

Jesuit Missions



MAY, 1957



A new nation is born in the Caribbean and with it
a new challenge to the missionaries of the area

The Church

IN THE WEST INDIES

EVERYONE BUT THE TRAPPISTS at Gethsemane must have heard of calypso by now, and most of us know that these songs are native to the Caribbean islands. Less popularly known is the fact that in these islands works one of the heaviest concentrations of American missionaries.

Until this year, the term "West Indies" was an all-embracing one, standing for all of the hundreds of islands in the sun-drenched Caribbean Sea. But beginning in February, 1958, a new nation, formed from a federation of islands in the area, will have the exclusive right to be called "The West Indies,"—a name they have proudly chosen for themselves.

The West Indies will be a union of British colonies scattered over 1,500 miles of the Caribbean, stretching from northernmost Jamaica, which lies between Cuba and Haiti, to Trinidad, just ten miles off the coast of Venezuela. In addition to these two largest islands, the federation will include Barbados, Tobago (Robinson Crusoe's island), the Wind-

ward Islands and the Leeward Islands.

The new nation's land area is about the same as that of Massachusetts, with a population of three million. More than half the land area and more than half the population are concentrated in the island of Jamaica.

The most notable physical feature of The West Indies is the fact that it is a nation of islands. The spiritual care of islands has always been one of the more difficult problems of the Church, especially in mission areas. In the present case, the problem has been met by a recent division of mission territories and the creation of two new dioceses. Five dioceses and one archdiocese will now serve the island nation.

The Archdiocese of Port of Spain, Trinidad, (where the capital of the federation will be located), is a mission of the English and Irish Dominicans under the venerable and beloved Most Rev. Count Finbar Ryan O.P. Trinidad boasts also a well established Benedictine Abbey.

(Left) His Lordship Bishop John J. McEleney S.J. of Kingston in Jamaica attempts to dispel the wee shadow of doubt that clouds the eyes of a Jamaican youngster at a garden party on the sun-drenched Caribbean isle.

COVER. Father and son in the colorful costume of the mountain people in the northern part of Iraq. There are many Christian villages in this region where the faith has been preserved since early Church days.

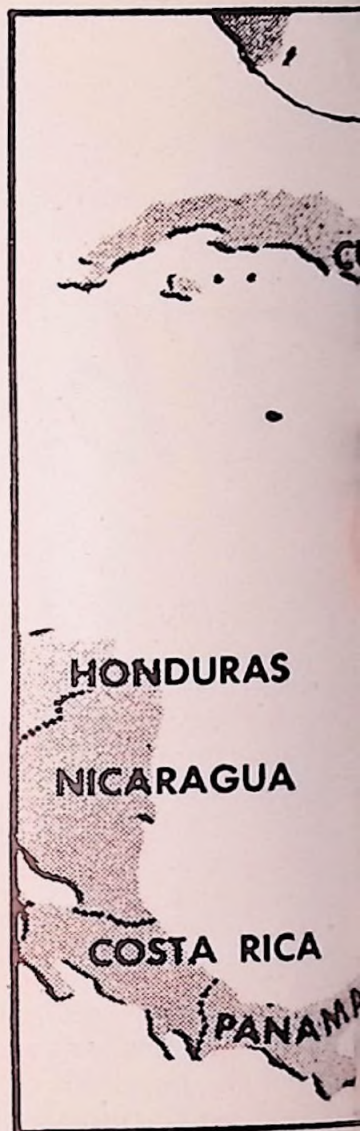
Two new dioceses, formed chiefly from parts of the Archdiocese of Port of Spain, are Castries and St. George's. Castries, comprising the islands of St. Lucia and St. Vincent, is entrusted to the French Sons of Mary Immaculate. The new bishop, Most Rev. Charles Gachet F.M.I., feels more than usually at home in his cathedral; it was built by his great-uncle, one of the early missionaries, more than half a century ago.

St. George's, committed to the care of English Dominicans with their former religious Superior, Most Rev. Justin Fields O.P., as bishop, stretches from Grenada and Barbados through the 600 islets of the Grenadines. Bishop Fields is an outstanding liturgist and probably holds the record among Caribbean missionaries for the building of churches and schools.

The long-established diocese of Roseau, under the care of Belgian Redemptorists, is centered on the mountainous island of Dominica and takes in parts of both Windward and Leeward islands, one being tiny Nevis, where Alexander Hamilton was born 200 years ago.

Jamaica, the largest of the islands of The West Indies, is a mission of the American Jesuits from the New England Province. In addition to 80 Jesuits, the vigorous Bishop of Kingston, Most Rev. John J. McEleney S.J., is assisted by a growing group of American Passionists who came to the mission recently.

These five ecclesiastical jurisdictions of the new federation have, like the new nation itself, a very large job on their hands. The Church in The West Indies is still a missionary church with the pick-and-shovel work of missionaries still to be done. Perhaps one-sixth of the total population is Catholic, but the percentage varies widely from island to island. Most converts come from a strongly-entrenched Protestantism.

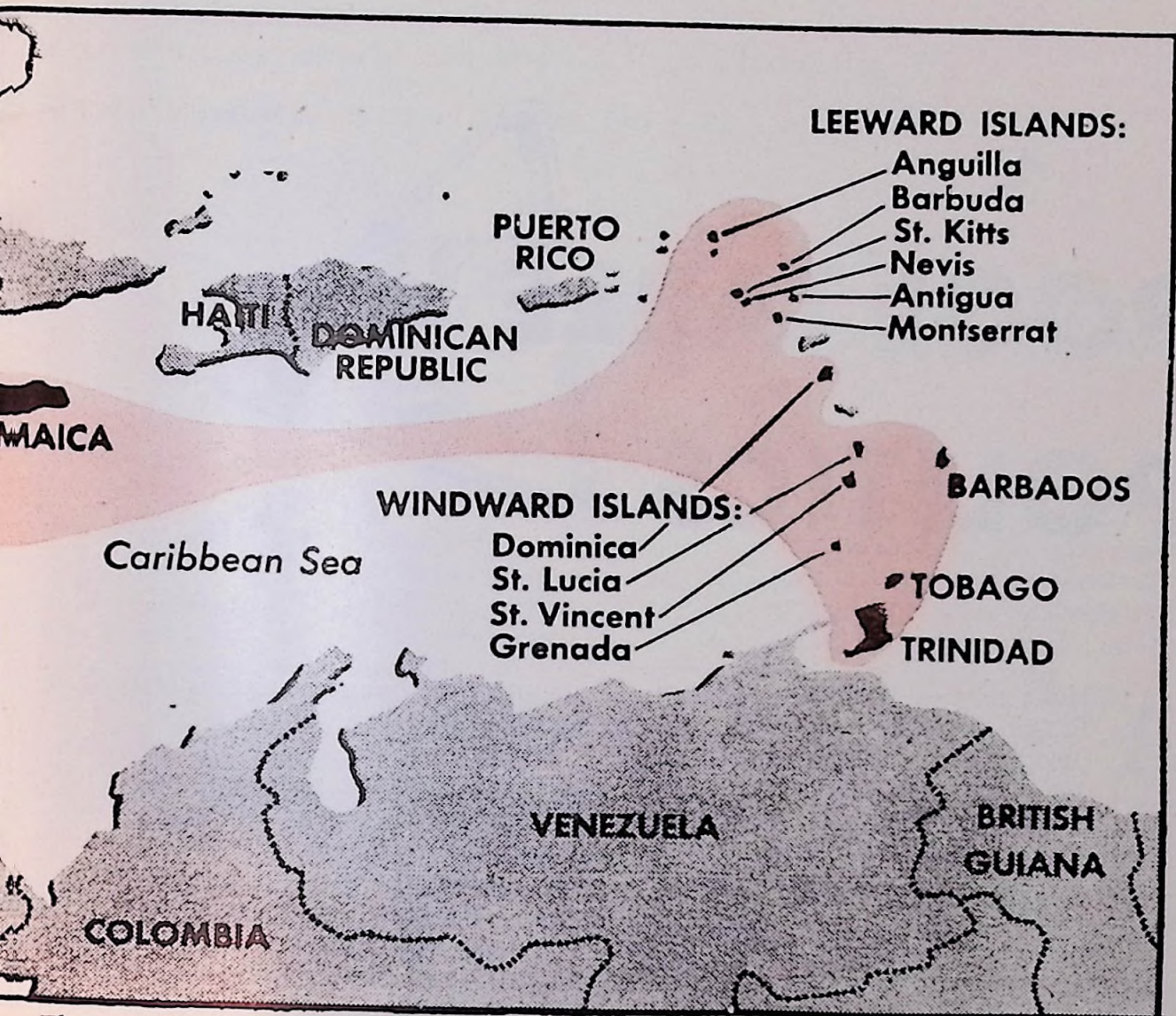


Economically the Church is a church of the poor. More than 100,000 of the population are unemployed. Trinidad is rich in oilfields, but everywhere overpopulation (Barbados is one of the most densely populated parts of the world) remains a nearly insoluble problem. The government of the new nation will certainly have a socialist tinge; by no means red, but nominally socialist.

