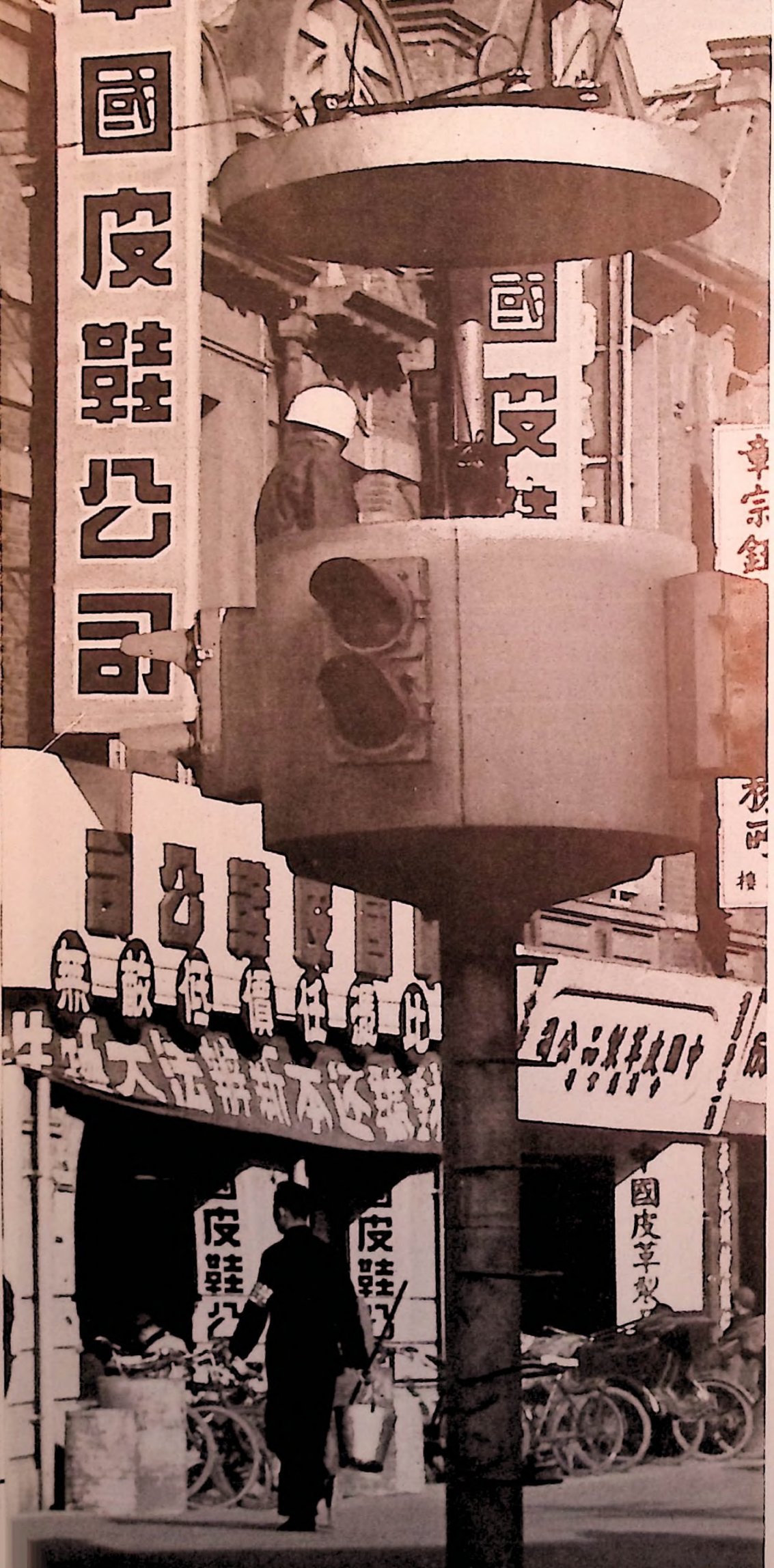
JESUIT MISSIONS

JUNE 1954



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(Left) Street scene in Taipei, Formosa, with policeman directing traffic from raised control tower.

MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF THE 1129 MISSIONARIES
OF THE 8 AMERICAN JESUIT PROVINCES

Vol. 28, No. 5 June, 1954

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COVER. Father Fred Foley S.J. of the China Mission was strolling down the street in Taipei, Formosa's capital, when he encountered the quizzical glance of this one-year-old Chinese baby. Like Father Foley, he is also a refugee from the mainland.

MISSIONS OF THE MONTH—China and Japan are opposite poles in the mission world of today. In the former country the Church is very close to being forced underground by its Communist persecutors. In the years since 1947 there are over 200 known deaths of priests and religious at the hands of the Communists. How many others of the missing are already dead is not known. But in 1947 there were about 5500 foreign missionaries in China. By 1953 that number had shrunk to 353 through expulsion and death. Those who escaped the onslaught did not quietly return home. They are poised today in Formosa, Japan, Southeast Asia and the Philippines, awaiting the hour when they may again return to their mainland missions.

On the other hand the Church in Japan presents a bright picture. It would be even brighter if there were more missionaries in that country to take advantage of the opportunities facing them. Over two thirds of the 3000 religious are Japanese although only about one fifth of the thousand and more priests are native born.

BEHIND THE LINES

June is the month of the Sacred Heart and we felt it would be most fitting to ask Father Thomas Moore S.J. to write our lead article.

Father Moore is the Editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and is also the National Secretary for the Apostleship of Prayer.

It may not have occurred to some of our readers that Devotion to the Sacred Heart is above all missionary. But Father Moore makes that eminently clear.

We were very glad to see the reaction of our readers to Father McCummiskey's recent article "Choose Your Partner in Prayer."

The article emphasized the reliance of any missionary on the prayers of those behind him and the increased confidence that comes from the knowledge of that definite backing.

We hope even more of our readers will adopt this idea of praying for a specific missionary or cause.

In that connection may we refer you to the Pope's Mission Intention for this month on page 19? He asks us to remember the faithful in China and our bond with them. As we go to press, some of our own Jesuit missionaries are still held in Communist prisons.

THE

The secrets of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord are revealed to St. Margaret Mary, the Visitation nun who was very much of a missionary without going beyond the walls of her convent.

THE SACRED HEART DEVOTION IS MOUNTAIN spirituality. You have to be high enough to look in two directions: into the past for inspiration, into the future to realize the scope of its work. For the Sacred Heart Devotion is apostolic; it throws all the weight of divine and human love into the task of saving souls. You have to view the Sacred Heart Devotion from the top of Calvary.

It is true that St. Margaret Mary looked for Christ in the shadows of Gethsemane. In the third great apparition, Our Lord told her that she must share in the sadness He felt in the Garden of Olives and say with Him the humble prayer which He spoke, out of mortal anguish, to His Father. The Holy Hour is a meditation on the Passion.

But the main purpose of this prayer is inspiration. If you watch Christ in His Agony, you cannot help but see His great Heart at work, and the words of St. Paul come spontaneously to your lips, "He loved me, and gave Himself up for me." Then you ask yourself the question, "What can I do for Him in return?"

You can do much for Him, but what you can do will not keep you long in the Garden. Had Christ died beneath the olive trees, had He lost his battle with sin somewhere along

THOMAS H. MOORE S.J.

SACRED HEART *and the Missions*

the bloody road of suffering, you could lament for Him and weep because One who loved so much could love no more. But Our Lord did not die in the Garden. The Agony, and all the rest of His Passion including His death, was a bitter struggle with sin, which Christ won. He rose again from the dead. The Sacred Heart who appeared at Paray-le-Monial was so resplendent with glory that Margaret Mary thought she would be consumed in its light.

You must always rejoice with Christ because He is victorious. But if you want to see how much He loved you, go back to the time and place in which He fought for you. In the blood and pain of his wounds, you will read of His love. By His bruises we were healed. Contemplation of the Passion is for us: to stimulate our love for Christ, who has loved us first.

If you love someone very much, you immediately become interested in his work, you are anxious that everything succeed to which he puts hand. Your love is a poor thing if you do not do what you can to help him fulfill his heart's desire.

You ask yourself, what is the great desire of Christ? The answer comes back at you from all the pages of the New Testament. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, the Son of God tramped the hot roads of the world and finally died at the end of the ascent to Calvary for one purpose: the salvation of souls. "I have come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly." From the top of the mountain we look across a world which must give answer to a Divine Lover. An answer there must be, for redemption is a work of love, and love is of two. The beloved must come to her lover.

