

JESUIT MISSIONS



NOVEMBER 1953



JESUIT

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(Left) Fr. John Hughes of Kobe, Japan, took this picture while visiting a fish-packing factory.

MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF 1114 AMERICAN JESUITS

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MISSION OF THE MONTH Japan

Jesuits feel very much at home in Japan. They cannot forget that the first great Jesuit missionary, St. Francis Xavier, had a special love for this land and its people. Nor can they forget the proud roster of dozens of Jesuits who have given their lives in martyrdom for Japan. Among those who have been formally canonized or beatified, are 25 Japanese Jesuits.

Today the Society is trying to be worthy of such ancestors. In 1953 there were 266 Jesuits in Japan. Of this number, 122 belong to the Vice-Province of Japan and 144 are from 35 foreign Provinces. Among the latter are 25 American Jesuits.

The works of these descendants of Xavier vary widely. They run parishes and mission stations, two high schools, and a language school where 44 young Jesuits are studying Japanese. One group of scholars has recently produced a Japanese Catholic encyclopedia. Others teach in the Catholic University of Sophia, Tokyo, or in the interdiocesan seminary. The famous Fr. Goossens directs a promising college of music and art.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the novitiate in Hiroshima, where 14 Japanese novices are starting their Jesuit formation. For the glory of God in their native land, may they all grow up to be saints!

NOVEMBER BEGINS WITH THE TWO FEASTDAYS of All Saints and All Souls. These remind us of the bonds which bind us to those triumphant in heaven and to those whose eternal happiness is assured but who have not as yet attained the Beatific Vision. The Church Triumphant, the Church Suffering, and the Church Militant are all parts of that wheel of love which keeps turning between heaven and earth. With our prayers and sacrifices we send a soul winging from Purgatory to an eternal home in His Sacred Heart—and that soul remembers and repays.

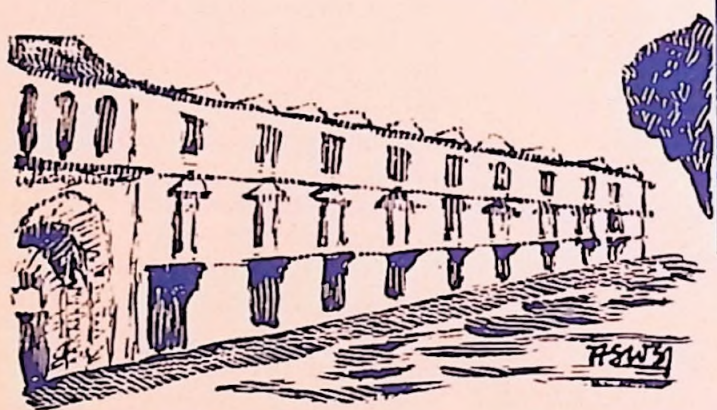
It is a divine pattern which we can readily understand in its grand outlines. But sometimes it is possible to miss the finer designs and interworkings of a section of that pattern, principally because we cannot grasp the beauty that lies shrouded in the mystery of grace. For instance, do we who form the Church Militant on earth overlook the bonds uniting us? Do we remember that our prayers for others cut through all barriers of race or color? We are all missionaries who can save other souls when we kneel in prayer.

COVER. While en route to Australia and the last year of his studies Father Fred Foley S.J. of the China Mission stopped off in the Philippines. During his stay there he snapped this winsome youngster of St. Dorothea's School in Quezon City.



Before World War II this was the main building of the Ateneo. (Below) The 1932 school.

The ATENEO *de Manila*



1803-1953

THE THIRTY TANKS MADE QUITE A racket. For twelve hours they clattered and roared, manned by a full-strength battalion of one thousand officers and men. Along the curbs, thoroughly enjoying the show, were one hundred thousand people.

A parade? No. They were making a movie. A group of college men, undergrads and alumni—with an assist from U. S. Army tanks for the battle scenes—were making their own movie.

The movie makers were Ateneans, devoted sons of the famed Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit college in the Philippines which this year celebrates its sesquicentennial. To understand the spirit which prompted these collegians to compete with the professionals of Hollywood, we need to take a quick glance at a history 150 years old.

The Ateneo of 1953 has the mellow confidence of age. But few of the years since the foundation in 1803 were placid enough to allow one to watch the academic ivy grow. Three times, at least, the school had to shift its location; it changed its name three times and its administration four times. When the Spanish Jesuits took over in 1859, they inherited an old and drab building. But they built new ones in the shadow of a beautiful church dedicated to St. Ignatius. Quietly, imperceptibly, as the buildings went up, there grew also the spirit of the Ateneo, rooted in the love of boys for their school and of men for their Alma Mater.

The first great disaster struck in 1932, eleven years after the American Jesuits began to administer the college. Fire destroyed the college buildings completely.



The Battle of Manila brought ruin to the main building on Padre Faura St. but the boys who studied here suddenly became men and heroes.

But fire cannot destroy a spirit. In a matter of weeks, the Ateneo was functioning again in a new campus on Padre Faura Street. Once again new buildings went up, among them the finest auditorium in the Orient. Once again the cadets of the famous Ateneo corps marched briskly across the parade grounds. Macbeth and Cyrano de Bergerac returned to the stage. And quietly, in the classrooms and chapel, minds and hearts were being moulded. The prime work of making Christian men out of boys went on.

Then came Pearl Harbor. Halls emptied and the young men dispersed to fight, some to die heroes' deaths on Bataan. The Ateneo seemed empty without its students, but it soon filled with the homeless and the hungry, who were sheltered and fed, somehow, through the long occupation.

Again, on the eve of freedom, disaster. In the battle for the liberation of Manila, the Ateneo was reduced to smoking rubble.

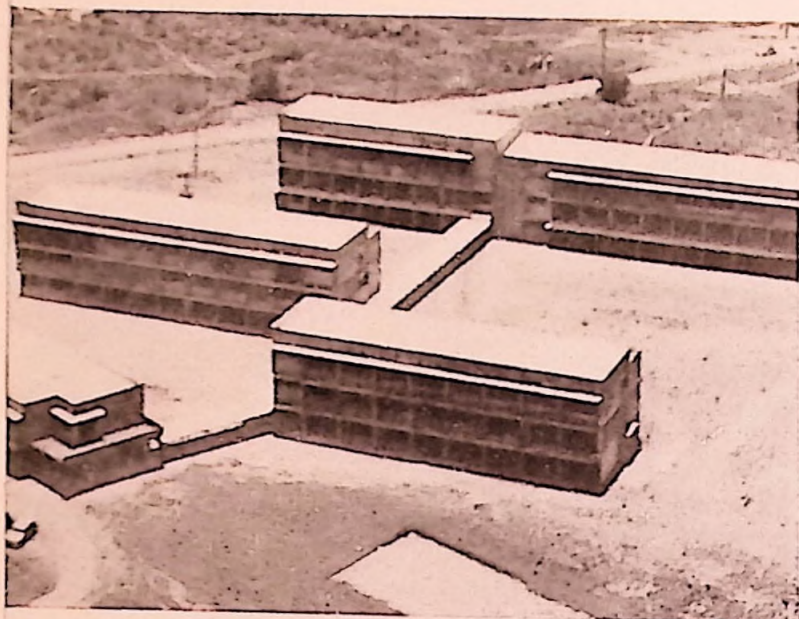
But still it went on. First in makeshift quarters, and then back on the old, burned-out site in five rows of shining quonset huts, temporary but adequate. Then a bold decision was made: the Ateneo would build again, bigger and better than ever.



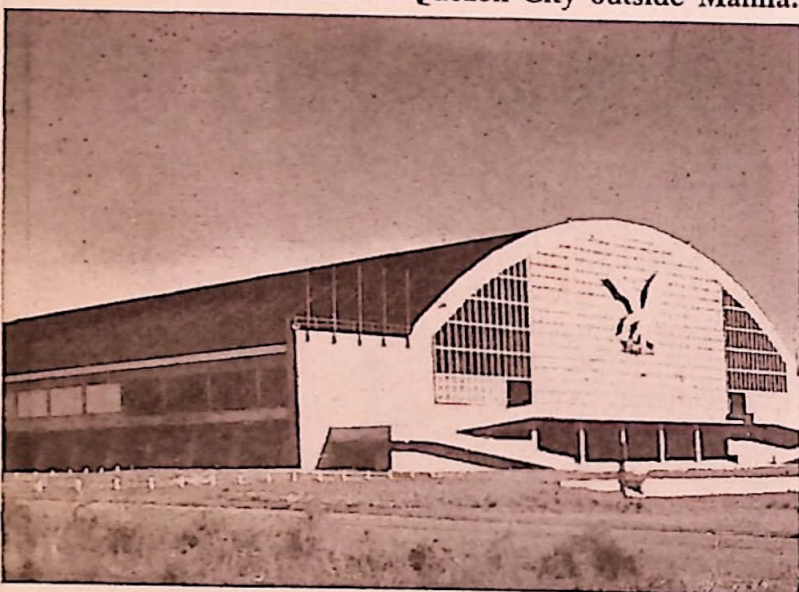
There are many things in the long history of the Ateneo de Manila which can set a boy day-dreaming even as he sits among its war ruins.

