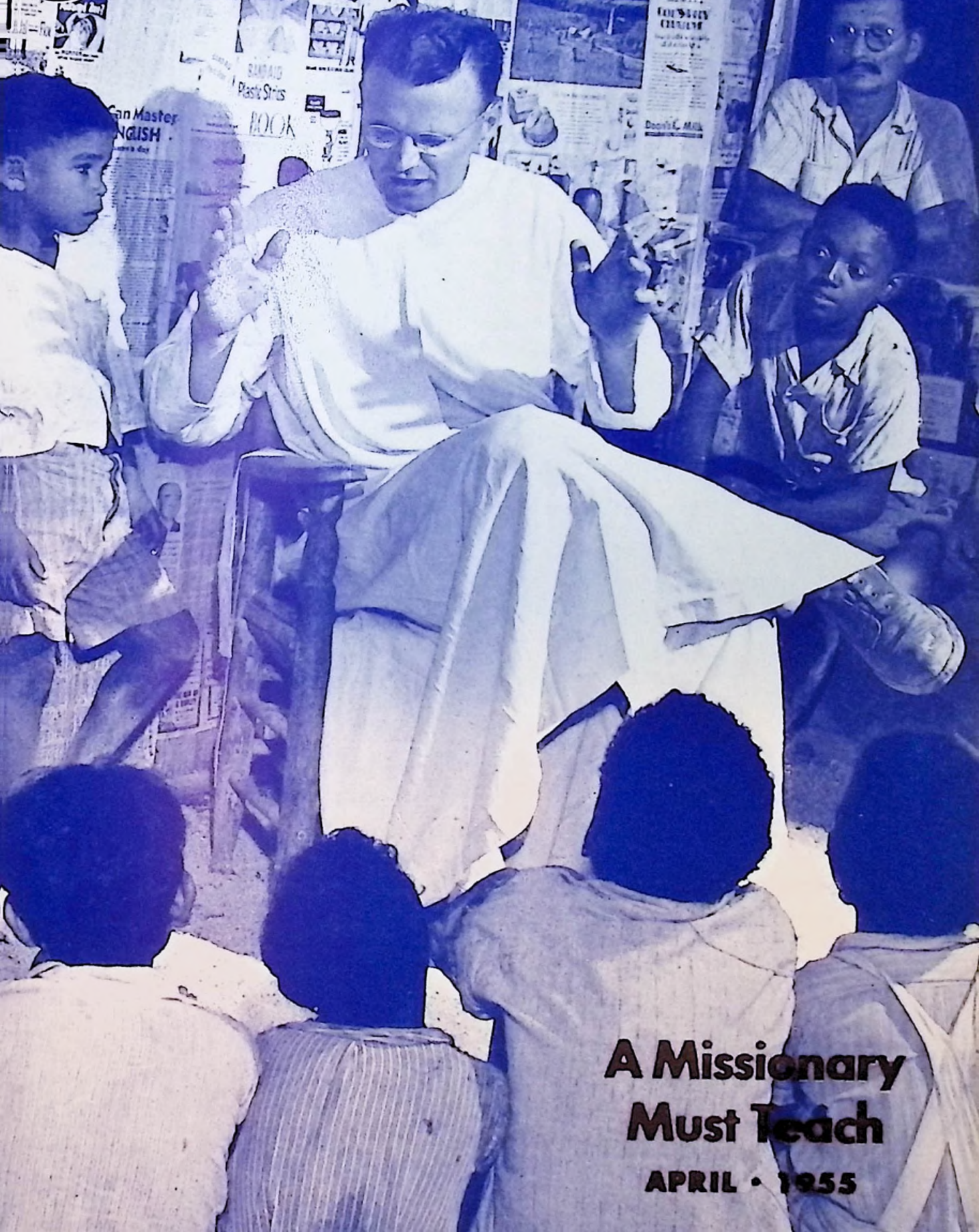


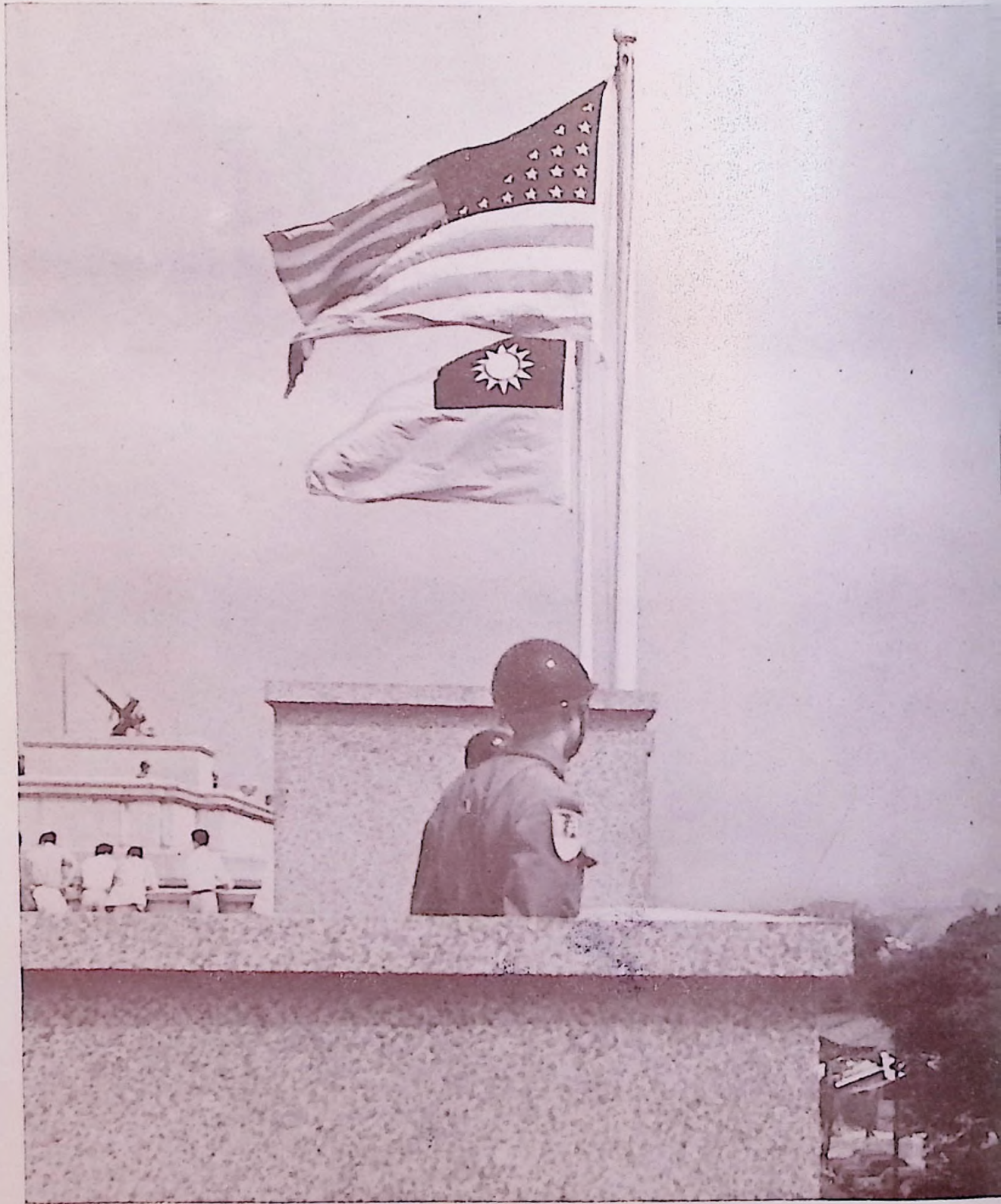
Jesuit Missions



**A Missionary
Must Teach**

APRIL • 1955

Fifteen Gobs



ON A MISSION

FRED J. FOLEY S.J.

I WAS PEACEFULLY saying my rosary on the streets of the port city of Keelung in Formosa when I was hailed by Chief Petty Officer Gaspar Altomare, just off the *U.S.S. Pine Island*. The Chief was thrilled at meeting an American Jesuit under such conditions and when, on his request for film, I produced a roll of Plus-X from a deep cassock pocket, his admiration knew no bounds. That was the genesis of our cooking up a rather historical bus trip.

In short, I wrote to the ship's chaplain saying that I had been impressed by the on-shore conduct of the men from the *U.S.S. Pine Island*. Realizing the lack of recreational facilities, I continued, I was willing to help by taking a group of men from the ship on a full-day tour of Jesuit mission work in Formosa. If the men wanted, they could take all the photos they wished. All we lacked was time off for the men, the captain's approval and transportation.

The chaplain, though not a Catholic, came through. The recreation fund provided a bus, and the men got the next Sunday off. Before you could say, "Pipe that!" the tally of 15 was filled and the run began on the ship's supply of film.

We rendezvoused at the Taipei Railroad Station at 8 Sunday morn. Father Richard Meagher, Father William Klem-

ent, Brother Robert Griffin, two university students and myself boarded the sail-or-filled bus, and introductions continued for the next ten kilometers. It was a good roster, starting with Altomare and running down through Courtney, Demers, Miller, Lopez, Garcia, Ieno, Vettesea, Pedone, Bregle and Thompson with Zamuto in the clean-up position.

Mid-morning saw us in Hsinchu, with Fathers Bourret and Thornton to greet us at the door of the Catholic Mission. Only a Taiwanese store, but it duly impressed these U.S. sailors with the humble beginnings of the Church in a strange land. A few minutes' rest and all filed into the chapel for Sunday Mass, celebrated by myself. Helena Chang, our faithful catechist, played the organ, and Father Onate sang a few rich solos to which the men applied the universal adjective, "best ever." I preached for a few minutes on gratitude to God for our outing and urged all to keep their eyes open.