If your heart beats as one with Christ's, you will leave all things that other men love so much and go out into the streets of the world to tell men that they have been redeemed and that the Heart of the Redeemer is waiting for their coming to Him. You will be an apostle, a missionary. But if Christ does not want you to be that, He will send you anyway—but after another manner. He will make a Margaret Mary out of you.

The little Visitation nun did not go out over the face of the world. She went down through the world like a spiritual gnome, carrying with her a precious treasure. Like the Mother of God, her love for Mary's Son made her full of grace. And the grace was not alone for her; she gave it, as Mary gave Christ, to others.

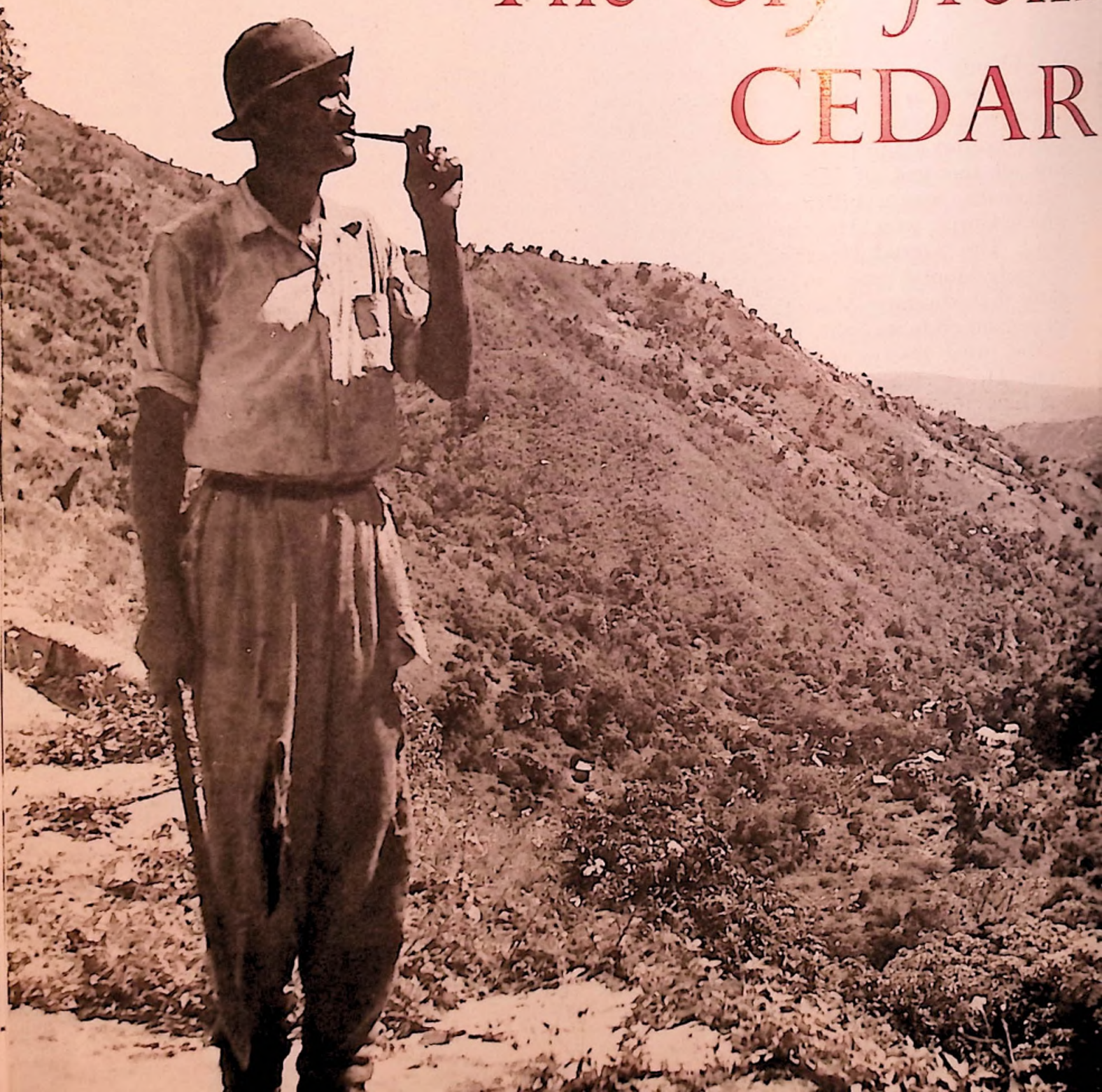
When a little boy skins his knee, the rest of his body conspires to heal the wound. Every cell in his heart and lungs rushes to aid. Succor comes, over the channels which carry the blood from one part of the body to another, to where it is needed. Divine grace is something like that. It is distilled in the Heart of Christ and so it is a product of His love. But because love is of two, the divine fire must kindle in the breasts of men. He who loves Christ will consecrate himself, in one way or another, to the task of kindling it. Our love is Christ's need. To distribute the graces of redemption, He has no other hands but ours. The Sacred Heart Devotion is above all missionary.

The Cry from CEDAR

SEVENTEEN MILES FROM THE CENTRAL station on the Lourdes Mission in southeast Jamaica and three thousand feet higher a cedarless village is perched on the edge of a cedarless valley. The name of the village is Cedar Valley. Beyond Cedar Valley are the southern foothills of Jamaica's highest peak, Blue Mountain.

Here is a very pretty bit of God's creation, very pretty in the morning or late afternoon sun. The glare of the high noon sun more truthfully reveals the hard and rugged nature of Jamaica's hills. The map of the area is studded with almost romantic names like Nesscastle, Woburn Lawn, Content, Eppingham Castle, Hagley Gap, Green Valley, Twinn, Mount Charles and Monkland, names that also appear in the Baptismal Register for the area.

That Baptismal Register tells a brief tale of each of some four hundred souls that belong to the Catholic Church, souls which



Father Richard Coakley enroute to Cedar Valley.

VALLEY

RICHARD J. COAKLEY S.J.

for lack of staff and means have been all but abandoned. Once a month, on the first Monday morning, a handful of very faithful souls straggle into Cedar Valley from the hills beyond to meet the priest and to attend the Holy Sacrifice in a dingy room of an old courthouse.

They are simple, rugged and devout mountain folk who without complaint have trudged from five to twelve miles up and down steep and stony mountain trails that would kill a horse. Hard as life is for them, they are gentle in appearance and quick to smile. Even in the faces of the children there is written a great patience with time and all its vicissitudes. They find great joy in the promise of a heaven in the hereafter for their vision of paradise is undimmed by creature comforts or purchased gaiety.

There is one thing upon which these good souls who congregate in that dingy corner room of the old courthouse in Cedar Valley are very insistent. They want more protection by the priest. "Father, we must have more protection by the priest," are grim and significant words, especially when spoken by an earnest husky, six-foot-four man from the mountains.

The man who wears the cassock and the stole at Cedar Valley, the man who opens up the Mass kit, sets up the portable altar on a shaky table and dons the vestments for the Holy Sacrifice in that miserable room knows that one Mass a month on a Monday morning is a very meager spiritual diet for the Catholic souls who live above Cedar Valley. He understands the desire and the need behind their insistence upon more protection by the priest.

How can he effectively explain to them that they must suffer from a lack of mission personnel and means? He tries. They listen. They nod as if they understood. Then after a moment of silent dismay and thought say again, "But, Father, we *must* have more protection by the priest." Next month they will be back again with the same deep concern for the spiritual well-being of themselves, their children, their young and their old folk and with that same demand for more protection by the priest.

The hills might be emerald green in the morning sun, the brilliant white sunlit clouds might drag their shadows across hilltop and valley, mountain streams might sparkle and bubble on their hasty way to the sea, ripened citrus might hang from the trees like golden globes, but for all that there is a kind of spiritual starvation up beyond Cedar Valley where no church bells ring.

Our Lady's Gardener

ARMAND M. NIGRO S.J.

BORN 88 YEARS AGO IN PIEDMONT, ITALY, OF STURDY peasant stock, Giuseppe Giraudi entered the Society of Jesus as a Coadjutor Brother at the age of twenty-eight. In 1896, a year after his first vows, he was sent to the Rocky Mountain Mission which embraced at that time all the territory west of the Rockies.

For close to twenty years he labored at the Indian mission of St. Ignatius in Montana. In those early days there were mountains of work to be done because of the fewness of the brothers and the complete lack of modern machines. Brother Joe did the cooking and baking, helped in the garden and tended the furnaces. Simply, and with no trace of vanity, he confessed that some nights there was very little time for sleep. The furnaces had to be kept burning during the night and bread was needed for the morrow.