The new Ateneo is a modern university. Here Father McCarron supervises the Speech Laboratory, first electronic classroom in the East.





An air view of the new location and recently erected Ateneo in Quezon City outside Manila.



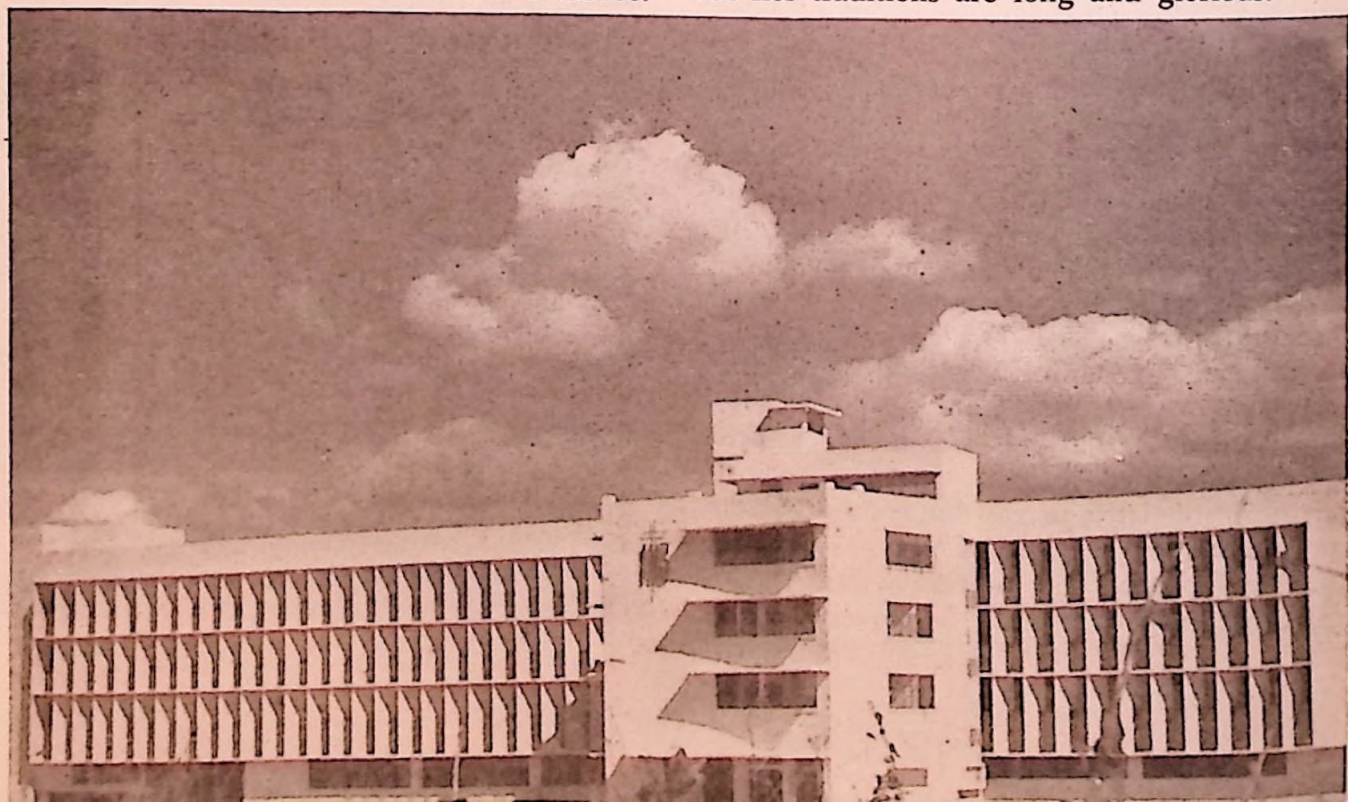
The new gymnasium and auditorium of the college has a capacity of 10,000. Here the spirit of the Ateneo de Manila is most in evidence.

Enter the movie makers. As part of their share in bearing the cost of the new plant, the Ateneo Alumni Association produced what may well be the first movie ever made by a college. The picture, "The End of the Road," was primarily the story of a real-life Ateneo graduate, Manuel Colayco. Lay apostle, editor of a national Catholic paper, Manny was a symbol of the hundreds of great and good men the Ateneo has given to the Philippines. And at the last he was a hero, who gave his young life at the gates of Santo Tomas University just as the American liberation forces were entering Manila.

The Ateneans who acted, directed and produced the film are proud of Manuel Colayco and what he stands for. They are proud of the new Ateneo, still incomplete, heavily in debt, but already a solid fact on Loyola Heights at Balara.

And so the Ateneo goes on, to raise more generations of young men in the old and great traditions. And because those traditions are older and greater than any merely human loyalties, the Ateneo will endure, a school of courage and faith for the only Catholic nation of the East. May the next century and a half match the glory of that just finished.

(Below) The administration building, the heart of the new Ateneo. There is no ivy on the walls but her traditions are long and glorious.



Bettiah Brings PEACE

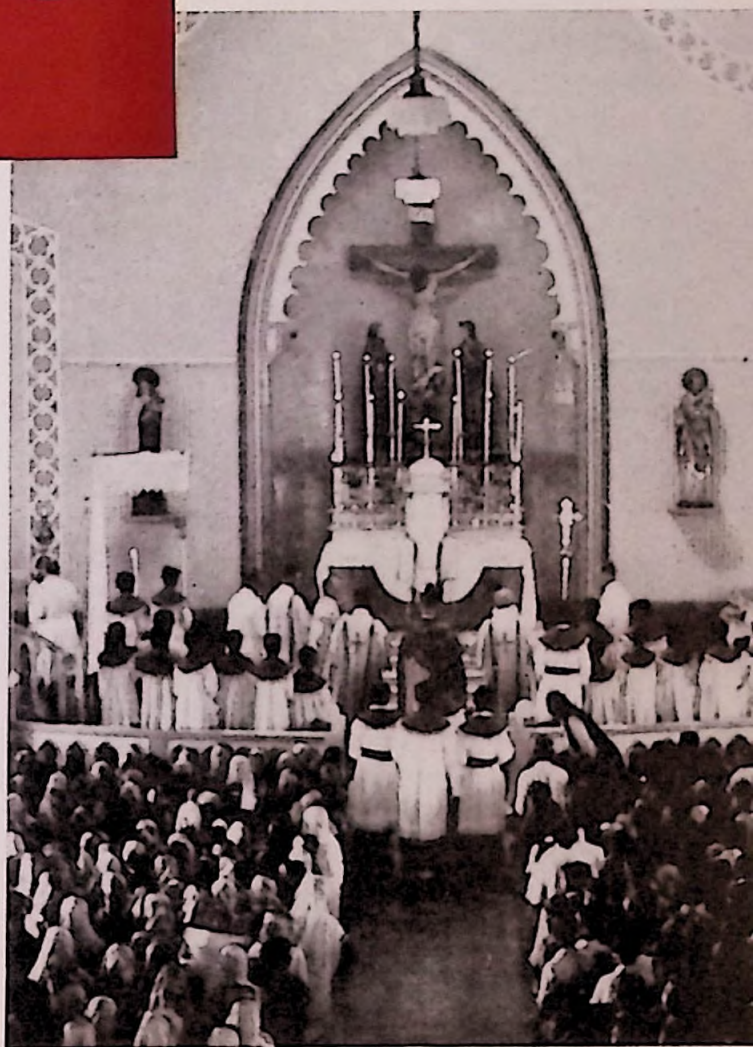
AUSTIN L. REINBOTH S.J.

I STOPPED SHORT AS I ENTERED BETTIAH'S lovely new church late one morning. Amazed, I caught the quick glimpse of a group of women in the sanctuary. For a moment all sorts of ideas leaped to mind. But then I saw they were all Hindu women who did not know better. Quietly I watched them going through a ritual all their own, offering incense and lighted candles to the Lonely Sentinel of the Tabernacle.

As I stood there I wondered at the faith of these Hindu women in the Real Presence, for plainly they had come to beg God for something their gods had not given them. It was not an isolated incident. But it was the height of all the surprises I experienced at Bettiah. Day by day pagans were attracted to Bettiah's beautiful new church. The fourteen Stations of the Cross, telling them in Hindi what was happening in each sorrowful scene, how Christ suffered and died, made a deep impression on them all. They stood and gazed.

