

jesuit missions



India's
Social
Problems

SEPTEMBER 1954



Vol. 28—No. 7

Volunteers Needed

JM WANTS VOLUNTEERS. We offer you a chance to travel abroad and to take part in directing the destinies of thousands of human beings. We need help on a big job, one that is tremendously important. We cannot do it alone.

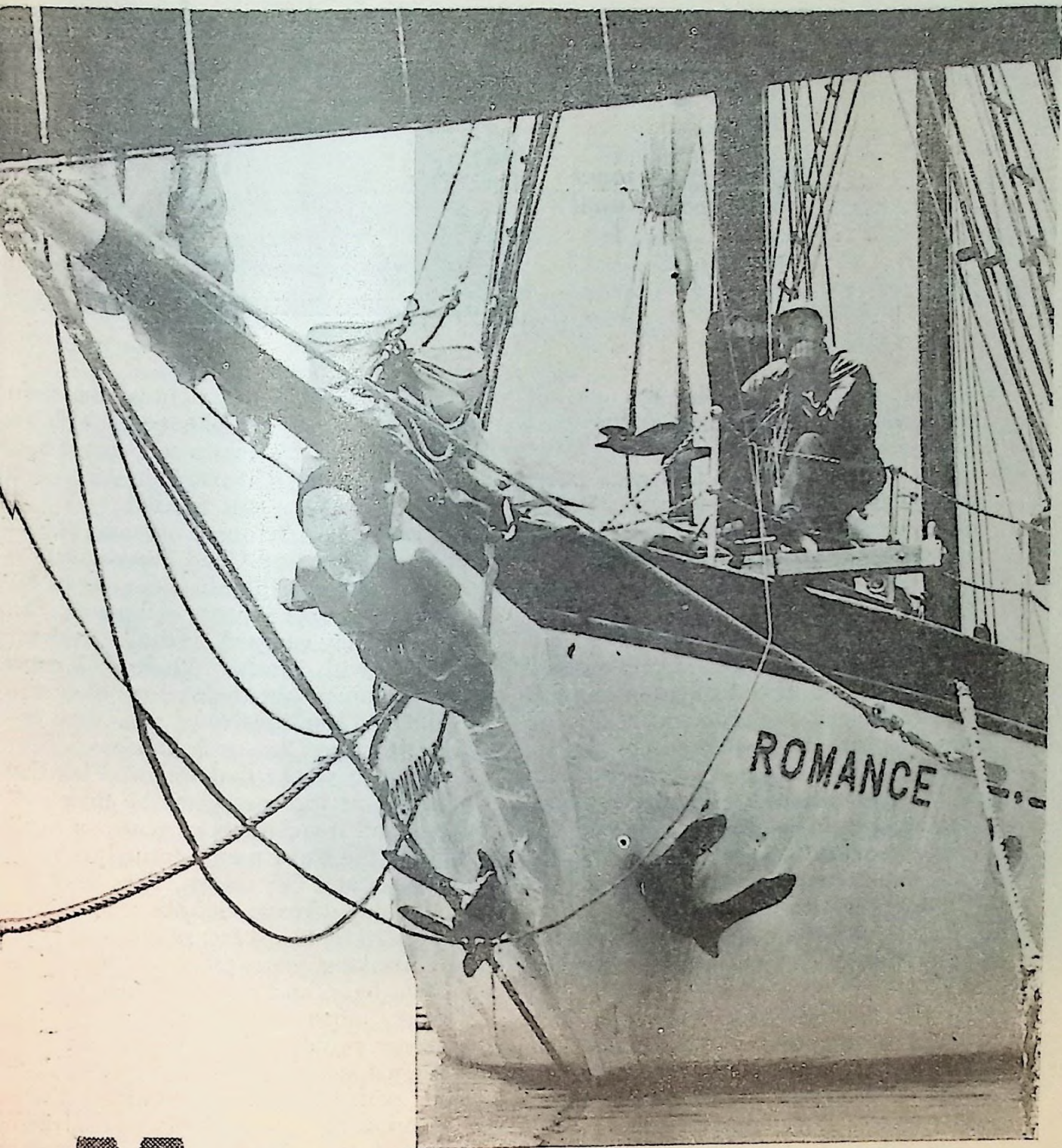
Naturally, there are some conditions. You will have to be willing to travel in cramped quarters, and there can be no personal publicity, despite the importance of your position.

The cramped quarters are your own bent knees. The unpublicized power you will have is the same as that which made the Little Flower a world-shaker from an obscure convent. We are seeking volunteers to pray for the missions.

When you pray for the missions, you become a world-figure, more powerful than any diplomat or general or king. No matter who you are, you are no longer a nobody when you pray for the missions. You are a world-shaker. For at the ends of the earth, in the sweet Providence of God, hearts will be touched, pains will be eased, souls will be saved, because of you. Because you cared enough to pray.

JESUIT MISSIONS 45 EAST 78th ST., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

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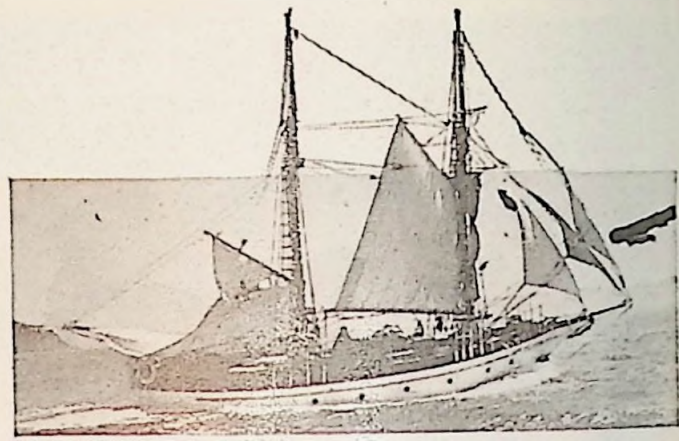


Men AGAINST THE SEA

GEORGE P. McGOWAN S.J.

PROUDLY, HER SQUARE SAILS SET to the winds, the *Romance* had sailed out of San Francisco Bay in 1950. Across the Pacific Father William Rively S.J. had brought the 45-foot brigantine to his 105,000-square-mile parish of the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission. Now Truk was her home base.

*"The best schooner
in all the mission!"*



Then on last December 4th disaster struck. An hour after midnight the mission schooner, one of the finest ever built, went on the reef twenty miles from Truk. Brother Whalen was below checking the engine, confident that the 150-mile trip from Lukunor would soon be over. When the disaster struck, he was dazed.

It was pitch dark. The winds and waves were fierce. The pounding surf just hurled the schooner up and up until it was wedged into the coral heads and lay helpless on its side. The sailors huddled together wet and cold. For four hours that seemed endless they waited and prayed, not knowing where they were.

As the first murky light of dawn broke, the men began to discern in the distance the islands of Uman and Tanoas. They at least were safe. But the schooner was rocking back and forth in its last losing fight against the elements, too deeply imprisoned to go further.

All day they stayed with the ship. Another night passed wearily on its way. The next day the trading company ship, bound for Truk, sighted our schooner and came into the lagoon a quarter of a mile away. Brother Whalen boarded it.

The next few days were hectic. We soon learned the desperate condition of the *Romance*. One rib badly cracked, others damaged and one hole at least in the side. It couldn't be pulled back into the sea. It would be smashed to bits, yet the distance forward to the lagoon over the coral reef was a quarter of a mile!

Father Fahey got busy on the ham-radio here and soon had six stations getting out his emergency call. The Navy Rescue Squad ordered a Destroyer Escort in the nearby waters to come to the

rescue. They hove in sight of the reef; sent a crew to the schooner—the ship's carpenter and his mates who did a fine job in securing the stove-in side. But heavy equipment was needed.

Two weeks before Christmas, Lieutenant Solman and Chief Stockton and a ship's carpenter, Smith, came down by plane with some salvage equipment. For ten days they camped on the little island of Felif, with Brother Whalen, his crew and workmen, but their efforts were unavailing. Then the Navy men were recalled for the Christmas holidays.

The two weeks that followed left the schooner at the mercy of the tides and winds and treacherous currents. In early January the Navy men returned with 20-ton jacks and $\frac{7}{8}$ " cables. They assessed the holiday damage. Six ribs cracked and an area 18 feet by 4 feet pulverized. Logs and planking were taken out from the mission base, and supplies from Tanoas. Gallant efforts were made, but the schooner could be budged only six feet.

Then Lieutenant Solman was recalled along with his men. He admitted it was an impossible undertaking and advised scuttling the ship. That was January 14th.

Brother Whalen had come in. He had tried so hard. All the people were praying. Then two men came to me. One was Atanif, the co-founder of the Vincentian Sodality of Tanoas Island. We talked at length. Then he said, "Father, we can save the mission ship. Let the Vincentians go out to Felif. We promise we will stay there till we get the *Romance* off that reef and back to Truk. We want no pay." Even he didn't realize what he was promising.

On the 17th Brother Whalen went out

with the Vincentians. Remember this was the roughest time of the year in Trukese waters. The rest of the story is up to Brother Whalen. Getting railroad ties, 40 of them, from Tanoas to the reef, then lumber and rope and cable and hauling the iron winch from Truk. Camp was set up on Felif.

The men followed a routine: Mass and often Communion daily, then battling their way over the treacherous coral, hauling the raft made from fuel drums to the *Romance*; setting up the ties and planking and winch, trying to get a cable purchase on coral heads that were ever cracking up; men bruised, beaten all day long and, when the tide was low, all night long. The men even had bells rung for their morning and night prayers and the Angelus at noontime.

The big coral head, called a dead man, had snapped and broken apart in the early operations, so it was necessary to choose several smaller ones and multiply the cables. Big construction work? You're telling me. *They had to move a 40-ton ship a quarter of a mile over the sharp, saw-toothed reef.*

Disappointments a plenty, but dogged determination. They raised the ship a foot or so, got the planks and pipes under, and manned that winch. Ten feet, twenty feet, fifty feet, one hundred feet—so the reports came in day by day over the two months until 650 feet were covered. Safe now to try to raise the schooner on its side a few more feet and go to work on it. Dangerous? If a bad wind came, the men underneath would be crushed. Scraping, caulking, patching, by day, by night, aided by flashlights, after every lamp we had was burned out.