Despite the difficulties of an island mission and a low standard of living, the

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Eleven main islands and hundreds of small ones make up the West Indies. Newsweek—Bensl

Church looks to the future with confidence. Most of all, perhaps, despite her minority status, she feels at home. West Indians cannot call the Church a stranger when she came here with Columbus. Everywhere there are echoes of Catholicism, even in areas where the Church is little known. St. Kitts, discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493, was called by him St. Christopher, because he thought the island was shaped like the figure of the saint carrying Our Lord. Antigua he named after a church of Our Lady in Seville, Santa Maria la Antigua.

In recent years the number of native-born priests and religious has begun to increase satisfactorily. In Jamaica, Bishop McEleney has a small but thriving minor seminary and plans to open a

major seminary as soon as it is possible.

In addition to the territories already committed to the federation of The West Indies, two other British colonies are considering membership at a later date: British Honduras and British Guiana. Both areas are served by Jesuit missionaries, the former by Americans from the Province of Missouri, the latter by members of the English Province assisted by the Scarborough Fathers from Canada.

Vacationing Americans already know some parts of the new nation of The West Indies. Jamaica is only six hours from New York by plane. In a spirit of deep fraternal charity towards our new neighbor to the south, we ask all of Almighty God's best blessings upon The West Indies. May the infant Church and state have a prosperous future!

from the stack was the motive power for the ship. That's how our word for steamship originated. 'Eafyui' we say. 'Eaf' is 'fire' and 'yui' is 'sail!' A steamship has a sail of fire."

It was some time later that I discovered that Malisou was a witch doctor. At Yap and out at Woleai I had noticed the canoes going to sea at night in order to catch flying fish. The torches could be seen gleaming far off shore. Not having seen this at Ulithi I inquired if the Ulithi men ever went after flying fish. Not any more, they said, so I asked why.

"Don't you like the fish?"

"Yes, very good to eat."

"But you don't go to catch any?"

"No, we don't go."

I could sense that my questions were embarrassing and so desisted. Later I asked Stanislaus Monger who was always most anxious to help me in every way. We were alone together and I felt that we could talk freely.

"Stanislaus, tell me why the Ulithi people don't go after flying fish. Does it have something to do with the pagan religion?"

"Yes, Father. When I was a boy we usually ate flying fish during the season for them. At the beginning of each year we had to ask the witch doctor to propitiate the fish god so that we would have a successful season. He went alone in his canoe and sailed through the passage over the reef out to the open sea. There he cast his charms and garlands of flowers on the waters and chanted to the fish god to call the fish from the waters of our enemies and bring them close to our shores. After that we could go fishing any time we wished."

"The witch doctor is still alive. He

is Malisou. But as more and more of our people learned the Catholic religion we did not believe in the old gods any more. And we didn't want to ask Malisou for his assistance. Yet we didn't want to hurt his feelings. So we decided not to go out at all."

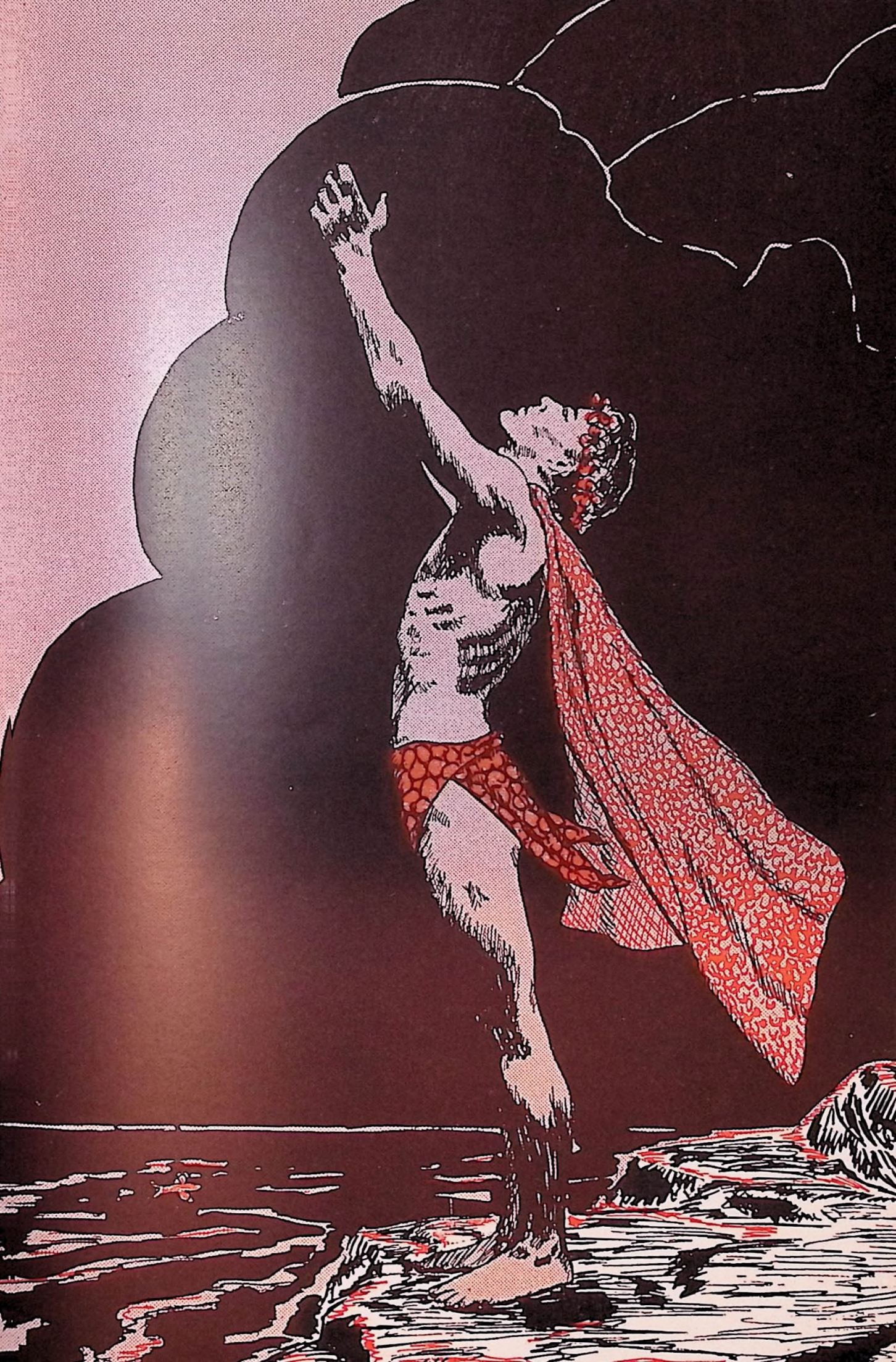
Imagine that! All the people of the atoll abstained from a tasty dish for almost twenty years in order not to hurt the feelings of a single man! The innate courtesy of the Ulithians knows no limits.

Well, Malisou suffered a slight stroke. His feet became numb. I feared that a second stroke might do him in. Could I bring him into the Church before he died? The older Christians told me that when they were under instruction he used to come to them after each class to find out what they had learned. They were sure he knew almost as much about the Christian religion as they did. But he didn't like the idea of Confession. Why? Because in his youth he had been a member of a pirate group that had assaulted and killed the crew of a foreign schooner. Perhaps he feared that the white man's law would still take revenge.

It didn't take much effort to bring Malisou around to joining the Church. He himself said that nowadays there was less illness than before, and the crops and fishing prospered without any charms or incantation. He now believed that there could be only one true God who ruled all things. Shortly after he was baptized as Martin Malisou he had another stroke and departed this life.

