Jesuit Missions

Along the Lingayen Gulf

OCTOBER, 1955

Laughter on ULITHI

WILLIAM J. WALTER S.J.

FOR THREE nights the fires burned on the shores of Ulithi. Against their flickering light teams of men and women dancers wove graceful patterns. Across the waters of the lagoon their songs of joy echoed. Laughter was in the air and laughter on Ulithi is a joy.

There was reason for rejoicing, and that reason lay in the act of a man who represented a great government but who could remember and help a simple people of a Pacific isle. It is a story which never reached the newspapers, but it deserves to be told.

In last December's issue of JESUIT MISSIONS you read of the sailors from Ulithi who were caught in the storms and were driven for six weeks over 900 miles until they finally reached the Philippine Islands. There were 25 of them in four outriggers. But during their hazardous journey one canoe capsized and one man was lost. The remaining 24 reached port safely.

When the Honorable Frank E. Midkiff, then High Commissioner of the U.S. Trust Territory, learned of the arrival in the Philippines of the lost Ulithi canoes, he used all the powers of his office to facilitate the return of the men. There's nothing remarkable in that for it is the usual procedure.

But when the natives appealed to him for the return of their ocean-going canoes, he lent them a sympathetic ear. He could very easily have dismissed the appeal without blame or criticism. The Territorial Government had no responsiiblity for the loss of the canoes and there was no need to assume responsibility for their return. But Mr. Midkiff did not look upon his office of High Commissioner as a mere bureaucratic appointment. He personally had visited the islands and requested the native chiefs to communicate their troubles to him. With fatherly regard for their welfare he was always ready to assist them.

The lost canoes were the only large canoes at Ulithi and were needed for the barter and trade that goes on between the outer islands. These great canoes would be very difficult to replace for they are fashioned from giant hardwood trees not native to the atolls. They are the most precious possessions of the atoll dweller and are not owned by individuals but by clans. A whole clan will labor for a year weaving pandanus sails, sleeping mats and sarongs by the scores, distilling gallons of sweet syrup from cocoanut sap, and making thousands of foot of sonnit twine and coir rope from cocoanut husks, doing all this labor in order to barter with the Yapese for one of their rare hardwood trees. Then an expedition of skilled craftsmen is sent to Yap to work for a year, chopping down the tree and fashioning the deep keel and curving hull of their graceful lateen-rigged canoe. It was easy to imagine what a great calamity the loss of three such canoes would be to the people on a little atoll.

Understanding all this, Mr. Midkiff started the official wheels turning. Five thousand dollars was appropriated for the return of the canoes from the Philippines. The ponderous machinery of government soon began operating, thanks to the interest and cooperation of the Interior Department as represented by Mr. William A. Arnold in Washington, the U.S. Embassy in Manila, the Philip-

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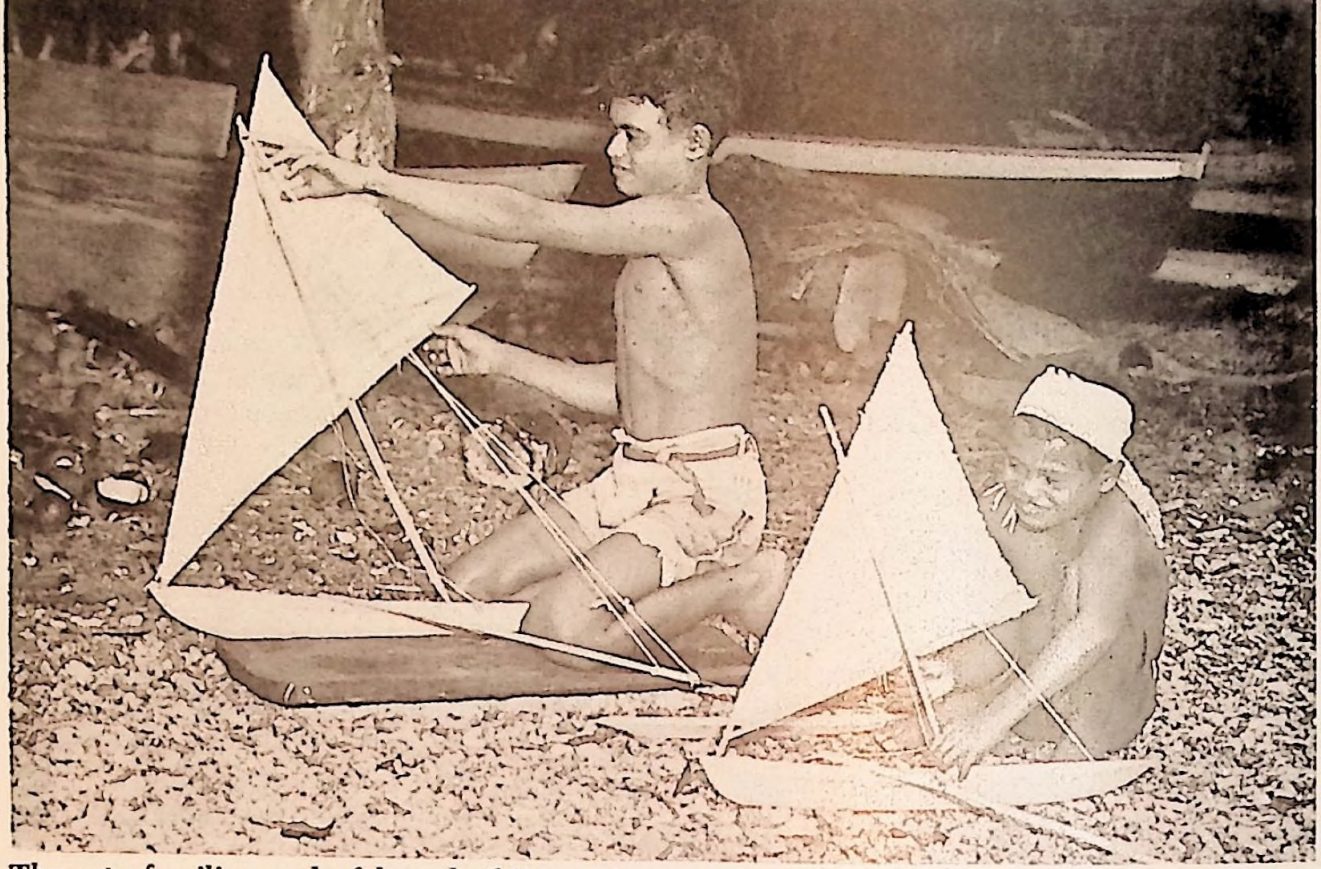

The art of sailing and of boat building is learned early in life on Ulithi atoll.

pine Government, the U.S. Navy, the U.S. Coast Guard, the Yap Civil Administration under Mr. Donald E. Horon, and the Pacific Far East Lines.

It was not many weeks before the natives of Ulithi saw a large freighter anchor in their lagoon and discharge their huge canoes. The islanders offered gifts of gaily-colored sarongs, model canoes, sea shells and wood carvings as tokens of their gratitude.

