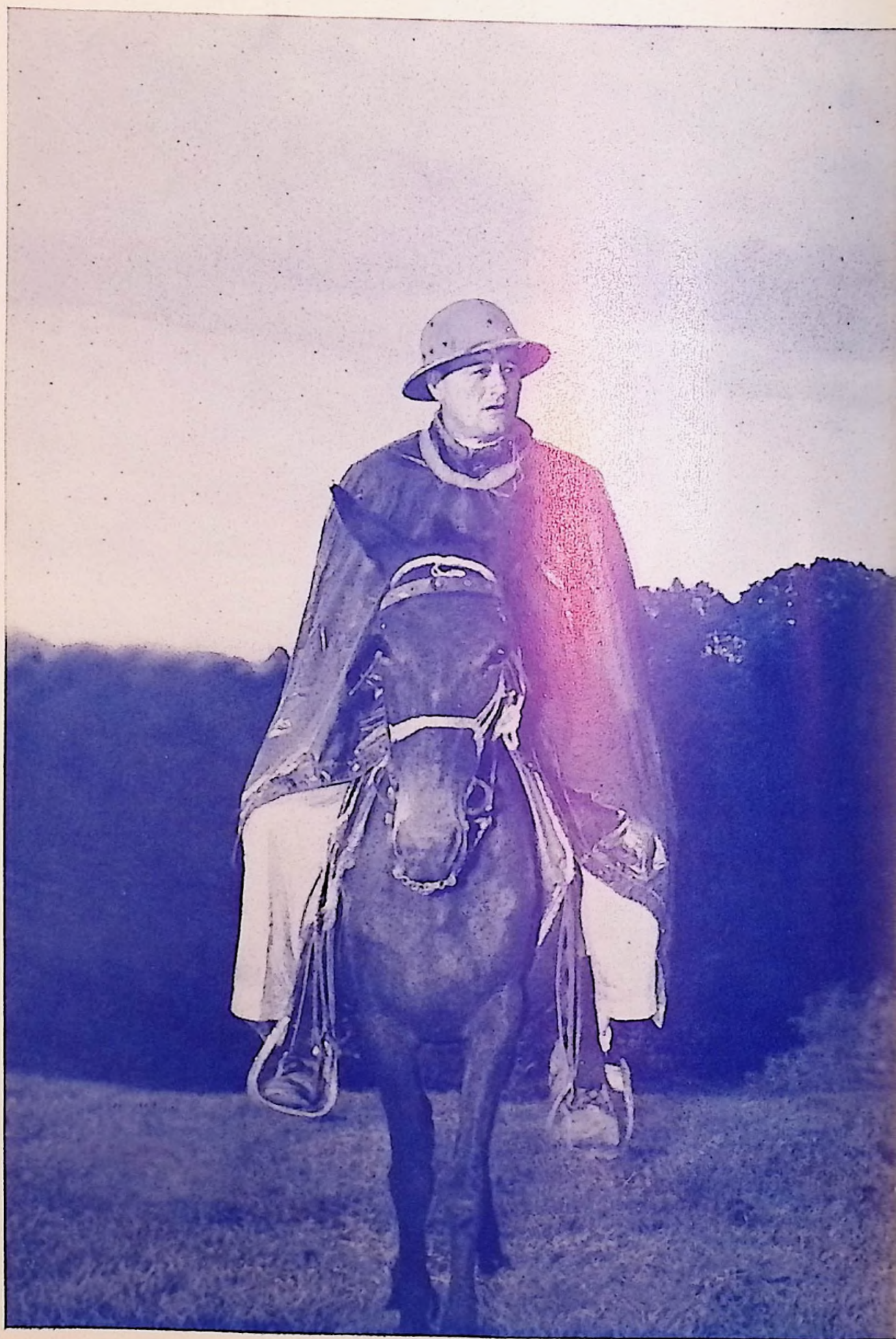


Jesuit Missions



**The Jesuit
and the Great Mogul**

MAY • 1955



A Man

AND HIS MISSION

Sometimes it is the things left unsaid
in a letter which tell the real story

HE RODE INTO El Negrito, deep in the hills of Honduras, about noon-time. It was *chubasco* weather, that slow, maddening drizzle that lasts the entire day. He did not know it then but the north coast of Honduras was being lashed by the tail of a hurricane and one of the worst floods in history had begun its terrible rise.

He had come up the narrow, winding, mountain road from Progreso, as he had done so often in the past six years. But this trip was different. From today on El Negrito was "home" for Father John Murphy S.J., once of St. Louis, now of the Hondurean bush country. Forty-five years old, a strapping six-footer weighing over 200 pounds, he had been given the job of starting this new parish.

Before the next two days were over he had written down in his quiet fashion an

account of those first hours in his new post. It is not a dramatic story; it is the simple record of a man trying to fit familiar things into surroundings still unfamiliar. Yet behind the quiet phrases of that letter lies the unspoken struggle which so many missionaries have experienced, the battle against loneliness and alienness, against that bitter temptation which parches both mouth and heart, that it wouldn't be so difficult to just quit. But once a Man turned away from friends in a village called Bethany and walked alone down a road that led through a Garden called Gethsemane up to the Hill of the Skull. He could have quit, but He didn't—and because He didn't, Johnny Murphy came riding through the rain into El Negrito one day not long ago.

"I have just finished my first official Sunday here," he writes. "This morning when I awoke it was still raining. Just the same, we rang the church bells promptly at 5:30—that is, more or less

(Left) Father John Murphy S.J. riding the mountain trails of Honduras. A LIFE magazine photo by Margaret Bourke White.

JM

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A Man AN

promptly. I had a little difficulty at that hour finding a boy to climb up the bell-tower. There was a good crowd at the first Mass, a consoling fact to the new Curate. Then we had a wedding before I began the second Mass, at which there was also a fairly good crowd.

"After Mass the *portaviandas*—a kind of dinner-bucket with separate compartments for the various edibles—arrived, carried by the three little daughters of the woman who is doing my cooking. The only thing wrong with the breakfast was that there was only one egg. I thought there was nothing like getting my cook trained from the start so I told the kids that the Padre is accustomed to two eggs for breakfast. They smiled and said they would tell their mother."

The day went on, and so did the rain. There were baptisms, catechism class and the regular Sunday routine. He describes it all even as he does his dinner. "Cabbage soup, fried chicken, the inevitable beans . . . but no coffee. I wondered what happened, for they always send coffee." And he states very simply that for Benediction he had to use a Quaker Oats box for censer and a sardine tin to hold the incense!

"It was four o'clock and I didn't know what to do with myself. I felt weary and unsettled. The rain and strange surroundings were putting me to a test. I decided to get out of the house. Once outside, I felt better and I proceeded to make the traditional parish rounds . . .

"I returned to the house about six and there I saw a sight which I will not soon forget. There at the door were my three little lunch-pail carriers, patiently waiting and soaked to the skin. 'Hay, que frio! How cold it is!' they cried and they certainly looked it. They had been waiting for some time, so naturally the food was cold. I laid it out on the table

IS MISSION...

—cold beans, cold eggs, cold chicken . . .” He doesn’t mention it but he must have been very much aware that at that very hour his fellow Jesuits back home were sitting down to a better-than-ordinary meal, for it was the Feast of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America. He merely says, “I decided to offer it up for the success of the new parish.”

“After supper it was raining harder than ever, so I went over to the church, said a prayer, and locked up. Now what to do? I decided to write this little account to you of what a missionary encounters on his first Sunday.”

On Monday morning he added a postscript. It was still raining and the road to Progreso was washed out. When he entered the church he found that the rain had come through the leaky roof and soaked the vestments for Mass. But a tin box had kept the hosts dry, so he was able to celebrate Mass. “No one showed up for Mass, so I said it alone in the church. The only noise was the steady drip, drip, drip of the rain as it came through the leaky roof and splashed on the mud floor. But as I raised the Sacred Host at the Elevation I forgot even the sound of the rain and thought how glorious and beautiful must be the song of the angels as they sing, ‘Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus!’ and adore the Victim of Calvary. I also prayed at the Consecration that God would inspire these simple people to throw off their lethargy and build a new church worthy of the great Sacrifice of Calvary. Please pray that God will bless our work here in El Negrito . . .”

So his letter ends, a matter-of-fact account of one week-end. But behind that quiet report there is something which makes one glad that it is a man like Father John Murphy who is riding the mountain trails of Honduras for the sake of Jesus Christ and His kingdom.





A Queen IN A MILLION

LAWRENCE B. DIETRICH S.J.

A QUEEN IN A MILLION, that's our Gemini. One dress to her wardrobe, a single plastic necklace in her jewelry box, and rag ribbons for her hair—with these assets she holds supreme sway over our hearts.

Gemini has her TV counterpart in the Lilliputian pixy. Tiny bare feet peek out from beneath her long, hand-me-down dress to dance a happy pitter-pat on a grass stage. A sunbeam smile glows perpetually around into a miniature maze of braids. And as with every little Indian miss, she will be crowned with rainbow ribbons and flowers from the fields.

Although her dress has patches upon patches, and her ribbons are made of rags, she is as neat and petite as could be. All of nine years of age, she has the mannerisms of a well-bred young lady from a select boarding school. But, alas, Gemini has never attended school. She must take care of baby David while mother and daddy are at work.

She carries her precious bundle with her wherever she goes. And when she sees us coming, immediately the sleeping beauty will be unveiled, perked up, and a drowsy smile coaxed from him.

A happy "Jai Kreest, Fatha!" greets us.

"Jai Kreest, Gemini! *Ap kaisay?*" (Hail Christ, Gemini! How are you?)

Her bright reply breaks through dark, dimpled cheeks and a sparkling smile. David's chin is chided, and, thanks to our little lady's encouragement, he welcomes us with all of a baby's bubbling enthusiasm.

"Where are your mother and daddy, Gemini?"

"Mother is carrying sand to that machine [cement-mixer], and daddy is helping to make the walls of your school."

"And are you taking good care of David for them?"

"Oh, yes, Fatha!"—in the most serious tone her miniature voice can muster.

"Does David help you to gather wood?"

"He's too small, Fatha. He throws the branches away when he finds them. I carry him with me and he likes that."

Daddy has noticed us now and waves enthusiastically from the scaffolding on which he works. And Gemini's mother, happy to see us concerned over her little darlings, smiles her "Jai Kreest!" to us as she passes, a tin of sand balanced delicately on her head.

