to catechism centers . . . very, very poor boys!

A missionary in need of contributions for a small church he has just started receives with something like a thrill anything that is offered to him, wherever it may come from. But, when over and above the visible gift he guesses the generosity and the privation entailed, then he looks at this gift with a new kind of emotion.

A Japanese seminarian follows the custom of removing shoes and donning slippers which protect the hardwood floors of the house.

Blessing of the new statue at the entrance to the Interdiocesan Seminary in Tokyo. The seminary is conducted by the Jesuits.





His Excellency Bishop Fulton Sheen, National Director of Society for Propagation of the Faith.

"The Laborers Are Few..."

CALVERT ALEXANDER S.J.

MISSION SUNDAY IN MOST OF THE dioceses of the United States is celebrated on the third Sunday of October which this year is October the 18th. In all the churches on that day, with sermons and other ceremonies Catholics are reminded by the Society for the Propagation

of the Faith of their duty of praying for and supporting the missions of the universal Church.

American Catholics who have responded so generously to this appeal may not always advert to the fact that Mission Sunday is not confined to the United States. It is cele-

Mission Sunday underlines the fact that the spread of God's kingdom on earth is a part of the daily life of all of us.

brated everywhere throughout the entire Church although sometimes on a different Sunday. Even in mission countries like India, Iraq, the Philippines and elsewhere brand new Catholics, as well as older ones are asked to help share their faith with those who are less fortunate in other parts of the world.

This universal character of Mission Sunday is an important thing to remember because it brings out the fact that, in the mind of the Church, interest in the missions is not the work of a special group of devotees, but belongs to the essential equipment of all Catholics. Mission mindedness is not just one of many devotions of which the Church approves. It is an attitude of mind and heart that occupies a place at the very center of our Catholic faith.

One of the chief purposes of Mission Sunday is to highlight this truth, that a practical interest in the growth of Christ's Mystical Body is something that every living member of that Body should have, not only on Mission Sunday, but throughout the year. One of our prayers on Mission Sunday this year should be that there be an increase in the number of American Catholics who are conscious of this truth. For it is quite evident from the statistics of the Propagation of the Faith and of missionary societies that despite the teaching of the Church that all Catholics should support the missions, the chief burden of this support is carried by a relatively small minority of Catholics in this country.

It is perhaps true that a majority of American Catholics, because of the universality of the appeal of Mission Sunday, do give some contribution to the missions and pray for the work on this occasion. But this brief

episode constitutes the beginning and end of their regard for the world mission apostolate during that calendar year. Thus they miss entirely the chief lesson of Mission Sunday which is that one cannot be a true and consistent follower of Christ unless he has a more or less con-

tinuous interest in the project that is closest to the heart of Christ, namely, the extension of the Kingdom of God throughout the world.

To believe, as some apparently do, that the only purpose of Mission Sunday is to collect sufficient funds for the Church to operate its foreign missions for the current year, is to reduce this occasion to the level of a Community Chest, or Red Cross appeal. The money collected on Mission Sunday constitutes only a small proportion of what the Church needs for mission support. Nor is it the Church's intention that this collection should satisfy all the needs. The Church on Mission Sunday is collecting, it is true, but it also teaches, and the lesson she teaches is more important than what she collects.

It will perhaps always be true that the missions will have to be supported throughout the year by a faithful minority of Catholics. It should be a great consolation to the members of this minority that what they are doing is what the Church wants all Catholics to do. They are living the full Catholic life. However, it is also true that this minority can be increased, and the history of mission support in this country and others shows that clearly. There are more regular supporters of the missions today in America than there were twenty or thirty years ago.

The lesson the Church wants to teach on Mission Sunday is being learned by more and more every year.

Our prayer on this Mission Sunday should be that this number continues to increase. "Pray to the Lord of the harvest that He send more laborers into the vineyard. The harvest is great, the laborers are few."



1953 Mission Sunday poster of the Society for Propagation of the Faith.

Men of many nations join
in helping their neighbors
of the hills.

South India HAS ITS OWN U.N.

JOHN J. KENEALY S.J.



(Left) John Kenealy S.J. chats with a youngster of the Palni Hills in South India. Here the Jesuit seminarians strive to do what they can to alleviate the living conditions.

France, England, Holland and the U. S. A. we come, creating a miniature U.N. of our own — but one which works!

During the last year we formed a "Social Service League" among ourselves for the help of the poor townfolk and villagers in the hills round about the College. The language problem might have formed an obstacle since only

the Indian scholastics from the South among us are acquainted with the South Indian tongue, and it is too difficult for the rest of us to learn during the three short and crowded years we are here. But the Indian scholastics take the lead and do the talking, and there's enough material work to be done for anybody else who wants to lend a hand.

