

Jesuit Missions



Ateneo on
the Heights

DECEMBER · 1954



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Mary Weeps for Her Children

IN SUN-DRENCHED DESERTS, ICY WASTES AND TROPICAL swamps, in Communist-dominated countries and poverty-stricken villages, millions who should be children of Mary live in sadness and loneliness, for they do not know her. They have never realized her beauty or felt the tremendous pull of the Sacred Heart of her Son. Christianity is but a far off, foreign fable. They have not eaten of its Goodness.

And so Mary weeps. At LaSalette when she appeared to Maximin and Melanie there were tears in her eyes. The great Virgin of tenderness and strength who knows the secret name of each of her children and has not forgotten them, now that she reigns in heaven, mystically she weeps. If she were not in glory, their sadness and ignorance, their pain and loneliness would plunge a new sword of anguish into her heart. For they should be her spiritual children and sons of God, and they know not Christ who fed the multitudes, healed the blind and called the little children to His side.

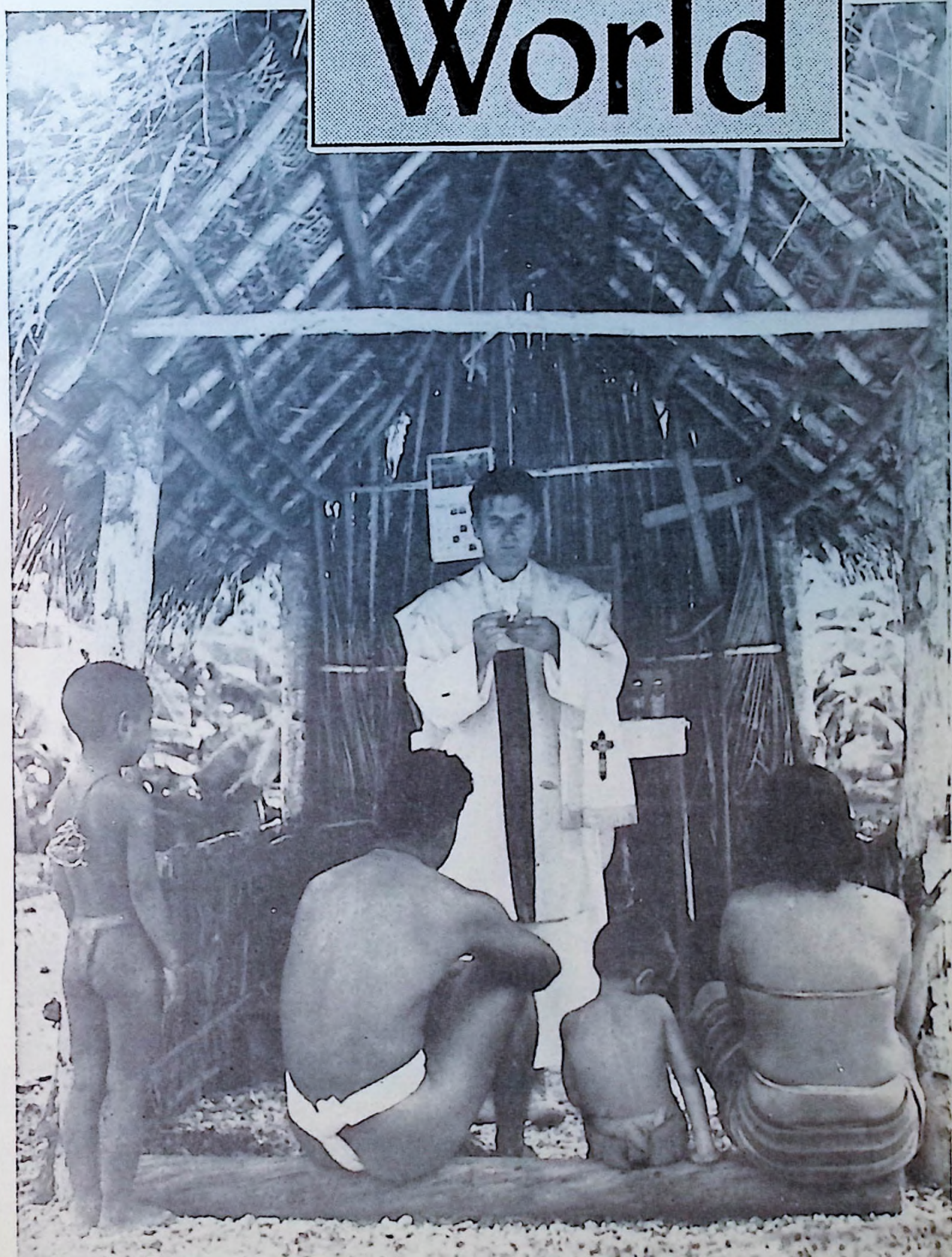
Missionaries—and those who support them—are trying to wipe the tears from Mary's face. They are bringing the radiance of Christ and His Mother to thousands who sit in darkness, waiting.

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HIS *Manger* IS THE

World



HIS Manger IS THE

THOMAS J. M. BURKE S.J.

NO MATTER HOW YOUNG OR old we are, Christmas is always a wonderful time. The decorations, the presents, the friendly spirit, the beautiful cribs and the long-remembered carols make Christmas a day to look forward to with lightened hearts.

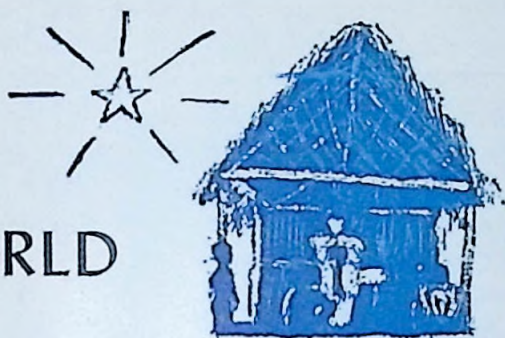
Youngsters especially, although they know that this is the birthday of Christ, wait eagerly for the gaiety of Christmas. Winter sports, snowmen, the holiday spirit of indulgent uncles giving them something for a treat, all of these are very much part of the feast-day.

On the missions around the world the young of body also look forward to the celebrations of Christmas, but their Christmas joy is quite different. At Morant Bay in Jamaica, for instance, Father Coakley S.J. reports that the young lads like Christmas for the same reason that he, as a boy, liked the Fourth of July. In Jamaica they herald the Christmas angels with firecrackers, shatter the silent night with two-inch salutes. Instead of snowballs, they wage friendly battles with cap-pistols outside the church. An obligato of explosions makes a counter melody to *Adeste Fideles* and *O Little Town of Bethlehem*.

Jamaican mothers do not bake rich mince and apple pies. Plum pudding is the thing. The poorer ones bake, on ovenless stoves, a mixture of cornmeal, coconut milk,



This Indian family, so like the Holy Family, also knows Bethlehem because of the priest.



WORLD

sugar and raisins plus a dash of rose water which adds that *je ne sais quoi*.

In the Philippines, students of the Jesuit school at Tuguegarao, unhampered by memories of Beacon Hill choristers or bell-ringers, serenade the wealthier families with carols accompanied by enthusiastic tom-toms, guitars and harmonicas.

At Samastipure in India, Father Wieman S.J. will join his parishioners in a feast before the midnight Mass, which must seem strange to his American palate. The people sit in a circle on the ground around a bright gas lamp. In front of each is a banana leaf to hold his rice and vegetables seasoned with special spices. About 11:30—there being no dishes to wash—a flare-lit procession escorts an image of the Child of Bethlehem to the church. Through the mango groves they wind to the rhythmic beating of drums and the shrill piping of a flute.

Christmas customs may delight our hearts, but as we grow older the meaning of Christmas deepens. We still enjoy the celebrations and the gay smiles of children, whether gathered around a tinsel tree or watching red and green flares in the mango groves. But we realize more deeply that the heart of Christmas is not the staring child in a homemade crib nor the holiday joy. Christmas is the Mass, God coming to earth again for us. Christmas is not God in a remote cave under foreign stars, but God in our own hearts.

Christmas means a special joy for the missionary. God not only comes to him as he offers Mass for his people, but the missionary has the joy of bringing God, often for the very first time, to the sons

of men. God enters the world anew, takes up His place of rest, not in a manger for cattle, but in the souls of His children who have not known Him. To the missionary belongs the joy of multiplying Bethlehem, of bringing God to earth in jungles, malarial swamps, burnt-out deserts, tiny islands or the glaring white of the Northlands.

In a poor nipa hut Father Dolalas will imitate Mary in bringing God to his Philippine parishioners. On the island of Yap another American priest, Father William Walter S.J., will be able to present God to his people, even though he has no chapel. God will understand that he had to use his chapel-money to keep His children from starving. It will make little difference to Father James Birney this Christmas that he is still begging for second-hand pews for his chapel in Michigan. He will still be able to bring God to earth for the Chippewas. Some American Jesuits will be saying Mass in the tropics with sheeting strung across the rafters to keep the sawdust from busy termites from dropping on the altar. And God will not draw back in horror, as He did not draw back from an abandoned cave. His wish is to come to earth, not through Mary now but through His priests, that He may live with and strengthen His children.

As Christ comes to us at Christmas—as He does every day at Mass and Communion—let us thank Him that Bethlehem is not a remote and fabled fact but a living reality for each of us. It is a living and new reality for yet many more in mission countries. In the traditional cave of Christ's birth in Bethlehem, the Christmas Mass is celebrated every day of the year. And on the missions today each Mass is, in effect, a Christmas Mass. The story of Bethlehem told in native language to new-found children of God comes to life in the Mass. No longer is Christ a staring doll upon the straw nor Mary a gaudy figure in lifeless plaster. Through the hands of the priest the Child of Bethlehem comes to earth and we know that Mary in maternal love opens to Him the hearts of His newest followers.



These clean-cut, intelligent youngsters are typical of the Godavari students.

THE *Katmandu*

THAT IS NOT KIPLING

TO MOST PEOPLE NEPAL WITH ITS CAPITAL CITY OF Katmandu is envisioned as the dark and mysterious background for Kipling's famous poem, "There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Katmandu." Closed for centuries to all foreigners, this kingdom in the Hima-

layas has remained unknown, remote. Down from the high hills would come the intrepid soldiers who formed the famed Gurkha regiments of the Indian army. Beyond this, there was little contact with the forbidden land.

