

JESUIT MISSIONS

SIDDI MARYAM Mary and the Moslems







JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

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

May, 1959, Vol. 33, No. 4

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Editor, *Calvert Alexander*
 Managing Editor, *Clement J. Armitage*
 Associate Editors, *Kurt Becker, Leo Birney, Thomas J. M. Burke, Cecil H. Chamberlain, Edward S. Dunn, Joseph S. McBride, Edward L. Murphy*
 Business Editor, *Coleman A. Daily*

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

Ilischief is about as far away from this Arab youngster (left) as the fronds of the date palm behind him. Both he and the tree are young but they will both come of age and bear fruit in their time. May the intention which the Holy Father asks us to pray for (cf. p. 14) have come true by that time.

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*The former Superior of the Iraq Mission,
once rumored to have been cut in two
by a mob last July, reports on the situation*



Baghdad Today

THOMAS F. HUSSEY S.J.



THE IRAQ uprising of last July 14th was one of the swiftest and most modern of revolutions. Before most Baghdadis knew that it had begun it was already successfully completed, and shortly afterwards, the joy of the populace was being televised from the street.

We Jesuits of Al-Hikma University and Baghdad College relied somewhat on radio and television for the news but more on the rumors that came to us from the city through friends and servants. Realizing as the morning wore on that there was no general molestation of foreigners and that the new government was definitely opposed to any such attacks, we breathed more easily. Indeed, the government itself imposed a curfew from one o'clock in the afternoon which cleared the streets and allowed emotions to cool off.

This curfew was the occasion of what was a most touching expression of devotion to "the Fathers." On hearing of the one o'clock curfew, our head gardener offered to remain with us for the afternoon and the night as our guard. "If there is any day you need a watchman, it is today," he observed, "and Jassim (the regular night watchman) will not be able to get here because of the curfew. He does not come until six in the evening." While still wondering at this, we beheld Jassim coming through the garden gate with his aluminum lunch box. This was at noon, six hours before he was due. He remarked simply, "I came now because I would not be able to come later." On the

Turbulent and quickly explosive, the people of Iraq's capital can also display a warm-hearted hospitality, as the American Jesuits have discovered on many occasions.

Baghdad Today

part of these two men, this was an act of sheer devotion. They are both Moslems, and on a day when the country was shaken by a revolution definitely anti-Western they both volunteered to guard us who were Americans and Christians. For those of us who have lived in Iraq, the word Arab has not the sinister connotation often imputed to it by the American press.

In the following two months we lived in a forest of rumors. Annoyingly, some



Blending yesterday and today, this blind singer of Ctesiphon listens to tape-recording. (United Nations photo)

Tigris splits old Baghdad and suburbs.



of them later proved to be true. One wag expressed the wish that God would allow the ears of the rumor-bearer to glow a bright orange when the story he was recounting was a fact. Among the wilder of the stories were such as that the Jesuits had sold their property for five million dollars and had returned to the United States, that four Fathers had been put into prison (actually Father Guay had been asked to identify himself one day), and that the Superior had been cut into two pieces by the mob.

When September came around, the school year began quite normally when one considers the thoroughness of the turnover in government and the number of officials that were replaced. We received boys whose parents figured prominently in the old regime as well as sons of the newcomers-to-power. Naturally, such a mixture of students imposed a delicate problem of prefecting in the yard during recesses and game periods. To show how well this job was done by Father Thomas Kelly, the Dean of Discipline, Fathers Joseph Quinn and John Mahoney, Directors of Sports, and especially the Scholastics, we have the following story from Very Reverend Father Michael J. McCarthy, the Superior.

It seems that the Prime Minister of Iraq, Abdul-Karim Qassim, was visiting the home of his Minister of Health one afternoon and engaged the son of his host in conversation. Upon learning that the young man is a student at Baghdad College, the Premier inquired whether the B.C. students were pro-Nasser, or nationalists. The boy answered, "They are not pro-Nasser or nationalists or anything. We get there at eight o'clock in the morning, and we are kept in class and at games until four in the afternoon when we come back home. We have so much homework that we work until bedtime. There isn't time to be anything." Abdul-Karim laughed and said that all schools should be like this.

*Missionaries are versatile men, but
there are limits . . . or are there?*

Jesuits... MUSIC?

Fr. Anthony de Changy S.J.
is Professor of Organ
at the Jesuit College of
Music and Arts at Hiroshima.
He also teaches French, and
is one of the reasons why
the College in the once-
demolished city is regarded
as the leading musical
institution in Japan,
where music and arts are
immensely popular.



EVER SINCE Joshua won the battle of Jericho by the somewhat startling expedient of having men parade around the city blowing trumpets until the walls fell down, music has been recognized as an instrument in the service of the Lord . . . a mighty powerful instrument in Joshua's case. Accordingly it should not surprise anyone to know that Jesuits (and especially Jesuit missionaries), who have always been ready to use whatever came to hand in doing the Lord's work, have never despised a tool strong enough to knock down walls. Yes, Virginia, there are Jesuit musicians.

Of course, there are Jesuits who are

not musicians, too. The Jesuits, like the rest of the world, can be divided into those who play a violin and those who do not. In fact, some Jesuits are so tone-deaf that their inability to carry a tune can only be described as monumental. In fairness to these men, however, it must be stated that they make up for their musical lack by possessing other qualities. Indeed, after listening to one man struggling desperately, and futilely, with "Who Wears Short Shorts" a fellow-Jesuit shook his head and said, somewhat cynically: "He can't sing a note. He'll probably be a Superior."

This, of course, is a generalization.

Jesuits . . . Music?

Some Superiors are excellent musicians.

Anyway, that's neither here nor there. The point is that, far from being universally tone-deaf, Jesuits have always used music, and rather skilfully, at that, in carrying on their missionary and educational works. Sometimes, in fact, they have combined all three things quite brilliantly. Xavier, for instance, and his followers, taught the catechism to popular tunes. St. John de Brebeuf composed Christmas Carols for the Iroquois Indians, telling them all about Gitchi Manitou becoming man in the dead of wintertime, when all the birds had fled . . . St. Francis Borgia composed motets and Masses of such startling excellence that for centuries it was assumed they had been written by no less a composer than Rolando de Lasso, which is rather like having one's work mistaken for Richard Wagner's. And Athanasius Kircher, the incredible German Jesuit who in his day was the

Bro. John Walter is a one-man band in the Marshall Islands mission.



world's leading authority on *everything*, being a sort of seventeenth century Leonardo Da Vinci, wrote a book on music called "Musurgia Universalis" which was for over a century *the* absolutely last word in matters musical.

Highly technical works, by Jesuits Irish, German, and Spanish, who approached music as intensely, if not as emotionally, as Maria Menighini Callas and wrote in a variety of languages, with awesome learning, stand as landmarks to the serious students of musical history, and are hailed by critics as some of the best works on music ever written, and are credited with having directly and indirectly influenced the course of music down the ages.





Open-mouthed kids of Majuro in the South Seas listen to Bro. Michael Murray S.J. sing of the wonders of his far-away home. The Marshallese are very musical and will burst into song at the slightest excuse. So will Brother Murray, as is obvious.

Which is fine. This tradition carries on: not merely in places like Hiroshima, where a full-fledged College of Music is directed by Father Goosens who also on occasion takes time out to conduct a symphony orchestra, but also wherever missionaries find that a ukelele, a har-

monica, a violin or an accordion will enable them to make an audience of children or grownups receptive to their message, or will refresh them, spiritually and physically, so that they can with renewed vigor take up the work of being apostles of Christ.

After a hard day's toil John Kenealy, John Knapek and LeRoy Ryan relax with music in the cool of the early evening. Mr. Knapek taught his fellow-missionaries to play the mouth organ during the trip from the U.S. to Patna, India.



Music hath charms . . . Dorchester-born Leo McDonough S.J. finds the accordion acts as a magnet drawing Baghdad youngsters to his side for a friendly and noisy musical session.