On the weekly holiday, instead of the usual quiet countryside stroll, we set out at dawn in small groups, with medicine kits and other equipment, and go to the villages

SACRED HEART COLLEGE, OUR JESUIT Philosophate, is situated 6000 feet above the hot Indian plains, in the Palni Hills of South India, and is quite cut off from the main currents of Indian civilization. The only nearby town is Kodaikanal, a forty minute walk uphill. Jesuit scholastics come to "Shembag" from all parts of India and Ceylon and from many countries of the world, and we form a cosmopolitan center in spite of our secluded position. From Belgium, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Malta,



The author (left) with one of the Jesuit seminarians from South India. Sacred Heart College (in background) is the house of philosophy for missionaries of India and Ceylon.

which lie within a ten-mile walking radius. We spend the morning in the villages giving medical care and assisting the people in improving their living conditions.

This is one U.N. where the Communists have no veto power and the good schemes have a priority. In one village two Indian scholastics were able to persuade the low caste people to move out of their filthy and congested huts and to start afresh on the new land which the Government had granted them. Then, with the help of others, they cut trees to supply posts and beams for the new dwellings and hauled them to the building sites. Now they are rounding up the boys from the Kodaikanal High School to help with the first plowing. After the first crop is in the people will be able to move onto their new land and carry on independently for themselves.

Another attempt to raise the morale of the outcaste and low caste laborers in town was a Football (Soccer) Tournament held last spring, and which we hope to repeat this year. Fourteen teams took part in the competition, including a team of Washermen, another of Sweepers and a third of Cooks.

There were Silver Medals and a Shield for the victors, donated by a friend in Madura. The enthusiasm created by the games was immense. Hundreds came to witness the opening matches, and the final play-offs drew crowds of one and two thousand spectators. This is a great encouragement for people despised for centuries.

In two villages we started elementary school with the help of Government grants. The Indian officials are only too willing to help us with the work. In another village we opened a reading room, and here at the College itself we are beginning a new lending library for young men. The response promises to be good. Also, each week a group visits the Municipal Hospital and at Christmas time the scholastics begged from shop to shop in the bazaar to get enough food to give the sick a Christmas feast.

On regular class days also, we work for an hour in our own vegetable garden, the produce of which we send to poor families and charitable institutions. And we get a little extra money by repairing used Christmas cards sent from America and selling them through friends in the big towns and cities of South India.

The best results we have obtained have been those of the spirit: the Hindu villagers have been learning a new spirit of cooperation and, though remaining for the most part Hindus, a charity which is only Christian. In the last few months, however, five Hindu families, about 32 people, were instructed by my Indian companions and baptized.

The rounding up and instructing of stray Catholic children forms another part of the task. Recently, the Scholastics searched out 63 Catholic children, ranging from 7 to 18 years of age, from the streets and huts around Kodaikanal and instructed them for First Communion and Confirmation. This is an untold benefit to the parish priest whose territory covers so many scattered villages that it is physically impossible for him to care for all these stray lambs.

In this way we are getting a chance to try out this new apostolate of modern times, which, by the way, is as old as the hills and happens to be the same one Our Lord used. It seems to "work" pretty well, and when my companions and I leave Shembaganur and are again scattered up and down the length and breadth of India, we shall be able to make capital of this experience.

FOR MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS, THOUSANDS of Chinese have left their country to migrate to other lands. Most of these exiled Chinese live in the other countries of Asia, but they will also be found almost anywhere in the world. So today it is difficult to estimate exactly how many Chinese are living outside of China. The general estimates agree upon an approximate number of between twelve and fifteen million. But when we come to ask how many Chinese there are in any particular country, our authorities differ widely.

According to the Overseas Chinese Commission of Taiwan, we can be sure that

On the island of Formosa where the China missionaries are regrouping Father Edward Murphy (right) interrogates Paul Lang before his baptism at Beda Tsang Hall on Christmas Eve. (Below) In the Philippines a Spanish Jesuit and California Province's Roger Falge S.J. and Clarke Trent S.J. set out to do some catechetical work.