His next assignment was to another Indian mission in Oregon. There he injured his leg and he was moved to the Jesuit philosophate of Mount St. Michael's in Spokane. The doctors agreed that his hip had become infected with malignant cancer. He could live only a few months more. Amputation might help, but there was no certainty. The little man on the sick bed shook his head. "I keep my leg!"

When the doctors left the room Brother Joe had something to tell the Blessed Mother. "If you want me to die, I am ready. But if you want me to do some work, you'll have to give me back my leg." On the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady in 1919, after two novenas to her, Brother Giraudi got out of bed and walked. The infected leg soon healed.

Mary had restored him to health and now he would work for her. He transformed a volcanic rock pile into a beautiful garden spot. With his unerring taste for natural beauty, he built the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes into the loveliest spot on the Mount. Besides all his other work, he kept that shrine a thing of beauty, laboring over it even until two days before he died.

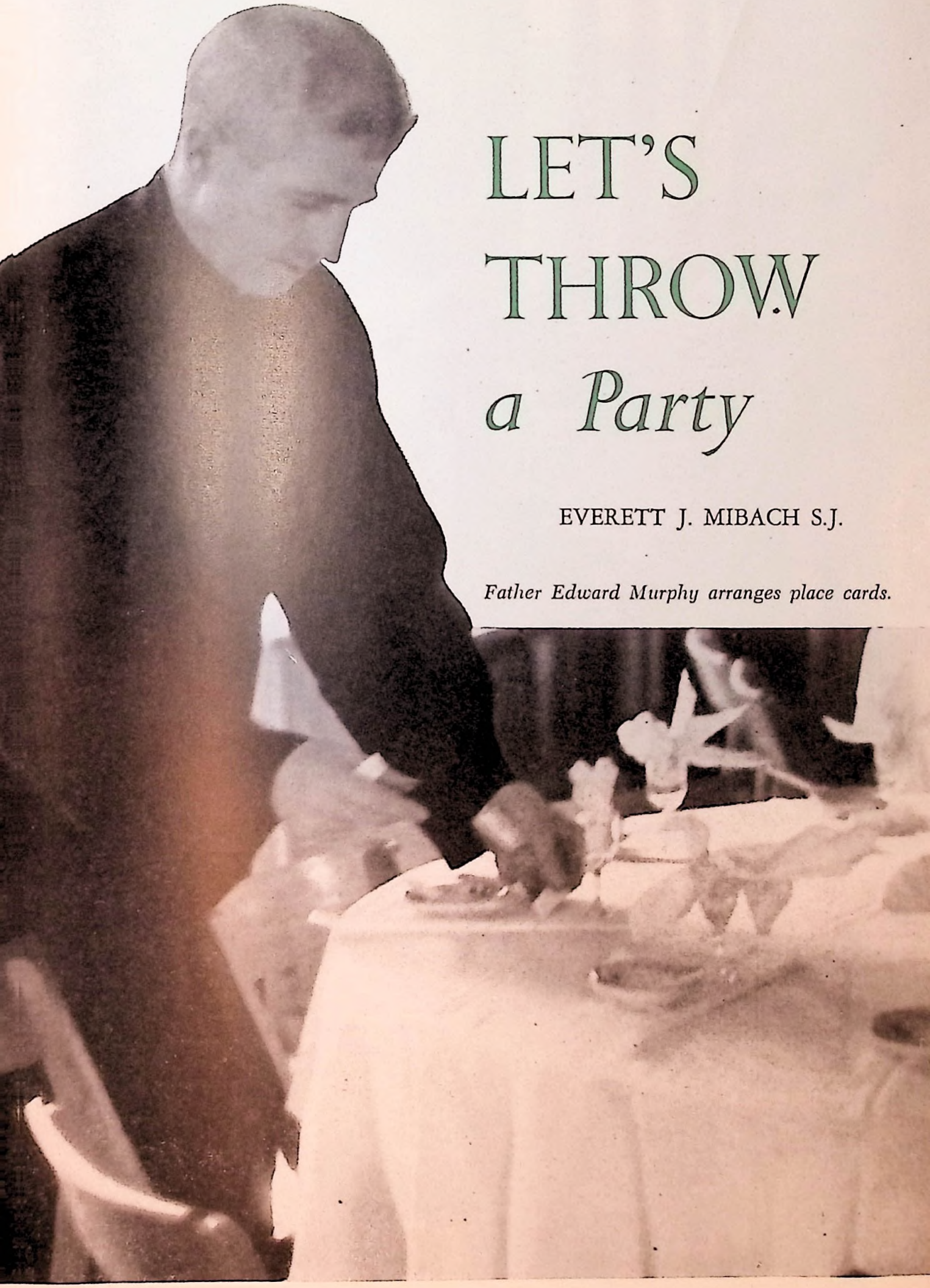
He was a man of real character, with his classic features, his twinkling eyes and priceless smile. He was witty and full of pranks even to the last. "Murph," he had been affectionately tagged. "Just think," he would smile. "An old Dago like me they call Murphy!"

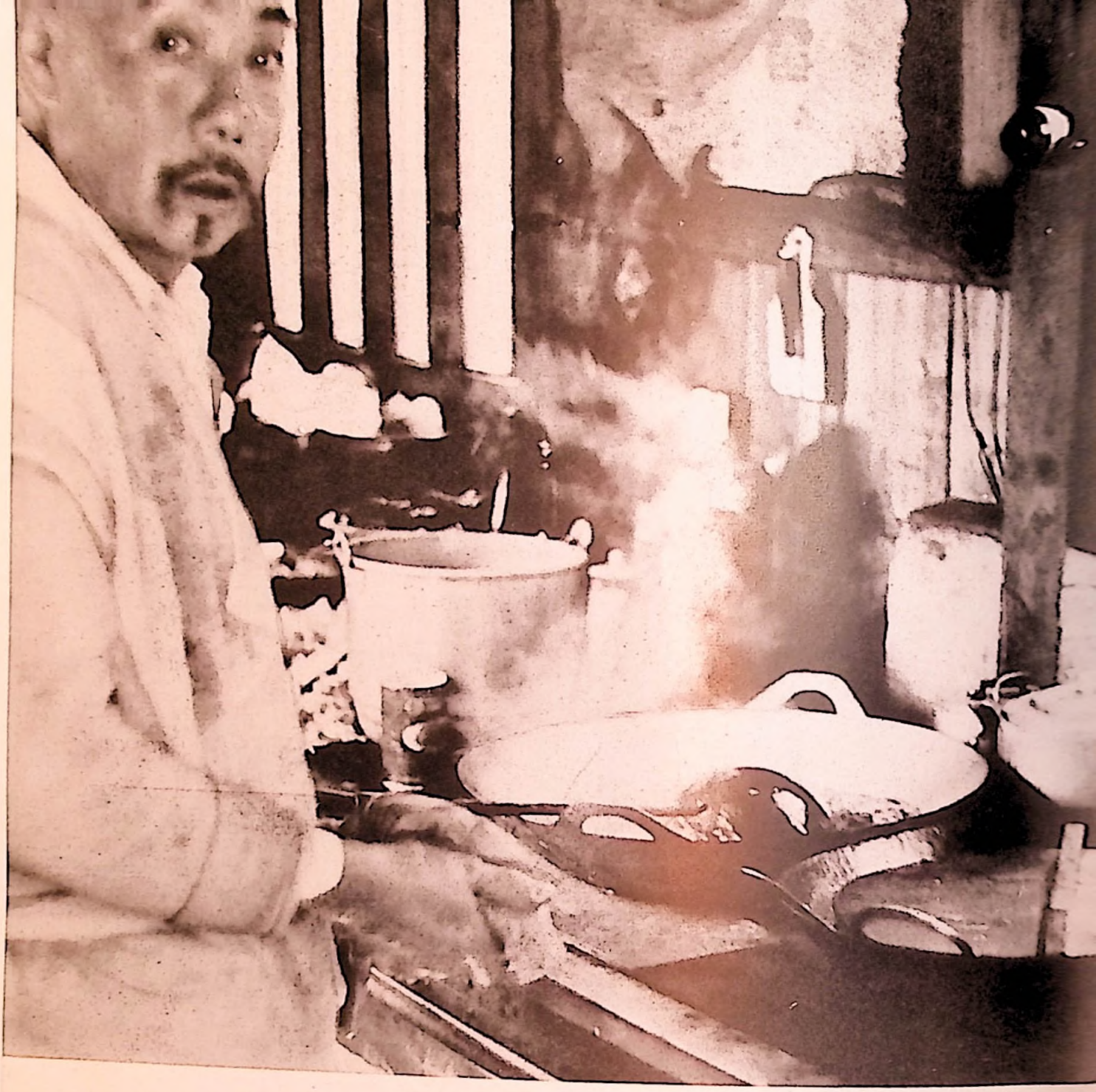
Until the last two days before he died, he still worked for Our Lady, still told visitors how she had cured him. As the end came his brother Jesuits were saying the rosary at his bedside. As they began the fourth Glorious Mystery Brother Joe slipped away to heaven to celebrate there the Assumption of his beloved Madonna. R.I.P.