The ruggedness of the Himalaya mountains

has played a great part in forming

The Sherpas

into a strong and warm-hearted people

JOHN K. BINGHAM S.J.



SOLU KHUMBU lies at the foot of mighty Mt. Everest in the once Forbidden Kingdom of Nepal and here is the home of the renowned climbing Sherpa tribe. The Sherpas, originally from Eastern Tibet, speak a Tibetan dialect and their big, broad features, heavy build and serene attitude toward life is distinctly Tibetan. An immensely happy people, their hospitality and straightforwardness win the hearts of all who visit them.

A simple, truthful people, they are most objective and sound in their judgments and words. When I ask a Sherpa whether my medicine worked or not, he gives me a straight answer, either, "Jati bhayo—I'm all better," or, "Kehi bhayena—Nothing happened."

Our big battle is against tuberculosis and thus far it has been a losing battle, with the score 2-0 in favor of TB. Of eleven Sherpas under treatment in their homes, two have died. By the grace of God, the evening before each of these patients died I arrived in their respective huts. After the necessary instruc-

Tensing brought prominence to the Sherpas when he guided the Hillary Expedition in its famous conquest of Mt. Everest six years ago.

tions, to which they gave their full cooperation, I poured the water of eternal life over their brows and, before the night was over, their darkness and pain has been changed into indescribable joy.

These mountaineers are certainly the most manly people that I have ever met and I include the women in this category. Pain is accepted as part of the game of life, and, unless they are completely incapacitated, they go right on with the day's work. One day while at Onding Sherpa's house, his wife, Chekhi, came struggling up the steep mountain track carrying a very heavy load of grass-fodder for the cows. This little woman has advanced tuberculosis in both lungs yet she still puts in nine hours of heavy work a day.

Recently, after a two-year battle with the same disease, her husband died. When we attempted to offer her a few words of consolation, she very respectfully but quietly cut us short. Simply and realistically she stated, "It was useless for him to live as he was only in pain and could not work." Thus, for her, our sympathy was unnecessary.

The Sherpa women have no time for tears. After a death in the family they see to paying for the expensive (\$200) funeral according to their Buddhist rites and then go back to work. If there is any pain they bury it in their great souls.

After a long and tiring medical excursion, one Thursday, some one asked me if the distribution of the medicines, the consequent cure of a fair percentage of sick persons and the charity expressed by these activities was an adequate enough motive for these people to leave all and follow Christ. First of all, the sick are to be treated just because they are sick, without any further considerations. "I was sick and you visited Me," said Our Lord, and with those words the first part of this question is answered.

Then, as regards religion, the continued presence of the representative of



Doubt will give way to trust in a short time.

Jesus Christ in their midst poses the question constantly before them: "Why does this Father come so far to try to help us? Certainly nobody else has done anything for us without a price on it, save our parents or close relatives. This Father must do it for a big motive, his religion, his God. And since he loves us, his religion is good. We will investigate this matter further."

The Sherpas are gradually putting the pieces of the puzzle together, and these pieces are composed of all the work done by the various representatives of Christ in this district, in the schools and dispensaries and orphanages and medicine routes. And when all the pieces are together they will begin to make out behind it all the features of Him for Whom they have really thirsted so long. That will be a happy day for the Sherpas and the Church—the real home of this magnificent tribe.

*Those who strive to build the Kingdom
of God discover that it is laced with*

Trails

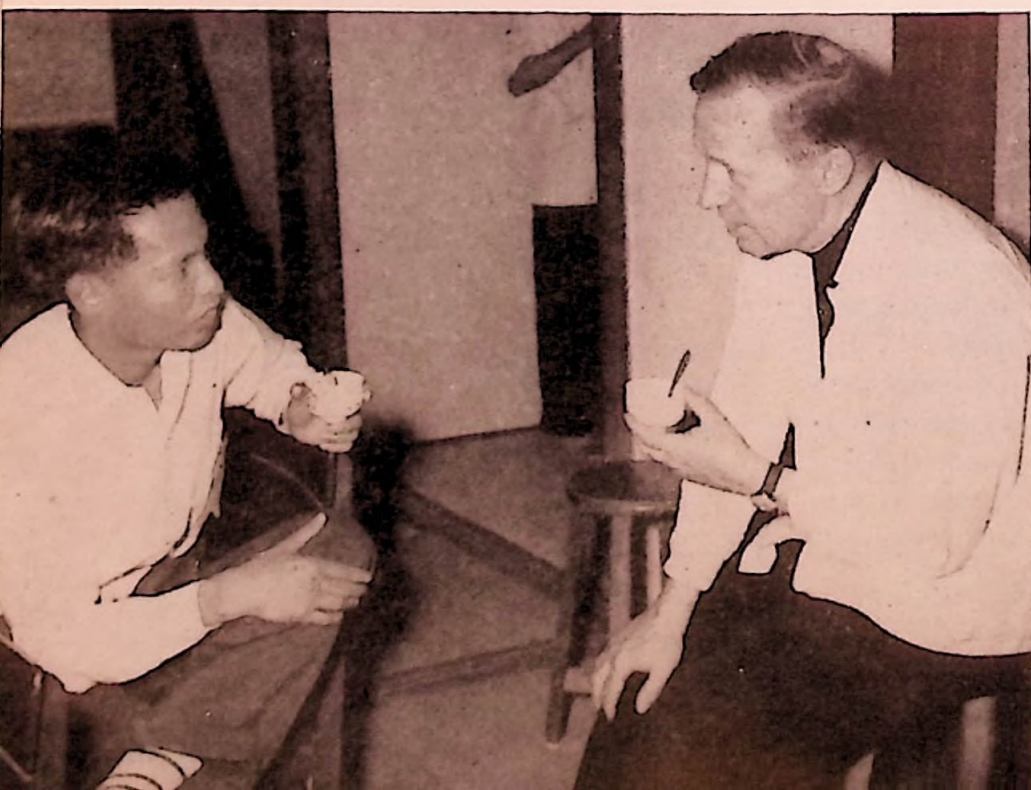
Forever Crossing

ALBERT R. O'HARA S.J.

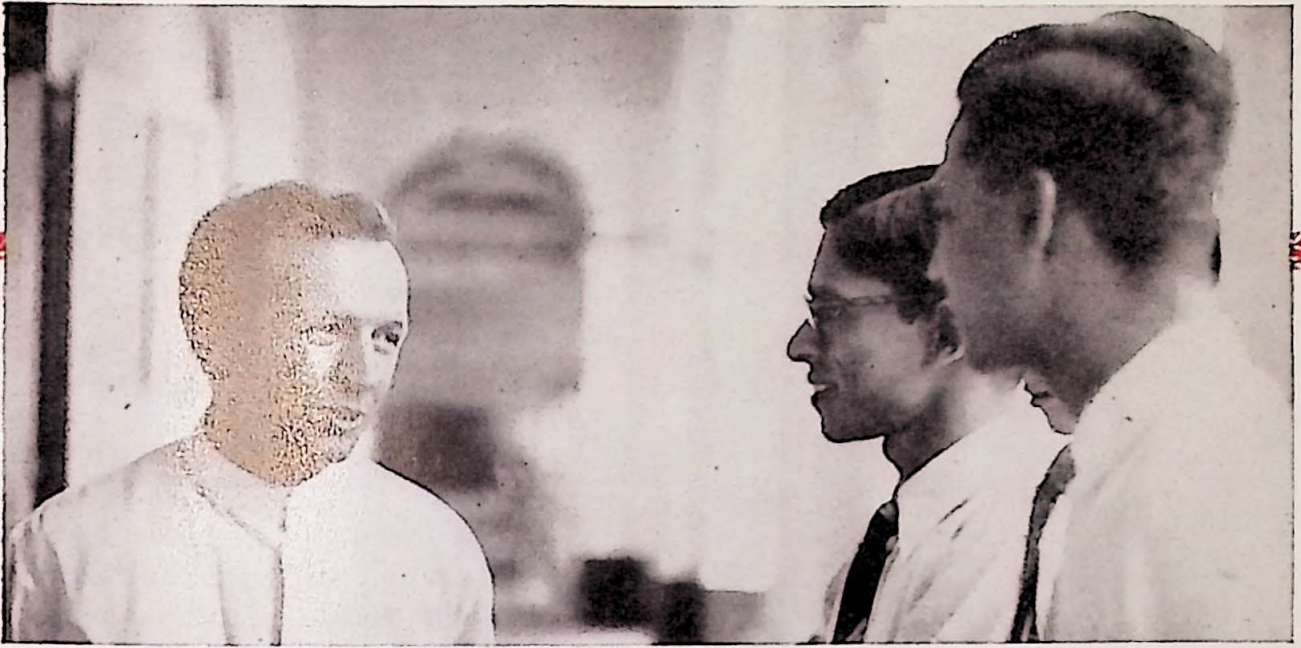
IT IS SAID that it is an ill wind that blows no one good. The Communist occupation of the China Mainland seemed to me to be an exceptionally ill wind as it blew me from my teaching and missionary work at the National Central University, Nanking, far south to Manila in the Philippines. It was with a sad heart that I watched my adopted land and people slipping from my sight in February 1949 as my ship ran with the outgoing tide of the Yangtze River into the China Sea. However, in handling the moving and setting up of a Chinese seminary from Peiping, the Chinese Jesuit Novitiate and Language School