The rejoicing was tremendous. Singing and dancing have always been, and will always be, man's outward expression of joy on great occasions. So for three nights the fires were lighted around the dancing area and teams of men and women chanted sagas of the great deed of the Americans who once anchored a thousand ships in the lagoon. It warmed this Padre's heart to hear the laughter of his people in Ulithi.

COVER. A Filipino youngster along the Gulf of Lingayen ponders the mystery of a chick. He is too young to know that ten years ago the region of the Philippines where he lives experienced all the horror of war.

INSIDE COVER. An outrigger canoe of the Caroline and Marshall Islands. A huge amount of labor and time goes into the construction of these and they are the prized possessions of the islanders.

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The Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the New York Archdiocese makes his

REPORT ON AFRICA

VERY REV. MSGR.
VINCENT W. JEFFERS

FOR THE MONTH of October, dedicated to Mary's Rosary, the special mission intention recommended by our Holy Father turns prayerful attention to the vast rapidly developing complex continent of Africa. Generous lovers of missions are urged to fervently beseech the Holy Spirit during these thirty-one days to so efficaciously bestow His powerful graces upon the faithful that the apostolic movement, especially in Africa, suffer neither hindrance nor stoppage because of any lack of personnel or money.

It is most fitting to have this particular intention during a month consecrated to Mary, because Africa is very dear to the Immaculate Heart of the Mother of God. When Our Lady, St. Joseph and the Christ Child were homeless refugees fleeing the murderous intent of the tyrannically insane Herod, Africa gave them welcome, safety and shelter. Deep in the soil of Egypt are footprints of the Holy Family. Africa is the sole foreign mission to which the Divine Missionary travelled. His blessing is upon that land.

St. John in his gospel writes that as many as received the Lord, He gave them power to become the sons of God. This salutary mysterious operation of grace is now occurring in Africa. So fruitfully has the word been preached that the Vicar of Christ beg prayers lest there be any interference. Christ is being received, converts increase. Africans of all tribes are being born again of water and the Holy Ghost through the life conferring sacrament of baptism. Missions prosper as people seek truth—the truth which alone can make them free.

When the Bishops of French West Africa met with the Apostolic Delegate in Dakar this year they could look with satisfaction upon tremendous missionary progress. The apostolate had indeed been blessed; 800,000 Catholics, 815 priests (92 of them natives), 894 Sisters and 115,000 children in Catholic schools. The Twentieth Century zeal for the extension of the Kingdom is truly a magnificent expression of love of God and love of neighbor. Most of this work in Senegal, Guinea, Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Togo, Sudan and Upper Volta was accomplished in the last half century. For example, Sudan in 1900 counted 200 Catholics—now it has 4,736. In Upper Volta there were no Catholics in 1900; today there are 5,349. Nothing must prevent this work of salvation.

Seventy-five years ago Leopold II of Belgium began developing the extensive territory drained by the Congo River. Place number one on the program was

given to missionary endeavor. Today the Congo, Urundi and Ruanda population is over one-third Catholic. Last year I visited these missions and saw the apostolate, its hardships and its fruits.

Off in the jungle settlements, priests teach the natives the rudiments of faith. In the cities Brothers and Sisters conduct schools from pre-kindergartens to universities. Louvain University opened this year in Leopoldville. Every phase of human existence is aided by the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

In Kitega on Trinity Sunday I saw 12,000 attend the Masses, 9,000 receive Holy Communion. Some distance away it was a joy to visit a parish church with its school and Social Center staffed by native priests, Sisters, Brothers and lay apostles. It was strange to be one of only two foreigners. To witness the gospel preached to native by native in native language, guarantees the future.

In Nyundo Bishop Bigirumwami, a native, told me of his plans to advance the Church, his aims to bring his people full participation in the gospel's teachings—religious, social and educational.

The Gold Coast has a native Bishop, many native priests and religious. The Bishop, the Most Rev. Joseph Bowers, S.V.D. was consecrated in Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi, by His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York. Bishop Bowers' Diocese of Accra typifies the growth of the Church in that section of the Dark Continent—a growth which must not suffer any curtailment. The mission of Accra opened in 1938; was made a Prefecture in 1943; a Vicariate in 1947; a Diocese in 1950. There are 44,000 Catholics in the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Education has been a paramount work of the missionaries who can proudly number today 201 elementary schools and two high schools with a total enrollment of 23,000. As these African people stand at the dawn of their political independence they have the basic principles of Catholic training as their guide.

In East Africa, Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, the Church grows rapidly. Uganda is witness to the truth that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. A murderous king in the Nineteenth Cen-

His Excellency Bishop Felix Scalais, I.H.M., Vicar Apostolic of Leopoldville, and Monsignor Vincent Jeffers of New York during the latter's recent African survey.

tury imagined death could vanquish the Faith. Today Uganda has one Archbishop and five Bishops to shepherd an immense flock. Bishop Kiwanuka, a native whose ancestors were among the Uganda martyrs, rules the Diocese of Masaka. All his priests and religious are natives. This diocese is a preview of all African dioceses in the not too far distant future.

Perpetually snow-capped Kilimanjaro proudly lifts its head toward heaven. Around it, thanks to the hard missionary sacrifices, thousands of Africans raise their voices in prayerful petition to the God of heaven. The "Our Fathers," recited in native tongue, compensate for all the hardships, heartaches and sufferings undergone by missionaries.

In South Africa the erection of the hierarchy is just one step further in the permanent establishment of the Church. A salient feature of Catholicism in this section is the University of Pius XII at Roma in Basutoland. At this fountain of truth, priests, religious and laity are trained in the doctrine of the Master.

There is opposition, to be sure. Our Divine Lord warned that the gates of hell would beat but never prevail against the rock of Peter. The followers of Marx raise their revolutionary cry for a classless society; Moslems revive their fanatical attachment to their prophet; excessive nationalism looks for recognition; Mau Mau and similar groups cause disturbances, bloodshed and trouble; laws in South Africa attempt to destroy Catholic schools; students from Africa studying in America gather erroneous notions of freedom which on their return home they advertise to the detriment of good order.

There is hope. Mary, Queen of Missions, will provide powerfully for her beloved Africa if the faithful as Mary's helpers will daily pray for this special intention of October, that the apostolic movement be not hindered by lack of personnel or money.

