

Jesuit Missions



No Shoes at Mass

MARCH, 1955

ALONG THE Yukon



and the Sea

The glamour of Alaska fades before the harsh realities of a missionary's life there—ice—
isolation — sacrifice.

FATHER JOHN P. FOX S.J. IS A VETERAN Alaska missionary. He has been there for close to 28 years. Once, on a visit to the States, he told us, "You know, there is something about Alaska that makes it easy to talk about to even the most sophisticated audiences." Is it glamour? The beauty of the Northern Lights, their colors flashing across the sky in contrast to the almost endless miles of ice and snow? The charm that the tremendous quiet of the white wilderness has for city-folks after the raucous sounds of the cities' symphony? Or is it the appeal of the cool igloo to a man sweltering in the heat of the drought-struck plains?

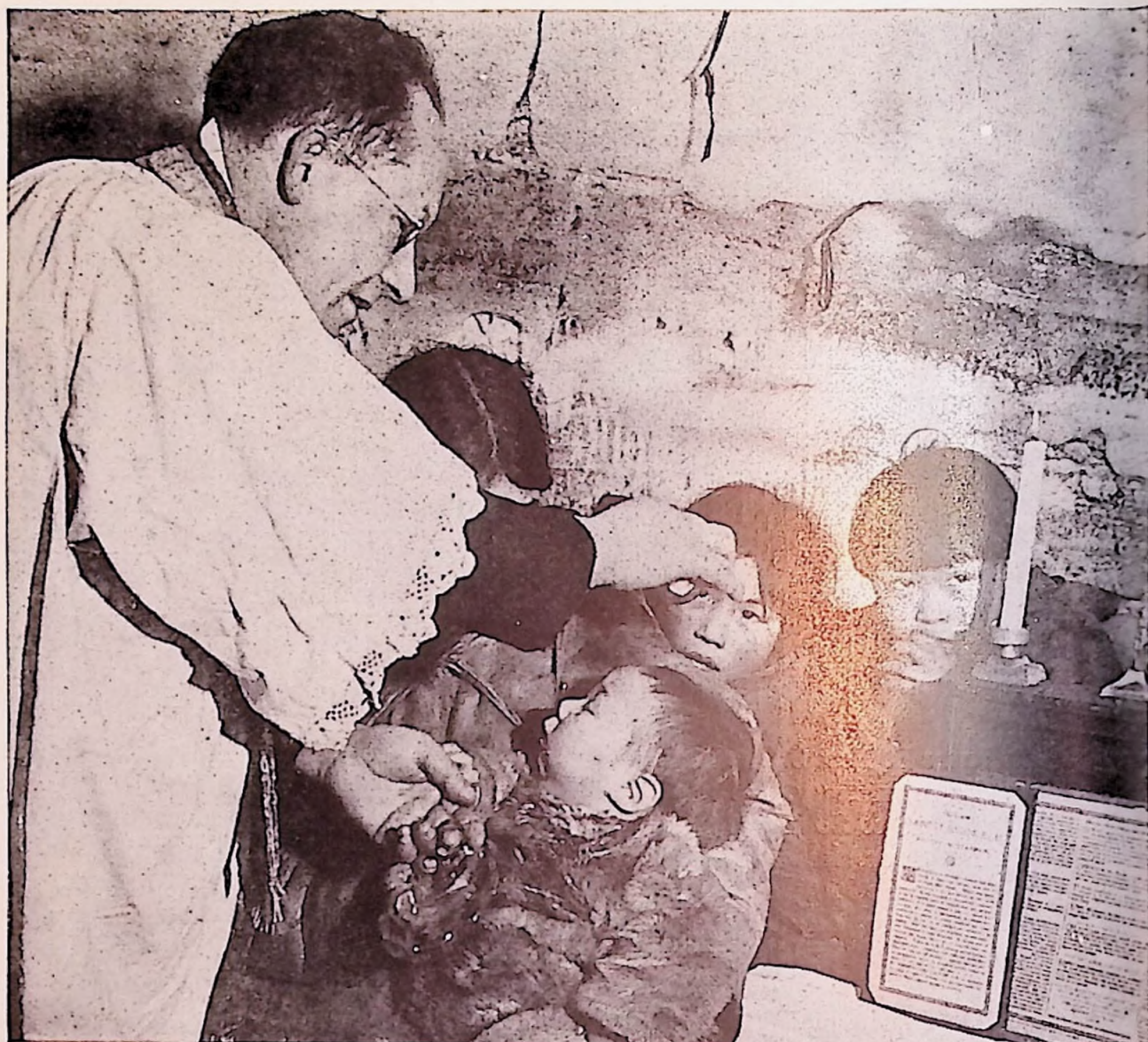
Northern Lights, endless quiet, icy igloo—these are Alaska. But not all that there is to it. We will pass over the southern part of Alaska along the Gulf of Alaska. This part is not ice-bound all year round. The prospect of farming summer crops and town-life in the bigger settlements of Juneau, Anchorage and Seward have attracted a much larger share of American settlers. The Church has recognized the more stable nature of its work here and established a diocese at Juneau.

It is the larger remaining portion of

Alaska that is the Vicariate of Alaska. To say that it is 515,600 square miles in area may not mean much until we recall that it is about the same size as all of the United States east of the Mississippi River. And how many people live in this vast domain? Only 61,300, or just one soul to every eight square miles! One-fifth of them, about 12,000, are Catholics. This is the Alaska of the gold rush, of the Northern Lights, of the igloos, of the Yukon River.

For the Yukon is the one broad highway across northern Alaska. With the Tanana River, which it meets along its course, it can take you from the end of the Alcan highway to the Bering Sea. It is along this path that you will meet most of the Alaska missionaries. At Tok Junction, Father John Buchanan will point out the land on which he hopes to build a Catholic University of Alaska. Is this too grand a dream? Not for Father Buchanan. He doesn't dream; he plans and works.

On to Fairbanks, a city of almost 6,000 population in the middle of the fertile and mineral-rich Tanana valley. The Immaculate Conception Church here celebrated its Golden Jubilee last July and it is the headquarters of Most



Baptism in the Far North—baby indifferent; one watcher distracted, one entranced
(Three Lions)

Let the cold Bering Sea roll in; there's always something doing on the waterfront.



ALONG THE Yukon and the Sea



The Superior of the Alaskan Jesuit missionaries, Father Norman Donohue.

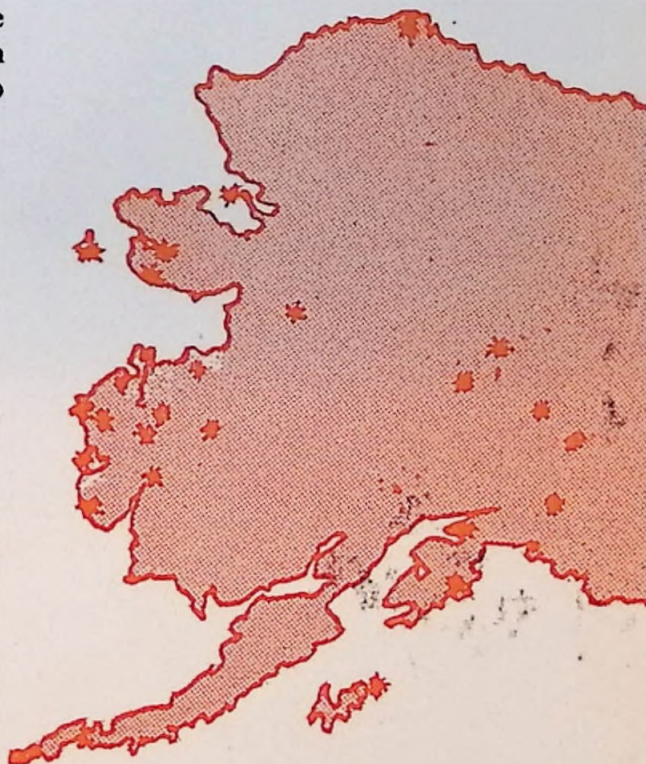
Rev. Francis D. Gleeson S.J., the Vicar Apostolic of Alaska.