Finishing the Stations, their attention returned to the High Altar and its beautiful life-size Calvary in the background. I remember a Hindu man just squatting silently and gazing. I asked him what he was doing. He said he was refreshing himself with all the beauty he saw.

So they come, individuals and groups, pagans in yearning. A beautiful church



The beautiful church at Bettiah attracts many Hindus and Moslems as well as Christians with its sense of divine peace.

speaks for itself. It draws and attracts; it inspires, it comforts and consoles. God's good cheer is manifest everywhere. It is not surprising, then, that the pagans even drop in for Mass and Benediction. They love to come to a service with chant, for song is in the soul of the East. Even the booming of the big bells, heard all over town, captivates their hearts.

Bettiah's beautiful new church speaks for itself. When the church was not there, the Catholic Mission was not noticed. The pagan pulse was slow towards Christianity. Now the missionaries feel the throb—the interest and inquiry that comes with each new day—all because the yearning soul finds God to worship in a lovely new church. Bettiah brings peace, the only true peace.



The floods pile high the beach at Kobe with lumber from the mills of Wakayama peninsula. Youngsters brave the icy waters of the bay near Kobe to salvage the floating lumber.

JOHN R. HUGHES S.J.

IT SEEMED LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD on the southern island of Kyushu and on the peninsula of Wakayama, the neck of land that juts out into the sea across the bay from Kobe in south central Japan. For two whole months the rains had poured down and under the steady onslaught the rivers had overflowed their banks.

In those two areas alone there were a million and a half homeless people while the dead and missing are numbered in the thousands. Whole sides of mountains slid away, taking with them houses, farm lands, roads. Families were torn apart and are still unaccounted for. The cities and villages have little left of their streets and prefectural buildings. What is left is a mass of debris and mud.

On the Wakayama peninsula, across the bay from us here in Kobe, there were numerous lumber mills whose sheds of freshly stacked lumber were swept away by the torrents. Now all the beaches here at Kobe are littered and piled high with cut and



uncut lumber. Out in the bay itself the channel for ships is one long road of floating lumber.

It simply amazes one to witness year after year the floods, earthquakes, droughts, volcanic eruptions and typhoons which scourge this poor group of small islands. In a land where only one-fifth of the soil is cultivated, a flood or any like disaster is an almost insufferable burden. But strange to say, the Japanese rally quickly and then try to turn their minds away from the catastrophe.

FLOODS *in Japan*



All the beaches around Kobe presented scenes like this. Grandmother knows well the disasters that strike Japan.



It is an action of people who live so close to disaster that they have developed a wonderful disdain for mere material things. In that attitude is the seed of their salvation. That is the characteristic which makes them so unusual and so easy to love when one comes to know them. The Japanese, pagan though he usually is, may be proud and apparently greedy, but his vices and virtues are human ones and by these he will be saved. Pray that we missionaries may make of this trait a doorway to the Japanese soul.

A candy vendor plies his trade near Kobe.





And the Band *Played On!*

The Ateneo de Zamboanga band spearheads the Ateneo Cadet Corps as they swing smartly past the reviewing stand at the Rizal Memorial.

JOHN J. DAHLHEIMER S.J.

TWO YEARS AGO A TRANSSHIPPED CARGO from Houston, Texas, was swung over the rail of the Filipino inter-island motor ship "Masthead Knot" onto the Pantalan, the municipal pier of the city of Zamboanga.

The crate was delivered, its contents unpacked and assembled, and the Ateneo de Zamboanga Band came into existence—the city's first post-war band and its only school band. It wailed and moaned and roared through the months of September and October, and by November recognizable bits of melody and rhythm were surging to the surface of the seething bedlam. By December Father Carretero, the moderator, was convinced that its renditions were smooth and polished enough to usher in the annual school play, Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance."

What all this meant for the Zamboanguenos is hard to put into print, for it is impossible for a non-Filipino to describe what part a band plays in life in the Islands. A life without a band is only half-lived. The band is there for everything: baptisms and funerals, Christmas and the Fourth of July. Any fiesta without a band is hardly a fiesta.

Seven kilometers from the city lies Yellow Beach or San Mateo where the American forces came ashore on March 10, 1945, to liberate Zamboanga. The Lions Club of the city had erected an historical monument commemorating the event and the Ateneo Band was invited to furnish the musical

trimmings for the occasion. This it did with a vengeance: marches as the crowd assembled and the anthems of the Philippines and of the United States.

But like most unveiling ceremonies, this one was too long. Unfortunately, the band had been assigned places facing directly into the setting, but still terrifically hot, tropical sun. Soon their khaki uniforms were streaked and spotted with perspiration although they were doing nothing more strenuous than sitting and holding their instruments.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the sun dropped into a cloud bank over the Sulu Sea in a technicolor fade-out complete with a glorious splash of color, a mirrorlike sea, gently lapping waves, and swaying palm trees. All of which they could see in

Band leaves the Ateneo de Zamboanga campus en route to a long, hot day.

the movies—at the moment the thoughts of the Ateneans were of home, of mother, and—of supper.

It had required four bus trips to ferry the Ateneo contingent to the dedication site, and now every bus on the road was jammed as the crowd dispersed, filling all the waiting buses as only Filipinos can fill them. Try getting a bass drum and a Sousaphone onto a Times Square subway at five o'clock and you have a faint idea of the problem faced by the band as the meeting adjourned with all the grace and serenity of a dynamited log jam.

As it turned out, it was easily solved—the Band stayed put and everyone else went home . . . the guests of honor, the Lions, the audience. The Ateneans waited on chairs for their bus—for any bus to take them home. Down came the bunting on the speaker's stand, then the stand itself, and finally the chairs were collected.

The boys were beginning to have a distinctly lost feeling. The bass drummer—a gum chewing son of the Prophet with the Scheherazadian name of Ali Al Raschid—began beating out a tattoo on his drum. With nothing else to do, the other boys began joining in. Drum solos became increasingly frequent—all one had to do was swing in the general direction as it got darker and darker.

No amount of standing on the edge of the highway and looking desperate was of any avail. Who is going to pick up a bass drum or tuba—with or without boy attached—at six in the evening?

Finally, a bus was stopped and turned around in the direction of Zamboanga and had its springs all but pressed flat as the boys gave it the old sardine can treatment.

Comfortably seated, the band rolled towards the Ateneo, each instrumentalist happily blowing "Hail Ateneo, Hail" into his neighbor's ear. All that is, except the tuba, which disjointed and silent rode in solitary grandeur in a nearly empty bus ahead. For after all there is a limit to even a Philippine bus load.



Head MEDICINE MAN

JAMES COX S.J.

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS ASKING MISSIONARIES how they spend their free time. This is how one man did.

When Francis McDermott Moore S.J. arrived in India in 1947, he noticed that a lot of people had it tough. Little or no work. Not enough food. Nobody paying attention to want and misery. This, of course, was not too strange, since there were so many people. But it bothered Father Moore, who kept thinking about it, seriously, and who decided to do something, and do it right away.

So during language school, when he was not studying Hindi, or practicing it up on the boys, he read up on medicines. He read quite a lot, and when later he was sent to Patna to help Father Loesch put up the Patna Women's College, he knew enough about medicine to begin giving out remedies to the workmen and their families. He didn't have much to give, but what he had he gave freely.

The following year he left Patna for Poona, to pursue his studies at the College there. And in the afternoon, when a good many followed the immemorial custom of a nap, he went out to the several little villages clustered around the College, and looked around for sick people. Needless to say, they weren't hard to find. Soon he was a familiar figure, small

Father Moore and his wooden box went everywhere together. Everywhere his interest and knowledge of medicine won friends.

wooden box in hand, and people would smile when he greeted with "Salaam, Butch!" some little fellow clad only in an old shoe string. After a while, people came around to ask him about this or that ailment; they would recommend him to others, since they saw his patience and good humor were unfailing. And best of all, his fee was non-existent.

After a while, Father Moore had all the business he wanted, and his free time was largely taken up with his patients, an unending line of cuts, bruises, rashes, sores and the like.

He's not in Poona any more, having returned to Patna. But the people around the College still remember him, and will remember him for a long time. Especially a little girl to whom he gave the name of Philomena just before she died, and there was water on her forehead and a little smile on her lips when she went.





Macao

Haven for the Persecuted

ALBERT R. O'HARA S.J.



The famous facade of St. Paul's Church in Portuguese Macao.

ON ENTERING THE PORT OF MACAO, ONE of the most striking sights is the beautifully designed stone facade of what is popularly called the ruins of St. Paul, a church started in 1602 and completed under the direction of the Jesuit martyr, Blessed Charles Spinola. The magnificent broad flight of stone steps cascading away from its doorway has excited the admiration of all visitors. But what makes it of special interest to us is the fact that it was built by Japanese Catholic artisans who had fled persecution in their homeland.