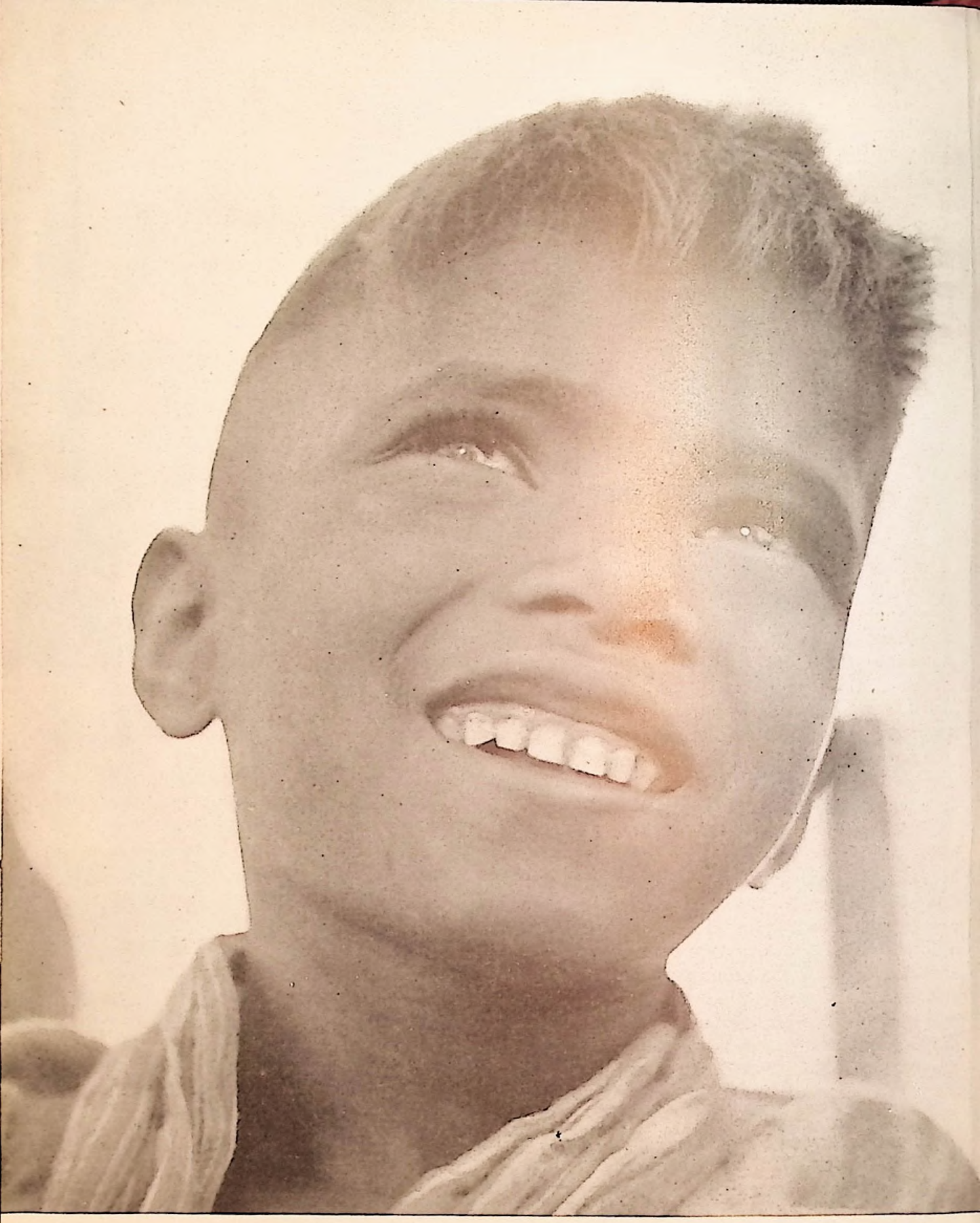
Personnel will be had in proportion to prayers offered for native vocations. After all, missionaries are merely temporary instruments planting the faith; native

African Sister, teaching at Katena Mission, Congo. Belgian Govt. Information photo.

clergy are abiding forces gathering all their fellow countrymen into the one true fold. Each day a special petition should ascend to the throne of Grace, begging that African boys and girls will have the strong courage to consecrate themselves to the service of God and the spread of His Kingdom.

Money will be had in proportion to concentrated efforts to further two Pontifical Mission Aid Societies. Catholics are free to give generously to any mission work they choose. However, that choice never releases them from a primary mission duty to join the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and to aid the Society of St. Peter for the Native Clergy; for these are the general funds out of which the Pope supports missionary Bishops, especially native missionary Bishops, and builds native seminaries and trains native priests.

Prayer is good. Prayer and sacrifice is better. For Our Lady—For Africa—For the Church—heed the call of the Holy Father for October.



INDIA'S GOSPEL

FRANCIS J. WELZMILLER S.J.

...f the Dirty Hands

DESPITE SANGERITES and the Malthus-minded, India strides on heeding the Creator's behest, "Increase and multiply." With the challenge of malnutrition, malaria, TB, etc. being gradually met, there is more reason than ever to think that she will continue or better the yearly increase of five million persons. The Indian Council of Agricultural Research celebrated its silver jubilee with a photo finish and a win in this lap of the race for production.

Among achievements too numerous to mention, the most signal victories are a rust-proof variety of wheat to net a saving of 200,000 tons yearly and the promotion to the implementation stage of the Japanese method of paddy or rice cultivation. The claim is that this second project has stepped up the total yield by five million tons. In 1953 it was hoped that soon two-thirds of India's rice deficit would be wiped out, yet in 1954 it was jubilantly announced that the goal of self-support was overrun to the tune of lakhs of tons.

The "gospel of the dirty hands" as former Union Food Minister, K. M. Munshi styled it, will bring India's millions into the fore as producers. Much has been done in a short time; much more will be done as the younger generation learn to use their hands and clinch learning by doing. That is the theme of the basic system introduced into the lower schools.

Not to be laggard, Arrah's boys are combining books with a close contact with Mother Earth and her God-given energies. The games, drills and Scout activities make for cooperation, muscular coordination, and development. Besides, they give stimulation to quicken mental reaction while at the same time promoting a social outlook and the spirit of competition with fairness. Qualities of pluck and perseverance are brought out in the struggle to win. There is a percentage of carry-over of these assets into the work of the classroom. Awareness and an energetic attitude toward life are bound to tell in making a boy want to get ahead by devoting himself to his studies.

But it is not enough for Samlol, Harilol, and Motilal just to tick as they should. They can use those muscles and habits of work to help in India's big game already. Learning for life can be as satisfying and interesting as a game and it needn't be only for grown-ups. It isn't at Arrah; the boys are getting into it.

Each class gets its own fair-sized plot and starts to put it in shape. They have long ago prepared the compost in the pit for leaves and waste where nature prepares the humus so essential to a light garden soil. The pits at the cow barn make their contribution of nitrogen and phosphorus. When this is scattered the older boys handle the ploughs.

Variety is the spice of this game, too; beds are marked off for a half dozen or more kinds of vegetables. By the time the lines for the rows are marked, an air of anticipation takes hold. "Have you got the seeds yet, Father?" "When are the cabbage seedlings coming?" With the time at hand, everyone is on his toes lest his group be rationed short.

By this time they realize that not just any kind of work will do. Seeds and seedlings have to go in just so, and be spaced just so. When all that is done, there comes the careful watering and watchful waiting.

The game has become interesting. Now each morning at seven after Mass, all our lads will down their cup of N.C.W.C. milk and scoop into their pockets their double handful of sprouted grain. They converge in little knots to inspect the progress of the magic working in their garden beds. They're keen as any farmer at noting the first peep of the tiny green heads and comparing their own with their neighbor's patch.