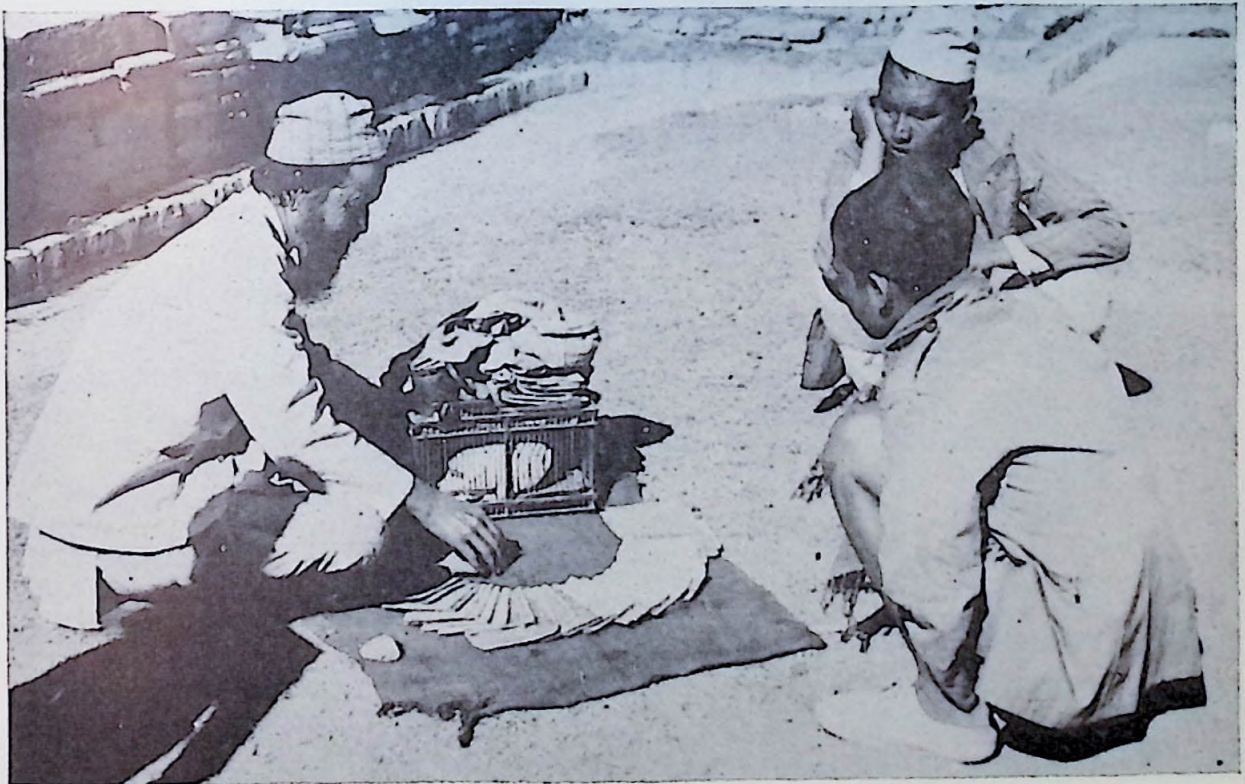
The age-old concept quickly disappears in the Nepal of today. Three years ago a democratic form of government was adopted after centuries of feudal and hereditary rule by a single family. One of the first acts of the young democracy was to establish a good educational system. As a result, the Jesuits of the Patna Mission were asked to open a school like the famous St. Xavier's in Patna. So the Godavari School in Katmandu came into being, the first American institution in Nepal.

No place else does the Kiplingesque idea vanish faster than at the Godavari School. Here, in what was once the summer palace of a prime minister and maharaja, you will find boys with exceptionally intelligent faces, eager to learn, quick to grasp. A half dozen Jesuits, American to the core, guide them through their studies and on the athletic field, and on to life itself.



Father Marshall Moran S.J. gives a few pointers on basketball to some of the eager Nepali boys of Godavari School.

An itinerant fortune-teller probes the future by the roadside in remote Nepal.



WE DON'T



Fish for Fun

ALL THE VILLAGES IN TOP Alaska are strewn along the Bering Sea, the Arctic Ocean or some river. The people are fishermen simply because they are fish eaters. So the run of the salmon after the ice breaks is looked forward to eagerly.

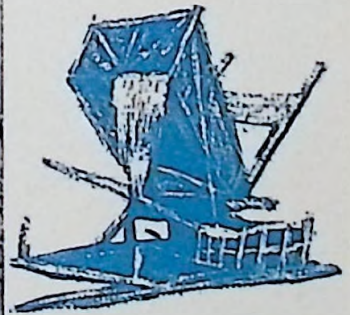
From the fish wheel the fish are brought to the camp. First, the king salmon are unloaded and then the silvers. They are slit, decapitated, disemboweled and washed. Then they are sliced, notched for drying in the sun and finally are ready for smoking.



At Holy Cross Jackie Evans unloads fish.



After the tin barge brings the fish in from the fish wheel they are unloaded and Ralph Manook and Philip Immumuk promptly gather up a tubful of silver treasure for the cutting table.



WE DON'T Fish For Fun

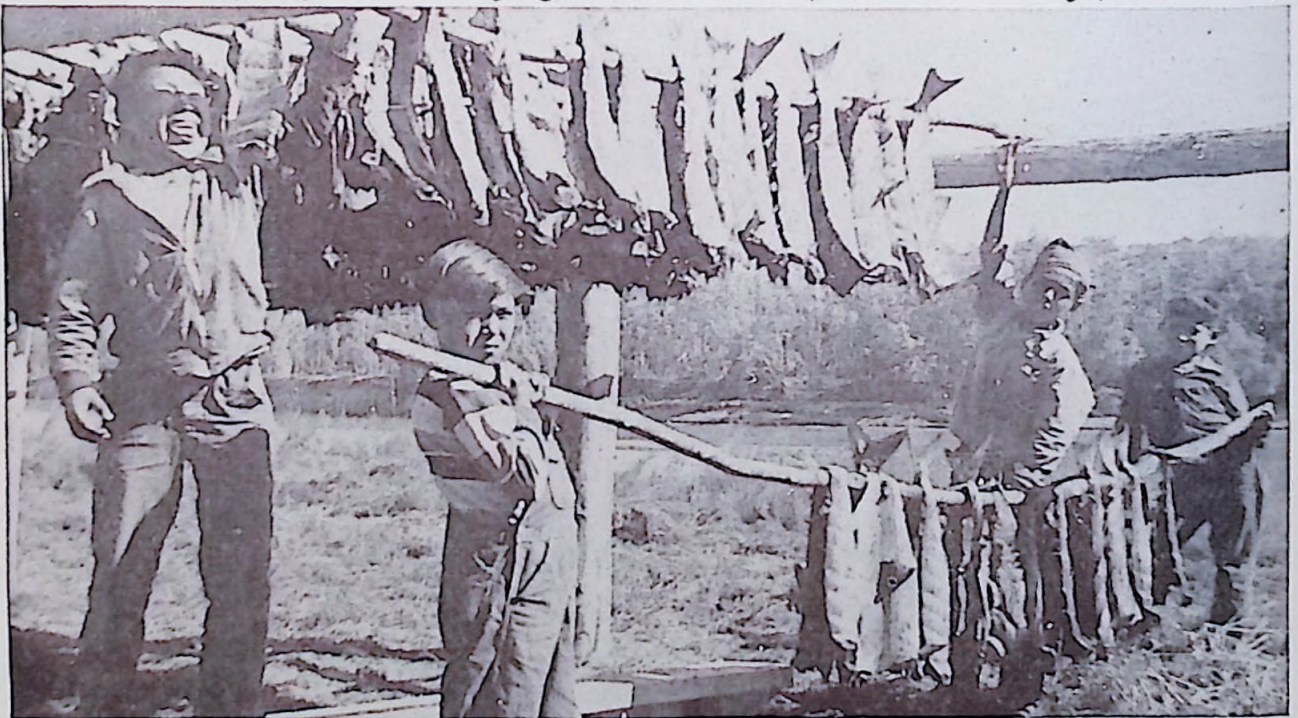


Sister Mary Joanne S.S.A. of Marlboro, Massachusetts, scrapes the fish rapidly, knowing how fast the flies gather.



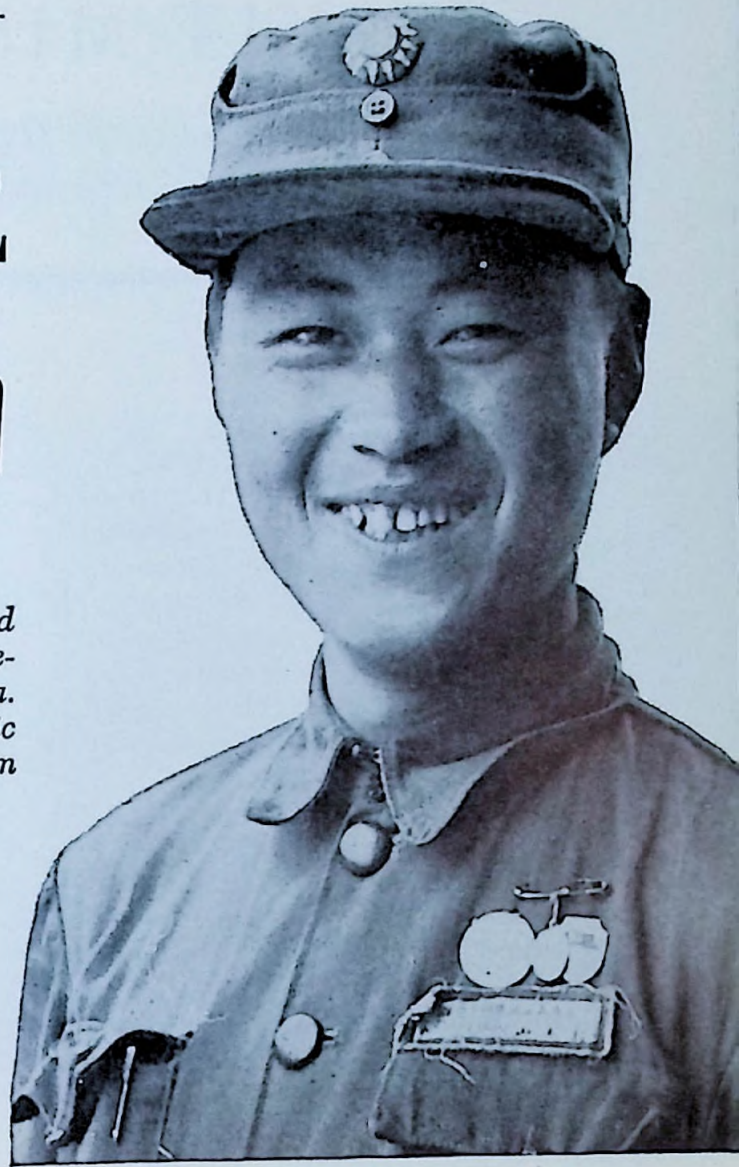
William Loyens S.J. spaces the fish on drying racks. All these pictures taken at Holy Cross by Armand Nigro S.J.