As I stood before the ruins of this once beautiful church, my imagination was filled with pictures of the teeming masses of refugees who had stood there during the last four centuries. Largest numerically was the floodtide of refugees during the occupation period of the Second World War. Macao was the only oasis of freedom during this period of Japanese occupation, and the refugees swelled a normal population of just over 200,000 into well over 500,000.

Shelter, food, and other supplies were divided up in order to care for the wounded, the weary and the destitute.

Today Macao has once more lived up to its reputation as a generous host to the persecuted. In this case it was principally Portuguese Catholics from Shanghai and the North. From the time of the "Liberation" of the North in the Spring of 1949, Catholics were expelled because of their belief and forced to trek south to a haven of peace and hospitality. Truly the government of Macao has shown itself a generous host in supplying living quarters, substantial food, medical and dental care, schooling and extra nourishment for the children and even in arranging for priests to provide spiritual ministries.

Simultaneous with the exodus of the Catholics from the North came the expulsion of the Catholic missionaries. As usual when persecution strikes the Church, the Jesuits found themselves no exception. Macao, which so often before had proven a refuge for Jesuit missionaries from Japan and China,



Macao is a city of churches and in this picture can be seen the Cathedral while beyond it lies the Convent of the Carmelite nuns.

Jesuit missionaries driven from China by the Communists pause at the haven for the persecuted before proceeding to their new posts.

now once more provided at least temporary quarters for the religious exiles.

But the heart and hands of a missionary do not long remain idle. The Jesuits saw in the numerous refugees, both Chinese and Portuguese, a field ripe for apostolic endeavors. Through the kindness of His Excellency, Bishop John Ramhalo S.J., and a local Confraternity which had the care of a non-parochial church, the Jesuit refugees were allowed to open that church, St. Augustine's, for the use of the Portuguese refugees and for the new convert Chinese from the North. While many Jesuit missionaries from the North have helped with the work at St. Augustine's, the regular staff consists of the Superior, Very Rev. Peter Cerutti, from Pengpu in Anhwei, Father Lee Valois, of Hsuchow in Kaingsu, Father Luis Ruiz, of the Wuhu mission, Father Luis Minella, and Brother Joseph Lodi, both of the Pengpu mission.

On Sundays the Fathers provide five Masses which are usually filled to capacity. Confessions are heard in all languages while sermons are given in English and Mandarin.

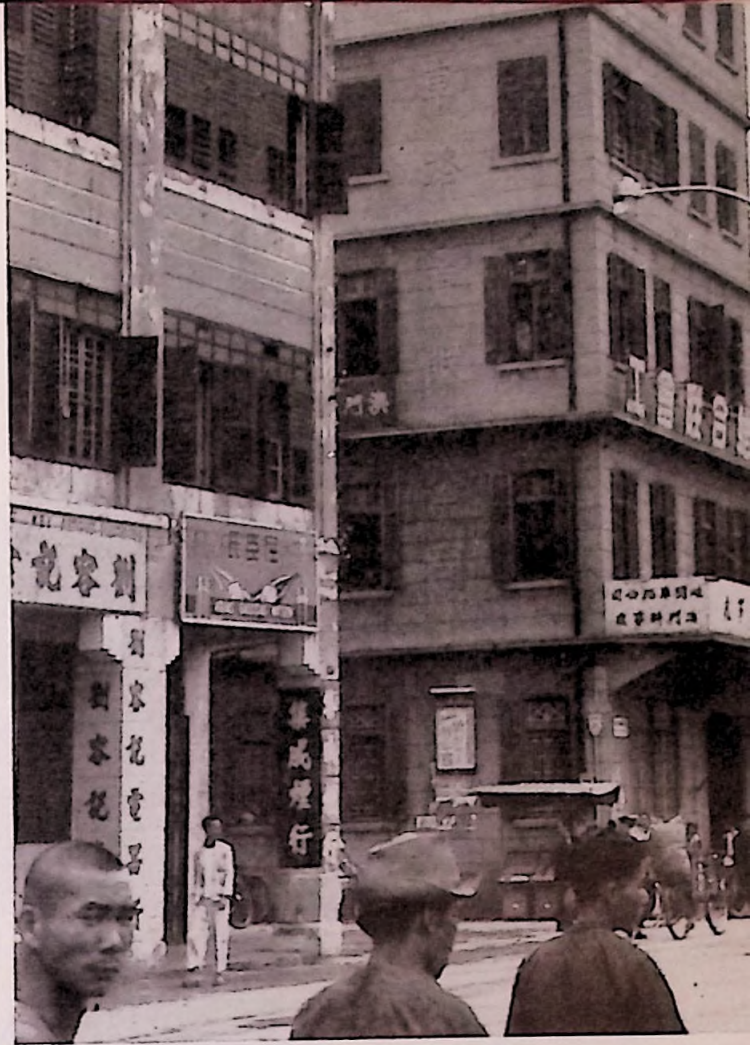
They started with a weekly hundred Communion which have skyrocketed to over 600. A good deal of the religious fervor of the Portuguese refugees has been carried over from the regular spiritual life in which they had been trained by the California Jesuits in Christ the King Parish of Shanghai. While the Catholic life of the members of that parish had always been admirable, yet under the pressure of Communist persecution it took on a note of heroism and unstinted devotion. While some of the refugees succumbed to the discouragement of "no work and no future" in the camps, yet the greater number welcomed the efforts of the refugee Jesuits and cooperated wholeheartedly.

Two Sodalities of Our Lady have been started and a third is soon to branch out. Legion of Mary work, which had been started in Shanghai by others, is being continued with great fervor and generosity. A choir under the direction of Father Ernest Gherzi S.J. is fast becoming a pleasure to hear. Children who have neglected or missed the opportunity to make their First Communion have been rounded up for Cate-

chism classes. Closed retreats during Lent and Easter time to the number of ten or more were all attended by capacity groups. Successful and well attended missions were given during Lent in Mandarin, Spanish and English. In addition to these demanding works the Fathers are caring for a group of young men who hope to enter the Jesuit novitiate, as well as teaching in the university and giving retreats and spiritual conferences to religious communities.

A group that is forming slowly but very solidly and which is ever increasing in importance is that of the northern Chinese converts. Prior to Easter 1953 there were 48 adult baptisms and more than a hundred others were under instruction.

Work with the Portuguese refugees is one of maintaining and increasing the faith and of winning back those who have strayed from the fold. Work among the innumerable Chinese refugees is a field that will grow and grow in importance for both Macao and the mainland. Though the refugees, missionaries and Catholics of this persecution have built no such imposing edifice as the famous "St. Paul's" yet they are building a striking monument of faith that will not be forgotten by future generations. The hospitable Catholics of Macao and its Catholic government deserve a just acclaim for providing a haven for the persecuted.



The Communists are also in Macao. Here are their headquarters and United Labor Union building. Both are situated on Macao Bund.

Refugee seminarians from North China play a game of basketball in the courtyard of their seminary, now a part of Sao Jose Seminary.



Kurseong welcome



Procession bearing Lord Buddha's relics enters Kurseong, headed by the famous Tibetan horns.

WILLIAM MACKEY S.J.

I RECEIVED AN INVITATION FROM THE HEAD Lama of the Tashi Chholing Monastery, Kurseong, to attend a meeting in the bazaar to discuss plans for a fitting reception of Lord Buddha's relics. The Tibetan community was represented as was also the Nepali Buddhist community. Although most Nepalis are Hindus, however the Tamangs and Lamas are faithful followers of Buddhism.

Father Wery and I were elected members of the Reception Committee. Then they asked for a loan of our school band. I could imagine the monks from the Tibetan monastery waltzing along to the tune of 'After the Ball,' as they carried the sacred relics on their shoulders! They further asked me to carry incense in the procession. As this was a strictly religious ceremony we had to refuse both requests. However, not to offend the Buddhist community, I offered my services as photographer. This left me a free hand to come and go as I pleased.

The relics arrived by car from Ghoom on Saturday afternoon at 2 P.M. They were received outside of Kurseong by the Reception Committee. A procession was formed. Heading the procession was the local monastery's band: two long horns, each

12 feet long (one monk holds the front end while a second monk blows a tune), cymbals, bells, and Tibetan drums. One and sometimes two monks chanted as the procession wound its way through the bazaar. Next came the important officials, leading Tibetan gentlemen, the Chief of Police and the Sub-Divisional Officer. The relics were borne on the shoulders of four leading lay Buddhists under a rich canopy. Two Buddhist altar boys carried incense, just as our boys do during the Corpus Christi Procession. In the last place came the women and children all dressed in their beautifully colored bokhus.