Then it becomes a race. There is a fair amount of chance. Difference of soil and location, highness and lowness, substructure and amount of lime, etc. soon cause difference in growth. Each group tries to give its patch favorable conditions, and coax the plants by proper mulching and softening of the earth, and judicious dosing with liquid fertilizer. There's nothing like competition to stimulate effort.

It is always a thrill and a lift when you know you have produced or helped to produce something. When bags of vegetables are plucked and carried to feed all the boarders, the class from whose plot they come know that warm sense of accomplishment that is the driving power of a democratic society. The feeling that if you help yourself God helps you gives the creative urge that is necessary to make a man of initiative and drive.

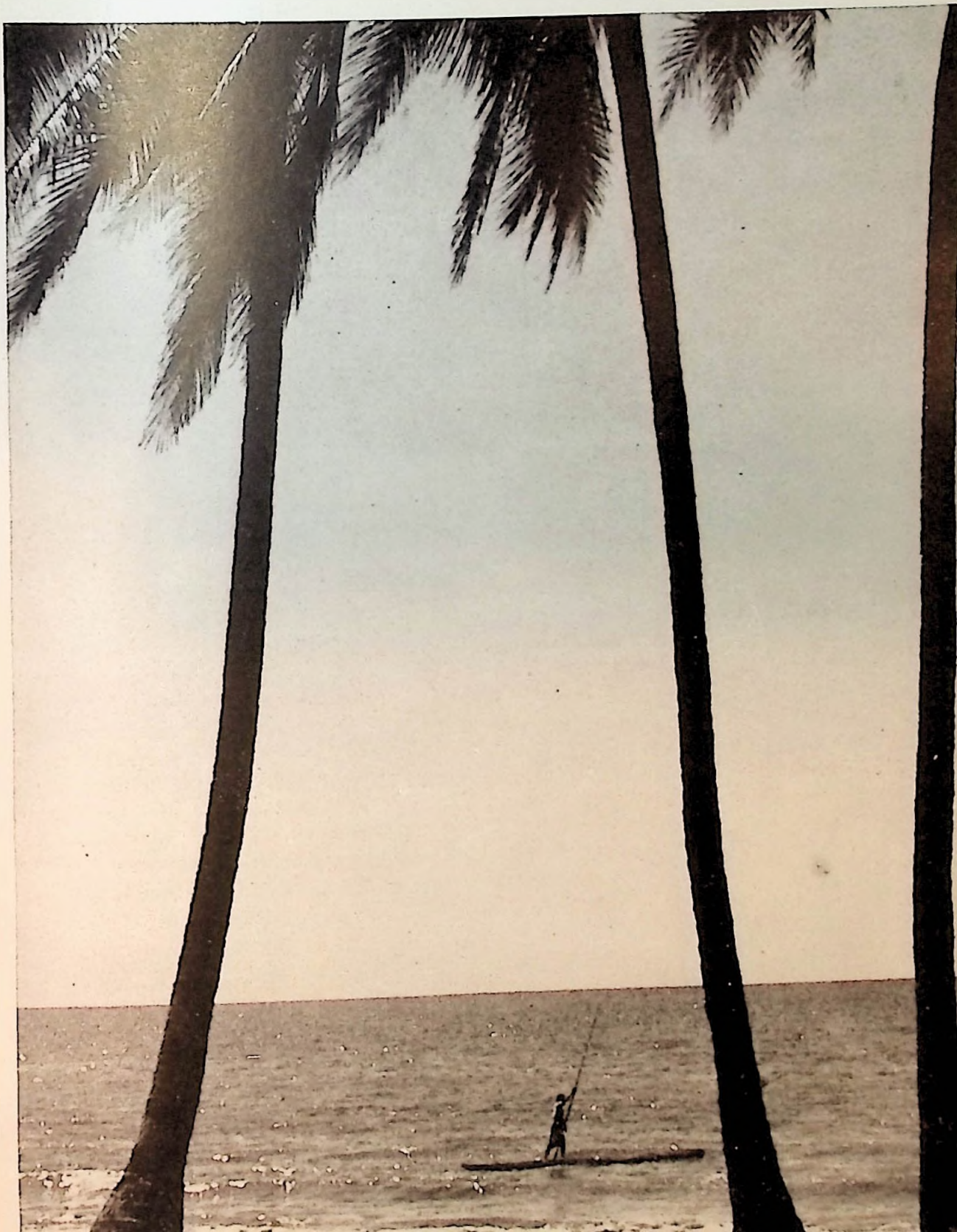
If you can't use your hands one of the 4 H's necessary to make a well-rounded man is missing. You won't have a sound head and heart in a healthy body if you don't cultivate the skill of the hands. Plans are good but plans without hands go abegging and are as useless as fine tools without the skill of the craftsman to implement the design and make it a reality. And there never was a finer, more all-around tool than the human hand. It was made to create and not just to grab; that's why it puts man in a class apart from the monkey. The two prizes that the boys brought home from the local horticultural show made them feel that they were learning how to use those hands and heads, too.

Aside from this, the boys get to know something of the mysteries of the world in which they live. All those vegetables—1,776 lbs. in the last count for January and February besides the turnips, kohlrabis and tomatoes which the infants got away with unofficially—and no perceptible lessening of the body of the soil! It's an eye-opener to learn that this busy factory takes practically all of its raw material from the ordinary water we drink and the waste air we breathe out. A touch of the sun's magic and its warming power breaks down the carbonated water into parts that recombine to give us the sugars and starch which the body uses as its fuel in food.

And the interesting get-up of the flowers that give us the vegetables themselves and the family life of the plant kingdom. Who'd ever dream that potatoes, tomatoes, egg-plant, tobacco, chillies and the deadly nightshade are all cousins? Father McGrath of Jamshedpur who is with us to furbish his Hindi a bit by the direct method learned from Jilal that "baigan" means egg-plant and belongs to the Solanaceae family. When he pointed to a two-week old cucumber plant it turned out to be a "khira" belonging, said Jilal, to the Cucurbitaceae clan.

And now Father Extross has started our do-as-you-learners on a new creative line. There are at least two model villages under construction. The miniature houses are made of clay over wood, but some of two inch first class baked bricks and red baked tiles, too. There's even a mansion with a colonial-like facade cast in plaster of paris mooched from the statue department. There are some drawbacks to this urge for self-expression. The pungent distillation of a kiln fired with cow-dung isn't exactly devotional incense when the pall drifts into chapel at evening rosary. And it all looks like it will be love's labor lost when the monsoon rains heave on the scene. But nothing like that will rob the builders of the fun they had doing a good job nor of the know-how—the savoir-faire of the hands that comes only from using them. The boys at Arrah are fervent believers in India's Gospel of the Dirty Hands.