from Shanghai, I came to know and make friends with the Overseas Chinese in Manila and the Philippines.

Two years later an assignment back to Hong Kong gave me a chance to know rather thoroughly and be known by the Chinese of Hong Kong and Macao. And while I was in Hong Kong, an invitation from Archbishop Olcomondy, MEP, of Singapore took me on a lecture tour on "Labor Problems and the Social Order" to Singapore and the principal cities of western Malaya. Some 66 lectures in Chinese and English brought me in touch with an actual audience of more than 23,000 students and adults, many



Tea break is taken by Father O'Hara of Springfield, Missouri, now of the California Province's China Mission, and boy from Malaya who first was impressed by Father's command of Chinese language when he spoke in Soerambam.



Singapore was another stop along the trail where the author spoke to the Social Guild.

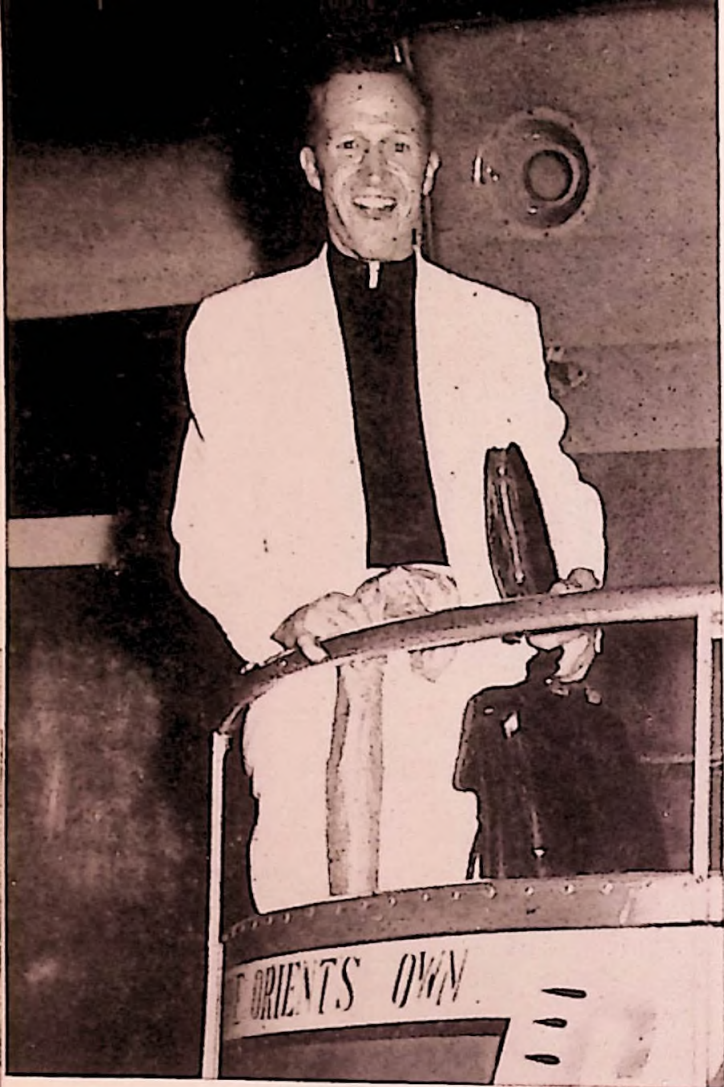
of whom were Chinese.

At the request of the Chairman of the Foreign Literature Department of the National Taiwan University, an old friend from Nanking, my superiors called me there in 1954 to Taiwan U., to teach Sociology. There I crossed paths with former colleagues of the National Central University and former students of mine who had now become professors. I joined ten other Jesuits, three Chinese secular priests and five Benedictine nuns who were already teaching in the university. Our residence, which was nearest the university, was provided free for us by the University authorities. Besides giving us convenient living quarters, the house called "Beda Tsang Hall" after Father Beda Tsang S.J., an educator who died under persecution in a Communist jail in Shanghai, made an excellent student center on a small scale. We had a chapel which could accommodate more than two hundred students for Mass, be curtained off for musical recitals or movies, and be divided up for meeting and instruction rooms. We also had a library and reading room that offered English, Chinese and Japanese books to the number of 5,000 and more; there were daily papers, weekly and monthly

magazines and reviews in the same three languages. (Japanese is still read by the Taiwanese people.)

My first year here also marked the first big influx of Overseas Chinese students and there were Catholics among them. The Irish Jesuits with whom I had worked in Hong Kong sent their graduates with a note of introduction; the same was true of those coming from Singapore and later on for those coming from Malaya and Indonesia, where Jesuits expelled from the China Mainland were working. We staged welcome parties to make the new arrivals feel a little more at home, led them to the chapel, introduced them to the library and reading room, language practice room, typing room, etc. For them it was a great help in the transition period from home to a boarding school in a far away land. The initial welcome parties started small groups coming for clubs and Our Lady's Sodality. These students, in turn, brought along friends, classmates and roommates who were interested in religious instruction.

The Fathers and Sisters are teaching such subjects as Shakespeare, 19th Century Prose, Sociology, History, Public Health, Labor Problems, Ethics, An-



Formosa arrival appears to be a happy one as Father O'Hara prepares to settle down.

thropology, Spanish, German, French, Business English, and Latin. In their teaching each Father or Sister is able to reach from 200 to 400 or more students each year. We all have an official position in the school and as such command the respect of faculty and students alike. In fact, we generally receive high respect because of the conscientious and efficient manner of teaching. This has been the unsolicited testimony of many public officials, from the top down.

Students commenced to come who had heard my lectures in Hong Kong and Macao on Marriage and the Family or sermons given in Mandarin. From Singapore came students, who in the Chinese Catholic High School had heard me lecture. Students from the 2,600 Chung Ling Boys' Middle School of Penang, Malaya, came to show me autograph al-

bums that I had signed when I lectured there. One student came specially to look me up for he said, "Father, in Soerambam, Malaya, when you came to our school and I heard you, a foreigner, speaking to us in Chinese, my heart was greatly moved." Truly, there were many trails that were crossing again in the Far East.

Both boys and girls drop in for Mass and Communion daily in our chapel; the overseas boys' sodality supplies Mass servers. Days of recollection, meetings and retreats keep the Catholics in close connection with the Church and provide a Catholic life for them in the midst of a state-run university. Parties, picnics, classical record recitals and movies bring Catholic and non-Catholic alike to Beda Tsang Hall so that the academic ties of professor and students are made stronger and more friendly by social contact. The result has been that there is a general feeling of friendship toward the Church on the campus and many students come asking for religious instruction. Even though only about fifty per cent of those who come for instruction receive baptism at the end of their instruction, yet the others have a good start which often takes effect, like the seed sown in the ground, after a period of time. For those who go no farther than the contact in classes and an occasional social event, at least prejudice is broken down and they too often, as time goes by, change from a friendly attitude to souls seeking for truth.