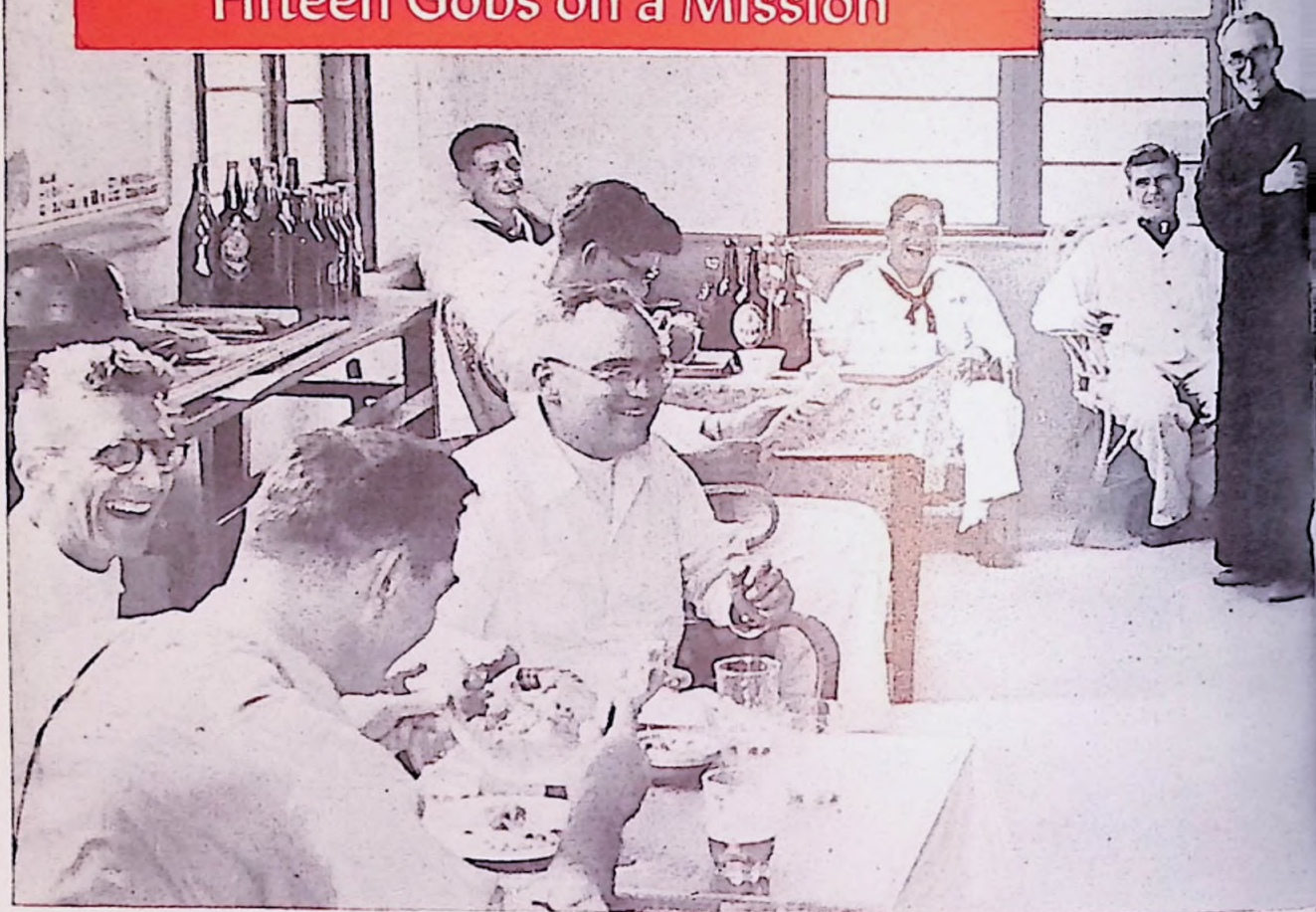
Soon the Jesuit dining-room was crammed with sailors, Jesuit Brothers passing coffee, toast and omelets. We waited till the second cup and then passed the word, "Busy day, men, and a full schedule. Let's get going!" A trip around town showed some more of the work American Jesuits are doing in Hsinchu, churches in stores, reading rooms.

JM

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Fifteen Gobs on a Mission



Chief Altomare (officer's cap) takes a light reading. Ex-sailor Brother Griffin (in white cap) was right at home all day. The cry heard until long after dark was "Whaddye get for a reading?"





Brother Griffin S.J. snapped this cheery watermelon break at Chutung with Father Alonso S.J. (in black) welcoming U.S. sailors and missionaries. Clockwise from bottom, the priests are Fathers Klement, Meagher, Shaules (behind Father Alonso) and Foley with his camera on the ready. Nobody seems to appear too downcast.

and conducted a complete tour of his new and shining mission compound. Shutter-gobs got out wide-angle lenses to take the church tower, which others climbed in order to turn their telephotos on the surrounding countryside. Iced watermelon followed for all, but Father Alonso's hit of the day was a round of No-Berro, a Japanese soda pop that has the color and foam of a real brew, but that is all. Here, too, sailors Lopez and Garcia made a hit with their fluency in Spanish, and found two namesakes in Jesuit Fathers Lopez and Garcia.

Our tight schedule kept us rolling on in a big circle around the mission. Thirty-five minutes' ride through beautiful tea-covered hills brought us to Kuanhsi, Canadian Jesuit mission. Ship-made sandwiches and a box of Stateside pears were broken out here, and sailor Demers entertained the Fathers with one of their own French-Canadian songs.

It was the same every place else. In Hsinpu the Spanish Jesuits, formerly in Wuhu, received us. The sun began to sink lower and we sped on, making a last stop in Shanchi to see the work of the Italian Jesuit refugees from Pengpu, Anhwei. Only lack of light forced us to turn the bus northwards towards Taipei, Keelung and the ship.

There's more to tell, but the big thing is the over-all impression these men got from an inside view of a Jesuit mission field. All were full of admiration for the work being done and greatly impressed by the enterprise and sacrifice of the Fathers. Many said they never had such an opportunity in the past to see so much of a country and its mission work at first hand. The final word was that this was a shore leave to remember.

classes in English, catechism and instruction. Hardly time to see the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at their dispensary, or the Holy Ghost Sisters, or the Carmel where contemplation wins graces for the missionaries.

A visit to the public market, a look-see at a few temples and gates for photos and we had to hurry on to lunch at a U.S. Army hostel. Fathers George Donohoe, John Brennan and Louis Dowd came along as guests. After the steak sandwiches, Father Bourret took a group picture. He had to do it fifteen times with as many cameras belonging to different sailors.

A 25-minute ride back toward the mountains brought us to Chutung. The Pine Island men were astonished to see, in such an out-of-the-way place, a gem of a church in a perfect mountain-ringed setting. Father German Alonso S.J., genial Superior, received us with open arms

HIGH EAGLE IS GONE



Father Joseph Zimmerman (right) blesses his dying brother, famed Carib missionary.

THROUGH THE Black Hills of South Dakota the news spread like a prairie fire. High Eagle was dead. Sioux, Cheyenne and Crow Indians turned aside from daily tasks and came riding out of the canyons, down from the buttes, across the prairies. All trails led to Holy Rosary Mission and the chapel where lay the body of Father Joseph Zimmerman S.J.

For forty years he had labored among the Sioux and to all of them High Eagle was more than a name. He was a legend, his deeds a tradition. He was their adopted son and great chief, who spoke their language, ate with them, married them and baptized their children.

The last survivor of Custer's Massacre, rugged Dewey Beard, now 97 years old, summed up the feelings of all of them. "High Eagle gave me food and clothing. He gave me his heart. He my best friend." They all nodded agreement.

Father Zimmerman had given forty years of his life to them. His brother, Father Bernard Zimmerman S.J., had spent 36 years among the Caribs of British Honduras before his death in 1952. Seventy-six years of mission work by these two brothers—what a record to take before Almighty God!

All night long they sang hymns in Sioux, hymns which the great-hearted missionary had translated into their language. Then in the morning, after the Requiem Mass, they buried him at Pine Ridge. His grave is beside the tomb of Red Cloud, the great Sioux chief who had gone to Washington three times to beg the Great White Father to send the Blackrobes to his people. Now they rest side by side—Red Cloud, the famous Sioux chief, and High Eagle, ambassador of the Great Spirit.

By the graveside Dinah Red Feather sobbed his epitaph, "He was one of us."

The classroom must be the yardstick for measuring a mission's success.

A Missionary Must Teach!

THOMAS B. CANNON S.J.

THE GREAT WORK of the missions today is in the field of Catholic education. It is safe to say that all the missionary work of the Church today must be educational, in the broad sense. It is not enough to baptize pagans; they must also be instructed; and unless they are well instructed, they will not ordinarily remain firm in their faith.

The day of the "Foreign Legion" concept of the missions is past and gone. Yet many of our people at home persist in thinking of the missionary in terms of the traditional picture of St. Francis Xavier, holding the crucifix aloft in one hand and a baptismal shell in the other. They forget the picture of Xavier the teacher; they do not remember, or never heard, that he personally taught little children and learned bonzes the rudiments of the Church's doctrine; and that he arranged for the further education of those whom he left behind him when, by God's inspiration, he moved on to new fields. Xavier was not a reckless enthusiast, haphazardly baptizing all whom he met; modern efficiency experts could make a profitable study of the efficiency of his methods in teaching the faith.

Xavier, the organizer, is not well known; but his work marked a new era in mission history precisely because of

his unique talents in founding the Church in pagan lands, and organizing the work so that it might continue after him. Xavier was not merely a missionary; he was also a Papal Nuncio, a mission superior, and a Provincial of a province of the Society of Jesus. He founded colleges and schools and catechism centers. He blazed the trail; then assigned other missionaries to take up the work and make it permanent.

I had occasion to visit several missions in the course of a trip from Manila to Rome, for the purpose of representing the Philippines at the First World Congress of the Sodality of Our Lady, held in Rome last September. In Hong Kong and in India and in Iraq, I found this same situation: the Catholics among the students in Jesuit schools are outnumbered by the pagans and Hindus and Moslems. There was once a great controversy in mission circles over this situation; but the Holy Father himself decided that non-Catholics must be admitted to our schools, in large numbers, too, if ever any real headway is to be made in establishing the Church in non-Christian lands. Through her schools, the Church has earned the respect of those outside the fold.

In more than one country in which I

Under the thatched roof of a chapel in the bush of British Honduras, Father Urban Kramer S.J. conducts a catechism class. Father Kramer is now Superior of this Central American mission. The picture was taken by Margaret Bourke-White of the LIFE magazine staff, as was also the Cover.

have had the privilege of working, I have found the Church identified with Catholic colleges; the entire welfare of the Church, and the Church's entire hope for the future, focused upon the Catholic schools.

The missions of the Church today look to the Church in the United States for the help they need. Everywhere one travels, it is the same story. The United States, which was itself a mission country a short time ago, is admired and respected throughout the world as the center of strong, virile Catholicity. And the secret of the spiritual strength of the United States is the American Catholic school system. In the United States, the Papal and canonical directives regarding Catholic education have been carried out to the letter. Catholic education must begin in the elementary grades, and be carried on at all levels, up to and including university courses. Unless the youth of the land are educated in Catholic schools, the position of the Church will be insecure; men and women will grow up ignorant of the God who made them, ignorant of spiritual values, and interested merely in money and material things. And when one considers that our main job on earth is to know and serve God, and get ready for Heaven, the function of Catholic education becomes overwhelmingly important—one may almost say the most important thing on earth.

Isn't it abundantly clear then that Catholic education is emphatically the work of the missions, as it is so great a part of the work of the Church everywhere?

Yet people—our own Catholic people—



persist in regarding the work of education as a minor element of mission work. In the United States, our Catholic schools and universities have long labored without the financial aid, the endowments and foundations, which support the great non-sectarian universities. Many American Catholic universities are doing their own share of mission work in granting scholarships for higher studies to students from mission lands—but without recognition.

In the missions themselves, Catholic schools and colleges and universities have to struggle along, for the most part, by themselves. There is no startling story to be written about the humdrum of classroom life; there is no glamor to the grind of correcting stacks of papers in a



sizzling heat; and teachers have little time to write about the minor victories won by their students in the field of scholastic endeavor. Most of our "mission-minded" Catholics, when they read mission magazines, expect to be thrilled by stories of wild tigers and huge snakes, jungle journeys, revolutions, earthquakes, conversions bordering on the miraculous, and fiendish attacks on the Church.