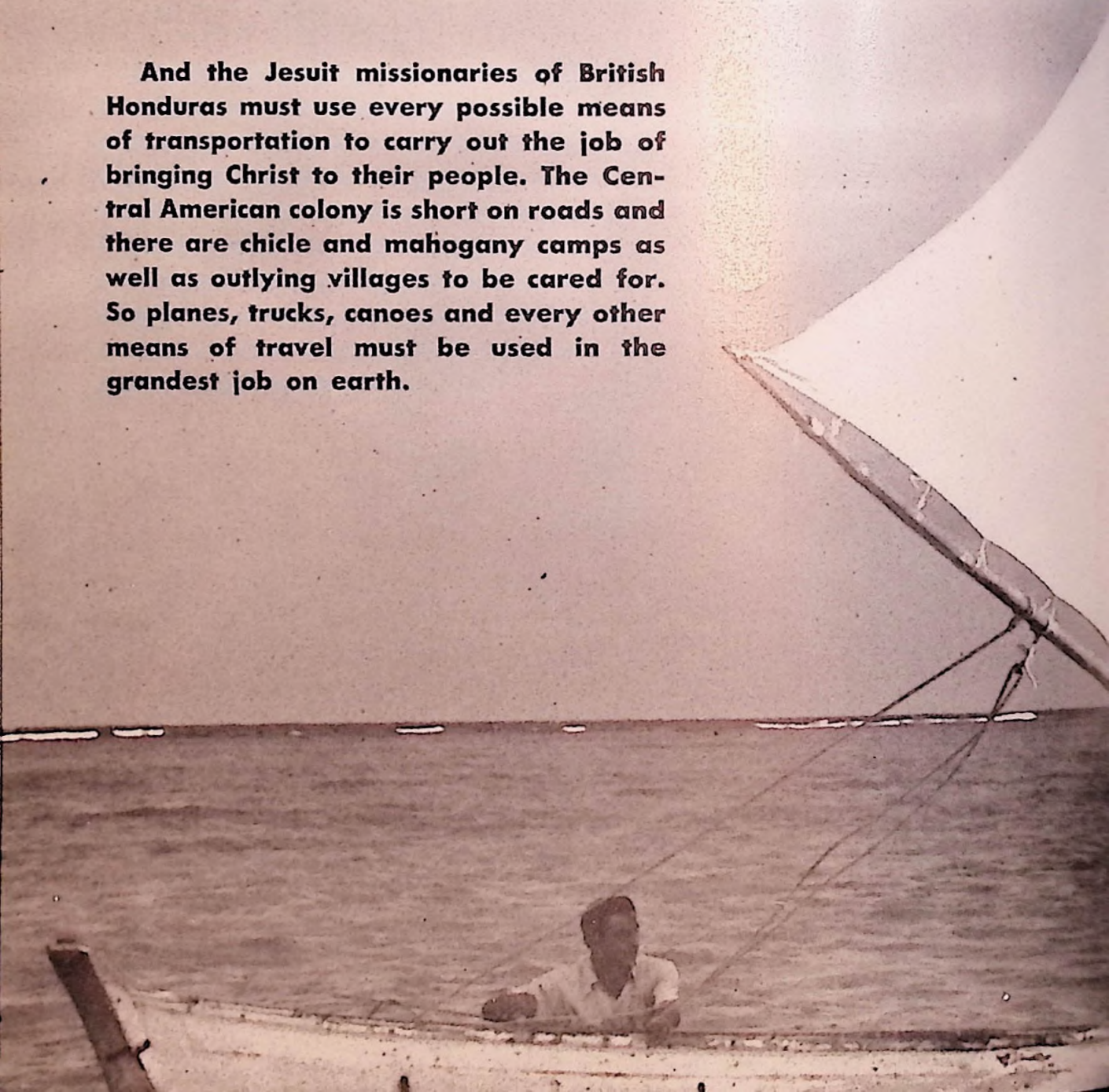
Two months later I saw the men of Mogmog making nets with ten-foot handles. Others were gathering dried palm fronds for making torches. In a few days I was served flying fish for dinner.





HAVE JOB: WILL TRAVEL

And the Jesuit missionaries of British Honduras must use every possible means of transportation to carry out the job of bringing Christ to their people. The Central American colony is short on roads and there are chicle and mahogany camps as well as outlying villages to be cared for. So planes, trucks, canoes and every other means of travel must be used in the grandest job on earth.





HAVE JOB: WILL TRAVEL



Charles Woods S.J. of St. John's believes in using his own power. Around the city of Belize there is no difficulty but a bicycle becomes a handicap when it is a question of penetrating the marshlands or the mahogany swamps.

(Right) Father John Ruoff works out of El Cayo, a station in the western part of the colony not far from the Guatemalan border. But there are places where even a jeep can't reach and often the missionary must go on muleback.

(Right) Four-seater Cessnas are the fastest mode of transportation but often the landing strip is a dirt road. Father Meehan, Mission Procurator on a tour of the field, and Father Hodapp of Corozal, who has been entrusted with the task of reconstructing the damage caused by recent hurricanes, prepare to board a Corozal-Belize flight which may land on the city's main street.





Father Pick's short wave radio has stood the mission in good stead. During the last hurricane he could contact Belize from his post in Corozal only through a 'ham' in Nebraska.

Three centuries old wooden tablet rosaries
still used by secret Christians in Japan

The Hidden Rosaries

PAUL M. TAGITA

WITH AMAZING TENACITY the so-called "Hidden Christians" of Japan have managed to maintain, despite fierce and total persecution, many of the Christian practices taught their ancestors by Xavier and his fellow missionaries in the 16th century. Even today small pockets of Hidden Christians exist. Keeping aloof from the non-Christian religions around them, and distrustful of present day missionaries, they cling to remnants of Christian practices which have been handed down through sixteen generations.

A very curious survival is a rosary inscribed on wooden tablets. These are common among the Hidden Christians of the small island of Ikitsuki which lies close to the city of Hirado.

St. Francis Xavier visited here in 1550. A few years later, some time between 1552 and 1557, Antonio Koteda, the feudal lord of the Hirado and Ikitsuki area, became a Christian. He was the first Catholic feudal lord and an extremely influential one. Nearly all the people of his territory became Catholics and very good ones. Many of them are numbered among the roughly one million Japanese Christians who died in the extraordinarily cruel persecutions of the *Samurai*. At least ten local sites where

their ancestors were martyred are still remembered and venerated by the people of these islands.

The persecutions in Japan effectively destroyed organized Catholicism. But small pockets of Christians, banded together in strict secrecy, and disguising and camouflaging their beliefs and practices managed to survive. These are the Hidden or Secret Christians.

Since they were isolated from Rome and deprived of well trained leaders, their ideas of doctrine, with the passage of centuries, became vague, and their practices mysterious and superstitious. Filial loyalty to their martyred ancestors became the great motivating force for preserving the remnants of Christianity which they had.

The task of penetrating the physical and spiritual life of these secret Christians is by no means an easy one. However, I have been fortunate enough to acquire their confidence after twenty-five years' effort of visiting their villages.

Among the remnants of their old faith, "Ofuda" (tablets) are most common and significant. I have counted more than one hundred sets of them on Ikitsuki Island alone. One set of "Ofuda" consists of sixteen wooden tablets; five for each of the joyful, sorrowful and glori-



Quiet prayers offered to Mary may bring back the descendants of the martyrs.

ous mysteries and one additional piece written "Amen."

One side of each tablet is decorated with a sign of the cross plus a stroke or strokes, the number of which corresponds to the mystery written on the other side of the tablet. Besides the cross and the strokes, the number of prayers, like the Credo, Ave Maria, etc., to be recited is written. Some of the sets have

only these prayer numbers on one side, leaving the other side blank.

At present the secret Christians do not say any prayer on these pieces of wood, although they recite the fifteen mysteries of the rosary from memory without these tablets at a meeting which they call "Gomesan" meaning "Holy Mass." To understand the use of these tablets, some knowledge of the

organization of these secret communities is necessary.

Several families are combined to form a group, the name of which sounds like "Kompan-Ya" but its character resembles the old "Confraria" in the Spanish language which corresponds to the English "Confraternity." Instead of this foreign name of "Kompan-ya" they also call it "Kogumi" meaning "small group." The head of this small group is called by the classical Japanese name of "Mideshi" (the disciple).

In the early morning of the first Sunday of the month, one member from each family of this small group gathers at the "disciple's" house. They squat in a circle in one room. The "Mideshi" brings from a closet the set of tablets contained in an old bamboo or wooden box which he places very carefully on a square lacquer tray of the type which is used as an individual dining table by the old fashioned Japanese.

The group recites the prayer which they call "Rokkwan," "six rounds" of the Kyrie, and the Pater Noster and Ave Maria in corrupt Latin. After that the disciple puts the sixteen tablets into a hempen bag, places it in a square wooden measure of rice, and passes it to the nearest person in the circle.