Four nice sunny days on the drying rack and these fish will be ready for smoking.



THEY CHOSE *Freedom*

One of POWs captured by United Nations forces in Korea who refused to return to Red China. Now in Formosa, this Catholic wears a UN medal, one from Rhee and one of Our Lady.



POWs from Korea visit American Jesuit mission in Hsinchu. Some 14,000 chose freedom. An officer in charge said, "The Catholics among them are models in the camp."



JESUIT MISSIONS

*The Voice of the 1129 Missionaries of
the Eight American Jesuit Provinces*



1954 ROUND-UP

During this past year over 60 Jesuits were assigned to the 15 mission fields which the Holy Father has entrusted to the care of the American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. They augment the 1,100 and more fellow Jesuits who are laboring for Christ in a dozen different ways on these mission fields. Consider the various means which these men use to bring salvation to millions.

They conduct 15 universities and colleges and 23 high schools. They have six seminaries for the all-important job of training a native clergy. They direct 66 other high schools, 250 elementary schools and 70 medical dispensaries. They administer 200 main mission churches with over 1,000 other chapels in their charge. They also serve as chaplains at 24 hospitals, 26 orphanages and 3 leper colonies.

These American Jesuits are entrusted with two million square miles of earth and all the souls contained in that vast area. They work out of 1,208 mission centers in their efforts to win these souls to Christ. It is a tremendous undertaking, the greatest single contribution of the Church in this country to missionary endeavor.

Yet the number of men or the multiplicity of works must not blind us to the fact that these are dedicated men, giving the best years of their lives and the lives themselves to the greatest cause on the face of the earth. In far lands they toil and pray and die, and out of that unselfish consecration is built the Kingdom of Christ.

THE LOST FEAST

As the Marian Year draws to a close it is interesting to note a recent discovery made by Fr. Schutte S.J. in Madrid. An authority on the early Christian history of Japan, he had been trying for some time to trace down several casual references to a Feast of Our Lady of Protection. Finally, in a collection of old manuscripts he discovered a Japanese document of 1598.

The first and only resident bishop of Japan in that era, Bishop Cerqueira S.J., following the age-old principle that local customs should not be interfered with unless absolutely necessary, had wanted to make as Catholic as possible the Shôgatsu, the Japanese New Year. So he proclaimed a holyday of obligation under the title of Our Lady of Protection. So the Christians of Japan began their new year under the aegis of the Mother of God. This is a fine example of large-minded adaptation and foresight on the part of Bishop Cerqueira and can well serve as a model for our own time.

In the name of our missionaries the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS prayerfully and with deep appreciation wish our readers a Merry and Holy Christmas.

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IN THE SHADOW OF

Mt. Merapi

FRED J. FOLEY S.J.



I WAS SWINGING THROUGH INDONESIA and was in Middle Java when I chanced upon Mount Merapi. This is a volcano not far from the city of Jogjkarta. Is it active? Well, the day after I took the pictures you see here Merapi erupted and 64 people lost their lives!

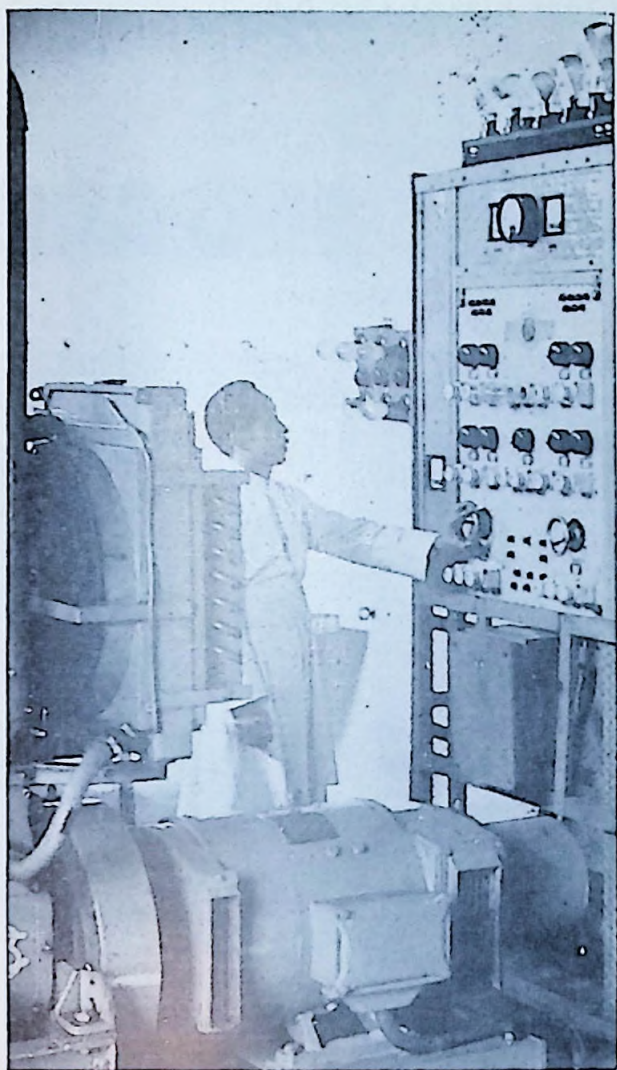
To me Mount Merapi and its environs are symbolic of the situation of the Church in the East. For in the shadow of the volcano young Indonesians are being trained for the priesthood by Jesuits from the Netherlands. It is a race against time, for the same thing which occurred in my own mission of China may happen in any of these countries. There will be an eruption, all foreign missionaries will be expelled or put to death, and the Church will be left in the hands of the native clergy, all too few.

It will not be a new situation for the Church in Indonesia. St. Francis Xavier had organized the Church in these islands and had formed the nucleus of a native clergy. But less than half a century later the Dutch Calvinists imposed a blackout on Catholicism which was to last until less than 100 years ago. Then Dutch Jesuits came to begin anew.

Within the last quarter of a century the number of Catholics has increased 500%. A leading factor in this growth was the respect and admiration for the Church because of its attitude during World War II and the subsequent struggle for Indonesian independence. The people saw that the Church was not Western; it stood above all parties and national differences. It had a spiritual, independent mission of its own to fulfill. In the shadow of Mount Merapi that ideal is carried on.

Students of the minor seminary run by the Dutch Jesuits at Mertojudan, Middle Java.





Brother Hong S.J. speaks Dutch, English, Javanese, Indonesian and Chinese.



Jesuit teacher talks with sarong-clad seminarian of St. Peter Canisius School.

Outside the chapel of Canisius College in the city of Djakarta the Jesuit Rector talks to some of the 645 students enrolled there.



WILLIAM J. WALTER S.J.

HOME



I WATCHED THE FOUR OUTRIGGERS IN THE Ulithi lagoon as they hoisted sail and turned their prows towards Fais Island, fifty miles away. Twenty-five of my parishioners were setting out on a routine trip to trade for tobacco. In ten days they expected to be back.

Three weeks passed and some of the women began to question the long delay. But no one was really worried, for the Caroline Islands sailors are rich in experience and expert in making long voyages. Then a few days later the trading ship arrived and I boarded it to make my customary swing around the other islands.

But no Ulithi canoe had stopped at Fais in three months! So we sailed from island to island, keeping a sharp lookout. But neither Sorol, Eauripik, Elato, Satawal nor any other of the atolls had seen the missing men. We kept our lonely night watch from the flying bridge but there was no light or other signal on the murky waters. At last we had covered all the atolls in the area and we were certain that the canoes were not in the Carolines. Our prayers seemed of no avail.

But my Ulithi companions, still hopeful, pointed out that there had been no hurricane for a month and so they were sure the canoes were still afloat. As far back as their history extends, the people have been good navigators, expert on currents and winds, skillful in the use of stars and land-seeking birds. Chief Efang was of the opinion that the canoes would show up in the Philippines, 800 miles to the west.

