

JESUIT MISSIONS



... clothing to the near east

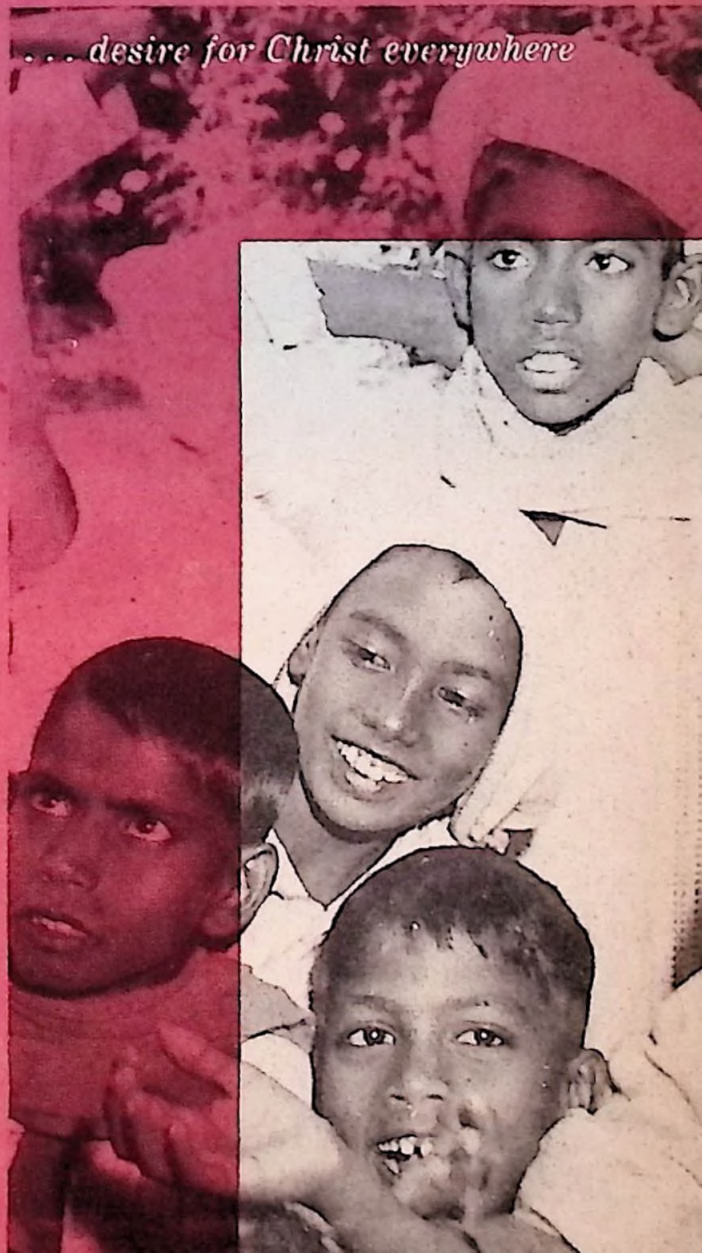


... food to the far east

OUR CROSS IN MANY LANDS



... prayer in the West Indies



... desire for Christ everywhere



NONFAT DRY MILK SOLIDS
DONATED BY THE
PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
NOT TO BE SOLD OR EXCHANGED
STORE IN COOL, DRY PLACE

Helping Hands gladly distribute the food which American Catholics have sent abroad for the needy. Father Lockwood of the Patna Mission in India enlists the aid of parishioners to make sure of a just distribution. To understand how much the efforts of the Bishops' Relief Committee, the CARE organization and other agencies mean abroad, see page six.



Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

- Baghdad
- Ceylon
- Alaska
- Belize
- Japan
- Burma
- China
- Caroline Islands
- Formosa
- Jamaica
- Jamshedpur
- Korea
- Patna
- Philippines
- Marshall Islands
- Nepal
- Yoro
- American Indians

JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

September 1958, Vol. 32, No. 7

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JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N.Y., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Re-entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized Jan. 14, 1927.



*A mother reveals the moving story of a family who
through suffering discovered the important part they
play in mission work and in doing so found that*

In the

BOTH MY BOYS have Muscular Dystrophy, an incurable progressive disease involving the muscles of the body. As the muscles deteriorate and turn into fat the patient becomes helpless. If the disease is contacted before the age of puberty, the prognosis is usually death before manhood. This my husband and I had to learn to accept and live with and to realize was God's will for us.

From months of confusion and mental turmoil came God's helping hand through the form of wise spiritual guidance and directed spiritual reading. Instead of long-range planning for our sons, we learned to ignore the future and take each day as it came. With each day the realization grew that God did have a plan for everyone that He creates and this was His plan for us. "Do you know more than God?" was the question that stopped more and more often the prayer for a rearrangement of His plan. Acceptance of the cross that God sends is the most terrific battle, but once that is won then God can show us what He wants us to do. So it was in our case.

Through a talk that I heard one night given by a nun connected with a school for exceptional children I learned of the co-missionary apostolate. This was what I was looking for—the "how" of using the cross that had been entrusted to us. But the boys did not have a personal contact with any missionary so that did not seem exactly the apostolate for us. Then one Mission Sunday a Jamaican Jesuit, Father Maurice Ferris, gave a sermon in our church. As he said, "What

Cross is Sweetness

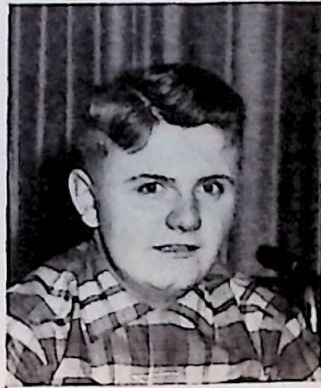
we need for the missions is money, yes; but more, we need your prayers, sacrifices and offering of sickness," my interest quickened.

I went in to talk to him. He knew of a missionary fellow Jesuit in Jamaica who would take a personal interest and value highly my boy's offering of his day. By this time Jay was eleven years old and in a wheel chair. As we as parents were guided spiritually, so we had tried to teach the boys the same acceptance of God's will. We had found that the boys' reactions were guided by the parents' reactions. So Jay was ready to offer his days of frustration, inactivity and loneliness for a missionary.

Thus Father Robert Higgins came into our life. Jay learned to say the morning offering and offer his days for Father Higgins and the Jamaican mission. Each night he examined his conscience and answered the question, "How was your day for your missionary?" If he felt it was not a good one, the next day he tried harder to make it one. He learned to wait more patiently for help when he needed it, to offer up his feelings of frustration when he watched the other boys skate and play ball. He began to realize that God was giving him, a boy in a wheel chair, a share in His cross, so that He could use him to gain graces for the missions. Now he had a reason for God giving him this type of life. He knew what his work in this life was to be.

David at seven years of age was beginning to progress in the disease which meant that he was having difficulty go-

ing upstairs and needed high shoes to support his weakening legs. Now he too was ready for a missionary or to be a co-missionary as he had something to offer. Through a friend contact was made with the Baghdad mission and David had Father Joseph J. La Bran and a mission to pray for. When he went into braces a year later he had that much more to offer. Each progression meant more to offer for Father La Bran and through his guidance and prayers graces were abundant.



JAY



DAVID

*. . . In the cross is salvation,
in the cross is life,
in the cross is protection
against our enemies,
in the cross is infusion of
heavenly sweetness,
in the cross is strength of mind,
in the cross joy of spirit,
in the cross the height of virtue,
in the cross the perfection
of sanctity . . .*

(Imitation of Christ by Thomas à Kempis, Book 2, Chapter XII)

Last year his feet were operated on to enable him to keep walking a possible two years longer. Those days of pain were used for a particular intention of the mission. Pain he had been taught was like gold, precious for God to use. David went into a walking cast after the operation and after a few days of struggling to walk with it he was ready to give up. But when he was told to walk for Father La Bran and use the discomfort for him then he was willing to do it again and again.

Because of the close personal association with their missionaries, what is difficult to do becomes worth the effort when it is done for their missionaries. The personal association is derived from the correspondence carried on between us, and the pictures that are sent to them showing the boys the type of mission they are connected with. They are given particular intentions to pray for and so they share more intimately in their missionaries' work. When other men come home who have been on the missions and have visited the boys, they have showed them films on Baghdad and Jamaica. The boys gain graces for their

missions but we are all given the strength and courage to carry on from the many Masses and prayers that are said for us by these missionaries.

How God unites us all as members of the Mystical Body was shown so clearly by the bond that has been established between an American and an Iraqi family. Sabah Ja'dun at Baghdad College became keenly interested in the boys when Father La Bran told the sodality about David. Father shared his news of our boys with Sabah and he watched with intense interest how God was using them all. So when Sabah became ill with a tumor of the brain, he used his terrible sufferings for my boys and for the Baghdad missions as well.