The receiver, after lifting the tray with the whole thing on it, takes out at random one of the tablets from the bag. If one of the joyful or glorious mysteries is inscribed on the tablet, it is a sign that he will have good fortune during the month. If it is one of the sorrowful mysteries, he expects to have a bad month. He puts his fortune-telling tablet on a corner of the tray and passes the whole thing to the next person who will find his own fortune in the same way. This continues to the last person of the group.

They formerly had separate meetings for men and women but now they have mixed meetings. Sometimes I have found two sets of the tablets kept by one disciple: one being called "for men" and the other "for women."

The tablets are very old and well smoothed by rubbing. Some must be as

old as three to four hundred years but their use has been corrupted, undoubtedly from some original proper form. After much consideration, I feel certain that the tablets are a remnant of a rosary devotion which was practiced by some charitable association or guild for mutual help and brotherhood.

Several of these small groups called "Kompan-ya" make the secondary group, the head of which is called "Ototsan" meaning "Father." Several of these larger groups compose the highest group, the head of which is called "Ji-san" meaning "Grandfather."

"Father's" main business is to keep relics, and images of Christ or Mary for his group. "Grandfather" is the man of the highest rank who carries a stick for the symbol of his position. He is the one who baptizes children of his community. The disciples elect "Fathers" and "Grandfathers" and take care of the special festivals which are held nearly twenty times a year, besides presiding at the monthly meeting where the tablets are used.

Therefore this assumed rosary group is something like the cell of the whole organization of the secret Christians. The smallness of the group makes it easier for the members to maintain secrecy; and socially and psychologically it can prevent the dropping off of the membership or any betrayal of secrecy.

One can only hope that these brave people who have treasured for so long devotional practices inspired by the Blessed Mother—even though they no longer realize it—will be aided by her to return to the full life of the Church. A very persuasive apostle is needed to penetrate their reserve and show them that in Catholicism they can find the truth for which their ancestors suffered martyrdom.

(The author is a Japanese Catholic layman who has done extensive research work among these "Hidden Christians" and at present is lecturing in this country.)

PAKISTAN PROBLEM



THE MISSION INTENTION for the month of May is "that the liberty of the Church be fully established in Pakistan." So the Holy Father directs our attention to a part of the world that is little known to the average American.

Pakistan is a new country, formed from two sections of India, and the very reason for its existence is based on religious liberty. The Moslems of India, unwilling to be a minority in a population dominantly Hindu, fought for and attained their own nation of Pakistan. Under such conditions we might well expect that the religious liberty of all groups be guaranteed and safeguarded.

Laws to this effect are on the books and the sincerity of the Pakistan government in this matter cannot be doubted. The Constitution has been so written that the rights of the non-Moslem minorities appear to be fully protected.

However we must remember that there are about 66 million Moslems who make up 87% of the population while the Catholics total only 228,000, less than one-half of one percent. So although the principles of religious freedom are clearly outlined in the laws we must remember that those same principles can have some of the bloom worn off when brought into the market place of reality and the give and take of daily living. It wasn't too long ago in the United States that the same situation existed; the laws were on the books, the Constitution

was clear, yet the signs read "No Irish need apply."

It is a difficult thing for a Catholic (or any member of a minority) to live in a country where the majority are actively anti-Christian. It takes a tremendous amount of courage when you know that you are definitely barred from all civil offices and even employment is refused you because of your religion. The whole situation could be changed so easily by merely changing one's faith. That temptation is not easily downed.

Then there is the school problem. If the institution is in any way aided by state funds it must accept students of any religious belief; only if it is a completely private school can it restrict its student body to those of its own faith or community. So a poor Catholic school, needing state aid, would soon find that its students were mostly non-Christian.

Again, anyone who attends a public school will find himself exposed to the completely Islamic bent of the system. The textbooks, understandably enough, are written from a Moslem viewpoint but the character of the educational training is indicated in the Karachi elementary school program which clearly points out that the scope of education is to teach civic duties and rights and "to lead the student to a greater esteem of Islam and its culture and heritage."

Surely the Church in Pakistan needs our ardent prayers during this month.



QUARTER CENTURY ON THE *Tigris*

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, at the request of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, two American Jesuits, Father William Rice (later Bishop of British Honduras before his untimely death) and Father Edward Madaras, first arrived in Baghdad. The latter has left us, in the pages of "Al Baghdadi," the record of their feelings on that day.

"We soon crossed the Euphrates, and then we were in the desert again which lies between the Euphrates and the Tigris. Finally we began to come upon irrigated land and greenery, and we knew that Baghdad was not far away. Naturally, we were not without inward stirrings as we approached the goal of our long travels, for this strange country, we reflected, was to be our future home, these seemingly mysterious people whom we sped by as they drove their herds of camels or donkeys or their flocks of sheep and goats, these dark-skinned women with their garments trailing in the dust, these children with dresses down to their ankles, who point to us in wonderment, little tykes whom the struggle for daily bread makes precociously serious—these barefooted people are to be our new neighbors."

Father Thomas Hussey, the present Rector of both the new Al-Hikma University and of Baghdad College, has a few pertinent observations on those days.

"These early American Fathers had much to learn, how to slow down to the

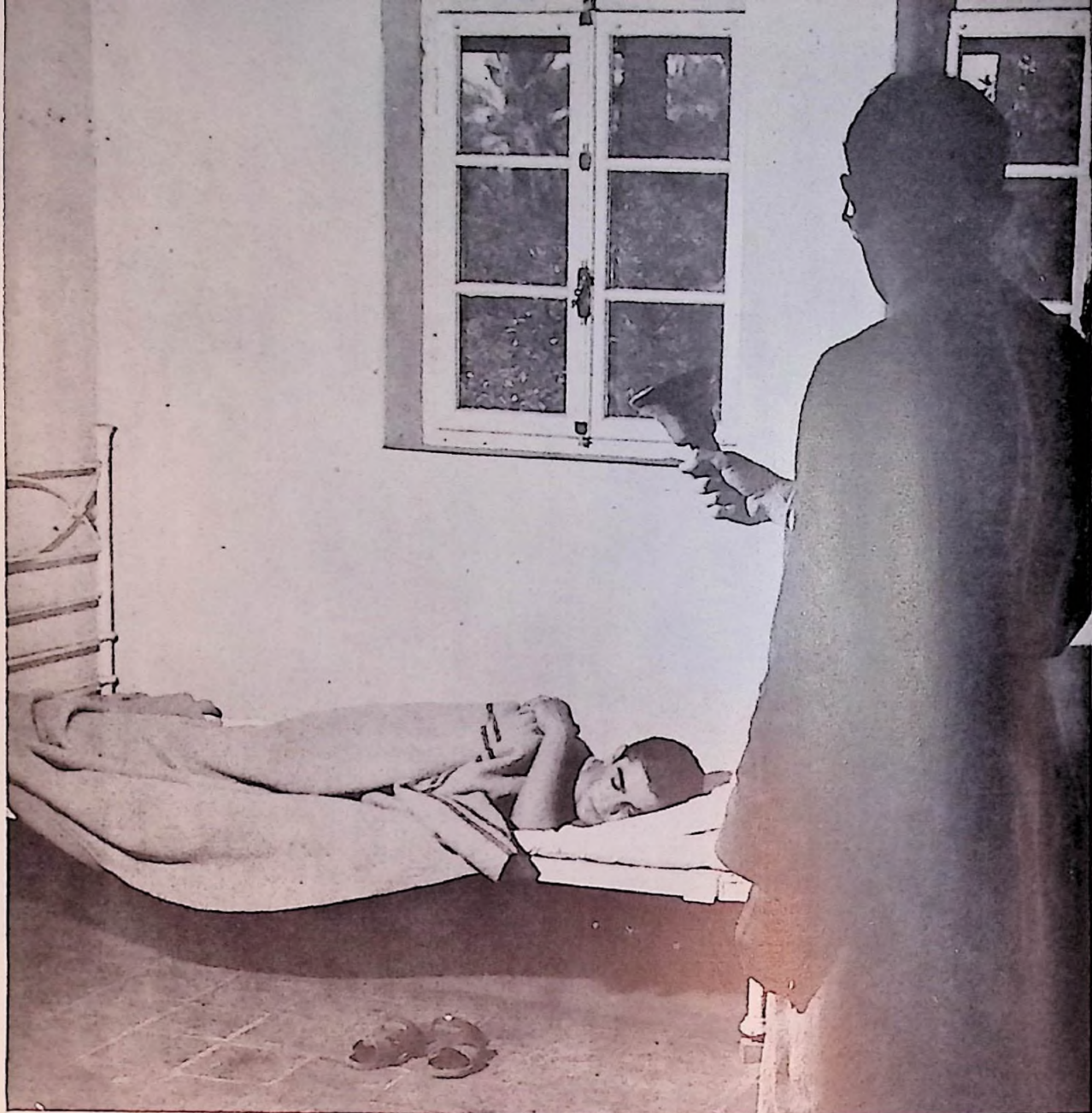
genial hospitality of the Iraqis, how to align their school program with that of the Iraq Government, how to keep a room cool when the shade temperature is 113 degrees Fahrenheit and how to eat a sheep's eye at a sheikh's banquet.