A group of monks waited at the monastery doors to receive the relics. As they were carried from beneath the canopy to the temple, prayers were chanted, incense offered and blessed rice was thrown into the air. Inside the monastery, the gold box was placed on a delicately decorated Repository, which was a mass of shining lights, beautiful Chinese silk, colored streamers and Buddhist symbols. The doors were now closed, while the monks offered a one hour puja or sacrifice. The doors were again thrown open and the relics exposed to public veneration.

BUDDHA'S RELICS



The Buddha of a temple near Singh, a town eight miles from Darjeeling. The pans before the shrine are kept filled with water.

According to the popular belief, wherever the relics are exposed, there is a huge fire. We too had our fire. That evening Father Ward and I decided to take a walk down past the temple. On the way we met many of our boys hurrying towards Chok Bazaar. We joined the running crowd. As we passed the temple we saw only one forlorn monk on guard—the rest had gone off to the fire.

Flames had broken out in a small shop, where the owner had been making fire crackers and bombs for a coming wedding. Somehow the powder had exploded and set fire to the building. As it was very dry at the time, the fire soon spread to the neighboring shops. Kurseong's water supply being very scanty, the water is turned on only for a few hours in the morning and for the same time in the afternoon. This would have to be the time when the supply was turned off. In Kurseong, there is no

Fire Department, so the Police had to phone for help to Darjeeling.

In the meantime, without water and without the Fire Department, the flames were spreading. One of our teachers, helped by some of our boys and a group from the bazaar, started to tear down the surrounding sheds. From the top of neighboring roofs, sand was hurled down on the fire. As soon as the water was turned on, a bucket brigade was formed. When the fire brigade arrived from Darjeeling two hours later, the fire was under control. Lucky for us there was no wind, otherwise there would have been no stopping the flames. As it was, five houses were completely destroyed.

That evening and the next morning during the Sunday Mass, I offered up a special prayer for our Buddhist brethren.

The monks and the leading Tibetan dignitaries enter the bazaar with Buddha's relics.



POWWOW



Father John Fox S.J. has endeared himself to his Eskimos in his long years of service.

(Right) Bishop Gleeson S.J. with Father Menager and Father Fox at Eskimo convention.

JOHN P. FOX S.J.

EVERY YEAR WE HAVE A SORT OF POWWOW at the geographical center of my district, Pilot Station. We call it a convention. This year is our Convention's tenth birthday. As in most years, our Bishop, His Excellency Francis D. Gleeson S.J., was present to add solemnity to the gathering, and also to confirm a group of our Eskimos.

The day begins with Mass and Holy Communion. We use the dialog method of following the Mass, and all the singing is congregational. Every afternoon we have a movie at 2 o'clock. In the evening we have the rosary, an instruction, and Benediction. The time between the set exercises is filled in with visiting, sports and, of course, the usual meals. For these, our visitors to the Convention go to their relatives and friends in

the village. Every home, naturally, is crowded to capacity. But where there is love and good will, virtues the Convention is meant to foster, hospitality is not much of a problem.

One of the factors that brought about the idea of this annual gathering, was the natural provincialism of our Eskimos. Originally, the Eskimos had a custom of holding similar gatherings. These were held usually during the months of January and February. One village would invite to the feasting two or three of the neighboring villages. Every family was instructed to bring along certain articles of food, clothing or hunting equipment. These were pooled and towards the end of the feasting were divided by the chiefs of the villages among all present.

Unfortunately, the missionaries had to step in. Serious abuses and much superstition connected with the native dances made



at Pilot Station



some action imperative. For one thing, the dancing and feasting lasted unreasonably long. For weeks the Eskimos did nothing else but that and sleep. Their fur rotted in the traps. Their dogs died of starvation. And every available food supply was completely eaten up. So when the feasting finally ended no one had anything left, and there was misery and starvation for a month or two till the beginning of sealing season.

The dancing was the embodiment of all their native pursuits, and their religion. The medicine men had much to do with them. They appointed the theme, and suggested the words that accompanied the dance. Moreover, at both their dancing and their meals they observed certain superstitious practices, such as libations, throwing a bit of food down a crack in the floor, or a little water into the stove, etc.

Evidently, the missionary could not tol-

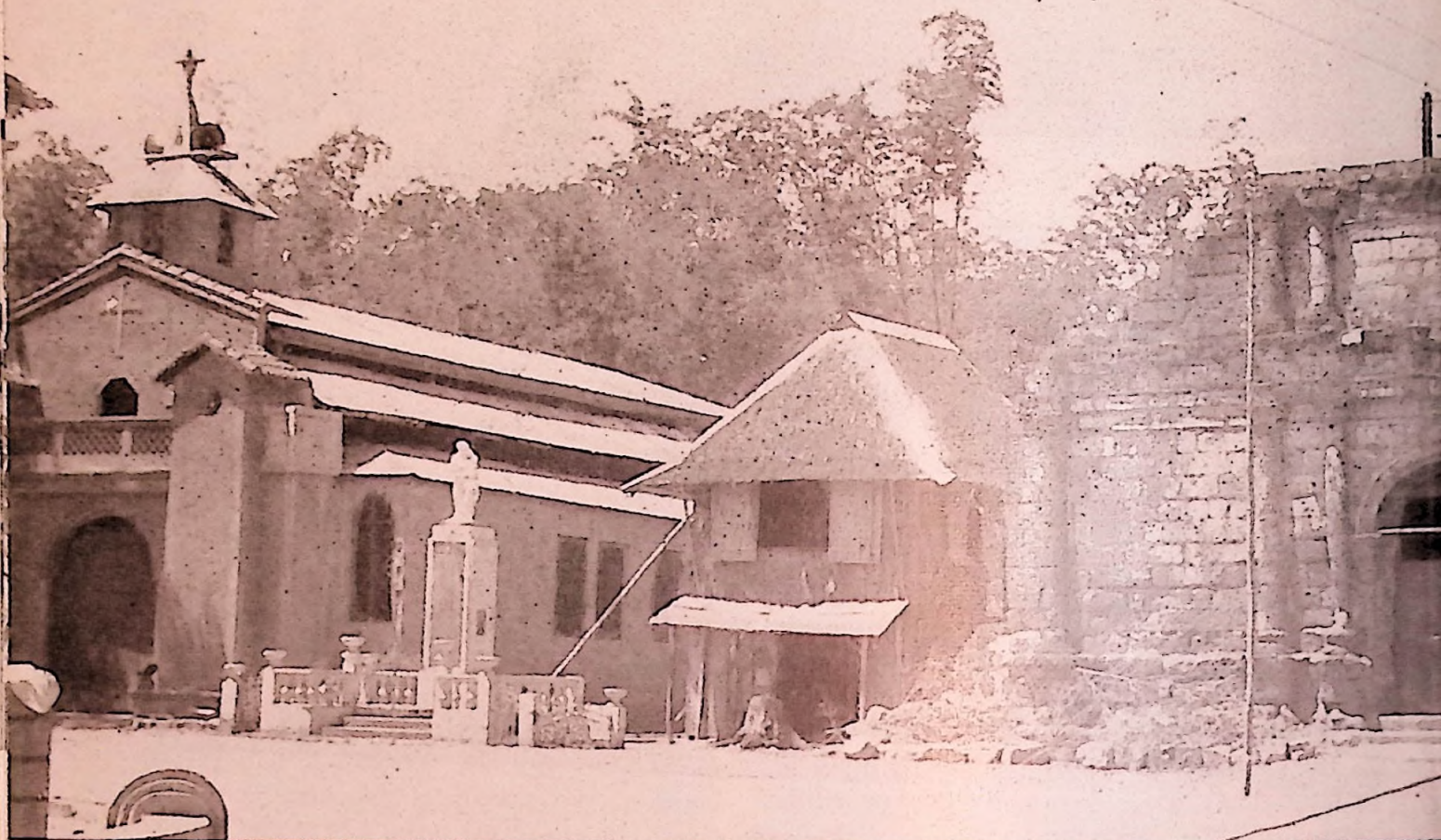
crate the practices of the medicine man, and yet hope to do any good to souls. So a struggle ensued in which the medicine men lost out. For a time, the dancing and feasting practically stopped. Then, after being purged of superstition, and after all the openly known medicine men had died, the dancing and feasting were partially restored. But there is no more moving of a whole village over to another for a month or two. And the potlatching (a term used for the general distribution of food and articles of clothing at the conclusion of the dancing), purged of all superstition, continues on a very much reduced scale and with the approval of the missionary.

The good features of the native feasting have been partially worked into our Convention. We try to get the whole family to come, and from every village of the district. Thus the young folks get acquainted with all their neighbors, and we get away from intermarriage, mixed marriages, and other evils that grow out of too circumscribed living conditions. We also have the opportunity for planning common action, where needed, and giving the Eskimos of the district a certain feeling of solidarity they did not have.