When Father La Bran wrote and told us about Sabah and how he had used his suffering for us it struck me anew how marvelous are God's ways. To think a boy we had never met offered so much for us! God had used our boys as examples to Sabah. He wanted to be like them and he died in perfect conformity to God's will, helped by the example of Jay and David. In trying to express our heartfelt gratitude for Sabah's offering to Father La Bran he in turn expressed it to Sabah's family and thus a bond was established between us. Sabah's family now pray for us for strength to carry our cross and we in turn pray for them in thanksgiving to God for "our" Sabah who has become like a son to us. I wear a beautiful cross and chain that the Ja'duns have given me and in Sabah's library is a statue of the Blessed Mother as our expression of gratitude—two families in completely different worlds united so closely by the cross that God has sent to both!

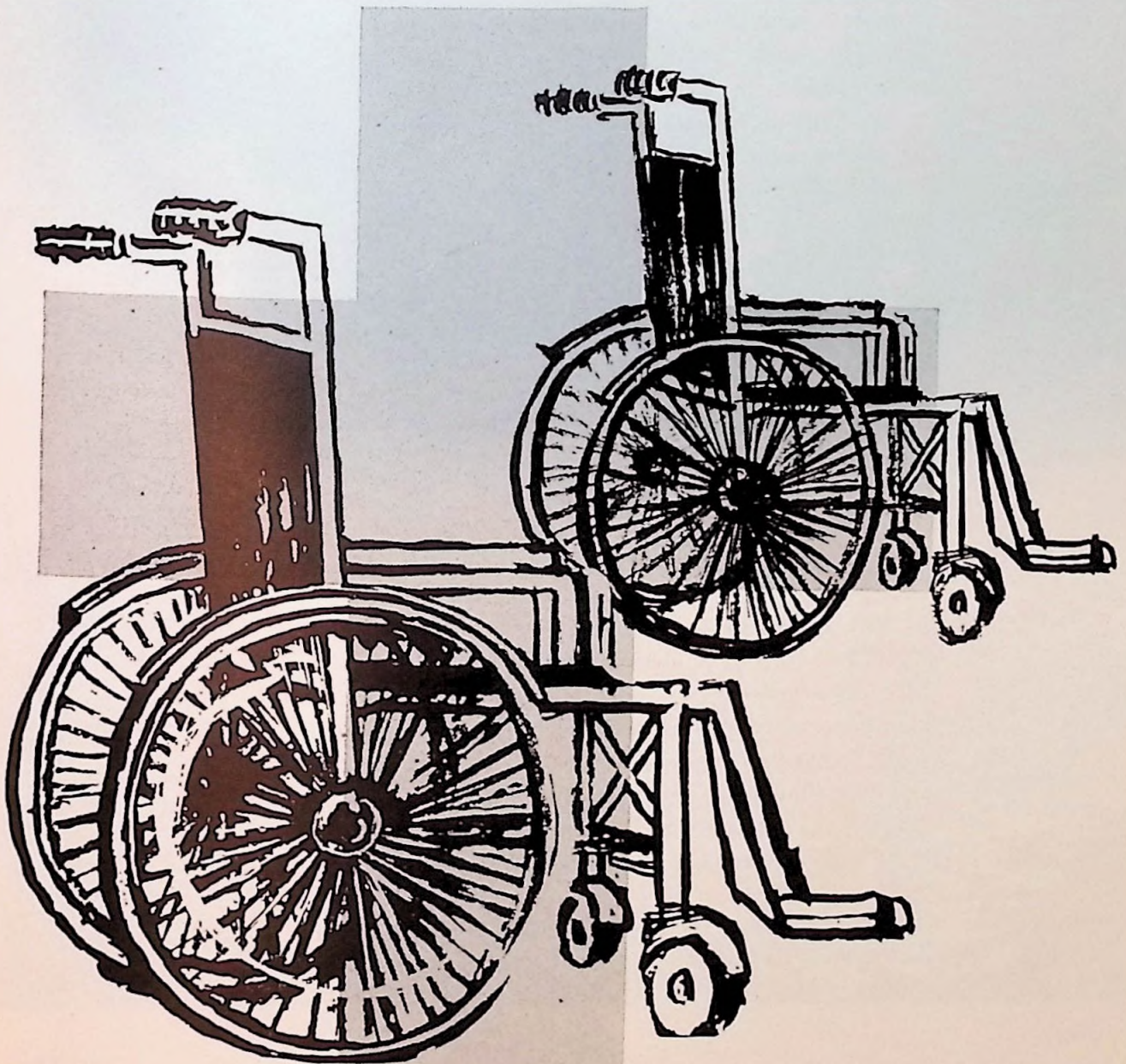
Dystrophy is a disease of progression and consequently there are many adjustments as the disease progresses, for the boys to make and for us as parents to make. God never sends a cross without the graces and strength sufficient

to carry it. But our association with the missions and how God is using them to gain souls for Himself enables us all to see the value of the cross and how it can be used for our salvation and God's greater glory. The encouragement from their missionaries and the tremendous joy the boys receive (and we all receive) when they are able to see the fruits of their offerings makes it all worthwhile. To see the look of delight on Jay's face when one of the Chinese boys in Jamaica that he offered his days for as his particular intention was finally given permission by his pagan parents to enter

the Jesuit order was a joy to behold!

When Father La Bran and Father Higgins come back on furlough from the missions we will not open the door to strangers but personal friends who have given us the incentive and the strength and courage to carry on a "co-missionary" apostolate at home.

Are you a "co-missionary"? Everyone of us has a part to play in the greatest job on earth, the building of the Kingdom of Christ.





*An open letter to American Catholics from a
veteran missionary, written from his heart.*

In the Cross is

DEAR FATHER:

At eight o'clock on the morning of St. Patrick's Day, 14-year-old Michael stood at our back door.

"Father, I need a job."

"Sure," I said, "And where's your father?"

"He's sick with the Asian flu."

That was Michael's way of asking for an influenza tablet. As I handed him three of them, I asked, "And how are you fixed for food, Mike?"

"We had no supper last night and no breakfast this morning."

Michael's is only one of thousands of hungry homes in our little world of Chakhni, Patna Diocese, Bihar, in Northeast India. We are in the middle of a recurrence of the Asian flu but worse still, a famine looms up in the wake of last year's 70-90% crop failure.

But when Mike asked for food as well as medicine, he knew Old Mother Hubbard is a thing of the past. I could walk into my room and drag out a bag of wheat and a bag of rice to distribute among our people. On everything is stamped in large, bold letters: CATHOLIC RELIEF, CARDINAL GRACIAS. BOMBAY. FROM THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. Besides the influenza pills, Mike also got enough wheat and rice to keep his house and family together for another week.

As I handed Mike his St. Patrick's wheat-and-rice-shamrock, my thoughts went to those "People of the United States"—unknown in their collectivity—who did the work of send-

Smiles reveal the feelings of the hungry in India as American Jesuits distribute foodstuffs from the generous bishops, priests and people of the U.S.A.



ALOYSIUS S. PETIT S.J.

Life and Protection



In the Cross is life and protection

ing us that welcome wheat and rice.

"Mike," I said, "St. Patrick was a grateful Apostle; they say he genuflected 300 times during the day and 200 at night. Imitate him; pray for your benefactors in America."

That is the point of this open letter, an expression of gratitude—real, deep gratitude from us, the thousands of hungry ones. Every week during the past months they have come here each Sunday, their rest day, to sit under the leeches and sapatu trees, waiting with the unforgettable stare of hungry people.

They sit there in small groups, house by house, as it were, waiting until Father has opened the wheat bag. Then as a name is called, each group comes forward to wrap up in a chaddar their week's supply of wheat and rice.

Before leaving, as they bend over to pick up their precious bundle, I cannot help but notice the eloquent silence, like that of the lady of Naim, receiving a resurrected son. It is life we are passing out here, not just wheat and rice.

Yet not only life; it is your CATHOLIC LOVE, the only Catholic "relief."

Your sacrificial generosity in putting time and money into getting all that wheat and rice over here is but a concrete example of what St. John Chrysostom said: "The indwelling of the Holy Ghost is practical." The Holy Ghost cannot be kept quiet in you.

Your love for us has girdled 13,000 miles of the globe to bring us real help in a critical time. Your generosity has done more than my sermons to prove to all here that we are sons of only one Father, and therefore we must love one another as true brothers.

It is my wish to thank all of those unknown "people of the United States" represented on every one of those bags of wheat and rice. Be assured that we shall pray for you. May St. Patrick hear Mike's prayers (and mine, too). May he bless all of you; may the indwelling Holy Ghost speak!

Gratefully yours in Christ,
(Rev.) ALOYSIUS S. PETTIT S.J.