"They lived in faith and in hope as Father Merrick went about planting medals of St. Joseph in likely plots for the new school. And the St. Joseph-Father Joseph Merrick combination worked so well that now we have *the* school campus of Baghdad with waving palms, acres of soft grass and an occasional gladiola or rose bed."

Father Madaras discloses another side to that beginning.

"Your dictionary will tell you that the word 'college' has several different meanings besides the one common in the United States. The 'Baghdad College' that the American Jesuits opened in Baghdad in 1932 was in reality a high school. In fact, we even went beyond the dictionary meaning of the term and included the last two grades of grammar school. This we did under pressure from sundry local gentry who imagined that a primary school run by Jesuits would necessarily be superior to any other. We never gave them a chance to prove their point, for the grammar school died of inanition as the boys in the two classes moved up into the high school.

"Perhaps we ought to explain why we called our high school a college in the



It's the worst moment of the day for the boarder as the Prefect rings the dawn in.

first place. As far as memory serves, it was due to the fact that the term 'high school' was unfamiliar in these parts, and that the institution we proposed to begin was more commonly known by the French term of 'college.' In fact, prior to our arrival, and to some extent in expectation of it, the French Carmelite Fathers had already opened a high school and had called it College St. Joseph. By common consent their boys were transferred to Baghdad College when we opened our doors.

"If anybody had predicted back in 1932 that we should be opening a university in Baghdad after the lapse of twenty-four years, we should have laughed him to scorn. Our attitude at that time was also reflected in the tenta-

tive plans we formed for the building we hoped to erect eventually for Baghdad College. We agreed that at no time could we ever expect to have more than 300 students. At that time we had a little over 100. That we were far off the beam is shown by the fact that today we have over 700.

"I suppose we were unduly pessimistic about our future prospects, but our attitude was not altogether unreasonable. When we first came to Baghdad, there was a good deal of vocal opposition, some of it in the local press. True, we had received the permission of the Iraqi Government to open our school, but that did not silence the dissidents. And to show that the ways of Divine Providence frequently laugh at mere human prudence,

we shall close this rambling discourse by telling a little story.

"One of our Moslem critics voiced his opposition to our school in rather sharp language in one of the daily papers. Inasmuch as the Government had approved of our school, this attack was apparently taken as a reflection on the Government Ministers who had given that approval. At all events, both the author of the article and the editor of the paper were hauled into court. They were pronounced guilty, and were banished for a year into the northern reaches of Iraq.

"Years passed. Then one day a boy was brought to the school for registration by his uncle. The uncle explained that the boy's father had died some years before while the boy was still in grammar school. One of the father's dying requests was that the uncle should see to it that the boy was registered in Baghdad College when the time came. Then came the surprise. The boy's father was none other than the one who had been banished to the North years before for writing an article against Baghdad College!"

Those days are gone now but as they were lived then, and in the years of growth to follow, the American Jesuits who labored there were keenly conscious

that Divine Providence guided their difficult way. They were there at the direct command of the Holy See and even in the darkest, most doubtful hours they knew it was God's work they were doing. Today Father Hussey can say:

"Now when one walks up and down the campus on a Baghdad moonlit night and passes under the shadows of these buildings and of the date groves one can find much to thank God for—the present enrollment of 700 students, the number of Fathers who know some Arabic, the house where others are studying the language as a full-time job, the extremely loyal alumni who have proved their loyalty in their moral and even financial support of the school, the confidence of the government officials, even of ministerial rank, who send their sons to the school, the faithfulness of our Christian and Moslem lay professors who remain with the school year after year. But most of all do we thank God for our three Jesuit vocations, Messrs Stanley B. Marrow, Solomon Sara and Clarence Burby, who twenty-five years ago were but babes in arms or existed only in the mind of God.

"It is truly a remarkable pattern that the finger of God has drawn for us and we must live in gratitude."

Father Ryan, Brother Parnoff and Father Hussey watch survey party on Al-Hikma land.





Who Was BUDDHA?

TIME STOOD STILL. We stood at the Great Buddha Temple at Bodh-Gaya in India; under our feet were flagstones laid the year Christ was born; around us on all sides were shrines and minor temples; above us, soaring hundreds of feet into the air, was the huge carved pyramid of the Great Temple itself. For a few moments, as we stood there, time rolled back and the ancient flagstones of 2,000 years ago rang to the tread of millions of pious Buddhists from all over India come to adore the Great God Buddha.

The huge place is silent now as we wander through it; the only sounds are the monotonous murmur of monks at prayer and the sing-song intonations of a little group of Tibetans down from the snow-swept plateaux of the Himalayas to render homage to Buddha.

Up worn stone stairs we climb high inside the temple to other shrines: the mother of Buddha, his wife; countless thousands of small carvings and *bas relief* on the walls and ceilings . . . Buddha at prayer . . . Buddha preaching in the Deer Park . . . Buddha under the Sacred Botree . . . Buddha at the Attainment of Nirvana.

And then out into the courtyard to the Sacred Bo-tree itself, under which Buddha was sitting in deep meditation when he received enlightenment. An ancient spreading tree it is, festooned with streamers and prayer flags by the faithful. The Tibetans are here now, praying before it: short, stocky, sturdy people of

the hills, telling over and over their strings of carved wooden beads. Unused to the heat of the plains they still wear their padded wool coats of many colors. They are old people, men and women, and their rugged features and slanting eyes speak of the windswept peaks of Tibet.

We have seen it all now: the ancient tree and the ancient temple and the carvings and the idols. It remains for us now to go away as tourists go the world over, and forget Bodh-Gaya, or to see a little of the man Gautama Buddha whom five hundred million people throughout all Asia worship as a god.

Gautama Siddharta, Prince of the Sakyas, was born about 563 B.C. in a little kingdom on the borders of Nepal in the foothills of the Himalayas. He grew to manhood in his father's palace, so the legend goes, amid luxurious surroundings and was never allowed to see anything that was not young and beautiful. As a young man he married his cousin Yasodhara and for several years he led a life of Oriental splendor in his father's kingdom. Then one day while driving with his charioteer Channa he saw for the first time an old and feeble beggar. In reply to his questions Channa explained that old age and weakness are the common lot of mankind. Soon after this he saw a man in great pain lying on the roadside, and learned from Channa that pain and sorrow await every one, even royal princes. Then Gautama met a corpse being carried in procession to the

burning *ghat*; in amazement he learned that all life at last ends in death.

This legend is obviously imaginative. No child could grow to man's estate without seeing sickness and death, and without ever experiencing pain. A far more likely cause of the great change in the life of Gautama was the reaction caused by worldly pleasures; this reaction drove him to reflection and started the inquiry common to thinking men as to whether the religion taught them gave an adequate answer to the origin and end of life.

The result of this pondering led him a short time later to leave the palace, his wife and their infant son and ride off into the night with Channa, his faithful charioteer. Mara, the spirit of evil, followed him the whole journey, tempting him to return with promises of glorious gifts and universal sovereignty. Unmoved, the saintly prince reached his destination, which was the bank of the river Anoma. There he dismounted and gave his jewels to his charioteer to take back to his father.

Left alone, Gautama cut off his hair, gave his rich clothes to a passing beggar, and began his new life as a penniless anchorite. In the hills near Rajgriha were a number of caves inhabited by Brahman teachers, and here he stayed for a time. But dissatisfied with their teaching he set out with five devoted disciples for the forest of Uruvela near the existing temple of Bodh-Gaya and there for six years practiced such severe penance and mortification that he nearly brought on his death. His fame as a monk spread "like the sound of a great bell hung in the middle of the sky," yet he never came nearer his goal.

Disillusioned, he wandered on till he came to the banks of the Nairanjara River and there under the famous Bo-tree, or tree of wisdom as it since came to be known, he fell into a trance-like sleep. He awoke to find he had attained Bodhi or knowledge and had become Buddha—the incarnation of self-abnegation, virtue and wisdom. Gathering sixty chosen disciples about him to spread his gospel, he spent the last forty-five years

of his life wandering the length and breadth of northern India.