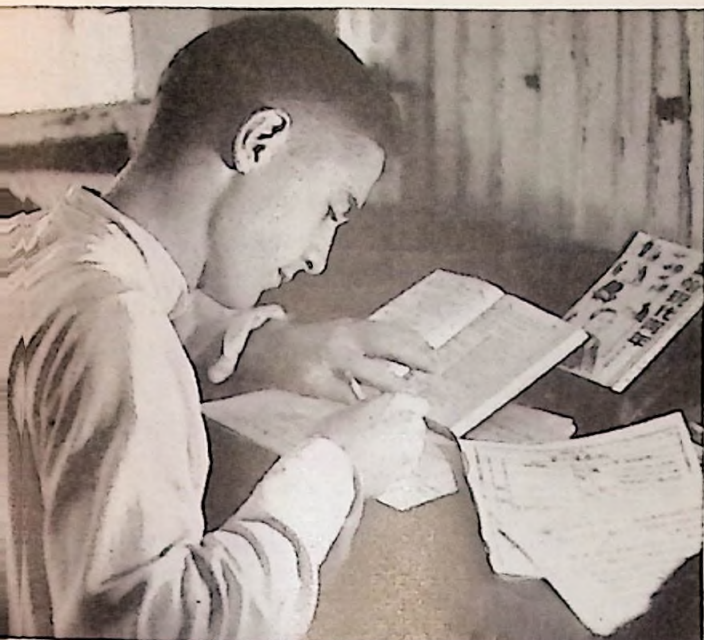


Outside the *Bamboo Curtain*

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

there are about three and a half million Chinese in Thailand; another two million in Indonesia; a little less than three million in the Malay Peninsula, including Singapore. Just outside of the China mainland, there are about two million Chinese in Hong Kong where they make up almost 97 percent of the total population. Elsewhere in Asia, we find about a million Chinese in Indo-China; and 360,000 in Burma. On the island of Formosa there are about two million Chinese who have left the mainland in the last five years and now number one-fourth of all the inhabitants of the island.

What has been the missionary problem among these Chinese outside of China and what is that problem today? Until recently,



At Chabanel Hall outside of Manila in the Philippines Roger Falge S.J. studies some Chinese as he awaits end of China exile.

missionary work among them was difficult. One reason would be the fact that most of the time they lived in their own communities—little “Chinatowns”—and resisted the approach of outsiders. Then, too, to work among them a missionary would have to learn another difficult language besides the main language of his mission country.

Recent years have seen an increase of the Chinese exiles, those who have fled before the Communist conquest and its terror. But, everywhere they have gone, there is the suspicion that among these refugees lurk Communist agents who would, by threats and blackmail, distort the love of the Chinese for their homeland to serve the Red cause.

Fortunately, the Red wind can bring some good. The hundreds of missionaries who have been expelled from China are now available for work among the Chinese outside of China. Bishops in the Asian countries and elsewhere have been quick to grasp the opportunity. For here are missionaries with experience in dealing with Chinese people, who know their language and customs, who know perhaps more about China than those whose ancestors left it one, two or three hundred years ago.

For example, former China missionaries are now working among the Chinese in the Philippine Islands, where Chinese scholastics are teaching in local Chinese schools. Jesuit Fathers, expelled from China, have resumed the work begun by St. Francis Xavier in Malaya. The Singapore govern-



In the library of Beda Tsang Hall Misses Lillian Wu, Miriam Li and Lucy Wong pore over pictures of Rome, the Eternal City.

ment has just approved plans for a new Hostel for the students of the Teachers' Training College. The Bishops of Java have asked for and obtained Jesuit missionaries, once in China, to work among the Chinese of Indonesia.

The fact that the Chinese live in communities is an advantage now. The China missionary in exile from his mission finds a home among the people he loves and longs to serve who are themselves in exile. The Chinese schools, set up to preserve the language and customs of the Chinese living outside their homeland, welcome the missionary as a teacher. If he is asked to teach only secular subjects, it is not long before they seek instruction in the faith also.

For they can see that the ancient faiths of China were not strong enough to stand against the creed of Marx and Moscow. They slowly realize that they need some faith that will strengthen them against the tempting words and offers of Red propaganda. They feel the need of some force to unite them against the Communist agents sent to mislead them.

For the missionary this is the opportunity not to be missed. He can use his knowledge and experience to benefit the Chinese people, even though they are not in the land he and they love. Best of all, the hope of the missionary is that his work will build up Catholic centers of Chinese who will be ready when the day comes—as surely it must—to restore the Catholic Church in China.

OUR PORTLAND *Apostle*

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

THE MASTHEAD OF JESUIT MISSIONS lists the names of the Editors. Recently, we considered inserting among the Regional Editors the name of Mrs. James W. Murphy. Its appearance no doubt would have prompted inquiries from our readers, not to mention our superiors. Though her name is not listed, it does enjoy a priority among the intentions remembered by the Editors each morning at Mass. The reason for our prayerful prejudice is this. Because of the spiritual and temporal consequences, it is the conviction of the Editors that a most effective means of aiding our missionaries is the securing of new subscribers. Within nine months, Mrs. Murphy has secured nearly 500 new subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS.

The activities of Mrs. Murphy were inspired by a visit with her son at the Jesuit novitiate in Sheridan, Oregon. As Mrs. Murphy sat in the parlor awaiting her son she held in her hand a few memoranda regarding the family and friends of James. The paper was still in her hand when she left the novitiate. Hardly had James appeared when he revealed a plan to publicize the labors of his Jesuit brothers in the missions. He described vividly their problems and their successes. He was sure that the nobility of their lives and the deeds accomplished would be of great interest to his friends. He was so proud of his brothers that he wanted everybody to know about them. They could if they read JESUIT MISSIONS.

As Mrs. Murphy went back to Portland, she determined to get a subscription a day for the next year. With the name Murphy she had at least thirty-two cousins to start her campaign. It did amaze Mrs. Murphy, however, that so many others were willing to give a dollar and thus become a co-missionary of the Jesuits.