Then on again to 950 feet and once again disappointment. The coral heads and shelf were almost an impassable barrier, even if the ship were righted. What to do? Dynamite? I couldn't permit it, even if the ship had to be abandoned.

Almost every year two or three Trukese natives are blown to pieces by foolhardy use of dynamite for fishing.

I wrote to Brother Whalen out on the reef, tried to cheer him up, but urged him to make one more gallant effort under water. They put on their goggles, took sledge hammers and crowbars and went at it. Four days passed, during which I had a licensed dynamiter in

Guam lined up and another expert in Ponape, but we would have to wait a month for the equipment to come. Then Brother Whalen's letter came in: "Call off the dynamiting; we've cleared a channel; hope to name the big day soon." There is a whole story in those words. That ledge was twenty feet across and the coral heads, 2 or 3 feet below

water, went down to ten feet or more.

Once again the winch began to turn. Grudgingly the schooner began to move. Only twenty feet in ten hours of labor. It was a bad spot; then 150 feet the next day and on the next 300 more feet. Word came in. "We'll be at the edge of the lagoon on March 12th, the Novena day. Get the tugboat ready."

In the month previous Brother had been checking the *Romance's* diesel. The injectors were working and the batteries being charged up on Felif Island. Maybe the *Romance* could come in under its own power! We were praying more fervently than ever.

March 12th came and no word. March 13th we sighted the *Romance* through our telescope. We had sent out the Truk trading vessel to stand by. Then we suddenly noted *four* upright masts. The *two* schooners were afloat! The Vincentians had done it!

In the afternoon we sighted the schooner again; the *Romance* had moved nearer to Felif Island. But the TTC boat had previously left. What had towed the *Romance*? Therein is another dramatic story of how a 19-foot boat, the *Salvator*,

The dramatic tale of men with faith and courage who battled the sea to rescue their loved mission ship from the reefs.

with a 10-horse-power Johnson outboard motor and a nervy missionary, 120 pounds of energy, Father Fahey, had towed the *Romance* through a treacherous current to the lee side of Felif Island.

Monday, the 15th of March, was a rough day. At 8:40 a.m. I left Truk on the Distad tug. It was a rough voyage, and when we hove to off Felif Island the skies were ominous, but the lagoon was fairly calm. The *Romance* was riding at anchor, shipping very little water, ready to go. The clouds to the east were blackening. We had no time to spare.

The tug veered around to the port side of the *Romance*. We threw a shot line. It missed. Made it on the second try. The 3-inch hawser was gathered in and secured to the mast. Too late to try the *Romance* engine. Slack, slack on the hawser. Start the tug engine. Take up the stern anchor. Now pay out the hawser. Easy does it. Up with the forward anchor. We're moving. Take up the slack. It's taut. We're on the way and the *Romance*, still majestic in all her lines, followed smoothly into the lagoon and out to sea. It was 12:15. With Brother Whalen and his Vincentians aboard, we made a smooth passage over the 18 miles with the sea rising and falling gently.

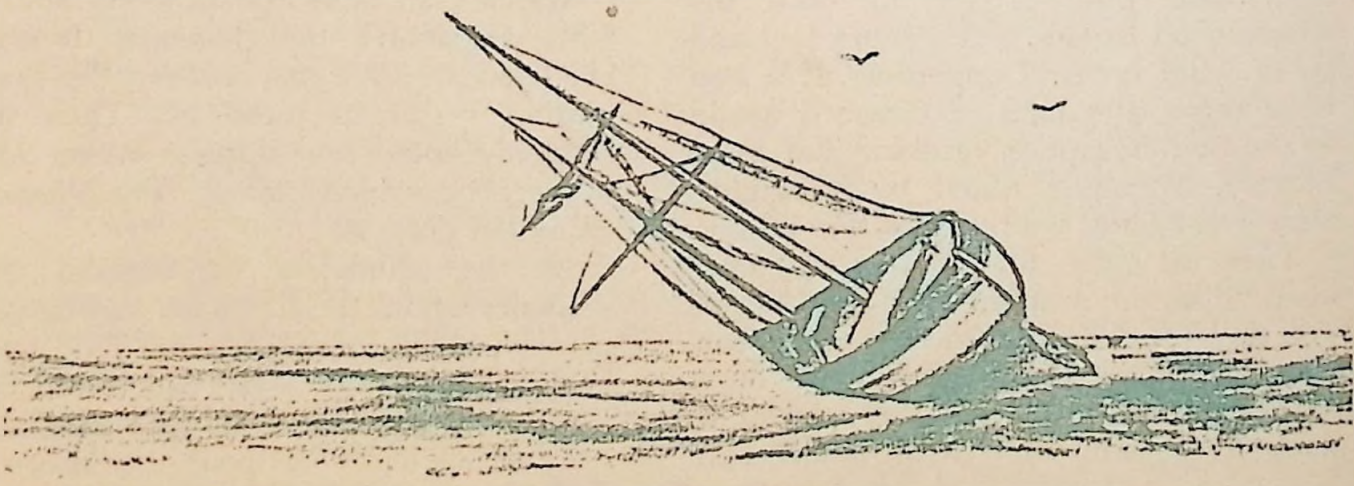
We came in to Truk at 3:30. The tug came alongside the *Romance* and lashed to her. Then I transferred to the mission ship and had few words to utter, but I clasped the hands of Brother Whalen and his gallant Vincentians. Then we dropped anchor, while Brother Acer and his boys on shore let out a cheer.

For three days we waited for the waves at the dry-docking area to lessen. On the 19th of March, the feast of St. Joseph, Brother Whalen gave the word to his eager, impatient Vincentians. He had all connections made, pressed the starting button and the diesel began to hum.

That feast of St. Joseph, March 19th, 1954, will be remembered by the Trukese faithful for many years to come. At 6:30 p.m. Brother Whalen gave the last signal to his Vincentians: "A wes," meaning, "The job is done!" The twelve huskies manning the 4-pronged winch halted, wearied in body, with the prayer pouring out of their hearts: "Kinison ngeni Kot me Joseph mi Pin." "Thanks be to God and St. Joseph." Twelve more Vincentians, even more fatigued after eight hours in the rough sea, shoring up the *Romance*, moving planks and 20-foot 3-inch pipes for the 20th and last time, squared their shoulders and dripping bodies and cried out, "We kept our promise!" The *Romance* had been saved!

Dramatic! I'll never do justice to that indomitable group. Only God knows how this glorious undertaking has fired the Catholicity of every man and woman in the Trukese mission.

Can the ship be saved? Will it be as sturdy as when Father Rively sailed it out to the Mission four years ago? All of us with one accord answer an emphatic "yes." It is still the best schooner in the Caroline and Marshall Islands and under its new name "Star of the Sea" it will again ride the waves under full sail to carry on God's work.



Father Fitzgerald checks a point with Mr. Liu Yung-Mao, chief of Public Works Service on Formosa.



Health

IS HIS BUSINESS



THE ACTIVITIES OF missionaries are many and varied. In the National Taiwan University in Taipei, for instance, Father Edmund Fitzgerald is serving the Lord by conducting an Institute of Public Health. In groups of twenty-five, doctors and nurses from all over Formosa gather to study general principles of sanitation and go out on field trips for practical experience.

Sanitation, always a problem in the populous lands of the Orient, is

of vital interest in Formosa. Only a few weeks ago, at the request of the Chinese Navy, Father Fitzgerald lectured for two hours to the medical technicians and medical corpsmen. According to Father Fred Foley, who took the picture above, the lecture lasted two hours and copious notes were taken.

In Father Fitzgerald's care, also, is the Environmental Sanitarium in the Medical School, which means that when he is not lecturing, or preparing to lecture, or on field trips for the Institute, he is busy setting up a lab, equipping it, and training an assistant.

ST. PETER CLAVER SLIPPED quietly away to God in death three hundred years ago this September eighth, at seventy-one years of age, after thirty-eight years slaving for the slaves of Cartagena, Columbia. When the crowds of the city heard he was dying, they jostled and fought their way into the house seeking relics and took with them everything in the room except the worn, frail body of the saint, the old cot on which he lay (and which had more often served the sick Negro slaves than Claver himself) and a picture of his old friend who had inspired his missionary vocation thirty-eight years before, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.

Much had happened since Rodriguez and Claver had last met in Majorca. It was Rodriguez who had first inspired Claver to become a missionary and a saint. Since they parted, Claver had dedicated thirty-eight years as a "slave of the slaves" out of love of Christ.

Very few people alive today remember slavery or realize what it was like. But for centuries, white men set out from Europe and America to capture, buy, bribe, trick and snatch away from home and families fellow human beings in Africa to sell them as slaves.

Without a word of warning these poor unfortunates were herded off, chained to each other and to their shelf-like bunks in the steaming, stinking holds of ships and then for two months were left to toss in the loneliness of the dark and filth, amid the sick, the dying and the dead of their charnel-house prison below decks. One-fourth of them died on the voyage.

In the harbor, after two or three months crossing the ocean, the hatches were opened and there against the sky they could see a black-robed figure descending a ladder into their midst, looking for all the world like an executioner. Screams of terror usually greeted his arrival, but they soon came to learn that this white man was different from all the others they had ever known. He came to them as a missionary, and as such he brought them respect and love; he came to them also as a saint and as such his charity was heroic.

For thirty-eight years he met personally every slave who was shipped into the harbor of Cartagena and he cared for them as long as they remained in the city. Between shiploads of new slaves, he crossed the mountains to visit the slaves in their plantations.