Philippines Postscript

FATHER VINCENT CULLEN, S.J. echoes Father Pettit's letter as he reports on the worst drought the Bukidnon district and others have suffered in years.

"The drought has been harder on the people who live from the land. The dry season is always a time of scarcity but this year even the last-resort camotes and *bingala* have been killed off . . . In a situation like this the food relief from America is a real Godsend. The rice, corn meal and powdered milk may have 'From the U.S.A.' stamped on it but to us it is manna from heaven . . . All day long the church bell rings and people come in twos and threes. Many are embarrassed, because no one likes to beg, so we try to make a joke of some sort . . .

"But, despite the humor, I often feel like St. Philip when he looked at the seven loaves and fishes and asked, 'What is this among so many?' But Our Lord's answer is still the same and even now He will feed His own, not by a miracle but through the continued generosity of the American people . . .

"So while Red propaganda churns on here in the Far East, the sacks of rice and corn bumping over the highways or along the mountain trails speak a language that everyone can understand, the language of true Christian charity . . ."



*The Pacific is wide but
it can be bridged in
strange and wonderful ways*

“In the Cross is STRENGTH..”

EDWIN McMANUS S.J.

KATERINA is a 16-year-old girl who lives in the village of Ngaraard in the northern part of the Palaus in the Caroline Islands. She has been a helpless cripple since birth; the only motions she can make are a few ineffectual waves of her hands and a slight turning of her head, so she has to be cared for like an infant.

She has an older sister, Francisca, who finished school here in Palau and then went to high school in Guam where she lived with an American family as a part-time maid. The family was so taken with her that when they returned to the States, they brought her along with them and enrolled her in Pasadena Junior College. She is due to graduate next February, and then plans to become a registered nurse and come back to work with her fellow islanders in the Palaus.

Recently a TV program in Los Angeles ran a show called Queen for a Day. The participants had to tell what

In the Cross is Strength

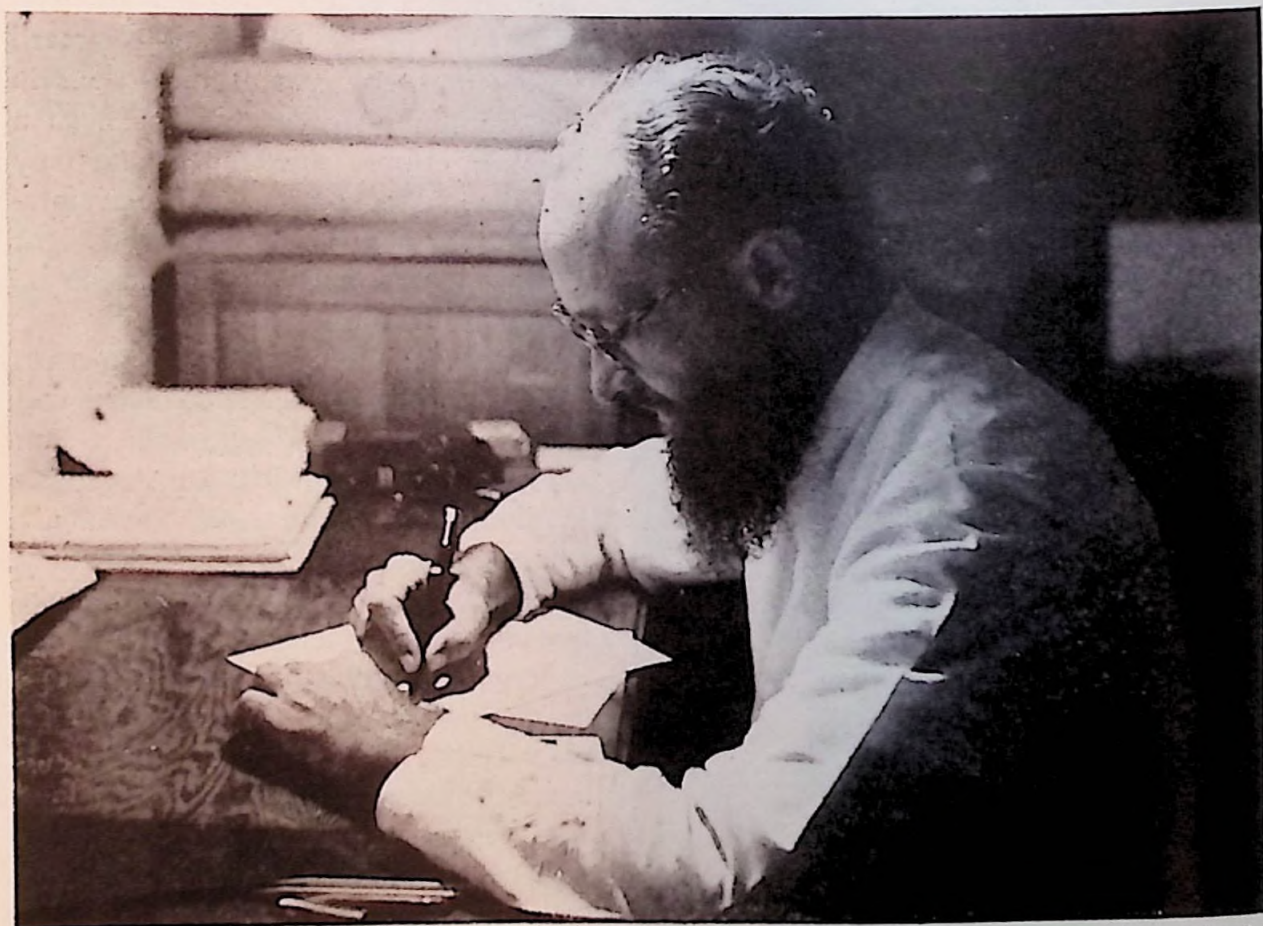
they would choose if they could have one wish fulfilled. Francisca said she wanted a wheel-chair for her sister more than anything else. She won the contest, became Queen for a Day, and got the wheel-chair—plus a round trip to Palau this summer. The wheel-chair hasn't arrived yet, but when it comes Katerina will be able to attend Mass—something she has never yet done.

On the last First Friday I said Mass in Ngaraard and afterwards brought Holy Communion to Katerina. It is about a 45-minute walk from the church to her home, and I hurried back as I was scheduled to say another Mass in the village of Melekeok that afternoon. Melekeok is on the same island as Ngaraard, but about 6 miles down the coast and there are no roads so all transportation must be by boat. At low tide the water in-

side the ringing reef is too shallow for my small skiff with outboard motor. And when I got back from Katerina's house, the tide was out and I was grounded.

Outside the reef the ocean looked calm enough so I decided to go that way—plenty of deep water in the ocean. But I didn't reckon with the pass through the reef. The outgoing tide meeting the ocean waves made the pass very rough. I couldn't get through. So I became a fatalistic Palauan and sat down to wait for high tide.

That made me late for the afternoon Mass in Melekeok but the people waited for me. When I told them I had missed the morning tide because of the Communion call to Katerina, they all said, "That's all right; we can wait till midnight for that reason." With people like that, any priest would keep pitching!



Thanks is the note penned by the author from his mission of Koror in the Caroline Islands.

The trail is rugged and the cold bitter

but in the next village people are waiting

— and once Christ gladly died for them



JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

“In the Cross is Joy”

MANY A TIME, during the years of study, the question, “Why do you want to be a missionary?” had popped up. Even after the great day of ordination, when mission fields loomed close, some friends would ask this question.

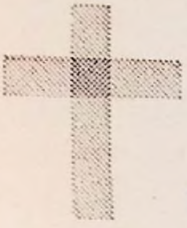
The answer then was of course, “Christ said to go to all lands . . . someone has to go . . . why not me?” And there didn’t seem to be a lot more to add to that. But now, after a few years on the missions, I would like to add a few more reasons, even though they are only fleeting glimpses of the whole picture.

It is 46 below zero, early in the morning. The village below lies sleeping. You ring the bell for morning Mass . . . minutes later little streams of smoke start from cabin chimneys . . . the second bell rings and from the little log homes

come family after family, parki clad, making their way up the hill. You count them as they come up . . . close to half of your village going to *daily* Mass . . .

Small benches, filled with small Eskimos, watching your every move, listening, but missing many of your words . . . learning signs to go along with the English words of their catechism, so that the words will stay in their little minds . . . First Communion just weeks away . . . (If I wasn’t here . . . who would be here? . . . the answer is no one . . . as is true in many spots in other mission lands . . . I am the link, no matter how poor, between God and His little Eskimo children.)

Running alongside the dogsled for the last few miles of mud and sand as the Spring thaw destroys the trail . . . to



The Arctic tundra is one Way of the Cross which men tra



Loneliness is the cross of all missionaries—but they remember Gethsemane, and One alone.

come late in evening to the last of your three villages and Easter Mass . . . to find that most of the little ones have gone to bed . . . but they have gone to bed fully dressed in their "Easter Clothes" so they could get up and go to Mass . . . it was too late for them, but I'm sure God was pleased with their desire . . . this missionary certainly was . . .