Along the Lingayen Gulf



Signal Corps photo

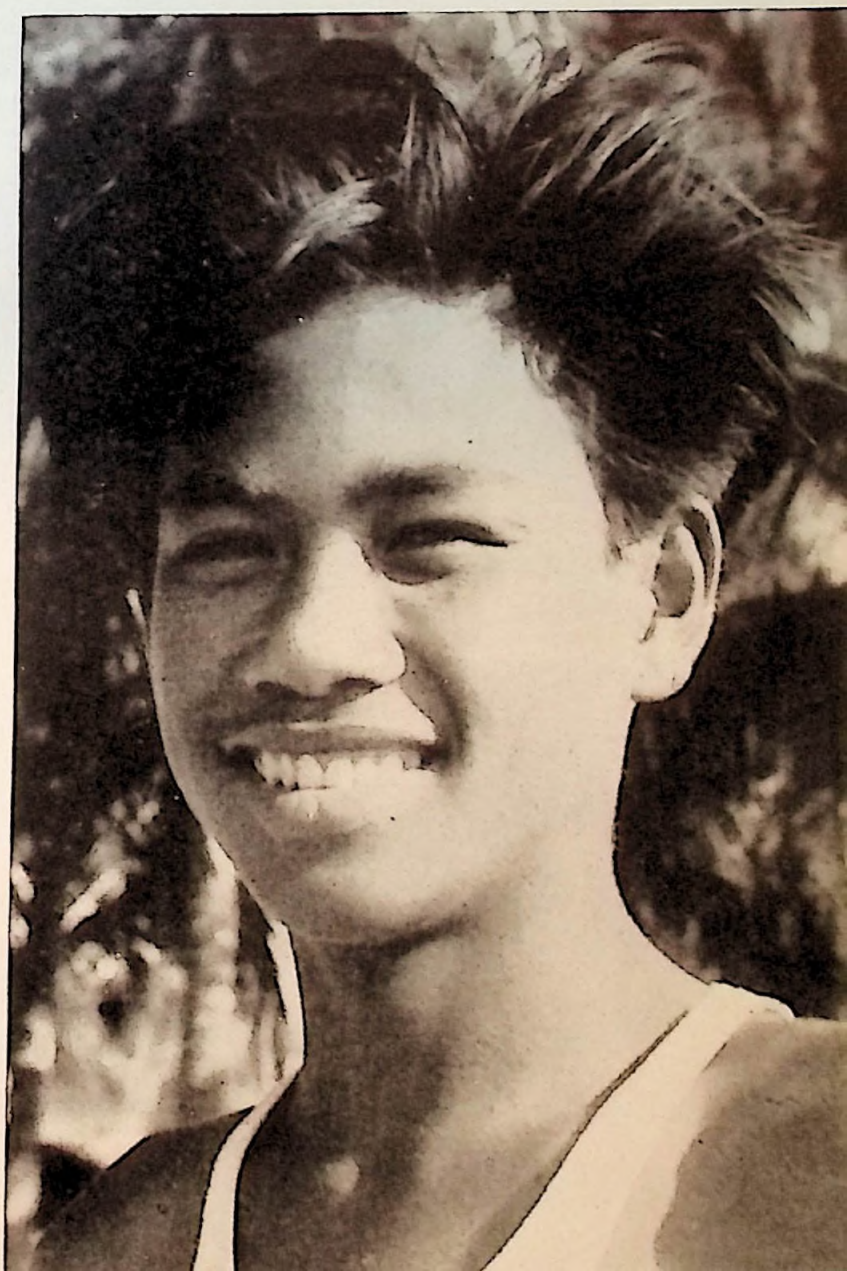
This was a familiar scene in the Philippines ten years ago. The Americans landed in Luzon in exactly the same spot where the Japanese made their invasion four years previously. The main force of the Sixth Army surged ashore at Lingayen and mounted its drive towards Manila down the Manila Bay corridor.

Along the Lingayen Gulf

A fisherman on the beach by the Lingayen Gulf. He is a typical example of the Filipino people today, happy in their independence and facing the future with confidence. The Philippine Mission was erected to a Vice-Province several years ago but the number of American Jesuits working there still make it our largest mission field.

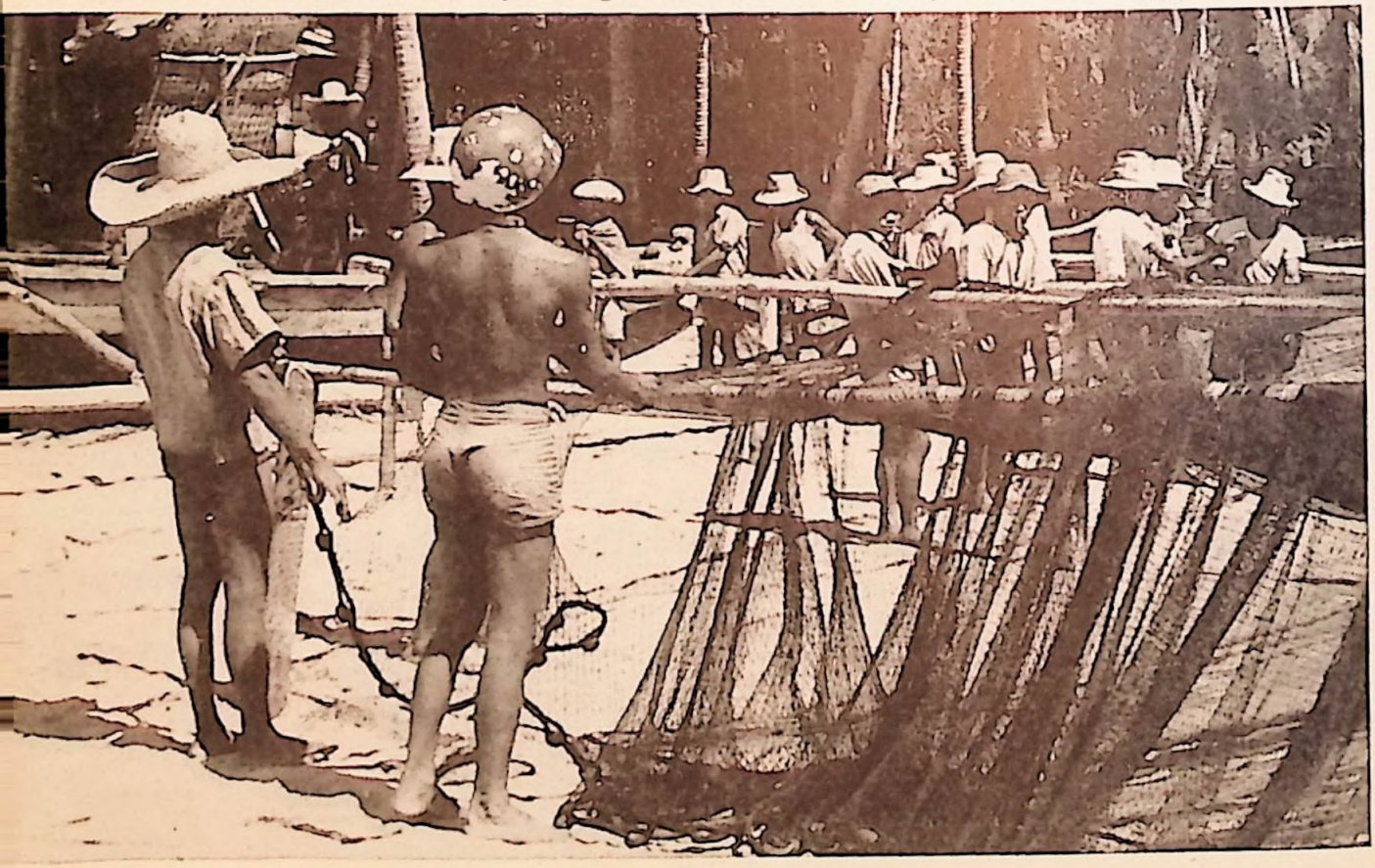
It is QUIET now beneath the palms that line the Lingayen Gulf on the northern coast of the island of Luzon. Yet it is only ten years since 800 American ships churned through those calm waters and made an inferno out of the shoreline with a three-days shelling. Then they surged ashore, to begin their rapid thrust down the Lingayen and Manila Bay corridors to the capital city.