So friendly is the relation between priests and sisters and the school authorities, one might even think that there was a Catholic college as part of the university. So widespread is the area from which our students come that we might even call the school a Chinese University of the Far East. So many trails of old friends cross ours here that we might well call it the Crossroads of the Chinese Students of the Far East.

REAR ADMIRAL S. E. MORISON

Missionary to the West

Excerpt from Address at Dedication of Columbus Monument at St. Ann's Bay in Jamaica



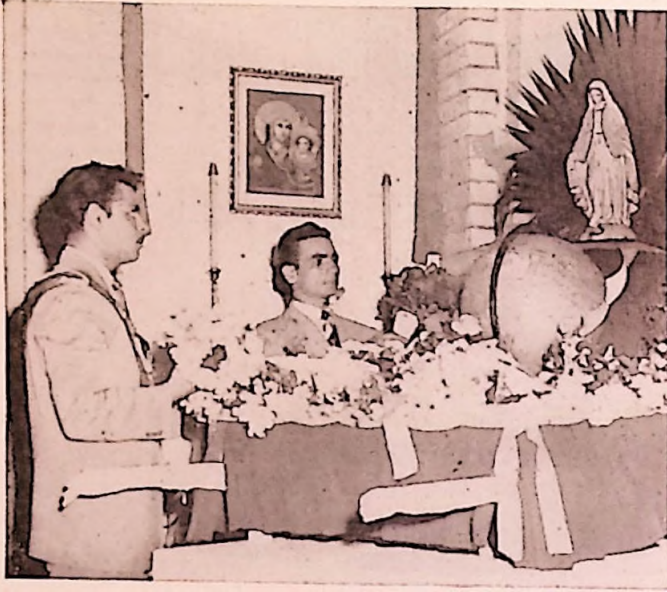
SO, WHAT manner of man was this Columbus, the discoverer, to whom we pay reverence today? He was a well-built man of more than medium stature, with a long face and high cheek bones; his complexion was fair before it became tanned by constant exposure, and his hair, at the time of his stay here, had turned white. He was a man of great presence, authority and dignity, sober and moderate in eating, drinking and clothing; as a sign of humility he commonly wore the brown sack-cloth garb of his friends the Franciscans. He was cheerful and affable in conversation, but severe on shirkers and malefactors. To his sailors, he was a terrific driver, in all kinds of weather, but kind and considerate if circumstances permitted. For instance, when approaching this North coast of Jamaica for the first time in 1494, the crew of his caravel *Nina* became so exhausted with the constant struggle to keep afloat that when the wind moderated he bade them go below and rest while he took the helm himself; and he even endeavored to make sail all alone without calling the watch, so that the men would not be disturbed.

Of all the early discoverers, Columbus was the most religious; he believed that his parents had been inspired to have him baptized Christopher because God

destined him to carry the news of the risen Christ to those who knew Him not; he observed the canonical hours as though he were a monk, respected all the feasts and fasts of the Church; paid special devotion to Our Lady and St. Francis, and did his best to keep the sailors from cursing and swearing, in which endeavor I fear he was not very successful.

Everything he started or did, he began with a little prayer, *Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via*—"Jesus and Mary be with us on our way." It was this absolute conviction of Columbus that he was God's chosen instrument for converting heathen lands to the true Faith which made him so persistent, pertinacious and even arrogant. He knew his worth, and knew that God knew; so nothing could stop him from his voyages of discovery, nothing could discourage him; and although he died, secure in the knowledge that for Christ and his fellow men he had started something of which no man could predict the end.

Nor can we still see the future as in a glass, darkly; but we can look back with clarity on the four and a half centuries since Columbus's death. All that we call civilization in the New World of his discovery flows from that discovery which we honor today . . .



The Holy Father's Mission Intention for May emphasizes the role Our Lady plays in attracting the followers of Mohammed to interest in our faith

THE SCHOOL bus is a hazardous place for a school-boy who is in any way singular. If he is carrying a bunch of flowers, he is outstandingly singular. Many a Baghdad College student braves this danger as he struggles into the bus on a May morning with his books in one hand and a tightly bound bunch of roses in the other. Significantly, Moslems as well as Christian boys display this type of courage as they bring their bouquet for the shrine of Mary set up in their classrooms throughout the school.

"Greasing the teacher," the Arabic equivalent phrase for "polishing the apple," may be a partial motive behind this donation of flowers to the class shrine. However, older students, who well know how unresponsive the Jesuit school machine is to "greasing" of this sort, also donate to their shrines. Moreover, there is no parental objection in Moslem households when the back garden is denuded in favor of Our Lady's shrine. Honor to "Maryam, Um Isa," Mary the Mother of Jesus, springs from what they hold to be Allah's inspired word, the Koran, from which the following passages have been gathered:

"And make mention of Mary in the Scripture, when she had withdrawn from her people to a chamber looking East.

"And had chosen seclusion from them.

Then We sent unto her Our spirit and it assumed for her the likeness of a perfect man.

"She said: Lo! I seek refuge in the Beneficent One from thee, if thou art God-fearing.

"He said: I am only a messenger of thy Lord, that I may bestow on thee a faultless son.

"She said: How can I have a son when no mortal hath touched me, neither have I been unchaste?

"He said: So (it will be). The Lord saith: It is easy for Me. And (it will be) that We may make of him a revelation for mankind and a mercy from Us, and it is a thing ordained.

"And she conceived him, and she withdrew with him to a far place." (The Koran Surah XIX verses 16-22)

These words, obviously influenced by St. Luke's account of the Annunciation give Our Lady a place in the Moslem religion as the Mother of Jesus in whose conception no man had a part. By this privilege she takes a place above that of all other women.

". . . the angel said: O Maryam, verily Allah has elected thee and purified thee and elevated thee above the women of all created beings." (The Koran Surah III, verse 37). Indeed there is something that would even suggest the Immaculate

SIDDI MARYAM

Mary and the Moslems

Conception in the tradition that states: "Every child that is born is touched (or stung) by Satan and this touch makes it cry, except Maryam and her son."

Yet the Moslems' esteem of Our Lady is far below ours because to them her Son is not God. He eats food and therefore is only human like himself.

"Al-Masih (the Messiah, Christ), the son of Maryam is an apostle only, who was preceded by other apostles, and his mother an upright woman; and both were wont to take food." (The Koran, Surah V, verse 79).

Though Our Lady's position in Islam is not as elevated as it is in Catholic belief, yet their esteem for her is solidly based on their book of revelation that is chanted in their mosques from Washington, D.C., across North Africa, through the Middle East and India out to the islands of Indonesia. And hundreds of millions of these Moslems give Our Lady an honor that is denied her by many a non-Catholic Christian sect. Indeed, great processions that were organized in honor of Our Lady of Fatima in Egypt and Lebanon were followed by large numbers of Moslems. And at the shrine of Our Lady at Bandra, on the outskirts of Bombay, Moslems also share in the honors paid to her on her feast.

This fundament of devotion to Our Lady is one of the few bright rays we pick up as we explore the great, dark problem of leading the followers of Mohammed to the feet of our Divine Lord. Christian scholars for centuries have searched through the dark caverns of this question and have found few other openings. Even Protestant missionaries, whose demands on the convert are so much less exacting than those of the Catholic Church, have spent years in the burning, steamy climate of the Persian Gulf (to take but one example) and have had but little tangible results. Catholic scholars like Fathers Courtois of Calcutta, Pareja of Bombay, McCarthy of Baghdad, Lammens of Beirut, Houbens of Holland, have gone round and round the problem without coming to a simple, sure solution or a full, clear program of action.