Religiously, it means one more chance for stragglers. Sometimes people will come to our Convention, and go to the sacraments, when they failed for one reason or another to do so at Easter or Christmas. Then we also have an occasional adult baptism at this time, or a marriage, or something similar. And it sometimes turns out to be the seeding time for some later spiritual harvest, such as a conversion, a return to the sacraments, etc.

Though our Convention is a strictly Catholic affair, we do have quite a good proportion of our Russian and Protestant brethren present. And when they come, they attend not only the movies, but the religious services too. So another by-product of the Convention is the gradual breaking down of prejudice, and better acquaintance with things Catholic.





Between the Catholic and Aglipayan churches stands the memorial statue which may unite Tipas.

TIPAS IS A "BARRIO," OR SMALL TOWN IN the municipality of Tagig, province of Rizal, Republic of the Philippines. It is a quiet and friendly place like so many others all over the Philippines. As special marks of its prosperity it may boast of a complete Elementary and Intermediate School, with its P.T.A., a couple of reading centers in the different "puroks" (districts), and a small "Plaza" with a cement basketball court and a monument to the Katipunan Revolution. Perhaps the only strange sight is the one right in front of the plaza. There standing side by side are the old Spanish-style chapel of the Catholics, and the newer one of the Aglipayans. Between them there is only a small nipa house with a barbershop on the ground floor.

The Aglipayans, or Philippine Independent Church, are a sect founded in 1902 by a priest, Gregorio Aglipay, and a politician and self-styled scholar, Isabelo de los Reyes. It was basically a movement of protest against the all too real abuses of the Spanish friars, although the personal ambitions of Father Aglipay, and the Masonic affiliation

TIPAS *has*

of Mr. de los Reyes also had a part in it. The beliefs of the ordinary members are more or less those of ignorant, or at the most, average Catholics. Their official tenets, however, vary between those of a High Episcopal Church for the branch that follows the 1948 Constitution of the Philippine Independent Church, and a hodgepodge of all

George Cullen S.J. is a member of the China Mission who spent some time in the Philippines studying the Chinese language. During his free hours he taught catechism to the children of the neighboring barrios. He is now studying in Argentina.



the Nineteenth Century errors, for the branch that still admits the "catechism" written by los Reyes.

Here at Tipas the cause of the break was a quarrel between the people and their parish priest. As a result many families turned to the recently founded Independent Church. The present day Aglipayans at Tipas are their sons and grandsons. Some may ask a few questions about the validity of their ordinations, or why should my son have to be "rebaptized" before First Communion, but apart from that they have no special doctrinal difficulties. They just claim to be the same as the Catholics; many of their children attend my religion classes; I myself have heard them singing "Holy God, we praise Thy Name"; and they even tell me that on Wednesday evenings many of their womenfolk go to the central town to attend the novena at the Catholic church. Of course they don't quite see why their Catholic friends cannot reciprocate in kind, and are baffled by their refusal to attend Aglipayan services. All in all they are just good generous Filipinos, friendly and hospitable like all of them.

Our main problem, I would say, is lack of priests. Tipas is only a part of sprawling Tagig parish which extends from Ususan, to



In one of the Filipino barrios the author gathered together this group of Catholics and Aglipayans for religious instruction.

its Memories

GEORGE CULLEN S.J.

Bangumbayan, and from Santa Ana to Ibayo and Napindan. Give us more priests; priests with nothing of the old time aloofness, but who walk among the people and share their life, and all these Aglipayans will return to the Church from which some unfortunate circumstance took them away; there is no doubt about that. We just have to take a look at the neighboring parish of Pateros for example of such a return. But even here at Tipas there is already something like a beginning; this year a high school boy has been baptized; several others had also asked for it, but there was always some important member of the family to refuse his, or her, consent.

But this Tipas is also famous for something else. Facing the plaza, between the

Aglipayan chapel and the barbershop, there is another monument. It represents a mother with a small child in her arms and another by her side. There is a gruesome story behind it.

During the days of the occupation the Japanese found some weapons hidden in the local cemetery. So one day all the male population was ordered to the plaza. There one by one they were made to call out their names, and were then separated into one of the two chapels. One of the two groups was left there, still tied up, for the whole day. The others were taken out in trucks—and now their three hundred plus names are on the pedestal of that monument. Nobody knew where they were taken. Nobody knows where they are buried. But both Catholics and Aglipayans have names of relatives on that pedestal. Will there not come a day when they are all able to join together in the same prayers for those who were once their neighbors?

THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

NOVEMBER: Freedom for Catholic Education in Africa.

WE AMERICAN CATHOLICS ARE VERY proud of our Catholic school system. The deep-seated conviction that only a Catholic education is a complete education underlies our generous response to the demands made on us to build and support our Catholic grammar schools, high schools, colleges and universities. We know, too, that freedom from governmental interference has helped our schools to develop and flourish.

Now, in the mission countries, we would like to see the same benefits for Catholic schools. The generosity is there. It awaits the development of each country's resources to the point where the people will be able to support their Catholic schools adequately. Until then, they must look to other sources for this support.

But, the second point, freedom from governmental interference, can be provided *now*. During November, our Holy Father asks us to pray for this freedom in Africa. This continent is singled out as the object of our prayers because it stands on the threshold of a new age. The rapid growth of commerce between Africa and what we call the West (Europe and America) has led the peoples of Africa out of a somewhat primitive way of living to one that will soon resemble ours.

There is the danger that the technical skills we bring them will obscure the real spiritual and moral principles of human life. The peoples of Africa must prepare to live and work with the West for their own advantage. We know that the only education that can do this is one that ignores neither modern progress nor eternal truths, that is, a Catholic system of education.

All the missions of Africa are bending their best efforts to provide Catholic education. In those regions that depend on the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, there are now more than 30,000 schools with more than 2,200,000 pupils. Statistics are lacking for those parts of Africa

that are subject to other Congregations. The number of schools and pupils, though large, cannot be considered sufficient if the Church in Africa is to provide education for Africa's millions either in quantity or quality.

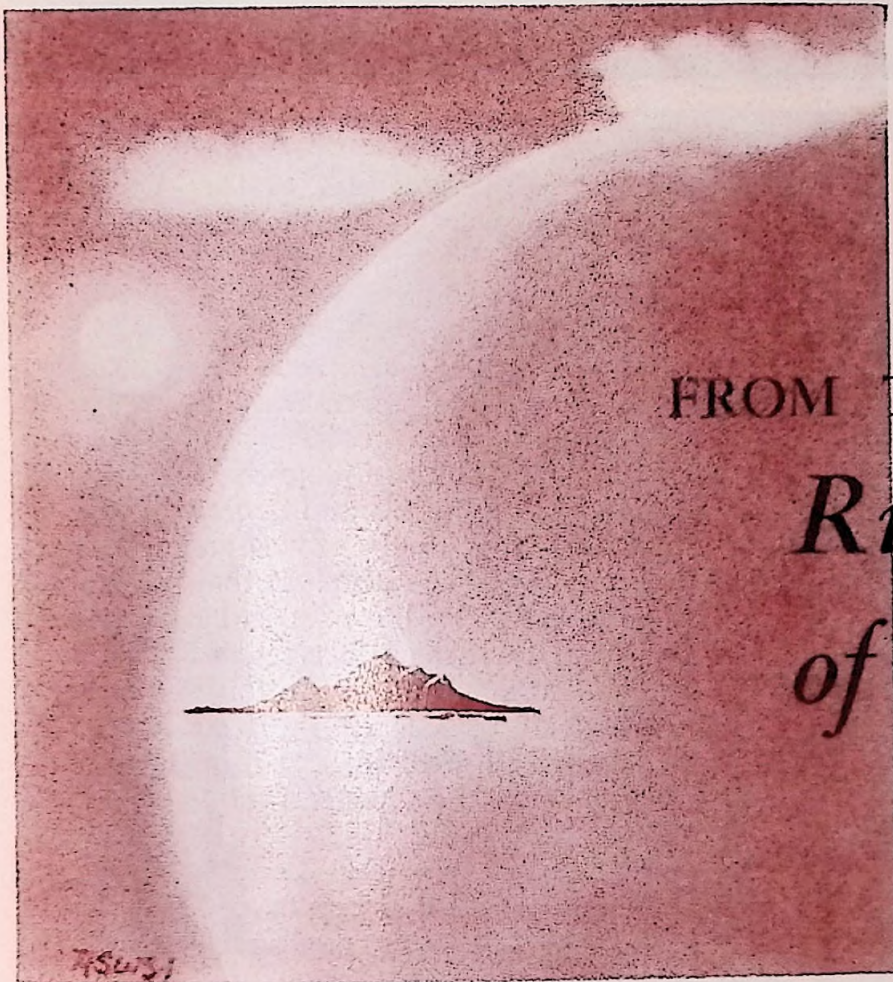
We are, indeed, glad to hear of governments that provide grants for all schools whether under their own or private auspices. But we are distressed by reports from other areas. They tell us of local officials, imbued with a spirit of materialism, who fail to appreciate the importance of religious education. One example is that of a local school commission which reported to UNESCO data on the schools and pupils of the area that omitted entirely all schools directed by missionaries as if these did not deserve to be counted as schools. Another obstacle is an exaggerated nationalism that leads to a demand that all education and schools be exclusively under governmental control.