The sound of their passing is gone now and once again the waves are soft along the shore and the breezes quiet in the palms. The youngsters with whom the Yanks stopped to laugh are grown now and a people who suffered bravely have turned again to a life of peace.



An abandoned gas tank on the Lingayen beach is converted into a banca by Arturo.

Another reminder of ten years ago is the helmet worn by a man working on the nets.



EMMANUEL BRIFFA S.J.

A catechist wins over an entire village by his use of

The Direct Approach

THIS IS A true story of what happened in a little village in India. Udaipur had long been without a priest. Most of the Catholics had grown lax, owing especially to the local bully, Gopal, a staunch believer in the power of the devil, who was always threatening our people. "The Fadar brings upon us the curse of the devil," he would tell them. "Woe to him who would welcome him, for I will let him taste a little of my strength upon him."

One day the people of Gopal's village saw the Father coming amongst them. He had come to tell them that he now intended to start visiting them regularly. But as soon as the pagans saw his face they all turned against him. They feared the devil would then take revenge upon their village for letting the Father come amongst them. The Catholics, too, showed him no hospitality. An old Catholic explained to him the sad case. The priest said he would go to Gopal himself. But Gopal warned him seriously and wouldn't let him pass the threshold of his house. The Father sorrowfully plodded home again.

Some days later, the missionary came a second time to Udaipur, this time accompanied by his catechist. He was resolved to make the Catholics come back to the Church. But by this time the people's resentment had received a great boost, for on the day of the Father's previous visit a leopard had killed two men in broad daylight. That was proof enough for Gopal to convince them that the Father did bring with him the curse of the devil. The people turned on the priest, menacing him with shouts and fists. But the Father refused to pay any attention. He gave the Catholics some rupees to start building the chapel. "When I come back I want to see the chapel ready."

As the Father turned his horse's head, the rein suddenly snapped. A strong piece of string was needed. So he sent the catechist to get it from someone in the village. And boldly enough the catechist went straight to Gopal himself. When the bully refused to give him any, Petrus, the catechist, knocked him down with a ferocious blow on his huge nose. Gopal lay on the floor, bleeding and unconscious. Then Petrus cut a string from Gopal's bed and hurried back to the priest. But Petrus said nothing of the incident, fearing he would bring greater trouble to the missionary.

After 15 days the priest started off for Gopal's village. His heart rejoiced immensely as his eyes fell on the new chapel. As he stepped in, to his utter astonishment, he found the giant Gopal kneeling before a picture of Our Lady.

"Fadar, I now believe that you and your God are stronger than me and the devil, for your catechist could beat me so easily. With me, all the village now asks for baptism."

THIRTY YEARS AGO, on May 17, 1925, Pope Pius XI proclaimed the canonization of Sister Therese of the Child Jesus and appointed October 3 as her feast day. It is a fitting way to open the month which includes Mission Sunday, the annual world-wide campaign for membership in the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. For there is an intimate and solid connection between the missions of the Church and Saint Therese.

We know of her intense desire, from her childhood, to follow her older sisters into the Carmelite convent of Lisieux. We marvel at her courage in face of the obstacles she met. We smile at her asking the Holy Father himself, Pope Leo XIII, for permission to enter the convent.

On April 9, 1888, only a little more than 15 years old, she bade farewell to her family and crossed the threshold of the cloister. She wanted to be a saint and hoped to become one by matching the heroism of missionaries. For this reason, she volunteered to be sent to a new Carmel foundation in Indo-China. But the desire to bury herself in the vast land of the Orient as nourishment for the seed of faith was a wish unfulfilled.

So Sister Therese of the Child Jesus turned to prayer and sacrifice. These she offered for the Church's mission and missionaries. By "the little way" that she practised and later taught to the novices entrusted to her care, she attained the heights of sanctity. But, more important, by the daily renewal of her offering for

Window on the Mission World

the mission of her prayers, her mortification, her sacrifices, she won for the missionaries God's blessing on their work. She could promise, with complete confidence, that after her death a shower of roses would fall from heaven to symbolize the fruitful power of her work for the missions.

The missionaries did not have to wait long for the promised shower of roses. Though her life and her death were not known beyond the corner of France wherein lies Lisieux, priests and Bishops of the mission countries soon began to write to the Pope and the Cardinals of Rome about a new impetus in mission work. They were sure there was a new saint in Heaven interceding for them and their work. As St. Therese's life became better known there was no doubt of the power of her "little way" to make saints and win graces for the missions.

Five years after her canonization, Pope Pius XI named her a co-patron of all Catholic missions together with St. Francis Xavier. Unlike on the surface, these two saints share an intense love of souls. Separated in time by more than three centuries, they meet in their desires to bring the world to Christ. As contemplative and foreign missioner, St. Therese and St. Francis Xavier forever exemplify the effective missionary program: zealous work by the missionaries and prayer and sacrifices by us at home. This we can fulfill by our membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith throughout the year.

A MISSIONARY WHO MUST REMAIN NAMELESS TELLS O

A MISSIONARY'S MOTHER

"I AM VERY glad that you are there, I always knew that your vocation was to be a missionary and I am proud of you." Thus wrote my mother in the first letter I received from her after arriving at my missionary destination. In spite of myself, my eyes filled with tears as I reflected on the heroic courage hidden in those few lines. Let me tell you something about my mother and the sacrifices she has made for God and His work.

Before the war, my family was in easy circumstances. My father, a lawyer, held a high state position and was able to support his family in comfort. Consequently, my childhood was indeed happy. My mother was to me all that a good Catholic mother could be: at her knee I learned to pray; she it was who watched over me with great solicitude. If life had continued in this tranquil way there would not have been much suffering for me, but I would not now be a Jesuit. God had His own special plans.

The war broke out. Young though I was, I was called up to fight in the army during those bitter years, so terrible for my country. And the peace which followed meant no peace for me, but only

months of interminable incertitude in a concentration camp—months during which I had no news of my loved ones—months of suffering. No less was the suffering of my mother who, overcoming all difficulties, discovered my whereabouts, doing all in her power to help her son. Shortly afterwards, I escaped from the concentration camp, and was reunited with my family, now living in exile.