But when we leave Fairbanks and enter the Yukon River, we come to the Eskimo country. Mission posts like Nulato, Galena, Mountain Village, Alakanuk are only a collection of huts in the trackless expanse. To them come the calls from the outer wasteland that send the missionary tracking over oh-so-many miles of hard-packed snow to bring the last comfort of the Faith to the dying and Mass and Communion to the living.

This is the country that demands such great sacrifices. The missionary priest must grapple with a bewilderingly intricate native language. He must share the plain lot of a simple and primitive people. He must harden himself to isolation, loneliness, cold. Here there is no glamour. Here the igloo is the breeding-ground of disease when the small fire within melts its inner wall and turns the frozen floor into a thick mud.

Father Paul C. O'Connor S.J. knows about igloos. When he first arrived at his mission at Hooper Bay on the Bering Sea, he tells us there were nothing but igloos. Now, due to his efforts and his work on the Alaska Housing Commission, all his people live in less glamorous but healthier wooden homes.

This is the Alaska mission. The gold rush is gone; the igloos are going. But the Northern Lights still shine, a celestial beacon and benediction on the work of the Alaska missionaries for the salvation of souls.



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BERTRAM E. ERNST S.

John Baptist

...EX-SADHU





Father Ernst chats with John Baptist beside a well in Piru, Patna.

SADHU MEANS A PERFECT ONE. It is the name given to Hindu religious mendicants, or holy men. The Hindu sadhu is a part of the Indian scene. Clad in saffron robes, or in almost nothing, often with their foreheads painted in perpendicular lines of alternate white and vermilion, or in parallel white lines, they travel up and down the land.

Some sadhus carry the *chimta* (a long pair of tongs with a ring on the top) which could be a wicked weapon, and also the *kamandal*, which is really an over-size brass cup. Some of them are touched in the head; some may feign so.

One powerful sadhu, commonly thought to be partially demented, is a familiar figure in this village, and he is heard as well as seen. At any hour of the day or night he may pass, roaring in a hoarse, stentorian refrain, calling down, they say, curses on the man who is supposed to have deprived him of his ancestral property. Sometimes he disappears for a month or two, but eventually you will again be disturbed at some hour of the day or night by his powerful voice growing louder as he approaches, gradually fading out as he passes into the distance. Whether he is insane or something of a rascal, I have never been able fully to determine. He is one of India's legion of sadhus.

Others seem to be really religious men, sincerely trying, according to their lights, to lead good lives. Strictly speaking, they are supposed to be celibates, but there is one class, *garbasis*, who live with their wives and families, but who devote their lives to worship.

We have a rather good catechist who was formerly a sadhu of the latter type. You would hardly guess it now to see him, or believe that, with a great black beard, he went around in the garb of a sadhu. Neatly shaven and clean, with a pleasant, good-natured face, you would hardly know that stout, affable John Baptist was once one of India's myriad of sadhus. He no longer roams India but presides over our model Christian village, and I feel that for the high spiritual tone of the village he deserves full credit. He knows the Indian religious mentality. His intelligence and shrewdness make him a natural leader, and in his case, his former profession has probably added to his prestige. The people still call him "Sadhu Master." He is naturally a religiously devout man and he leads the prayers with such sincerity and unction that the people are impressed, but best of all, up till now he has given in his own life an irreproachable Christian example. The power of divine grace has certainly been manifested in John Baptist.

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

The Church in Pakistan

WHEN THE INDEPENDENCE of the British Dominion of India was being considered, the Mohammedans, who were a great majority of the population in certain sections of India, demanded an independent status for themselves. To accommodate them, the state of Pakistan was set up, or rather two states were formed, East Pakistan and West Pakistan, at the northeast and northwest corners of the former British India with about 1,000 miles of the new Indian state between them. The status of the territory of Jammu and Kashmir, which lies across the Himalayas, north of both India and West Pakistan, is still in dispute.

The two parts of Pakistan have a single national government and 87 per cent of their people are Moslems. Yet differences divide them. Fifty-five per cent of Pakistan's 42,000,000 people are crowded into East Pakistan, which

has only 15 per cent of the national territory, and they speak Bengali. The other 45 per cent of the Pakistanis have lots of room in the 85 per cent of Pakistan that they inhabit. They speak Urdu. Urdu was chosen as the official language of Pakistan but perhaps English is more widely used.

The 228,000 Catholics of Pakistan belong to the two archdioceses of Karachi and Dacca and their six suffragan sees established in the country. They are cared for by 297 priests, of whom 62 are natives of Pakistan. There are also 66 Brothers and 584 Sisters. The social works of the Church are carried on by 15 hospitals, 55 dispensaries, 31 orphanages and other charitable institutions.

The problem of the Church in Pakistan is simply that of liberty to bring its message to the masses. With Catholics numbering only about one-half of one per cent of Pakistan's millions, the Church needs laws guaranteeing religious liberty if it is to grow and expand. So far, no permanent constitution for the state has been adopted. Temporary laws promising religious freedom to all minorities in Pakistan have been amended and, of course, interpreted in diverse fashion by local officials.

When we pray with the Holy Father this month for the Church in Pakistan, we ask that the generous spirit of the leaders of this great new state may win for all Pakistan's people religious liberty, peace and prosperity.

EDWARD S. DUNN, S.J.



One of the millions of Mohammed's followers in the new country of Pakistan.

Altar-Boy's

GOLDEN JUBILEE

LEO T. BUTLER S.J.

WHILE ONE HEARS FREQUENTLY of priests and Religious celebrating Silver and Golden Jubilees, it is rare to find one celebrating his Golden Jubilee as an altar-boy, and that, too, in the same parish. But it is true of George Cole, one of the most faithful altar-boys that ever joined the sanctuary society of St. Anne's Church in Kingston, Jamaica.

Eleven years after the society had been started, Father Coleman, who at the time was pastor, noticed a little boy in frequent attendance at daily Mass. He came one day and begged the Father to allow him to serve at Mass. To his delight, Father accepted him and taught him the responses. And so George became Father's faithful altar-boy, messenger and companion. Before Father left for the States, he had George trained as an organist, and thus you find George sometimes at the altar, sometimes presiding at the organ.

When the terrible earthquake came in 1907, George was a valuable friend of the Father in helping to find the countless numbers who were in need of material and spiritual assistance around that parish in the heart of Kingston.

During the time of Father Lenahan, St. Anne's new church was started and, when it was finished, Father Prendergast became the new pastor. George then became the head altar-boy and was ordered by Father to learn all the ceremonies, especially those of the Master of Ceremonies. So from 1914 George was Master of Ceremonies at every function held in that church.

It is George's boast that for forty years he never missed a solemn function. He loves to recall that he has served every bishop in Jamaica from the time of Bishop Collins and has had the honor of assisting two dignitaries of the Church, Cardinal Hayes of New York and Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, to whom the Bishop introduced him as "Jamaica's leading altar-boy."

Time has dealt kindly with George and he is still on the altar at special functions. Perhaps he will celebrate his Diamond Jubilee. Who knows?