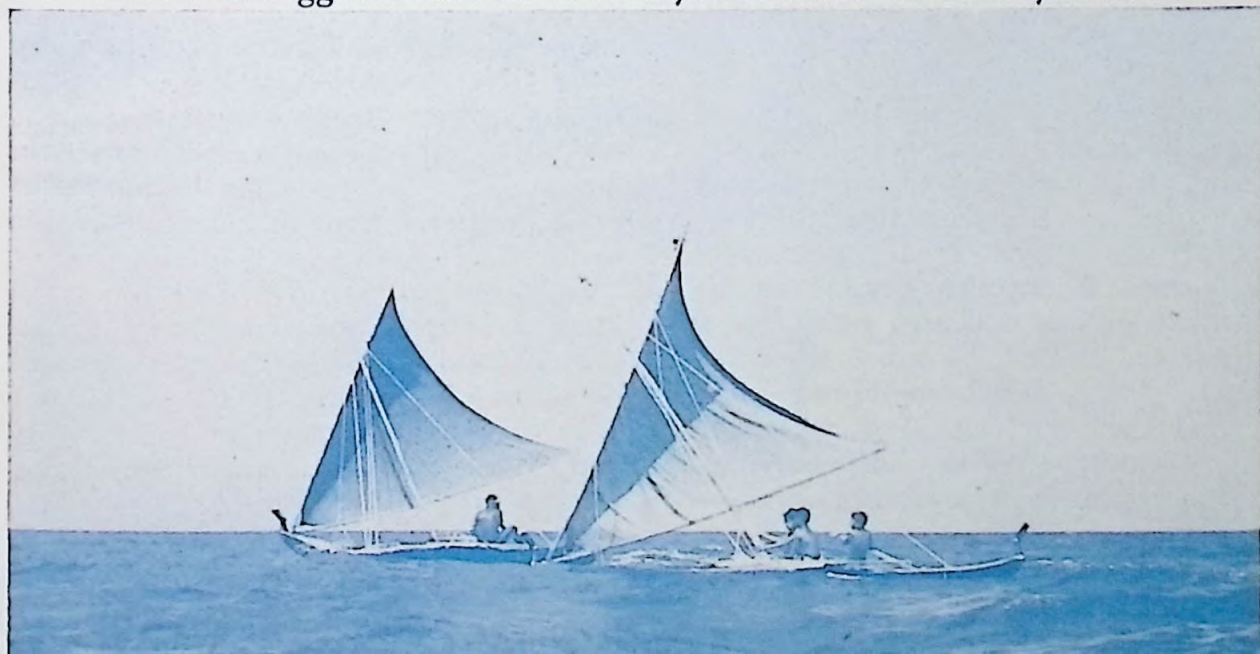
And he was right! A broadcast from Manila announced that 24 men from Ulithi had landed on the coast of Samar after storms had driven them for weeks across the Pacific. One canoe had capsized in a squall and one man was lost. But thank God that twenty-four are safe. For over six weeks they lived off the sea—and fought it—on a voyage of 900 miles! They're real sailors.

IS THE Sailor



The Daily Mirror of Manila snapped these Ulithi survivors of the 900-mile trip.

These are the outriggers which were driven from Ulithi to the coast of Samar.





WINDOW ON THE

Mission World

Bethlehem is not just a little town in Palestine but a world-wide altar where Christ is born anew for all.

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR IS CHRISTMAS on the missions. For every day in the year, in little towns that knew Him not, the Christ Child comes to dwell for the first time. It would be hard to estimate the number of places He was born in during the year now ending, but they were all Bethlehems.

Some of the Bethlehems were very much like the original one, poor, obscure, the home of simple people. Some of the places He was born in were no more fit to receive Him than the first stable, but His coming can make any spot holy. The site of the crib in Bethlehem is marked with a star. As we look out the Window on the Mission World, we can see the small but brave twinkle of all the new stars that were lit by missionaries during 1954. In dozens of places scattered around the mission world, a first Christmas was the event of the year.

For thousands of people Jesus Christ was born for the first time. He was born secretly at first, in the silence of a human heart, and then in another, and another. The missionary preached and instructed and prayed. To make a crib for the Child was hard work, because the material was the volatile spirit of men, proud, suspicious, sinful.

But Christ was received in many souls and there came a day when the missionary was ready to build a permanent Bethlehem. So another mission station was established, a church or a chapel where the star of the sanctuary lamp, please God, would burn forever.

And then the first Mass was said. Christ was born, openly and publicly for all to adore. It was Christmas anew.

The slow, laborious task of building new Bethlehems is the work of missionaries. Without much exaggeration it can be called the hardest work in the world. Against odds that cannot be measured, in the face of difficulties that human prudence might declare unsurmountable, Catholic missionaries go quietly and stubbornly about the task committed to them by the Holy Father.

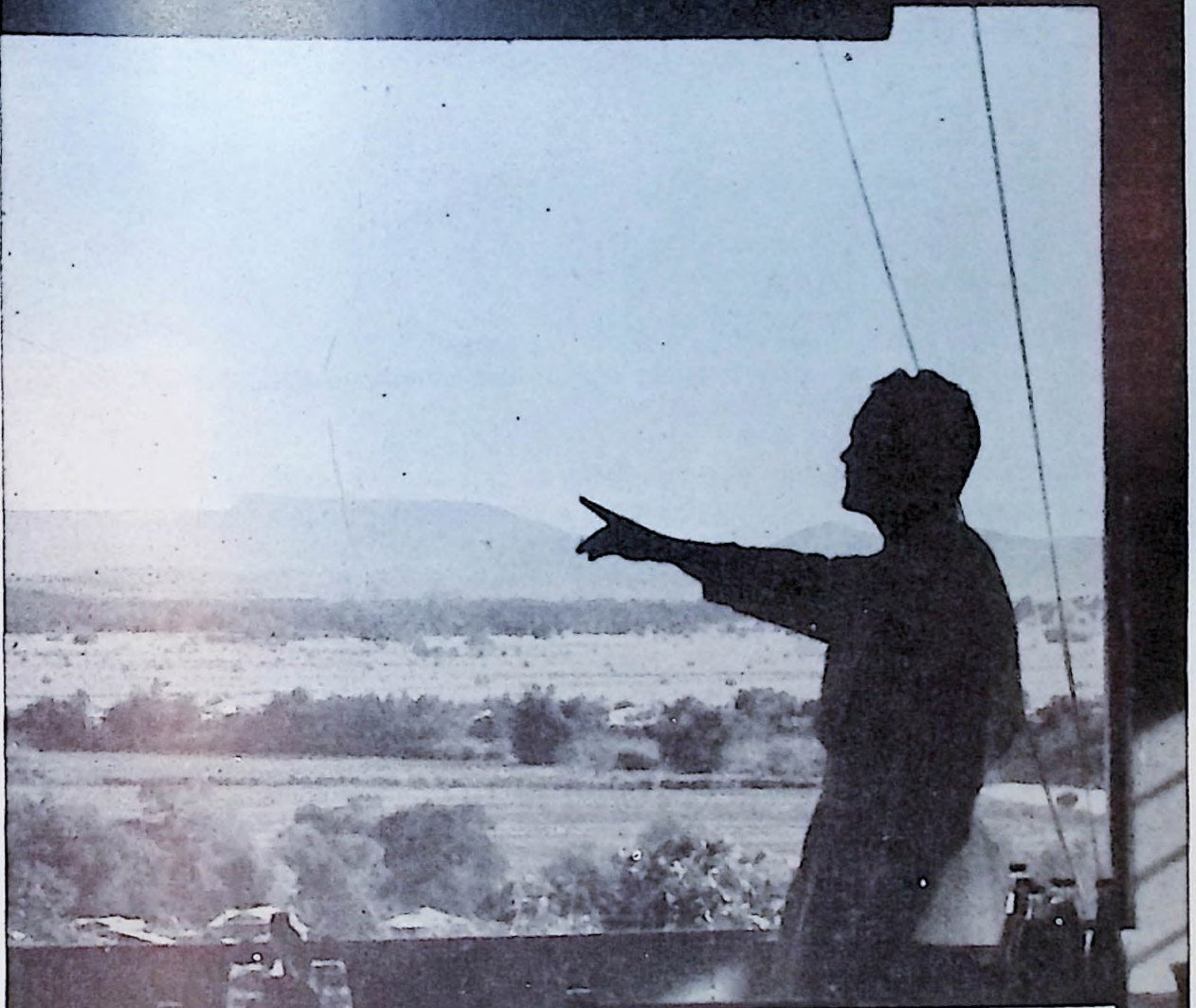
They know that they have been sent to strange places to establish the Church. They know that they have to dig deep to give the Church roots in a place where it is alien. But in 1954, as every year, beginnings were made in dozens of new centers. The star of a new Bethlehem was lighted.

The missionary knows that the star can go out. Beginnings are nearly always precarious, missionary beginnings especially so. Human hearts can reject the Babe of Bethlehem; overworked individual missionaries can do only so much; finances can fail.

This Christmas is a good time to reflect on the share we have, as Catholics, in the success or failure of the missionary Bethlehems of 1954—and 1955. The missionary cannot do the job alone. He has a right to expect that we will give him the prayerful cooperation he needs to bring the Child Jesus to the non-Catholic world.

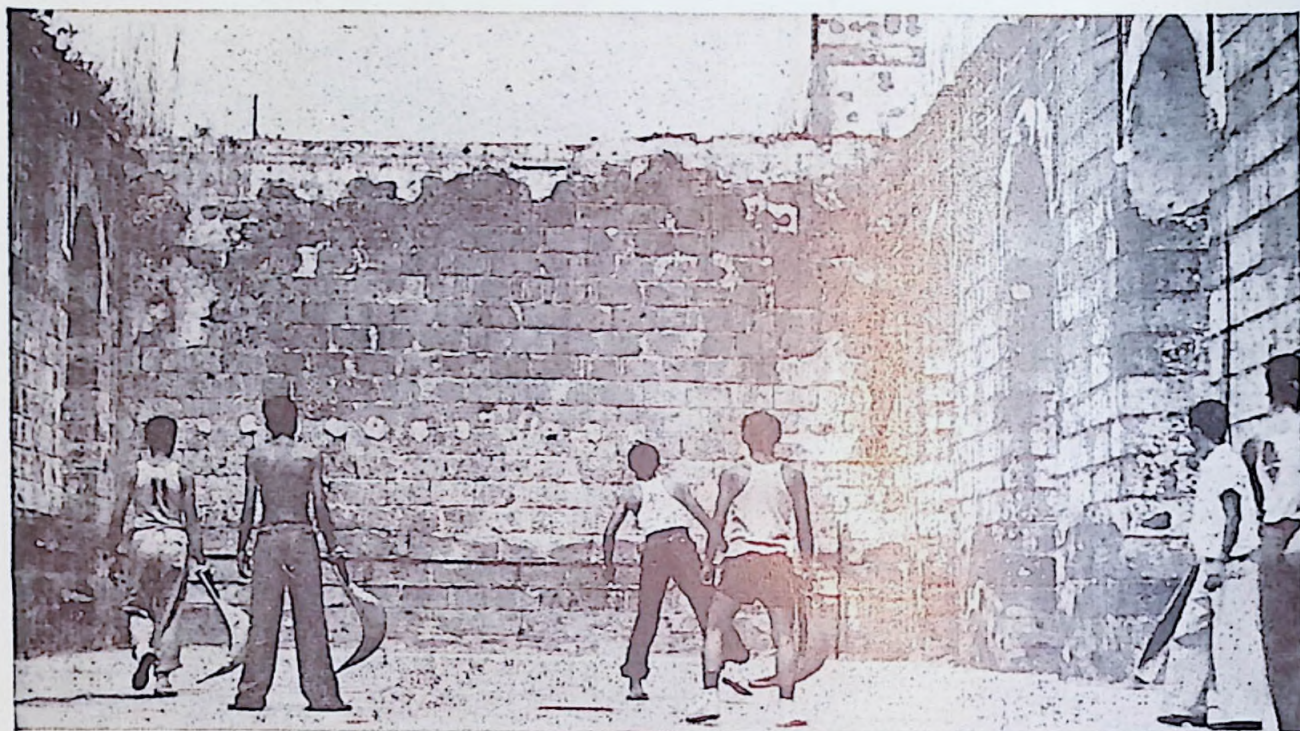
Look out through the Window on the Mission World. See those stars twinkling in the new Bethlehems. There will be more of them in 1955. With your help they can be made to burn steady and bright. Will you help to light a new star for a new Bethlehem?