LET'S THROW *a Party*

EVERETT J. MIBACH S.J.

Father Edward Murphy arranges place cards.





The reason for the party? The Final Vow Day of the author and Father Patrick Shaules of the China Mission. The cook (above) is putting the 36-course dinner together while his helper (left) unpacks the various delicacies and the chairs and tables (upper right) are being unloaded.

With the inevitable chop sticks well in hand the repast gets under way (right). With Father Mibach is Professor Ignatius Ying, head of the English Department at Taiwan National University. (All photos by Fr. William Klement.)

HERE IN FORMOSA, AS IN MOST OF the Orient, planning a dinner is simple. One drops into his favorite caterer, selects a menu guaranteed to please the most discriminating gourmet, and behold!—on the appointed day a 36-course dinner is rolled up to one's front door. There is no need to worry about anything for the caterer supplies tables, chairs, dishes, chop sticks, even the stoves.

Dinner is always served on a round table so that all can easily reach the common dishes placed in the center. Each guest is provided with a small bowl for soup, a glass for the rice wine, a saucer-sized dish and chop sticks.

The order in which the courses are served can be puzzling to a Westerner. But is there any logical order for a menu including shark fins, sea slugs, sugared fish, Peking duck, shrimps, bamboo shoots, sweet sauerkraut, fried pork, etc.? In case one is still hungry "courtesy courses" follow—a whole fish or chicken, a chaffing dish filled with a variety of choices. And of course there is always rice.

Care to come to dinner some night?

WEALTH ≠

Japanese country dance. Girl at left plays a stree-stringed 'samisen'; one at right a drum.

Culture

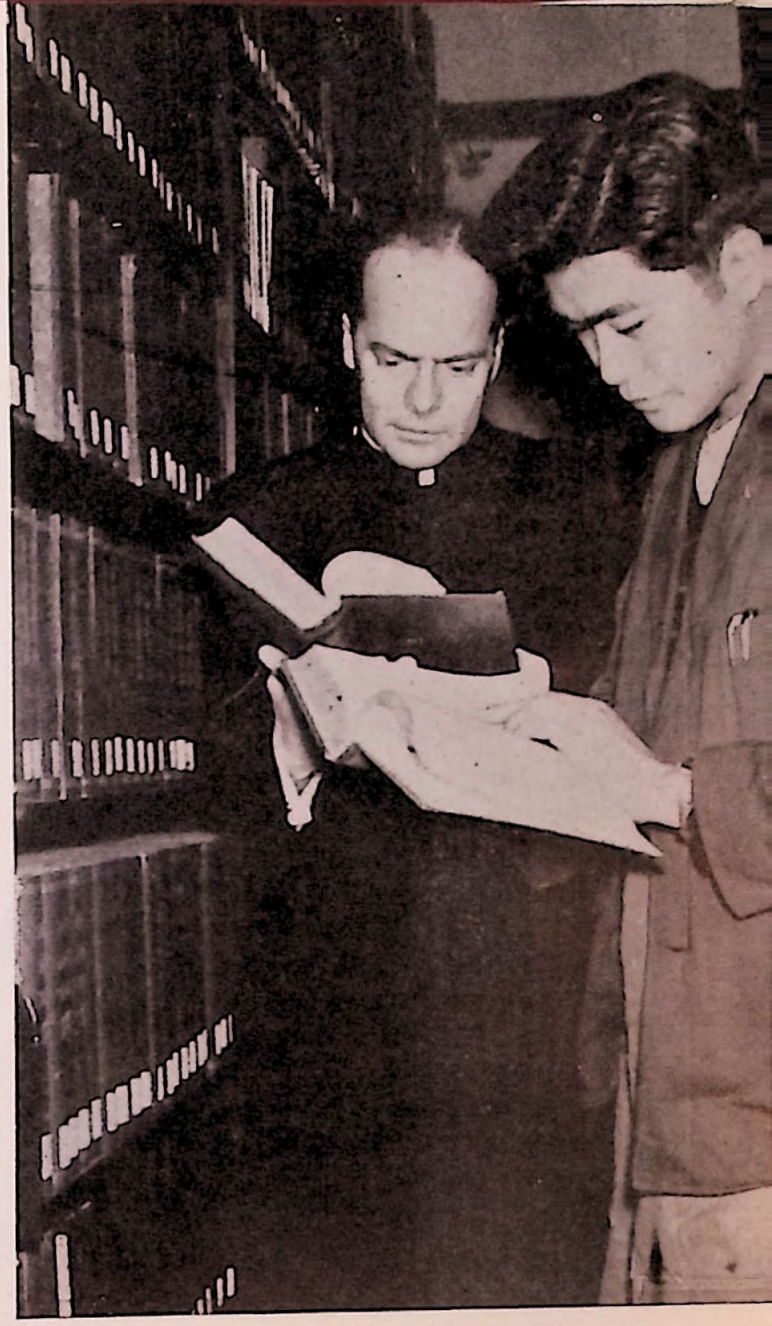
WILLIAM J. EVERETT S.J.

A THING HARD FOR AMERICANS TO UNDERSTAND, I believe, is the fact that an extremely high culture can co-exist with an extremely low standard of living. Japan is a poor country—poorer, indeed, than anyone who has never been outside of America can ever realize.

To give but one example (which I admit is an extreme one) at the students' dormitory at Hiroshima University, Hiroshima, would you care to guess what room and board cost for one day? Thirty-two yen a day—between seven and eight cents for both room and board. "Incredible," you say. "It's simply impossible." It is true that it is almost impossible to sustain life on the little rice they receive so that most students are forced to buy a bit more on the side. But, nevertheless, eight cents a day is the basis.

But the point is this: that the young men living under such conditions are not illiterate coolies pulling tug-boats on a canal or anything of the sort, but college men, speaking one or two foreign languages, working for their degree in economics, philosophy or literature just like any college student in America.

I repeat, wealth and culture are two different things. I attended a music concert given by a dramatic soprano soloist in a great dilapidated hall in Hiroshima. The place was icy cold, so much so that the soprano soloist (as she told me privately afterwards) had her evening dresses made much too large so as to permit her to wear a heavy woolen sweater in such halls. Yet the crowd of 1,000 who packed the hall huddled up in their overcoats, listened attentively and enjoyed the performance as much as any music lovers anywhere in the world.



Father Daniel McCoy S.J. of New York gives a helping hand to a Japanese student in the Sophia University library in Tokyo, a popular gathering place for the earnest youth.

I know a young woman—yes, a woman—so poor that among other things she has to get up early each morning to carry newspapers in order to earn a living, but she is giving her life over to the piano. And when you shut your eyes and listen to her play one of Chopin's waltzes, you somehow forget that she wears threadbare clothes and had only a large chunk of bread for dinner.

What's the point of these little stories? At the risk of boredom I repeat, I would like you to understand that wealth and culture are NOT the same, that Japan is a terribly poor country if you look at her bank books, but a very rich one if you look at the hearts of the people.