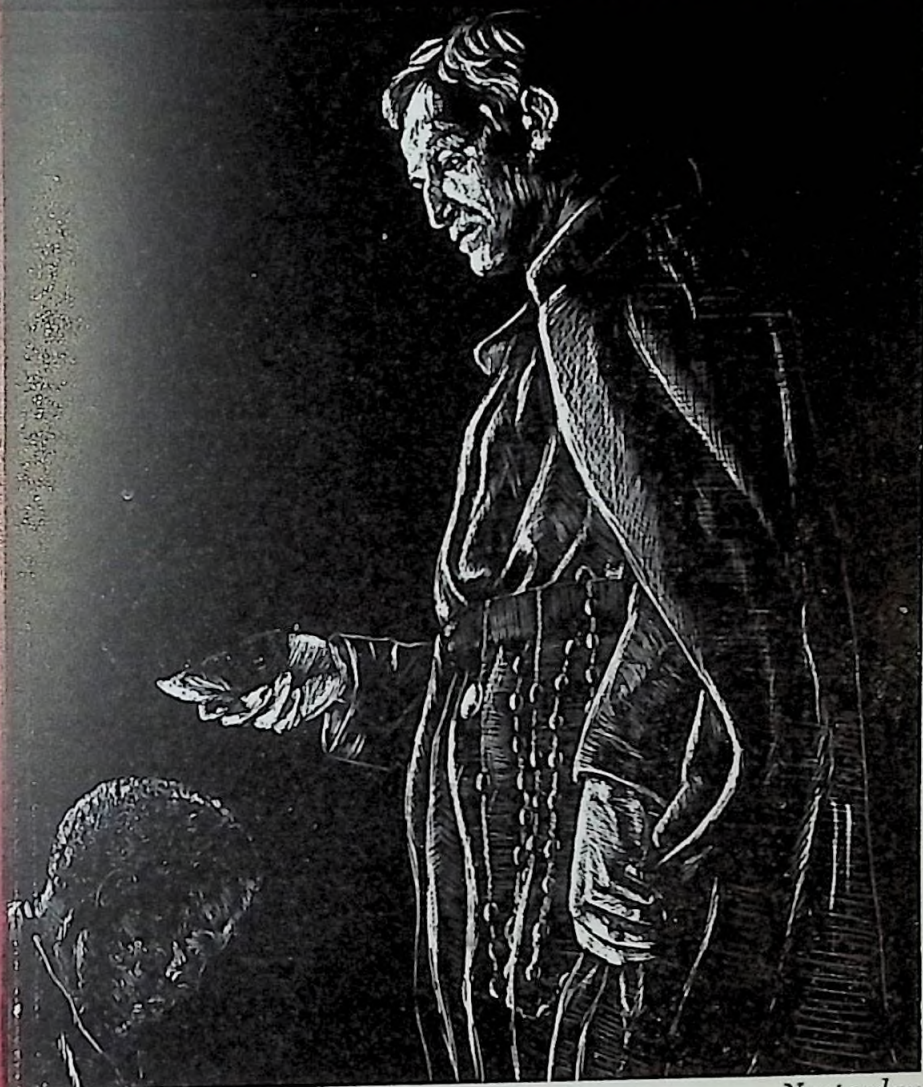
"Love them with deeds first," he used to say, "before you tell them in words." To convince them of his love for them he first carried out tenderly in his arms the dead who were still chained in the dark among them. Many others were covered with sores and infected bruises. These he used to quiet by leaning down to kiss their sores and to touch them gently with his face before he washed them, all the while reassuring them with the kindest eyes and the gentlest heart they had ever known. Gradually in each one the panic melted and their astonished eyes became used to the spectacle of a white man who really loved them.

For a man who was so forgetful of himself, he was astoundingly thoughtful of others. He begged not only food and clean linen for his slaves but also fruit, tobacco, brandy and even perfume. His own cloak he used to cover those who had repulsive sores which bothered others or as a pillow for those who could

SAINT



EVERY MAN
IS OUR
BROTHER,
REDEEMED
BY THE
BLOOD
OF CHRIST



Yesterday

OF THE *Slaves*

JOSEPH F. MacFARLANE S.J.

not sleep. Twelve hours a day he heard their confessions. One poor slave, too old and too ill to be of use, he tended to, washed and fed every week for fourteen years.

Claver had the missionary's simple, clear, unshakable view of human life. Every human being on earth, of every race, from every corner of the earth, to use his own words, is "our brother, redeemed by the blood of Christ." No mat-

ter what the color of the skin or background, attractive or not, slave or free, cultured or not, each one is our brother, each one was thought worthy to be redeemed by the blood of Christ. Claver added to that realization the heroism of a saint in carrying out its implications.

For the love of his Lord Jesus, he called himself "Slave of the Slaves." The Church has changed his title to "Saint of the Slaves."



Trouble

ALFRED J. JOLSON S.J.

IRAQ—LONG KNOWN FOR HER SWIRLING dust and searing sun—has just experienced the worst flood in her recorded history. Early in the week Baghdad and Iraq had an unprecedented continuous rainfall for twelve hours which accumulated two inches of rainfall in the Baghdad area alone! There was even more in the north where the headwaters of the Tigris form. This sudden increase began to be felt on the Tigris at Baghdad by Thursday of the same week.

Here at Baghdad College rises and

falls of the river are measured by the bricks covered on our river wall near the irrigation pump. On Thursday the water was twenty-one bricks below the top of the wall. By Friday evening it was only three! The river was rising at the rate of three inches an hour. It was then well over thirty-five meters high, which is the danger level for Baghdad.

With no stop in the rising of the river, no course was left to the authorities but to break the protecting *bunds* (dikes or levees). This was done in several places.

(Left) Down from the north of Iraq come the raging waters of the Tigris while a group of Arabs whose homes have been swept away gather on higher ground.

Such action diverted the rushing waters into the wide-open spaces of the desert. Had the *bunds* not been broken the rate of flow of the river at Baghdad would have been 11,600 cubic feet per second at the measuring station.

However, the volume of water flowing into the desert was so great that the water began to rise rapidly on the eastern *bunds* of the city facing the desert. By Sunday evening these waters were on a level with the top of the *bunds* and against sand-bags in many places. Thousands of army personnel and civilians labored through the night filling sand-bags and strengthening the defenses.

Several foreign construction companies, American, English, French and German, who had been working on flood control projects in Iraq, also came to the rescue. Their big earth-movers scooped up dirt which was conveyed by automatic bucket loaders to trucks which then sped to the endangered *bunds*.



Alfred Jolson S.J. of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is one of the 44 American Jesuits of the New England Province now stationed at Baghdad College in Iraq.

However the real sufferers were the desert Arabs and villagers who had been evacuated from their mud dwellings on Friday. Once the water hit their mud and straw homes these crumpled and fell. Thousands had to flee carrying their few belongings on their backs and set up temporary shelters on the other side of the *bunds*. One family woke up to find water pouring into their home through all doors and windows. They barely reached the roof. Down below they saw all of their belongings floating away.

There was concern about the *bunds* themselves which were being subjected to tremendous water pressure. A tension filled the air and was felt by all. By Sunday evening the situation was critical with the *bunds* just holding. Had they broken, all of Baghdad would have been covered by a couple of meters of water. With the secondary *bunds* already bro-

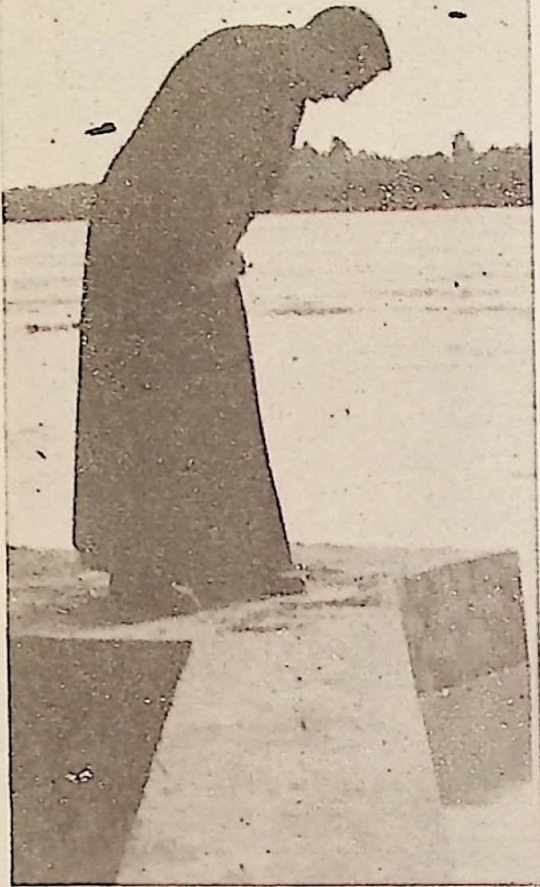
ON THE TIGRIS

There the frantically working army men and civilians made use of the dirt to stem the raging waters.

The Jesuit community was quite concerned for the neighbors and for the safety of the school. Brother Parnoff and Fathers Paquet and Loeffler led the work to keep the water from overflowing. By that time the level of the water left most of us sleeping and eating equivalently under water! The river was actually higher than the first-floor rooms. Only the *bunds* kept the waters back.

ken, only these remained to stem the flood. However, they held during the night.

On Monday morning the situation remained static. Our Iraqi students came to school, but the impending danger and a rumor of a break-through caused an early dismissal. Several parties of Fathers were hurriedly organized to carry food-stuffs to the higher regions of the houses. Many a strong back groaned under heavy sacks of rice and large boxes. The school buses were parked on high ground. The



The Jesuit Superior, Father Thomas Hussey, follows the time-honored custom of numbering the bricks above water in order to gauge the rise of the Tigris River.

Blessed Sacrament was only reserved in the community chapel. Sacred vestments were placed on the altars. All was ready in case of a break-through.

Unfortunately, a smaller *bund* protecting our neighboring village of Sulaikh gave way and water flooded most of the villagers' homes. Many of these mud and brick structures collapsed and the homeless had to seek shelter on the high and dry ground of the *bund* itself. Still all had cheerful words and smiles for us.

As the waters have remained high the chief worry now has become seepage. Baghdad College is so low that much water has been forced up through the ground by the tremendous pressures on the *bunds*. The school property is several meters below the top of the *bunds*. Most of the fields and grounds are covered

with this seepage. Seepage has also driven the desert dwellers several times from their temporary homes and thus adds considerably to their misfortune.

Last Summer when I gazed on the wide expanse of the desert I could hardly have imagined that it would be turned into a small sea! Baghdad is virtually isolated with water on three sides—a peninsula in a desert sea! From the roof of Baghdad College water can be seen almost as far as the horizon. It reaches to the top of inundated palm trees! Once busy brick kilns are now lone sentinels on watery guard-isles in a vast sea. Seagulls fly above. Boats can be seen in the distance scattered over the wide area. A smoking chimney appears to be a ship rising over the horizon.