Standing by the door of the catechism room, listening . . . listening to some rapid-fire Eskimo, question and answer style, and you are happy. For those who are speaking are native Sisters, Oblates of Our Lady of the Snows . . . speaking to these people in their own language . . . people of their own land who have heard Christ call . . . and have followed

with *Eternal Life*



Sharing in the work is a lesson learned early in life by Eskimo boys who know that their greatest struggle for existence is against their environment. So they join together in chores like lugging precious firewood to the church and to the missionary's tiny cabin.

A faint knock at the door and open it to find one very shy and pint-sized Eskimo looking at his feet, but in his hands a small dish of fish or a half loaf of bread . . . "Anuk anuckdoke . . . I mean, Mama says you have this!" And from poverty they want to give you a gift . . . and the little one is off . . .

Each day new reasons come into view . . . each day a deeper proof of the need of more and more missionaries in lands where God is not "available" at all times within a few blocks or miles. Where the Mass and the Sacraments are "waited for" . . . not where the Mass and the Sacraments "wait" for the faithful. I'm sure that the years will bring more and more reasons . . . God grant that they will also bring more and more missionaries! And for those who cannot go to foreign lands . . . even though the voice may sound very weak from so far away . . . it is calling you to send your help . . . don't turn a deaf ear . . . you are the only ears listening!

. . . more will answer if only more can hear . . . this is why I am here . . .

Small running forms along the distant bank, as the children spot your boat coming down the Yukon, and children and adults coming down to meet you . . . and then joining together at the end of your two-week visit to pray for bad weather so that you can't leave!

THE COMMAND to go to the ends of the earth and preach the Gospel to every creature was given to the Apostles and their successors in ruling the Church. The Pope, as the Vicar of Christ and the successor of St. Peter in the primacy of authority, clearly has the obligation of assuring this preaching of the Gospel to all mankind.

Obviously the Pope cannot personally

Edward L. Murphy S.J.

Missions: the work of all

**From: "Teach Ye All Nations"
published by Benziger Bros.**

fulfill this obligation of going to the ends of the earth. He meets his obligation by means of others, subject to him—the *Roman Congregations* which constitute the government of the Church's life, delegated by the Pope to oversee and direct many phases of the Church's activity; the *Bishops* of the world; the *religious orders* and *institutes* whose members go to all parts of the world as missionaries; the *laity* through the various methods of cooperation in missionary work established by the Church . . .

The faithful, as living members of the Church, necessarily participate in the life and purposes of the Church. Thus, according to their state, they are obliged to collaborate in this Catholicity. To limit one's vision and interest to the local would be to stifle the Catholic nature

and compulsion of the life possessed by all in the Church.

In other words the life of the Church is not something to be expressed in its fulness by some of the members. On the contrary, solicitude for the whole world must be a part of the thinking of all members, and cooperation is required by the very fact of membership. Growth of the human body is an activity to which all members contribute in ways that are proper to them. So the growth of the Body of Christ, the Church, is something to which all members contribute in those ways proper to them and as appointed by the Church. Catholicity is the work of all, not of a few.

The sources of the missionary obligation which rests upon the whole Church are many. It is not necessary to exhaust the treatment of these sources; it should suffice to indicate some.

The twofold law of love, the love of God, and the love of the neighbor, which is the divinely revealed summation of our Christian life, is in itself a solidly supernatural foundation for the missionary obligation. To it the Church has constantly appealed. The love of God must include the love of His will and this necessarily issues forth in the will to do the will of God. In the prayer taught to us by Our Lord Himself we are instructed to say: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." Such invocations would have no meaning if they did not involve the individual who so prays in the realization of these objectives.

The love of the neighbor is an extension of the law of love of God. The teaching of the Church reminds us that the love which is directed toward the help of the neighbor is proportionate to the need which requires help. The greatest need is surely that of those who know not Christ and His Church. Love of them should inspire us to make available to them as far as is possible the means of salvation . . .



Carnival in Kansas

A GROUP of Jesuits at the new Chaplain Kapaun Memorial High School in Wichita, Kansas, asked the question out loud. "What can we actually do to further the real missionary work of our fellow Jesuits?" They hammered it out—and came up with an interesting solution.

They would put on a carnival; and everyone who would spend a dollar at it would receive a subscription to *JESUIT MISSIONS*. So even if one won no prizes, he would see what a worthy cause he was spending his money on.

Enthusiastic approval came from Father Patrick Holloran, President, and Father George Pieper, Dean. Harold Bradley S.J. put on his coveralls and started organizing; Gerald Bone S.J. ran about gathering prizes and anything he could borrow. The Junior Class took over as sponsors.

Carnival Night—and the concrete tennis courts had blossomed into a Midway of booths with games of skill; ring-the-bell, drive-a-spike, penny-pitch, knock-down-milk-bottles, and others, the most

popular being dunk-a-Junior. In this booth a Junior sat on a spring seat above a tank of water. For ten cents a player was given three baseballs and if he hit the bull's-eye the Junior was sent flailing into the water.

By 8:30 the tennis courts resembled a small-scale Times Square, with little people in the majority, but all were having a wonderful time. By ten o'clock most of the booths had exhausted their prizes and the crowd soon moved into O'Shaughnessy Hall where they danced to records until midnight.

When anyone purchased a dollar's worth of tickets, he received a card to fill out his subscription to *JESUIT MISSIONS*. Not all took advantage of the offer, and, of course, it was impossible to check up on everyone. Profits grossed over five hundred dollars. But the real benefit is not on the financial level at all. It lies in the hearts of those students of Kapaun Memorial High School who literally sweated for the missions, who labored to make the cause better known.

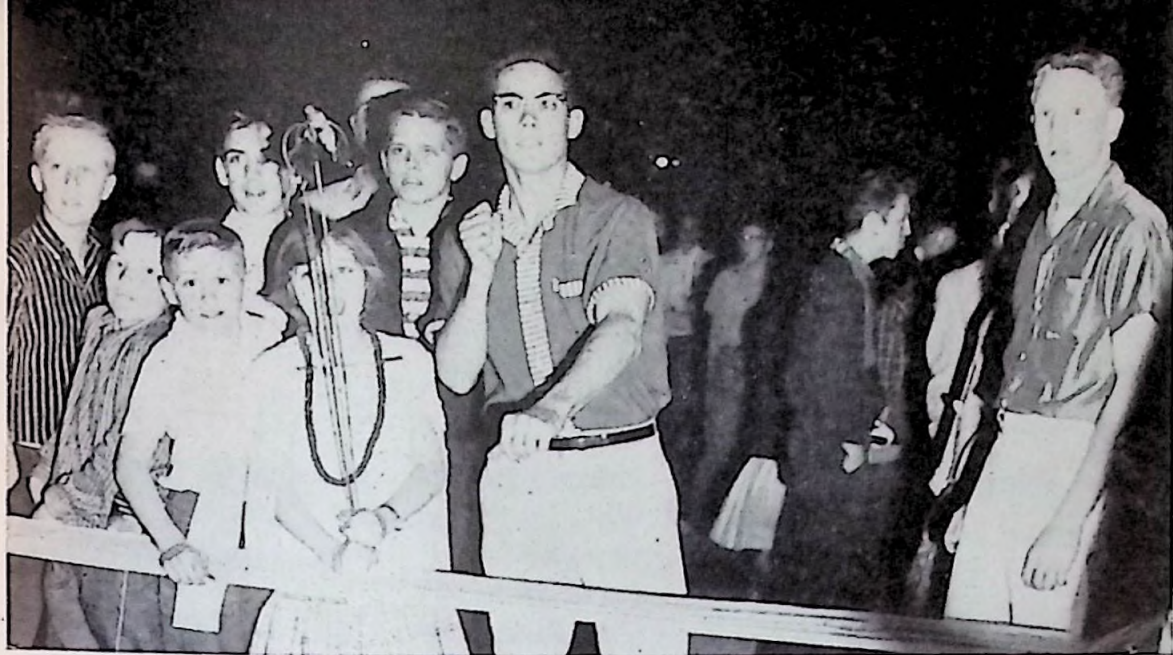
put in many hours of preparation, and found it worth it. The Sophomores are already planning for a more successful Jesuit Missions Carnival next year.

The Kapuan Carnival is only one attempt to help spread the apostolate through direct activity. It is one small attempt, one drop in a glassful of mission support. How about your drop? What can you do to help the missions? In Kansas they say, "Try a carnival!"



Apprehensively Jerry Glass waits





... as the sharpshooters warm up to the very popular pastime known as "Dunk-a-Junior."