You may not have a son in the Jesuit novitiate but you can adopt many sons among the Jesuit missionaries by emulating, even to the degree of five subscriptions, the apostolic efforts of Mrs. Mur-

phy. You can form a bond between your friends, our missionaries and the Sacred Heart. Not even death will break that bond. The missionaries will continue to remember the names at Mass and the Sacred Heart could never forget that a pagan soul was sanctified and sealed for eternity because of the zealous aid of you and your friends.

Mrs. James W. Murphy of Portland, Oregon, with her Jesuit son at the Sheridan Novitiate in the same state. This is the first training ground for the Oregon Province whose main mission is Alaska.



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- 1 A beautiful parchment scroll from Rome, which we will send you;
- 2 Ashare in a monthly Mass celebrated at the altar of St. Francis Xavier in Rome for all those who help the work of the missions in a special way;
- 3 The gratitude and prayers of the JESUIT MISSIONS staff and of the American Jesuit missionaries;
- 4 The satisfaction of knowing that you are helping actively in the greatest work in the world: bringing souls to God!

Afield

WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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

FAITH IN CHINA

In late July the Chinese Communists released Fathers Joseph Gatz S.J. and John Palm S.J. from prison and expelled them from China. As we prepare this issue for press the other four California Province Jesuits are still held in jail.

A letter from Shanghai describes the reaction of the Chinese Catholics after the arrests of the priests. "A large number of soldiers keep guard in front of the residences to maintain order. Boys and girls and the whole Catholic population are gathered at the entrance of the Jesuit residences, asking the Government to release the Fathers, or saying the rosary or other prayers. Addressing their demands to the Government, they say, "You who say that you protect religion and the Catholic Church; how dare you to kill our Mother the Church before our very eyes? . . . Long live the Society of Jesus and all the priests of Shanghai!" All this happens at Zikawei.

"More wonderful is what happens at Christ the King Church. The crowd gath-

Father Joseph Gatz S.J. (left) and Father John Palm S.J., both of the California Province, have been released by the Reds.



ered before the church was so big, and so loud were the prayers, hymns and the fervor of the Catholics, that the soldiers were obliged to close the street with barbed wire, to prevent people from coming near the church. But even this measure is not enough. How will it suffice when the Holy Ghost speaks so loudly?"

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!

Through the generosity of JM readers a statue of Our Lady of Fatima was purchased recently for the people of Santa Rita in the Yoro Mission of Honduras. Father John Murphy S.J. tells of its arrival.

"Archbishop Jose Turcios of Tegucigalpa has blessed the new altar and statue so generously donated by the readers of JM. The new altar is of solid Honduras mahogany and was made by a skilled carpenter here. It is really a beauty. It was not too expensive because first class mahogany sells for only 12½ cents a foot here.

"The statue of Our Lady of Fatima was made in Portugal and is about five feet high, of cedar, and beautifully painted. Needless to say, the people love it.

"We brought the statue from Progreso to Santa Rita on the platform of one of the Fruit Company motor cars. We had to pass through many of the banana settlements and the people all came out to see the new statue. We arrived at Santa Rita late in the afternoon and the people were all waiting. Some had been waiting for three hours. Then there was a dispute whether the men or the women should carry the statue to the church. I finally settled it by deciding the women should carry it now while the men would have that honor on Sunday at the big procession.

"So the women took up the wooden platform on which the statue was mounted and we started off, praying the rosary as we



The statue of Our Lady of Fatima, provided by generous JM readers, is borne into the town of Santa Rita, Honduras.

went. There was a constant threat of rain and the thunder and lightning were getting worse every minute. So the procession had to hurry but I marveled at the women who were carrying the statue. Everyone of them refused to give her position to anyone! This meant some skillful and quick shifting from shoulder to shoulder as the heavy platform brought on fatigue but it showed their determination.

"To make a long story short, the Mother of God didn't let us down. We beat the rain to the church where the Archbishop gave a short sermon. So Our Lady of Fatima reigns now in Santa Rita. A dream has come true!"

REEL AND REAL LIFE

An Australian Jesuit had often lectured to Melbourne audiences on the Patna Mission in India. Recently he had the opportunity to visit Patna.

Father Philip McInerney writes, "I had never been to Patna before but I knew the mission and its American Jesuits. Back in 1947 I had managed to secure for my school mission group in Australia a copy of JM's film, 'Patna on the Ganges'. With the aid of the typed script and a close study of back copies of the Patna Mission Letter I could make some comment on the various persons and scenes appearing in the film.

"So when I rode into Patna the other day it was into familiar surroundings. The first person I met was Father John Mahoney who had been Rector at Khrist Raja when I introduced him to Australian audiences. In those days Father John Brennan had been busy with an open-air catechism class but his present activities now include being Director of the 'India Press Service' and 'The Catholic Book Crusade' at St. Xavier's.

"Also at St. Xavier's I met Father Bonnot who was a familiar figure in the film as he cycled down the drive on a sick call to Bettiah. I had no difficulty in recognizing Father Robert Stegman for there had been some good shots of him in the film where he was receiving a cup of tea from Sister Laetitia as he recovered from an operation. Now he is doing some major operating himself on the mission motor vehicles and also assisting at the Loyola Industrial School.