During these days of real danger you could read the concern in the faces of people. All were fully aware of the closeness of the danger. People milled about and just looked worried. Perfect strangers discussed the situation as old friends and worked side by side in bolstering the *bunds*. There was a unity which only disaster and danger gives people. It is ironic humor when one reflects that only water is needed to make the desert fertile! Now the problem is seen in reverse—too much water ruining the land!

However, Iraq and Bagdad can look bravely ahead to a bright future. Within a few years both of these problems will be in great part solved by the vast water-control projects now under way and planned. One such—the Wadi-Tharthar—will be completed in 1956 and will remove the danger of flood from Bagdad forever. The danger of flood will be solved by diverting these excess waters into a huge basin. Millions of arid acres will receive water for irrigation from this reservoir. The future is bright and hopeful. Perhaps the Tigris has made her last watery attack upon Iraq. As T. S. Eliot puts it, "The river is a great brown god." However, the "great brown god" of Iraq has reached an end of her uncontrolled meanderings and is about to provide the people and country of Iraq with a bright and safe future.

JESUIT MISSIONS

*The Voice of the 1129 Missionaries of
the Eight American Jesuit Provinces*



MISSIONARY SUMMER SCHOOL

As we go to press, the Fordham University Institute of Mission Studies has just ended its annual summer school. Each year the Institute offers to missionaries and to lay people a series of courses in Missiology and special mission problems which are encountered in different mission fields. The basic courses in Missiology were taught by Father Richard Lawlor of the JM staff, who took his Doctorate in Missiology in Rome several years ago.

The special area courses, in which the benefits of solid social science as pertinent to those regions were given to the students, treated of the various divisions of Africa, of India, Japan and the middle Americas as well as other areas.

The Institute answers a need long felt by missionaries and stressed by Pope Pius XII in his Encyclical "Heralds of the Gospel." Those who have attended the sessions have been enthusiastic over the results achieved. May it continue to prosper!

FOOTNOTE TO A STORY

It may be of interest to those who have read Father McGowan's dramatic tale in this issue of the rescue of the *Romance* to know that the previous history of the brigantine is in book form. Some time ago, Father William Rively S.J. published "The Story of the Romance." It is a vividly interesting account of how he managed to obtain the boat and then sail her across the Pacific. The book may be obtained for \$3.50 from the Jesuit Seminary and Mission Bureau of New York, 51 East 83rd St., New York 28, N.Y.

SCHOOL DAYS

Every year at this time we send JM to a certain number of boys beginning high school. If you know some boy entering a public or diocesan high school who might be interested in missionary work, you might like to underwrite a subscription to JM for him.

OUR NEW LOOK

Do you like it? Some time ago we decided to make a few changes in JM's format and this is our first issue in the new style. We chose September for our debut because many of our subscribers join us during the summer months and this will be their first opportunity to meet our missionaries. As the national organ for America's largest missionary force, we here at JM are most grateful to our readers, old and new, for their generous backing of our men in the field.

SPECIAL MISSION DATES FOR SEPTEMBER:

Feast of St. Peter Claver S.J., Patron of Negro Missions, September 9th. Feast of the North American Martyrs, St. Isaac Jogues S.J., St. John de Brebeuf S.J. and Companions, September 26th.

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Father Richard A. Extross S.J. records the heartaches found in the building of a mission.

ARRAH is the Heart of a Dream

IT WAS TWELVE YEARS AGO THAT I LAST visited Arrah in the Shahabad district of India. It was a short visit of only two hours, but one that I will never forget. There were, of course, the millions of flies and the dust heaps all over the front yard to make the visit unforgettable, but far more was the faith and self-sacrifice of that grand old pioneer, Father Henry Westropp S.J.

He had bought this bit of low-lying land and to make it habitable for future generations had arranged with the municipality to have the town rubble dumped in his compound. He suffered, of course; but thanks to his sacrifice, the hollow places were filled in and the compound is no longer a lagoon when it rains. With a faith that moves mountains, Father Westropp settled on this two-acre plot and gathered a score of widows and a dozen Chamar urchins around him; and prayed and dreamed of the day when Our Lady of Sorrows Mission would be a dynamic center of Catholic life and activity in Christ's Church among the poor.

Twelve years have gone by since that day, and as Father Westropp looks down from heaven it must do his heart good to see others reap where he sowed in tears. Yes, his faith, prayers and sacrifice have

not been in vain. The work among the Chamars has developed and advanced a hundredfold.

Here, around Arrah, we now have a church and convent (Sisters of the Sacred Heart) at Buxar with Father Edmund Burke in charge; a church and budding dispensary at Shahpur, with Father Nicholas Pollard in charge; a wonderfully flourishing station at Itari under Father Bernard D'Cruz. Father Bertram Ernst has a mission station at Piru and the latest comer of all into the field, Father Vincent Gallagher, is already building and developing a station at Koath.

Beside this development in the Shahabad District (of which Arrah is the headquarters), the development of the Church during the past dozen years among the Chamars round Mokameh and Gaya forms a glorious page in her history. Barh, Barbiga, Bihar Shareef, Nawadah, Maner, Jehanabad are names of which every Chamar missionary is proud. Not only are there churches and schools in each of these centers, but there is also at Mokameh a gem of a shrine to Our Lady of Divine Grace and a hospital run by the Sisters of Charity from Kentucky.

Cared for by a score of priests and as many nuns, there are now more than 10,000 children of God among these



Father Exross and some of the Arrah boys happily gather around the phonograph.

once untouchable and despised leather workers. And in our schools we have more than 1200 boys, not to speak of girls. These youngsters are the hope and promise of this Church among the Chamars. On them will depend its future.

A couple of these boys have already reached the fourth year of College. A number have matriculated from Khrist Raja High School. But now the numbers of those ready for high school have increased so much that the Bishop and Superior have decided to establish a separate high school for them—in Arrah! The dozen urchins gathered by Father Westropp have increased to 145—and 50 of these are in high school.

A second story has been added on to the former Widows' Home and that is now high school, hostel and Fathers' residence. The building is square-shaped, but its open inner courtyard and broad verandahs of the lower floor eat up so much of the space that accommodations are woefully inadequate. Classes have to be doubled up—and as some of these crowded classrooms lack the proper ventilation, the pursuit of knowledge is a sweaty business indeed! Again, some of

the classrooms by day, have to be used as dormitories by night. The twelve by ten infirmary and sacristy is fine when one or two boys are sick; but when two dozen of them went down with the flu recently, they literally cluttered up the verandahs!

A new school building! Yes, sir, that's the requirement—and our dream. But it is not easy to afford to build when the students don't pay fees and when one has to dig into the coffers to feed and clothe them, too! So, maybe that's where one could give Our Lady of Sorrows a helping hand!

Some 25 years ago we needed a high school at Bettiah and a generous unknown benefactress made Khrist Raja possible. We are sure that Our Lady of Sorrows will also have some generous friends who will help us raise the most worthy monument to her honor—a home where young hearts will be trained in Catholic faith and practice; a school to prepare those solid young Catholics on whom will stand four-square the Church of Christ among the Chamars. Father Westropp had a dream and Arrah is the heart of that dream.



WINDOW ON THE

Mission World

Sometimes we are inclined to forget that the only viewpoint which really counts is God's viewpoint.

HE IS A PRIEST OF INDETERMINATE AGE, invalided home from the missions, and he drops in on us here at JM every now and then. We call him the Ancient Missionary, partly to honor his beard and partly because of his wisdom. The beard is a fearsome thing, lush and undisciplined, but there is nothing undisciplined about the Ancient Missionary's wisdom. We always learn something from him.

"I met a woman the other day," said the Ancient Missionary on his last visit to us, "who won't allow mission magazines in her house. The dear lady," he went on, in the curious mixture of the courtly and the blunt which characterizes his speech, "is not overly bright. And besides, she is a bad mother."

These were harsh words, but the Ancient Missionary proceeded to explain why he felt compelled to utter them. What follows is a rough, but substantially accurate summary of what he said.

"This woman," he explained, "has four children of school age. Everyone would say she is a good mother to them. I say she is a bad mother. Why? Because she won't allow mission magazines in the house!

"Understand now, I do not accuse this lady of deliberate malice. Not for one minute. But she is narrow-minded and unwittingly un-Catholic. When I asked her why she barred mission magazines from her house, she answered that she was afraid that the children would be influenced by them and decide to be missionaries!

"I need not point out to you young Fathers how selfish and un-Catholic such

an attitude is. I don't think many Catholics hold such benighted views, but the incident made me think, and I have come to a conclusion."

The Ancient Missionary leaned forward, and tapping with his cane for emphasis, said solemnly, "I suspect that many parents do not realize that mission magazines are a normal and essential tool for the Catholic training of their children. I suspect that many of them look upon mission magazines merely as propaganda sheets for one of the lesser, occasionally irritating and probably unnecessary works of the Catholic Church.

"And yet, to be as calm as possible about this outrageous situation, mission magazines tell us the story of what a Pope called 'the greatest and holiest' work of the Church, the work of the missions. Do our parents realize that their youngsters are only half-Catholic, if Catholic at all, when they do not know and love the missions? Do they dare to be afraid that God may give one of their children the great gift of a missionary vocation?"

The Ancient Missionary rose to depart. "The good lady has modified her views," he said, with a small smile. "She has already subscribed to JESUIT MISSIONS."

If you have changed your address or if you intend to, will you be kind enough to send us both your new address and your old one?

Meeting

India's SOCIAL PROBLEMS



Charles Malik of the Lebanon and Father D'Souza, delegates to the United Nations.

**JEROME
D'SOUZA S.J.**

FOUR YEARS AGO IN MAY OF 1950, the superiors of the Jesuit Missions in India decided that the Society should start without delay a Social Institute as a common undertaking of all the Jesuit Missions to help promote and coordinate social work in all the dioceses of India. A group of four Fathers belonging to



Father Jerome D'Souza S.J. was born of Catholic Brahmin parents in Mangalore. He played a leading part in drawing up the Constitution for the new India and later was chosen a member of the six-man delegation to the U.N. sessions at Lake Success.

F R E E D O M

different Jesuit Missions were detailed off for the work.

The Social Institute was inaugurated in Poona on January 6th, 1951. What need was there for such a new Institute? Were there not social works conducted by the missions in India up to now? Can any mission worth the name spread the Gospel without at the same time carrying out a program of social assistance and reform?