MARRIAGE

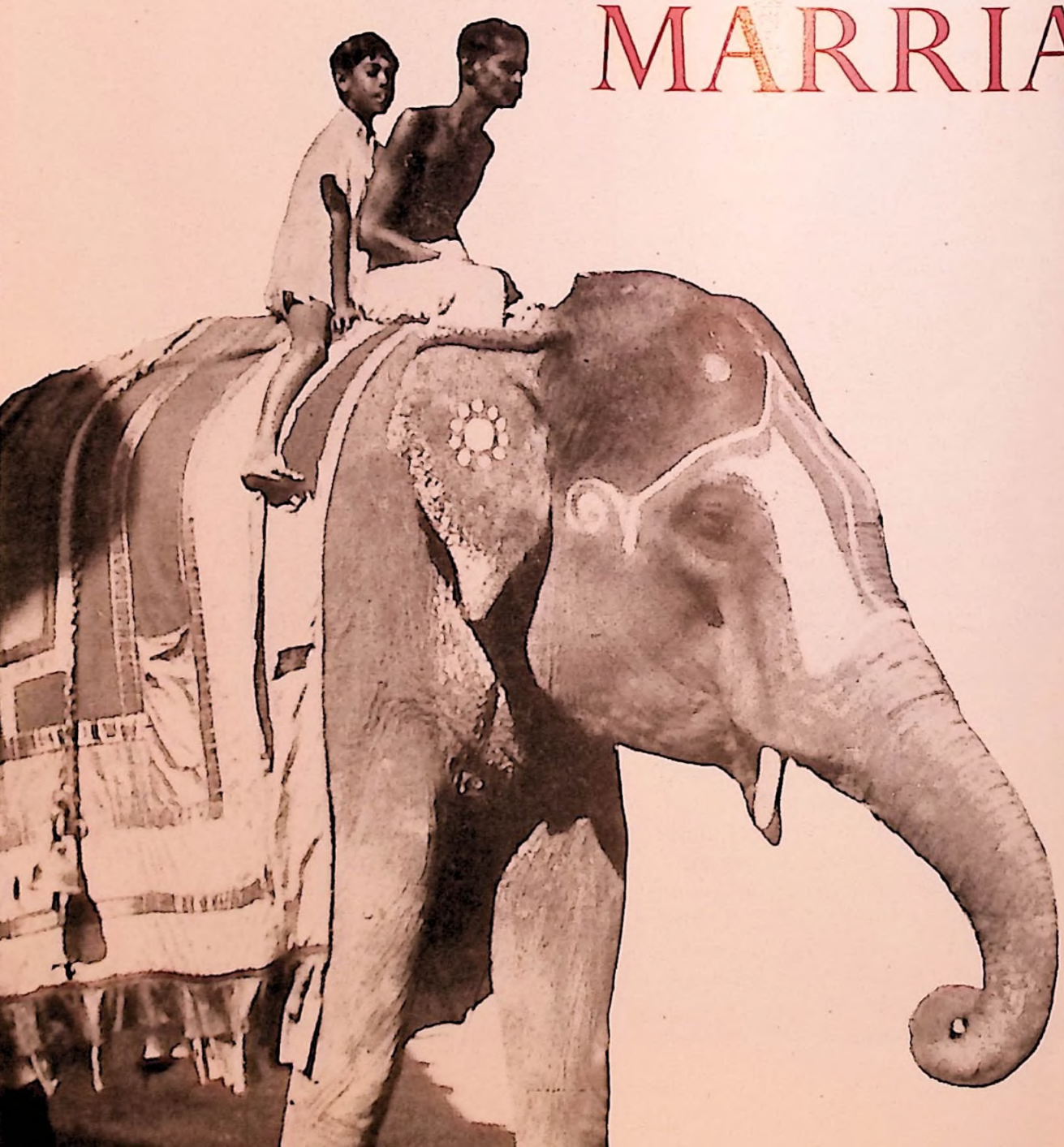
BACK HOME JUNE WAS THE MONTH FOR marriages but over here in Jaipur many of them are celebrated after Christmas when the harvest season ends. Then there is leisure and also cash, to say nothing of the wherewithal for the very necessary home-brewed rice beer.

Not long ago one of our neighbor's daughters was married. It would be a conservative estimate to say that there were five hundred people in the parade accompanying the ceremony. Four very tastily uniformed bands, including a bagpipe outfit and a group of drummers loaded into an oxcart, furnished the music for the bridegroom's party. Of course they all played at the same time but not the same tune.

Scores of servants in bright regalia carried banners and standards. A number of richly caparisoned horses with empty saddles were led ahead of two of the biggest elephants I have ever seen. (As usual, these huge animals seemed to take all the commotion in a tolerant mood.)

Mounted on the back of the highly decorated tusker was a gold-gilded, two-seat platform. The guest of honor, the bridegroom, occupied the front seat. His beaded veil made it difficult to identify him. In the back seat an attendant majestically waved a white plume to keep away the flies.

It took about thirty minutes to form ranks before short ladders were propped against the sides of the kneeling elephants to enable



the riders to make a graceful descent. At the gate of the bride it is the custom for the groom to draw his sword and strike an elaborately carved sign, a throwback to the days when in Lochinvar fashion he would ride in, snatch the bride and gallop off. From the gate the groom walks to the porch of the house, followed by selected guests and the usual empty-saddle horse.

In some parts of India, for instance the Ranchi Archdiocese, there has been instituted the "marriage catechumenate." Special days are set aside for the solemnization of all marriages. Both brides and grooms come to the mission station. There, for about three weeks, trained catechists and women teachers drill the young girls and men in their prayers and doctrine.

A happy bridal couple, both of them Santals of the Patna Mission. A thorough religious training in marriage is given to Catholics.

in India

HARRY T. BIRNEY S.J.

When you have around thirty couples there is bound to be a difference in their past religious training. Some may have gone to school years ago; others may never have had that opportunity. So they are separated into different sections according to their capacity. The priests also give them a daily instruction and a fervent three-days retreat brings their marriage catechumenate to an end.

On the eve of the marriage day the bridegrooms and brides have their names inscribed by the pastor who checks with the catechist to make sure that everything is in order for the great day.

Then in the morning, in a ceremony far more impressive than a parade with all the elephants and horses in the world, couple after couple approach the altar and are joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. Then after the solemn blessing and Holy Communion they stand before a statue of Our Lady and beg her to help them build a truly Catholic family according to the model Holy Family. That's the way a marriage should be.

In India's cities and larger towns wedding parades are the thing but even in the villages drummers are always loudly on hand.

IFUGAOS *of the Philippines*

FRED J. FOLEY S.J.

ON THE WESTERN COAST OF THE island of Luzon in the Philippines, in the mountains around Baguio overlooking the China Sea, dwell the Ifugaos. They are a primitive people who live simply and frugally.

Civilization has not yet penetrated their mountain fastnesses very thoroughly. They still grow their rice in tiny, foot-square patches on the hills, cut the heads from the grain and stash them in bunches along the rafters of their one-room homes. Then just before mealtime they take down a few bunches and pound the husk from the grains. The chewing of betel nut is also common among them and as a result it is difficult to get a good photograph of the women for their lips, stained bright red by the betel nut, are usually pursed for the act of spitting.

The Ifugaos specialize in wood carving of all kinds. Many of them are Catholics who are taught their catechism by the Jesuits from Baguio. As a result they have turned to religious carving in recent times and their crucifixes find a ready market in the towns along the coast. May they keep close to the cross.

(Left) An Ifugao wood carver works on a corpus for a crucifix. At one time he carved only carabaos, the Filipino water buffaloes, but the Jesuits from Baguio taught him to carve religious articles. They also found a market for his work. (Below) Typical grotesque carvings.

Fathers Joseph Krahl S.J. and Paul Brunner S.J., exiled China missionaries, give a catechism lesson to Mariano, of the Ifugao tribe.

A happy father of the Ifugao aborigines in Luzon with his baby daughter. Outside of the towns a minimum of clothing is worn.

Baby sitter in the jungle. The one-room house was pitch dark so to take this picture Father Foley held a flash camera over his head while he shot this Ifugao youngster watching over baby.

Mariano and his stepmother prepare rice for their evening meal by pounding the husks from the grain. Their tiny rice patches on the hills around Baguio provide their most essential food.

THE POPE'S

Mission Intention

"That the whole Catholic world may become fully aware of its union with the persecuted Church in China"

DURING THIS MONTH OF JUNE OUR Holy Father pleads with us to keep very much in mind the suffering Church behind the Bamboo Curtain. For it is not a question of individual men, women and children, strangers all, fighting their way up the slopes of Calvary. These belong to us, they are our brethren in the bonds of Christ.

As Catholics, we do not live isolated lives. We are all members of the Mystical Body of Christ and the suffering of one member is the suffering of all. There are priests and sisters and lay people in Communist prisons in China. There are others fighting to preserve the precious treasure of their Faith, frightened by the prospects before them.

Let us remember they are our own. Let us make their suffering very real to our hearts for it is our suffering, too.

Darjeeling Call

WILLIAM G. GOUDREAU S.J.

THREE HOURS HAD PASSED SINCE WE LEFT St. Mary's in Kurseong to descend to the heat and jungle of the plains. Darkness had fallen by the time we reached the village where the workers on one of the tea plantations have their homes. They were expecting us and had saved some of their precious deer meat for our dinner.