Yes, our little Gemini is a "Queen in a Million," or rather, one in four million of Mother India's children.

TWENTY-THREE miles from Agra in India, at the end of a straight, flat road, the massive walls of Fatepur Sikri, Akbar's "Victory City," seem to spring out of the plains. Here, in 1574, the Great Mogul changed his capital from Agra and settled down to a life of pomp and splendor unrivaled in all Asia. A traveler of that day who came to the city tells us that "the King hath in Agra and Fatepur, as they do credibly report, 1,000 elephants, thirty thousand horses, 1,400 tame deers, 800 concubines; such stores of Ounces (Himalayan snow leopards), Tigers, Buffles, Cocks and Haukes, that is very strange to see."

Home from the wars, for a time at least, and bored with his Ounces, Buffles, Cocks and Haukes, Akbar—never a very orthodox Mohammedan—developed an intense interest in theological and philosophical discussions. Not at all a deep scholar himself, he delighted in hearing Hindus, Parsis and the representatives of all manner of religions debate with his own Mohammedan Mullahs. And finally he began to dream of founding a religion of his own.

It was this state of affairs which led him to summon the Jesuits from Goa, a thousand miles away to the south, to come to his Victory City and debate their religion with his Mullahs. And so it was that at the end of February in 1580, after three weeks at sea from Goa, and six more by caravan from the coast, the first three Jesuits saw Akbar's Victory City through the shimmering haze of the plains.

The Fathers, chosen for their holiness and learning, were Rudolph Acquaviva, Antonio Montserrat, and Father Henriquez—the latter a convert from Islam, whose knowledge of Persian made him invaluable as an interpreter. As their caravan came within sight of the

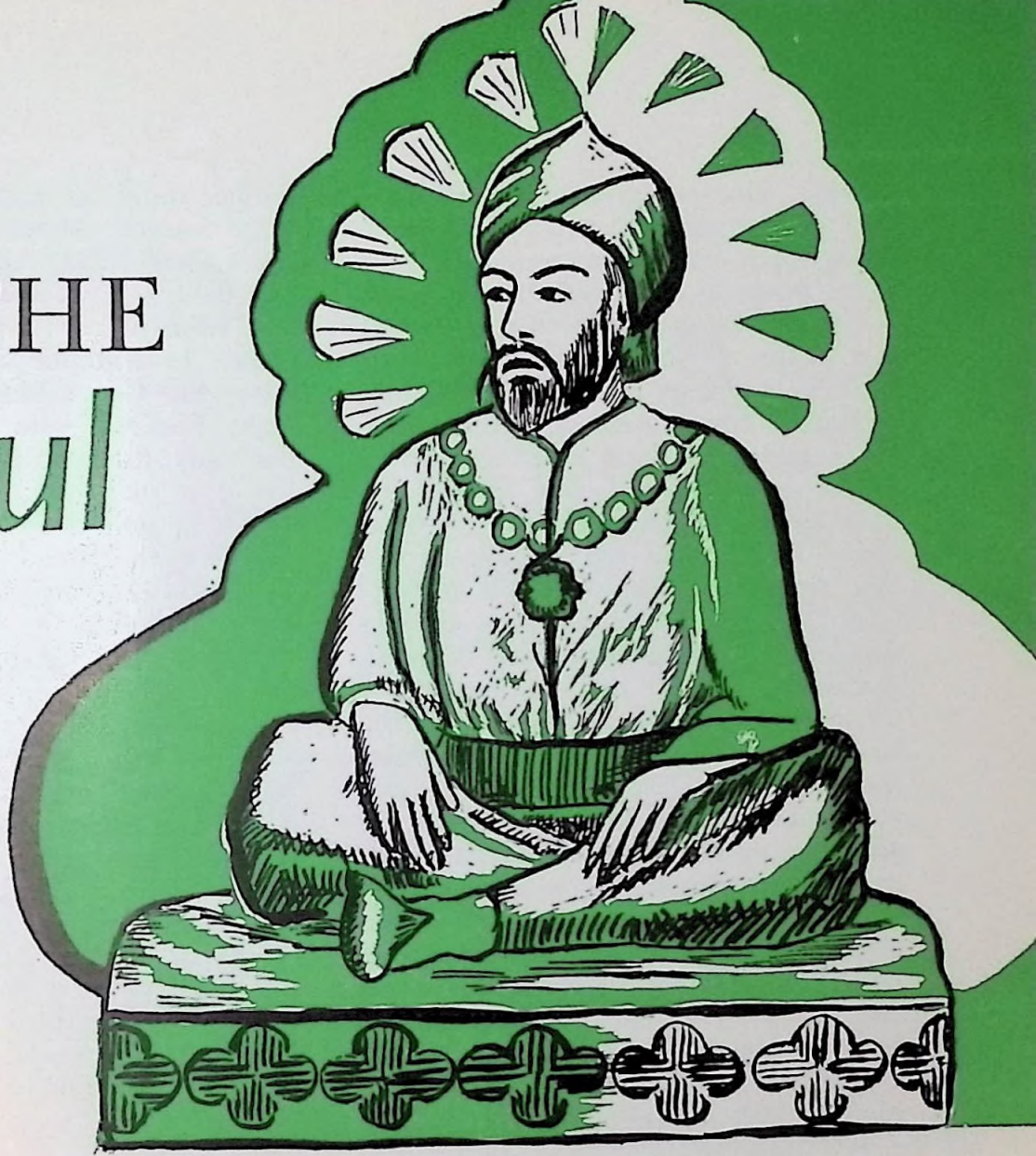
THE Jesuit

GREAT

DESMOND S. MATTHEWS S.



AND THE Mogul



walls, their bodyguard of Mogul troops provided by Akbar was joined by a glittering cavalcade of the Household Cavalry, mounted on elephants, camels and war horses. Before them stretched the nine miles of towering fortified walls of red sandstone.

In the months and years to come they would become familiar with the beautiful and majestic city, the most impressive memorial of Akbar's greatness. There was the *Diwan-i-Khas*—the Hall of Private Audience—with its magnificently sculptured pillar on the capital of which Akbar sat on his royal throne, with his four chief ministers around him when giving private audiences. The fear of assassination was never far from the Great Mogul, and his petitioners were always kept twenty

feet below him on the ground floor during all audiences.

There were the Royal Harem and the Private Palaces occupied by Akbar himself, with secret passageways by which the Emperor could reach all the important buildings of the city without being seen. The *Panch Mahal* was one of these great palaces—the Palace of Five Storeys—with a view of the entire city from the topmost pavilion.

The Emperor, we are told, was so impressed and delighted with his guests that he engaged them in conversation until the early hours of the following morning. A few days later the Fathers were summoned for another audience. On this occasion they presented Akbar with a splendid edition of the Old and New Testaments in seven finely bound

volumes. He was greatly pleased, and received the gift with profound respect, kissing each volume before touching it to his forehead as a mark of reverence.

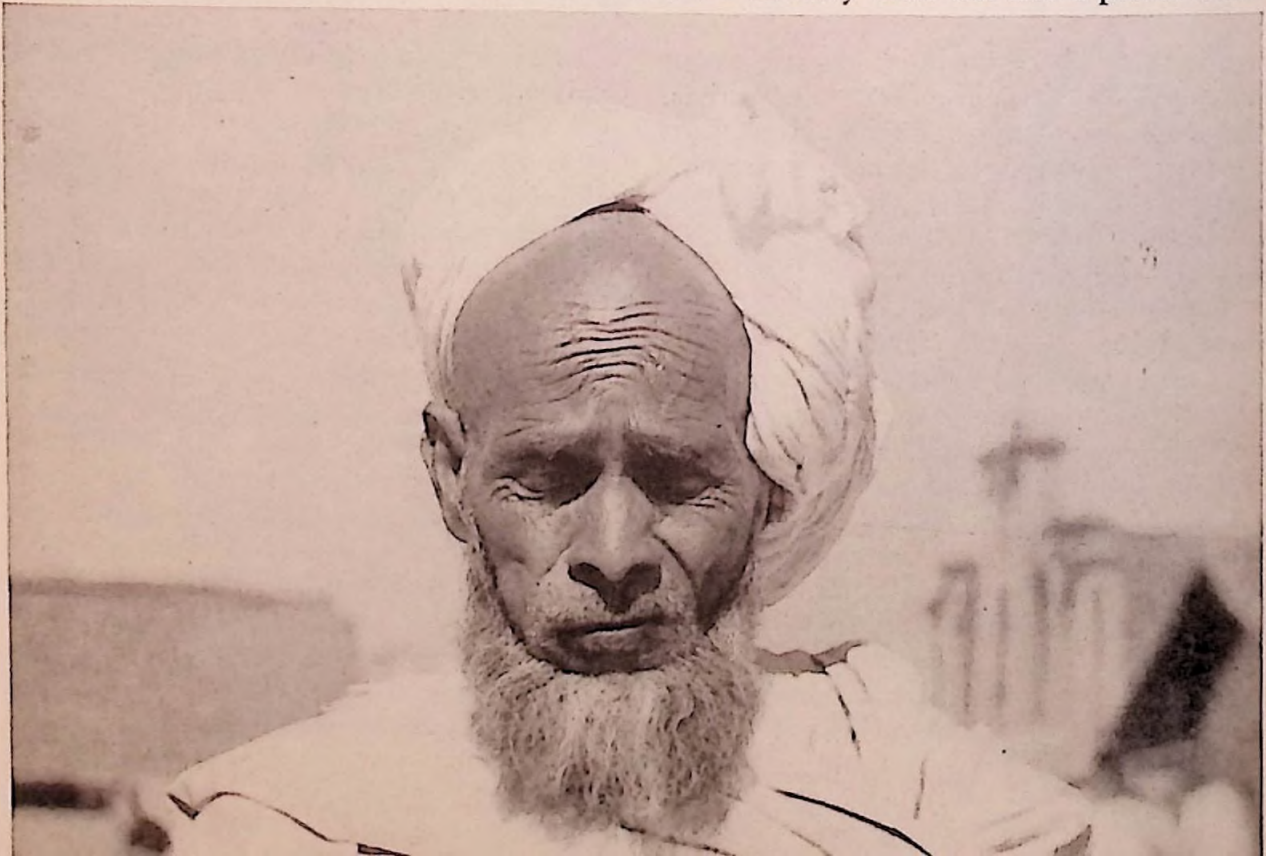
The Fathers were now invited to take part in the religious discussions held on Saturday evenings in the *Diwan-i-Khas*, or Hall of Private Audience. Akbar himself presided at these meetings, seated on the richly carved center pillar of the hall. Here the Emperor was charmed and delighted with the learning of Father Acquaviva, his clear and forceful logic and his intrepid yet courteous manner of dealing with the Mullahs. Apparently the truth and beauty of Christianity had come home to the Great Mogul with the force of revelation. He congratulated Father Acquaviva and asked him to give a further explanation on the mysteries of the Trinity and Incarnation.