There is no doubt that the Indian Missions had achieved already great success in social work. Indian society presented a great variety of urgent social problems and the ideals of Christian love and brotherliness could not but bring about the correction of grave social abuses. Thus the rehabilitation of the so-called Untouchables and Aborigines, the raising of the status of women, the opposition to child marriage, care of widows and orphans, the assistance to victims of all types of sickness, particularly leprosy and incurable diseases, were among the great works which brought to the devoted Christian missionary the love and gratitude of many thousands of unfortunate people.

However with independence and the setting up of a democratic government, a new turn and a new importance were given to social problems. To the long-standing evils caused by caste and untouchability, poverty and disease, were added the problems of the industrial proletariat, and the clash between capital and labor. Everywhere there was need for social amelioration, and the demand for social equality, as a consequence of political freedom. It will be easily be-

lieved that in this atmosphere of change and restless striving, Communism and other subversive forms of revolution should have penetrated with imminent danger to religion and to the cause of ordered progress. It was necessary for the Church to play her part in the crisis. She had to spread her own ideals of social progress, her luminous doctrine which ensures for all human needs, natural and supernatural, their just satisfaction.

Hence the founding of the Institute was welcomed by the Bishops of India and by the Holy See. The Catholic Bishops' Conference expressed their gratification at the responsibility undertaken by the Society, and has not hesitated to call on the Institute to undertake special tasks resolved upon by the Hierarchy.

What has the Institute achieved during the three brief years of its existence? It has been bringing out, almost from the start, a little monthly SOCIAL ACTION which has gained appreciation for its presentation of the Catholic view on current social questions. It is edited by Father A. Lallemand who was formerly Editor of THE NEW REVIEW. It has produced text-books on Social Ethics and Civics for schools and colleges. One of these text-books has recently been approved for use in high schools by the Bombay State Government. It has published a book on the population problem in India which was widely noted: TOO MANY OF US? by Father A. Nevett. A study of Communism by the same author, IS INDIA GOING RED? is on the press. Other books and pamphlets are under preparation.

JUST BE BASED ON GOD-GIVEN PRINCIPLES

A big step has been taken in the matter of training social workers by Catholic colleges. In collaboration with the Institute and in accordance with the syllabus prepared by it, five colleges in different parts of India have started one-year diploma courses in Social Service—Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Trichinopoly and Bangalore. The American Jesuits of the Maryland Province had already a School of Labor Relations in Jamshedpur. Labor Relations Courses have been started in Madras, Calcutta and Bombay. The Institute and the Jamshedpur School are working in close collaboration. This work of training social workers of all types needs to be pushed forward and promoted in all ways, and the Institute has a big program in this connection.

As regards the intensifying of social work the Institute can only act as adviser and guide in various diocesan undertakings. It also hopes to help in the coordination of such works so as to prevent unnecessary reduplication and to act as a center for exchange of views among social workers. It was with this end in view that the Bishops' Conference has twice requested the Institute to organize conferences of social workers throughout India. The first occasion was in Madras, December 1952, when Indian Catholic social workers had the chance of meeting foreign social workers who had come to attend the International Social Conference. That common meeting of Catholic social workers from all over the world was an unforgettable experience.

It is a matter of great satisfaction that the Government of the country appreciates the work the Institute is trying to do. When it was started, and its work was brought to the notice of the leaders of the country, we received messages of encouragement from the President, the Prime Minister, the Ministers of Health

and Education and others. The Minister of Labor, Mr. V. V. Giri, wrote a letter from which it is a pleasure to quote:

"The Jesuit Missions have had a very enviable record of achievements in India, particularly in the educational field, and it is a great source of pleasure to me to know that the scope of the work undertaken by them is now proposed to be extended to the field of social reconstruction. I have always admired the selfless devotion of the Jesuit Fathers to their self-imposed task, and I have no doubt that their taking up of any scheme is enough guarantee to insure its success. The courses of the type you have envisaged will be of great benefit to the country in the years ahead, when the development plans now on the anvil will bear fruit. I am particularly attracted by your proposal to teach labor relations in your colleges and I must say how timely it is, coming, as it does, at a time when we in the Labor Ministry have been exerting ourselves to build up labor-management relations on sound lines."

The nucleus of four Fathers who began the Institute in 1951 has now developed into a community of seven, six Fathers and a coadjutor Brother. At the beginning we were living in St. Vincent's High School, where the Superior of the Poona Jesuit Mission had placed a few rooms at our disposal.

It was a modest beginning for a task so immense in extent and baffling in its complexity. But the situation in India, and indeed the whole of Asia, is such that any failure by the Catholic Missions to take the fullest part in the work of social reform and social reconstruction will be fraught with danger for Church and State. We need and request the prayers and the sympathy of the readers of **JESUIT MISSIONS** for the work of the Social Institute of Poona.

The Pope's Mission Intention for this month: "That the Social Doctrine of the Church become known and appreciated in the Mission countries."

Jubilee

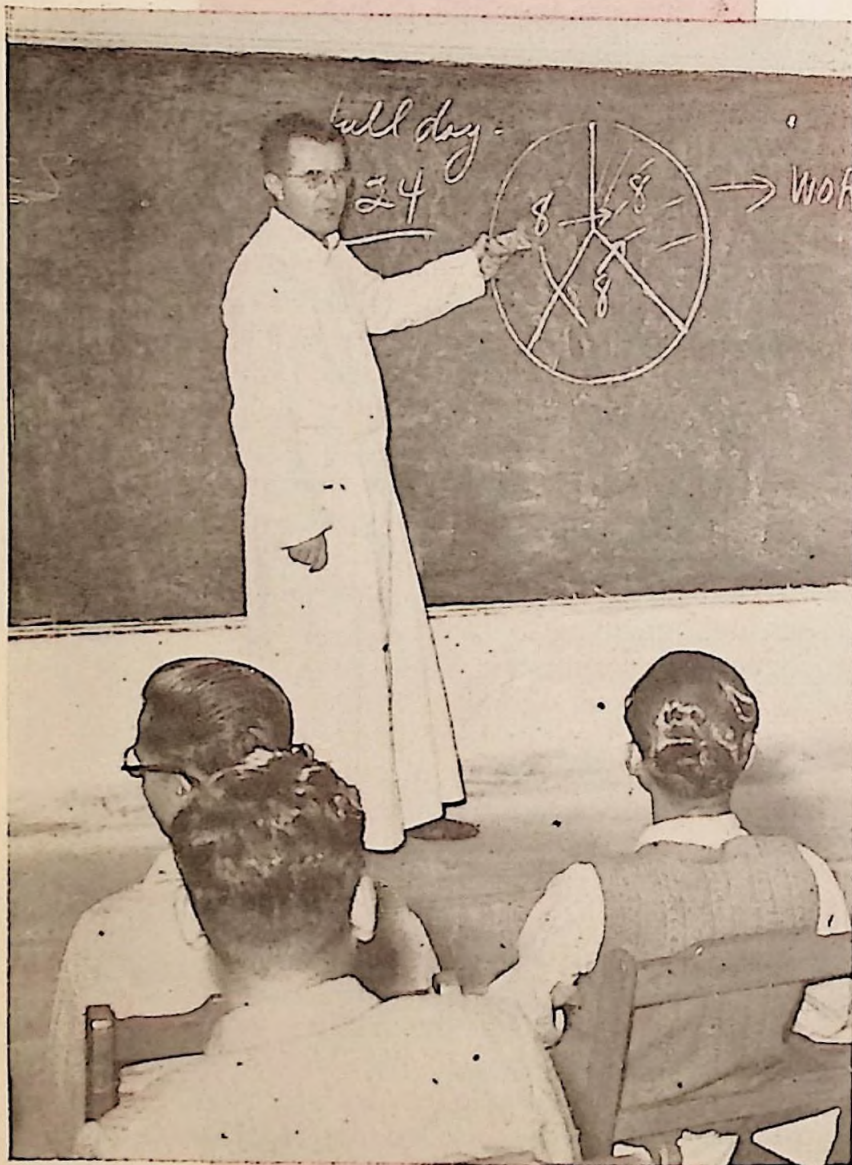
T. QUINN ENRIGHT S.

THERE WON'T BE ANY BRAVADO bands for our Jubilee but we will celebrate just the same. For next month will mark the fifty birthday of the Jamshedpur Labour Institute. We expect most of our old students to be present and there'll be plenty of time for reminiscence as we munch *rossa-gul* and *singharas* and sip our tea.

All in all, we should have about 500 guests, for that is approximately the number of students who we have enrolled in the Institute since its inception. Many of our former students are now on our faculty. Some few, not as many as we would hope for, are prominent in unions or in management and are doing work in labor relations as that process is developing all over India.

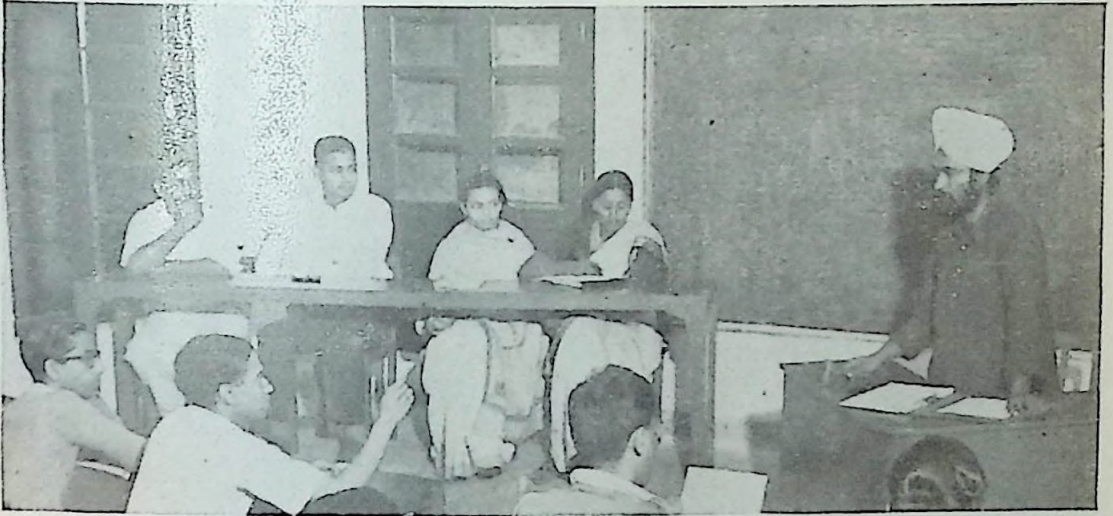
Our work is not paper work by any means. Outside of the Labour School routine there are many interesting (and also trying) tasks. These are the individual grievances that somehow make their way to us for aid. Some have to do with finding housing accommodations, some with indebtedness or with domestic or disciplinary problems. Some are difficult to place exactly in any category—like the case of Sardar Singh.