The Catholics here are all aboriginals who do their hunting with bow and arrow. It takes courage to live so close to the jungle and its dangers when one is inadequately armed. Just as we finished our meal there was a big commotion in the jungle close by. Our host shouted, "Bhag! Tiger!" The beast had caught a young bullock and the screams of the victim were bloodcurdling.

Our host shrugged. "We can do nothing. In the morning we'll look for the bullock. The tigers are all around here but they usually don't harm us. We often meet them when we are hunting but since we can't safely kill them with arrows we leave them alone. They will not attack a man unless they are wounded."

We bedded down in one of the tea factory sheds which was a palace compared to the huts of the workers. The rustling tin roofs and thin straw and bamboo walls of the latter keep in the stifling heat but fail to keep out the torrential rains and swarms of malarial mosquitoes. During the monsoon season the narrow street becomes a morass of mud and the cattle and chickens must seek shelter in the huts with their masters. In such conditions it is no wonder that the life span is short and disease rampant.

We were up at sunrise for Mass. Here the people still keep the custom of the primitive Church of each bringing to the altar at the Offertory a host to be consecrated. It is a custom that impresses on them that it is their Mass and they are part of the offering. This was also the occasion for my first public sermon in the Hindi tongue.

After Mass I got out my medicine kit with its good supply of paludrine, mepacrine and other essential medicines for treating the people. For a major job on these weekend visits is to relieve the material as well as the spiritual needs of the tea-pickers.

Breakfast consisted of rice bread, potatoes, eggs and tea with cloves instead of expensive sugar. This was a real feast according to their standards.

Darjeeling tea is famous the world over. Many of the people who work on the tea plantations near Kurseong, home of St. Mary's Jesuit theologate, are of Nepali stock.

Afterwards we distributed some medals, rosaries and holy pictures. Then we spent the rest of the time visiting the people and the plantation manager. We had dinner, rice and chicken curry, eaten in the customary Indian fashion. One sits on a mat or a tiny stool and the food is eaten with the right hand. Elaborate ablutions precede and follow the eating.

We finally set out for St. Mary's, a good four hours away. As we departed, a pound or two of rice was forced on us by each family in token of their gratitude. We had to accept lest we hurt their feelings. Then we trudged off up the jungle path, the sincere "Jesu ki barai—Jesus be praised!" ringing in our ears. It was one of the happiest weekends of my life.

CAGAYAN'S *First C.C.D.*

CAGAYAN DE ORO IN THE PHILIPPINES recently held its first Catechetical Day. More than 2500 Confraternity of Christian Doctrine children from 25 public schools joined in the celebration which was ably handled by the zealous Archdiocesan Director of the CCD, Father Cicero Cebrero S.J. From all the catechetical centers within the jurisdiction of Cagayan de Oro came representative delegations, the children, their catechism teachers and ten parents from each center.

For some of the more distant centers the journey had to begin before the light of day. The members of the Lingating delegation from Imbatug in the Bukidnon had to walk seven kilometres, ford two rivers and cross the deep Tumalaong Canyon before they could strike the bus route to Cagayan.

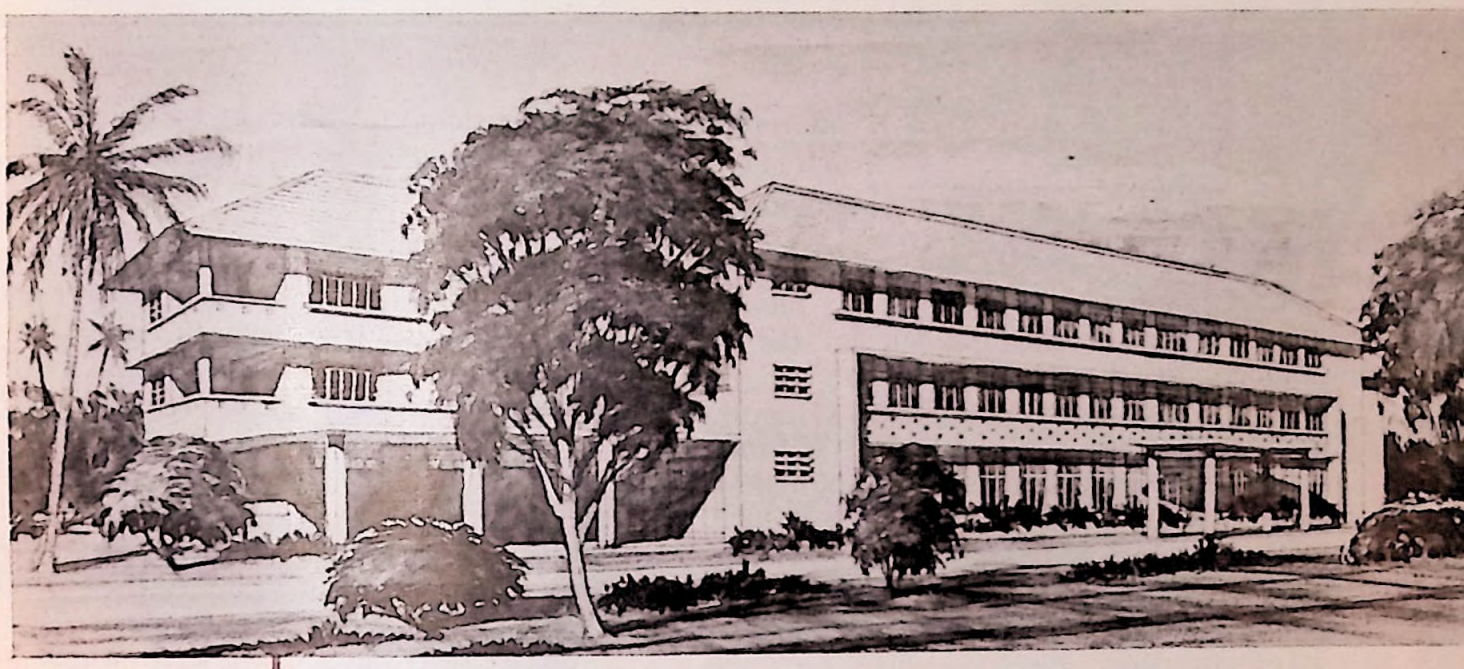
The celebration began at 6:30 a.m. in the cathedral. Father Vincent Kennally S.J., Vice-Provincial of the Philippine Mission, celebrated the Mass at which the Cathedral Administrator, Father Rafael de Ocampo S.J., preached the sermon. Breakfast for three thousand people was prepared and served by the members of the Cagayan de Oro's Catholic Women's League.

A parade throughout the city followed. Three musical bands, six allegorical floats, 2500 children and some 400 catechists and parents made an impressive spectacle. At the end of the parade all gathered in the auditorium of the Ateneo de Cagayan for a carol-singing contest in the Visayan tongue. A catechetical exhibit was also held in the Cathedral hall.

Cagayan's first CCD Catechetical Day was brought to a close by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament with His Excellency Archbishop James Hayes S.J. as celebrant. It was a day that will long be remembered in Cagayan de Oro. Nobody will be able to forget the meaning of the day: that teaching the Faith is the privilege and duty of adults, and that learning their religion is more important than abc's for youngsters.

One of the floats which featured Cagayan de Oro's first Catechetical Day was this one of Our Lady of Fatima. The youngest CCD member, three year old Myrma Daclag, portrayed Our Lady.

Hostel IN SINGAPORE



Hostel in Singapore. Read it aloud. Get the sound of it. Beautiful words. A beautiful idea. A beautiful thing put up to meet a crying need. Hostel: a place of shelter, a place for rest. A quiet spot in the heart of noise and confusion.

The Hostel needs:

1. Vestments for its chapel: 3 sets at $25.00 a set.
2. Ciboria (2) at $150.00 each.
3. Benediction equipment: a monstrance ($200.00), cope ($30.00), veil ($10.00), censer and boat ($15.00).
4. A tabernacle ($200.00).

Will you help? Send your contribution to

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Window on the Mission World

Different missionary jobs demand different tools but each one of those tools are necessary in the building of God's Church.

A LETTER CAME IN THE OTHER DAY FROM A missionary who asked pardon for the ink smudges on the page, since, he said, he didn't own a blotter. Another letter from the same mission requested, somewhat wistfully, a complete set of Lingard's *History of England* (Belloc's revision).

One of these missionaries, the blotterless one, lives in what is often called a "bush" mission, one of those difficult sectors of a mission territory where living can be makeshift or primitive. The other missionary teaches in a seminary for native clergy. His quarters are plain but decent; he is never dirty or lonely or tired to the bone like his fellow missionary in the bush.

This particular bush missionary leads a rather adventurous life. He is on the road a good deal, eating and sleeping where he can, and working very hard to bring the Word of God to God's poor.