It's the bizarre that has the attraction—the phenomenal, the unusual; not the kind of life that everyone knows so well. Yet only a few missionaries can work in leper colonies, compared to the vast number required for teaching; and even in the leper colonies, the most important work is teaching.

I repeat it—the missionary work of the Church is essentially, must be, and always has been, educational.

Missionaries from distant places in the Philippines used to come to the Ateneo to address the graduating members of my college Sodality, to appeal for teachers for their schools. Everywhere today missionaries are waiting for the graduates of our Catholic colleges to return home to be the pillars of their parishes. A group of well-trained Catholic college graduates is far more important to a mission than a beautiful church building.

The graduates of Catholic colleges supply a corps of zealous men and women who can be relied upon to further the work of the Church on their own. Not every graduate, of course, becomes

a lay missionary; but a book could be written about the inspiring spiritual and social work done by graduates of Jesuit colleges in the Philippines alone. Theology, not merely advanced catechism, is now being taught in the Ateneo de Manila. The results have been greatly encouraging.

A recent survey showed that the vast majority of vocations to the priestly and religious life in the United States are traceable to Catholic schools. The same is true of the missions. This alone should convince one of the importance of Catholic education. It is not the Church's policy to have foreign missionaries remain permanently in any country. A native clergy and Sisterhood must be developed if the country is ever to have a

At the Ateneo de Manila, Father Daniel Corbett S.J. and a student talk things over.



Catholic life of its own. And how can that be done without schools, schools, schools?

The late Father Pierre Charles S.J., one of the founders of the science of missiology, used to startle his audiences at his mission lectures when he vehemently uttered his opening sentence: "The work of the missions is not to save souls!" Then he used to go on to explain that the work of the missions is to give every soul the *opportunity* to save itself; that, strictly speaking, no one can save another's soul; that the missions must provide the *knowledge* and the means of self-salvation. How can this be done without Catholic education?

The education of the intellect is not enough. The will must also be trained. It is not sufficient to develop the mental faculties; a spiritual development is vital, to achieve our object. We do not want mediocre Catholics.

I've seen an unspoken question in the eyes of people whom I met in the course of my Sodality trip, returning from Rome to the Philippines via the United States. Some have expressed it, asking, "How is the work of the Sodality a missionary work?" The answer is very simple. The Sodality has a twofold purpose—self-sanctification, and the sanctification of one's neighbor. In other words, the Sodality aims at producing saints and apostles—or, to put it better, saints who are apostles. Sanctity frightens some—without reason. No Catholic will deny that our work on earth—the reason for our existence—is to serve God and get to Heaven. But every soul that gets to Heaven is a saint. Hence it is true that we must strive to become saints. The work of the missions is to give every soul a chance to do just that. And so it is plain that the work of the Sodality is an extension of our missionary work. It can be done at home as well as on the missions. Intellectually and spiritually, the Church must prepare souls for the life of the Church on earth, and for life with God in Heaven.

This is the work of the missions. And this is the work of Catholic education.



The Egg

IN MY CRIB

J. RANDOLPH KNIGHT S.J.

DOWN HERE in Jamaica the night skies blossom stars at Christmas time. As I went over to lock up the church for the night, the Southern Cross was a celestial blaze of glory.

I bolted the church doors on the inside and moved up the aisle to say a prayer at the Crib. Everything was quiet and peaceful, like all places where the Baby Jesus lives. I knelt down before the Crib but even before I started to pray something caught my eye. Right there in the straw in front of the manger was an egg! It was a very big, very white egg.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh, yes. But I never heard that the Magi brought eggs. I knelt there and tried to figure out who the Jamaican Wise Man might be. "It was Berry," I thought. Berry is a boy who hangs around the church, two little imps always shining in his eyes, and with an uncontrollable yen to ring the church bell at all times when it shouldn't be rung.

Well, eggs are scarce down here at Christmas time so I picked up this one and carried it over to the house for my morning breakfast.

The next night? Sure enough, I found another egg at the feet of the Christ Child. Three nights in a row a big white egg lay in the straw. Each morning I had eaten the egg found the previous evening, so I was very sure that it could not be the same egg every time. I finally decided it was time to catch Berry in his little prank.

The afternoon was drowsy and hot when I slipped into the church and hid behind the sacristy door. It was only a few minutes before my shirt was drenched with perspiration and I was itching all over. I began to wonder if my idea was such a bright one.

A half-hour passed and I had reached the point where I was ready to go out and warm Berry's pants for him just on the principle of the thing. Then I heard a noise, "He's coming now," I said to myself. I crouched lower behind the door and got ready to leap out and grab him by the neck.

The footsteps in the aisle paused, then came on again. A shadow moved across the floor. There was a strange brushing sound and I risked a quick peep around the door. It wasn't Berry—it was Bip! I should have known.

Bip goes slowly up to the Crib. Looks around. Leaps up on the straw. Struts up to the feet of the Christ Child and nestles down. Then there is a loud cackle and Bip, my favorite Rhode Island Red hen, leaves her egg at the foot of the Crib and struts proudly down the aisle of the church!

The next morning after my discovery I called Mimi, my cook, out into the yard.

"Mimi, do you see those hens?"

"Yassah, Fader, I sees dem."

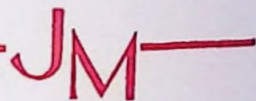
"You see Bip there?"

"Yassah, Fader. I knows Bip."

"Well, Mimi, if times get hard around here—put Bip in the pot last!"

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



After Death, New Life

In the bombed-out city of Hiroshima, Catholicism is growing with extraordinary vigor. After the atom bomb in 1945 Hiroshima city and its environs contained only 150 Catholics. Today, the old parish is divided into eight parish districts with 2,368 Catholics, an increase of over 1,500 per cent. Thus Hiroshima is one of the brightest spots in this country which has given more martyrs to the Faith than any other.

These simple figures do not tell the whole story, for many converts are following the general trend and leaving the city of Hiroshima to find work elsewhere. If the present increase in Catholics continues, the newly consecrated Memorial Shrine at Hiroshima, able to hold 2,000 people and the largest church in Japan, may soon prove too small.

Throughout Japan there are at present 43 Japanese Jesuits following in the footsteps of St. Francis Xavier. Their work is augmented by that of 264 Jesuits from overseas. Together they work in many churches, staff Sophia University, the Interdiocesan Seminary in Tokyo, the Music and Art College in Hiroshima, two high schools (at Kobe and Yokosuka) and a third high school soon to be built at Hiroshima. Xavier would be proud of his successors.

India's Hit Parade

In some of the mission parishes of India they do not turn on their radios or television sets Saturday night to find out the top tunes of the week. Instead, on Sunday morning after Mass, as Father Vincent Gallagher S.J. of Patna Mission

reports from Koath in India, the people gather in the hall of the Church to establish their top tunes.

Gathered round an old harmonium supplemented by long narrow drums and brass cymbals, they warm up with an instrumental number and then swing into a long song-fest.

The songs of these new Catholics are composed by the masters of the village or borrowed from neighboring towns. For the music they adapt the tunes of the *Ramayana*, which is the well-known Sanskrit epic of India. To these well-remembered melodies they continually set new verses rich with Catholic dogma.

One of the songs describes the priests as kites, the Bishops as kitestings, and the Holy Father as the one who flies the kites. The song concludes with a prayer that the strings may never break. The unity of the Church under Christ's Vicar is thus simply illustrated.

Father Gallagher's favorite is one which is very reminiscent of the Psalms. The people sing: "Remember, Lord, that you are my master. You have no shape and no form, but your might stretches through the heavens." Sometimes they sing this in the evening and it makes a beautiful prayer with its cadence inducing a quiet peace and rest.

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BATTICALOA

**Cows are
Smart**



BATTICALOA Cows are Smart

FELIX L. CLARKSON S.J.

ONE FINE afternoon at St. Michael's College in Batticaloa, after laboriously repairing the fences and all the gates, I was surprised to see several cows in the compound. It was in the month of August, and these cows were enjoying themselves very much, for they were the only cows in the neighborhood privileged to graze on our grass and flowers.

"Well, Brother," I asked Brother Francis, "how could these cows possibly have gotten in?"

He answered very simply. "Father, they got in through that revolving gate."

"But it is impossible, Brother."

"Wait and see, Father."

So after a few minutes, believe it or not, a cow succeeded in getting through one of the revolving gates. The cow very smartly twisted and bent its body and got through.

On another occasion, I was awakened about midnight in the Bishop's Seminary. Well, what do you know? A cow had gotten through the new fence which we had built that afternoon. It was very irritating indeed to see the cow enjoying the flowers which we had taken so much trouble to cultivate. So, out I went to expel the beast. Instead, the cow very cleverly dodged me and ran into my room. Note that all this took place at midnight. Thence the cow went through the Seminary storeroom, recreation room, and into the dormitory where the seminarians were sleeping. It paraded in a most dignified way to the end of the dormitory, back to the entrance, on through the recreation room, through my room and outside. The cow was not excited in the least and seemed to enjoy its visit.

A less fortunate cow, one night about eight o'clock, succeeded in getting over our long cow-catcher at St. Michael's College. So delighted was the cow to en-

joy the green grass that she forgot about a deep well in the path. The next moment the poor thing had fallen twenty-five feet into our well. With the aid of the ropes, etc., we finally succeeded in fishing the cow out of the well. But wait. The story is not finished. When the cow was drawn to the ground level, suddenly the rope slipped. So down again went the cow into the well. By the time we got her out again she was disgusted with human beings.

Another unfortunate cow, seeing our delicious grass on the front lawn at St. Michael's College, made a really desperate effort to get to it. The iron gate is fully six feet in height. This courageous cow took a leap, nevertheless. We were all startled by tremendous belching. Hurrying to the spot, we found that the poor cow was impaled on the iron prongs of the gate. A beef-kebab might have been a tasty solution to the problem, but mercifully we unhooked misguided "Elsie."

Our Batticaloa cows provide a never-ending source of amusement and irritation, not to say work. But our big work project now is not cows—though you may think by now that missionaries out here are only cowboys—but completing our Church of St. Ignatius. We hope to have the roof on before the coming of the monsoon rains.

The Hindu boys of our orphanage here have been very generous in helping to build the church. They help carry the stones, cement, lime, timber and sand and seem very proud to see the church going up. When it is finished they will regard it as their church.

Many of the Hindus are very friendly and would gladly become Catholics if it did not mean undergoing a veritable martyrdom. Pray that they may receive the great graces they need. And you must come and see our cows for yourself.

Window on the Mission World



An experienced missionary lifts a corner of the veil that hides the very human hearts of all missionaries.

THE ANCIENT MISSIONARY HAD BEEN through a rough winter. At one time we feared he would not survive. We didn't like the thought of his leaving us, even though we knew it would be in his characteristic fashion of saying farewell in the evening. "It's time for an old man to go home."