Christ



CAME TO SANTIAGO

EDWARD L. MOONEY S.J.

SANTIAGO IS A MOUNTAIN BARRIO IN the Bukidnon Province of Mindanao, the second largest island of the Philippines. Father Fenton Fitzpatrick S.J., Alfonso Flores S.J., Aurelio the guide, and myself had set out for it from Impasugong about noon. Now it was early evening as we entered the village perched so near the sky. Christ had not yet come to Santiago, but He was five and a half hours and thousands of up and down steps closer than He had been at noon that day.

It was the occasion of the annual fiesta and the people greeted us warmly and generously. We supped, looked in on the village dance, and finally we climbed the hill to our home for the night. One small room was set aside for the visiting Padres. There was a cot for Father Fitzpatrick while the rest of us slept on the bamboo floor.

A chicken beneath the house loudly proclaimed the dawn of the great day. And following up the chicken a little while later, the village bell began to ring, broadcasting to far and near that there would be Mass that morning, that Christ was coming to Santiago that morning. With the bell still sounding at one-minute intervals, Father Fitzpatrick opened his small Mass kit, and proceeded to set up the altar, prepare his tiny missal, and don the white vestments.

At 6 o'clock the Mass began. Then God was asked to forgive the sins of Santiago, and Christ was terribly near to that small group of people in the

chapel. Father continued on through the Epistle, intoned in a louder voice the Gospel, offered up plain bread and wine, bent over the altar, and, in the hush of the sunlit morning, high up in the hills of Bukidnon, a tiny bell rang. Christ was no longer coming, *Christ was in Santiago.*

And what kind of a reception did He receive? Among the 25 or 30 people present at Mass, only one came up to welcome Christ in Communion. He was an old man, one would say an old soldier if he looked at his military bearing and austere manner. Dressed in an old-fashioned white suit that had probably been resurrected that morning from the bottom of some chest, he walked stiffly forward and knelt to satisfy the thirst of Christ.

No, for someone only interested in numbers and overwhelming sights the eye can fasten on, Christ's reception was a failure. But there was more to come, and more to cheer the heart of a priest, as it can only be cheered by the simple faith of Filipinos. As soon as Mass was over, preparations for the fiesta procession began. Father took the small statue of St. Vincent Ferrer, the village patron, from the niche above the altar, and entrusted it to four sturdy men who carried it on a table. With the women and girls leading the way, the procession began from the church door.

Just before we three "white-robés" took our place at the end of the procession, in front of us stepped five members of a string band. They were certainly men of endurance, for the fact that during all our restless moments the previous night we had heard them play-

In the Philippines women wear their cotton skirts and scarves as they harvest the rice crop with "bolos." (Three Lions)

Christ CAME TO SANTIAGO

ing proved that they had been strumming on and off for a good twelve hours. They didn't complain, however, and with this musical accompaniment, our procession wound around the village. Of course, a devotee of the liturgy might have complained, for their strumming didn't exactly bring to mind any liturgical tune. Yet gladly, if unwittingly, they served the God of Santiago.

And they weren't the only unwitting servants of God that morning. At every step of the procession, most probably because of the music and singing, newcomers swelled our ranks. From the swaying of one man who joined us, it appeared that perhaps he had downed one too many glasses of the native "tuba," a powerful concoction.

By the time the procession wended its way back to the chapel, the small group of 25 or 30 people had grown to a crowd of 70 or 80. Those who could fit packed into the chapel, and in a few minutes the second, "sung" Mass began. And again, quietly and simply, but truly, Christ came to Santiago.

After the second Mass, there were baptisms. Three babies were waiting for the waters of salvation. Then three more came, and by 11:30 ten young Filipinos had said good-bye to Satan, and joined the ranks of the Catholic Church.

As the last proud Filipina mother walked out of the chapel with her "new-born" child, it meant that our short stay at Santiago was almost at an end. For after lunch the homeward trail beckoned, if we wanted to reach Impasugong before dark. It also meant a few minutes of reflection on what we had accomplished in Santiago. It wasn't too much—perhaps one-fifth of the village at Mass that morning, one old man at Communion, 10 baptisms, a procession with many participating just for the novelty of it. No, it wasn't too much, but much couldn't be expected when Father's last visit was more than a

month before, and he couldn't hope to reach Santiago again in less than two months. But this didn't discourage us, for the Church is always built up slowly, and each little bit that day was another stone in the edifice, and, most of all, because, at least for one day, *Christ had come to Santiago.*

"ONE LITTLE WISH . . ."

Father Joseph Edelmann's heart was in Japan. He had gone there in 1936, to Rokko High School in Kobe. There he had labored until World War II broke out. After the war he returned, to a new Japan where conversions were at an all-time high. Priests were few and overworked, and the standard of living was terribly low. Father Edelmann's health broke. The X-ray showed advanced tuberculosis.

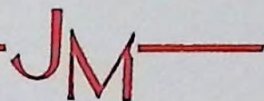
He spent a year and a half in a California sanatorium. Doctors advised him against returning, but he wanted to offer what was left of his strength for the Japan Mission. So back he went. A little over a year his health lasted.

"When my strength failed, it seemed too soon. So little is done; so much is left . . ."

"One little wish . . . before I die. Our church in Rokko is still unfinished. We didn't have enough money. How happy the people would be to see it completed! How it would draw the eyes of all Kobe if the cross stood high above the rooftops! After I am gone, it would stand there, reminding them that there is no greater love than the love of Christ, no greater love than to lay down one's life for one's friends."

JESUIT MISSIONS

*The Voice of the 1,161 Missionaries of
the Eight American Jesuit Provinces*



THE RESTLESS SAINT

From March 4th to March 12th, one of the most popular devotions will be conducted in many of our Catholic churches throughout the land. It is the Novena to St. Francis Xavier, better known as the Novena of Grace. That latter title it has won through its results, the extraordinary favors and graces obtained through the Saint's intercession. For over 300 years, since this devotion first took form, the Saint who was so restless on earth has shown that same restlessness in heaven, that eagerness to shower the gifts of God on those who ask his help.

Xavier was a man who loved God with every fibre of his being, who spent the best part of his life trying to give God to every person he met. Now he appears to be spending the best part of his life in heaven doing the same thing. But it is not the results alone which have won so many followers for Xavier; it is the man himself, the high-spirited Basque adventurer who gave all for Christ.

One reason for his great appeal is his humanness, his like-ourselvesness. He was told he was going to India and what was his first action? He sat down and mended his trousers. In a letter written from Amboina Island to his fellow Jesuits in Rome you can almost hear him chuckling as he marvels over a male goat which gave milk and bore kids. "I myself with my own hands extracted milk from it," he writes triumphantly.

It's easy to feel at home with Francis Xavier. His winning way on earth is an eternal thing now in heaven. Remember that when you make the Novena of Grace.

IT'S A GREAT DAY

There's another March event which we look forward to with anticipation. As we write this, the street outside our New York office is in its customary turmoil, with horns blowing, brakes screeching, and a cabbie just yelled something which will never appear in JM's pages.

But on March 17th there will be even more noise as the St. Patrick's Day parade swings up Fifth Avenue. That particular noise will be most welcome, however, for there's a catching lilt to the day that comes from the gay spirit of the Irish people.

Why mention it in a mission magazine? Well, outside of the fact that St. Patrick himself was quite a missionary, it is interesting to note that Ireland, with only 3,200,000 Catholics, has one priest on the missions for every priest at home. The United States, with its 30,000,000 Catholics, has only one on the missions for every 22 at home! A thought to ponder during March, the Vocation Month.