Yet the bush missionary would be the first to tell you that the seminary teacher is doing the most important purely *missionary* job in the area. And he would speak with equal enthusiasm of the *missionary* work in progress at a nearby college, where 26 priests do nothing more romantic than teach young men. For it is not danger or poverty or even direct apostolic activity that makes a missionary. A missionary is one who does his part in establishing a local Church that some day will be able to carry on without foreign aid.

In his encyclical *Heralds of the Gospel* Pope Pius XII wrote: "The object of missionary activity, as all know, is to bring the light of the gospel to new races and to form new Christians. However, the ultimate goal of missionary endeavor, which should never be lost sight of, is to establish the Church on sound foundations among non-Christian peoples and place it under its own native hierarchy."

The bush missionary is the pioneer who carries the light of the gospel and forms new Christians. The seminary professor forms a native clergy which will flower in a native hierarchy. Missionaries who teach or write or engage in the social apostolate are digging sound foundations for the Church.

It can never be said too often that a real missionary is quite simply one who labors "to establish the Church on sound foundations among non-Christian peoples." Unless Catholics understand that fundamental fact their support of the missions, in prayers and alms, will suffer from romanticism.

Not many, for example, will warm to an appeal for a set of Lingard's *History of England*. Yet a mission needs intellectual tools of that kind just as much as it needs vestments and church buildings. A mission needs thousands of unromantic things for the work of establishing the Church, and Catholics must understand that to provide any one of them is a holy act.

A bush missionary put the problem very neatly when he said: "My school building is still a dream. If I begged for a chalice I could get one by return mail. But what I need is cement."

What the missions need is a solid body of intelligent Catholics who will direct their mission zeal towards the unspectacular and unromantic needs of the missions.

ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA INDIA

Afield WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

MOTHERS WILL APPRECIATE THIS

FATHER GEORGE S. ENDAL S.J. *of Dillingham, Alaska, is a strong contender for the title of busiest man in the world. Let his assistant at Holy Rosary Mission,* FATHER HAROLD J. GREIF S.J., *tell why:*

"We couldn't get nuns for a school, so Father Endal started one himself. He has nineteen pupils in grades one to five and he teaches all the classes himself! Because of hard times, bad weather and transportation difficulties, he has been feeding as many as fourteen at a meal, and five of the children live here at the mission.

"What a job! Father gets up early, sets things up for breakfast, wakes the kids, says Mass for them, gives them breakfast, and then off to school, where he teaches them. At recess-time, he prepares lunch. After lunch, school again until four, followed by odd jobs,—carrying water, repairing the generator, pumping fuel oil, etc.

"After their evening meal the children continue to make their presence known by their shouting, laughing or crying; the mission is a recreation center for those who live in the vicinity. Finally, the neighbors go home and Father sees his boarders off to bed."

On the roof of Baghdad College in Iraq Father Charles Loeffler S.J. conducts the Way of the Cross during Lent. When this picture was taken Iraq was experiencing its worst flood in history and the school grounds were covered with Tigris waters.

SLIGHTLY OFF THE BEAM

FATHER WILLIAM J. KLEMENT S.J. *merely wanted to build a shed to keep the rain of Formosa off the missionaries' bicycles. Simple? Well . . .*

A couple of upright beams and a roof would do the job. So Father Klement went down to the lumber yard to place an order for two beams 10 feet long. At peace with the world, he went home to straighten bent nails and await delivery.

The beams came—two 8-foot pieces and a couple of 2-foot lengths. This seemed to call for an explanation, so back to the lumber yard trotted the good Father. The ensuing conversation was not entirely satisfactory, but the lumberman was fairly patient about the whole thing. Hadn't the order been for pieces measuring ten feet? And didn't they measure ten feet? Whether you put it in Chinese or English, eight plus two equals ten.

SPOTLIGHT

One of the last missionaries who would want the JM Spotlight turned on him is Father William Klement of the China Mission, now stationed at Taipei in Formosa. Yet we think he deserves this month's Spotlight and we know his fellow missionaries heartily agree.

Father Klement is one of those "behind-the-scenes" men without whom no mission could properly function. Most of his missionary career has been spent in taking care of his fellow Jesuits and providing their daily needs, a job he still has in Formosa and already capably done in China and the Philippines.

He was studying Chinese in Peiping when World War II broke out and he was ordained while he was still a Japanese prisoner. For a brief period he was parish priest at Tungt'ai and then recalled to Yangchow, the headquarters of the California Jesuits.

There are times when Father Klement deplores the fewness of the converts he has made but his ability as an administrator and missionary "jack-of-all-trades" has kept him behind the mission scenes and has won the appreciation of his fellow missionaries whom he serves so well.

Father Klement went away to chew on that. All that he has come up with so far (besides two ten-foot beams from another lumberman) is the reflection that he might have been sent 120 pieces of one-inch beam.

GIANTS IN TRINCOMALEE

The faculty of St. Joseph's College, Trincomalee, Ceylon, seems to be a race of giants. By now readers of JM know how the Jesuits there are building a new college, largely by the labor of their own hands. Meanwhile, in the rickety old school . . .

"FATHER PETER BEACH S.J. is our new principal," writes MR. ANTHONY J. BRAQUET S.J., "and what a load he carries! While learning the ropes of his new job, he has been teaching five classes a day, besides his religion classes. On the side, he is prefect of discipline and runs both senior and junior sodalities.

Father Charles Eberle S.J., who has spent over twenty years on the Jamaica Mission, is now pastor of St. Anne's Church in the very heart of the main city of Kingston.

IRAQ • JAMAICA • JAPAN • PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • YOR

"He is athletic director of the school, which means that he has to arrange matches, attend the games and take care of the uniforms. He has started a literary academy to improve the boys' writing and speaking—as a consequence of this, he also runs the school paper. And, of course, he gets out as often as he can to hear confessions, preach and say Mass for the people."

HEAVEN IS STRAIGHT UP

The Palauans of the Caroline Islands do not want to spend eternity with strangers. VERY REV. EDWIN G. MCMANUS S.J., *Superior of the Jesuits in the Carolines and Marshalls, explains their difficulty.*

"There are pagans here who feel that Christianity is right and good, but refuse to be baptized lest they be forced to go to the Christian heaven after death and never get to see their parents and grandparents, who are presumably enjoying the bliss of the pagan heaven. As far as I've been able to find out, the pagan Palauan has no concept of a hell in the afterlife—just varying degrees of happiness in a heaven located immediately above one's village, where life continues pretty much as on earth, amidst the same parents, children and relatives.

"This explains, in part, the fear the people have of dying away from their own villages. When they die, they go straight up and perhaps will never be able to find their proper heaven amid all the clouds."

NUMBER 5¾ PERCY STREET

That is the fancy address of St. Anne's church, in the slums of Kingston, Jamaica, where veteran missionary FATHER CHARLES J. EBERLE S.J. *is pastor. The children of St. Anne's are like children everywhere.*

Father Eberle writes, "How affectionate they are! They call out to me whenever I go out in the area and come up to walk along with me. Down on the corner there is a little crippled girl who sells oranges, bananas, avocado pears and peanuts. She always has a smile for me when I go by, and in her selfless way, never feels sorry for herself. The face of that little child would haunt me if I were weak enough to feel I couldn't take it.

"I plan to run a picnic for them, if I can get together enough whistles, bouncing balls, little dolls, etc. They would love it and I would love to do it for them."

CALLING ALL MISSIONARIES

The Fordham University Institute of Mission Studies will again conduct a Summer School for missionaries from July 6th to August 13th. Courses will be offered in basic missionary studies and in special problems peculiar to different mission fields. This year a course on "Intercultural Human Relations" will be added to take care of those students who do not know the exact part of the world to which they will be assigned for mission work.

All courses are open to Priests, Seminarians, Brothers, Sisters and Lay missionaries. Experience has shown that every prospective missionary can profit greatly from these summer sessions of the Institute.

Registration dates are the 1st and 2nd of July. All correspondence concerning the Institute can be addressed to: Rev. J. Franklin Ewing S.J.
Fordham University
New York 58, N. Y.

First Name on the List

When you make a will you want to remember all your loved ones. Is God on that list? If not, He and His work should be. Our legal title is:

Jesuit Missions, Inc.
962 Madison Ave., New York

ARM

for the Monsignor

Few are the Jesuits who bear the title "Monsignor." Among these few, however, is the Right Reverend Eugene E. Fahy S.J. His short period as Prefect Apostolic of Yangchow in China was such a nightmare whirl of persecution, imprisonment, and exile at the hands of Chinese Communists, that only upon his return to the States for rest and medical attention was he able to attend to some minor details of his office. Among these was the adoption of armorial bearings which the Monsignor, like all members of the hierarchy, may use on his stationery and documents.