But now he was back in his familiar spot, with the beard a bit grayer and the skin, darkened by thousands of mission suns, still showing a faint pallor from his recent siege. As always, we chaffed him about his beard and cane, and we insinuated that his illness was only laziness. His sickness may have slowed his step the tiniest bit but his wit was as fast and sparkling as ever. "Laziness is a disease of the young; the one cure is wisdom, which only comes with age," he retorted loftily.

Then he grew serious. "You know, the one thing that bothered me in the hospital was that I couldn't say Mass. That is the big thing for a priest.

"Especially for a priest on the missions," the Ancient Missionary went on, "his Mass is the big thing. That is true also for the Sisters. Our Holy Father the Pope recognized that when he told them that one of the greatest sacrifices they would be asked to make would be to go without daily Mass. As you all know, there just aren't enough priests to offer the Holy Sacrifice daily in every mission. So some must go hungry for the Bread of Life, even though they make their morning prayer in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

"Take a man who is out in a bush

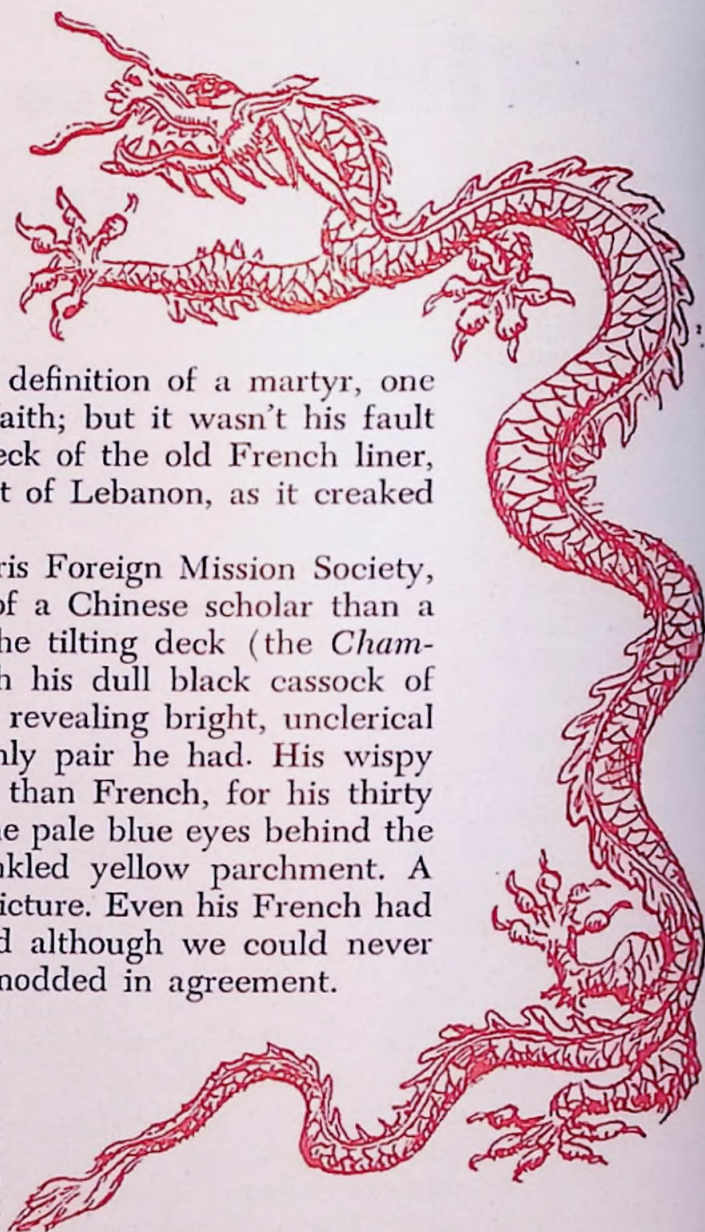
mission. He lives alone, and often enough he is discouraged when he goes to bed after a hard and seemingly fruitless day. He feels that he is watering a dry stick, that his life is one continual battering against a stone wall in which he can't even make a dent. That feeling isn't shaken off with a night's sleep. The dawn looks a little grayer when a man foresees another dismal day ahead of him.

"Then he goes over to the chapel to prepare for Mass. There may not be a single person attending it. And if it's raining the loneliness is emphasized a hundred times more. Lord, the times I've listened to that rain on a tin roof, with no one else anywhere near, and wondered if the whole business was worth while!" There was a little silence as the aged veteran relived in memory those human, empty hours.

"But then you begin Mass, and you're no longer alone. There is Someone very close to you; and that feeling of nearness deepens as the Mass goes on. You don't hear the rain anymore; you forget for a while the queasiness that always goes with the thought of the food and the, literally speaking, lousy living conditions. For that wonderful half hour your mission station is not a God-forsaken corner of the earth. He is there, in the midst of your people, and you know, when Mass is over, that the whole business is worth while. And you are willing to keep on watering a dry stick, for His sake.

"Ah, well," the cane suddenly moved, "it's time for an old man to go home."

I MET A *Martyr*



I ADMIT he didn't fulfill the technical definition of a martyr, one who has sacrificed his life for the faith; but it wasn't his fault that he didn't. I met him on the deck of the old French liner, *Champollion*, since wrecked off the coast of Lebanon, as it creaked out of Manila, bound for Marseilles.

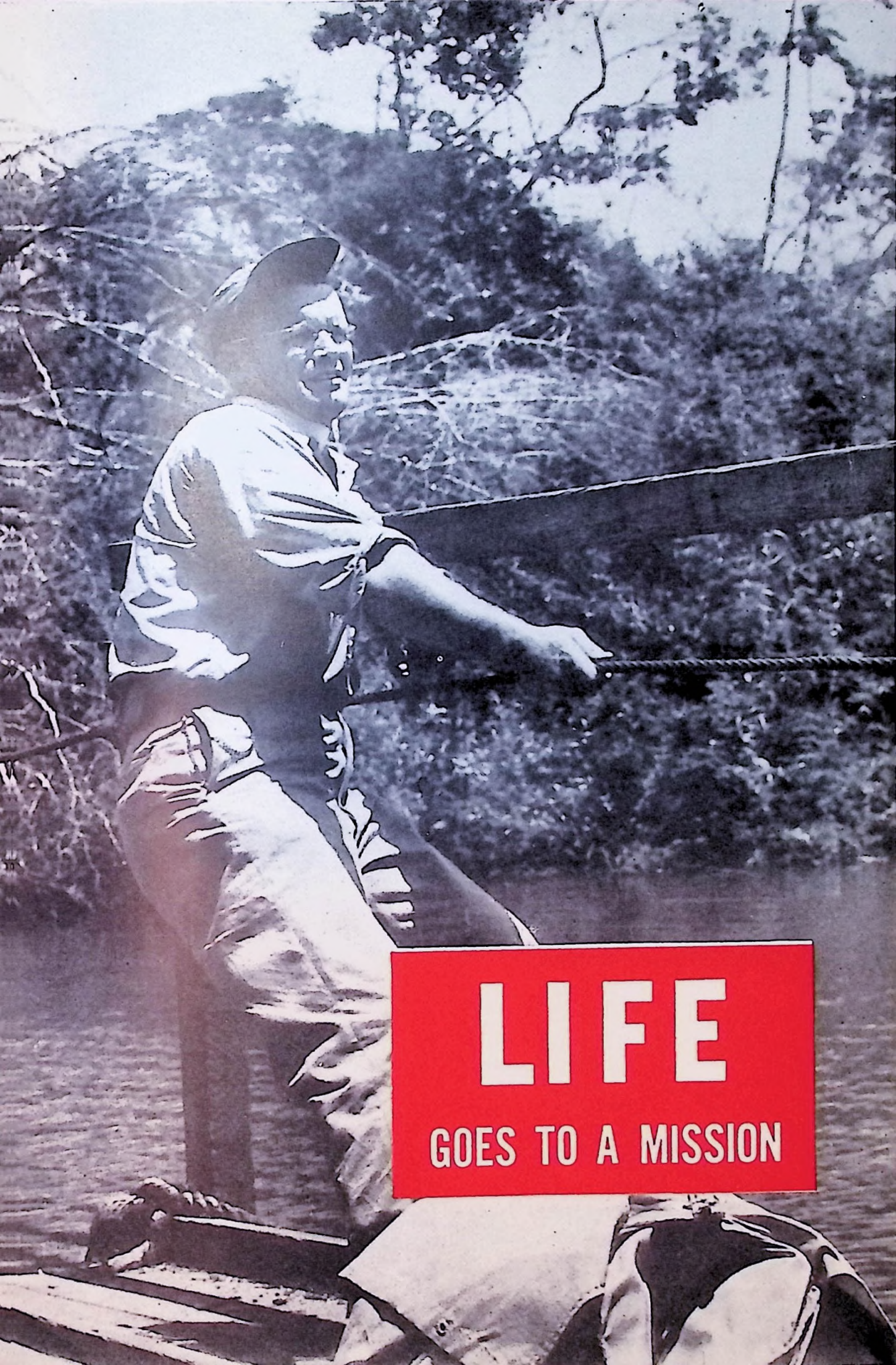
He was, I think, a member of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, but he looked more like a faded print of a Chinese scholar than a French priest. He came patting down the tilting deck (the *Champollion* always listed even in port) with his dull black cassock of Chinese cut fluttering in the breeze and revealing bright, unclerical blue trousers beneath; they were the only pair he had. His wispy gray hair crowned a face more Chinese than French, for his thirty years in China seemed to have slanted the pale blue eyes behind the glasses, and had dyed his skin to wrinkled yellow parchment. A scraggly goatee completed the Oriental picture. Even his French had the singsong intonations of Chinese, and although we could never understand him, we always smiled and nodded in agreement.

He had spent some thirty years in the north of China, and had not seen France in thirteen. Then the Reds took over. That simple sentence on the lips of a China missionary contains a lot of meaning and a lot of suffering. For him it meant imprisonment, a bit of torture, and the martyr's palm just beyond his reach. They had tied him to a post, beaten him and pulled out his beard. Then they led him out to be shot. He smiled when he told us he sang hymns on the way to execution. Fifty yards from the spot, the Reds called off the execution and took him back to prison. He laughed when we told him that his singing must have been pretty bad to have caused the change in plans. He was later sent to Hong Kong and was now on his way back to France. He spoke as though it had all been part of a day's work rather than a time of destruction and suffering.

The impression he left with us was that of rugged happiness. He was rugged,

all right, for although he was an old man who had suffered much, his walk was firm and his hands were steady. He proved his ruggedness by readily accepting our black Filipino cigarettes, which had stopped more than one French foreign legionnaire. And he was happy—his smile never betrayed the sorrow of a life's work swept away or a martyr's crown just missed.

Although I have forgotten his name, I will never forget him, for to me he is a symbol of the Church in China, a venerable, fragile thing that can be crushed and brought close to death, but that possesses a vitality and a spirit which, with the grace of God, will survive forever.