PERSONAL

Will Miss Grace Ann Cassese, who wrote to Father Charles Eberle in Jamaica, please send him her address? He is anxious to contact her.

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No



WILLIAM J. EVERETT S.J.

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS itself, is, of course, the same the world over, in Japan as anywhere else, but there are scores of little customs and observances on the part of the faithful that mark this off as an Irish, that as an Italian, that a Chinese church, etc. This Sunday, let's visit a Japanese church and see what Sunday Mass is like in the Land of the Rising Sun.

First of all, as we enter the church we see a very strange sight indeed. There in the vestibule, everyone, men and women, boys and girls, are bent over taking off their shoes. Some (mostly poorer people) are wearing the traditional wooden *geta* (or clogs), a greater percentage are wearing Western-style leather shoes, while most of the children have low, canvas sneakers. But whatever the foot-gear, off it comes to be placed in one of the little shelves made for this purpose that line the walls of the vestibule at the entrance to the church.

Another little point that immediately catches our attention is that the congregation does not sit mixed together as in American churches, but all the men sit together on the right side of the church, the women on the left. Some churches

With getas for footwear, a Japanese mother and child start out for Mass.

Shoes AT MASS

even carry this subdivision further, having the children sit in the front of the church on their respective sides, then according to age move towards the rear, with all the old folks nodding in back.

Then there are the women's veils. Oh, how the devil must hate them! In Japan women never wear hats at all, so to fulfill St. Paul's injunction about having women cover their heads in church something special had to be worked up. It was decided that the women should wear white lace or net veils, as brides or little girls in our country do when they receive first Holy Communion. At baptism, then, each Japanese woman receives one of these veils, which she puts on whenever she enters the church.

These veils cut out about fifty per cent of Old Nick's best distractions during Mass. No one bothers to look to see what So-and-so San is wearing because she's wearing exactly the same kind of veil as everyone else in church. A woman's latest hat, that seed of curiosity and vanity among women, of nervous shock and despair among men, one of the devil's Twentieth Century snares, is—happily—not causing much of a stir in the Far East during church services.

Once into the celebration of Mass itself, there is little that marks off a Japanese church from any other. Only at the time of Consecration is there a slightly different devotional practice more suited to the temperament and traditions of the Japanese. Just before and after the elevation of the precious Body and Blood, the Japanese drop from their previous kneeling to a so-called "squatting," and then placing their hands on the floor in front of them, they bow forward reverently till their foreheads touch the floor—mani-

festing their deep reverence for the now-made-God upon their altars in this more expressive manner. This gesture of respect is not at all a strange one in Japan, being made by the host to the guest who honors him by coming to his home.

The collection during the Offertory is usually taken up by adults, but in one church two little girls go around with a little cloth bag on the end of a bamboo stick taking up the collection—a custom which I liked very much. It seemed so much less businesslike, so different from the street-car-conductor, "drop-in-your-dime-fare" attitude of so many church ushers. Then usually in Japanese churches there is much group singing and communal prayer, very fine features also.

After Mass it's back out in the vestibule again—and now comes the fun. Before Mass everyone comes at a slightly different time, so there's no problem. But Mass over, everyone files out at once, and over to the shoe boxes. That's funny . . . you thought you knew which box you put your shoes in, but now all the shelves look just the same. And your shoes . . . they were black. But now there seem to be hundreds of pairs of black shoes all just like yours (down with this mass-production). Then you find your shoes, bend over to put them on—but your foot doesn't seem to want to go in. My Lord! They're NOT your shoes . . . Then finally you find your right shoe, your right shoe—not shoes—for what has happened to the left?

And so everyone mills around in the back of the church, and you bump into (and I mean bump into) all sorts of people you hadn't met for the longest time. And you eventually start for home. Yes, Sunday Mass in Japan is different.

Beware the

JOSEPH MARY KENNEDY S.J.

THE EVIL EYE, the Evil Sound, the Evil Touch. These are but three elements of a malignant *Bhut* pestilence that still plagues the lives of Chota-Nagpur's animists in India. (*Bhut* is the Hindi word for a spirit.)

Many Catholics of our mission of Jamshedpur, which is in the heart of the *Bhut* country, are still in the grip of the superstitious faith of their ancestors, Animism. This is a combination of religion and magic which concentrates not so much on the one supreme God, whom they call *Dharmes* (for after all He is too transcendent and good to even punish us for our misconduct), but rather busies itself with the spirit world, with the *Bhuts* who are bent on man's destruction. You will find them everywhere, these *Bhuts*—in trees, in streams, in rocks or in cattle—even in men.

Besides these personal *Bhuts* there are also impersonal evil forces against which you must be ever on your guard, and it is of three of these that I would tell you now: the Evil Eye, the Evil Sound, and the Evil Touch.

There was a time when the Oraons believed all evils proceeded from the Evil Eye. Even to this day they hold that envy distills from the eye and mouth of the envious a kind of poison, most harmful both to crops and to men. That is why they are filled with anxiety when a man so much as stands before their field and says, "What a beautiful field!"

To forestall the Evil Eye from harming his field, the Oraon farmer plants a tall pole in the ground and places on top of it the skull of an animal or an earthen vessel painted white or black. The Evil Eye will rest on these and the

field with its crops will go unharmed.

More powerful still than the Evil Eye is the Evil Sound or *mantram*, because it can work even at a distance. For this reason it has also been called "the arrow of the witches." It is said that a witch by her *mantrams* can extract the liver from a man's body. This she wraps in leaves and hides in her house and if the ants have attacked that liver within twenty-four hours, the man is sure to die. But if the victim has counter *mantrams* recited and the ants are prevented by them from attacking the liver, the witch must restore it to him.

Finally there is the Evil Touch, which may be the touch of some stranger or non-Oraon, on an Oraon's food or person or home, and this too must be avoided at all costs.

If a man wishes to harm his enemy he goes to the *Mati*, the Sorcerer, who has the power to cause a *Bhut* to sit upon some object. Then on bazaar day, when all the village goes to market, the victim is singled out in the crowd and the *Bhut*-ridden object is attached to his clothes. This trick has often proved fatal, for the victim finds the adhesive object, knows what it signifies, and forthwith becomes ill with fright.

An equally obnoxious practice is the hiding of a *singhi*, an iron cone containing a *Bhut*, in the roof or the wall of a new house. Walls here are made of mud, remember, and roofs are made of thatch; and the husband and wife guard during its building, night and day, lest some enemy conceal a *singhi* in their walls and bring ruin on the whole household.

The only sure cure that has been found for the *Bhuts* is prayer and water poured on the head of the sufferer in the form of a cross "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit."

EVIL EYE



Trouble



...MOTHER-IN-LAW

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT of the past few months here in the Caroline Islands (and one that throws a little light on Palauan customs and a missionary's problems) was the baptism and marriage of two pagans, Desebel and Kisoaol. In case you're a bit weak on Palauan names, Desebel is the man.

Some years ago they enrolled their daughter, eldest of six, in Mindszenty School and ever since they have been trying to make up their minds to become Catholics. They had all the good will in the world, but just never actually got around to taking instructions—perhaps because, like so many Palauans, they feared the permanence of a sacramental marriage.

Last Christmas they got the final "push" and started to take instructions. Once they started instructions, they came faithfully three times a week and studied hard; even poor Desebel studied hard, despite the fact that he cannot read or write. The coaching of his wife and little daughter made up for his deficiency.

They had almost finished their instructions when Kisoaol fell sick and had to spend some time in the hospital. Who should be in the very next bed but Desebel's mother! With plenty of time on their hands, the two women fell to talking, then to arguing, and wound up in a bitter quarrel.