"Then I met Father Francis Loesch and it seemed as if he had stepped right out of the film. For in that he had been supervising the building of the superb Patna Women's College and now when I met him he was doing the same for the Holy Family Hospital. As a builder alone, what magnificent service he has given to the mission!

"One thing, however, could not be represented on film. I had to live in Patna to experience the warm, generous, self-forgetting charity of the American Jesuits. Nothing was too small, no time was too precious, for the Fathers and Brothers to make my short stay both profitable and pleasant."



WHAT'S THAT AGAIN?

Language is a wonderful thing. Father Charles Bonnot of Patna sends on the following letter which Father Loesch received while recuperating from a minor operation.

“Dear Father Larsh: You are how, I hope? Response to query being favorable then you are anyhow. By grace of Almighty Father and copious blessed benedictions, I opine you will soon be in the buoyant health and best of forms.

“During first stages of convalescence your holiness is advised to make copious use of air-pillow—structure of air pillow being such that anatomical parts affected find utmost relief in being suspended in this air, so to say, weight of undercarriage being borne by healthier portions of anatomy.

“Grubs and dietaries should be of soft and velvety nature, videlicet, strawberries and cream. Parafin oil is lubricant of highest efficiency . . .

“As you know I am a man with large wife and family but my spouse and all my issues offer you tenderest regards. You are ‘horse de combat’ now yet we look forward to the happy day when you will once again shower blessings on all your vernacular friends and admirers whose name is legion. Hoping to have early interview of your reverence’s smiling physiognomy, I remain, yours in fellow feeling . . .”

After signing his name the gentleman has a small complaint anent an incident at the Loyola Industrial School which Father Loesch directs. “P.S. There is one small matter for postscript reference which please not to mind. One employee at the Loyola Industrial called me ‘bloody fool.’ To whom I responded, ‘Whyfore you call bloody? You are bloody yourself.’ This is small notification for your reverence’s personal care and consideration. Your employees should not bandy about sanguinary adjectives and vile vituperatives.

“In conclusion let me opine that welding done to your honour’s weak part of anatomy will prove satisfactory in every way.” (Yes, Father has recovered.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 50

At the bright and eager age of fifty years Father John B. Murray S.J. bade

farewell to Baltimore and set out for the Jamshedpur Mission in India. He settled down in the town of Adra in the Bihar District and after a brief brush with the Hindi language took over the care of the souls in that parish. Now, after three years there, he recounts in a newsy and interesting letter the many activities which fill his days and nights. Then he sums up as follows:

“Oh sure, there are annoyances without end and I have my share of troubles with these people yet I do not have the least desire of leaving the place. One great grace is that you cannot long dodge the sense of the supernatural here, for it comes smack up against you. So though I have lost more than twenty pounds (I now weigh 122) I wouldn’t trade what I have for the menus of the Waldorf Astoria, the scenic beauty of Blakefield, Maryland, or the excitement of Manhattan. The pace of the work is on the slow side, yet is unending and there is less leisure time than on any job I ever had.

“The other day I received a batch of comic papers from the States, and I just

Father Francis Loesch S.J. goes over the plans for the Holy Family Hospital in the Patna Mission, India, with the architect.





loafed a while, reading right through them. Then I glanced out of the window towards the village of mud huts with their thatched roofs. It was like the sensation of those acrobats in the circus who ride two horses at once, with a foot balanced on each horse—but these horses were for me two different worlds.

“There is one little difference in my routine here which is seldom found in other Jesuit houses. At night I sleep with a loaded shotgun at my side and a nasty looking knife under my pillow. This is in case we get a visit from thieves (we have been robbed six times already). And of course it would not be beyond possibility for a cobra to wander in some night. I awoke one morning to find a big snake on my window sill and on another occasion I killed a snake in my bathroom.”

SMOKE ON THE YUKON

For how many of our readers does the following incident from Holy Cross Mission in Alaska evoke nostalgic memories? Leroy Obersinner S.J. has 49 little men under his care, ranging in age from eight to seventeen. (He is also supposed to be studying the Eskimo language during his ‘free’ time). Recently he caught a few of his cowboys smoking on the sly. So he invited the culprits to indulge in some real manly cigars—the kind that curl your nails. After the first puff the kiddies lost their smiles; after the second puff, the color in their cheeks; after the third puff, their sense of balance; after the fourth, the nice supper they had that evening. A few puffs later their host carried them up to bed and traffic behind the barn has decreased considerably.

ANNOUNCEMENT

"CHINA IN THE 16th CENTURY"

The Journals of Matthew Ricci
(1583-1610)

by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J.

First English appearance of one of the
greatest missionary documents in the world.

Preface by

Archbishop Richard J. Cushing

Due for publication Nov. 2nd., 1953.