LIFE

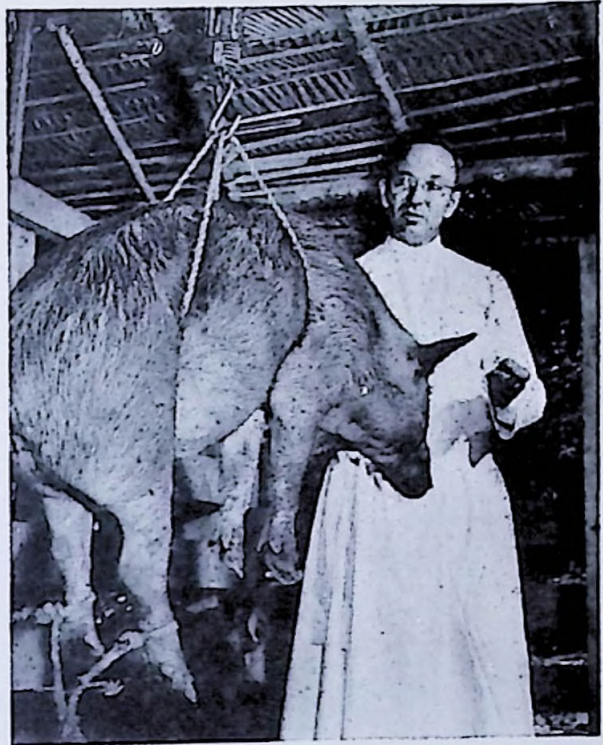
GOES TO A MISSION



Father William Ulrich S.J. with Mayan family of his wide-spread San Antonio parish. On previous page Father Kramer is shown pulling himself across a jungle river.

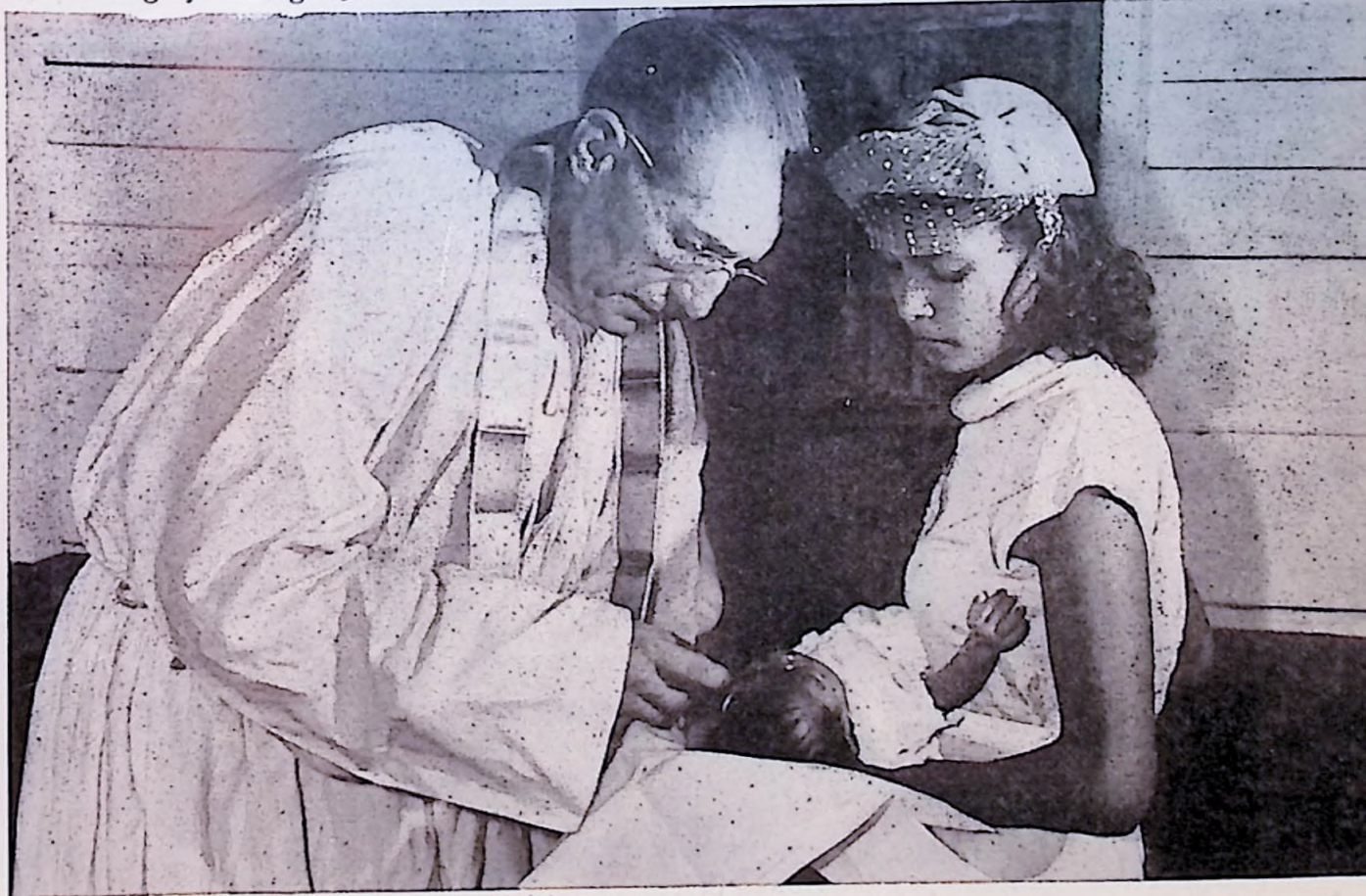
WHEN *Life* Magazine was preparing its story on the Jesuits in the United States, the editors sent Margaret Bourke-White to Central America to photograph the missionary activity of American Jesuits there. All the photos on these pages were taken by *Life's* picture expert.

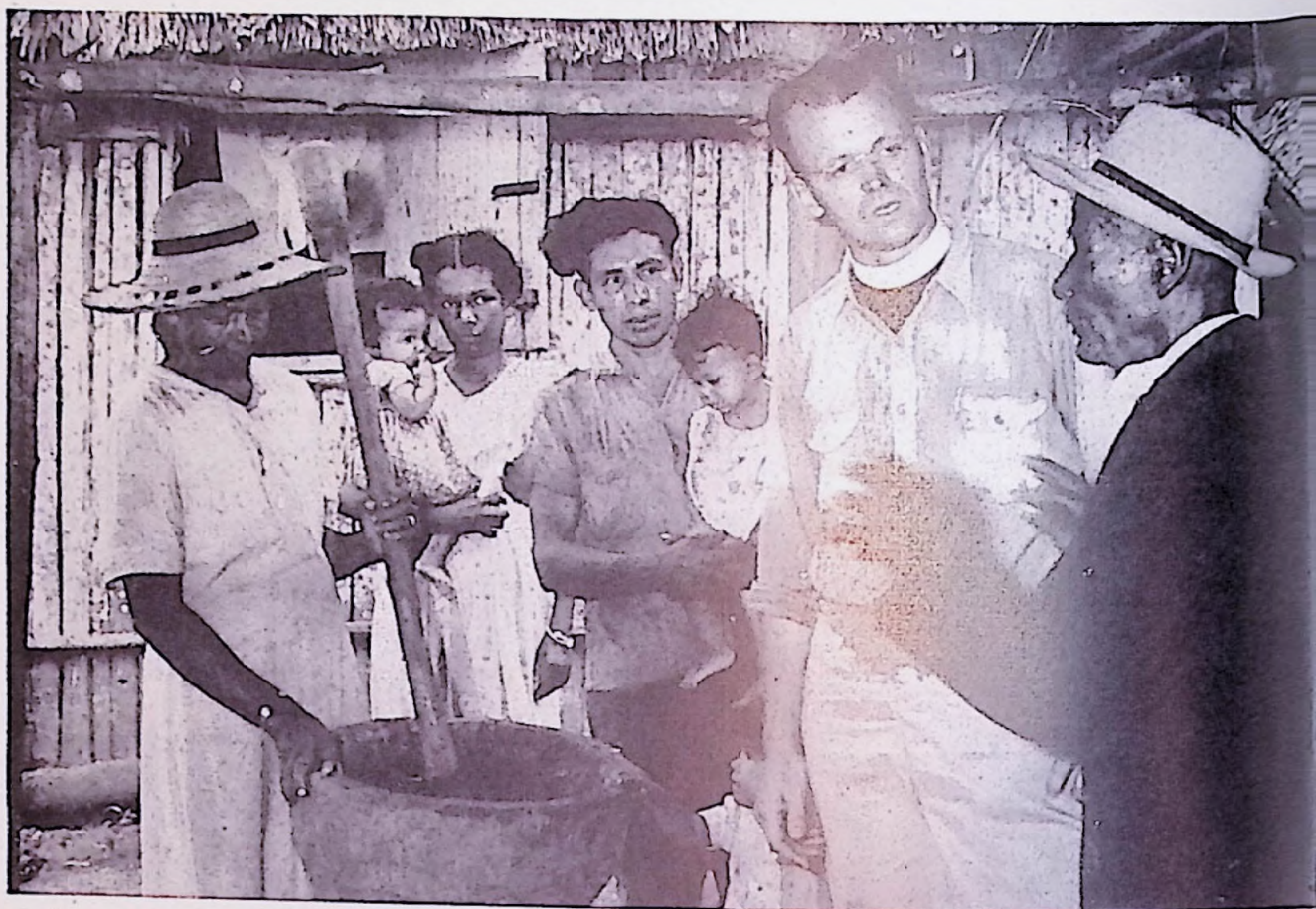
The selection of British Honduras and Honduras as a typical mission field was a good one. For here in a compact area fifty Jesuits of the Missouri Province are engaged in the multiple tasks that make up mission work. By boat and jeep, on horseback and on foot, they travel the jungles of the coastal country and the mountains of Yoro. Besides the regular priestly ministrations, they have organized 24 different credit unions and co-operatives to lift the economic level of the people. The elementary school system is extraordinary, for every Catholic child in the colony goes to a Catholic school. St. John's College in Belize provides higher education.



Father Ulrich persuaded his people to form a credit union to sell hogs by the pound.

Father Gregory Sontag S.J. is a veteran missionary in British Honduras and is at Stann Creek.