THE Ateneo ON THE HEIGHTS



DOWN IN THE CITY LIE THE RUINS OF THE old Ateneo de Manila which was leveled in the past war. The view from the faculty dining-room of the new Ateneo rising on the hills looks good to Father McCarron.

THE Ateneo ON THE HEIGHTS



The tiled floor of the ruined chapel of the old Ateneo makes a Jai Alai court.

Father Harry Furay and Ateneo students finish some hard problems after class.





"No slur, suh," in the modern speech lab.



A college student prays in new chapel.

Jose Pablo greets Father McMahon, Rector of rebuilt Ateneo on Loyola Heights.



Nazareth Goes for

THE JEEP STATION WAGON WAS speeding comfortably towards Nazareth Novitiate along the narrow road that skirts the shore of the Caribbean Sea. Suddenly, the car slowed almost to a stop to avoid a dog.

"Did you hit him, Sister?" a back-seat driver in the white-veiled Pallottine habit asked.

"I don't think so," her Sister-companion at the wheel replied, adding with the invincible logic of a woman driver, "because I don't hear any squealing!"

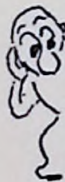
There were no jeeps when the first six Sisters came from Germany to British Honduras in 1931 to start a school at Benque Viejo. Now members of the Pallottine Congregation staff schools from one end of the colony to the other. They teach at San Joaquin, Corozal and Orange Walk in the North; at Cayo, Santa Elena and Belize in the central region; and at Punta Gorda and Fairview in the South. There are 68 nuns, half of them from British Honduras, and some of them safe drivers.

Typical of the buildings the Sisters

have erected is the chapel at their Nazareth Novitiate. This beautiful structure of cement was made possible by American dollars; German, American and British Honduran personnel; Mexican architect, workers and tortillas.

The workers refused to undertake the construction unless they could have tortillas 3 times a day, every day. The Sisters set up a special stove in the workers' quarters to be able to satisfy Mexican stomachs. One morning, when no tortillas were served at "tea" (breakfast for Americans), the workers crawled under trees around 11:00 in the morning. When asked why the workers were not on the job, the foreman explained, "Their energy is all gone. They need tortillas to keep going." From that time on tortillas were served without fail. Strangely enough, the workers were able to keep the muscular springs of their bodies wound up until 12:00 when they received re-winding in the form of tortillas.

Sister Isadore, originally from Germany, applied her garden skill to change Nazareth into a land flowing with vege-



*Father Francis A. Cull S.J.
is at St. John's College in Belize.*



Jeeps

tables. Through her know-how and superabundant energy, the soil of British Honduras began producing cabbages, carrots, tomatoes, beets, radishes, cauliflower, onions, lettuce and sweet potatoes besides the native crops of cassava, corn, rice and beans.

Tropical heat and rain, however, did not make her task easy. Frequently, a heavy downpour washed away the soil and Sister had to pick it up in baskets to return it to the garden.

In the orchards under her charge, Sister Andrea cultivates such native fruits as oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, mandarines, bananas, golden plums, Malay apples, star apples, custard apples, gooseberries and guava.

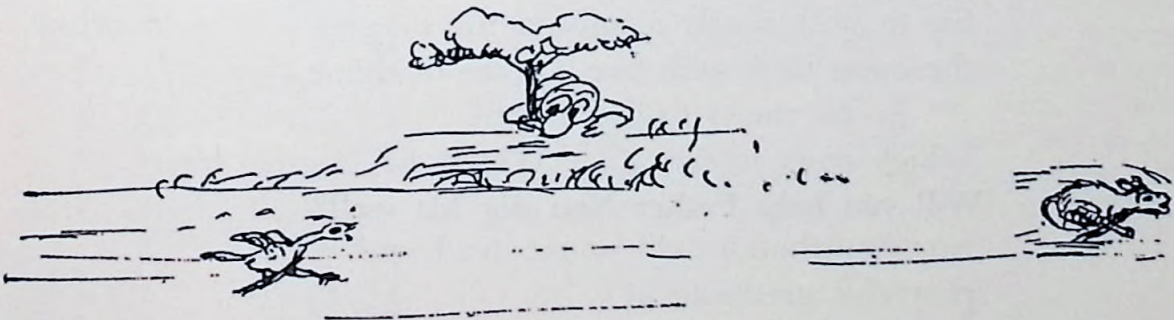
When the first mango trees grew up to be fine-looking specimens which could win first prize in any mango tree beauty contest, Sister Andrea had to call on St. Therese for help. The trees had lovely limbs and splendid tresses of leaves, but—no fruit. A medal of the Little Flower was placed on one of the trees and a procession in honor of the Saint

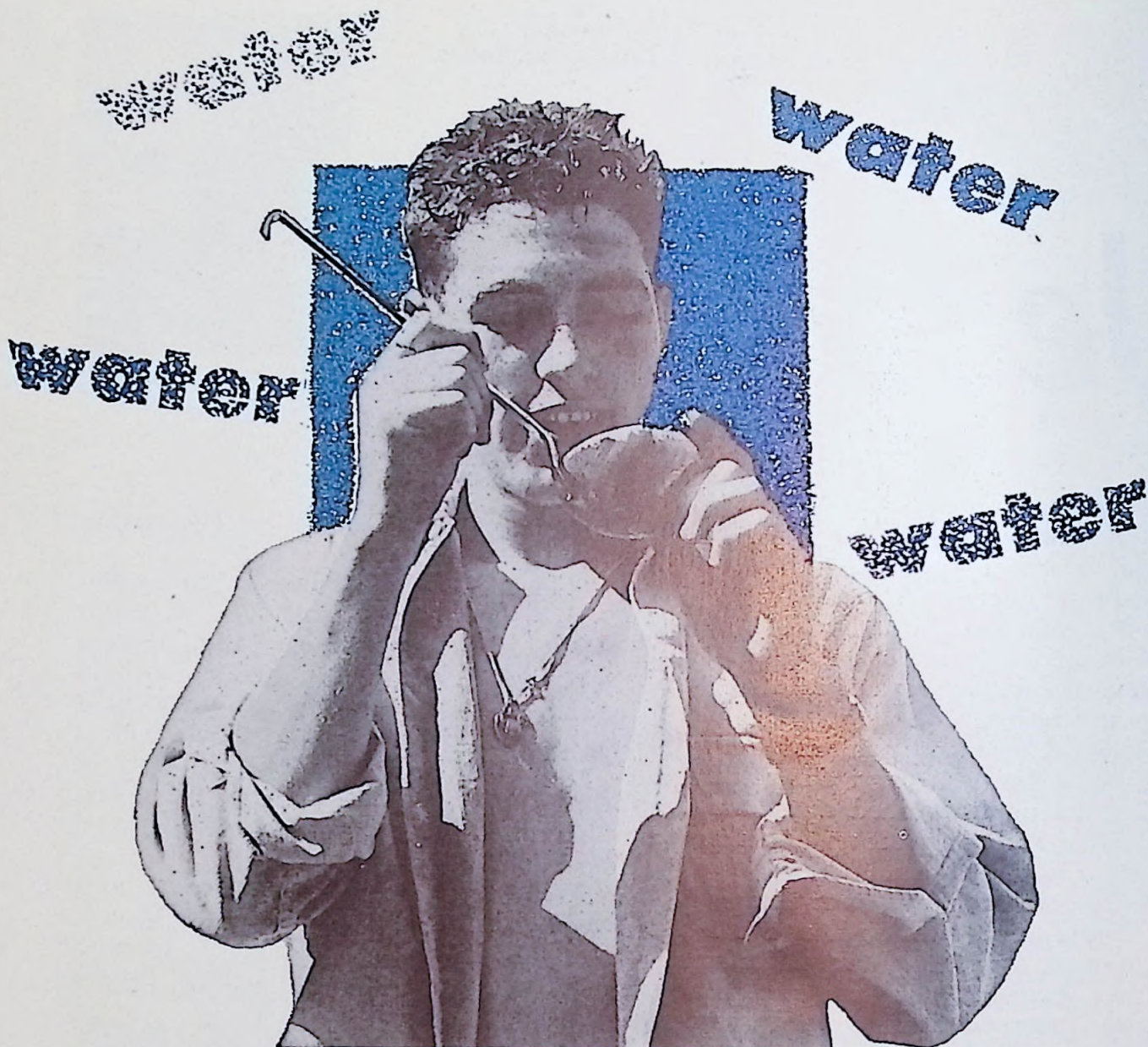
marched around the trees. The result—the trees bear fruit ever since.

In his article, "Pioneering Founders of a New Mission Novitiate," in *JESUIT MISSIONS* for November, 1932, Father Charles F. Kruger S.J. gave an account of the beginnings of the new novitiate at Nazareth. He ended the article with a prayer that God would aid the work of the mission schools and bless the long cherished hope of a Catholic hospital conducted by Sisters.