Random House, 457 Madison Ave.,

New York 22, New York

OHIO AND ISAAC JOGUES

This year the State of Ohio celebrated its sesquicentennial. For some time there have been differing explanations advanced as to the exact meaning of the word “Ohio.” Now Father Lawrence J. Kenny S.J. of St. Louis University has come forward with a scholarly research job which should put an end to the controversy. His main authority is no less a person than St. Isaac Jogues, Jesuit missionary and martyr.

Various writers have held that the word “Ohio” is either of French or Miami Indian origin. Father Kenny has searched the writings of the early Jesuit missionaries and come up with indisputable proof that the word is of Iroquois origin and means “beautiful river.”

Over three hundred years ago Isaac Jogues was a captive of the Iroquois Indians. He observed that when these savages came upon a scene of fascinating waterscape their delight broke out into an exclamation which Father Jogues wrote down as “O-io.” He mentions the word several times in his letters and gives its meaning as “beautiful river.”

Father Kenny quotes the meticulous historian Charles Hanna, author of “Wilderness Trail,” who credits Jogues with using the word as far back as 1646. “The word ‘Ohio’ was formerly applied by the Iroquois to a number of other rivers besides the one that bears that name today.”

This is substantiated by Father James Bruyas S.J., another early missionary who compiled his “Mohawk Grammar” as well as a Mohawk catechism in which Cotton Mather of Boston took a great interest.

Another source which bears out the correct interpretation of the word is Father Joseph de Bonnacamp, the Jesuit who accompanied the Celeron expedition and whose map of the journey appears in all the better illustrated histories of Ohio.

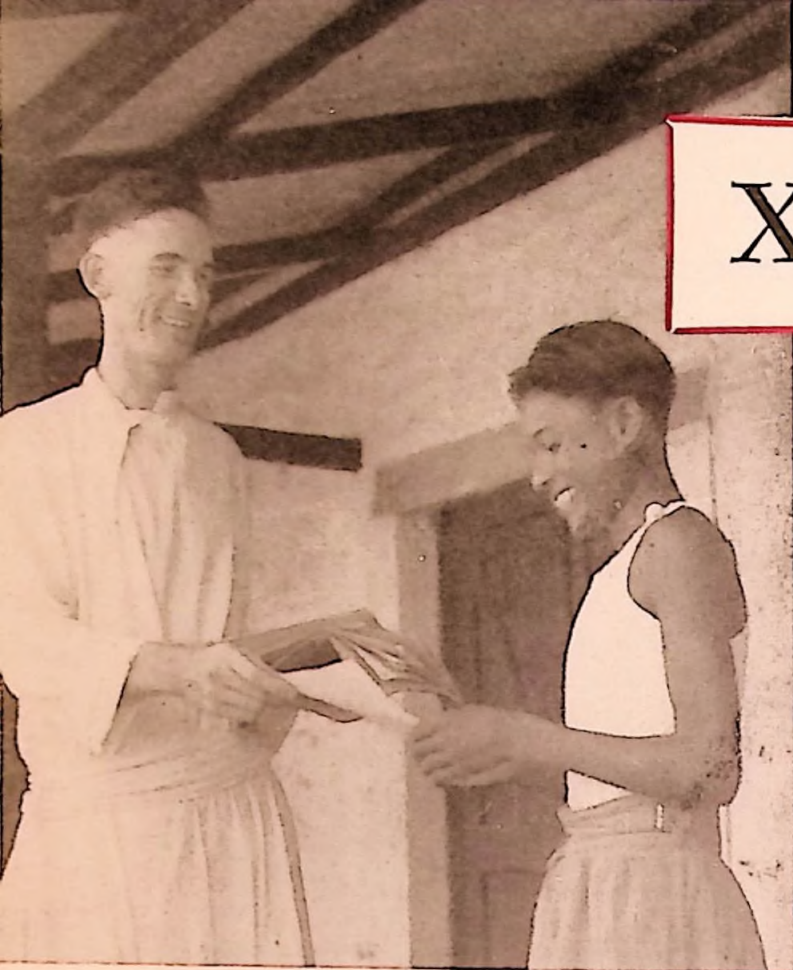
Father Kenny concludes, “Ohio’s name is consecrated in its origin by the mangled hands of a martyr-saint. As the 150th year of Ohio’s statehood is celebrated may its people be gladdened by the consciousness of this initial consecration.”

XAVIER Come

JOSEPH M. KENNEDY S.J.

watches. When the sun comes up, they get up. Things start when it looks like everyone has arrived. We were not surprised therefore when we pulled into the mission station at seven-thirty and found things by no means ready to begin. As one man put it, "When the sun comes above that banyan tree, then it is seven o'clock and we can start." Seven o'clock "tree-time" was eight o'clock by our watches.

At the Mass Father Edward Nash was Celebrant; Father Richard Neu, Deacon;



(Above) John Guidera S.J. of the Maryland Province makes an award to a happy Chaibasa student. (Right) The Hindi on the T-shirts means St. Xavier's school. (Far right) Bishop Kujur S.J. is first Adibasi raised to episcopacy.