As the months passed there were still other debates before the Emperor, and he continued to be courteous, generous and kind to the three Fathers. As for himself, though, he would go no further than to declare that if God were to call him to the Christian faith, nothing

would stand in his way—not even his large harem. About this time, towards the end of 1581, Akbar was called into the field against his own brother, who had risen in revolt against him. On his return to Fatepur Sikri almost a year later, the Great Mogul was a changed man. Flushed with his recent victory, the only thought in his mind was to found a new religion all his own, of which he would be the guide and head. And for the common people at least, he seriously considered setting himself up as a kind of god.

Father Acquaviva now gave up all hopes of converting the Great Mogul and applied for permission to leave the Victory City. After great reluctance on Akbar's part and several refusals, for Akbar had become very fond of the Jesuit, he consented to let him go back to Goa. Refusing a fabulous gift in gold and jewels and an armed escort offered by Akbar, Father Acquaviva set out on the long journey south which was to end in his martyrdom . . . And the Great Mogul turned once more to his Ounces and Haukes and his 800 concubines in his City of Victory.

A Moslem of India. The followers of Mohammed are a minority there but also a potent force.



JESUIT MISSIONS

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

JM

HEROIC COURAGE IN CHINA

One does not usually associate heroic courage with children, even though we have all heard of children in the early martyr days of the Church who went willingly and even gaily to death for Christ. These early readings come back with humiliating poignancy as we read of a casually recounted tale of Communist China. We give here the outline of the facts which add a glorious dimension to our understanding of Christ's admonition to become like a little child.

A Jesuit pastor was dragged off to prison through the streets, his body bumping and banging on the pavement. One good Catholic father, commenting on it later in the day to his children, consoled them somewhat by saying that their mother would go and bring something to the priest to console him.

One of the children immediately said, "That will be the Fourth Station . . . meeting mother." A second child added, "I will go to help him and it will be the Fifth." A third one said, "Then I will wipe his face and it will be the Sixth." The last child said nothing, which made the others indignant. One accused him, saying, "Then you will make the priest fall down and it will be the Seventh Station."

Hotly the little one retorted, "You're taking all the fine roles for yourself and leaving me that? Never will I do that; never will I betray the Father."

It would be easy to dismiss this as the excited rhetoric of pious children emotionally wrought up. But the children had an occasion to put their pious desires to the test. They sided so openly and fearlessly with the priest that they also are now in prison.

A friend approached the mother to see if she wished him to explore possibilities of getting them released. The mother's answer was a calm No. "They have done but their duty," she said. "Let them stay in prison since such is the will of God: their situation cannot be improved."

MARY'S GARDEN

Though Mary is at once a mother whose heart was pierced with anguish and a queen of strong men who fight for God, she is also the loveliest human person the world has known. Her delicate loveliness caused men in the ages of faith to associate her by name with the beguiling beauty of flowers.

At the Observatory on Mirador, at Baguio in the Philippines, they have planted a special "Garden of Mary." It is a tribute to Mary's loveliness and a perpetuation of the devotion to her manifest during the Marian year.

This special garden contains at present about twenty kinds of flowers bearing various titles honoring the Maid of Nazareth. The seeds for the flowers were bought from Catholics in Philadelphia who sell them practically at cost. The ordinary flowers bear their pre-Reformation titles: the pansy is Our Lady's Delight; the violet, Our Lady's Modesty; the morning glory, Our Lady's Mantle.

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OUT WHERE THE dreamy blue of the South Dakota skies arches over to kiss the cactus and sage of the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian Reservation, the canonization of Pope Pius X was marked by two events—the first Holy Communion of four Sioux children—and preparations in the Black Hills by Universal International Studios to film “Crazy Horse.”

Perhaps you hasten to interrupt and exclaim, “I see that it is beautiful and proper for children of the prairie to celebrate the canonization of the Pope of the Eucharist by making their own first Holy Communion on that day, but what has the movie saga of Chief Crazy Horse to do with so solemn an event?” Well, the recent release of the film could well serve to highlight, by means of contrast, the wonderful progress that the Sioux have made since Giuseppe Sarto began his priestly life.

During the years that Giuseppe Sarto

was pastor of Salzano, near Venice, the Sioux were riding war ponies against the wagon trains on the Oregon Trail. From the snow-capped summits of the Rockies to the gold-flecked gullies of the Black Hills came the heavy throb of war drums. Warriors streamed into the camps of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull.

One year before Giuseppe Sarto was named Chancellor of the Treviso Diocese, the Sioux struck like lightning against the U.S. Cavalry, leaving on the blood-soaked banks of the Little Big Horn the shattered bodies of Custer’s gallant men. It was a day of glory for Crazy Horse.

Four years after Giuseppe Sarto was made Bishop of Mantua, Jesuit missionaries rode into the country of Crazy Horse to establish Holy Rosary Mission at Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Nor did the missionaries desert their post of duty during the nightmare of the Wounded Knee Massacre, the galloping of Ghost Dancers, and the stark terror of the Mes-

ST. PIUS X AND

Crazy Horse



siah Craze. During long, nerve-wracking months, while other white men fled the Indian country in mortal fear for their scalps, the missionaries remained at Holy Rosary Mission to care for the sick and wounded Indians and soldiers—a heroic act which won acclaim from distinguished historians.

At last the power of the Seven Council Fires was broken. The former lords of the plains were no longer warriors on horseback; their famous leaders, Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, had been killed. The dreams of the nation smoldered into the pink and white ashes of the campfires.

But from the ashes arose a new dream, the dream of man's brotherhood with Christ. Today the mellow tones of the Angelus echo thrice daily in lingering invitation for the children of the prairie to pause in prayer.

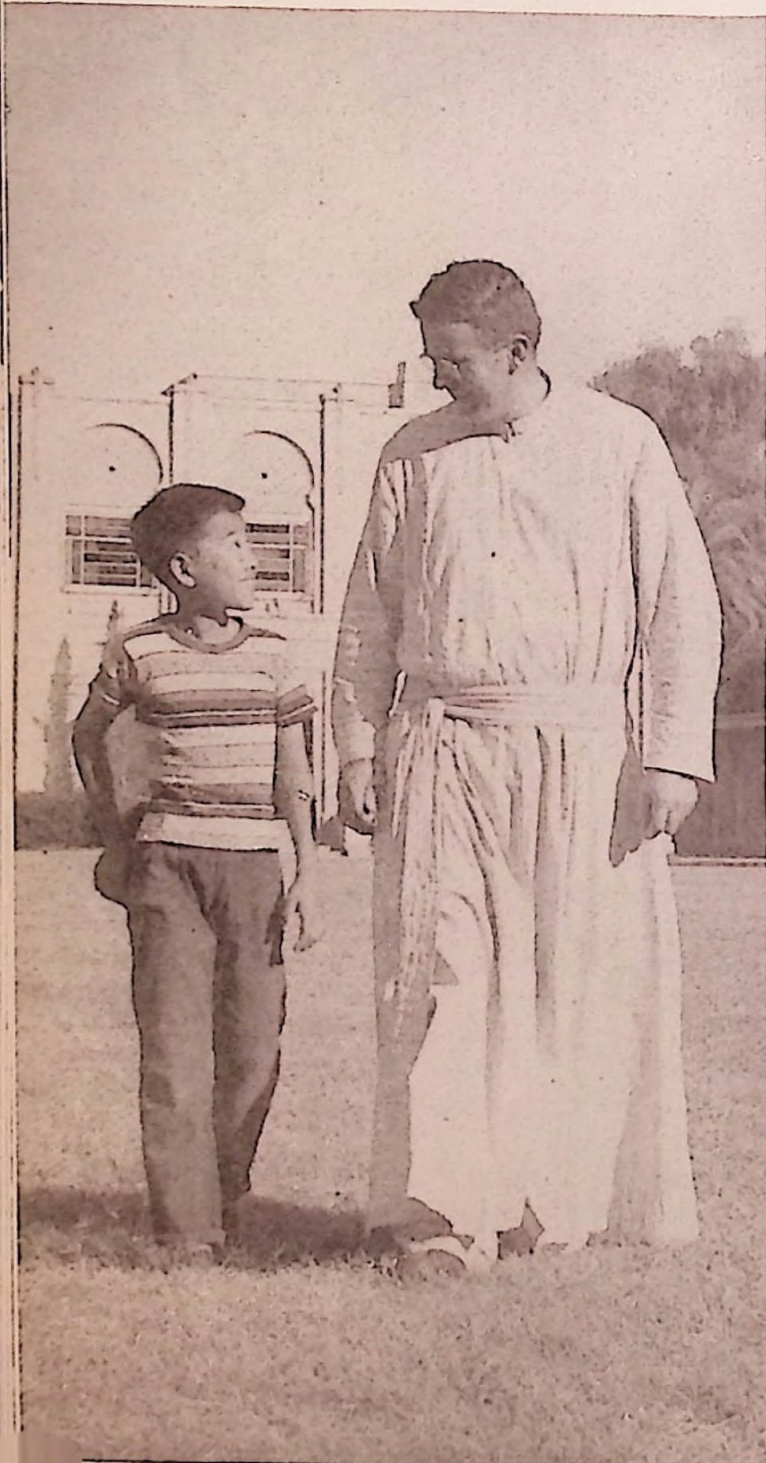
Sioux warriors, who once scouted the hills, percussion rifles resting on the

pommels of their saddles, now kneel as the tinkling bells of the Consecration announce the coming of the Prince of Peace. Wrinkled Sioux, who once joined with Crazy Horse in the weird chant of the Sun Dance, now raise ancient voices in hymns to their Eucharistic King. Descendants of fierce warriors who rode down over Teapot Dome now kneel to welcome "Wakan Tanka," the Great Spirit, into their hearts. Young Sioux girls and dark-eyed boys walk to the Communion-rail to receive the great God Whose fingers scooped out the dazzling depths of the Bad Lands, and Who framed the distant blue ramparts of the Black Hills far to the west.