The first part of his prayer has been realized in a striking way by the success of the Sisters at Nazareth in training teachers for schools throughout British Honduras.

But, so far, it has not been possible for the Pallottine Sisters to carry on medical work as they do in other countries. Sister M. Beatrice, of British Honduras, is in charge of a small government infirmary at Benque Viejo. The growth of the congregation, however, gives promise that the dream of a real Sisters' hospital will soon come true. Please pray for the gallant Pallottines.





...water

**WE HARDLY EVER THINK ABOUT WATER
EXCEPT WHEN WE DON'T HAVE IT!**

Father Richard Neu of Chakradharpur, India, thinks about it all the time. You see, he doesn't have any. He has to walk nearly a mile to the nearest well, and bring the water back with him. Or die of thirst.

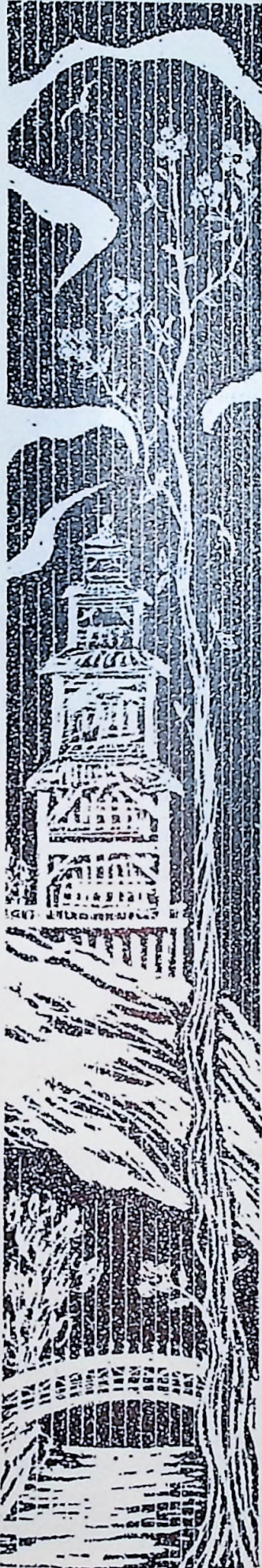
So he wants to dig a well.

Which costs money . . . Which he doesn't have!

Will you help Father Neu dig his well?

Any contribution will be received with
prayerful gratitude at

JESUIT MISSIONS 45 EAST 78TH ST., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



Kitamura

JOHN R. HUGHES S.J.

THE HEART OF AN ARTIST IS A STRANGE thing, and in the little Junior College of Music at Hiroshima, you meet strange people. Kitamura is one of these, but he is strange not so much because he is different from humans in general, but because he is so typical of what God does in the soul of man.

Kitamura was born before the war, grew up during it in Japan and was one of the unfortunates who lost his parents in the atom bomb at Hiroshima. He was not a bad boy, but war does something to people and especially to a sensitive soul of an artistic temperament whose formative years felt keenly all the uncertain fears and hungers of a nation which sensed, but was not told, that it was losing its struggle.

The war ended a few days after Kitamura saw his parents for the last time and then wandered about in all the disorder and privation that accompanied the bomb. After months of going from place to place, he was taken into the small orphanage of Hikari-no-Sono. There, under the care of the Japanese Sisters, he learned, more or less as a routine part of the orphanage life, the catechism, the commandments; he heard about Christ, about forgiveness, about the elixir of suffering.

But, despite the efforts of the good Sisters, he developed strange habits. He became a little thief; in fact, he was the leader of a band of little thieves, all of whom but himself lived outside of the orphanage. The little operators would go about stealing clothes, shoes, food and whatever they could scoop up and run with, in a land stripped of the close scrutiny that pre-war Japan knew. Kitamura would even get up in the middle of the night while the rest of the orphanage



Father John Hughes S.J. of the famous Bunker Hill district of Charlestown, Mass., is now busy building a school in Hiroshima.

was sound asleep and let in his little minions to make off with what the Sisters had begged for him and his fellows.

This went on for months until the Sisters finally found out about it all, and despite the efforts of the Fathers who were called in, no remedy could be found. Kitamura had to be sent away from the orphanage and a distant relative took him in.

Months passed and years, and the Fathers at Hiroshima and the Sisters at Hikari-no-Sono often wondered what had happened to their strange problem, until finally the newspapers carried the story of a young Kitamura who, while driving a three-wheeled Japanese truck, was hit head-on by an oncoming car driven by a drunken driver. Kitamura was badly hurt, his face disfigured, the nerves of one eye had been crushed, and his life was in danger. He lay, moaning in delirium, mumbling the little prayers and ejaculations of his orphanage days and calling on "Jesusama" and "Maria-sama."

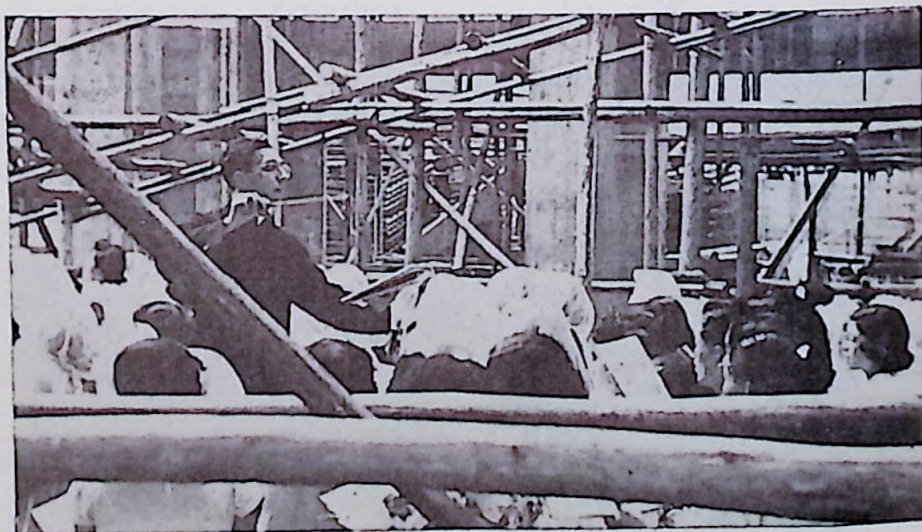
Finally, when he had recovered enough to receive and talk to visitors, he was visited, as is the custom in Japan, by his

offender, who came to offer flowers and say "so sorry," which saves face and obligates the offended to accept—outwardly only—and be done with it.

But not Kitamura. "We will have none of this. I am a Catholic; I forgive entirely," he declared. The past was broken, the "new life in Christ" was begun, Kitamura had found himself and the full expression of all that was in him as every real artist must. The road to recovery was slow but sure. He would go back to school and carry out his interrupted life. The road led to music and to truth. He is now at the only Catholic music school in Japan and is the pride of the place.

Today, except for the Fathers and Sisters, few know Kitamura as anything but the sensitive, ever delighted student of musical composition who is often seen helping the janitor and others who work around the compound. The embittered, twisted youngster of Hiroshima's darkest days has been purified and straightened out in the crucible of suffering. Under the warmth of God's grace Kitamura's artistic soul has blossomed into flower.

In the Memorial Peace Shrine at Hiroshima, now completed, Father Goossens directs his choir from the Music Academy. Father Hughes says, "He is the only man who can speak four languages at once—all with a Belgian accent!"





ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA • INDIA

ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS
CEYLON • CHINA • INDIA
CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS
INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS
IRAQ • JAMAICA • JAPAN
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • YORO

Afield . . . with American Jesuits

ALERT IN ALASKA

The long winter darkness has fallen in Alaska. But that does not mean that all activity has ceased. In fact, there is one missionary who is working for your safety.

A missionary has all kinds of jobs to do but it may still be somewhat surprising to discover what FATHER JOHN BAUD S.J. of Our Lady of the Snows Mission in Alaska does by way of extra-curricular activity. The following excerpt is taken from "The Aircraft Flash," the official magazine of the Ground Observer Corps. In an article describing Alaska's part in the air defense of North America, one section reads:

"Let's take a look at a typical Alaskan ground observer post, located at the community of Nulato, about 150 miles south of the Arctic Circle on the Yukon River. All 230 residents of Nulato are members of the GOC, under the leadership of the Reverend John Baud, a Jesuit missionary who has been living there for 18 years.

"Father Baud, who is also the civic, cultural and spiritual leader of the community, devotes an hour each week to instructing his volunteer observers. With the exception of three nuns, a nurse and a trader, the entire population of Nulato consists of native Alaskan Indians of the Tena tribe.

"When one of Nulato's residents spots an aircraft which is not familiar, he notifies Father Baud. He immediately transmits the information over the GOC

radio frequency to an Air Force monitor who is constantly listening for such reports. From the monitor the information flows into the air defense system.

"Nulato's 230 residents have little contact with the world outside, except for an occasional radio broadcast, an infrequent newspaper, or information gathered from the bush pilots who fly supplies into the village. Despite their isolation, the people of Nulato know of the conflict in ideologies throughout the world. They are aware also that the shortest and easiest aerial route between Russia and the United States is over Alaska and that they play an important role in the air defense of North America."

MR. PHILLIPS OF FIJI

In our October issue we described the work of FATHER MARION GANEY in organizing Credit Unions on the island of Fiji. Here is a footnote to that story.

A capable young accountant, Mr. Phillips, of the Bank of New Zealand branch at Suva in Fiji accompanied Father Ganey to Kolokolevu to examine the ledgers of the Credit Union recently formed in that village. "Look," he exclaimed, "they began loaning when they had only twenty pounds in their treasury! And down here their ledger shows the loans are being repaid and they are loaning again. This is remarkable!"