Political events of the past few years in Africa and the Middle East have only darkened the horizon, at least for the immediate future. With leaders such as Nasser of Egypt, Karami of Lebanon, and Qassim of Iraq reacting from the West, there is more and more danger that Islam will pose as the religion of the national spirit and that Christianity will be linked with the "imperialistic" West. The Communist party line will look



Muezzin sounds from the roof of mosque in Nineveh as call to prayer goes forth five times a day. "There is no God but Allah . . . and Mohammed is His prophet . . . no God but Allah . . ."

less strict moral code than does Christianity. Thus as the Africans turn more and more from Europe and America they are in danger of taking up Islam and of rejecting the Christian religion which Europe and America brought to them. Islam may become tied in with the rising nationalist movement.

Such are the thoughts that pass through a missionary's mind as he takes a global view of the Moslem world. But the immediate view around him strikes his eye as harshly as the world view. It is this immediate view that passes before his eyes as he rides the bus in one of the busy capitals of Africa, Asia, or the Middle East, the view of hundreds of people who have no contact with Chris-

toward fostering this discrediting of the Catholic Church, always its most unbending foe. Recent decrees in Egypt obliging the mission schools to provide time and place for the teaching of the Koran to the Moslem students, requiring also that the owners of the schools be Egyptians and the teaching staff to be Egyptian, such decrees cut deeply into the effectiveness of the Catholic school and are the kind of thing that the Communists would go along with if they did not actually inspire.

More and more the whole of Africa is being considered the continent with a destiny and there also the picture is darkened by the rapid spread of Islam. Africans recognize that polytheism is not a "civilized" type of religion and find Islam a religion that not only offers it one God to believe in but also a much

Rosary is recited daily at noontime during Our Sodality chapel. The Sodality is regarded as the



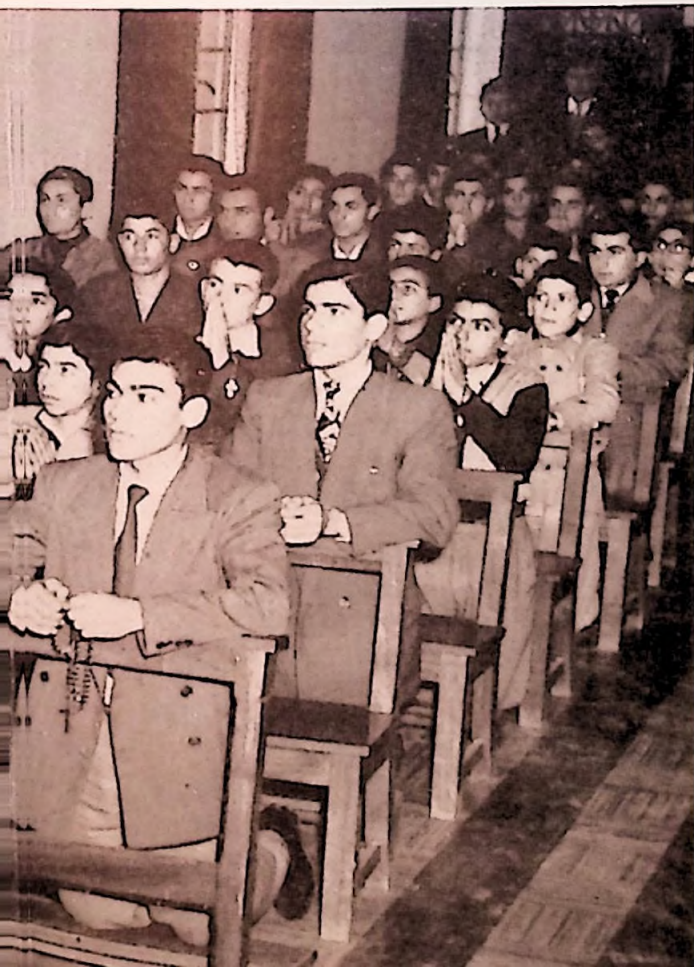
Crowning of Our Lady by George Ehrhart who founded "Petroleum Sunday" for the workers in the Near East oil refineries. He is assisted by Father Joseph LaBran who directed the Sodality for some years.

tians or Christianity except in a vague and distant way. In a bus in Karachi or Damascus or Cairo how few there are who have any such contact!

Did you ever wonder, as you sat in an American train, how many of the group with you might be saved on the Last Day? Have you thought of the torture such a question is to a missionary in a Moslem land? So many of them, not deeply versed in their religion, spend their youth as radicals of one sort or another because they are disturbed, very disturbed by the injustices they see around them in the social structure. They are easy prey to fanatical isms and find no solution for the social problems in their religion. Oriented thus from relig-



and May by Baghdad College students in their most activity and all Catholics are eager to join it.



ion in their youth, they are more so as they get into business, which in their type of society requires a silencing of all scruples in the absorbing chase of the Pound or Dinar or Rupee or Real. They finish their lives more deeply gripped by materialism than they were ever dominated by the reforming isms of their youth.

It is in such a context that the Holy Father asks us to pray during this month that the Moslems may arrive at a full knowledge of her Divine Son through the intercession of Our Lady. She, having carried Our Lord in her womb and having cradled Him in her arms, is the Seat of Wisdom, and it is wisdom that the missionary needs in order to find his way to the heart of Islam and wisdom that Moslems need to find their way to the Heart of Christ.

Window on the Mission

Story Without End

The Easter moon was at its full when the boy and the girl had gone, hand in hand, down the path that shone so whitely in its radiance. She had told him, then, that there was Another, and He was asking her to come, though she didn't want to go, not yet, not wholeheartedly. The boy didn't try to argue, not this time, for he was up against something too big, something almost like death, something he didn't know how to handle. But it would be a long time before he could shake off the impression that when the moon was full something beautiful must die.

Then it was June and the high-headed solemnity of graduation was quickly and happily lost in summer fun. The days were short, far too short, and suddenly the August moon was bright along the shore. The boy had kissed her tenderly, almost reverently, and the smoke from a brush fire down the beach had gotten in their eyes. Ever after, whenever she chanced upon an outdoor fire, she would remember and realize that smoke gets

in your eyes but once in a lifetime it can also reach your heart.

Her half-reluctance to be a nun did not vanish when she stepped inside the convent door. She was still in love with life, as she had known it, and this new way of existence, dark with the unknown, heavy with sacrifice, weighed down the girl of the dancing feet and the quick, full-hearted laughter. She would have quit a dozen times but that insistent, wordless Voice, that inner quietude which had brought her here originally, would not let her go now. She knew she had to give it a fair trial, that if God really wanted her and she walked out on Him, then she wouldn't be able to live even with herself.

There is an old saying, "Nothing can be loved before it is known" and the girl had to walk the path of knowledge before the highway of love opened up before her. She had to re-center her life, this time around Christ instead of herself. That took a lot of doing, a lot of learning. The vagueness, the remoteness, had to be stripped away.

She followed Him down the roads of Galilee and Judea; sensed from a distance His terrible loneliness in Gethsemane; stood appalled at Calvary and the length to which Love would go—for her. Now, at long last, all the reluctance, the hesitation, were swept away by the



Cover. The image of Our Lady depicted on our cover surrounded by an Oriental frame is the famed Our Lady of Bikfaya in Lebanon. In its original setting She is neither holding the Child nor do her hands betray any movement. To artist Phil Franznick, who designed the cover, She teaches a lesson of the freedom of the spirit from the world.

realization of that overwhelming sacrifice, of the price that Love had paid to lay claim to her heart. Yet hadn't St. Margaret Mary said, "His heart is at least worth yours" and can any love, by its very nature, exist on a one-way street? . . . There is a nun today on a distant mission field (it's tough as well as far) who is busy and happy. She asked to be sent there, that she might prove her love as He had, in pain and suffering. And she has found it worthwhile.

By-Ways

Little things can have their ramifications. Father Francis Jackmauh has been handling the Turks and Caicos Islands in the Caribbean as well as the Caymans. He stopped into the local post office one day and cleared up a mystery there. A package to an unknown priest (from a Jesuit college, too) was still unclaimed. A glance at the name showed Father Jackmauh that the typist had made a little mistake and written "Turk" instead of "Truk," way off in the Pacific!