The filming of "Crazy Horse" reminds us of the Sioux in a war-torn past. The first Holy Communion of the Sioux children reminds us of the progress of the children since St. Pius X began his reign as Pope with the motto, "To restore all things in Christ."

Ordinarily you would not expect to find
in Baghdad on the banks of the Tigris

The Story Behind



DID YOU EVER eat a Chinese century egg? I did! Actually it was but twenty-four hours old and was laid by a Baghdad hen. The only thing Chinese about it was that it was boiled by a young Chinese girl in Chinese tea for a remarkable Chinese party. This was the baptismal and first Holy Communion party of four Chinese children who found Christ and His Church in Baghdad. Conversions are rare enough in Baghdad, but conversions of Chinese are unheard of. These were the first to enter the gates of the Church on the banks of the Tigris.

All of the four children are avid readers of literature and philosophy. The older boy is the philosopher among them and he spearheaded their way into the Church. During his studies at a non-Catholic school in Beirut he read and experimented with very many kinds of philosophy. He would read about one and then put it into practice. None seemed to satisfy him. On one of his first visits to the school he was asked what his last philosophy was. "Oh, I was an Epicurean." When asked how long he had been a devotee of this philosophy he replied, "More than two weeks!"

This search for the true philosophy and the way of serving God was fostered by his studies in biology. He knew from the delicate formations of cells and mysterious protoplasm that there must be a God, a First Cause. Finally he decided that the Catholic Church and philosophy were the only ones which were consistent and gave him satisfaction. Then he held a consultation with his brother and sisters (ages from ten to nineteen) and it

The CHINESE EGG

was decided that they would all become Catholics. Parental permission was graciously granted and willingly given. A friend in their father's employ directed them to the Jesuit Fathers.

There followed two months of instructions which could merit for anyone a high place in heaven. Every day except Sunday for almost two hours they came for lessons. This was during the Iraqi summer with temperatures of 110 degrees or higher! Their eagerness to learn and their attention would delight the heart of any teacher. The more they learned the more they wished to learn. Really, they were the perfect pupils.

Finally the great afternoon of their baptism arrived. The Fathers met them and their parents (both pagans) and drove to the Latin Cathedral. It's impossible to drive all the way so they had to walk through the narrow Eastern streets, which were crowded with people coming and going to their homes and businesses. The darkness of these picturesque alleys contrasted sharply with the Light of Faith they had received and the brilliance of the baptism which was soon to be theirs.

At the door of the Cathedral the two officiating priests met them and reenacted the ancient ceremony of inviting the catechumens into the Church. This was most impressive as we realized the grace and happiness that awaited these seekers of Christ. The parents were hesitant about entering the Church, being afraid to offend since they were pagans. This was a display of the delicate and fine politeness famed among Chinese.

At the moment when the waters of

baptism were being poured, the small brother of the children (he was not being baptized) cried out in Chinese—"I want to be baptized, too!" His father and all were amused at his innocent desire to share in the wonderful thing happening to his brothers and sisters. At last the waters of baptism had been poured and we had the newly born Christians—Lucy, Pauline, Richard and Raymond. In the selection of names Father Joseph Merrick had left them free. All of the children took Joseph (or Josephine) for their middle names. There were many reasons for this. Firstly, in honor of Saint Joseph; secondly, in honor of Joseph Lo Pah Hong, the famous Chinese Catholic layman who called himself "St. Joseph's coolie"; and finally, in honor of Fathers Joseph LaBran and Joseph Merrick who so devotedly instructed them.

The Mass of the First Holy Communion was very beautiful and the Baghdad College Faculty Choir sang hymns in their honor. Afterwards their parents joined them for breakfast with the Fathers. The parents were most impressed and that evening gave a dinner party in honor of their children's great day. Several Fathers were invited and it was this party that produced the famous century egg, aged and blackened by tea, which was triumphantly presented to me as a morsel of the historical past. I ate with apprehension and was pleasantly surprised to discover that it was like an ordinary egg. It was only later that I learned that century eggs are a myth and can only be had by gullible souls. But there was no myth about this victory for Christ on the banks of the Tigris.

Window on the Mission World



THE PARISHIONER who was driving me to the railroad station on Sunday afternoon had been asking a few questions in connection with the mission appeal I had made that morning. "One thing that interests me, Father—maybe because I'm a regional director for a national sales concern—is how you divide up your territory for mission work. Who decides what missionary outfit will take over a certain region in Africa, say, or in India? Is it a first-come, first-to-serve idea?"

"Well, right now it is the Holy Father who has the ultimate responsibility. He, or the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, which is the headquarters in Rome for all mission work, may want missionaries to staff North Bumboland. So he will ask some Religious Order if it has personnel available for that work. For instance, suppose he asks the Jesuits. The Jesuit General in Rome will size up the situation and see what it involves. It may be that English-speaking missionaries would be most suitable in that particular territory, so the General turns to those Provinces whose native tongue is English. Then he selects the Province which seems at the moment to be best equipped for the job. And one fine day some Father Provincial calls in one of his men and says, 'You may not have known it, but you are now the Superior of our new mission in North Bumboland.'"

"That kind of organization and planning rings a familiar bell with me," said my driver. "My company works in much the same fashion. But how about the competition? Does that mean the Jesuits would have a monopoly on North What's-its-name?"

"Oh, no. We'd be only too glad to get help from other Orders. It takes both priests and nuns to make a mission field really hum. But you yourself can appreciate the Holy Father's position. You probably have a limited number of salesmen under you. You know that you have to make use of them in the most efficient manner possible. Well, the Pope must do the same with his missionaries. He has a limited number of them, the great majority of them members of some Religious Order. So he has to deploy them in whatever way will bring about the best results. So you will have Franciscans in one outpost, Dominicans in another, Jesuits in a third, and so on. But they're all fighting for the same grand cause under the leadership of the Holy Father himself, who sends them into all mission fields."

"Well, that makes sense, Father. There seem to be so many missionary organizations, judging from my mail alone, that I wondered if there was a lot of overlapping. But if you look at it from the Pope's viewpoint, I guess there aren't anywhere near enough salesmen for the job. However," he suddenly grinned at me, "I also gather from my mail that the wages can't be too high."

I laughed. "No . . . not in dollars and cents. But we haven't had any union trouble and I don't know of any mission group picketing the Vatican. And the pension is forever. Then there are 'fringe benefits,' like getting this ride to the station. Of course, in my present job, the big bonus is the wonderful Catholics who back so solidly any plea for the missionaries. I'd like to say to all of them what I say to you—thanks for the lift."



THE FAR NORTHEAST corner of Fordham University campus could make various claims besides geographical location to the title of Little Siberia. There, in splendid solitude, sits the converted army barracks that is the Fordham Russian Center. Above the squat building a modest onion-bulb cupola, topped by the Russian cross, looks out westward towards the imposing halls of the University. Under the dome a gaudy portico shades the door to one of three or four pure Russian-style Catholic churches in the United States. This modest door is symbolic in its presage of the opening of all doors and gates between the Catholic West and the separated Christian East.

Once through the door you are in another world. The tiny chapel is a surprise, and the visitor from the West has many questions. Why aren't there any pews? Where is the altar? Why are there no statues? What is the

LITTLE
Siberia
IN THE
BRONX

MAURICE F. MEYERS S.J.



metal stand over on the left? A few words from one of the bearded Jesuits who man the Center give assurance that this is in the fullest sense a Catholic chapel; that the altar is there back of the ikon screen, called the *ikonostasis*, which separates the sanctuary from the body of the church. On that altar in the comparatively small tabernacle, formed like a Byzantine reliquary, the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. At this point one may think to make a genuflection, only to find out that the correct form is a profound bow and sign of the cross.

Once behind the ikon screen we see, besides the square altar, set off from the wall, another altar-like table of preparation, on which the bread, made with leaven and baked in the form of a little biscuit, is cut into the proper particles with a lance-like knife and where the wine and water are poured into the chalice. There too are the vestment cabinets and the flowing robes that the Byzantine priests and servers wear at liturgical functions.

Were one's first visit during the celebration of the Liturgy, the atmosphere of strangeness would be heightened, for there is almost continuous sung dialogue between priests and choir in the strange ancient Slavonic tongue, or occasionally in the too familiar English of everyday use. The essentials of the Mass are the same, but one to whom the rite was new might have a hard time recognizing them till at last he saw the priest elevate the chalice and paten after the Consecration.

Holy Communion is beautifully symbolic despite the unfamiliar manner of communicating the faithful, who stand to receive under the two species of bread and wine from a golden spoon. One might even see a babe in arms brought up to receive the Sacred Mysteries that nourish soul and body.

From the chapel our tour of this strange Eastern world leads us to the library, lined with books specializing on Russian questions. Here the visitor can sit down to tea from the samovar and meet the Jesuits who staff the Center—one Russian, one Slovak, three English-

men and two Americans. Here again the Center can claim to be a Siberia, for it is the place of exile even for the Americans.

The core of this little group are refugees from the Shanghai Russian Mission, destroyed by the sweep of Chinese Communism. With their mission field closed, the Russian-rite Jesuits share the exile's hopes and dreams for the promised land, but, far from living on dreams alone, they try to work solidly for the day Russia opens up to them. They know they will not be welcomed among the ordinary faithful of Russia, for their motives and aims are not understood by a people whom many centuries of separation from Catholic unity have rendered suspicious of any overtures from Rome. The task now is to dispel this suspicion by proving that the ancient rites and traditions of the East are understood and will be respected. There is the further duty of preparing literature in Russian that can present the Catholic message and answer difficulties that arise.

Our tour proceeds—kitchen, dining-room, parlor—striking only because the characteristic Russian ikon is in the place of honor in the corner and the walls have copies of Russian paintings. The parlor in addition has one wall of bookcases filled with Russian books—old and new editions of the classics, a collection of modern writers, a good section on Russian art, a growing collection of Soviet text-books, liturgical books, Church music. Our final stop is an ikon shop where there are on sale the Center's own editions of Russian ikons of various sizes, beautifully printed.