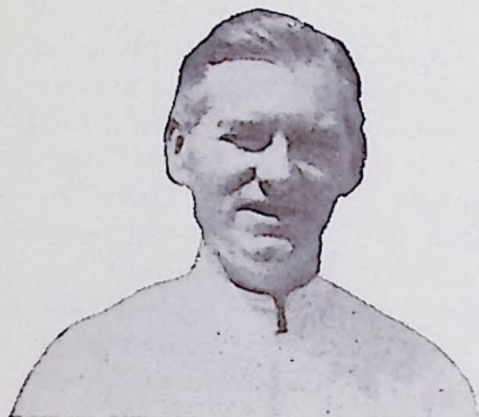
The following Saturday Father Ganey accompanied the Credit Union treasurer to the bank where the latter made a

deposit. While doing so, he asked Mr. Phillips what he thought of the Credit Unions. "This is it!" the accountant replied enthusiastically. "When I see with what seriousness these people are carry-

ing on, I know they have something they can sink their teeth into—something they can really use for their own and succeed in. This is one of the best things that ever happened to Fiji."

Father Ganey expects to wind up his work in Fiji in December but he can't be sure just when he will see his own mission of British Honduras again. A number of Pacific islands want him.

SPOTLIGHT



Far across the Pacific the Spotlight swings to the Truk atoll in the Caroline Islands. There it comes to rest on Father George McGowan S.J. who is one of those missionaries quietly doing their jobs without fanfare or publicity. Back in 1946 when the Vicariate of the Caroline and Marshall Islands was established and the mission entrusted to the American Jesuits, Father McGowan was finishing his term as Rector of the Novitiate of St. Andrew's in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. He volunteered for this new mission and was one of the first Americans sent.

Born in Passaic, New Jersey, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1921. A teaching career that embraced Boston College, Georgetown, St. Peter's and Fordham would indicate that he was marked for the classroom for life but the desire to be a missionary was never stilled. So at the age of 44 he set out for the war-devastated Pacific islands.

Once on the back of a picture taken out there he wrote, "My frown is caused by the sun. I'm very happy here." Say a prayer for this faraway missionary.

SPEAKING OF COFFEE

But FATHER GANEY'S absence from the Caribbean area doesn't mean that the work in cooperatives there is dormant. As witness to that we quote FATHER FRANCIS CHARLES RATERMANN of Yoro.

"Got back late yesterday from the first leg of the campaign I am making to organize the coffee cooperatives. I leave at seven tomorrow for another two-week trip, all on horseback. One has to wear someone else's shoes now and then to realize just how many burdens the other fellow has. But now, in my substitute role, I know how tough the poor Fathers of Minas de Oro have it.

"In two days I traveled 30 miles on horseback, ten hours in the saddle, crossing several peaks 3,000 and 4,000 feet high. When I got off that beast I was one big Charley-horse from the sole of my feet to the crown of my head. I had to smile at the appropriateness of that particular ailment. I am Charley and right then I was very much aware that there was a lot of horse to me, especially in aroma.

"Of course, this organizing of cooperatives all has to be done outside the regular ministerial work. We are only two priests in a parish of over 25,000 Catholics who are spread across a 2,000 square mile area. There are days during fiesta time when I have baptized over 100 babies, performed ten marriage ceremonies, given two hours of catechism instruction and heard confes-

sions till midnight and beyond. Then there are always churches to be built or reconstructed. So if I don't write too often you will understand."

SINGAPORE IS NOT QUIET

Some of the American Jesuits banished from China are still hanging on to the Asiatic mainland, even though their foothold is at the very tip, in Singapore.

It is not in the nature of a missionary to sit around quietly after he has been kicked out of his mission field. So the California Jesuits from Yangchow are carrying on in their usual active fashion in Singapore. For instance:

Father Albert O'Hara runs the Catholic Social Guild and during the past year he made one 24-day trip through Malaya, lecturing on social subjects to over 25,000 people.

Father James Kearney edits a biweekly newspaper, the *Malayan Catholic News*, which runs over 11,000 subscriptions and is steadily increasing. It is no penny rag but a solid, 12-page paper which circulates throughout the Malayan

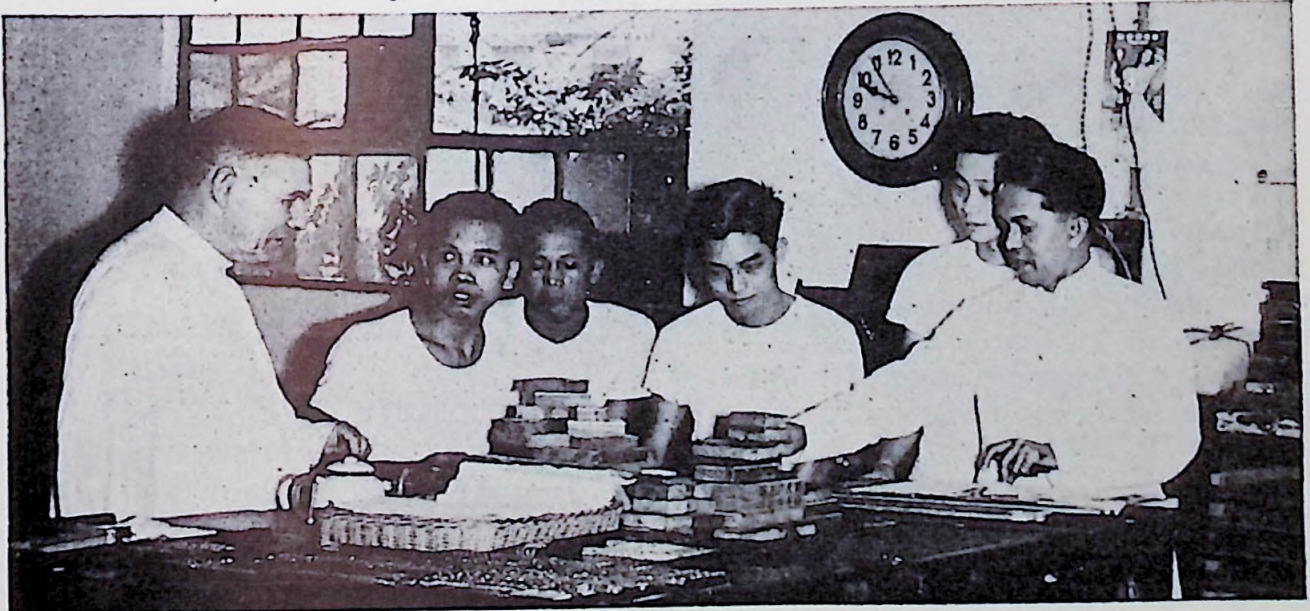
Federation, Borneo, Sarawak, Burma, Indonesia and even in the Philippines. It features plenty of names and faces and is strongly laced with solid Catholic doctrine. Visiting lecturers who stray off the philosophical beam have felt its lash while the movie people have become acutely aware of its influence. Father Kearney has been an active campaigner for clean movies and through the columns of the *Malayan Catholic News* has achieved considerable success. His activities are not restricted to the editor's desk, for he conducts classes in Catholic philosophy for the Catholic students of the University of Malaya. So even in exile the missionaries carry on.

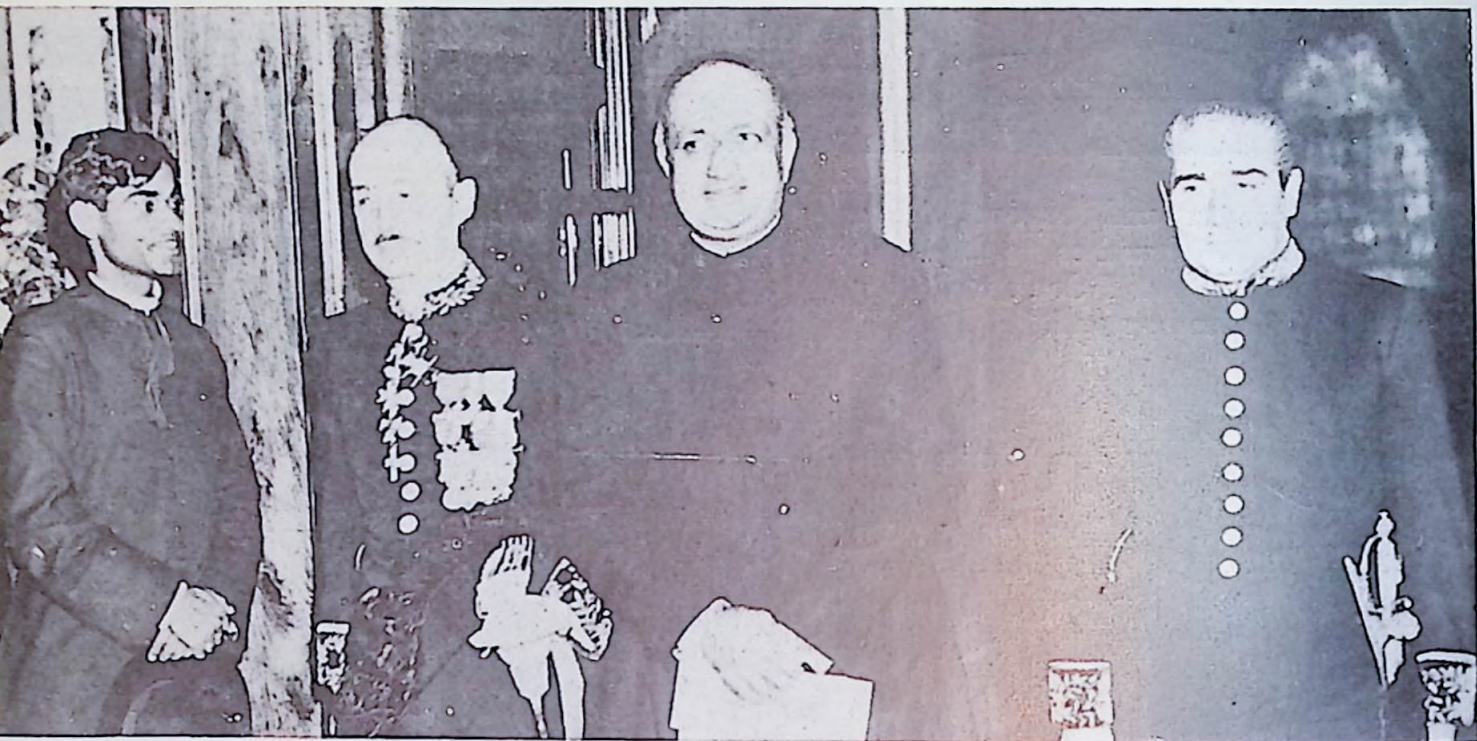
BAGHDAD BLUSHES

At the dedication of the beautiful chapel at Baghdad College there were a couple of disconcerting moments. The French Sister playing the organ broke into the *Star Spangled Banner* during Solemn Benediction. Then one young lady announced, "The chapel is so beautiful that we are going to give up the Syrian rite and become Jesuits!"