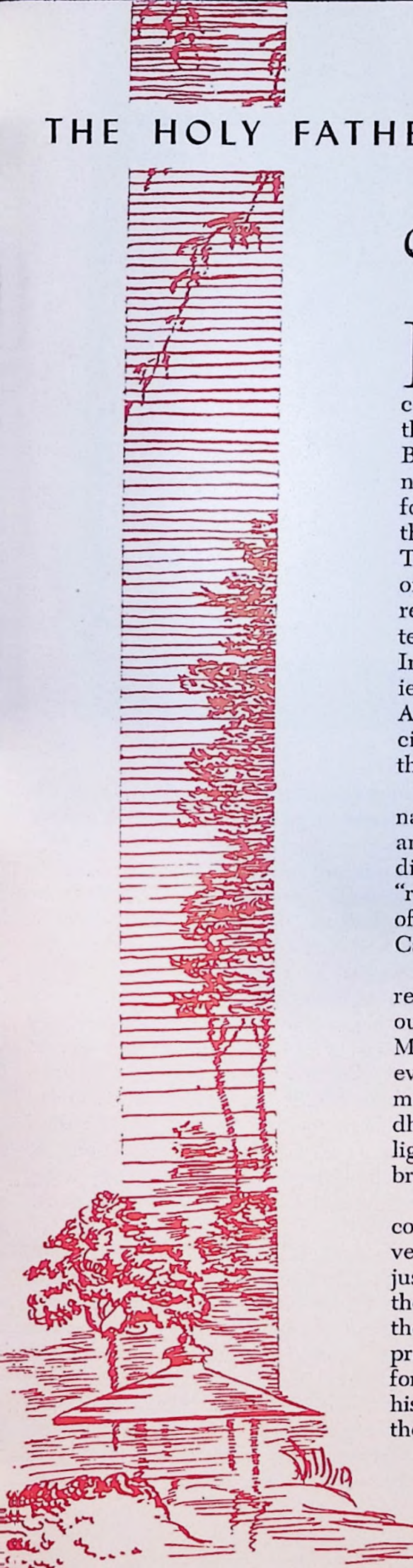




Father Kramer and his catechist drop in for a visit in one of the outlying bush villages.



Fathers Prendergast, Murphy and Newell (left to right) ride through Minas de Oro in Honduras.



THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION

Catholics in Buddhist Countries

BUDDHISM FLOURISHES in Southeast Asia: in Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Cambodia and Laos, where the Buddhists form from 60 to 90 per cent of the population. Though it is listed as one of the world's leading religions, one can ask whether Buddhism really is a religion at all. For, in its original form, there is no place for God or eternal life. Its founder, Buddha or "the enlightened one," taught the ancient doctrine of the transmigration of souls. This means that, at the end of life, one's soul passes on to another body, human, animal or vegetable. In recent years interest in Buddhism has grown and attempts made to spread it to Europe and America. An International Institute for Advanced Buddhist Studies has been established in Rangoon, Burma. In August of last year, the sixth World Buddhist Council met. At the previous meeting in Tokyo in 1952, there were delegates from 29 nations.

A most unusual form of Buddhism exists in Vietnam. Here Cao daism, a mixture of Buddhist doctrine and external Catholic rites, with a "Pope," 36 cardinals, 72 bishops, parishes, sacraments and even a "requiem Mass," is a source of confusion in the minds of simple folk and an obstacle to the preaching of Catholic truth.

Southeast Asia faces the threat of Communism. A revived Buddhism, spiritual and other-worldly in outlook, could be an ally against grossly materialistic Marxism. But Red agents clothe themselves in whatever garb serves their purpose and use nationalist movements among formerly subject peoples. Buddhism's pacifism, its new attraction as a world religion, its antagonism to Christianity, can help to break down anti-Marxist opposition.

In their difficult position, Catholics in Buddhist countries are thankful that their rulers, though fervent and sincere Buddhists, show moderation and justice towards them, and have many times defended the rights of their non-Buddhist countrymen against the fanatical demands of Buddhist monks. Let us pray, then, this month with our Holy Father not only for the perseverance of Catholics living among Buddhists but also for the salvation of the Buddhists themselves.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

Star Over Stromboli

By Robert T. Ferrick, S.J.



IT WAS TO BE the highlight of our short Mediterranean voyage. A continual announcement over the Turkish ship's loudspeakers kept it the topic for conversation. "We are passing Stromboli at midnight."

Still smarting from the morning's polite reminder by the Deck Steward that the First-Class deck was for the First-Class passengers, so would Father mind returning to the Second-Class deck, I sulked aimlessly along to the ship's stern.

"It will be a warm night with many clouds." A prophetic voice entered my solitude. His English was halting but clear, and coupled with his naval uniform, the intruder was suspicioned to be a ship's officer. To my unspoken question he answered, "Yes, second-in-command, Mohammed . . ." The last name was lost as the ship suddenly lurched. "We are entering the Straits of Messina," he continued, "a fine prelude to Stromboli." I grumbled something about the advantageous view reserved for the First-Class passengers, and my prophet friend, son-of-the-Prophet, informed me that the bridge, where he was stationed from

midnight to morning, was the best observation post. And would I be his guest?

With this touch of Oriental hospitality, so reminiscent of many like experiences in Baghdad, class warfare ceased to be the main issue. I promised to be there.

We had just glided through the Messina Straits as I made my way to the bridge. Mohammed (I never did learn his last name) was waiting, and apology was apparent in his voice. As he had predicted, clouds shrouded the horizon—Stromboli would be passed in darkness.

The conversation began with disappointments incurred on other sailings, to his having entered Naples in a fog, to my having passed Gibraltar veiled in morning mists.

It was easy, talking high on the bridge, suspended between the ebony midnight and the velvet black sea. I think past histories were being discussed when one of the crew appeared with the Second Officer's dinner. Mohammed first offered it to me. "Please, Father." (It was like an echo of a gathering at the Baghdad College canteen.) My refusal was met with his halving it, "Half, then?" After a pen-



sive pause I explained as best I could that I was fasting and must wait until after morning Mass before eating. "Oh, yes, you are a Catholic. I know many in Turkey. They are truly religious."

This last-mentioned topic occupied the moments which followed (how many I cannot remember) but as Mohammed told me of his life—his desire for religion, and its denial in Turkey; his sense of God and prayer, vague but nevertheless present—the dark world seemed timeless. "You see, few of us Turks can read our holy book as it was written. Arabic is no longer taught in our schools."

It was a young voyager, whom he had seen reading the Koran (the Moslem bible) two years before, that he had chosen for his wife. "It is hard to be a seaman's wife and it is hard for me, too, but she is religious. I need her."

Of God we spoke, and of religious yearnings, a fundament upon which differences crumbled. We were surprised by the gossamer suggestion of dawn invading the moment wherein two strangers had come to believe that they alone were inhabiting a world apart. "Before

we say good-bye, I should give you some gift," he said, "as a remembrance of our happy evening. But all I have is this." He handed me an apple, adding, "But I give it with all my heart." Had it been inlaid with emeralds, a more precious gift it could not have been.

From my pocket, I drew forth a small, penny-size medal of Our Lady. I pondered whether to offer it or not. Slowly and simply I explained her glory, her power and her love. That she is called "Star of the Sea" seemed to please him. That she would look after him and comfort him during the long voyage; that she would protect his wife and intercede for future blessings for them both, brought forth his hand. He took the medal, kissed it, and placed it inside his jacket. "And I shall pray to her for you."

These would have been his last words, but as we turned to leave the deck he pointed to the south where a distant rise marked Stromboli, fading into the sea. Over it a last, lingering star faintly resisted the onrush of dawn. "Look, already she has heard; the star is a good omen. Today will be more fair."

No Medicine



IN THE MISSION OF BUKHTIAPUR, PATNA, INDIA, many sick have to be turned away without relief because Fr. Edwin Saxton has absolutely no medical supplies of any kind and no money to buy same.

Won't You Help?

Any contribution will be received with gratitude at

Jesuit Missions

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

The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

Months ago, I proposed to the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS a very practical plan for furthering the activities of the Jesuit missionaries. In brief, it was this. We promised to send a special scroll prepared in Rome to anyone securing five subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS. At present, I have an ample supply of the scrolls ready for immediate disbursement. Because of the importance of such cooperation, we have arranged for a Mass each month at the altar of St. Francis Xavier at the Gesu Church in Rome for the promoters of our circulation.

It is the prayerful hope of both the Editors and the missionaries that you will consider this plan. Every new subscriber implies the possibility of additional prayers and aid for the conversion of souls. In every sense of the word, therefore, the consequences of your zeal will be eternal.

Throughout the Easter season, I will beg Our Lord to grant you and each one of your family the full merits of His Resurrection. I can do this confidently because of your part in helping the missionaries to bring the same inestimable blessing to others.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