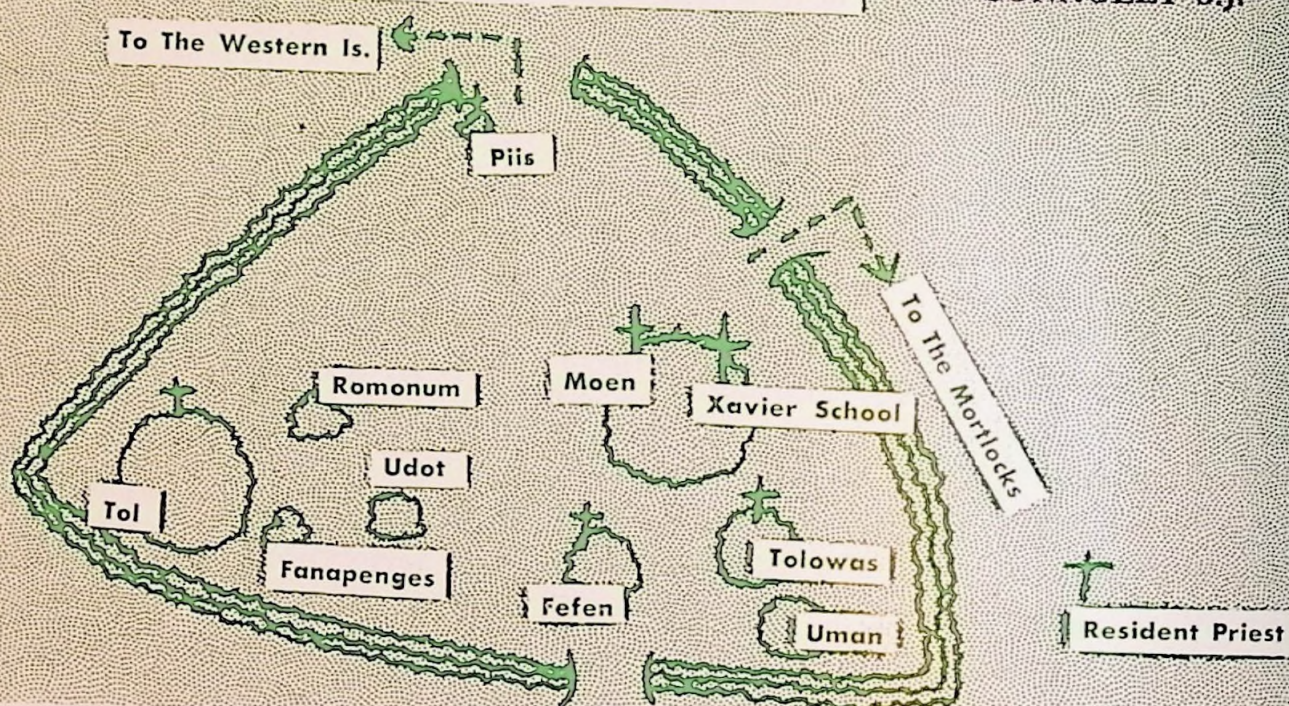
The tour through the sprawling barracks is soon over. You have seen some strange things, overheard unfamiliar speech and accents. But perhaps you begin to see why this little community lives its separate life in a far corner of the campus. They must keep alive a dream, they must live this dream until the time comes to translate it into reality, an inevitable reality worth waiting and working for—Our Lady at Fatima spoke of Russia saved for Christendom, and Christ put it into the form of a prayer—"That they may be one."

Once-in-a-while Isle



Once-in-a-while Isle

ANDREW A.
CONNOLLY S.J.



This map of the Truk Atoll makes it easy to understand why **Piis** is a once-in-a-while isle.

The Isle of Piis is different from the other islands in the Truk Lagoon in the Central Pacific. All the other islands are volcanic in nature and are surrounded by the comparatively calm waters of the interior of the lagoon, while Piis is merely a part of the barrier reef that is well exposed to the high winds and typhoons of the Pacific. Piis is an island of fishermen—and an island of devout Catholics as well. Recently when a question of great concern to the missionaries arose, regarding the sale of liquor to the islanders (source of much trouble and bloodshed in the past), Chief Bonafacio of Piis told the chiefs in council that there was no need to bring up the subject in their meeting on his island, that his people were all Catholic, and were dead against the proposal to sell liquor.

Father McGowan, Mission Superior of the Truk District, tries to have a priest on that northernmost island every First Friday, but very often there aren't enough priests. That is why we call Piis "the once-in-a-while isle."

Then the islanders themselves have to make the twenty-mile sail to the Island of Moen. The sails are seen coming over the horizon as they sail into Tunnuc Harbor. They remind one somewhat of a fishing fleet coming home. Those Piis islanders who do not sleep on the floor of the boys' school make a lean-to out of their sails and thus protect themselves against the night air.

Piis is also an island of boat-builders. Living right on the ocean makes strong, fast outriggers a necessity. These men work long hours with their adzes and other hand tools, first hollowing out the breadfruit trees, then strengthening and decorating their boats so that they are the fastest and most beautiful in the whole lagoon.

When a new canoe is carved out of a breadfruit tree and black charcoal paint has filled up all the cracks, and the outrigger has been roped on with coconut fiber twine (not one nail is used) and the artistic ornaments have finally been placed in the prow and stern—then the sturdy boat is ready for her name.



A portable altar is set up in primitive style on a remote island of the southern Pacific.

She is named with a title from Our Lady's Litany or with that of a saint and is blessed by the priest. She is blessed that the fishing might be good and that she might carry their people safely through calm and typhoon.

The cocoanut thatch houses in which the boats are built and kept in between trips, are the best houses on Piis—save for the cement church. Several strong men are required to carry the heavy boats from these houses to the water on the lagoon side of the island where the sails and rigging are put on.

Blessing outrigger canoes is a minor portion of the priest's task on a "Call" to an island that hasn't seen a priest in weeks. When he arrives, there is always a crowd of youngsters at the dock to greet him, all singing at their full lung-power. It's a sad day for the Father when there is no "okase" for the children. (*Okase* on Truk is anything from lollypops to popcorn.) The rest of the afternoon the sick are visited and Father looks up those involved in marriage cases, the perennial problem on Truk.

Then late into the night by the light of a kerosene lamp the people come to their "Padere" and present their problems and difficulties. The Padere had better get his sleep before he sets foot on Piis because the dawn comes quickly in the tropics. With the dawn comes the first penitent and from that moment until he takes off his purple stole after giving Communion to the last sick old man, the priest is busy doing those things that he was ordained to do, administer the sacraments.

After an hour and a half of confessions there is the Mass and sermon. At Mass there is often either a first Communion or a marriage to perform. After the prayers at the end of Mass, there are a few ceremonies that people back in the States don't often see. Mass over, every child in the church, and all the babies in the arms of their mothers or older sisters, crowd around the Communion-rail for the blessing of the children. There follows the blessing of expectant mothers. Then baptisms are performed in the rear of the church. Pre-

ceded by Matthias, the catechist, with candle and bell in hand, Father now starts out on the last of the missionary's duties; he brings Viaticum to the sick and dying. As he passes up and down the beach and along the coral footpath, people drop to their knees as the white-robed priest walks quickly and silently by.

The last of his duties over, the Padere at last has time to talk to his old island friends and play with the island waifs—and get rid of the rest of his *okase*. The poor people on these islands haven't got much of this world's riches,

and hence their offerings in support of their pastor are of the little they have—coconuts, chickens, bananas and pineapples.

Many of the Christians follow the priest to the dock, carrying the fruit and gifts and singing their Trukese hymns in two- and four-part harmony. They are still singing as the Padere sails back to Moen and leaves his Piis Islanders without the consolation of the Mass or Sacraments until in another few weeks it's "Hello, Piis, island of fishermen and boat-builders, here are your Mass and your Sacraments once more."

It's never too early to learn all the tricks of an outrigger on the island of boat-builders.



The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

It may be very presumptuous on my part to think that you remember exactly the contents of my column in previous issues of JESUIT MISSIONS. If you do, however, you may well be convinced that I have a "one-track mind." I say this in view of the stress given to the importance of securing new subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS. Though repetitious, the fact remains that an increased circulation means additional prayerful and financial aid for the missionaries.

Recently, I had a letter from a family in Indiana. They have this plan. A copy of JESUIT MISSIONS is displayed on the parlor table. Whenever a visitor makes a move to pick up the magazine there is a family chorus, "It will cost you one dollar to look at that magazine—the price of a year's subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS." Judging from the results, their friends do not seem to object, nor do we.

You might consider the spiritual benefits you are securing for your friends. By their personal gift, they will share in the numerous Masses offered by the Jesuit missionaries. God will reward their zeal in assisting others to gain life eternal.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