Life does have its complications.

In Singapore Fathers Kearney and De Rosario instruct engravers before editing a special edition of the Malayan Catholic News, powerful weapon against Communism.





India's first Minister to the Holy See, Dr. Desai, is escorted into Vatican. (Religious News)

THE POPE'S *Mission Intention*

AMERICANS MAY FIND IT VERY strange to pray that upper classes come to the knowledge and love of Christ. We regard class distinctions very lightly. But not so in India, especially in the rural areas.

An orthodox Hindu will deny that all men are created equal. He believes that an individual is born and dies many times. After a good life, he is reborn into a higher class of society. As punishment for a bad life, he is born into a lower caste.

Very often a man's class controls his religious, social and, in great part, economic life. He must marry within his own class; he eats and drinks only with members of his own caste; he avoids contacts with lower classes. If he becomes a Christian, he is outlawed by his class. To follow Christ means a complete break with his family and associates. This demands great courage and love of Christ.

It is easier for lower-class men to be-

come converts, for they lose less in gaining Christ. The modern conversion of Untouchables and lower-caste Indians creates new psychological difficulties for the better-educated and influential upper classes. To them Catholicism appears, frequently, as a good only for the lower classes.

But the educated classes must come to know Christ as the supreme good if India as a nation is to feel the warmth and strength of His love. Our prayer is that they may have the necessary grace and courage to learn of Christ and follow Him, no matter what the cost.

Mission Intention for December

**That the higher classes of India
may desire to know and
follow Christ.**

The Business of MISSIONS



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49 East 84th St.
New York 28, N. Y.

Dear Friend:

For every mother, there are joyous moments compensating for the pain and anxieties inevitable in her life. Surely such a moment must be the first time her child's tiny lips stammer the word, "Mommy." Many nights later, the little one finally says, "God bless Mommy." Instinctively the mother leans over and almost smothers the child with affection.

Our Lady is the Mother of God and also the mother of all mankind. For months, she had to wait patiently until her infant Son lisped the name, "Mother." Her joy then neither you nor I can estimate. In heaven, impatience is impossible for Mary but not joy. As the Marian year closes, thousands of her children instructed by the Jesuit missionaries proclaim for the first time in prayer and song Mary as Mother.

The calculations of Mary's joy again fail but not the prayers of the Jesuits at home and in the missions to reward at Christmas and each day of the new year your zeal in helping so many to know and to love His Mother.

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

ACCORDING TO

Our Vocation



A Jesuit missionary in Alaska readies his dog team for the trail across the tundra.

“IT IS ACCORDING TO OUR VOCATION TO TRAVEL TO various places and to live in any part of the world where there is hope of God’s greater service and the help of souls.” These words are heard early in a Jesuit’s career. It only takes his statement, “I’m willing” to make the words a reality.

A pleasant cruise or uneventful flight will whisk him to his mission territory. Once there the glamorized picture of travel fades. In Iraq, he may board a trans-desert bus. With a dust-proof (he hopes) scarf around his face he settles in a canvas bucket chair to endure the night. A few hundred miles later as dawn breaks over the desert, he begins to swelter in the air that froze him during the night.

In India he jounces over "roads" in a jeep left to him by the G.I.'s in '45. Dust swirls around the wheels and in his wake. A weary back readjusts itself and tries to anticipate the next ridge in the washboard ahead. A few hundred miles to the north a fellow missionary winds his way along shaded roads. Alert eyes peer through goggles to guide the motorcycle around a lumbering ox-cart.

Thousands of miles away a missionary steers a sure-footed horse along treacherous Philippine mountain paths. Green jungle walls surround him, then break open to reveal sheer drops to naked crags and bottomless ravines. Alone, he murmurs reassuring words to his mount, then commends himself to his Guardian Angel and pushes on.

Off beyond the mountains, over the horizon, a small sail stretches to the wind and a fellow missionary tacks to maneuver between jagged coral reefs. Tiny wrinkles tighten his eyelids as each swell mirrors sunlight into his face.

Twenty-four hours earlier he prayed to see that sun, for dark, rainy clouds drove green cliffs of Pacific waters across his course. His small ship had yawed and pitched. Now an audible sigh breaks his lips as he enters the home port of the Carolines. This is "to travel . . ."

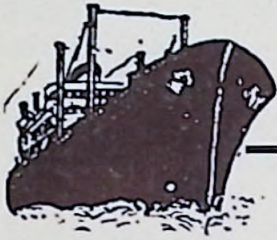
On the Alaskan tundra another missionary loosens his fur-lined mittens long enough to tie his lead dog in harness. Eagerly the dogs set out and taut muscles balance the sled. Weary, lonely miles lay ahead with only the sharp yelping of the dogs to break the frozen silence. This is his life, "to travel to . . . any part of the world where there is hope of God's greater service."

Distance lends enchantment to far-away places and romantic names stir all hearts. But they never give the reality of a missionary's travel. The reality is fatigue, danger, even death. But it is "according to our vocation." Wherever the greater glory of God is best served, there you will find the man of God.

In the Philippines a sled drawn by a carabao is used for transportation in places.



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

We Know by Experience that you are extremely generous in responding to requests for items that are used by missionaries in the celebration of Mass. This generosity is a wonderful tribute to your love for the Blessed Sacrament.

Here are some items of altar equipment that are needed in the Philippines and we hope that you may find it possible to help.

Altar Bells	—\$ 5.00
Altar Crucifixes	—\$15.00
Communion Plates	\$10.00
Benediction Censer and Boat	—\$30.00

There Are So Many Expenses in furnishing the new chapel at Baghdad that it seems it will be a long time until this work is completed. The chapel could have a more finished appearance if rugs could be supplied for the side altars. The cost of carpeting for an altar is \$60.00. Could you help?

Help Pay the Freight please, for transportation of second-hand pews for an Indian chapel in the Upper Peninsula in Michigan. This is a plea from the Indian Missionary, Father James Birney. Could you help with a gift of one or two dollars?

The Hurricane Blew the Church Plans out the window for Father William J. Walter of Yap.

Father Walter, through your help, had collected enough money to build a small chapel. This chapel was never built because a hurricane left his people so close to starvation, the money had to be used for food for his parishioners. Father Walter has no regrets for this act of charity. He was happy to have the means to be

of assistance in time of emergency. Father hopes eventually to build his chapel, but that will depend on how soon the \$1,000.00, spent on food, is replaced.

Again, it's our hope that you may find it possible to send \$1.00, or maybe \$5.00, to build the chapel at Yap.

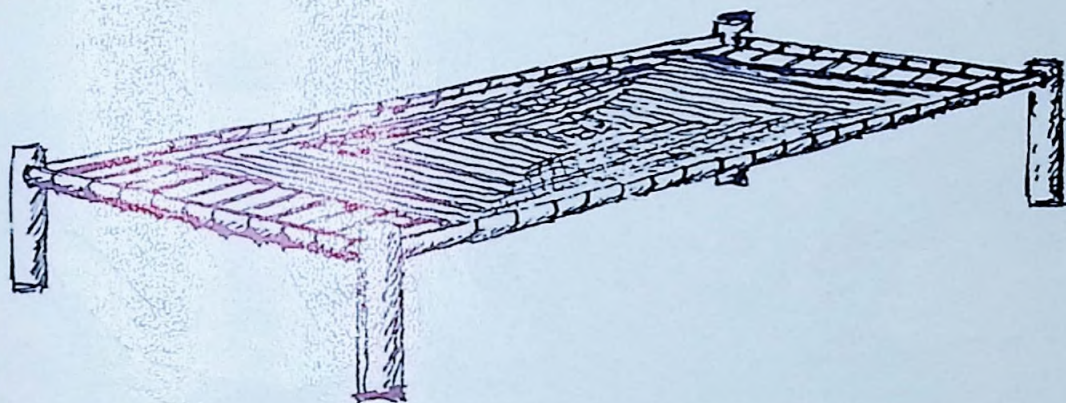
To Reach the Lepers in the outlying barrios of Palawan, Philippines, Father Dimaano and Father Gampp need a boat with outboard motor. With this aid in transportation, the two missionaries would make at least a monthly contact with the "negative" lepers who now have frequent visits from non-Catholic missionaries, well equipped with two launches.

Perhaps you are one of the good friends who remember these unfortunates, especially at Christmas time. Would you have \$1.00 for our campaign to buy a boat for the missionaries to the lepers? The boat and motor will cost \$700.00, but we trust that there will be many like yourself who will send in \$1.00.

The Truck Driver Father Buchanan, who gained national publicity in NEWSWEEK for his frequent trips over the Alcan Highway, bringing supplies to the Alaskan mission, asks for financial help to buy material for his school at Copper Center, Alaska.

You know the staggering cost of building material at present and so you must admire Father Buchanan's courage in undertaking this construction of a school in Alaska. Father needs the help of Providence and your financial aid to carry on his work. Again, then, our plea for \$1.00 or \$2.00.

A missionary's bed . . .



A MISSIONARY'S BED is not particularly comfortable at best. But Fr. Bertram Ernst of Piru, India, has a peculiar trouble with his.

The Mission compound is so small that his parishioners, who come early for Mass on Sundays, sprawl out under and around it. So he has to be careful or he'll step on his flock when he gets out of bed . . .

Father Ernst would like a larger compound. Naturally. But this costs money.

Would you help this missionary get a little privacy?

Contributions will be gratefully received at

JESUIT *Missions* 45 EAST 78th ST., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



MAKES VERY INFERIOR FLOORING FOR A CHAPEL. So Fr. Ephesio Dolalas of the Philippines would like to do Our Lord the service of changing the mud-floored nipa hut he now uses as a chapel into a more solid structure with a clean floor.

Would You Help Him Do This?

Send your contribution to

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