The problem of education, then, that rests on the Church in Africa is a large one and is, by no means, easy of solution. Let us keep it in our prayers this month.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

This Egyptian girl studies in the free Catholic mission school at Charabeya.





FROM THE

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of the Sun*

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Jesuit missionaries in distant lands
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FIRST THINGS FIRST

From the Island of Truk in the Pacific Father Thomas Holland S.J. records an incident which puts the emphasis on the higher things.

"The Trukese have no TV nor have they radios. What shipping news they piece together comes from the Civil Administration Base and works its way up into the hills. That the vessel *Chicot* was due in soon, Cigadi, Father John Hoek's handyman, knew well in advance. This was his main preoccupation during his working and waking hours. Was he discontented with his situation at the Boys School at Mapuchi? Was he looking for more money? Was he eyeing a job on the little inter-island freighter? "Father," he said to Father Hoek, "I would like to sail away on the *Chicot*." There was a seraphic smile on his frank face as he announced it.

"But why?" asked Father Hoek. I tried to anticipate the response. Perhaps Cigadi wanted to build himself and his family a new home or send away to the land of make-believe for what he called a "Monkey-Ward" marvel.

"The reason was devastating." "I not only like the sea, Father," said Cigadi, "but I also want to make a lot of money so it can be used for the seminary."

AND AGAIN FIRST THINGS

From Father Joseph Reith S.J. comes a heartwarming account of two episodes which occurred within the compass of a few days. They speak well for the men who hold a prominent place in Filipino politics.

"Malaybalay is a long way from Manila and our Province of Bukidnon possesses neither wealth nor political value for the members of the President's Cabinet. But Mr. Pablo Lorenzo, Director of Public Works in

the Quirino Cabinet, came to Mindanao to be present at the wedding of his son. Shortly after noontime the wedding service was over and he had a free hour on his hands.

"He chose to spend the hour visiting Our Lord in the mission church. He knelt in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. It was not a casual visit; there was an earnestness and an intensesness about it that made it all too evident that a big man and a responsible man was referring the matters of his office to the Wisdom and Direction of the Most High. The attitude of rigid concentration, the bowed head of humility, bespoke a big man in conference. When he rose and genuflected you could tell that he had been given an answer—new strength, firmer determination and courage to proceed.

"A few days later another big man knelt in almost the same bench and adored his God. Mr. Ramon Magsaysay, candidate for the office of President of the Philippines in the November elections, came to Malaybalay

On the island of Truk Father John Hoek explains the mysteries of a camera to a Mercedarian nun and some of his parishioners.





In the Malaybalay chapel of which Father Reith speaks another man kneels in prayer as Father

Philip Boyle pronounces his final vows before Fathers Balansag, Koller and Reith.

to ask the confidence of the people in his campaign. When he had completed his mission he came to the church, not to demonstrate, not to make an impression, but sincerely and humbly to place his ambition before the High God. There was realization of the Presence of God in his step as he went up the aisle; there was adoration in his genuflection; there was respect and humility as he knelt erect and prayed. A political prayer or the prayer of a politician would have been short; but there was ample and unhurried time for this visit. As you looked at the youthful vigorous face of the man, you could tell that it was 'a big boy talking to his Dad'. I am glad that I saw these two big men pray."

THE VALIANT WOMEN

Father Robert Wilkinson of the Patna Mission in India has the job of running the Catholic Information Centre at Nirmala Library. Across the street from the library is the hospital for which Father is also the chaplain.

"Did you ever hear of a hospital without running water? Holy Family Hospital here has none. It was only three years ago that

Fathers Loesch and Stegman furnished the hospital with a sterilizer which they had rebuilt from U. S. Army supplies. For more than ten years the accepted procedure here was to sterilize the instruments on a charcoal burner outside the operating room.

"The Medical Mission Sisters have been slugging it out in these temporary quarters for the past fourteen years. What they have accomplished for Patna Missions during that time can never be fully appreciated. For us Jesuit missionaries there is the miracle that only three priests have died during that time and these priests were old men—Father Eline, 76 years old; Father Creane, 69 years old; and Father Westropp, 74 years old. Many more would certainly have died if the Sisters were not here to treat them.

"There are 150 beds in the hospital and these are always filled. Last Sunday night an Italian Father from the Milan Foreign Missionary Society in Malda, some 100 miles east of Patna, was brought here in a critical condition. It was just past midnight and no babies were scheduled to arrive so Father was lodged in the only available place—the delivery room.



"Under such handicaps these Sisters throughout the years have treated 37,894 patients. They have performed 11,194 major operations and have delivered over 4,800 babies. From their dispensary they have administered to 454,606 other patients.

"The seven Medical Missionary Sisters who are here could not administer the hospital alone so they have sixty-three student nurses living in the compound. This is the largest Catholic Nursing School anywhere in the Orient. For a long time they have been trying to gather funds for a new hospital. Bishop Wildermuth S.J. has donated the land for such a project at Kurji. The new site lies along the Ganges River and is ideal in every way. Fathers Loesch and Stegman are putting up the first wing of the building but the work goes very slowly for want of funds.

"No one who has not worked with these Sisters can realize how much they have meant to the Patna Mission. Time and again they have taken care of the Jesuits here. Their work is pretty much unsung but they are the valiant women. They answer, in ways which a priest cannot, a vital need in the mission along the Ganges. I hope that some readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will be willing to help them out in this critical period."

Father Robert McCormack of Corozal in British Honduras makes a raid on the rain barrel.



NOVEMBER WITH THE MAYAS

Down in British Honduras at the Mission of Corozal Father Robert McCormack S.J. is preparing for a busy season. But, as he happily concludes, it's good to be alive in these days.

"My Catholic Mayas have a great devotion to the Poor Souls in Purgatory. It means a busier November for me but I am now able to use the privileges of saying Mass in the evening and of offering two Masses on weekdays when necessary. So my November program will be to say Mass here in the morning, to visit the school, take care of the routine business and then start off for one of my missions.

"The pattern is usually the same: I plan to arrive shortly after noon, visit the school, teach catechism and hear children's confessions, and then visit the homes and the sick. Later I hear confessions for the adults and baptize if necessary. About dusk we assemble for a candle-light procession to the "campo santo," the village burial spot, where we recite the rosary and make Catholic the night with hymns. Then we return to the church where we have evening Mass and a consoling number of Communions.

"Almighty God always buoys up one's spirits on such excursions. So, for example, on my last trip I came across Dona Concha who had eluded the 'Hound of Heaven' for thirty-four years. You can imagine my happiness when I brought her the Bread of Angels after Mass one evening in Mary's town of Concepcion. A few days later cancer sent her into eternity.

"These are the conquests that delight our hearts. I remember when Father White and I were building the church of Christo Rey in Santa Clara. We sweated together with these jolly little Mayas in tearing out the stones which their remote ancestors had once piled to pagan gods. Now we were building a shrine to the One True God. Occasionally a venomous snake would come hissing out of the nearby bushes. I thought then of how it symbolized the vexation of Satan at the conversion of these charming folk. Yes, it's wonderful to be alive in such days!"



Formosa's FIRST SACRIFICE

EDWARD J. MURPHY

IN THE TEEMING RAIN, JUST AS A TYPHOON was hitting Formosa, we buried Father Tom Korn. We buried him in a Chinese coffin and in the Chinese manner because it was the way that he would want to be buried. The Fathers and Sisters and the Christians braved the winds and the rains to show their esteem and love for a missionary who had died in the line of duty.

Father Korn had been assigned to the China mission several years ago, but the Chinese Communists had prevented him from taking up his assignment and he had been detoured to Manila. Letter after letter had come to me ever since my arrival in Formosa. Time and again he asked if he could join our exiled forces here. Finally last July I called him to come to Hsinchu. He was thrilled and wasted no time in leaving Manila.

On his arrival I took him to Hsinchu and he started to work with great zeal. This was on August 3rd. On the afternoon of August 14th I called Monsignor Fahy S.J. by phone to tell him that Father Burkhardt, the Visitor just expelled from Shanghai, would be arriving that night in Taipei. Monsignor Fahy told me then that Father Korn was not feeling well. He was not able to perspire and was running a high fever. Later that night a call from Hsinchu announced that Monsignor Fahy had just taken Father Korn to the hospital. He had a fever of over 106 and was unconscious. He had been anointed before leaving the house.