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

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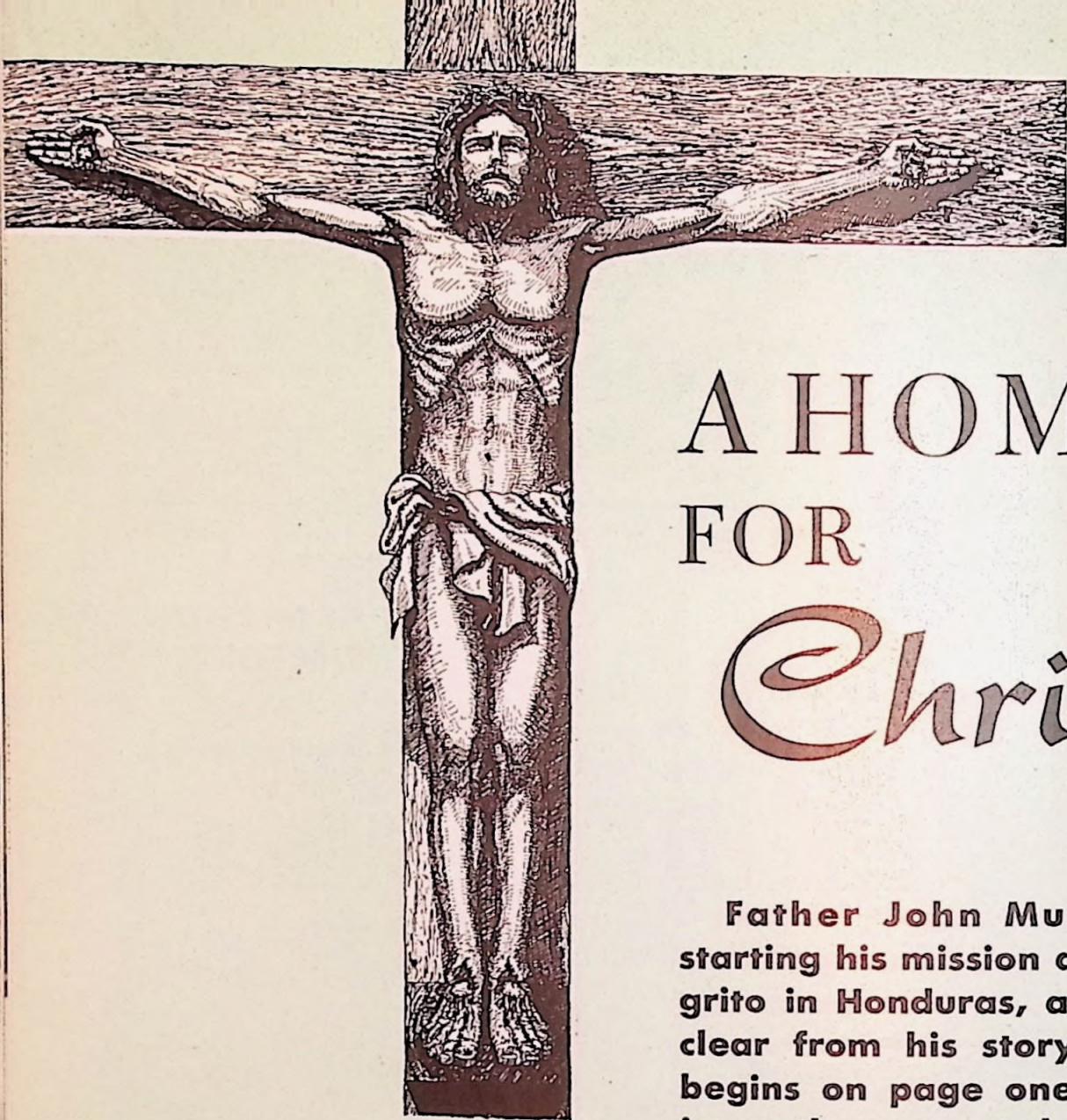
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A HOME FOR *Christ*

Father John Murphy is starting his mission at El Negrito in Honduras, and as is clear from his story, which begins on page one of this issue, the present church is a sad wreck . . .

A new church, a home for Christ, is the one thing he wants. Won't you help him? Fifty cents, one dollar, five dollars—fifty, five hundred—anything you can spare will help.

Your contribution will be received with prayerful gratitude at

Jesuit Missions

45 E. 78 Street, New York 21, N. Y.

Afield

with American Jesuits

NO STAINS AND NO BUTTONS



It is a long way from Erie, Pa. to Patna, India, but thirty-five-year-old Brother Bruno Karpinski S.J., who worked in an Erie machine shop, has not lost his sense of humor.

One of the unforgettable characters he has met in his mission environment is the local washman whom the people there call the *dhobi*. When he collects the clothes, the washman counts and sorts them very carefully and then assures you: "Sahib, I'll do my best to bring them back in a short time." That is the best assurance he can give, for he does not know when the sun will shine.

The clothes are not first soaked, as Brother Karpinski remembers his mother doing. The first to enter the water is the *dhobi*. The battle with the clothes usually begins in the early dawn. He pulls them into the water, and "the very threads shudder," writes Brother Karpinski, "as the flailing and pounding and banging begin. The clothes are smashed again and again against the stones on the river bank until half the buttons are gone and the clothes look thoroughly threshed." Many patches will be needed unless the garment is extremely young and tough.

After the energetic washing, the *dhobi* scatters the clothes on the first dry spot of ground he finds and then waits for the sun to work. Except for the monsoon season you can usually expect to find the sun hanging around waiting to dry clothes. Later the washman "builds a fire, heats his iron and tries his best to make the clothes look new again." Gone

are the stains but gone too are some of your choicest buttons. Each time you patiently secure your shirt in the interests of modesty, you will be reminded of your *dhobi*.

JESUIT INTERNATIONAL



Although he wrote an M. A. thesis on the Pandoric ideal of happiness, Fr. John Blewett's heart is with the mission in Japan, which is truly an international one.

This international character of the Japanese mission was vividly brought home to him at Frankfurt in Germany, where he spent some time last summer studying the language before entering a last year of spiritual training at Muenster. He writes:

"Shortly after my arrival I noticed an Oriental face in the Jesuit refectory. A few words, and I knew he was a Korean Jesuit from Japan, Father Pak, headed for tertianship at Muenster like myself. The next morning at breakfast I thought the man next to me looked familiar. After a cup of coffee I felt awake enough to sneak an out-of-the-corner-of-my-eye glance at him. Sure enough, it was Mr. Frisch S.J., a Belgian veteran of Japan who was now half-way through his theology course. Rapid questions and answers followed. He had come to Frankfurt for a summer course at the university. Through him I learned that a Japanese Jesuit, M. Yanase, was to arrive shortly for a day and that a Japanese seminarian for the diocesan priesthood was in the house at the present moment.

Afield with American Jesuits

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS

"Two weeks later two Spanish Scholastics pitched tent at Frankfurt, both just arrived from Japan to study theology. They had hardly unpacked their suitcases when a Brazilian Jesuit priest clapped me on the back with, 'Well, imagine meeting you here in Frankfurt.' He too was assigned to tertianship in Muenster.

"There we were, seven Jesuits from six different countries, all preparing for work in Japan, meeting at the western end of the Iron Curtain."

SOMETHING OLD IN HUMAN NATURE



From Kotzebue, Alaska, which is north of Nome, Father William T. McIntyre S.J. throws a gay light on some ancient aspects of human nature.

Recently one of his young parishioners, little four-year-old May, was faced with a discouraging problem. We'll let Father McIntyre describe the situation in his own words.

"Last Sunday, May was given ten cents, a noble gesture on the part of the mother of this little girl, to teach her to contribute to the support of the pastor. My *'Suscipe, Sancta Trinitas* (Accept, most holy Trinity, this offering which we are making to Thee)' received quite a jolt, when from the back of the church, came the piping voice of May. 'Mom, I'm not gonna give this money to Father. I wanna buy some candy.' I forgot to ask 'Mom' if my earnest plea *'Orate Fratres* (Pray brethren)' had any effect. Seemed to me it did, as there was a sob or two mixed in with the louder than usual response from the congregation, *'Suscipiat Dominus* (May the Lord accept this sacrifice).'"

Somewhat more sadly Father McIntyre reports on the problem caused a pastor by the too-long daylight hours in

Alaska when night turns into day. He is rather glad, he writes, "that the long daylight hours are over and that winter has set in. Glad in this respect, that the children are not apt to stay out all hours of the P.M. and A.M. Let me give you an example to illustrate what I mean. The clock hands had closed like scissor blades on midnight, snipping off another day and were creeping up to take a swipe at two, when there came a tapping, as of someone not too gently rapping, on my kitchen door. Thinking it to be a sick call, I jumped out of bed, opened the door a crack and sleepily inquired the trouble. A young lass of fourteen or fifteen years spoke up, 'Father, can I borrow your bicycle pump?'"

SOMETHING NEW IN CHURCH REPAIR



There may be pronunciation problems in Puliadikudah, Ceylon, for a Jesuit educated in Kentucky and Kansas, but at least church repair problems are less.

Father Felix L. Clarkson, pastor of St. Sebastian's in Puliadikudah, which is part of Batticaloa, reports that life there is never dull, that something—often unusual—is happening in the parish, orphanage or industrial school. One day recently a varied troupe of parishioners arrived at the rectory, armed with pails and brushes. They informed him that they wished to fulfill a vow which they had made to whitewash and paint the Fatima shrine. Father Clarkson, who is known for answering opportunity's knocks, readily assented.

Several hours later, when the pastor visited the volunteers and their work, he was enthusiastic on the whole subject of "vows to repair and paint the church." They had nothing like this in Lebanon, Kentucky.

3D ERROR



Movies are not always the best way to know a country, reports Father George A. Hess S.J., principal, prefect of discipline and teacher of Loyola School in Jamshedpur, India.

Tall Father Hess, who hails from Bayonne, New Jersey, and received his early education in Jersey City and Washington, D.C., and later specialized in Math, physics and aeronautics, took time out recently from the busy work of supervising five hundred boys in India to comment on the misleading ideas one people have of another. From the mission of Jamshedpur he writes:

"Many people of India think of the United States only in terms of certain types of movies that they see. Some think that the cowboys are still shooting it out with the outlaws on the streets of Tombstone and the blue-clad U. S. Cavalry is still arriving in the nick of time to drive Chief What's-in-a-name away from the wagon train that he is cutting to bits. The way that India is seen by much of the rest of the world was well put recently in a cartoon in an Indian magazine. It was entitled, *As others see us*. And it was peopled with magicians performing the legendary Indian rope trick, shikaris shooting tigers, maharajas bedecked in a king's ransom of jewels, and beautiful princesses riding on elephants. Today rajas are only large landowners and one of these, whom I met, is just the type of friend that you have in for an evening of bridge. I did see a couple of elephants on the street one day, but I think that they belonged to a circus which had come to town for a few days' stand.

"I don't want to debunk any romantic notions that you have of India. This is still a land of tremendous contrasts, one

which presents ever new and interesting sights to a sympathetic eye. Here in town, men who have never had a ride in an automobile, much less driven any kind of vehicle, are beginning to build the latest type of diesel trucks, due to a new project of one of the Tata companies. I would like to be able to be an eye-witness to such things as were described in the cartoon, but most of my time is spent in the routine of the school, which is much like that of a Jesuit school any place in the world."

MASS AT 54 DEGREES BELOW ZERO



Father Lawrence Haffie S.J., born in Canada of Scotch-English parents, educated in Scotland and the U.S., once of the JM staff, reports on his Christmas.