THE BOYS HERE THINK SAINT XAVIER'S School is a name concocted by the Fathers. They know little or nothing about Xavier the man, much less what he stood for. I'm going to change that by having a big celebration on his feast day. Will you come and help us?" The speaker was Mr. John F. Guidera S.J., formerly of Baltimore, Maryland, but at present the Principal of St. Xavier's Middle School at Chaibasa in India. He was asking his fellow scholastics at Loyola School, Jamshedpur, and the reply was a hearty "yes."

Chaibasa is to Jamshedpur as Baltimore is to Washington, about 45 miles distant, and the older, smaller, more steeped in tradition. The dirt road, however, that links the two towns for more than half the distance is in no way like the Baltimore-Washington Highway, and in the early morning of December third it was bitter cold as Mr. Joseph Hammett S.J. and I, both former Washingtonians, motorcycled our way there.

The ceremonies were to begin with High Mass at seven, but Mr. Guidera's Ho tribesmen tell time by the sun. They have no



Mr. Guidera, Subdeacon; Mr. Hammett the Master of Ceremonies, and I directed the choir. We sang the Mass of the Angels as only the Ho people can—from memory. Father Nash preached in Hindi a panegyric on Xavier, and three boys made their First Communion.

It was ten-thirty when Mass and breakfast were over, and Mr. Guidera left to supervise the making of the decorations.

Chaibasa

The lay teachers were supposed to have started working on them at nine o'clock, but as yet none of them had arrived. So Mr. Guidera began to make them himself.

In front of the school, which looks more like a long store room divided into seven sections, the boys had put up bamboo poles like a football goal and run string with colored paper on it from the cross bar to the ground. We sat in this lean-to, with the boys on the ground in a half circle before us. The sun was up now, very bright, very hot, and right in our faces.

Two long speeches followed on the life of Francis Xavier. Then the entire student body marched past the reviewing tree to which we had retreated from the sun. They swing their arms shoulder high, British style, and slap their bare feet on the ground to help the rhythm. A soccer game was the last item on the morning's program. When it finished it was three P.M.

A Hindi play on the life of Xavier was the feature attraction of the afternoon. It began at four and lasted two hours. No one memorizes lines here. The prompter gives a phrase, the actor repeats it and pauses for the next line. If you are in the back rows this is slow but not too irritating. Up front it can drive you mad!

Solemn Benediction followed the play and then Mr. Guidera, using a 16 MM projector loaned to him by the American Consulate in Calcutta, showed a movie of the people themselves taken by Father Enright when



Each class put on an act: songs, speeches, dances—four boys dancing in a chorus line (but no kicks) with jungle drums beating out the music. Then came stick dances, in which each boy carries a bamboo, and hitting the bamboo of the boy in front of him, he then turns and dances through the sticks of the boys behind, hitting the while. This features beautiful footwork, and perfect timing.

he had been stationed at Chaibasa. The people enjoyed it beyond description, oh-ing and ah-ing and laughing from start to finish.

Supper then, and at eight P.M. Mr. Hammett and I bundled up again, and climbed aboard the motorcycle to ride back to Jamshedpur under a full moon.

The boys at Saint Xavier's can tell you all about their patron now.



The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

A diocesan priest laboring with the American Jesuits in Patna received a ciborium donated by a reader of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. Appreciatively he described his joy in just holding and admiring the beauty of the ciborium. Deep in his soul was the consolation of now having a ciborium worthy of his Eucharistic King.

The incident reveals the fraternal generosity of a missionary. If he has two of something, he is anxious to share it with a fellow priest. It also shows our concern that your donation be used immediately.

As day breaks, brown, yellow and white anointed hands will arrange missals at Mass, pour wine into chalices, and take from tabernacles ciboria donated by your generosity. You have given joy to their priestly hearts as many of them are from poor families and labor with the poor. Their own cannot give such gifts. Even if the priests do not know the explicit names of their benefactors, the Eternal High Priest does. It is He who will grant you and yours, both in time and eternity, a share in these Holy Sacrifices.

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

YOU CANNOT BE A PRIEST

This year the Rector of San Jose Seminary, Philippines, was forced to tell eight seminarians that, unless financial help could be obtained for them, they could not return to the seminary the following year. These men are fit candidates for the priesthood. The sole reason for their exclusion is the lack of funds to support them. To be forced to make such a decision, in view of the Church's needs in the Philippines is a cause of real grief. It may shock you to learn that such a decision was made, but limited resources can be stretched only so far.

The monthly support for the seminarian is \$42.50. Perhaps forty readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* might send \$1.00 a month to make possible the education of at least one of the eight young men dismissed for lack of funds.

I'LL TAKE THE COBRA

Recently a cobra was killed in the priests' house at Monghyr, India. A cobra in *our* bedroom would make us nervous, no doubt, but the Indian missionaries have to learn to take snakes for granted. That doesn't mean that sleep in this particular house is without any nervous strain, once the fear of snakes

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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

has been eliminated. The roof of this rectory is about to collapse. Several of the big beams are cracked and sagging dangerously. In addition to this real danger there is the added nuisance of leaks during the monsoon season. We would appreciate help in repairing this "roof of Damocles." Please send us your contribution of one or two dollars for Father Saxton.