At two o'clock that morning a Protestant doctor and myself started off for Hsinchu. We arrived there at 4:30 a.m. When we got to the hospital, Father Korn was already breathing very heavily and we knew the end was near. Doctor Dale and the other doctors diagnosed it as encephalitis, a sort of malaria which attacks the brain. They claim it comes from mosquito bites. About five o'clock Father Tom Korn opened his eyes, stared at the wall, and a few minutes later he breathed his last.

He had arrived in Formosa on the Feast Day of St. Ignatius and exactly two weeks later, early in the morning of the Assumption, he departed for Heaven—our first victim and sacrifice for the new mission in Formosa. He was young, strong and zealous—everything a promising missionary should be. His ardent desire to reach China and to work here was realized, but only for the briefest hour.

We are all stunned and saddened but we are all aware that Almighty God knew what He was doing in picking His victim. It may well be that through his death our brother California Jesuits now in Chinese Communist prisons may win to freedom and to the spreading of the Kingdom of Christ for which Father Tom Korn died.

HOLY ROSARY *Today*

PAUL I. MANHART S.J.

(Left) Holy Rosary Mission on White Clay Creek in South Dakota was founded back in 1888.



(Above) The spirit of Holy Rosary teams and followers is sparked by its cheer-leaders.

(Above right) Coach Bob Clifford has coached Holy Rosary teams a long period of years.

(Left) Fr. Lawrence Edwards has been in charge of the mission school the last 9 years.



L YING BETWEEN THE CHEYENNE AND THE head-waters of the Niobrara is the land of the modern Sioux. These people live in the backwoods of America, but not because of the woods. For there are no woods to speak of. They live in the backwoods because of the vastness of the region and the general undesirability of place and climate. The weather is often severe in both winter and summer. Only low undulating hills and great open prairies covered with sand, sagebrush, dry-brown buffalo grass, and scattered pines give distinction to the countryside. And it is over 100 miles to a moderately large travel artery running through central Nebraska.

And down along White Clay Creek, tucked in among the hills, our little mission stands



and has stood since 1888. Since then the mission has seen much: the birth of her own school, the final capitulation of the Dakotas in the massacre of Wounded Knee, the starvation years following World War I, and today she sees many of her fighting Sioux marching together with the Yankee in every part of the armed service and into every corner of the world.

Today Holy Rosary's mission school has two noteworthy workers of the Lord's vineyard. Father Larry Edwards for the past nine years has directed the mission school with energetic devotion. He has managed with the meager resources of the mission to

help make possible a primary and secondary education approaching the level of an ordinary American school. It was not until 1937 that there was the opportunity of more than a grade school training. In that year Holy Rosary formed a ninth grade; a tenth grade the following year; and three years later the high school with the eleventh and twelfth grade. This was, indeed, a heavy burden, besides setting an additional restraint upon boys and girls who knew so little of a refined Christian life. Nevertheless, the enrollment sky-rocketed from 100 to about 400 pupils. And in doing the splendid work of God, the Sisters of St. Francis were ever at the side of our Fathers.

Today's other noteworthy worker in Our Lord is Mr. Bob Clifford. Among other things, Bob coaches the school football, basketball, and baseball teams. He has labored most of his 52 years among the Sioux and continues to bring the enthusiastic spirit of the Sioux warrior onto the gridiron, court, and diamond in good and often victorious teams. This year Bob's basketball team is carrying a formidable record of no losses. It is his conviction that success for his boys is a success first in studies.

The children of the reservation come to our mission knowing that they will be cared for in every way, having to pay for nothing except candy and the like. Meals, clothing, sleeping quarters, laundry, and recreation are at the mission's expense. Most parents are simply without means. Many of the children are from what you might call the "slums of the prairie," coming from homes planted along some dry creek bed far out on the desolate range. And they come to us with the freedom and toughness of prairie life ingrained in their very bones. They are simple and forward and in fear of the apparent confusion of big city life, and their life will be that of the roaming cowboy or the independent and prosperous rancher.

But today we have reason to be proud of the young men and young women who graduate from Holy Rosary. It was not until 1891 that the Dakota Sioux yielded to the incursions of the white man into his homeland. And God has blessed them with a singular love for the Blackrobe, and thus far with two Sister vocations. By the favor of Our Lord we hope for vocations to the Brotherhood, and above all, to the priesthood. Surely they are in the making at the Holy Rosary of Today.



The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

During the month of November, the Church cherishes the memory of her children awaiting liberation from Purgatory. In urging prayers for the souls in Purgatory there is also the concomitant and salutary consideration that we, too, one day will be numbered among the Church Suffering. It would be both prudent and charitable to provide now for the spiritual comfort of your own soul. There are two practical means available.

In drawing your will, you should include a bequest for Masses to be offered for your soul and those of your relatives. Another means would be to take out a modest life insurance policy. JESUIT MISSIONS, INC. could be specified as the beneficiary with the understanding that the amount be applied to Masses for your soul. It is quite evident that the policy would well be named a life insurance for life everlasting.

As the Editors offer their Masses this month they will be particularly mindful of your dear ones, begging God to grant to them the same eternal life you are helping to bring to others.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

(REV.) COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

HOW LONG IS 'TEMPORARY'?

Way back in 1920 at the Port Antonio Mission in Jamaica a rectory was purchased as a "temporary" residence for the priest. Father William Dwyer, the present pastor of a far-flung difficult mission, resides in the same building today. It is not a very inviting place, in its present condition, to return to after wearying trips on foot or donkey-back to his mountain outposts. Often his traveling is done in torrential rains. For example, one day this year sixteen inches of rain beat down on his rectory roof. And the "temporary" rectory has taken that sort of thing for over thirty years. Would you help Father Dwyer to build a new one?

MORE MACHINES—MORE WORK— MORE FOOD

Father Reinboth has a solution to remedy the terrible want and poverty of the widows and orphans in his parish. He has started a Knitting School which supplies a little income to these poor people. With the equipment he has, the production of the school earns, at the maximum, \$6.00 a month per person, and there is not enough work for all who ask for a chance to earn a living. Some of these widows have as many as four chil-

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51 East 83rd St.,
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dren and most of the families have to live on *one* meal a day. If Father Reinboth could buy more knitting equipment, he would be able to furnish more work and provide a better income for these neglected and undernourished women and children.

Your generous nature may urge you to sacrifice a small luxury to provide work and food for these good people.

LANDSLIDE

This year Japan had the most destructive floods in her history. On page 8 of this issue Father John Hughes has recorded some of the scenes for JM readers. The Catholic churches, convents and rectories were heavily damaged by the waters. One of the new churches, the St. Francis Xavier Memorial Shrine in Yamaguchi, built since the war, can be saved from destruction only if erosion of a weakened cliff can be stopped. Monsignor Ogihara begs his American benefactors to remember him in this crisis.

THE INSIDE STORY

Incidentally, Father Hughes ranks among the most faithful and best of our correspondents and photographers on the missions. During his six years in Japan he has consistently supplied us with stories and pictures. Recently he expressed his regret at being unable to send us pictures taken indoors but he lacks the necessary flash equipment for such photos. Because of all he has done for us, we would like to provide him with that equipment. In helping Father Hughes you would also be helping JM and all our readers.

IT'S COLD THESE DAYS

A mother in India brought her baby to the priest for baptism. Answering the baptismal question "What do you seek from the Church?", her answer was, "A blanket. It's cold these days."

There are thirty boys at the Creane Memorial Orphanage, Gaya, India, who will be shivering and getting sick unless there is more than straw to put under and around them. It would be nice if we could put the lads in the warm spots our benefactors have in their hearts, but in lieu of that, we'll have to wrap them in blankets.

Blankets cost \$2.00 in India. Would you help?

DEAR READER,

If only you were **Quintuplets!**

Every subscriber to Jesuit Missions helps the missions in many ways, especially by praying for them. JM is, after all, principally a reminder to pray for the missions.

Won't you get five other people to subscribe? Then you'll be helping five times as much!

Anyone who gets 5 subscriptions

- 1: will receive a beautiful parchment scroll from Rome.
- 2: will share in a monthly Mass celebrated at the Altar of St. Francis Xavier in the Holy City.
- 3: will benefit from the grateful prayers and sacrifices of 1114 American Jesuit missionaries in the field.
- 4: will have the overwhelming gratitude of Christ and His Blessed Mother, who are vitally interested in the missions and those who help the missions . . .

How about it?

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The Torch Bearers

In Formosa forty dedicated young men are being trained now to bring the light of their faith back behind the Iron Curtain into the dark night of Red China.

It costs \$300.00 a year to train each man: less than \$1.00 a day.

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