He is a venerable old gentleman, dignified and handsome despite his simple Punjabi clothes. He came to me one day, saying that he knew I was a man dedicated to God's service and therefore a man



Father Enright teaching members of the Jamshedpur Labour Institute.

IN JAMSHEDPUR



A turbaned Sikh conducts a panel discussion on labor problems in India.

prayer. So (and here he fumbled in a little cloth bag) would I kindly take these prayer beads and pray God for knowledge and enlightenment on his case?

The beads were the prayer beads of the Sikhs, over a hundred silver beads strung closely together on a heavy cord. As gracefully as I could, I tried to explain to him that I had my own beads (showing him my rosary) and would gladly pray over his case. I suggested we both keep our own beads and use them to ask God for whatever aid was necessary. But Sardar Singh insisted I take his.

When I inquired the nature of his case, he looked at me a long time before finally answering, "You will pray and by your prayer God will let you know if my case is just or not." Then he departed.

So I prayed over his case but as yet I am unenlightened. Perhaps Sardar Singh has been more inspired for he has not returned to find out my praying ability.

Then there was Rameswar who claims he is only 52 years old but his company

has forced him to retire because they maintain he is 61. There are no birth certificates, of course, so we have to get proof in a roundabout way. Now Rameswar has two brothers and according to the hierarchy of family life over here respect must be shown to the eldest brother. But Rameswar's big brother claims he is only 56 so Rameswar can hardly be 61. So it means more witnesses, trying to pin down the marriage dates of the brothers, the ages of the children, the length of time in business, etc. Finally we feel we have the case in presentable form and we send Rameswar off to the Government Labor Commissioner with all the data possible.

The main question, of course, is whether the case will be settled or not before Rameswar is indisputably sixty. And so it goes. That is why five years have passed very, very quickly and we are surprised to find our "jubilee" coming up so soon. May the next five see even greater progress!

The Eskimo's BIG



LIGHT, FUEL AND WATER are among the simple necessities of the human race. How important cheap light, wood and good water are to the Eskimo economy should be apparent to anyone who knows a little about Alaska.

"Dan," I said to one of my parishioners one day, "why in the world don't you buy yourself a little outfit to saw your wood? Or why can't you pitch in with one of the neighbors and get one?"

"We cannot, Father. We are too poor."

That's it. Because he is poor, and his neighbor is poor, both spend hours sawing their logs and cordwood with a slow cross-cut saw. And not only the men. As often as not the men are out hunting and the hard work of wood-cutting falls

to the women. I have seen the mother of four small children, just a few days before giving birth to twins, sawing her own wood with one of the dulllest cross-cut saws in all creation. I know that saw, because I have used it myself.

A little gasoline engine connected to a circular cordwood saw would not cost much. The Eskimos could install the saw and engine on a big sled, hook up a dog team and pull the contraption around the village from house to house, cutting everybody's wood easily in no time at all. This would save the men time for hunting, it would prevent the broken bones that sometimes result from woman's work at the woodpile, and most of all, it would stop the numerous, needless and tragic

Life in the Arctic is a struggle to survive on the level of simple necessities.

JOHN P. FOX S.J.

THREE



miscarriages that occur as a result of too heavy work by women whose husbands have to leave them to go hunting.

Then, too, we might be able to put some system into wood-gathering, if we had a circular saw for encouragement. As things stand now, the problem of wood-cutting is so discouraging that few of the Eskimos get all their logs in rafts during the summer, when it is easiest. As a result, when winter comes, they have to dig logs out from under the snow and haul them home, one sled-load at a time, to be sawed one at a time by them and their wives.

Wood, water and light. These are the big three for my people, when it comes to immediate needs. I have done what I

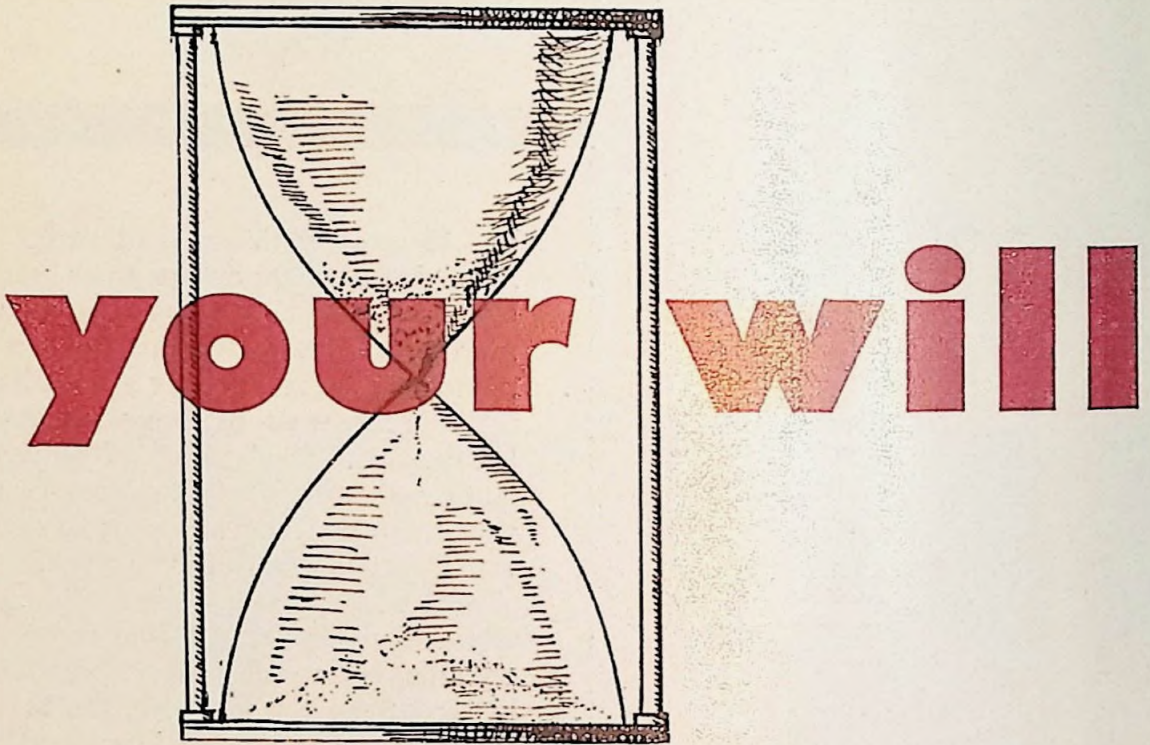
can to remedy things, and so far I have managed to solve one of them, the problem of light on our long, dark days and nights in winter. We already have a light plant and we are getting an auxiliary set-up to relieve us of worry in case of a breakdown. For about \$200 worth of labor and pipe, we can guarantee a good water supply. And an outfit to saw cordwood should not run over \$400.

What has this to do with the spiritual work of a missionary? The connection is obvious enough to me. Though Christ blessed the poor in spirit, the Scriptures relate that Christ and His apostles had a little fund from which they paid for their own needs and helped those who were actually poor. Poverty of spirit is always a help to religion; actual poverty not always. Many of my people are really poor. They will stay away from Mass because they are ashamed to appear in the only clothes they have, or because their clothes are simply insufficient for below-zero weather.

If I had Midas' fabled touch for just one day, I could make some changes here! We aren't covetous; we aren't planning to establish an oasis of luxury up here amid the snow. All we want is light, wood and water, our three big needs.



WHEN YOU MAKE



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JOHN T.
WHITE S.J.



Father Robert Hodapp instructs one of his schoolboys on the lathe.

The Busy Bee of BELIZE

ANYONE WHO COMES to Belize with the notion of finding a soft South Sea paradise where listless natives dream away the warm hours of the day under palm trees is in for a shocking surprise. There isn't much room for palm trees and the place is a seething, sweating mass of human activity from before dawn until late after dusk.

Nearly all projects in the Colony have their headquarters in Belize. That of the Catholic Missions is the Belize Catholic

Presbytery and Father Robert Hodapp is responsible for the smooth running of the place.

Father Hodapp used to be the "bush missionary" out of Punta Gorda until he became infected with amoebic dysentery. Lest he come back from some missionary trip tied behind his horse, a change was decided upon.

THE HIDDEN LIFE DOESN'T MEAN A QUIET LIFE ON THE MISSIONS.

So he came to Belize where things would be easier for a sick man. Of course, a person has to keep occupied in order not to go to seed, so Father Hodapp has a few odd jobs. He is Minister of the community. That is a nice side line for a man. It has very definite consolations, you know, like being mother of a family of thirteen or fourteen fine boys. There are 23 Jesuits living at the Catholic Presbytery. Taking care of their physical needs—you know, food, clothing, and shelter—isn't too bad; especially when you remember how Purgatory can pile up on you if you don't remove it a little at a time while you are alive.

It's quite nice to have a man like Father around. You see, he is handy at making things. He even knows what a mortise and tenon are. There are seventy mission schools constantly in need of desks, benches, blackboards, and those other knickknacks of pedagogy. You don't buy the stuff down here. You look around for some lumber and nails and try to find a man with a hammer and saw to put them together for you. In order to meet the demand, Fathers O'Connor and Hodapp started a small furniture factory along the canal side of the back yard.

Father Hodapp is plant manager. He employs four cabinet makers with four

helpers and uses a power-driven saw planer, joiner, drill press, and sander. Teaching the men to use the machine is a difficult enough task, but not in comparison with keeping the machines running. None the less, rough mahogany boards keep going in at one end and finished desks, benches, presses, doors and window frames coming out the other.