A little sigh from the Sister cook at the Copper Valley school in Alaska accompanied her wish, "If only I could give the children some fresh vegetables and fruit just once in a while!" And that night the phone rang and Fathers Buchanan and Fallert soon had the trucks rolling. Back they came with crates of fresh fruit and vegetables, some of which had never been seen before by Eskimo youngsters. A supermarket in Anchorage had burned down that day and here were all the perishables! The arguments still rage: is there a taste to avocados and can Sister be sued by the market?



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ROBERT O'BRIEN

*A business man describes his
impressions of a Pacific mission
which he visits twice a year*

Majuro in the Marshalls

Key to Success of Father Hacker is his way with children. At first they were very shy but now they are entirely at ease with him and Brother Murray. Both Jesuits try to give them every training possible.



I AM WRITING this aboard the M/V Chicot as we make another semi-annual swing around the Marshall and Caroline Islands. Once again one of the high spots was the stop at Majuro where Father Leonard Hacker S.J. of Buffalo and Brother Michael Murray of Brooklyn are making things hum.

I first visited Majuro back in 1952. Father Hacker had arrived only a short time before. He really had to start from scratch. There were only a dozen Catholics on the island, there was no church or any place where they could meet, and the entire Majuro atoll was a Protestant stronghold.

In his first problem, to obtain land,

Father Hacker had the help of the Queen, whose influence in the Matriarchial Society of these islands is considerable. Then he managed to pick up some discarded materials and equipment, and in 1953 was able to start building a combination church and rectory. The location of the church property is ideal, and there was more than just covert efforts by the Protestant missionaries to keep Father from getting this site. Yet when I say ideal it should be mentioned also that the area is no more than four feet above sea level. This presents the problem of water storage. Everything depends on rain. During the dry season the situation can become serious. A year



ago it was so serious that the District Administrator advised all concerned that the island might have to be evacuated. But the Atomic Energy Commission, wishing to keep Majuro inhabited, took the trouble to fly in an evaporator plant.

Coming back to the Mission—once Father Hacker had his new building far enough along he commenced saying Mass in the little church and at the same time he intensified his catechism classes and started a school. At first only a few of the bigger boys attended but it was not long before he had quite a group of boys and girls coming to classes, and soon his staff (himself) was too small, so Brother Murray came to as-

sist him. Brother Murray is a real Jack-of-all-trades, as well as excellent teacher. As time went on, Father taught the older Marshalese students to teach the younger children both catechism and classes. During all this time Father was learning the Marshalese language which today he speaks fluently.

During these formative years it was not only a problem to obtain materials and funds necessary to continue the progress of the Mission; there was also the problem of gently fighting the underground efforts being made to discredit Father with the people. It was a trying time at the outset and it remains a serious problem. The Protestant missions

have two full-time ministers stationed in Majuro, whereas prior to Father's arrival they had only a Marshalese Elder located on the island.

Food has always been a problem too. Three times a week, month in and month



Shepherd of Majuro, Father L. Hacker.

Homeward bound after a bit of trading and shopping, this happy couple sail away.



out, the menu is rice and corned beef. But Father and Brother Murray are not troubled by monotonous meals. Their zeal is such that they have accomplished tremendous things under conditions which would have discouraged the average person. The greatest testimony to the success of the Mission at Majuro is the size of the Catholic community which now numbers nearly four hundred.

The key to Father's success with the Marshalese is his way with children. At first they were shy, almost afraid of him. Today every child in the atoll, including Protestant children, recognizes Father and Brother and loves them. The children are not only educated religiously and mentally, but are also trained in various manual skills and in music.

Another practice Father has instituted in Majuro, never practiced by the Protestants, is visiting the sick at the hospital. This corporal work of mercy has made a tremendous impression on the Marshalese, for in initiating this practice in Majuro he has brought much happiness and solace to the sick who never before were given any attention.

At the roadside, in front of the Mission, stands a very beautiful Shrine of Our Blessed Mother—a Shrine which gives great inspiration and consolation to all who visit it.

I could go on and on but I give you only this digest of a missionary who started from nothing, amidst great obstacles, and accomplished almost miracles. He deserves great commendation, constant remembrance in prayer and whatever else we can offer him. He lets neither obstacles nor poverty stop him but continues to keep going forward and thus bring many more souls closer to the Kingdom of God.

I am out here on business and have a brother in the Holy Cross Order whom I know would want me to put in a good word for this Jesuit missionary on Majuro in the Marshalls.

Wisdom in Baghdad



In this once-desolate plain in Baghdad, Iraq, God's Wisdom—Al-Hikma—University is rising, fast. Next step is a University Chapel where the students and the Jesuits who direct them can worship God and praise His Wisdom in Baghdad. To build this, funds are urgently needed.

Altars	\$960	Benches	\$1500
Stations	\$600	Confessionals	\$ 540

Won't you help?

Send \$5 or \$10 or whatever you can to

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



Catholic literature in the Hindi language was almost non-existent so an Indian Jesuit starts presses rolling

One for the

DO YOU REMEMBER how we used to start our races when we were small children—One for the money; two for the show; three to get ready; and four to go? Well, the first three of these steps may give you an idea of the situation Father Raphael Sah is in right now with his newest venture in the cause of Catholic Hindi literature.

Prabhat Sahitya Mala, which we might very prosaically translate from the Hindi as "The Dawn Collection of Literature" is a somewhat modified version of a "Book of the Month" club. Since up to the present we Catholics have done very little in the field of writing in Hindi, we find that we do not have enough literature available which suits the needs of our Catholics who become continually more literate. To remedy the situation Father Sah has begun "Prabhat Sahitya Mala" by which he hopes to put into circulation some one thousand pages of Catholic Hindi literature each year.

We, who have grown up with the novels of Father Finn and Father Boyton on our book shelves, who may browse through Chesterton and Belloc; read the lyrics of Francis Thompson and who never have to look far for a Catholic magazine, may find it hard to imagine the condition of some of our people with regard to reading matter. Consider that there are three Catholic periodicals in Hindi, one a weekly paper and the other two monthly magazines, and that the New Testament has come out in its

Catholic form only this year. Besides this there are a few translations and a few pamphlets which are published from time to time.

Faced with this situation, Father Sah decided to do something about it and he began to work on "Prabhat Sahitya Mala." The first stage (one for the money) is always in progress and the editor spends not a little time trying to sell subscriptions and gather funds from other sources. The second stage (two for the show) is to get matter ready for publication. Lives of the saints and outstanding Catholics are being written, some plays have been composed and books are being translated. That is why Father Sah is very much immersed in the third stage of "getting ready." By spring-time he hopes that the last obstacle will have been removed and that the call "Four to go!" will find him off to a fine start.

Among the Prabhat books scheduled to appear soon are the biography of St. Pius X, the patron of the club; the autobiography of St. Margaret Mary; the biographies of Sts. Bernard and Benedict. Surely reading the lives of such great saints will enrich the lives of Catholics and also inspire non-Catholic readers with an interest in the faith.

Good book entrances delighted audience. This underlines the need for translation of solid Catholic literature into the Hindi language, as Father Sah is doing.

JEROME F. DURACK S.J.

Money

No one can deny the signs of the times. India is daily growing mentally and morally, and much of the growth is through books. Catholics desperately need spiritual books in the Hindi language if they are to remain firm in the faith amid a materialistic milieu. Non-Catholics want to read about our faith,

and will gladly do so if we can give them books at a cheap rate. The Communists have taken the initiative long ago! They have spread their theories throughout the length and breadth of India as well as the entire Far East. It is time that we Catholics fought back with the weapon which the Communists sadly lack, the weapon of God's truth.

The prayerful and generous support of Catholics everywhere will be most gratefully received by Father Sah.