That is a particularly heinous offence in Palau. If any of you think you have mother-in-law trouble, I advise a trip

to Palau—you'll go home convinced that there is no such thing as mother-in-law trouble in America. Here a woman can order her daughter-in-law to go out and work on the farm, to prepare the meals, etc., and treat her pretty much as a servant. If the younger woman rebels, the mother-in-law can tell her son to get a divorce; nine times out of ten he will do so, even if all parties concerned are Catholic.

So Kisoaol's quarrel with her mother-in-law spelled trouble. She realized it, so she wound up the quarrel by "beating the gun," and declaring that she was going to get a divorce. After a long talk with her, she admitted what I had suspected, that she still loved Desebel, and really didn't hate his mother, but was fearful of a Church wedding and its bond until death. Such is a typically Palauan attitude. In their pagan culture they changed spouses with great frequency and even now there are so many things, not the least of them family pressure, that can break up a marriage, that many Palauans are afraid of a marriage and subsequent divorce, and consequent loss of the sacraments.

Obviously I had to tell Kisoaol that her attitude towards the sacrament of matrimony was hardly that of a prospective convert. Furthermore, as a relatively young woman of 37 (how many of you just said, "God bless Father McManus for those kind words"?) she would not remain single for the rest of her life, and her future marriage would

Trouble... MOTHER-IN-LAW

undoubtedly be merely a civil ceremony. Therefore she could not be baptized. This brought on a flood of tears, but I guess I'm a commissar at heart, for I resisted the traditional weapon of women the world over.

After thinking it over for a few days, she decided that she wanted to be baptized more than anything else in the world, and since she really did love Desebel she would marry him and take her chances on mother-in-law trouble. Old Dorothy Dix McManus felt she did love him, so we went ahead with plans—until we met another obstacle.

This time it was Desebel. His male pride was injured at being treated like a volley-ball, so he decided he didn't want to marry Kisoaol after all. Nobody seemed to give much thought to the six children, but after all, they could always be farmed out to various relatives, for Palauans are eager to adopt children.

By this time a certain Padre was losing what passes for a sunny disposition. I simply didn't have the time to conduct a long series of conferences with Desebel, Kisoaol and their relatives, so I washed my hands of the whole affair.

With that, the two of them came and begged to be baptized *and* married. I agreed, but with some misgivings. Yet no priest may refuse a sacrament because of any private misgivings he may have. They certainly wanted to become Catholics and they were sufficiently well instructed. I was afraid, and still am, that mother-in-law trouble may eventually break up the marriage, but my opinion or belief is not sufficient cause for refusing their marriage.

Other people came to me and hinted that the marriage couldn't last after the quarrel between Kisoaol and her mother-in-law, and even the best man wanted to know what would be his obligations if the marriage should break up. But I told these viewers-with-alarm that marriage is between two people and only two, no matter what Palauan customs may be. If the man and woman wanted to be married and there were no impediments, nobody could forbid it.

So they were ready for baptism on Holy Saturday, the traditional day for baptizing adults. The other thirteen showed up on time, dressed in their best, but there was no sign of Desebel or Kisoaol. I waited a while but finally decided that they must have gotten "cold feet" at the last minute, so I went ahead and baptized the thirteen. Just as I was finishing, in they came, panting with haste. They really had been delayed and couldn't get to the church on time.

So I finally did baptize the pair, Martin and Roberta, and later on they received the Nuptial Blessing. They joined the Family Communion Crusade and so far have been exemplary Catholics, coming to the Communion-rail together. But the family pressure is still against the marriage. Pray for them, that they will be able to live their own married life.

ARE YOU ON THE MOVE?

With the coming of Spring some of our readers may be moving. If you are one of those who are changing addresses would you please send us both your NEW and OLD address? That thoughtfulness would prevent any inconvenience.

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



Window on the Mission World



OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM, IN the tiny grotto that marks the ancient entrance to the Garden of Gethsemane, hangs a wooden cross. Over eighty years ago, a poor Hungarian peasant had fashioned that cross, lifted it to his shoulder, and set out. The Way of the Cross for him was not a matter of hours or of yards. For long months it led through Serbia and Bulgaria, over the rough Turkish roads and through the passes of the Taurus Mountains into Syria. It ended outside the walls of Jerusalem, even as Our Lord's did. There this humble peasant laid down his cross and there it remains today, a remembrance of what one man did for Christ in a spirit of penance.

It was a great act of devotion, but its greatness did not lie in the weight of the cross, the time spent, nor the distance traversed. The greatness lay in the spirit in which that cross was borne. For we must remember that the greater part of the journey was through Moslem territory. How many times must he have entered Mohammedan villages with the men gathered in customary fashion in front of the coffee shop! He bore on his shoulder, for all the world to see, the hated sign of the Christian. How many times must he have known insults and jeers, and how many times must his life have hung in the balance! One retort, one thoughtless answer to some wise-crack, and he would have been torn apart. The very fact that he reached Jerusalem tells us of the spirit in which he faced up to his most dangerous trial. Not mere resignation, not a passive accep-

tance of difficulties—the whole deed was too great for a motive like that. Rather it was the spirit of one who had looked on Christ crucified, had seen in that tremendous sacrifice a personal act of friendship and love, and, in the light of that realization, had appreciated the futility of a life in which that friendship and love were all on one side.

No friendship, no love can endure if it is one-sided. Of their very nature they call for a sharing, a mutual reaching out, one to the other. And the only kind of person who can do what that peasant of Hungary did is the one who can reach out to Christ, who can make his own cross, and rejoice and exult in bearing it, no matter what the cost.

When we make up our own little crosses for Lent, let us remember that the spirit of that nameless Hungarian peasant still lives on in all real missionaries. For they chose a way of life which is also a Way of the Cross. It leads over strange and distant roads and among peoples who do not want them, who scorn them, and who on occasion have put them to death. Why do they do it? Because of the crucified Christ who died for each one of them. It is a very personal thing to every man and woman who says quietly to a Superior, "I want to go on the missions."

They are there because of love, and because Love Crucified was so tremendously one-sided. Now they want to pay back in sacrifice—and when we think of them out there, our little Window on the Mission World is clouded with a certain moisture which begins in the heart and flows into the eyes.



"A Very Big Letter"

Father Arthur Latham knows what news from home means.

AS COLD WATERS TO A THIRSTY SOUL, so is good news in a far country." Visitors to Hongkong are always impressed by this motto, blazoned over the main desk of the Central Post Office. "They've got something there," I said when I first saw it, and it has stuck in my memory ever since. Only recently its import to missionaries occurred to me. Personally, living in the missions, I look forward to mail, get a tremendous lift from home news and often drop notes to encourage correspondents, and this beyond the regular line-of-duty thank-you letters and mission propaganda.

Though I don't count myself a heavy letter-writer, I often wondered if I was wasting time, or was overinterested in home events and news of fellow Jesuits. However, my doubts were solved by a fellow-missionary and world mission patron, Saint Francis Xavier. As I read Father Brodrick's biography of the Apostle of the East, quotes jumped at me from every page.

From Malacca, a town I visited recently, Xavier wrote to fellow Jesuits, "I have received several letters from Rome and Portugal which gave me, and still give me every time I read them, the greatest comfort. I read them so often that I feel myself to be at home again, or that you, dearest Brothers, are with me out here."

Everyone has heard of Xavier's custom of cutting out the signatures from letters and carrying them around with him for his "solace and refreshment." Xavier wanted plenty of newsy letters. On his way to Japan he wrote, "I beg your charity to commission someone in the house to write me news of our . . . Society." Xavier wanted all the details, who, what, when and where. He even gave special orders for two or three copies to be made of each letter to insure at least one arrived.