Things are pretty well organized in the carpenter shop so Father Hodapp has plenty of time—that is, at exactly three-thirty in the afternoon—to train an excellent drum and bugle corps. There is ample material on hand because Holy Redeemer School—thirteen hundred children—is wrapped around three sides of the Presbytery. Since he is so near at hand, the Minister is building manager of the school, too.

There are certain advantages to this arrangement. It provides a fine opportunity to line up prospective drum majors as one goes about inspecting the classrooms. It provides a little exercise too. You see, Holy Redeemer School isn't an ordinary school. It's a conglomeration of various type buildings, not one of which was built for a classroom. Adjusting these warehouses, clubs, and shanties to the convenience of the Sisters is an ample outlet for inventive talent. Then there is a bit of mental recreational value in trying to keep rain from coming through the nail holes in the zinc roofs.

Father Hodapp is also the pastor of Holy Redeemer Church. There are two other priests to help with the church services, novenas, confessions, and sodality meetings—that is when Father Sullivan isn't waiting for a sea breeze to blow him home from one of his sea missions. This arrangement really makes it nice because it gives Father Minister a chance to read his Office before midnight.

The rest of us don't say much by way of thanking the Minister. We really are grateful though, especially to his parents. They evidently took good care of him when he was a boy. He looks strong, although he might last a few years on this job that no one else wants.



ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA • INDIA

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

Afield . . . with American Jesuits

WOULD YOU LIKE A BALUT?

MR. CLARKE L. TRENT S.J. *studies philosophy at Chabanel Hall, Philippine Islands. Like a true philosopher, he faces facts with a calm objectivity. The Balut, which he describes, is a fact.*

"The Filipino equivalent of our super chocolate sundae," he writes, "is the Balut. In its natural state, it is found under a brooding hen. Before things get out of hand, it is taken away from her. This makes her brood on man's inhumanity to hens. For a Balut is an egg which was snatched before it hatched.

"Foreigners, unfamiliar with the Balut, find it a test of their urbanity. I had such a test recently when friends in a neighboring barrio offered one with proper ceremony. I said a fervent grace and cracked the top. Inside was a has-been egg that could not quite be called a chick.

"Eating a Balut is a process of sipping, peeling and chewing. I ate it. The experience had some apostolic value. One of the boys of the family, admiring my apparent calm, joined our Student Catholic Action Group. He is now in charge of 500 energetic apostles."

LIKE A FROG IN THE THROAT

Our missionaries at Godavari School, Katmandu, Nepal, have had trouble with their water supply. A late report says that all is well again.

"We have now cleared up the mystery.



(Above) Clarke Trent S.J. at tape recorder in Chinese language school. Off to class (below) are Fathers Trent, Walling, Aherne and Falge of the China Mission.



CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIO

Tell all your friends that one sure way of sealing a valve and making it absolutely leak-proof is to keep a toad in the water pipe. To draw the toad out all you need to do is to file off the heads of the rusty bolts on the valve, draw the valve-head out, and out hops the toad riding high on a column of water. Then replace the valve-head, hold it in place with hefty rocks and run to town to see if you can get some new bolts of the right length and thickness."

AN HISTORIC ORDINATION

In 1614 a ruthless foe of the Church in Japan issued an edict proscribing Christianity under penalty of death. Today, a direct descendant of his stands at the altar, a priest.

Tokyo Catholic Seminary, directed by



Father John Miff, a veteran of over 20 years on the Baghdad Mission, is caught in a more serious moment at his library desk by Father James Larkin's camera.

the Jesuits, numbers among its newly ordained priests a member of the Tokugawa clan, which ruled Japan for almost 250 years. Ieyasu, the founder of an extraordinary line of Shôguns, outlawed Christianity and was responsible for the violent death of thousands of the faithful. Under his grandson, Iemitsu, the priests were exiled or martyred, leaving the crypto-Christians of Japan priestless for two-and-a-half centuries.

But God's grace is limitless. A scion of these persecutors is now a priest. Another member of the Tokugawa clan is in studies at the Tokyo Seminary looking forward to ordination.

CONVERSIONS IN THE CAROLINES

Less than a year ago the people of Murilo, one of the eastern Caroline Islands, astonished FATHER JOHN FAHEY S.J. by requesting instruction in the Faith. All were non-Catholics at the time.

Father Fahey writes: "All but four of the people are now Catholics. I have established a beachhead on Ruo Island, the next island to Murilo and in the same atoll. There wasn't a Catholic in the place, but now about 30 are waiting for baptism. They have already completed a little chapel where they congregate for daily morning prayers and evening rosary despite vigorous opposition from the non-Catholic neighbors."

HEREWITH, ONE MARKED COPY

BROTHER ANTHONY LE BEL S.J. is stationed at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Kingston, Jamaica. He liked the article on missionary Brothers in the March issue of JM, and writes:

"Thanks for the marked copies of JM. When I saw my picture in the article on missionary Brothers, I was reminded that St. Theresa of Avila said to an artist who



SPOTLIGHT

This month our Spotlight penetrates the heart of India to the little village of



Bandgaon in the Ranchi District. It comes to rest on Father John Blandin of the Jamshedpur Mission but it will have to be an agile Spotlight to keep up with the active pastor of Bandgaon.

How do you say, "What's new?" in the Mundari tongue? We ourselves don't know but as we recall Father Blandin's seminary days we are very sure that the question is now a familiar one to the people of Bandgaon. Again, there is far more reason for that question now than there was in the routine-filled days of the seminary. For there is always something new in Bandgaon—Father Blandin sees to that. His church, his school, his out stations, will always provide a fresh job for this lone priest.

For the last six years he has labored to build Bandgaon into a thriving mission center. He has succeeded but it has been a tremendous job. We hope our readers will remember this courageous missionary in the heart of India.

had painted her portrait, 'May God forgive you for having made me so ugly.'

"At least the other seven Brothers whose pictures you printed were fine-looking men and I hope that your article will encourage many youngsters to ask God to give them a missionary Brother's vocation. We need many more Brothers, here and on all the missions."

EVERYBODY WAVES AT MARIETTA

FATHER CLAUDE DALY S.J. in Ceylon had to fill in for Father Gregory Cook at the latter's parish in Tirukovil so he borrowed Marietta, Father Cook's Italian car.

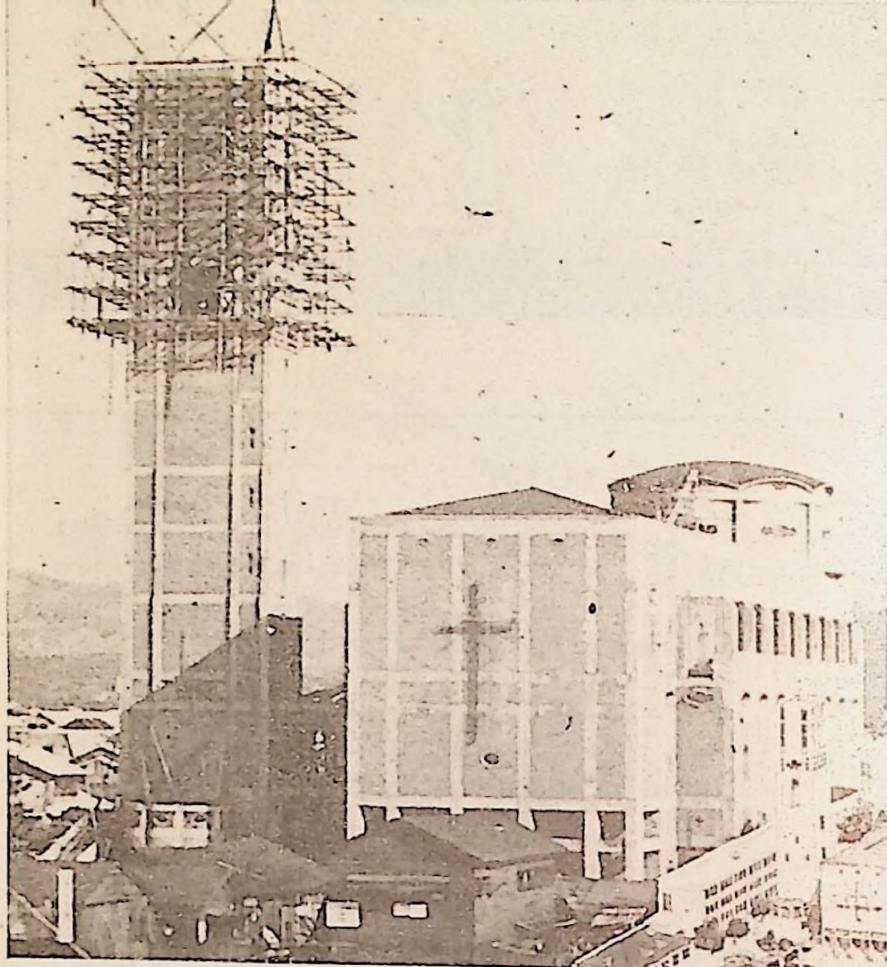
"Father Cook has been waving at

everybody for years, even at the bulls and goats, it is said. So, since the car is easier to recognize than the driver, everybody waved at me. By the time I got to Akkaraipattu, his main station, I had my hand in the air all the time.

"I stopped in Akkaraipattu for wine and hosts but the sacristan was absent. After considerable to-do, we finally managed to get our Mass supplies and we drove on to Tirukovil, thinking things about the sacristan.

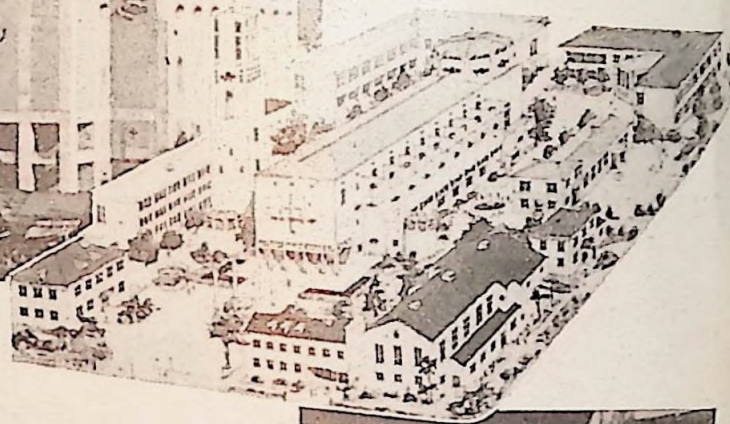
"Next morning I questioned him sternly about his absence. Indignantly he replied, 'I waved you to stop at Kalmunai and you just waved back!'