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

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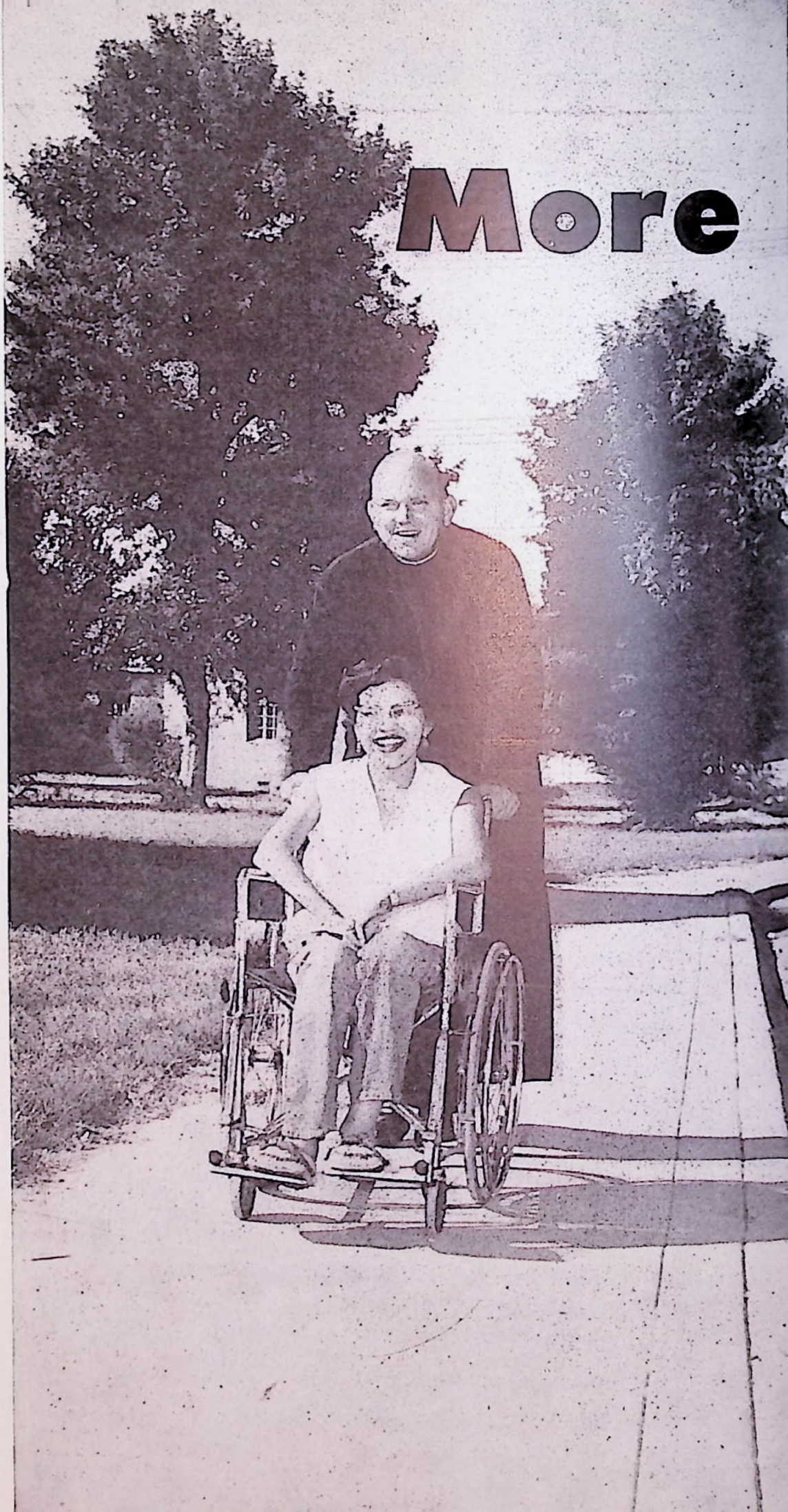
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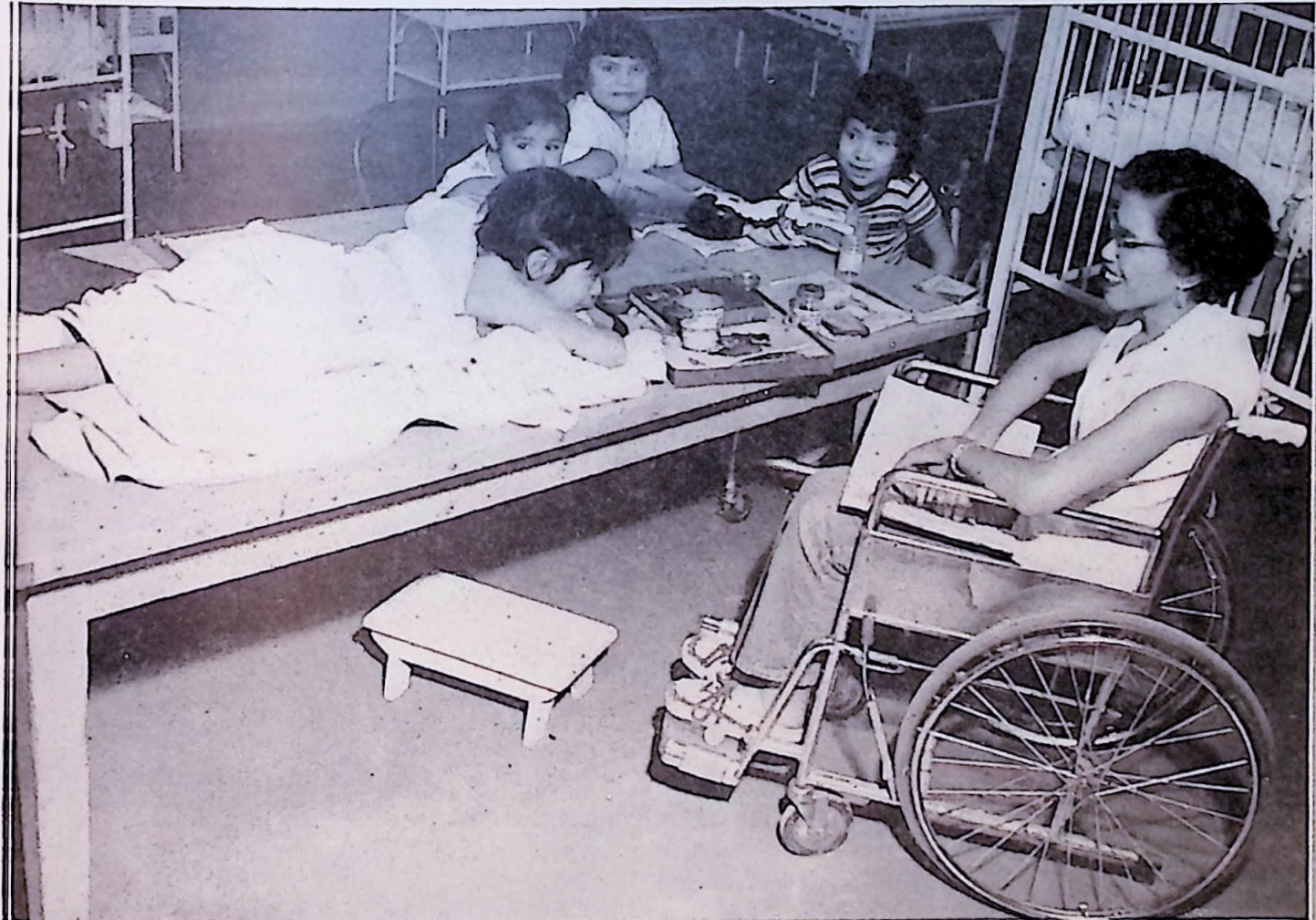


'THAN A NAME

When the complete history of the Indian Missions in the Southwest is written, there should be at least one chapter on the work among the patients at the Phoenix Medical Center. For there are men working there who make "Indian Service" more than a name. One of these is Father Thomas Savage S.J. He is always willing to listen to and comfort patients like Martha Mahto whose multiple sclerosis has brought a blurring of the eyes, loss of muscular coordination and the heart-break of losing her boy friend.

Another outstanding man is Doctor Sedlacek, the superintendent. He sees to it that the lowliest baby from a distant canyon receives the same loving care as a tribal chief, that everything possible is done for all patients. These men should be better known.

(Left) Father Thomas Savage S.J. wheels Martha Mahto, a Sioux-Chippewa of the Medical Center. (Below) Martha tells stories to Indian children patients.



(Photos by Eddie Duell, Phoenix.)

Afield

with American Jesuits

WHO ARE THE HEROES?



A story we heard recently illustrates as well as any the heroism required around the world on the missions, not only from the missionaries of whom we expect it, but from their people.

Not so long ago Kentucky-born Fr. James S. Tong S.J. of St. Xavier's College, Patna, gave a girls' retreat up near the border of the Tibetan region of Communist China. The group included Tibetans, Chinese, Russians, Bhutanese, Sikkimese, Nepalis, Bengalis and Eurasians. The majority were Hindus, Mohammedans and Buddhists. Two little Mohammedan boys served Benediction each evening.

Although the people in this area realize that at any moment Communism may engulf them and Catholic converts will be certain of torture and very likely martyrdom, many of the girls at the end of the retreat asked if they could be baptized. But their parents' permission is required before they are received into the Church.

One of the girls, after writing to her parents, sent the following letter to Father Tong.

"Father, sad to say my parents have not answered my letter. I suppose they think I am too young or not serious enough to become a Catholic. I shall certainly ask again when I go home for my winter holidays. If they refuse me, I shall become one when I am of age to do as I please . . . I suppose one day the Reds will come, then I shall surely be willing to give my life for our loving

Lord Jesus Christ. Father, we shall meet in the next life, even if we should not meet again in this life. I shall keep you in my prayers and shall not forget you. Your child, M.G."

This girl is only fifteen. She is not yet a Catholic, and yet she has the courage to follow Christ even if it means a martyr's death.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY



There is never a worry about what's on television, or who has the missing section of the paper, or where to go for a drive on Sunday afternoon for Carl L. Dincher S.J. of De Nobili College in Poona, India. He tells us why.

"The happiest afternoon of the week for me is Sunday. On this day, John Vinas S.J. (Spain), Peter Lewis S.J. (India) and I run a cycle dispensary to three nearby villages. John had studied medicine and worked in a hospital during the Spanish revolution before becoming a Jesuit. My knowledge of medicine has come from working in our infirmary at Woodstock and from teaching health courses to the Scouts at Loyola. In the beginning I was faced with a real obstacle, the language barrier. I had studied Hindi on our mission in Jamshedpur but here the language is Marathi. The solution finally came when I found that some of the children and a few of the older men could speak a little Hindi. They became my interpreters.

"Our reputation soared after a remark-

able cure of a little baby who had a serious skin disease. When we returned to that village a week after treating the baby, all the sores were healed, and instead of one patient, we found twenty.

"In the smaller villages we go from house to house, but in the large village all the sick who can walk, upon hearing our cycle bells, come to a verandah where we set up our office. The office is a plastic table-cloth spread on the floor and a suitcase of medicines. Two

or three older men help to keep order, bring hot water, and later take us to the homes of the very sick. Peter Lewis entertains the children with soccer or cricket until they are tired, then gathers them and the grown-ups to tell stories.

"You might wonder how our cycle dispensary is financed. This part I leave completely in the hands of others (the others in this case being you and Our Lady). Thus far our medicine bottles have always been full."

SPOTLIGHT



Last November Father Joseph Fengler celebrated his Silver Jubilee as a Jesuit. All but six years of that time have been spent in lands far from his native Philadelphia. A member of the New Orleans Province, he left for the Ceylon Mission in

1936. Today he is an expert on all aspects of mission life for, at one time or another, he has capably performed practically every job possible.

He has taught in both St. Michael's College in Batticaloa and St. Joseph's in Trincomalee. Besides being Dean, he has also held the innocent-sounding title of Minister in both places. That means he was responsible for feeding, clothing, etc. his Jesuit brethren as well as the students. He was the one who had to meet the servant problem—and in the Orient that can bring a man to the heights of sanctity.

His knowledge of the Tamil language brought about his present appointment as parish priest at Kalmunai in the Gal-Oya Valley. He is alone there, and we know he would appreciate a few prayers from our JM readers.

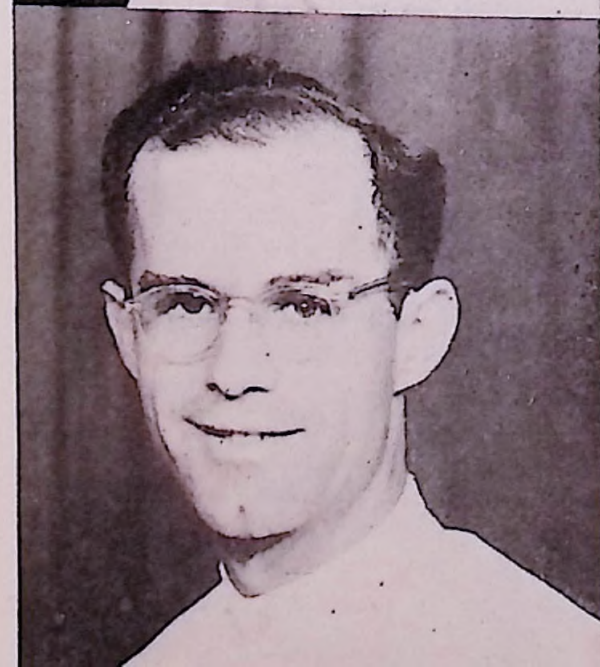


The place: Poona in India. The date: March 24th. The occasion: the ordination of three American Jesuits from three different mission fields.

Father Theodore Bowling S.J. of Louisville, Kentucky, belongs to the Patna Mission of the Chicago Province. After obtaining his Master's degree in chemistry at the University of Detroit he left for India in 1951. He studied Hindi before coming to Poona to complete his theological studies.