Xavier strikes a really human chord that I, at least, acknowledge, when he writes to Simon Rodriguez, "Would you send me a very big letter telling me about all of our Society?" You can't go far wrong with a model like that. I may be short on Xavier's burning zeal, I may make only a token percentage of the great apostle's conversions, but in that phrase, "would you send me a very big letter," we are one.

Letter-writing can be an apostolate. Why not try it? Write to a missionary today. Tell him of yourself, your life, your interests. Promise him your prayers. Put in something you read about a new approach to making converts, or a recipe for country-style bread, and in turn ask for news of your favorite mission. In this way your correspondence will benefit both.

All missionaries won't answer but I think the majority will. You'll receive a note, a snap, a glimpse of the apostolate in a strange land. Your outlook will be broadened by a vision of Christ and His missionaries working at the very frontiers of the Church. Who knows but some day you may be writing home from Xanadu, "Send me a very big letter"?

FRED J.
FOLEY S.J.

U.S. Gives 71% of Funds, But Only 4% of Missionaries

WASHINGTON (NC)—American Catholics, who supply 71% of the money for the church's missions, contribute only 4% of the foreign missionary priests, Brothers and Sisters.

A new handbook of U. S. Catholic missionary personnel overseas reveals that as of Dec. 31, there were 2,771 American

priests and Brothers and 1,004 Sisters at missions outside the states.

In an analysis of the current contribution of American missionary personnel, Auxiliary Bishop

Fulton J. Sheen of New York notes that the 1953 total of 1,782 American missionaries in Latin America

and the West Indies constitutes 37% of the U.S. personnel overseas. Since the last index of U. S.

missionary personnel was put out in 1951, 122 additional missionaries

have entered these fields—or 32% of the entire net increase of 378

in non-domestic missions.

According to Bishop Sheen, national director of the Society for

Of the 78 U. S. women's communities represented in the missions, leaders are the Maryknoll Sisters, with 410, and the Missionary Sisters, with 119 — jointly supplying 32% of the total U. S. overseas Sisters.

While Latin America and the West Indies accounted for the greatest proportion and fastest area increase — with 155 Brothers and 358 Sisters — a big decline was in China.

As for the source of overseas vocations, Bishop Sheen notes that 45% of the overseas personnel came from the New York supplying 17, and New York

other archdioceses — Chicago, St. Louis, Newark — or more

“Way Out in Front”

Way out in front are the Jesuits, whose eight U. S. provinces supply a total of 678 (24.4%) of all American missionaries. Next come the Maryknoll Fathers with 403; then the Redemptorists, whose two provinces have 160 overseas, and the Society of the Divine Word, with 140 overseas.

It costs a great deal to support so many priests. Would you contribute one dollar a month for this?

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

HERE IN CEYLON, AS IN ALL THE EAST, it takes a bit of doing to catch on to the conventions and customs of the Orient. We of the West encounter a set of manners totally dissimilar to our own—but that is no reason to condemn them, merely because they are different.

There are things which we dislike and we in turn have customs repugnant to the Easterner. We don't like to see a man make his wife walk behind him; on the other hand, it is disgusting to the Oriental to see a man and woman kiss in public. It riles us to hear people eat noisily; an Eastern host is hurt if his guests don't give audible expres-

Pardon My *Manners*

JOHN W. LANGE S.J.



sion to the enjoyment of his food. There are a dozen other ways in which we differ, and probably always will.

The unspoiled villager in Ceylon has about him a gentility and delicacy of feeling that truly measure up to all that you have ever heard of Oriental politeness. But to get at it, you have to speak his language. He has no conventional greeting like "Good morning" when he meets you; but he will give you the pleasantest of smiles and a graceful nod that needs no words to show how glad he is to see you. And when about to leave, he won't just say, "Well, so long!" and rush off. His way of doing it is a real leave-taking: "I'll go and come," he says with a bow. He doesn't want to leave you with the idea that he'll never see you again, or that he's glad to get away from you! The parting is only temporary.

In the East, when a person comes to discuss business with you or to ask a favor, he adopts a time-honored approach that amounts to a ceremony. After greeting you, and inquiring solicitously about your affairs, he will make small talk all around the bush. You know he has something on his mind, and he knows you know—and he knows you probably know what it is! But it's impolite to drag it right out. (Not only that, there's a very practical reason, too: he wants to sound you out and see whether you are in a favorable mood—even though he has chosen the time very carefully!) It would be impolite to attach too much importance to his personal affairs. And so, finally, almost apologetically, perhaps just as he is about to depart—out it comes. We find this sort of finagling rather vexatious. But to be impatient is bad manners!

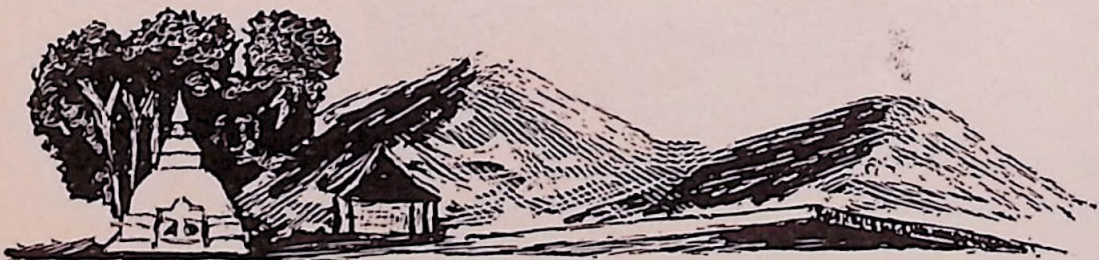
To whistle at the girls, the way our young fellows do in the U.S., would be the extreme limit of bad taste in this country—and would most likely precipitate punitive measures by outraged men-folk.

When a visitor comes to call on you, he doesn't barge in and knock boisterously on the front door. He'll hang around outside for a while, like a second-story man casing the joint, and try to catch a glimpse of you in person. If he doesn't see you around, his next step will be to inquire from other members of the household, or from servants (it happens, only too frequently, that this information is supplied by the children, in chorus, at a time when your whereabouts is nobody's business but your own!). If you are inside of the house, out of sight, the caller will stand outside and politely cough until he attracts your attention. And, by grab! if he knows you're in there, he'll stand and keep on coughing for hours.

In conversation, it won't do just to listen silently to what the other man says, no matter how attentively you do it. You've got to punctuate every sentence of his with a sort of grunt (it can't be expressed in writing). Sometimes your share of a conversation consists entirely of grunts! And your friend goes away perfectly content—if you have made with the right kind of grunts!

To observe all the formalities dictated by the Oriental code of politeness calls for plenty of leisure and plenty of patience. But, if you take Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman as one who avoids giving pain to others, the Oriental is a perfect gentleman in his own right.

"I'll go and come!"



Afield

with American Jesuits

ALASKA MILESTONE



One yardstick to a mission's growth is native vocations, both to the priesthood and the Sisterhood. Now the Far North has its own Sisters.

At Andreafski on the Yukon occurred an event which is a milestone in Alaskan missionary history. BISHOP FRANCIS GLESSON S.J. presided over a ceremony in which four native girls received the religious habit. These young novices, under the spiritual direction of FATHER PAUL O'CONNOR S.J. and Mother Mary Antoinette, O.S.U., form the nucleus of the new native Sisterhood. These nuns will be Oblates affiliated with the Ursulines, who have a long record of service under the Northern Lights.