Buddha founded no new religion; he merely modified an existing one. The essentials of Hinduism he retained, but he attacked priesthood and the Hindu gods as inefficacious and substituted for them an ethical ideal. He laid down eight norms: Right Belief . . . Right Aims . . . Right Speech . . . Right Actions . . . Right Means of Livelihood . . . Right Endeavor . . . Right Mindfulness . . . Right Meditation.

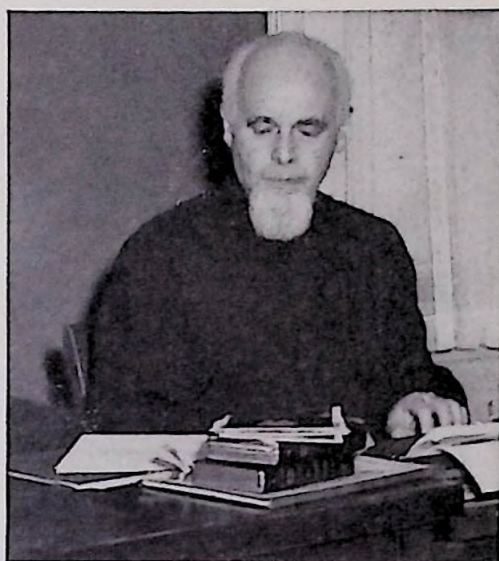
The spread of Buddhism throughout all Asia is due in large measure to the Emperor Asoka who, in remorse at the blood he had shed in subduing India, became a Buddhist monk, while still remaining emperor, and with the powers of an autocrat and the zeal of a missionary set about converting India. His missionaries converted Ceylon, Burma and Siam and carried Buddhism to the courts of Ptolemy of Egypt and Alexander of Epirus, as well as to Cyrene and Macedonia. China and Japan were converted.

But paradoxically enough Buddhism began to wane in the land of its birth about the year 650 A.D. After two centuries of invasion by wild, nomadic clans from Central Asia, India emerged once more, now under the rule of their descendants, the Rajputs. This warrior clan scorned the principle of *ahinsa* or non-killing, and the Hindu priests were quick to seize upon the temper of this warrior clan to effect a counter-reformation against Buddhism. Krishna, renowned alike in love and war, was the Rajput ideal and soon supplanted Buddha the Gentle as the idol of India.

And so it is that more than 1,300 years later we see Bodh-Gaya as it is today, a magnificent relic of its former greatness. The gentle Gautama Buddha no longer holds the beating heart of India in his hands; save for a stream of pilgrims from Nepal and the fastness of Tibet, the rule of the great stone idol is over forever in India. Nevertheless even if Buddhism is all but dead in the land of its birth, the Mysterious East still holds 500,000,000 who own him the only God they know.

REPORT

FATHER FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.,
New England Province Mission Director



ONE OF OUR elder fathers remarked with wry humor when New England was cut off from the old Maryland-New York Province in 1926, "Now I know how an appendix feels after the operation." Well, the appendix has grown into a pretty substantial body of its own. For, with 1,052 members, it is now the second largest of the ten American Provinces. When we began our independent regime as the New England Province of the Society of Jesus we had numbered only 492.

In those days just over thirty years ago, the Church in America was itself only a generation removed from the status of foreign mission territory. The missionary movement from America overseas was still in its early flowering. For instance, there were then only 22 of our New England Jesuit colleagues in foreign mission fields. Today there is a gratifying total of 143. They staff our Baghdad mission and Jamaica, B.W.I. They serve on missions of other Provinces in the Lebanese Republic, India, Japan, the Philippines and the Caroline-Marshall Islands.

But the numbers, however impressive, are only a part of the story. They reflect but dimly the glowing ardor of missionary zeal, the warmth of willing sacrifice in separation of missionaries and their families, the courage of Su-

periors in their liberal assignment of men and resources to the mission fields when they might have pleaded the need of both back home, and not least of all, the splendid generosity of devoted friends who became co-missionaries with our Jesuits abroad by giving of their substance to help extend the frontiers of God's kingdom. All these elements have nurtured the growth of our missions. They have also redounded to the prosperity of the Province itself. For it is common experience that a Province expands and its institutions flourish in proportion to the generosity of the provisions made for its foreign missions.

I have chosen to make this a preliminary report, conscious of its inadequacy as regards specific details of the work of our missionaries abroad. I have done so with this purpose—to ask you to thank God fervently with me and my missionary colleagues from New England for the prodigal increase with which He has blessed those modest beginnings of thirty years ago. When I am privileged to return to this page in due season, I can tell you something of the scope, the variety, the spiritual and social impact of the apostolate of our Yankee missionaries in the tropics and the desert.

Gratefully yours in Christ,
FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

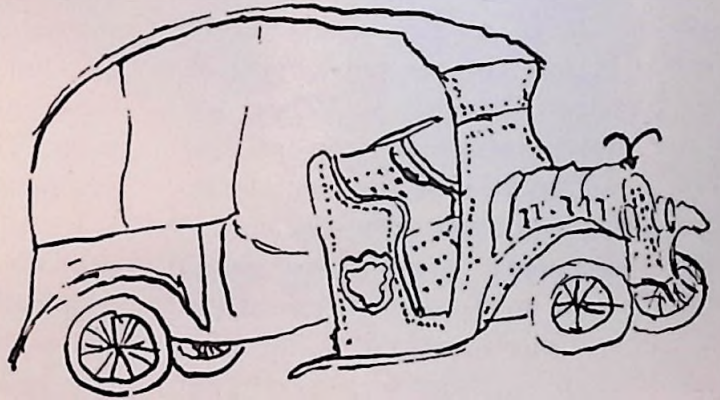
TRINCOMALEE

IN CASE YOU are wondering, Trincomalee is in Ceylon, that lovely island below India. So you see, it is very far away from here, and because it is far away, nobody will be surprised that strange things happen there. (Strange things *always* happen in far-away places.) Anyway in Ceylon a truck is called a lorry and the license-plates for a lorry cost five times as much as for an ordinary car.

Some time ago Father Joseph Fengler

acquired a vehicle of ancient vintage, and after driving it home, was horrified to learn that the original owner, probably some time in the twenties, had classified it as a lorry, which meant that Father had to pay out each year five times as much as he expected to, and about eight times as much as he could afford. So being a practical man, he started out to make alterations which would make it possible for him to call the thing something other than a lorry.

But the problem is: how do you unlorry a lorry? You can't leave it looking like this. This is a lorry, ancient, beat-up, rachitic, but a lorry.



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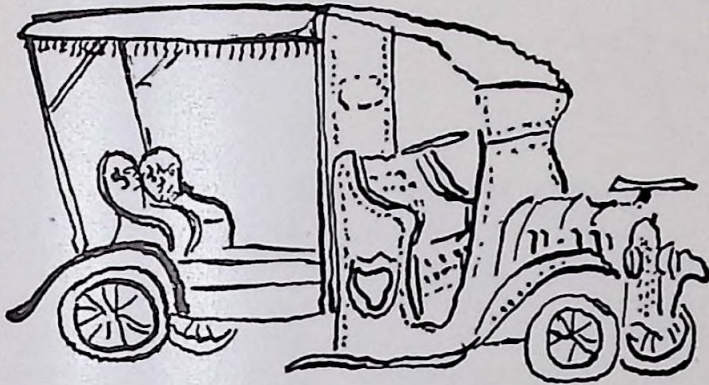
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39 East 83rd St.
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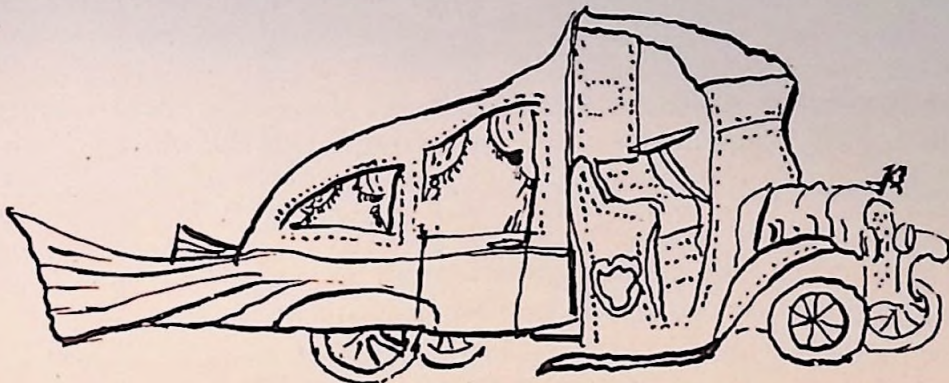
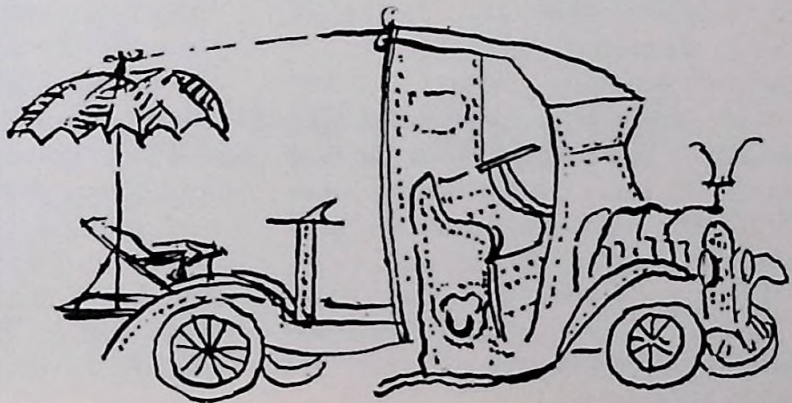
TRIALS

KURT BECKER S.J.