The position of my family was now in sharp contrast with that of my childhood days. We were no longer united as before; war had separated my father from his wife and children. And my mother—she had lost wealth, position, home; worse still, she had lost a son who had died after three months of sickness; she was separated from her husband with whom she had been so closely united, for whom she had sacrificed her exuberant personality, with whom she had shared every thought. All this had had a deep effect on her, and she had aged considerably.

Being the eldest son, the duty of supporting and educating the younger members of the family fell to me. Finding work in the post-war days was no easy thing. But I succeeded eventually in finding employment as a typist and as a teacher of languages. My mother also worked for the family, laundering and dress-making. Working together, we were able to educate the children in some way. As my salary improved, our standard of living went up, and life became much easier. Mother's courage had worked miracles.

But meanwhile my character had undergone a change, in these hard post-war days. Money and success, which had attracted me so much, now had lost their lustre. My philosophy of life had developed; my thoughts turned towards the religious life. I felt that Our Lord was calling me to the Society of Jesus; and I could not refuse His invitation. I knew that this would be a blow to my mother, for from the time of separation from my father (with whom until today she has not been united, and who is suffering in a foreign country) I had been her support and her confidante. But she made no opposition to my vocation. It was my path and I must follow it; she would not put any obstacle in my way.

I waited until the economic position of my family improved a little, and then I entered the Jesuit noviceship.

Shortly after my first vows in the Society, news reached me that family affairs had worsened. Various moral problems had split my brothers, breaking the family unit once again. One of my brothers had broken off all relations with mother, who disapproved of his conduct. And now my mother, who after giving her life to her sons should now have been receiving her reward, found herself in a worse position than ever.

And this is the position which she is in today . . . almost without support. From none of her sons does she receive one bit of help.

I have written these lines in the hope that I may be able to find some generous reader willing to help my mother in her difficulties. She has made great sacrifices in order that the Society may have one more son, and that this Mission may have one more laborer. In the midst of my missionary labor, I cannot forget that Our Lord bids us honor our parents, and it is for love of Him that I ask you to help. The mothers' sacrifices are often as great as those of the missionary himself; and I feel sure that, since my mother has always sought first the Kingdom of God, all the other things will be added unto her.

If you have changed your address or if you intend to, will you be kind enough to send us both your new address and your old one?

The Gypsy

ALFONSO DEL MARMOL S.J.

Kuravars

(Left) Father Cook coaches budding archer. (Above) Kuravar mother and child.

THE GOVERNMENT of Ceylon would prefer to see the gypsy Kuravars settle down. However, it is against their nature and they prefer to keep their own way of life.

Right now they are staying around Father Godfrey's Cook's parish in Akkaraipattu. They are doing some work in the rice fields there but they also continue their main pastimes of hunting and snake charming.

The Kuravars do not live in houses but they sleep on a raised platform, thatch-covered, under which the dogs and goats take shelter. Their meals are simple and a Kuravar cook-book wculdn't cause any paper shortage. Rice, or roots of some sort, are put in a pot and cooked. They speak Telegu, a language akin to Tamil. And even though they do not approve of Father Cook's Tamil they do look upon him as their friend.

Father Cook and friends admire a live iguana, held captive by his own toenails.

The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

When the United States government assumed responsibility for the Philippines, the public school system was established. Though the population was approximately 85 per cent Catholic, religion was absolutely forbidden in the schools and there was constant opposition to any compromising plans. But now the Philippine government has recently approved the teaching of religion in the public schools as part of the regular curriculum.

Superlatives might be used in stressing the opportunities for the Catholic Church in the only Catholic country of the Orient. Yet it is an opportunity not without its problems. Local pastors must pay for the catechetical teachers. To have an effective program, these teachers must be qualified and, hence, entitled to compensation for their hours of instruction.

Some missionaries will need several catechists with a minimum salary of $25.00 per month. Considering their present poverty, this is an impossible expense. Your investment will fortify the Catholic Church in the Philippines against the surrounding Communism and paganism of the Orient.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

(Rev.) Coleman A. Daily S.J.

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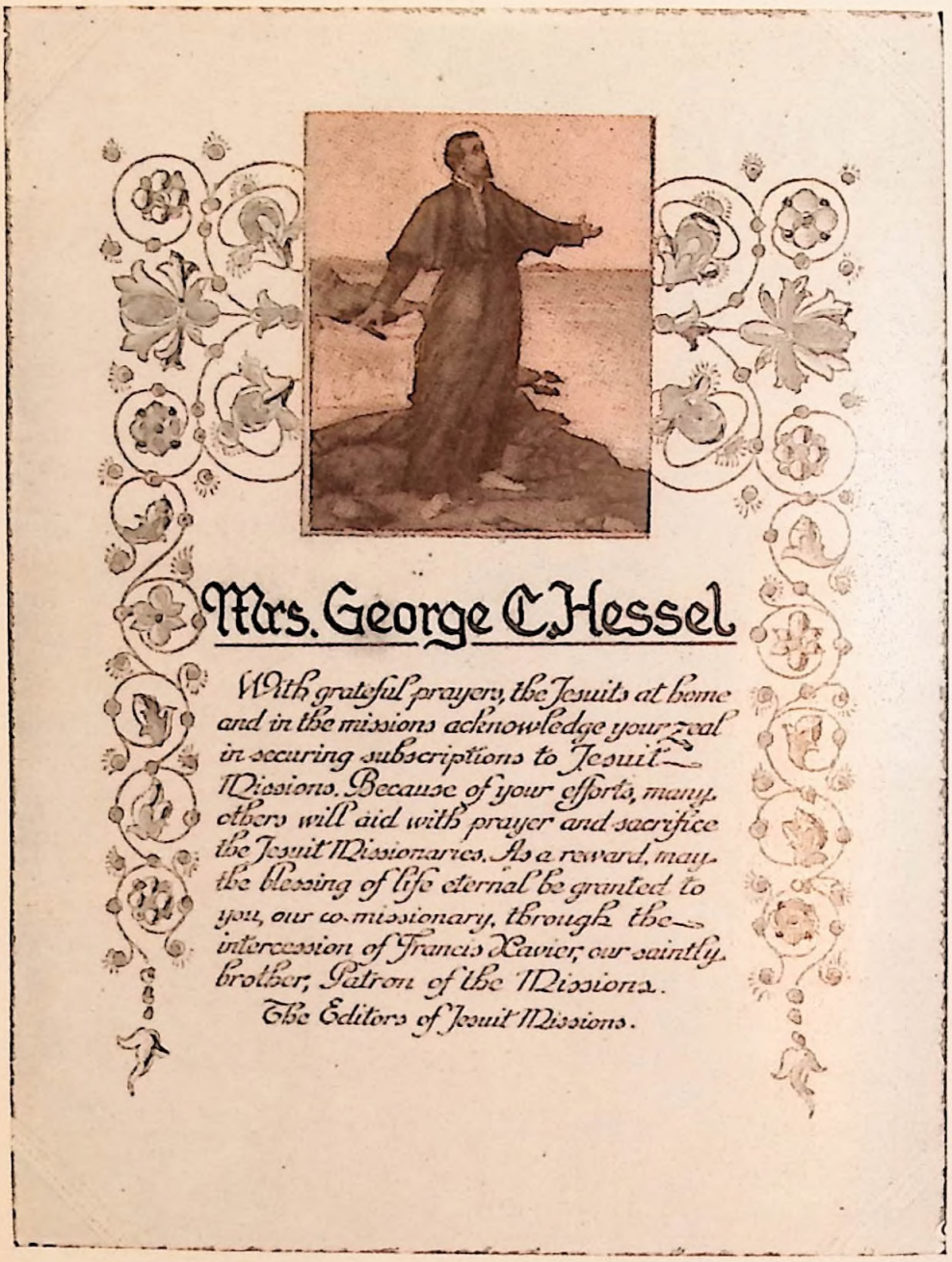