Splash! . . . and the waiting is over, as well as the comfort, as Kenny Wohler (above) hits the bull's-eye. It wouldn't be so bad but Kenny is a fellow Junior, too. But it's all for the missions so they go all out. (Er, what is your group planning?)

Window on the Mission

One Cross, Many Hands

In this issue we have indicated several ways in which American Catholics have reached across the seas to help others. There is the way of suffering and prayer, the way of material aid, the way of telling the missions' story and so bringing people into orbit with the earth's most important and greatest cause. The building of the Kingdom of Christ is accomplished in a thousand different ways and by millions of willing hands. But there is only one single pattern in that building, the pattern of the Cross. Stark as the battered body of Christ on Golgotha where He proved how far His love for us would drive Him, that pattern stands out in all the warp and woof of mission activity. It is one Cross; it is our Cross—and when we lift it in whatever way we can then across the world the burden is a little less on those missionaries who have been great-hearted enough, not to shape the Cross to fit their lives, but to shape their lives to fit the Cross.

Look Back in Pride

Twenty-five years ago Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi was appointed Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. It is interesting to note the growth of the Church missions in that span of time, despite world conditions. Ecclesiastical territories dependent on this Congregation have increased from 436 to almost 700. Dioceses and archdioceses, only 54 in 1933, now number 375. The native clergy has grown from 1,750 to 5,300 while the missionary

clergy has increased from 10,700 to 27,050. In the past 25 years the Catholic population in these mission areas has risen from 12,650,000 to 33,370,000. The shadow over this bright picture of growth: these figures do not include the territories occupied by the Communists, 25% of the entire mission field.

The Year of the Dog

The mention of Communists brings to mind China, where it is the Year of the Dog. As we know, the Reds have been trying to set up a national Catholic Church with no ties with the Vatican or other Western imperialists. But every now and then something backfires. One instance was the publishing of the "Ordo," the Latin guide which tells the priest what the Mass of the day is, when Benediction is allowed, etc. It is customary also to print at the head of each month the Intentions of the Apostleship of Prayer. Now the easiest way for the man in charge of publishing the Ordo was to send out to Hong Kong for a legitimate Latin version and merely copy it. So from Shanghai to the different Provinces of China the authoritative Ordo went, along with various intentions such as "That the religious character of the Chinese be not corrupted by atheistic materialism"; "For the Church on the island of Formosa"; and "That we be aware of and abhor the perversity and the dangers of Marxist doctrines." It didn't take long for the fire-crackers to start popping. The "Vatican plot" was soon discovered and the newspapers went in to full cry. The explanations were as absurd as the original error was simple;

the accusations were the usual ones; but it is a very unhappy Year of the Dog for one copycat.

By-ways

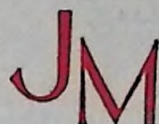
In the Philippines the Diocese of Zamboanga has been raised to the rank of an Archdiocese. The Most Reverend Luis Del Rosario S.J. has been named Archbishop, exactly twenty-five years after his consecration as Bishop of Zamboanga. He is the first Filipino Jesuit to become an Archbishop.

Also celebrating his Silver Jubilee in the episcopacy is Archbishop James T. P. Hayes S.J. of Cagayan in the Philippines. The New York-born prelate has not returned to his native city since he was consecrated there in 1933. A look at his record of achievement since he took over his 20,000 square miles of diocese gives a good reason for that—he is busy.

Washington, D.C., is rapidly becoming the center of missionary activity. The annual Mission Secretariat meeting, whose members are the religious groups sending missionaries to the field, will be held there in late September and at nearby Catholic University the first course in Missiology to be given in any Catholic college in this country begins.

Father Jesus Diaz S.J. of the Philippines has been appointed Assistant in the Jesuit Mission Secretariat in Rome.

When Maryknoll Father Charles McCarthy left for Chile recently the Catholic Press, and mission magazines especially, lost one of its most capable and devoted workers. Few have done more to make the mission cause so well known. God's blessing go with him!



World-wide Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope

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The first visit of any member of the

Royal Family to British Honduras

was an occasion to be remembered

The Princess Wore Pink



THE MOTTO of British Honduras is "Sub umbra, floreo—in the shade, I flourish." Well, this little colony on the eastern coast of Central America has rarely made the headlines so it has had more than its share of the shade. But one day not long ago it knew the sun, even though it was for only a little while.

The B.W.I.A. Viscount turbo-jet roared over Belize in the late afternoon, over the large gathering of schoolchildren whose formation spelled out "Welcome to B. H.," and landed at Stanley Field, nine miles from the capital. Out stepped Princess Margaret, the first of the Royal Family of England to ever visit this Caribbean colony. The Princess wore

pink, and looked lovely and fresh, despite her tiring schedule.

No one who has ever seen Belize would recognize the usually drab seaport during the four days the Princess honored us. Many of the streets were magnificently decorated and adorned with arches, and homes and business places along the Princess' route had been freshly painted. Altogether, it amounted to a thorough face-lifting and transformed Belize into a gala metropolis such as had never been known before.

The Princess was concluding an ardu-



Greetings are warm and friendly as Father Marvin O'Connor S.J., recently decorated as a Member of the British Empire, presents the Sisters of Mercy in Belize to the Princess.

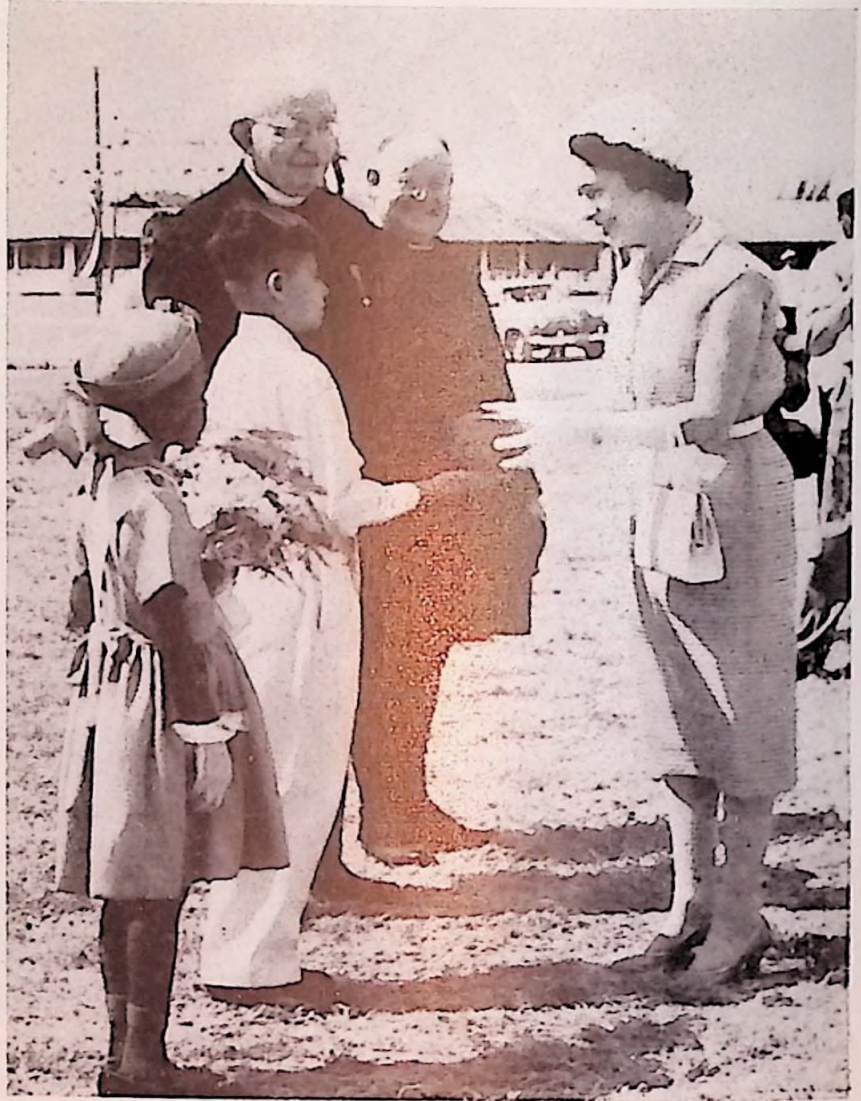
ous tour. She had presided at Trinidad when the new West Indies Federation came into being, had flown to British Guiana on the South American mainland, and had visited other Caribbean spots before her arrival here. After four days she would be off again, to Nassau, Newfoundland, and finally London.

During her stay here she won the hearts of all. Royalty has its burdens, its public chores and duties, but Princess Margaret Rose tripped through them regally and graciously. One example of this occurred during her visit to St.