FINGERS

Were made before knives and forks but Father Ernsdorff at St. Andrew Indian Mission, Pendleton, Oregon, would rather supply the proper eating utensils for the children's cafeteria. Place setting—\$1.00.

FROM THE DARK ROOM TO THE DEEP FREEZE

There was a prophetic meaning in the fact that Father Haffie worked for two years at JESUIT MISSIONS in the photography dark room which was only a few feet from a deep freeze. Now Father Haffie is in Alaska and will be working in Nature's deep freeze, once winter comes. In gratitude for Father Haffie's long hours of devoted work in turning out pictures for JESUIT MISSIONS we would like to help supply his needs as he returns to his missionary work. Father Haffie will have charge of three churches as well as two churchless villages. He needs:

Oil Stocks—\$13.00

Alb—\$25.00

Two Communion Plates—\$12.00

Mass Kit—\$175.00

ANY TOOLS TO SPARE?

The Boys Trade School in the Marshall Islands, under the care of Father Thomas Holland, needs a great deal of equipment. Perhaps you have serviceable tools that you no longer use. The school could use hammers, saws, screw drivers, pliers, axes, wrenches, files. These tools may be sent to:

Rev. Thomas Holland,

Navy FPO 824, San Francisco.

or to: 51 East 83rd St., New York, 28.

BAMBINO

Father John Fahey of the Carolines and Marshalls knows the tender love of his people for children. He knows how attracted they are to the devotion to the Infant Jesus. He wishes he had a statue of the Infant Jesus to help solidify this devotion. Father Fahey estimates the statue will cost \$20.00. We hope that twenty readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will give \$1.00 for the Bambino.

Can You Spare

HALF A DOLLAR



The Jesuit Scholastics

in the Philippines need New Testaments . . .

lots of them, for their work . . .

We can get them fine ones for

only 50 cents.

How about it?

Will you send

the Word of God to the Missions?

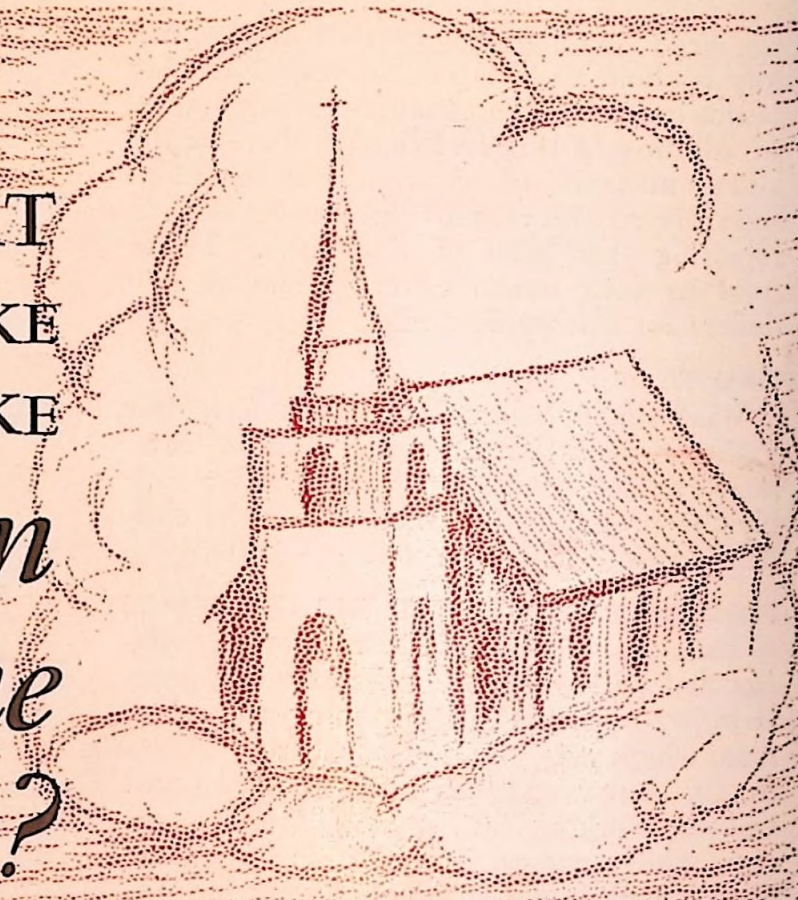
Half a dollar does it.

Jesuit MISSIONS

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WHAT
DOES IT TAKE
TO MAKE
*A Dream
Come
True?*



PRAAYER • SACRIFICE • HARD WORK

Father James Comerford dreamed of building a Mission Chapel in Golmuri, Jamshedpur, India, and dedicating it to St. Joseph. So he prayed and toiled without letup to realize his dream. But he cannot do it alone.

Will you help make his dream come true?

Chapel building	\$1,000.00
Altar	50.00
Linens	10.00
Stations of the Cross	7.50

Contributions will be cheerfully accepted at:

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