Do you turn it into a sort of motorized sitting room, with fringes and easy-chairs?

Do you make a garden out of it, with sundial, beach-chair and an umbrella?



Do you attach a fish-tail chassis and call it a Caddilor?

Not knowing the answers, Father Fengler consulted the authorities, and was given a list of alterations. So he turned the job over to a mechanic, who went ahead and made the necessary changes. As soon as he finished he took

a little drive in the non-lorry to try it out. So what happened? You guessed it: lorry license plates on a non-lorry. The equivalent of no plates. Mechanic arrested. Car impounded. Missionary with glazed eyes afoot in Trincomalee.

EASTER *in* *the Philippines*



IN THE BICOL DIALECT of southern Luzon *Pagsabat* signifies "meeting," and to the Bicolanos it has a special meaning. It is their name for the beautiful ceremony that at once brings to an end for them the sorrows of Holy Week, and ushers in the glory and the joy of Eastertide. *Pagsabat* reenacts in a dramatic and touching manner the first meeting of the Risen Jesus and His Mother Mary. In many parts of the Philippines this same dramatization takes place, but here let it be described as it takes place in Naga City, the largest city of the Bicol provinces, and the center of the ancient devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, under the title of Our Lady of Penafrañcia.

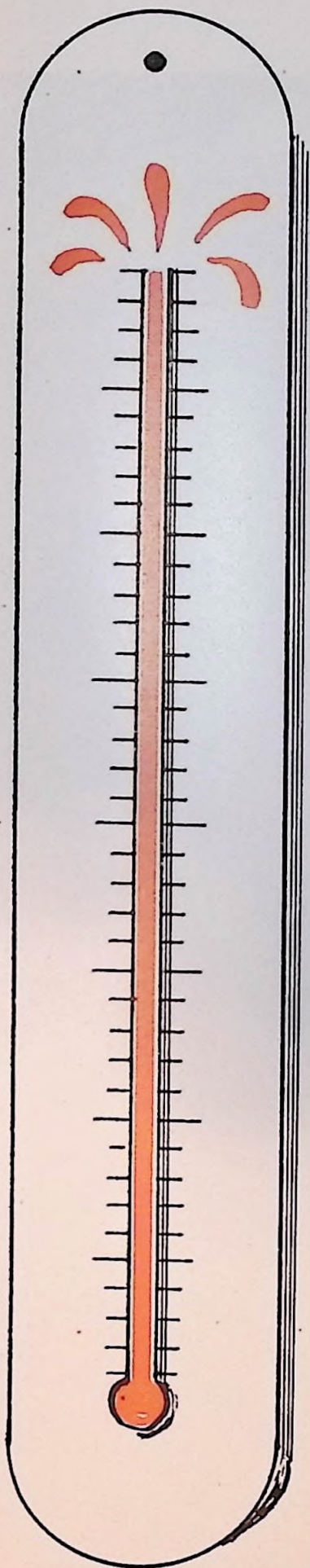
Half past three on a Sunday morning in April is a dark and chilly proposition, but at such an hour must you stir yourself if you wish to participate in an unforgettable tribute to the Risen Savior. A brisk walk to the city's aged cathedral brings you to the early Paschal Mass. At its end two processions form within the nave, one leaving by the east door, the other by the south door. At this time the sun is still beneath the Pacific but hundreds of candles, held in hundreds of hands, rich and poor, taper away at the edge of the morning's darkness. ---

The first procession turns down the avenue by the river and is led by the float bearing the statue of the darkly shrouded Mater Dolorosa searching for her Son that has died. The second, led by the statue of the white-robed, risen Christ, goes directly towards the city

plaza. Mass, at this point too, has just finished. The teeming crowd that has gathered here from every quarter of the city and the surrounding barrios watches expectantly for sight of the converging, light-bearing groups that proudly bear the two statues. A murmur passes through the crowd, as on the left and right, the Mother and Son once again approach one another.

Then beneath the embellished fifty-foot tower placed near the plaza's center and erected just for this one and only brief act, Mary, the sorrowing mother, and her Son meet once again as on the first Easter Sunday. The brass band nearby crashes forth a lively song and then an audible sigh sweeps through the crowd as a tiny little girl, dressed in linen white and angel wings appears from beneath the tower's top and is gently lowered down. She hovers a minute above the holy pair and then reaching down she plucks away the black veil of sorrow from the Mother and carries it away with her to the tower's top that Mary might once again behold and "meet" her Son. As this happens four other little girls also perched inside the tower, begin to strew flowers down and to sing in piping voices their sweet *Regina Coeli*, Queen of Heaven, Rejoice, Alleluia. He is risen!

A pleasant sound of gay talk now bursts from the crowd, the band crashes on, and the little girls continue their singing. Such is Easter in Bicolandia. "Viva la Virgen, Viva el Cristo Rey!" from Mary's people.



112°

IN THE SHADE

and No Shade!

The summer heat in Baghdad is a fierce and terrible thing. Even a healthy person finds it hard.

But a sick person . . . well, it's intolerable to the sick.

And hard-working missionaries do get sick.

Baghdad College has an infirmary, so that those who get ill can have the best possible care. But the infirmary gets hot, too, as the thermometer begins boiling. So fans are needed: big, cooling fans. Which cost money.

Won't you, in your charity, help ease the lot of sick missionaries in Baghdad? Send five dollars, ten, fifty if you like, to

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

FOR FANS FOR BAGHDAD.



Who Needs Dolls?

IT IS A THING that strikes one now in Free China, as it did before on the mainland, that practically speaking, there are no dolls in China. It would be the rarest of sights to see a little Chinese youngster cuddling a doll or a teddy bear. No, the growing youngster in the Middle Flowery Kingdom or present day Taiwan is given the real thing, a real live baby to play with so dolls are useless.

The Chinese love children. That is one national Chinese virtue that no amount of the false culture of the West can spoil. Babies are a symbol of prosperity in China, painted on every cookie jar and soup tureen. Our school in Yangchow was on a lane called *To Tze Hang* "Many Children Alley." And the favorite congratulation, "May you have many children!" is a sincere and basically Christian salutation.

The Chinese never speak of "overpopulation," that is, unless they have been corrupted by the materialism of the West. They know that overpopulation is a relative word, they know too, that it is used by unprincipled and intensely selfish bodies as a bogey to spread fear, death and repression.

Somehow God gave this great pagan mass the light to see values in the right scale. To value babies before butter, to be unafraid of a lower scale of living. Looking around for a solution the Chinese learned to spread food a little thinner, to work longer and harder, to plant more intensely, to cherish every little bit of ground.

Today the Chinese have the same will to put first things first, to solve the problem of food shortage by facing it, by producing more, not by killing off extra mouths. The natural goodness of the Chinese (and the same can be said for the other nations of the Far East) is opposed to the Sangerites of whatever guise, or any world organization seeking to spread the rot of negativism and destruction.