Catherine's Academy, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy from Providence, Rhode Island, where the customary protocol called for the presentation of only a few of the Sisters. But the Princess wanted to meet them all, so the whole community had the opportunity of speaking with her. She also visited the Convent of the Pallotine Sisters and the Jesuit college of St. John's. The old circular road leading to the latter place had been elaborately finished and Her Royal Highness officially opened the highway which is appropriately named "The

The Princess Wore Pink

Best wishes and a long life come from the schoolchildren of British Honduras as they offer a gift to the Royal Visitor. A bouquet accompanied the gift, which was a jewel box made at Holy Redeemer Boys' School, largest of the many Catholic schools in the Colony. Father O'Connor was Apostolic Administrator at the time of the visit as the then Bishop-elect Robert Hodapp was in the States.



Princess Margaret Drive.”

There have been times when the people of British Honduras regarded themselves as a much neglected and forgotten part of the Empire. In the light of this, there had been some speculation that the Royal Visit would be received with some coldness. But all fears of that were swept away by the graciousness and sincere warmth of the Princess. People came from the farthest districts in truckloads and every appearance of the Princess was warmly applauded, even

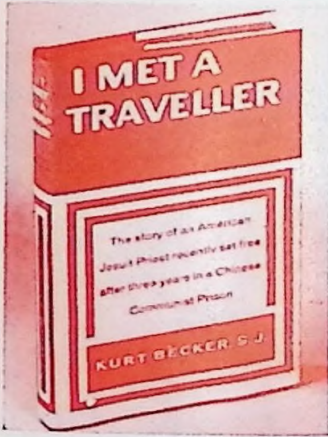
her ordinary passage through the streets. The reaction of all can be summed up in the words of a humble worker in the market-place, “Princess Margaret is indeed a Princess!”

“In the shade, I flourish.” The veteran Jesuit missionary, genial Father Joe Kemper, once paraphrased that motto, “Keep quiet—and working.” The Princess is now gone, our hour in the sun is over—but the work of God is still to be done in this Central American colony.

GREGORY B. SONTAG S.J.

SPECIAL OFFER

to readers of **JESUIT MISSIONS:**



“I MET A TRAVELLER” by Father Kurt Becker S.J., Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, will be on all bookstands on August 18. It will sell for \$3.50. Readers of *Jesuit Missions* can avail themselves of the coupon below and

purchase this book for the special price of

\$2.95

“I Met a Traveller” is the story of Father Thomas Phillips S.J., a remarkable man, unjustly and criminally forced to spend three years in Chinese Communist prisons.

“The great virtue of this book, apart from its literary merits, is the extraordinary insight it gives into the Communist mentality and tactics.” *John La Farge S.J.*



Kurt Becker S.J.

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

Please send me “I Met a Traveller” by Kurt Becker S.J. at the special price for *Jesuit Missions* readers.

----- copies

----- send a copy to a Jesuit missionary.

Remittance enclosed. \$2.95 for each copy.

Name

Address

City Zone State

*University students in Africa and Asia,
unknown youngsters today, will be the
leaders of those great areas tomorrow.*

**1,701,000,000
LOOK TO
THEM**

A MILLION AND a half college students could make up quite a cheering section. Such a group exists, although, of course, they have never been assembled in one place and never will be.

They are the 1,500,000 young Africans and Asians now in colleges and universities all over the world. Their fresh enthusiasm and vital energies will soon be devoted to the crucial needs of their



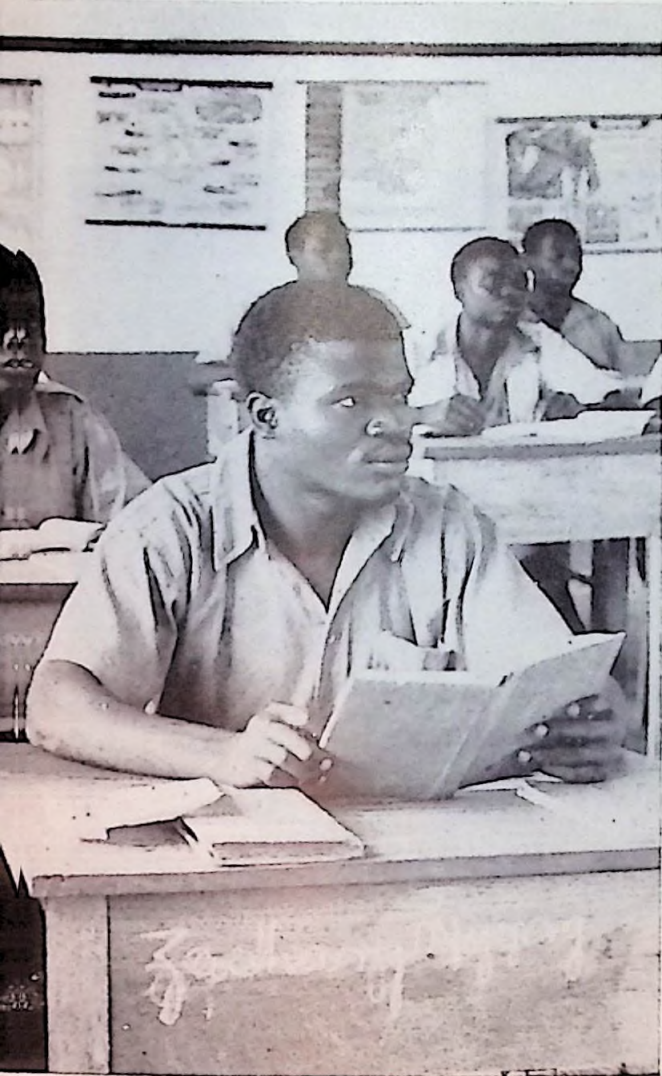
British Cameroons

homelands. They are a mighty force, to be reckoned with. When they cheer and lead and inspire, they will be followed.

During this month of September, the Holy Father asks us to pray that these students may come to the knowledge and love of Christ. His Holiness is well aware of the mission entrusted by history to these bright youngsters. Just a few years ago, many of them had not



Togoland



Formosa

the remotest hope of higher education. But today, with the swift evolution of many Asian and African lands, the needs of their people demand that the best of this world's learning be made available to them.

So they crowd the universities, in their own countries and abroad. An African boy whose father never saw a newspaper is a student of literature. A Chi-

nese, whose life would normally have been bound to family and village, studies medicine, or law, or politics.

Some 27,000 of these students frequent the great universities of Europe. About 14,000 are at present in school here in the United States.

These young people will be, beyond doubt, the intellectual and political leaders of the people within a decade or

Pope's Mission Intention

two. What manner of men will they be? What philosophy will determine the paths along which they will lead the new peoples of Asia and Africa?

Obviously, their university training will shape, in large measure, their mentality and their leadership. It is ominous to reflect that of the million and a half students, an undetermined number are

tivism of modern science, to the materialistic point of view so prevalent.

A large proportion of these Asian and African students come from families traditionally religious, where authority was the basis of life. They will find, all too often, that their respected mentors in the university ignore or despise the supernatural and look for authority in



Indonesia

now in the universities of Russia and the satellite nations. It is not hard to imagine the philosophy of life these graduates will bring home with them.

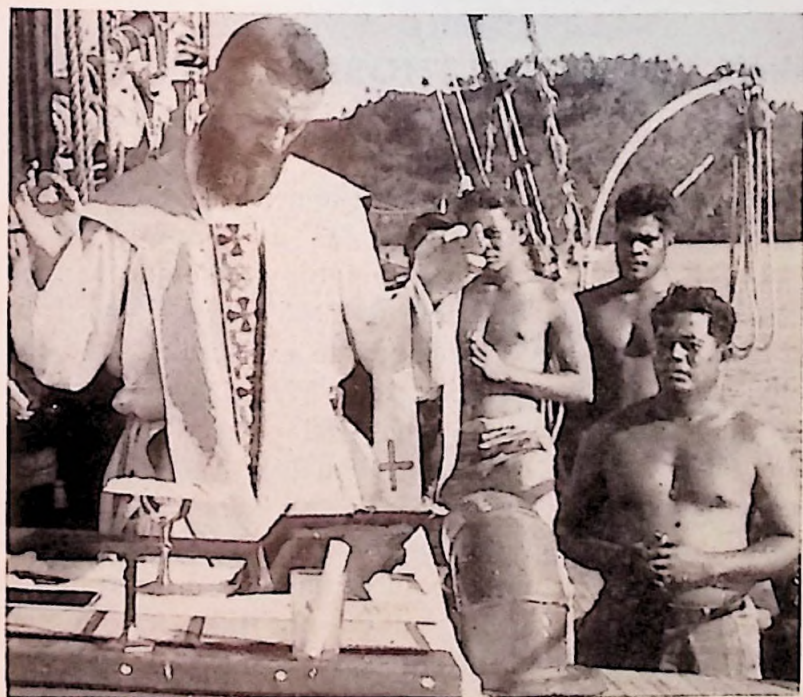
What about the rest, for whom we might have some hope? The prospects are far from encouraging. Only a handful of students are in Catholic universities. The others are exposed to the posi-

physical science alone.