Some years ago FATHER JOHN FOX S.J. endeavored to organize these same Sisters of the Snow. But circumstances kept the young religious group from attaining its objective, so for the time being the community was disbanded. Now once again Father Fox sees his dream come true. Alaska has its own religious Sisters.

THE FISH OF YESTERYEAR



There is another note from the Northland which may lack the fragrance of the preceding item but it is something to remember when you open your refrigerator.

FATHER HENRY HARGREAVES S.J. of Hooper Bay in Alaska gives us an insight ((if that is the correct term) into a more or less popular Eskimo custom.

"Where are the fish of yesteryear? In

other words, what happened to the salmon which we caught last June? Well, this is the time of year to go looking for the pokes. And what is a poke? It's a special Eskimo invention that fills the bill. Dried salmon are stuffed into seal-skins and seal oil is poured in to fill the remaining space. Then the pokes are buried or placed in storerooms. When food runs short, the pokes are unearthed. And if the storage was prolonged, man, what an odor! The seal oil has acquired a flavor which would make old Lucifer wince. But the Eskimos don't seem to mind and, after all, they are the only ones concerned."

PARISH PROBLEMS



Sorikalmunai in Ceylon is a village south of Batticaloa. To reach it you must cross a mile of shallow water which has no benefit of a bridge.

FATHER FRED PONDER S.J. of Mobile, Alabama, now calls Sorikalmunai home. But it took a bit of doing. There had been no resident priest there for over a year and the small parcel of real estate which passes for a rectory showed abundant evidence of the lack of a loving hand. So Father Ponder tackled the job of housekeeping.

As time passed, along with the cobwebs and their contrivers, Father began to ambition greater things. If he had screen doors he could keep the flies out and the cook in. So up went the screens. Now only the meaner flies kept Father company but the question of keeping the cook in was not yet solved—mostly be-

Afield with American Jesuits

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS



Photo by CAT-PIX

It must be a treat for Father Fred Foley to be on the other end of a camera. JM's far-roving and most prolific correspondent was snapped as he boarded a *Civil Air Transport* plane in Taipei, Formosa. With him are Father William Klement (right), veteran China missionary, and Mr. Alex Lu, a student at Taiwan University. The purpose of the flight was to make a moving picture of Formosa's scenic beauty, people and customs, with a central theme of the mission work of the Catholic Church and the part played by the American Jesuits in the apostolate. Thanks to the cooperation of *Civil Air Transport*, 5,000 feet of color film were taken. Father Klement has returned to the United States and edited the film into a full-length sound movie for release to schools, churches, convents and interested groups. Father Foley, incidentally, has an interesting story (with the customary fine pictures, of course) of a tour with American sailors.

cause there wasn't any cook. There were a few pots and pans but no one to do justice to them.

Hunger knows no prudence, so Father went out and hired the first man who claimed any knowledge of culinary art. Hired him right on the spot. The latest word, however, is that now there is a man in the alleged kitchen but justice has yet to be done to the pots and pans.

So say a little prayer for the several hundred Catholics scattered around Sorikalmunai and their busy pastor.

Add Ceylonia: The sports knowledge and sportsmanship of FATHER PETER BEACH are well known around Trincomalee, so it was not unusual when a group asked him to be an umpire. They wanted a man of cool and impartial judgment, they said. But there was a strange look

on Father Beach's face when he found out he was to umpire a game of musical chairs!

A WORD OF THANKS



The following excerpt is typical of the letters we receive from missionaries and we want our JM readers to know that it is meant for them especially.

FATHER GERARD BRAUN S.J. has been directing the Ateneo de Davao in the Philippines. "It's no fun being in the driver's seat when the College has a debt of \$200,000 (Philippine) and problems are a-plenty. There's always something new cropping up, too. For instance, recently we were doing some work on the college building, which was erected only in 1951, when we discovered the

The main posts supporting the three-story structure were badly rotted. It could have added up to a major disaster, since it was surmounted by six big water tanks, each holding 15,000 gallons when full! The Guardian Angel of the Ateneo must have been on the job, for imagine what could have happened some fine day with 500 little tots wandering around. It would only take the jolt of an earthquake, such as we frequently get, to bring the building crashing down.

"So we had to tear down one whole corner of the building and reconstruct it of first-class materials, at an expense of \$10,000, which we could ill afford. Thanks to you at JM, we were able to weather the storm.

"I would like to express our collective thanks to you and your very generous readers who made the gift possible. We shall surely remember them and you in our Masses and prayers every day. God bless all of you!"

SPOTLIGHT



This month the Spotlight crosses the dark depths of the Bering Sea to the ice-locked King Island where Father George Carroll S.J. has been hibernating since early October. King Island is a long way from his native Dun Laoghaire in Ire-

land, but as far back as 1929 the young Jesuit requested to be sent to the Alaska Mission.

In the late Spring, after the ice is gone, all the King Islanders set out in their skin boats for Nome. There they spend the summer, working and trading for the supplies they will need during the long winter on the island. In early October they return to the rocky island.

As the skin boats near the rugged beach, the dogs come rushing down to welcome them. The puppies hide, for they have never seen a human being before. It takes weeks for the children to coax the pups out of hiding. But soon the normal life of the island is resumed—the men hunting, women fishing.

The strong Catholicity of the people is well known—a fitting tribute to the lone priest who watches over them.

The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

Within the next few weeks, you will be sharpening pencils and searching in your desk drawers for various bills and other facts required for the payment of your annual income tax. According to the law passed in August of 1954, an additional month has been granted for the payment of your tax. April 15th is the deadline.

You might remember that, by virtue of the new law, deductions permitted to some charitable organizations have been increased from twenty to thirty per cent of your adjusted gross income. Since JESUIT MISSIONS qualifies as a charitable organization in the Catholic Church, you may take full advantage of the thirty per cent for your contributions sent to us during the calendar year of 1954.

During the current year, you will find in JESUIT MISSIONS different requests from our missionaries. Some of the items are expensive and others are rather reasonable. Keeping in mind the new tax law, you might be able to adjust your budget so as to answer one of the appeals. You can take the same beneficial advantages for the gifts made to your own diocesan charitable organizations.

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

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THE TWO BATTLES OF Mount Mirador



JOHN J.
DAHLHEIMER S.J.

NO SCHOOL IN THE PHILIPPINES can be more accurately pinpointed on a map than Bellarmine College, the China Mission's theologate once in Zikaka-wei. It occupies the entire summit of Mount Mirador, the hill that rises some two hundred feet above the mountain city of Baguio in northern Luzon.

Many of the surrounding elevations are higher, larger, or command better views: Dominican Hill to the southeast with its unsurpassed sweep of the Baguio plateau from the Kennon Road to Elaster Valley; Mount Santo Tomas, highest in the area—7,400 feet, to the south; Quezon Hill to the northwest with its command of the Ilocos-China seacoast. But Mirador alone, of all the hills in the immediate vicinity of Baguio, is named on the peacetime Coast and Geodetic Survey chart 4209 of the Gulf region and the wartime 3260-II map of the Army Map Service. The situation is summed up in the pregnant sentence, "He who holds Mirador controls Baguio." So it was that the American advance in early 1945 upon the Japanese troops under Yamashita found Mirador set squarely in its path.

The main force of the Sixth Army had surged ashore at Lingayen and mounted its hell-bent-for-Manila drive down the Lingayen-Gulf, Manila-Bay corridor. Its 33rd and 37th Divisions

swung east to contact the Japanese forces holding the coast and to begin the slow, pushing, climbing drive across the parallel upthrusts of block mountains to Baguio.