"Well, it's nice that everybody waves at Marietta, but it can be confusing!"



(Left) Hiroshima Shrine for Peace, designed by Togo Murano of Osaka.

(Below) Architect's plan for entire plant.



HIROSHIMA

Remembers



ON AUGUST 6TH, ANNIVERSARY OF the first atom bomb explosion, the Memorial Shrine for World Peace was solemnly dedicated in Hiroshima. It is a shrine in remembrance of the victims of that 1945 disaster.

A generous American benefactor is mostly responsible for its construction although funds have come in from all over the world. His Highness, Prince Takamatsu, headed the fund committee in Japan and was present for the dedication by the Bishops of Nagasaki, Osaka, Fukuoka and Kyoto, with the Apostolic Internuncio presiding.



From Cleveland came Franciscan nuns of the Blessed Sacrament for perpetual adoration.

The Business of MISSIONS



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Rev. William T. Wood S.J.
49 East 84th St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

Dear Friend:

In the mountain province of Bukidnon, Philippines, is the town of Maramag where Father Cawley recently finished his church, at least exteriorly. To announce Mass, he pounds away on an empty tank and the reverberations can be heard for two miles around. A bell is needed but Father Cawley gives a priority to a confessional. As a solution, he proposes a double spiritual investment.

The accepted offering for a High Mass is five dollars. If Father Cawley received ten High Mass stipends, he would apply the fifty dollars to the new confessional. There is a time difference of thirteen hours between Maramag and New York. Some evening at eight o'clock you might reflect that Father Cawley has just raised his chalice and his people are singing "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini" for your intention. Further, many will kneel in the confessional and receive the grace of the Sacrament of Penance.

Many of the missionaries desire High Mass intentions. You may send them to JESUIT MISSIONS and they will be forwarded to the missions.

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,

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



Sophia A.A.

NORBERT J. TRACY S.J.

SOPHIA UNIVERSITY IN JAPAN is situated just outside Imperial Castle in Tokyo, to the right of an enormous moat constructed as part of the decorative defense of the castle by the conquering Ieyasu in 1590. The changes in military tactics over the centuries eventually reduced it to the level of a colossal bit of landscaping with little value other than the merely aesthetic one of being a pretty sight. So when the fires of the last war were finally quenched, and the bomb-dust had settled, the Jesuit

missionaries who conduct the University cast speculative eyes upon it.

The University, rising from the wreckage, was crowded. Young men, filled with the bubbling energy of youth, needed some place where they could let off steam and work off some of the healthy animal spirits of the young. So they asked, and after long and involved negotiations, obtained from the city of Tokyo the permission to drain the ancient moat, fill it with the debris of war, and make an athletic field out of it.

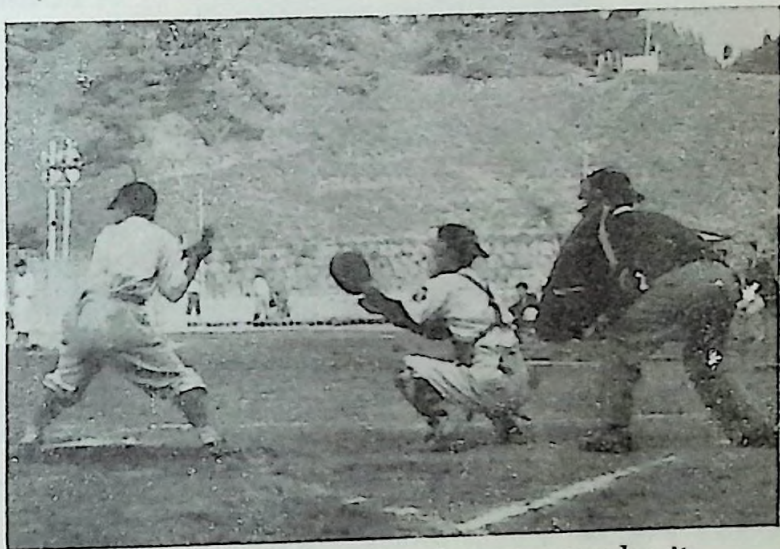
So the Sophia A.A. was born.

The field is huge: it has a large number of facilities, and an American visitor would be rather startled by the activities that take place in it. When one moves along in an atmosphere of strangeness, in the midst of unfamiliar sights and sounds and smells, it is not startling to see one or two more things that are equally strange. But in the midst of the Oriental sights and sounds, with the unfamiliar everywhere around, it is definitely surprising, almost shocking, to find a group of healthy young men engaged in such familiar things as games of volleyball, basket-ball, and stranger still, that most American of activities, baseball.

Yet the Sophia students play all these things. And very well, too. They are delighted with their vast new athletic field. And the missionaries, looking on, feel a glow of satisfaction in knowing they are making young men better men.



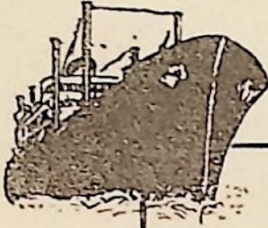
Both teams bow to the umpires before game starts.



Play ball! Centerfielder Iba about to powder it.

A boy's stomach is a bottomless pit after a game.





From Letters We Have Gleaned the Following Items:

Wanted

for Jesuit Missionaries

After the Atom Bomb the Catholics at Hiroshima started rebuilding. (See p. 28) Although the church is completely built, furnishings are still needed. Side Altars, Confessionals and Pews.

This church will receive much publicity and will be visited by thousands. It seems important that the interior of the church be completed as soon as possible. Please consider whether you would be interested in sending a dollar or two to finish the Peace Memorial in Japan.

Books to Americans may seem commonplace. There are libraries, book-stores, and publishers in profusion here at home. For our missionaries, however, books can be a real worry. Take, for example, the 53 Jesuit priests and scholastics at Bellarmine College, Baguio, P.I., who were exiled from China, leaving their books, carefully collected over a twenty-five-year period, as booty for the Communists. These Jesuits, natives of eleven different countries, but all members of the China Mission-in-Exile, are trying to teach and study without necessary text-books in moral and dogmatic theology, philosophy, canon law, Church history, patrology, general history, and so on. In addition, they need collected volumes of scientific, theological, and ascetical reviews, as well as all forms of spiritual literature.

Priests, seminarians, and religious may be able to supply some of these needs from libraries that are possibly inactive or overstocked. Books may be sent (duty free) to Father Pedro S. de Archutegui S.J., Bellarmine College, P. O. Box 143, Baguio City, Philippine Islands. Contributions to purchase such books may be

sent to Jesuit Missions, 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N.Y.

If Father William McIntyre of Kotzebue, Alaska, had the time and opportunity to beg in person, he would ask for:

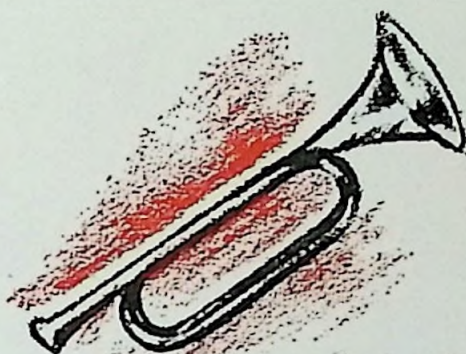
An altar Missal	\$40.00
25 Sunday Missals	1.00 each
White Cope	30.00
Catechisms	.25 each

Are you interested in paying for any of the items above?

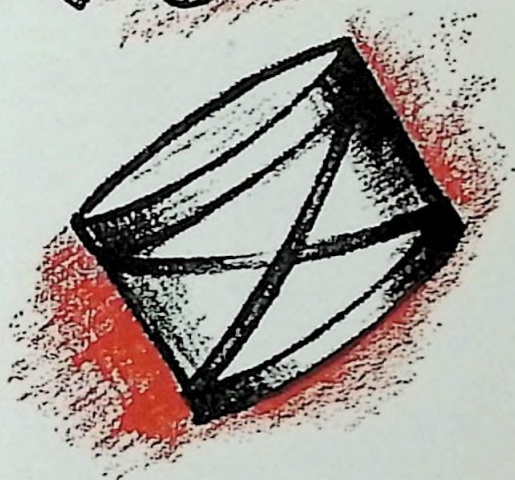
How High Is a four-inch statue? It's about *half* as high as the pages of this magazine. Yet that is the size of the statue that the good people of Latonah, Saharsa District, India, carried in solemn procession not long ago to honor our Blessed Lady. It was the only statue they had. Father Clarence C. Sharma S.J., the mission pastor, could purchase a larger statue, perhaps two feet high, for about \$100. It would become the "pilgrim statue," one that would be carried from house to house in the mission for special devotions in honor of Mary Immaculate. Your gifts to this end can bring joy to the people of Latonah and new honor to our heavenly Mother.

\$500.00 a Year may seem like a large sum to ask for the support of a seminarian. Yet Bishop McEleney of Jamaica needs that much for each of two seminarians who are destined to work among the East Indians of the mission. Perhaps \$500.00 is too much to ask, but \$10.00 now and then from you or a friend will take care of one of these future priests for a week. Do you want to adopt a seminarian for a week? His prayerful gratitude, we feel, will be well worth the investment.

BLOW THE



BEAT THE



The Sisters are coming to Bar Bigha, India

EVERYBODY can rejoice because the Sisters are always a wonderful thing to have.

But Sisters are human, too;

They need a lot of things that others do:

Bed linen, china, cutlery,

Pots and Pans,

Medicines, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

All of which cost money . . .

Will you help us supply the Sisters with their necessities?

Any contribution will be accepted with prayerful gratitude at

JESUIT MISSIONS 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

TOMORROW'S Priest?



OR DOCTOR?

...OR LAWYER?

Who Can Tell?

ONE THING IS CERTAIN:
Without an education he doesn't stand a chance.

Father John Lange is building a school in Batticaloa, Ceylon, to give boys like this a chance to make their dreams come true. But he cannot do it without help, even though he is putting up the building with his own hands. Will you help?

Contributions (any size) will be gratefully received at

JESUIT *Missions* 45 EAST 78th ST., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.