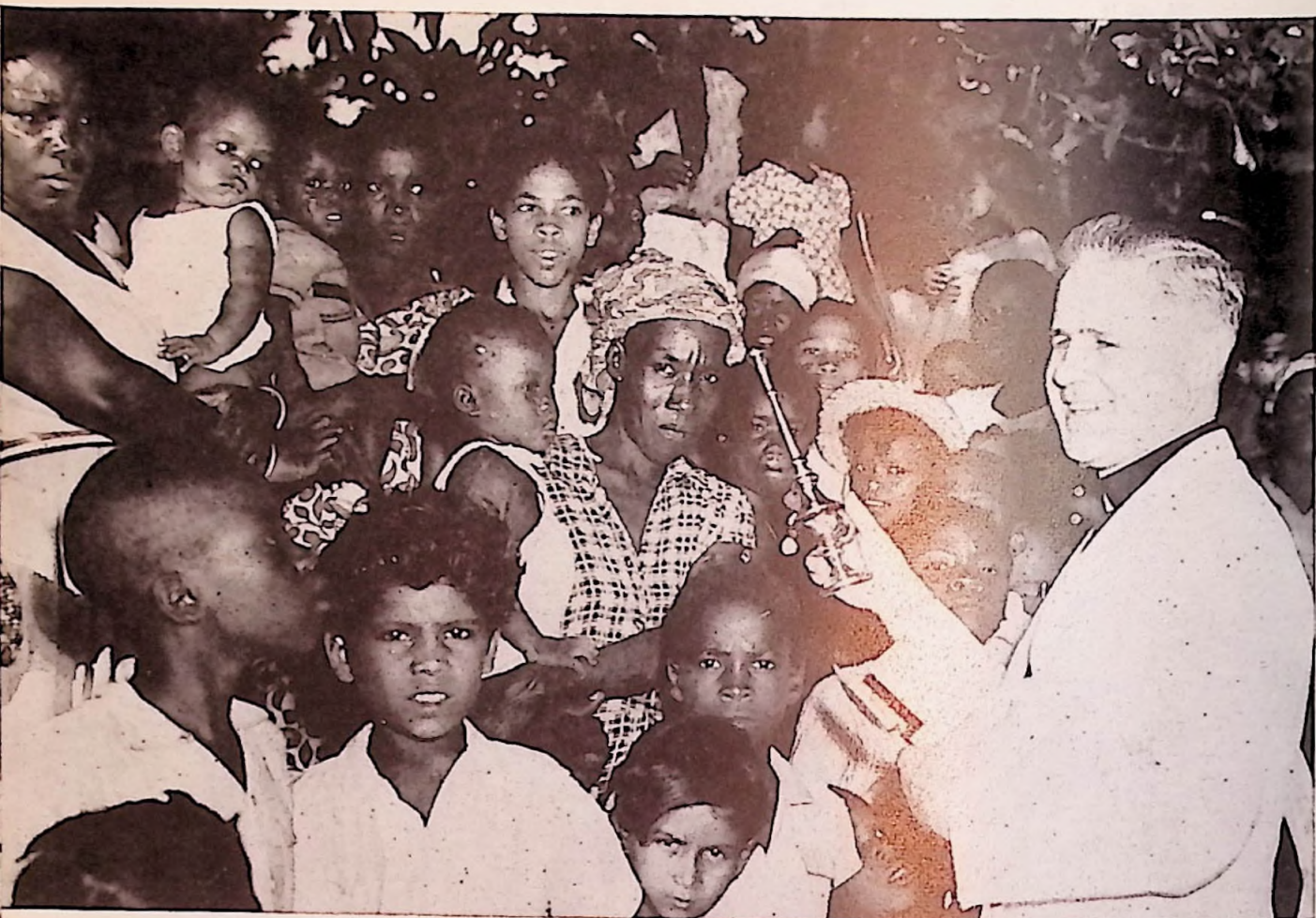
The mission intention for September asks us to pray "that Asian and African university students may come to the knowledge and high appreciation of Christ." For only in His person, His doctrine and His Church will they find the true way to lead themselves and their people to happiness.

Mission Events

Consecrated as Bishop of Belize in British Honduras on June 26th was the Most Reverend Robert L. Hodapp S.J. He is the fourth American Jesuit appointed to that see. A native of Mankato, Minnesota, he is an experienced missionary in this Central American colony. He has done bush work as a parish priest, has been in school work, and most recently was in charge of the reconstruction after the last devastating hurricane. So he knows what faces him. *Ad multos annos!*



Appointed as the new Superior of the Caroline and Marshall Islands in the Pacific is Father William Rively S.J. of the New York Province. He succeeds Father Edwin McManus S.J. of Brooklyn, who has completed his six-year term of office. The new Superior hails from Altoona, Pa., and was a missionary in the Philippines before he went in 1949 to his present post in the islands.



Appointed as Superior of the Jamaica Mission in the West Indies, Father James Barry S.J. succeeds Father Denis Tobin whose term of office has expired. Boston-born Father Barry has built up a new parish, been Secretary to Bishop McEleney, and pastor of one of the larger island parishes during his time on the Mission. No more time for singing now.

THE BISHOP JOTS IT DOWN

BISHOP JOHN MCELENEY S.J. of Kingston, Jamaica, invited several visiting priests on an overnight outing to the country part of the island. He carefully prepared a list of the foodstuffs needed:

1. Eggs
2. Sugar
3. Milk
4. Bread
5. Butter
6. Coffee
7. Bacon
8. Salt

The order was followed literally: one egg, two pounds of sugar, three quarts of milk, etc., etc., down to the eight pounds of salt. Fortunately the victuals were investigated before the party set off and so the crisis of five famished men breakfasting on one egg and eight pounds of salt was averted.

WEIGH THOSE WORDS

FATHER CLAUDE DALY of the Trincomalee Mission in Ceylon has a battered bit of paste-board that he has carefully treasured for a dozen years. "I stepped on a weighing machine in New Orleans back in 1946 when I was leaving for Ceylon," he explained, "and this card popped out. What it says on the front about that 181 pounds may not be true today but you can't deny the truth of what it says on the back!"

On the back of the card is written: "You are about to have an opportunity to travel. If you do not take it, you will miss a thrilling adventure."