The Mount of Memories

THE MOUNT of Olives was the scene of several events in Our Lord's life. From there He started his triumphal march on Palm Sunday. But that day He wept, too, as He saw the glory of the city of Jerusalem across the valley—Jerusalem that did not know the things that were for its peace. At the foot of the Mount a few days later in the Garden of Gethsemane He faced the frightening Agony. After His Resurrection His last moments on earth among His friends were spent on the Mount of Olives—the moment of His glorious Ascension into heaven. The Mount has such tender memories for us—triumph, tears, agony and glory. One memory, however, is especially precious for the missionary Church. It was here that she was given her vision and her task by the Lord.

The Apostles still thought somewhat narrowly of their mission. They asked Our Lord on this day if now He was going to give the glory to Israel. The Lord answered very briefly. But His few words have been a continuing source of wisdom, strength and endurance for the Church. "It is not for you to know the time and the dates which the Father has fixed by His own authority; but you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, and you shall be witnesses for me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and even to the very ends of the earth" (Acts 1:7-8). These were His last recorded words—so few yet so heavy with meaning. They are worth deep study.

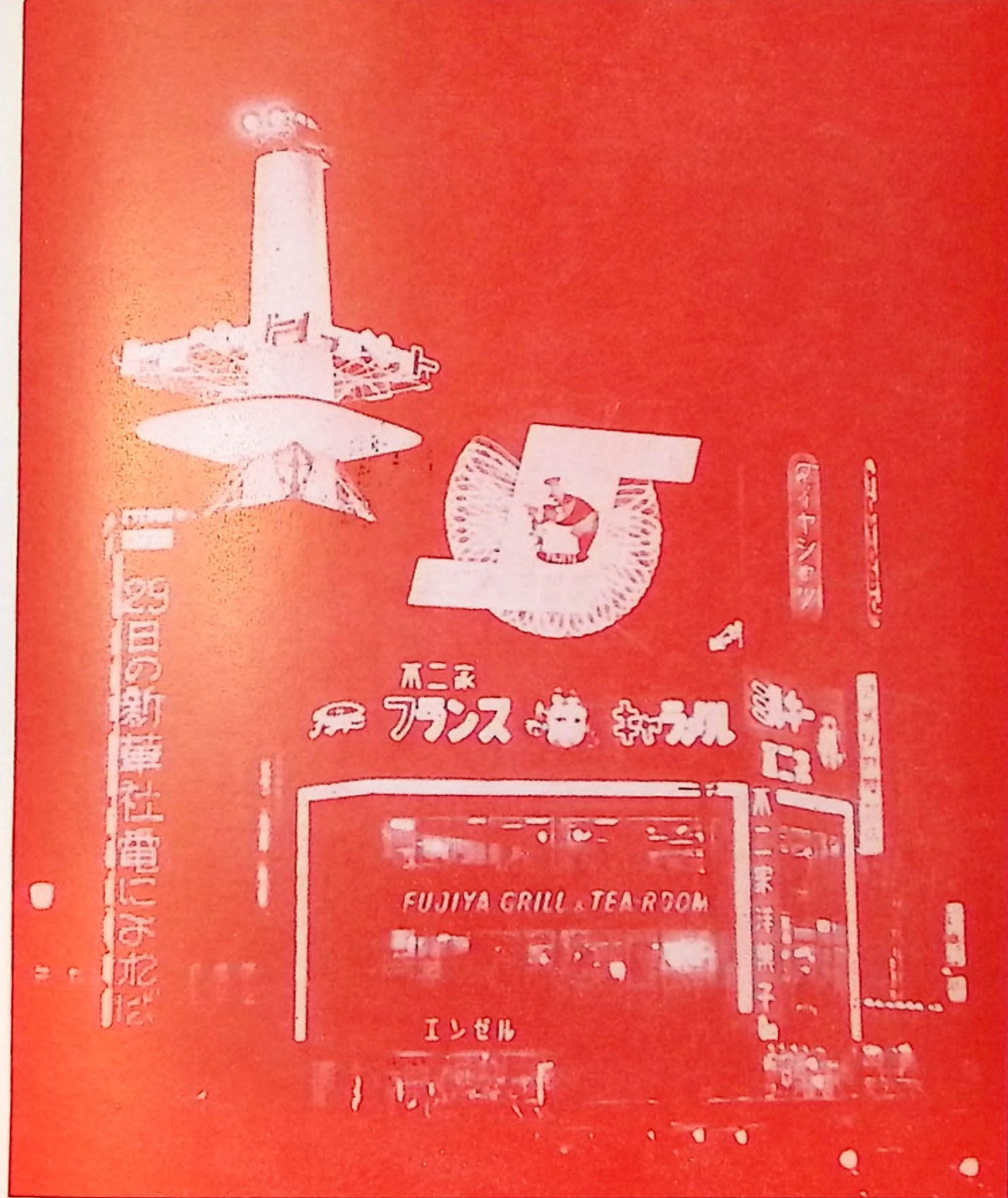
First of all, the Church is under the authority and direction of the Heavenly Father. Many a time in the history of two thousand years of missionary labor has the question been asked—when will

the Church finish her task? Some are probably asking the same question now in view of the resistance and hostility toward the Church in so many places. Our only answer still is that the Father knows the times and the future may be securely left in His authority. This means supreme confidence in God's Providence over His Church in the midst of our uncertainty. Surely this trust is best now when, for instance, the progress of several centuries in China has been stopped. The times are in the keeping of the Father who still protects the Church.

Although we are uncertain about the when and the how of the Church's final triumph, it is enough for us that we have received power from the Holy Spirit to witness to Christ to the very ends of the earth. Were it not for this power of the Holy Spirit, long ago would the cause have been lost. The Church has spent her years on a Mount of Olives—triumph, tears and agonies. But she looks forward with great heart to the glory of Ascension, when the ends of the earth will have been evangelized and Christ will return to complete the victory. She hears always the words of the angels on this day, "This Jesus who has been taken up from you into heaven, shall come in the same way as you have seen Him going into heaven."

This final and eternal hour will not come until the missionary Church has completed her task. That is what we mean when we pray, "Thy Kingdom come." Our own resurrection and ascension in body into heaven must wait for that glorious hour. That is why we should be so eager to help the missionary Church.

EDWARD L. MURPHY, S.J.



Along Tokyo's Ginza

IT WAS a busman's holiday for Father Fred Foley S.J. He had come over from Formosa to Tokyo to see his new book "The Face of Taiwan" through the press. As always, he had his camera at the ready and found many a target along one of the Orient's most interesting streets. On every side the new clashed with the old, the oxcart standing beside the Chrysler, paper lanterns swinging in front of neon lights. The stalls are packed with everything recognizable and much that isn't; or with in-between items like apples the size of watermelons or carrots the length of a loaf of French bread. But it is not a street for dreaming; be nimble or you will be run down.

[Over]



Along Tokyo's Ginza

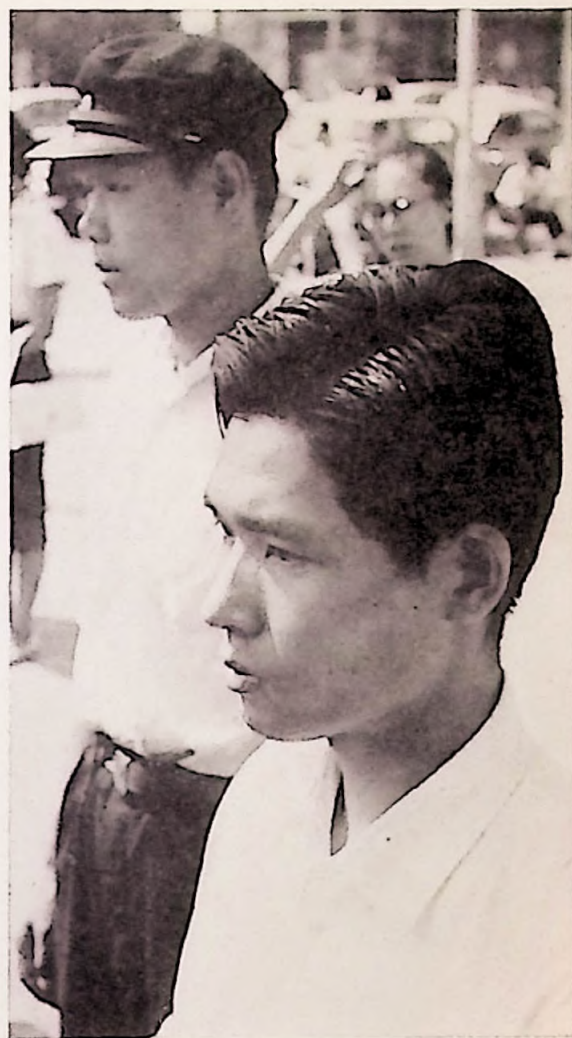
See it through the eyes
of Jesuit Father Suzuki, who
was Father Foley's guide, and
the Ginza is a world to be won
for Christ. Time is short, too,
for with each day, Japan is becoming more modern.