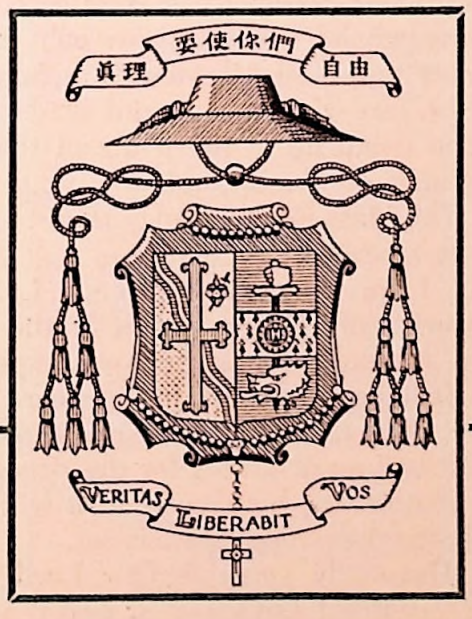
On Monsignor Fahy's shield, the arms of his family are joined to those of the Prefecture Apostolic of Yangchow. The half to the viewer's right contains the arms of the Fahy family. On a field of blue is a sword, its silver hilt grasped by a hand, its sable blade turned downward and plunged through a silver dragon's head in the base. On this is superimposed the monogram of the Society of Jesus: in a circle of blue, a gold IHS surmounted by a golden cross and placed above three Passion-nails of the same color, the whole surrounded by golden rays. This device is set against a band of ermine signifying the royalty of Christ the King.

The other half of the shield represents the Prefecture of Yangchow. Aslant the field runs a blue-and-silver bend, a symbol of the Chinese Grand Canal. The two resulting sections of the shield have been tinctured with the Papal colors, silver and gold. The upper of these sections is emblazoned with the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to whom the prefecture is consecrated. Over all appears a red cross symbolizing the Catholic faith which missionaries are laboring to bring to China. The color of this cross represents the blood of martyrs which today, as in centuries past, is the seed of the Church. And to indicate that this seed is brought to maturity by the work of the missionaries, the ends of the cross have been flowered.

The Monsignor's shield is mounted on a cartouche festooned with a rosary, an adaptation from the arms of the Bishop of Shanghai, in whose territory the prefecture lies.

Over the whole is imposed a violet hat with six red tassels on either side, official signs of heraldic dignity for prefects apostolic who lack the episcopal character. The motto, in Chinese and Latin, reads, "The truth will make you free."

Monsignor Fahy's arms were designed and executed by Neill R. Meany S.J., of the Oregon Province. The Chinese characters were added by Mr. Paul Uyemura.



WANTED

Albs and Altar Linens are needed for several chapels in Alaska. Father Greif, Father Linssen and the sisters of Holy Cross Mission have asked us to mention their need for these articles, hoping that you might have a dollar or two to help equip the chapels.

Over in Tokyo St. Francis Xavier's fellow Jesuit missionaries are planning a new dormitory for Sophia University. This dormitory will help greatly in spreading Catholic truth, for it will house students from outside Tokyo, who now must be turned away for lack of dormitory space.

The furnishings for this building will not be elaborate but their cost presents a problem to a penniless missionary. Would you like to share in this educational work in Japan?

Needed: 50 tables at $5.55
100 chairs at $3.88

The Business of Missions

JESUIT JM MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

The following suggestion is submitted for your consideration. May I stress that there is no intention on my part of changing your present procedure of giving Masses to your own parish or to other missionary groups.

Frequently, you read in the paper or receive a 'phone call regarding the death of a relative or friend. You simply have to attend the wake that evening and you would like to present personally a Mass card. For such emergencies, it might prove convenient to have a supply of Mass cards at home. I would be very glad to sign and send you a few. You could fill in the name of the deceased and, on the second line, your own name. The Mass intention may then be sent to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Since I am obligated by Canon Law to send your entire Mass offering to the missionary, it would reduce our own expenses if you include five cents for the card and postage. Such charity will have a threefold effect; it will merit graces for the deceased, it will comfort the bereaved and it will also support our numerous missionaries.

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,
(Rev.) COLEMAN A. DAILY, S.J.

The Boys are Comfortable Now because you sent 102 blankets to the Creane Memorial Orphanage at Gaya, India, when you read, in JESUIT MISSIONS, how badly the blankets were needed. Thank you very much for your Christ-like love and help for these children.

These boys are quite satisfied with a diet of rice which we would find very monotonous. Since their tastes are so simple, and your money has such purchasing power in India, for a few dollars you could pay a day's food bill. *Would you like to send $2.00 to buy a meal for these boys?*

In the Good Old Days before TV, we had time to read. Maybe our conscience bothers us a little because TV takes up so much of our time. There are no such problems of regret for the people of British Honduras who have no television. These people have time for reading, and will read, if books are available.

The missionaries, among them our good friend, Father Newell, realize that this desire for knowledge presents another challenge, and opportunity, for the Church in British Honduras. Fortunately, there is a Catholic publishing house in Argentina which publishes very good books, including translations from the English of the more popular and important up-to-date books, like those of Bishop Sheen, for instance.

The price of books in British Honduras is low, by American standards, so your dollar, as a gift for books, would be a solid investment in eternal dividends, when you realize how many people may read *your* book. *One book—$1.00*

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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

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

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

Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. F. W. Anderson S.J.
1106 Boylston St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

British Honduras, Yoro, and U. S. Indians
Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

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

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

India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians
Rev. William E. Daly S.J.
403 Wellington St., West
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur)
Rev. William J. Driscoll, S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.
Baltimore 2, Md.

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

ISOLATION
is a terrible thing!

And the far-off mission of Andreafsky in Alaska will be isolated through the long Arctic winter.

Unless they set up a

radio transmitter. . . .

Which costs money. . . .

Which they don't have. . . .

Donations for electronic equipment for the Alaska Mission will be gratefully and prayerfully received at

Jesuit Missions
962 MADISON AVENUE
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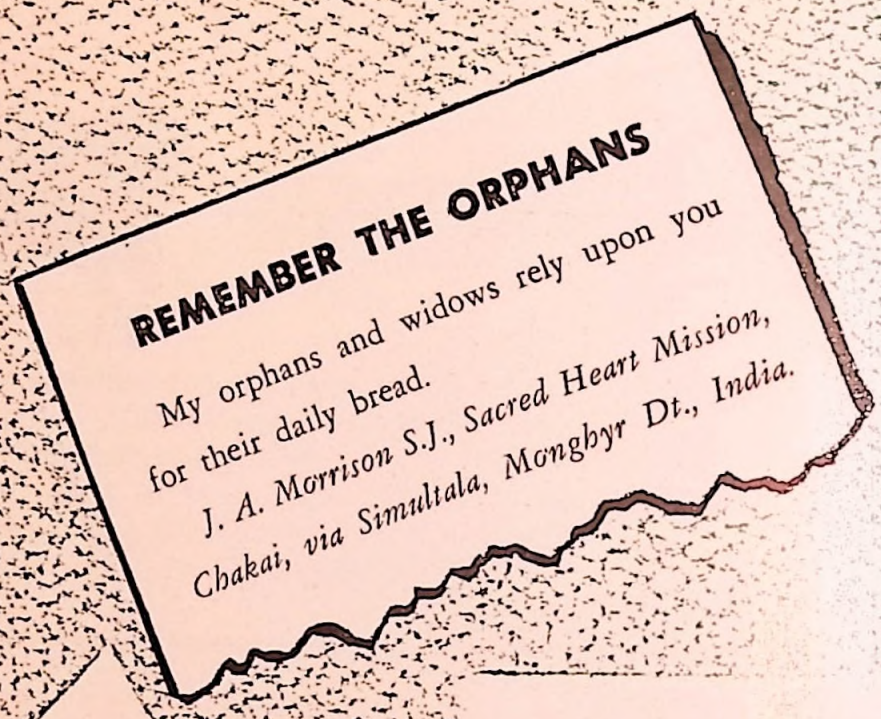

WE received the above item in a letter. There's nothing else to say, except that $5.00 will feed one orphan or one widow for about a month. You will avoid difficulties with mail and foreign exchange by sending your donations to

Jesuit Missions

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

We'll receive them gratefully, and forward them quickly to Fr. Morrison.