From Alaska he writes: "This year I said Midnight Mass at Kalskag. I had a busy two days before Christmas. I had to install two stoves and get the church and living quarters cleaned up. I have lots of carpenter work to do yet at Kalskag. The people decorated the church. It was beautiful. The church was packed with both Catholics and Russian Orthodox. Before Mass I performed one marriage and baptized two babies.

"After Mass at 1:30 A.M. I started out for Aniak by dog team. The villagers contributed dogs to make a good team for the trip. One of the village men did the driving. It was a beautiful starry night and only 54 degrees below zero.

"Ordinarily the trip takes about six hours; the two villages are about thirty miles apart. This time it took over ten hours. What a trip! Cold! Thank God, I brought my sleeping bag. I crawled into that. But even that wasn't enough. It was no time at all when ice had formed on my parka hood from my breath. The

trail was very poor. Having a big nose like Bob Hope, it was nipped, too. It is still sore. I also got my upper sinuses frozen. I have had a headache since I got back.

"But anyhow, through snow and ice, I arrived at Aniak and had Mass at eight in the evening on Christmas day. The Mass wine was frozen solid. And my two big toes felt like two surfboards."

Father Haffie's very devout, tobacco-chewing housekeeper does not approve such chilling trips, but Christ does.

MONEY TALKS

From Baghdad College comes a report of the pedagogical value of money. Jesuit Scholastic "Al" Jolson—whose first "serious" contacts with Jesuits were had playing hockey—writes that a common mistake of his students is to confuse the English verbs for give and take. A boy will say, "May I give the Arabic notebook?" when he means to say, "May I take it." If the teacher uses some of the boy's money, the verbs quickly come unscrambled.

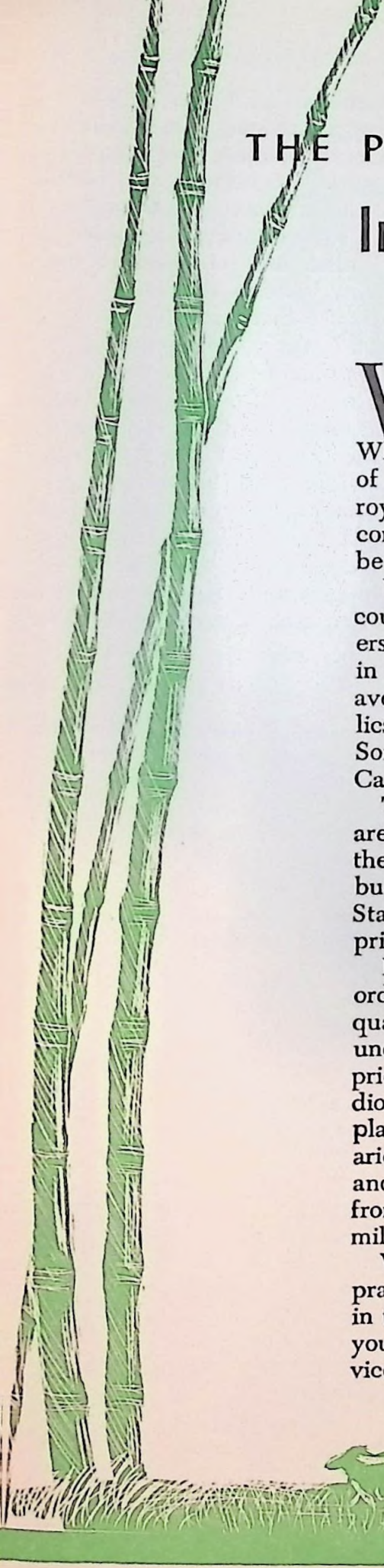
SPOTLIGHT



It isn't every man who sails away to a mission field when he is fifty years old. But that is what Father John B. Murray of the Jamshedpur Mission in India did. It may be that he found teaching at Loyola High

in Baltimore somewhat dull after his exciting duties as Army Chaplain with the 1108th Engineer Combat Group in Italy. But whatever the reason, he asked for the Jamshedpur assignment and sailed off five years ago.

Life in India has been anything but dull for this zealous, cheery priest. He is stationed at Adra in the Manbhum District and when he gets the time he sends back a little bulletin that is replete with tales of snakes, robbers in the dark, and train rides. Those rides are part of his job, for he preaches Christ at various railway schools along the line. As he wryly says, "If you want to come in contact with the people, just ride on an Indian train!" But his deep sympathy for his people is always evident in his letters. Say a prayer for Father Murray.



THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

Increase of Vocations

in the Philippine Islands

WE MAY WONDER why the Philippine Islands can still be considered a mission country almost 400 years after the arrival of the first missionaries. While the Philippines were under Spanish rule the work of the missions was, for the most part, fostered by the royal authorities. So, when the Islands passed to American control about 80 per cent of their population claimed to be Catholics.


Yet, the Philippine Islands must still be called a mission country simply because there are not enough priests, Brothers and nuns there. Of the 2,585 priests, 1,857 are engaged in the direct care of souls. That means that there is, on the average, one priest in the active ministry for 8,600 Catholics. But this is not a true picture. It is only an average. Some dioceses have only one priest for every 14,000 Catholics.

The numbers of Brothers and nuns in the Philippines are even more discouraging. There are only 207 Brothers there; 53 of them are Filipinos. There are 3,577 Sisters but these are far too few when we recall that in the United States we have three and one-half times as many nuns as priests and still we haven't enough.

How did this situation come about? Native priests were ordained under the Spanish regime but their numbers, quality and training were limited. When the Islands came under the American flag at the turn of this century, many priests retired to Spain or other mission fields. American diocesan and Religious priests answered the call to fill their places but it was some time before enough new missionaries were available. It was difficult to have enough priests and Sisters just to keep up with the increase in population from seven and one-half million in 1900 to about twenty million today.

What can we do to help? Our Holy Father asks us to pray during the month of May for an increase of vocations in the Philippines. We will pray that God's call to Filipino young men and women to dedicate themselves to His service will evoke a generous response in their hearts.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.



THE FINAL ACT in the tragedy of Palestine has not yet come to an end. In the little country of Lebanon some 135,000 Arab refugees from Palestine are huddled in ugly mud huts or "homes" made from branches and paper cartons. They are living out, day after dreary day, the tragic role thrust upon them. They are people without a country and their birthrights are snarled in international intrigue.

But Lebanon is a small country, burdened with its own weighty problems of unemployment, poverty and political inconstancy. What can a country like that do for the refugees, among whom we count 35,000 Christians, of whom 24,000 are Catholics? She must have aid from international organizations; and so she has. From UNRWA and from the Pontifical Mission for the Refugees comes substantial aid. Side by side they provide material comforts, the former intent on helping the material aspect of the human flight; the latter intent on both the material and spiritual care of the refugees.

What started out as a spiritual aid for the Christians in distress swelled into the Corporal Works of Mercy, such as education, financial assistance, distribution of food and clothing bundles from the Catholic welfare organizations of America, Europe and Asia, soup kitchens and clinics from which there are no escapes. Hunger, nakedness and cold still stalk as frightful allies of irreligion and hatred.

The Pontifical Mission realized all too well that a Today filled with vermin, thoughts of despair and vengeance can never produce a healthy Tomorrow. Hungry bodies and discontented minds are the reactionary dough of Communism, and both of them are problems to be solved by Western Christianity if the Middle East is to escape the penalty of blundering politics.

Education plays no small part in this rehabilitation of the refugees in Lebanon. No less than 11 Pontifical Mission Schools were opened in that first nightmarish year of flight. For several years the Pontifical Mission labored alone, and later in 1953 co-operated with UNRWA in

this field of education. Today, thanks to both these organizations, the picture is brighter for both Moslem and Christian refugee. Gradually children are being absorbed in native schools; but the Pontifical Mission still conducts 3 elementary schools for some 800 children in the areas of Beirut, Jounieh and Tyre.

My interest in these schools became personal when I was asked to conduct an abbreviated English course for the Christian teachers among the refugees. These teachers numbered about 30. There were young men and women, married mothers and fathers who proved themselves to be willing, devoted and eager pupils of the course in Pedagogy. Pedagogically, they were unschooled. Noah Webster would turn a flip in his grave if he heard this definition of English: "the mother tongue

LEST WE FORGET

JOSEPH I. HOLLAND S.J.

of England and her colonies and the United States, consisting of British English, American English and Boston English." For better or worse, these refugee teachers cast a vote for Boston English; or was it for the Boston teacher?

It was too short a time to teach the nuances and tricks of classroom technique. But the assimilation was as near perfect as possible. I am convinced that they taught me more than I taught them. They taught me that hope never dies; that faith is strengthened under persecution and exile. They taught me that laughter and inventiveness soar like the spirit of freedom, above superimposed fetters and social bondage. More than that, they taught me a lesson in tolerance, even while their memories were blackened with pictures of bombed-out homes,

worthless check-books, and usurped business houses. They do not hate; for hatred is not a virtue of Christ. They long only for justice. They know well the history of the Church by heart, especially those sections that deal with Second Springs and warm Eastertides.

They still live in ugly mud huts in areas that become boglands in winter. Thousands of them are unemployed because Lebanon lacks the economic structure to fit them in. But their leaders, like this one group of Christian teachers, are still bright-eyed with hope. They are trying to make education the key to better days ahead, to lay a solid Christian foundation on which the future may be built. It is impossible for them to do that alone, for their resources are too slender. Let us remember this people in their need.

An Arab couple from Palestine at the refugee camp in Ain Helweh.

Photo credit to UNRWA.



In India the missionaries know only too well that the dread cholera and death are

All in the DAY'S WORK

E. VINCENT GALLAGHER S.J.
as told to Sister Eugene S.C.

FATHER ERNST and I had just finished a somewhat leisurely lunch. I had been out in the villages around Koath for almost two weeks and had reported home to Piru about noon. We had started out to the verandah when I caught sight of a man sitting at my door.

At my eyebrow raised in his direction, Father Ernst said simply, "Cholera, I think." I looked closer. It was Shahazada, our barber. But I was shocked by the sight of his pinched face and the sunken eyes which looked like death.

"I gave him some medicine this morning and he went home. He must have come back while we were at lunch. But you can see . . ." and Father pointed to the bottle set down on the opposite side of the verandah from Shahazada.

"O.K., Father," I said. "You go along to the villages and I'll take over."