Father Francis McGauley S.J. was born in Boston and so might be considered a "natural" to work among the Brahmins of India. He attended Georgetown University and entered the Society of Jesus in 1942. A member of the Maryland Province, he left for the Jamshedpur Mission in 1949. He spent one year at the language school in Gomoh and then taught at Loyola High in Jamshedpur. He will spend one more year of theology at De Nobili College in Poona before returning to the mission field.



Father William Moran S.J. hails from Omaha, Nebraska, but his early years were spent in the more friendly climate of Tampa, Florida. He entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, in 1942. Seven years later he was off to Ceylon and the Trincomalee Mission of the New Orleans Province. He taught at St. Michael's College in Batticaloa and at St. Joseph's College in Trincomalee before coming to Poona.

To all three: ad multos annos!



These U.S. Army photos show Monsignor Bitterli, Apostolic Administrator of Korea, dedicating church built with G.I. help.



Lt. Col John Brown, Jesuit chaplain from Philadelphia, accepts formal bouquet in name of Korean Military Advisory Group.



Monsignor Bitterli gives Fr. Brown token of appreciation for assistance received from KMAG.

Brother



RACE WORKS in an amazing fashion. Certainly its ways do not manifest themselves in a natural pattern. Brother Alfred Thomas Murphy often would wonder how he ever managed to get into the Society of Jesus. He was

born in Calgary, Canada, in 1887. Later, he lived in Everett, Washington, where he made his first Holy Communion. In 1900 he received Confirmation in Seattle. Shortly afterwards he became a sailor and took a tour of the world. Alaska is the end of all ports and his boat finally docked at Nome. One look at the country was enough to make him wish to remain.

Another mystery of grace was his casual talks with our missionary Fathers. One thing led to another and, finally, he landed at Los Gatos in California. He

stayed a day in the village before he gained enough courage to walk up the hill to the Novitiate. Two years later he received his vows as a Jesuit brother.

The year 1915 found him back in Nome again. St. Mary's Mission at Akulurak needed a man for the boats. Brother was a sailor and therefore the man for the job. He then began an uninterrupted career of 39 years on river boats of the Alaska Mission. Brother often reminisced about those early days. All those grand old missionaries—Fathers Treca, Jette, Lucchesi, Sifton, Brother Chio, Mother Laurentia and Sister Catherine—were just a few that travelled back and forth on his boats.

St. Mary's gradually grew from thirty pupils to one hundred and sixty. There are two musts for a big mission in northern Alaska—food and fuel. Salmon is our staple food and wood keeps us warm. Both are taken out of the mighty Yukon.

Murphy



OF THE YUKON

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

As a fisherman, few could compare with him. He developed the fish-wheel into a master fish-catcher. A thousand fish a day was the normal catch of one wheel when the run was on. One year he caught 50,000 salmon. I still remember the day when the *Treca* turned up with 800 king salmon with kings weighing from 20 to 40 pounds each! No wonder Mother Laurentia stood aghast—she and the girls had just finished a hard day's work cutting up over 1,000 silvers!

Whatever Brother Murphy touched, he enhanced. Beginning with a herd of 600 reindeer and four owners, the herd increased upwards to 3,000 in seven years with 90 owners. The Mission itself used to slaughter around 100 a year for the children. What a blessing deer was in those days—boots, parkies, sinew, food, all came from the herd.

Brother Murphy pretended to know nothing about engines, but he fixed many when experts could not make them go. Up here in northern Alaska we do not have a store for needed parts just around the corner. Ingenuity must come into play. It was ingenuity and an inborn resourcefulness that Brother used a thousand times when engine trouble or other mishaps took place far from home. The wood somehow or other always came on time. He never failed his quota of needed fish.

During his illness he never complained. His mind often wandered to fish and boats, but most often he expressed an overwhelming desire to die in the Society. He died peacefully as he had lived. Do you wonder why we miss him? Mothers, fathers, brothers are never appreciated until they are gone. They are so much a part of us that we take them for granted. Death brings the realization that they are only lent to us by God.

The sight of Brother Murphy moving up and down the Yukon became as familiar as spring and summer. He never spoke much, seldom even raised his voice, yet all his old schoolboys jumped at his command. He had a wonderful personality and to my knowledge never antagonized anyone during his life on the Yukon.

The house was never cold as long as he was on the job. It was a matter of course that he would gather two to three hundred cords every fall along the Yukon. At Akulurak 12 to 16 stoves would be blazing every day. His knowledge of eddies and places where logs could be found was uncanny. With his rosary in his hand, he carefully counted the places and knew just how far up the Yukon to go. How I used to marvel at the way he could spin four long rafts around 44 tortuous bends in the Akulurak slough!

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

You Must Know Father Newell, probably the best-known missionary in Honduras, so you will be interested in the latest of Father's activities.

The Department of Education has closed three grades in Minas de Oro so that the money spent there could be turned over to Father Newell, who is building a new school with upper grades (rare in Honduras). Father has about half of the \$10,000 needed for the new school.

Because the sum still needed is so large, this appeal for a school in Honduras may appal you at first. However, your contribution of \$1.00 or \$5.00 will be important, since it will be added to many other gifts for the school—we hope. Would you like to help Father Newell with \$1.00 or \$5.00?

Special Friends of St. Ignatius will be happy to know that the first Church of St. Ignatius has been built in Ceylon—and with the help of Hindus!

Items still needed for this church are listed by Father Felix Clarkson:

Bell	\$100.00
Stations of the Cross	7.50
Sanctuary Railing	100.00
Statues of	
St. Anthony	25.00
St. Theresa	25.00
Our Lady of Fatima	25.00
St. Aloysius	25.00
Sacred Heart	25.00

If you have wanted to give a mission gift in memory of a dear friend or relative, please consider whether these items for the Church of St. Ignatius would interest you.

A Chapel Can Be Too Public if it is used for piano practice and as a kindergarten. This is true of the chapel in Shimonoseki, Japan, whose pastor, Father Schuchert, reports:

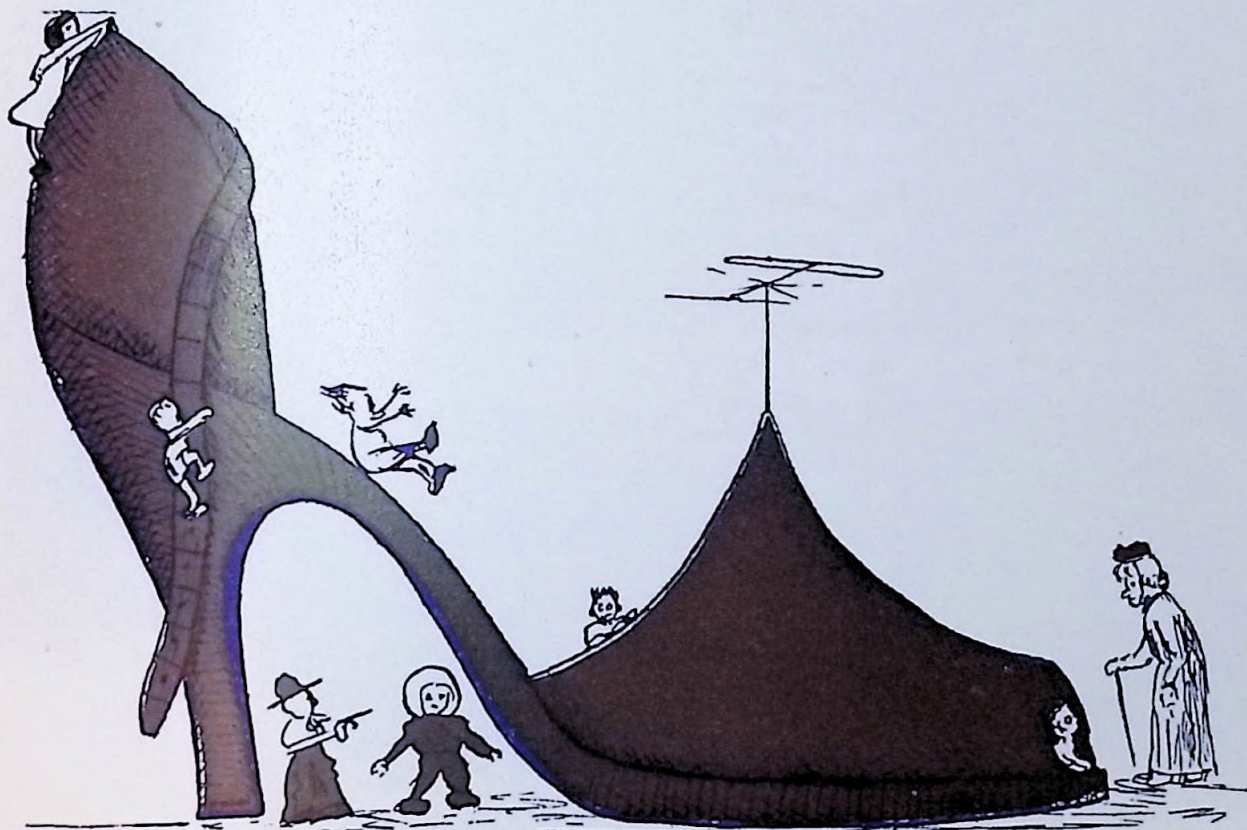
"There has never been a real church or chapel in this city. Our altar is screened off with a curtain, and the room is used all day for kindergarten classes, followed by kids coming in for piano practice. Few families have a piano in their home. Nobody can visit the Blessed Sacrament. Even on Sunday, with the blackboards, the children's art work, the piano, the bird cage, and so on, it is not exactly ideal for the Holy Sacrifice. The devotional life of the people suffers. Many have never seen the inside of a real chapel. Realization of the dream depends on a good many secrets still locked in the mysteries of Divine Providence. When God does will it, we'll have the church."

Maybe it will be several years before this church can be built in Japan; or, maybe, God will inspire the generous readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* to help in the construction of this building which is so necessary for divine worship. Would you help?

Sanctuary Lamps are needed for three of the chapels under the care of Father Plamandon in Alaska. These sanctuary lamps cost \$25.00—for the information of the friends of Alaskan missions.

Used 16 MM. Films, either silent or on sound, would be welcomed by Father Joseph Sommers in Ceylon. Educational or entertainment films can be sent to us at JM and we will ship them to him.

There was an Old Lady who lived in a SHOE!



Remember Your Nursery Rhymes?

Well, that old lady and her children were rank amateurs. In Ponape the missionaries live in quarters which make the nursery-rhyme shoe look like a palace . . .

A NEW HOUSE IS URGENTLY NEEDED

Won't you help? Fifty cents, \$1.00, \$5.00—whatever you can send will be welcome.

JESUIT *Missions*

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

Tabernacle...

A lovely and comforting word. A wonderful thing. A shelter for Christ Our Lord.

The Church in Seikhpura, Monghyr District, India, has no tabernacle.

WOULD YOU HELP US GET ONE?

SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS - 50c, \$1.00, \$5.00 - TO

JESUIT MISSIONS

45 EAST 78 STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

P.S. A set of altar cards is needed, too ...