The nation is rising fast from
the ashes of World War II
and the bustling activities
of its business section are
drowning out the downtown resi-
dential area where the old
Japan of the pagodas and
the landscaped gardens still
lives on. Yet even the Ginza
displays the typical cleanliness
of every Japanese city.



Reflections of every other main street
in the world are caught by the camera.
A girl who isn't sure; teenagers who never
look behind but walk blissfully into the
future; a young rival of Father Foley
who also knows a good shot when he sees
one—all of these are part of the ebb
and flow along the Ginza. Tokyo is par-
ticularly fascinating to visitors because
it subdues the customary clash between
East and West and blends the old and
new in happy fashion. May the day soon
come when the four-centuries-old words
of St. Francis Xavier about the Japanese
may be repeated: "These people are a
delight to my heart." Say a little prayer.





Far away from the bustling traffic of the Ginza are the thoughts of this young man.



JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.

*An unusual graduation address
with overtones of a life ended
and the beginning of a new way*

Red Cloud Speaks



A GRADUATION Day speaker wearing eagle-feathered war-bonnet and beaded moccasins is unusual and when the speaker is Chief James H. Red Cloud, the event is truly historic. James is the grandson of the famous and distinguished Chief Red Cloud who three times requested the Great White Father in Washington to send the blackrobes (Jesuits) to his people, the Oglala Teton Sioux of the Dakota Bad Lands.

Almost three-quarters of a century have blown their winter winds across the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian Reservation since the Jesuits, in response to the pleas of Chief Red Cloud, came to Pine Ridge, South Dakota to build Holy Rosary Mission, which today, with more than 500 boarders enrolled, is the largest Indian Mission in the nation.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of the Sisters of St. Francis, and the Jesuit "blackrobes," the Sioux of Holy Rosary Mission learned of Mary and her Rosary so thoroughly that the vast blue of the Dakota skies reminded them of the blue of her cloak, and the white snows of winter recalled the glory of her who is purer than the snow of the mountains.

Chief James H. Red Cloud can talk with enthusiasm of the once golden days when the Sioux were lords of the vast territory stretching from the snow-topped Rockies to the muddy waters of the Missouri. Days of meat and plenty when "tatanka," the buffalo, supplied the children of the prairie with juicy, red steaks for supper, and warm robes against the rigors of the Moon Of Frost In The Tipi as the month of January was called.



But James Red Cloud is also realistic. The Sioux can no longer live as they did in the days of Sitting Bull, Rain-In-The-Face, and Crazy Horse. The Sioux must face a future as modern as a Jupiter-C Rocket reaching for the moon.

Chief James H. Red Cloud told the seniors that there is very little future on the reservation for the majority of Indians. He advised the seniors to use "their excellent education in the new way" as a means of finding employment and a satisfactory life in the country at large with their fellow citizens. "Your education will bring you opportunities anywhere," said the Chief. He urged the seniors to so conduct themselves that their great heroes, the historic chiefs Red Cloud and Crazy Horse, would be proud of them. Then, having finished, he

turned and walked away—and the sense of an era ending was heavy on all.

The era that lies ahead is perhaps best summed up in the words of Father Lawrence Edwards S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary (pictured above with graduating class). "We are giving these boys and girls the education they need and deserve—the kind of education that prepares them for college or other higher training—an education which enables them to live in human dignity in the white man's world.

"In all humbleness, I say to you that as poor as we are in material things, this school is the best thing these people have here on all this large reservation. To many, it is their symbol of hope—of freedom—of a chance to live as they have a right to live."

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

He Has Never Seen Television but Father Stoffel has made up an imitation of television that is used to teach Christian doctrine in the remote areas of the Philippines. With a mobile unit, consisting of a Jeep panel truck, a movie projector, and some electrical equipment he has reached thousands of people who don't read newspapers, much less watch television. Though this experiment of Father Stoffel's has worked, his present makeshift equipment is worn out and almost useless. Hoping you could help in this project of propagating Christian doctrine, may we suggest a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00?

Projector ----\$ 100.00
Jeep -----\$2,000.00

Father John Morrison of Chakai, India, has a chapel at one of his mission stations which is falling apart. The station is at Bhangua and the chapel is made of mud bricks. A Mass is now being said there every week, but under trying circumstances due to the condition of the chapel.

Father Morrison would like to build a permanent brick chapel which would cost \$1,000.00.

Chapel Fund—\$1.00—\$2.00—\$5.00

Holy Communion Hosts are sent by air freight from Tegucigalpa to Yoro, Honduras. Father Moore of Olanchito says there is difficulty in getting his order of 35,000 filled and asks if you would help him purchase an electric oven for making the hosts himself. Your gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 towards the purchase price of this oven would buy an item that would be used for years.

Oven for Hosts --- \$200.00

Mission Music is mentioned on page 5. In connection with that story we have a note from Father Poole of Mountain Village, Alaska. "I am badly in need of three small organs for my mission stations. The people in Alaska love music. Since the end of World War II we have been using old army portable organs, but they are now down to their last wheeze." With a plea for your help—
Portable Organ -----\$100.00

Jamshedpur Requests from three of our missionaries indicate the great variety of opportunities open to these men, as well as their many needs.

From Father O'Leary:

Missal -----\$35.00
Vestments -----\$25.00
Catholic Hindi Books -----\$ 1.00

From Father McFarland:

Land for School, an acre \$250.00
Bricks for School ----- .10
Games for Children ----- .25

From Father Kirsch:

Catholic Boys' Education \$ 50.00
Teacher's Salary ----- \$500.00

Would you help, please?

We Are Embarrassed . . . For more than 30 years JESUIT MISSIONS has appealed to your generosity for hundreds of individual missionaries. Now, for the first time JESUIT MISSIONS is forced to make an appeal for *itself*. In order to carry on our work for the missions, we must have a larger office. Our present one is completely inadequate. We are embarrassed . . . but like the missionaries we help, we are short of cash. Can you help us? Any contribution, small or large, will be deeply appreciated.

Want to name a Church?

In the Philippine Islands Father James Cawley
has a typical missionary need:

Chapels, each costing \$1,000

Father Cawley will gladly let the donors pick
the patrons. The places in which he has property ready
for the buildings are listed below:

In Bukidnon, P. I.:

Lampunasan

Malinao

Nabaliwa

In Wao, Lanas, P. I.:

Katutungan

Panang

Kilikili

Won't you help Father Cawley?

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

Jesuit Missions

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

... *in the Mary month of May* ...

No. It is *not* a mistake.

We know the song says "The *merry* month of May."

But May *is* Our Lady's month

So we thought the pun sort of *gay*

Especially since we want to *tell* you about Our Lady.

Our Lady in Patna, India, that is.

The Jesuits, you know, are building a seminary in Patna.

And they'd like to honor Our Lady by putting her statue in it.

But they don't have a statue,

And they don't have money to buy one.

(A good statue costs a lot of money, even in India.)

So we thought you might like to help.

Especially during the Mary month of May.

You can send \$5.00 for instance,

Or \$10, or a Thousand if you like . . .

How about it?

Send your contribution for Our Lady's statue to:

Jesuit Missions

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