There could be no question of secrecy, for an entire half of the theater of operations is under direct observation from Mirador. Baguio was soon given notice that it was a prime target. American bombers gutted what had been the most beautiful city in the Philippines. Defending Japanese forces below Baguio were pressed back up the slopes of Santo Tomas into isolated pockets or were swept into the funnel of the Baguio valley-approach.

General Yamashita, realizing that Baguio could not be held, decided upon a delaying action at Mirador while the bulk of his troops tried to withdraw. So Mirador became the key-point of the Baguio line. The Japanese dug in, with their artillery controlling all the approaches and with the rugged terrain an important factor for defense. In the face of their massed fire power and commanding position, the American drive ground to a halt. Mirador had to be neutralized before either prong of the attack could thrust through to Baguio.

American heavy bombers then went to work. But the boulder-strewn slopes did not favor the use of high explosives; the rocks pocketed the blast and shrapnel, detonated shells too high, and, in one case, caught and cradled a half-tonner dropped by a B-24 in the last foot and a half of its free fall! P-38's next worked the hill over in strafing runs and sluiced down the Japanese

positions with napalm, blackening the rocks as the liquid flame sloshed into the caves, trenches, and tunnels. If the rough terrain favored the defenders, it was equally favorable to the attack. The nut-cracker first, then the nut-pick. During that fire-laced night of April 25-26, the American and Filipino forces moved up on Mirador and finished the job with grenades and bayonet. Morning found the hill, the road junction below it, and the city behind it, in American hands after almost forty months to the day when it had been taken by the Japanese. The first battle of Mirador was over.

For seven years Mount Mirador, still strewn with the debris of battle, human and otherwise, lay abandoned and given over to the jungle. During that time the scars of conflict were gradually wiped out in the cities across the Bay and below the hill as the Philippines began its task of reconstruction.

China, the country that had been the longest in the war, knew no peace with the termination of that war. It looked as though the Church in China was being surely and expertly pressured over the edge of destruction. In compliance with the "steady as you are" order of Father General, the Jesuit Fathers remained at their posts, carrying on their work until the Communists called the next play. But the most vulnerable part of the China Mission and its most valuable, the young Chinese Jesuits, were transferred to the Philippines. The language school of Peiping, where non-Chinese Jesuits receive their training in Mandarin, was set up in Manila. The last pales of the Bamboo Curtain were dug in around Canton as the first students to the new school were in mid-Pacific in 1949.

Slowly but surely, pressure or direct action forced non-Chinese personnel out of China. At the end of May of 1952, eight Spanish and three French theologians left the theologate of Zi-ka-wei,

leaving some twelve Chinese classmates behind—splitting them according to the Communist way of thinking. But the *Internationale* is some eighteen centuries behind the glorious reality of the Mystical Body of Christ. For those who left and for those who remained there was no question of an "if" about their return, but only of God's providential "when."

It was then that the second battle of Mirador began. Construction began at almost the same time topside of Mirador. June 13, 1952, saw fourteen Chinese and non-Chinese installed in the villa of the Dominican Fathers across the valley from Mirador as the first class of the exiled theologate. Shortly after the beginning of classes, the eleven from Shanghai joined the community.



View from China Mission theologate atop Mirador Hill as the early morning mists blanket the Philippine hills and pines.

Crowded conditions on Dominican Hill made the transfer to the new buildings on Mirador imperative, and on November 29th, with cement-mixers still spewing and with trucks rumbling through the still unfinished rooms, the theologate was transferred to the hill. Four months later the eleven who left China were ordained by Msgr. William Brasseur, Vicar Apostolic of the Mountain Province, in the Baguio Cathedral—the first class of the modern China Mission to be ordained in exile.

Two-thirds of the staff of Zi-ka-wei carry on the work of preparing new priests for the China Mission. Here, too, it is “when” and never “if.” Twenty-four Jesuits from China itself, Java, Canada, the United States, Mexico, Ar-

gentina, Spain, France, and Italy await that “when,” hoping and praying that it will arrive before the day of ordination. For if they look with longing toward the red-roofed cathedral of Baguio to the east, it is with even greater longing, perhaps, that they stand and watch the sun set over the China Sea, five thousand feet below. For it is in that direction that the gallant main force from which they are separated, the Catholics of China, have engaged the enemy. Any war is the story largely of battles won or lost on hills. May it please God that the war being waged now for the soul of China be decided in a small part at least by the second battle of Mount Mirador, “the mountain overlooking the China Sea.”



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Father Cervini, a Good and Capable missionary, wishes you could help him with his plans for educating young men in the Philippines. He is convinced that he could provide very influential Catholic leaders if he had the money—\$80.00 a year—to pay for the schooling of young men who return home to become a powerful spiritual and moral force in their villages.

If \$80.00 for a year's tuition is beyond your means, would you be able to pay for one month's tuition at \$10.00?

For Twenty-five Cents a person, Father Saxton, in India, could hold a closed retreat for the people around Bakhtiapur. The twenty-five cents pays the food bill for one person for one day. You know that a closed retreat presents a fine opportunity for intensive religious instruction and therefore you understand why Father Saxton is so anxious to promote these retreats. Would you help this important work with your gift of twenty-five cents?

Would You Have Time to make up a package of clothes, toys, skates, comic books and ship them Parcel Post to Alaska? Your response to this request would gladden the heart of Father Henry Hargreaves, who knows how welcome such items would be in his mission.

The address: Rev. Henry Hargreaves S.J.
Catholic Church
Hooper Bay, Alaska

Mass Books Are Needed in the mission churches of British Honduras. With your love for the Holy Mass, you may

be prompted to send a gift to supply these Roman missals. These books cost \$40.00. Need we say that a sum less than that would find a welcome spot in our fund for supplying missals for the missions?

When a Priest Has Four Churches to renovate, you might expect him to have a long list of "wanted" items. Father Jackmauh, Highgate, Jamaica, B.W.I., fulfills this expectation. With some hesitancy, he asks for:

2 statues of the Sacred Heart	\$30.00
2 statues of the Blessed Virgin	\$30.00
1 statue of St. Francis Xavier	\$30.00
1 statue of the Little Flower	\$30.00
1 set of Stations of the Cross	\$7.50
1 set of Vestments	\$25.00
1 set of Altar Cards	\$15.00

A Housekeeping Problem is one concern of Father Ponder as he begins his work in the mission of Sorikalmunai. (See page 25.) But there are a score of other needs in this neglected parish. We would like to help him with his problems. Would you consider sending a dollar or two for a harassed pastor?

No More Help from the Federal Government for the Indians at St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota, reports Father George Pieper. This is a matter of great concern to Father, who wishes he had an emergency fund to take care of the Sioux children who cannot attend the mission school unless they receive this help. Please, if you can, send one or two dollars for the mission of St. Francis.

HERE IS

a Letter

Due to the difficulties of getting cement, the building program is at a standstill. However, that is not entirely unfortunate, as you will see there are worse things than being unable to put off building.

Of late I have had to give up teaching in the school to save my eyes. I had to hire another teacher to take my place. But the school can't stand the burden of her salary. Can you help? Fifteen dollars a month would make it possible to keep her, and keep me from going blind.

Need We Say More?

Send your contributions to

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 EAST 78th STREET

NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

THE ROOF IS

*falling
in!*



The church at El Negrito in the Philippines is nearly a century old and in terrible shape. When it rains, the congregation gets drenched. The floor is the bare ground. The walls are rickety. The roof shows every intention of caving in . . .

A New Church Is Urgently Needed

The Good Lord, Whose House it is, will reward every contribution sent in to

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 EAST 78th STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.