Near Trincomalee
a strange ritual
pays honor to

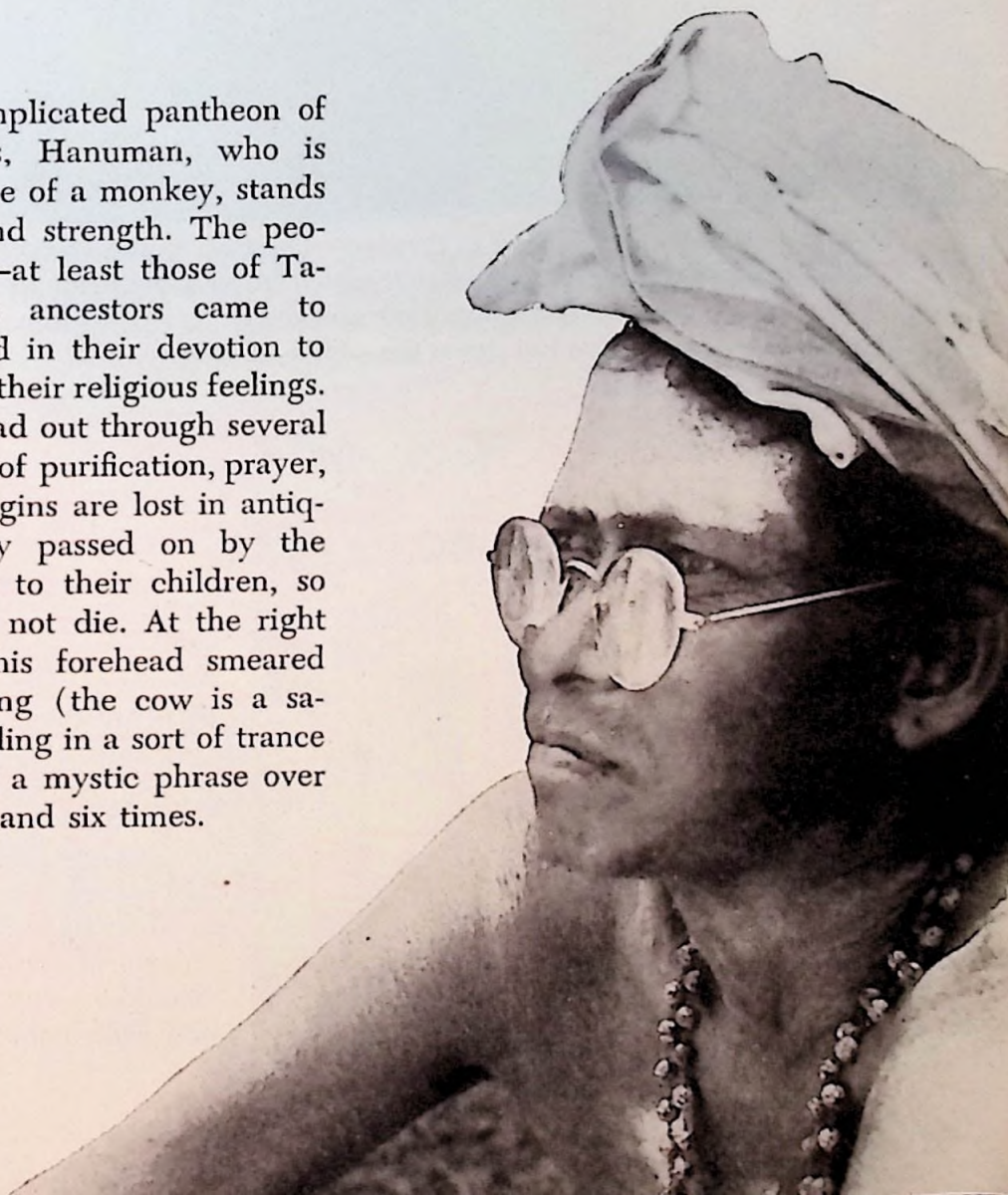
HANUMAN

ancient god
of strength
in the countryside

A picture story

IN THE VAST and complicated pantheon of Indian pagan gods, Hanuman, who is represented in the shape of a monkey, stands for courage, loyalty, and strength. The people of the countryside—at least those of Tamil extraction, whose ancestors came to Ceylon from India—find in their devotion to Hanuman an outlet for their religious feelings.

The ceremonies spread out through several days, and involve rites of purification, prayer, and penance whose origins are lost in antiquity, but are carefully passed on by the monkey-god's devotees to their children, so that the devotion may not die. At the right one of these elders, his forehead smeared with purifying cow-dung (the cow is a sacred animal), sits brooding in a sort of trance brought on by reciting a mystic phrase over and over ten thousand and six times.





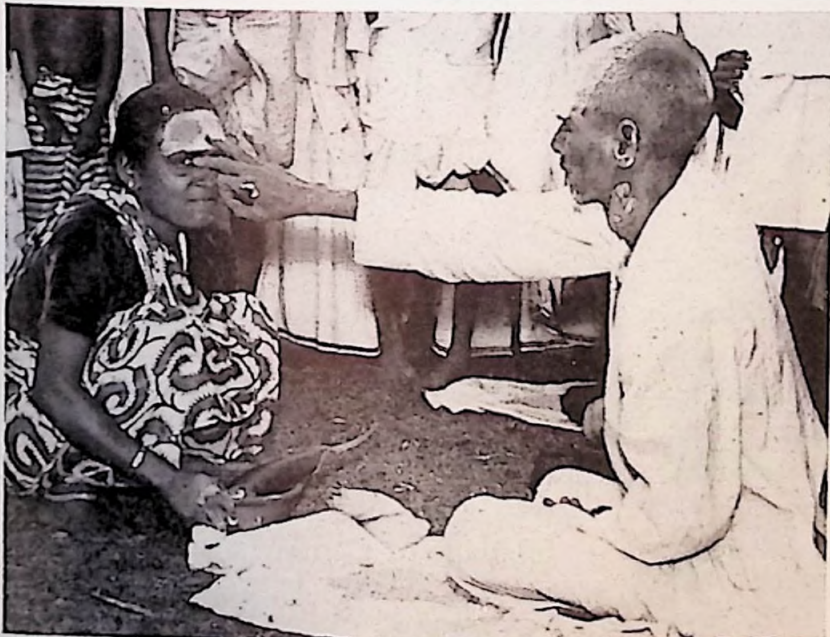
Ritual purification takes place in the river. The man in the foreground has his head smeared with a mixture of clay and cow-dung, which he will wash off like the people in the background, reciting in the meantime, over and over, a sacred sadra, which is a mystic phrase whose meaning has been lost down the course of history.



Mounted on an image of a sacred cow, the figure of Hanuman is drawn along the streets of the town by the devotees of the monkey-god. An umbrella atop the huge cart shields Hanuman from the heat of the sun. No such shelter protects the worshippers who bear the weight of the heavy figures on their shoulders without complaint during long processions that mark the three-day feast.



Solemn-eyed youngster joins his elders in paying homage to the monkey-god. He has been purified by ritual washing, his head has been anointed with a mixture of cow-dung and ashes, and he carries a model of the sacred bridge built by Hanuman during his earthly days.



Preparing for her part in the ceremonies, woman has her forehead daubed. Devotion to Hanuman is very old, and very widespread, and explains why to so many people in the Orient monkeys are considered sacred.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The House of Mary, Maria Bhawan, is the beautiful name of Father Kachiramattam's church in India. As yet this parish has no statue of Our Lady to indicate this is really the House of Mary.

The parish also needs bells to announce the time of Mass and services. If you could help with a gift:

Statue of Our Lady.....\$200.00
Bells for Maria Bhawan.....\$200.00

The Communists in Batticaloa have a football team called the Red Stars. This organization has attracted a lot of attention and has signed up some Catholic boys. Father Del Marmol is trying to get his Catholics away from this team, and says that he would have a good chance of doing it if he could provide uniforms for his own team.

Another request of Father Del Marmol concerns his transportation. He has the largest parish in Batticaloa which he tries to cover by bicycle. With sick calls, day and night, he has trouble covering the area adequately. Could you help?

Uniforms \$ 40.00
Motor Scooter \$400.00

The Seminarians in Jamaica are making a good attempt, under the direction of Father Burke, to supply their own food. The fruit and vegetable supply is well taken care of. For meat they could raise chickens. To prevent spoilage, a refrigerator is needed which would cost \$450.00. Would you be able to contribute \$1.00 or \$2.00 to help the seminarians supply their own food?

Band Instruments — second hand, are earnestly requested by Father Leonard Hacker of the Marshall Islands. He would welcome any band instruments but would particularly like to get an alto horn, saxophones, trumpets, trombones.

If there is an abandoned band instrument in your home that you would like to donate to the missions, please forward to:

Rev. William Wood S.J.
39 East 83rd Street
New York 28, N. Y.

Father Joseph Stoffel of the Immaculate Conception Church in Jasaan, Philippines, writes that he has 15 barrio stations for which he must hire religion teachers. The people are generous but are never able to raise more than 25% of the cost for the teaching of catechism. \$50.00 per year will cover the cost of a catechist in one of the barrios. \$1.00 would pay a week's salary, \$2.00, two weeks. Would you help this very necessary work?

The Children Are Good-Natured and don't mind sitting on the floor in Father Matthew's school in Jamshedpur. Come the monsoon, though, the children will catch cold. Desks can be obtained quite cheaply in India.

Another improvement in these classrooms would be a cement floor. If you could help, Father needs:

100 Desks \$1.50 each
50 Bags of Cement..... \$1.60 each
Jesuit Missions, 45 E. 78th St., N. Y. 21

Want to name a Church?

In his vast mission territory in Buxar, India, Father Edmund Burke has a typical missionary need:

Chapels, each costing \$500.00.

One station has no name: Father Burke will gladly let the donor pick the patron.

The others, well, read Father Burke's own description.

1. **St. Joseph's.** Now using a borrowed house, only two doors belong to us.
2. **Our Lady of Sorrows.** We have here a mud house given us by the people.
3. **Our Lady of Perpetual Help.** Here we have two rooms loaned to us. Loan may be called at any moment.
4. **Our Lady of Peace.** Here, like the Holy Family in Bethlehem, we are in a stable.
5. **Our Lady of Lourdes.** Here we have a few acres of land, and 200 Catholics...
6. **Sacred Heart.** This place used to be a pig-pen, but we have cleaned it up, and it looks nice.
7. **St. Aloysius.** We own four walls put up by the people on borrowed land; no roof, however.
8. **Our Lady of Perpetual Help** in Buxar. This is the mother Church. A new Church is urgently needed.

WON'T YOU HELP FATHER BURKE?

Send \$5, or \$10, or enough for a chapel to:

Jesuit Missions

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

2 Altars and **2** Tabernacles

are urgently needed by Father James Poole,
whose story appears on page eleven.

Read his story. And remember that no
missionary ever has enough money.

WON'T YOU HELP ?

A Tabernacle costs \$200.00.

An Altar costs \$350.00.

Send \$5.00, or \$10.00 or whatever you like.

Your contribution will be gratefully and prayerfully
received at:

Jesuit Missions

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