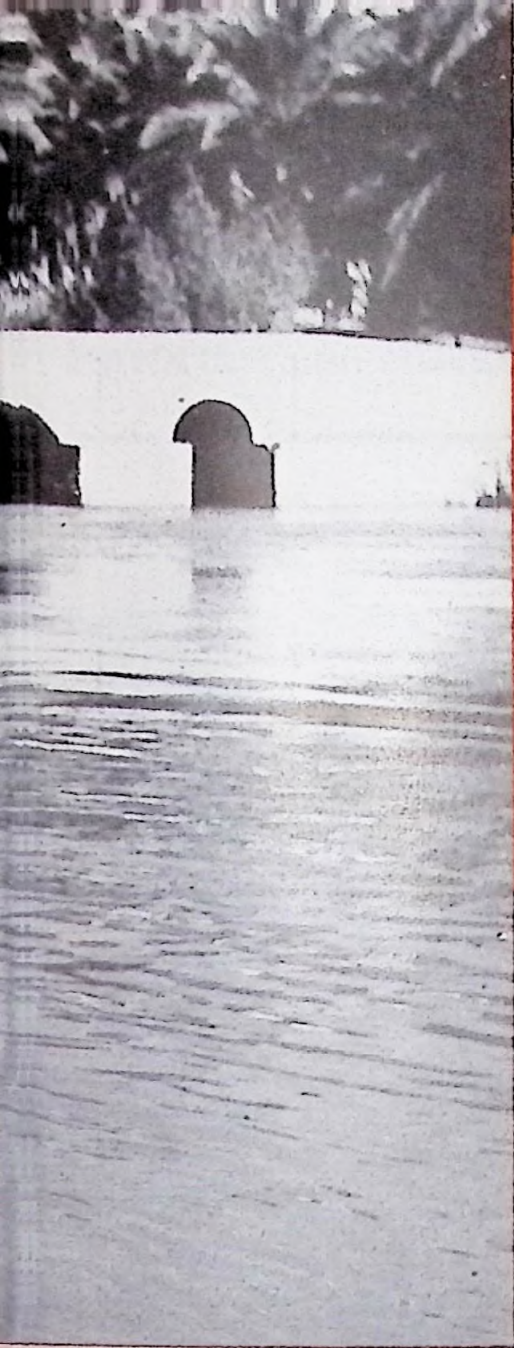


THE MOSLEM PRACTICE of calling the faithful to prayer at set times each day appealed mightily to the Ancient Missionary. He admitted quite candidly that his knowledge of Islam was sketchy, but once in a while, lecturing us on our need to know and understand the people of mission lands, he would mention the sons of Mohammed.

We used to listen, but not too carefully. Moslems were remote people, in the same class with Sikhs and Andaman Islanders—we had heard of them, perhaps, but they weren't in the mainstream of our missionary thinking. Islam, if we had any mental images of it at all, was a thing of sand, camels, turbans, tents and harems. It was a remote thing, vague, backward, unimportant.

Times have changed and we have, let us hope, changed with them. There is a mosque now in Washington, tall and graceful among the steeples and the crosses. In a very few years the Arab world, the heart and home of Islam, has moved out of the pages of the *National Geographic* onto the front pages of the daily newspaper. Names of Arab leaders are no longer esoteric questions for a quizz program. Everyone knows Nasser. We may know people who work in Saudi Arabia. Iraq and Egypt are obviously important places in the economic and political life of the world.

All the sudden developments in the Near and Middle East have taken the old Moslem world, to a real degree, out of the mist and into the sunlight. Islam



Window on the Mission World

The man in the gufa still sails the
Tigris River but he is no longer
a true symbol of the Moslem world

is not and cannot be a thing as remote as Mars (even Mars is moving closer these days of the space ship) for any Catholic who loves, with Christ Our Lord, every last man in the world. Political and economic developments can open or close doors for the Church.

It would seem that God, in His Providence, now wishes us to know and understand, better than we have in our smug isolationist past, the emerging world of the Moslem. Islam is a vast religious entity, a challenge, in its almost monolithic, impregnable unity, to the spread of the Mystical Body. In centuries past the Church has made very little progress among these peoples. Islam was a remote and unknown world to us and, to complete the picture, we of the West

were remote and unknown to Islam.

Today, however, doors are opening all over this planet. Some of them may stay open to let us in, so common sense says that we would do well to know something about what is inside. Inside the room of Islam, where quiet was king until yesterday, there is stir and ferment, and a deal of swirling dust.

To be honest, most of us here don't know much about the Moslem world, but we know that we ought to know. And we ought also, as the Ancient Missionary always insists, to try to understand, in charity. Among the few things we happen to have learned about the Moslems is that they love and honor Our Lady and that they respect Our Lord as a holy prophet. Right there, we think, is a good start towards understanding.

May we suggest that when you read of oil and turmoil these days in the fabulous old lands of the Arabs you think of them in terms of Islam for Christ?

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Water We Take for Granted but we can realize what difficulties would arise in a school of 500 students if the water supply were insufficient. Water is scarce in the Philippine school of the Ateneo de Tuguegarao. Father Braun is very concerned about this condition and has asked humbly but persistently for help to dig a well to insure a steady supply of water. Would you please help Father Braun with your gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00? Your gift would please Our Lord Whose promise of a reward for *one cup of water you remember.*

Next Month Will Be June and our missionaries will be preaching devotion to the Sacred Heart. In anticipation of their needs, several missionaries have requested Sacred Heart badges and pictures. If you have a favorite mission you would like to aid with a gift for the Sacred Heart, please consider these requests.

Picture50
100 Sacred Heart Badges	\$3.25

Father Newell's Mule is losing his popularity as means of transportation now that new roads have been completed in Honduras. Father Newell aches for a jeep. He's busy enough as it is so a jeep will be a big help in saving travel time. Would you join Father Newell's friends—as a co-sponsor of a fund to buy a jeep? Membership—\$1.00.

Do You Have Any Books which you would be willing to give to a mission school in British Honduras? Story books, novels are requested. You would know

the stories a boy would find interesting. Right now these boys have very little to read. If you could help build up the library it would be greatly appreciated. The postage will not be high if the package is marked "Books." You can send the books to the address below and they will be forwarded to the mission in large shipments:

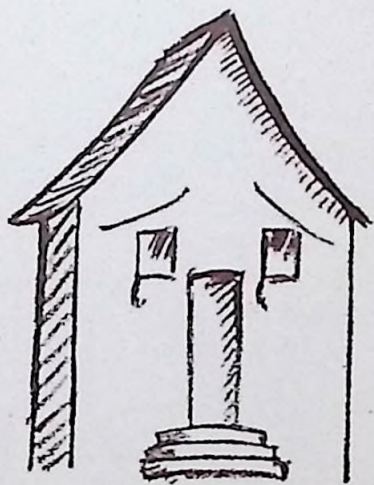
Ronald T. Zinkle, S.J.
St. Mary's College
St. Mary's, Kansas

It's Embarrassing for a Host not to be able to show the proper hospitality to his guests. That's the predicament of Father Hogan, in Yoro, who feels badly that he hasn't been able to furnish a better convent for the Sisters who teach in his mission. In his words, "We need furniture for the convent: beds, chairs, altar equipment; the convent is at the edge of town and since our water system is so terrible and the light plant for the city is equally bad I am going to have to dig a well, put in a light plant with a water pump. All of that is expensive."

Please help Father Hogan with a gift, large or small. \$1.00? \$2.00?

This Is a Duplicate of an Appeal you've seen before but we're sure you'll understand why we are repeating this request for funds for a tractor to do the farm work at Chuhari, India. The mission has to have a farm to support the orphans and Sisters, and the tractor is so important that Father Wieman says he will devote 90% of his energy this year to plans for raising money for it. Would you help with \$1.00 or \$2.00?

A HOUSE
WITH
Nobody
IN IT...



IS A SORRY HOUSE
INDEED!


BUT a chapel without a tabernacle to shelter Our Lord is the loneliest house of all. Father Patrick Shaules S.J., Catholic Mission, Hsinchu, Taiwan (Formosa) has a chapel for his people. But it is a bare room: no altar, no candles, no sanctuary lamp, no tabernacle. Won't you help bring the warmth and love of Christ into that lonely room?

Altar	\$155.00
Tabernacle	150.00
Candle sticks	15.00
Crucifix	20.00
Monstrance and Censer	175.00


Send \$5.00 (or \$10.00 or \$100.00 or whatever you can afford) to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



Song of India



Father J. Mayer S.J. of Samastipur, India, (a fine missionary, who like all missionaries, is an extremely poor man) finds himself singing:

"Down by the Old Mill Stream . . ."

(He needs a septic tank for his school . . .
\$200.00)

"Home on the Range . . ."

(A kitchen is *such* a necessary thing . . .
\$100.00)

"Can't you hear me calling, Caroline?"

(A public address system, so his flock can hear their pastor's voice . . . \$250.00)



Won't you help?

Send \$5.00—or whatever you can . . . to

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