Zada's heavy lids hardly lifted as I questioned him in Hindi. Yes, his wife at home was worse than he, and his younger brother had also been stricken. Zada's year-old baby was there and no one to take care of all of them except Ajijan, his widowed sister.

I could imagine the condition of their rook by this time, with the purging and vomiting characteristic of the disease. In my own mind, I congratulated Zada for having sense enough to get away from further infection. Worry about his wife and child transcended his own misery, however, and I tried to reassure him by grabbing sulfa tablets and setting out.

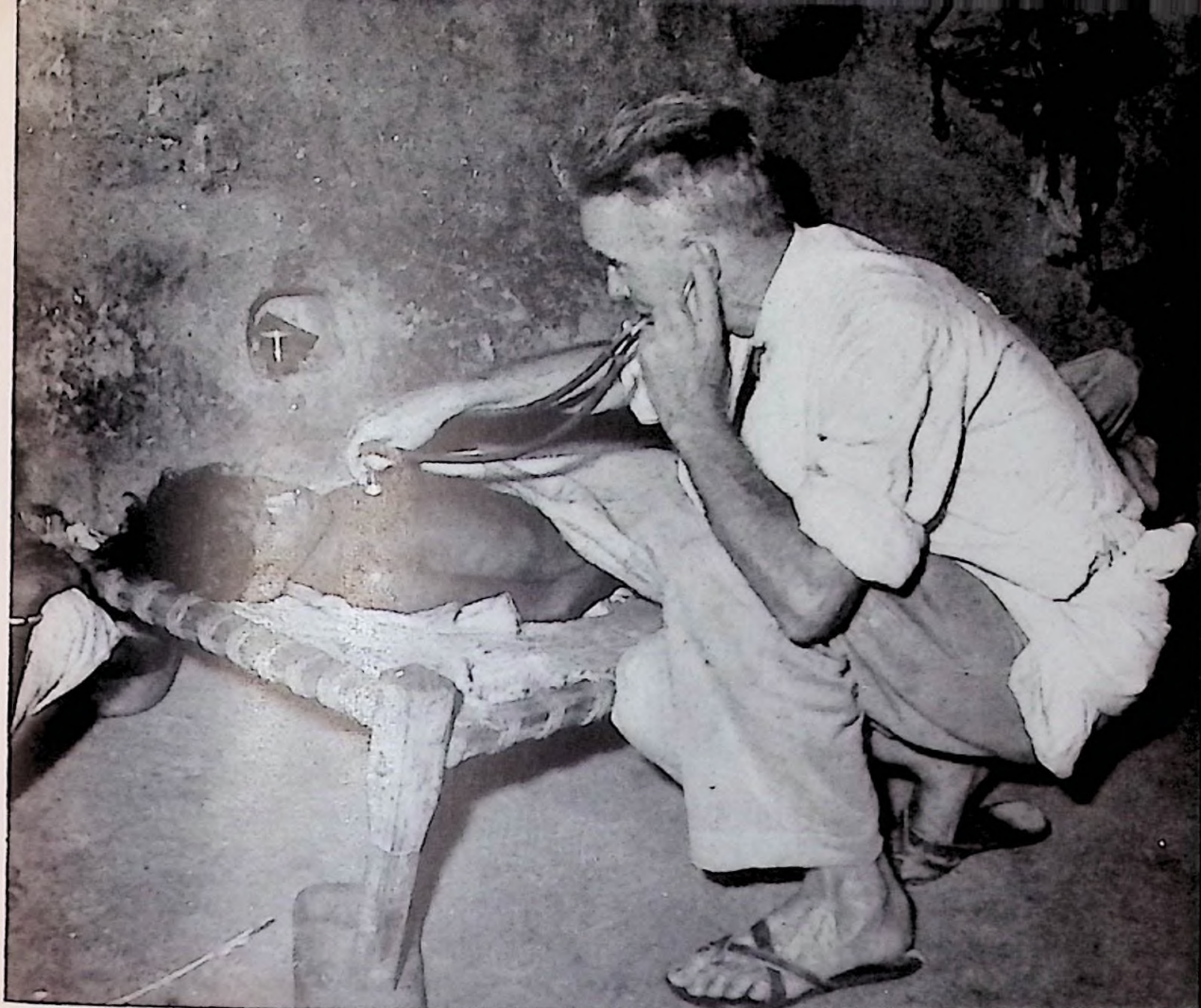
I knew only too well what we were in for. Yet we had been careful of the water and milk we drank, and had not let flies light on our food. Nor had we eaten any cold food left from a previous meal. Zada himself had told us how the epidemic had started some distance from Piru but the germs spread like a forest fire and in some way he must have been careless.

The Rajputs, the story had it, had drained a pond and had caught nine maunds (some 700 pounds) of fish. They ate all the fish themselves, refusing to give any to those of other castes. Most of the Rajputs fell prey to cholera and many of them died within 36 hours. It is the Asiatic type which kills within the hour.

Well, their selfishness had been their undoing—and threatened to be ours. With the determination to stop it right here, I reached my destination.

Though the Mohammedans are very particular about men coming into their homes, I was taken straight to the room where Zada's wife lay. Ajijan's weary eyes welcomed me and she gladly stopped rubbing the sick woman's hands and arms with ashes. I could tell she was ready to drop from exhaustion.

For three hours I worked on Zada's wife and though she didn't seem any better, I couldn't see that she was any worse. It was growing late in the afternoon and I had to return to prepare for the people who came in from the villages



Father John Morrison of Chakai in the Patna Mission examines one of his Catholic patients.

for the instruction and Sunday Mass.

Giving Ajijan further orders and promising that I would look after Zada, I hurried back just in time to help him with a terrible purging attack. I sent for the doctor and he came immediately but not before word reached us that Zada's wife had died. Doctor Mukherjee set to work on him and with saline injections throughout the night (and medication several times afterward) managed to pull Zada back from imminent death.

"It was not I," he maintained later. "Behold how many in the villages I treated in the same way and none survived. It was the excellent care Zada has received at the Mission."

At this, John Baptist and Alexander, my catechists, nearly burst with pride, for with Kalias and Anastasia, the cook, they had done the work. I respected the doctor's humility as well as his skill and felt closer than ever to the man who had spent some time at Ford Hospital in my native Detroit.

Meantime Ajijan's plea for help had resulted in some of the Mohammedans in the vicinity taking turns nursing day and night. Only after several days of strict watch over them could Ajijan be forced to eat and rest. That both brothers and the baby are alive today is due also to her devotion.

Because there was no money for the funeral, Ajijan sold her gold earrings for half their value. Later, her bracelets went for food. And she insisted that the doctor's reduced fee, which I had paid, would be taken care of as soon as Zada was back at work.

He has recovered a little, and the doctor says he can eat rice that is *several years old*. So that's why I'm warming up my motorcycle. I'm off to Koath to get some from his youngest sister. She has to be told the Shahazada news, good and bad, just as I have told it to you.

But please say a prayer that the dread disease does not return.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Life Magazine is sent to his school children by Alaska Native Service, but this one magazine is hardly good catechetical material, says Father Linssen of Hamilton, Alaska. This missionary asks for your help in supplying Catholic picture books for teaching religion. Friends of the Alaskan Mission, friends of children, please, send one dollar to buy the books that are needed for catechism classes.

Formosa Is in the News but you will not hear of the Students' Sodality at the National University, Formosa. These students, though, are an influential group and could be even more effective for the cause of religion if we could aid them in their publicity work.

Father Foley says that if the Sodalists had \$100.00 they would buy a film strip projector for teaching religion and they would be able to mimeograph items of Catholic truth and information.

This appeal is directed to anyone who was ever a Sodalist and has been looking for an opportunity of continuing the apostolic work of his student days. Adopt this Sodality as your special project with your contribution of \$1.00, to be sent to 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, New York—for Father Foley.

Can You Give 8¢ a Day to keep a child in school? That is what Father Cornelius Thenstead needs for each of his Negro children who attend school at Christ the King Mission, Grand Coteau, Louisiana. The actual cost is 16¢ a day but by dint of hard work Father can raise half of that. It's the other 8¢ which worries him.

Buddha Would Be Surprised at Father O'Brien's plan to erect a shrine of Our Lady at Gaya, India. This city of Gaya is Buddha's birthplace and is visited by thousands of pilgrims every year. The Buddhists have never heard the beautiful story of the life of the Blessed Mother but they might have that grace some day if Father O'Brien has a chance to talk to them. Father knows that a shrine to the Blessed Mother would be noticed and inquiries would lead to conversions.

The proposed shrine would cost \$1,000.00. During May would you pray for Father O'Brien's success at Gaya and that he may receive many gifts for his work?

Swords Into Ploughshares is the motto of Father Jaime Neri, whose war-time exploits in the Philippines received government recognition. Now at his St. Joseph's Mountain Mission at Talakag, Bukidnon, he is trying to teach his people how to raise better crops. He needs carabaos (water buffalos) and ploughs. A carabao costs \$150; a plough \$25. We will gladly forward any contribution.

Father Wilkinson, who does an outstanding job as head of Patna's several information centers, is badly in need of money to purchase religious films to show at his various centers, and in the mission stations.

He says there is no better way to teach the Faith and to combat Communism than through movies and slides. He has learned that "action-pictures speak louder than words." Please help Father Wilkinson with your gift of \$1.00.



Over the Hills AND FAR AWAY...

INDIA IS AN ENORMOUS COUNTRY.

Whenever a missionary has to travel in his ceaseless quest of souls, he finds his destination is beyond the hills and far away.

This is the grave problem facing Father E. R. Saxton of Bukhtiapur, India. Trains and buses are prohibitively expensive. A bicycle is out of the question.

He needs a motorcycle to do the work of Christ

You can help him get one. Just send a contribution (50¢, \$1.00, \$5.00—whatever you can) to Jesuit Missions, 45 East 78 Street, New York 21, N. Y.



T

IS FOR TIGER

an angry, dangerous and impatient animal, with a terrific appetite. Just look at those teeth! He doesn't have to have his food cooked for him.

Children do, though. Their teeth, thank God, are not like a tiger's. (Their disposition is better, too.)

So the missionaries in the Caroline and Marshall Islands would like two large stoves in order to cook food for the children they shelter.

Would you help?

Any donation—50 cents, \$1.00, \$5.00—will be received with prayerful gratitude at

Jesuit Missions

45 East 78 Street, New York 21, N. Y.