With Grateful Prayers

Jesuit Missioners everywhere will bless your zeal in securing subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS.
Send us five subscriptions and the editors will acknowledge your help by giving you a hand-painted card like the one above.

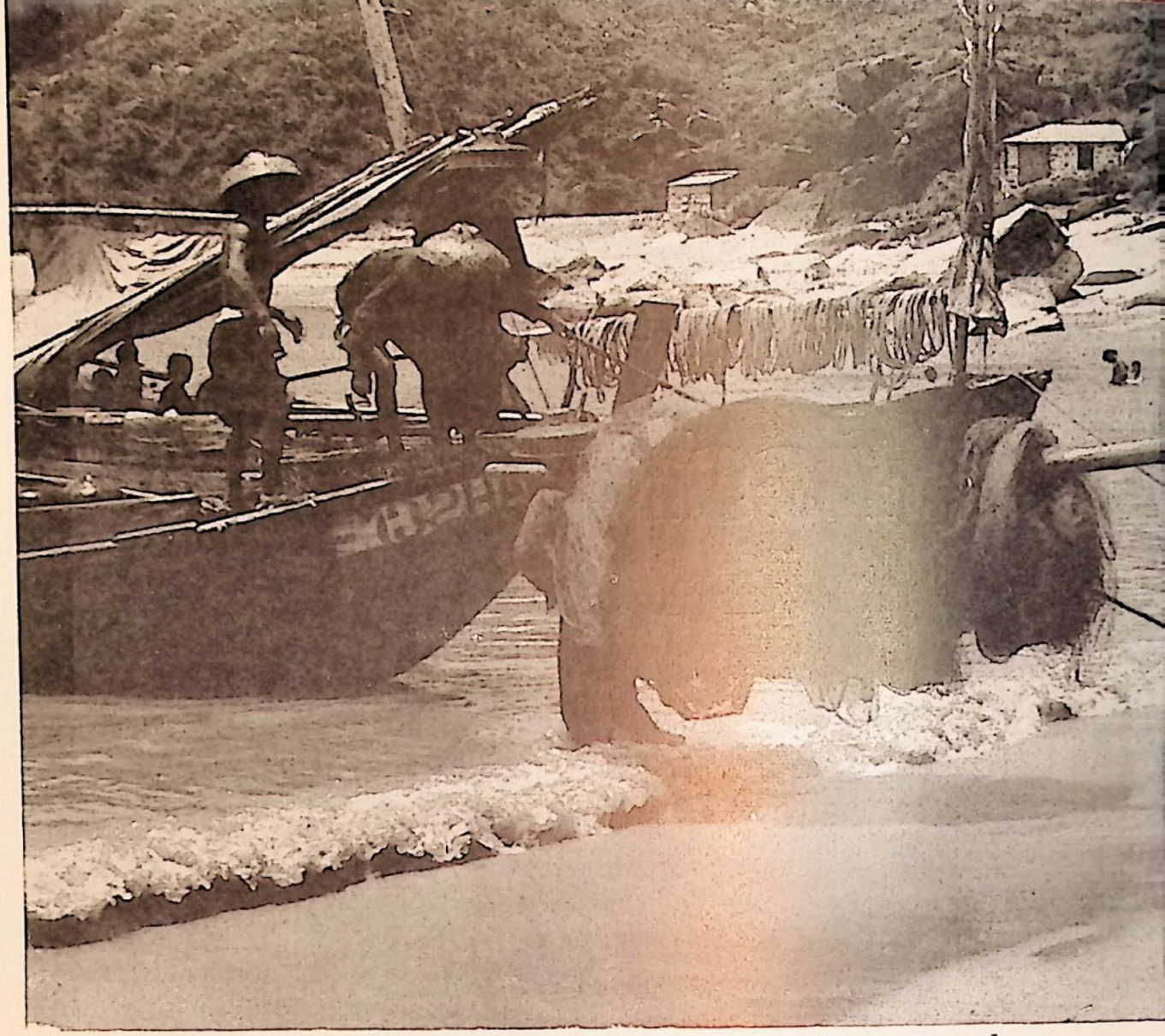
JESUIT MISSIONS

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

JAMES L. MAGMER S.J.

Spare-Time Missionary

Street scene in Macao. Comic book stands are common all through China but the quality of the material is very low.



Macao fishermen reload fine nets which must be dried on shore after every catch.

THIS IS THE story of how I became a missionary. The souls, the people I work for, live on the other side of the world, on the outskirts of the Portuguese port of Macao, which is just across the Canton River from Hong Kong.

They are the refugees from Red China who, having fled Communism, have settled by the thousands in squatter-settlements, in shanty towns, outside the city.

Macao is my mission, these refugees are my people, although I have never been to Macao or walked among its people. Since I have become a missionary, I have scarcely left the grounds of our college in Indiana; I have spent most of my time attending lectures, studying, taking examinations. I am only a spare-time missionary, but a missionary none the less.

It started one morning, just about a year ago, when a priest who teaches philosophy at our college came to my room and said, "You sometimes write. Why don't you write something about Father de Goesbriand S.J.? He's working now with the Chinese refugees in Macao. Here is a folder of his letters describing his people, his work, and his needs."

So I said, "Fine, leave the folder with me. I'll see what I can do," wishing all the while that I were saying "no," for my interests lay along other lines.

But as I read through the letters, my antipathy for the job vanished. Father de Goesbriand, in his letters, was a priest pleading for the souls and material welfare of his people. I saw him among them in their shanty towns, fighting their Oriental superstitions, the threat of Communism, poverty, hunger, sickness and disease. I could see him standing at the Red border north of Macao, facing the

barbed wire and the Red sentries, and shouting at the Communists, "Even if I have to beg food and shelter and medicine and spend my nights in prayer, I will, and do more, to keep these people from returning to you. They belong to Christ."

His ambition for his people went beyond relief, beyond gift packages of food and clothing. Father de Goesbriand is farsighted enough to see that the real solution to the refugee problem lies in jobs that will give the refugees back their humanity and self-respect; he sees that they can stand firmly against Communist China only when they can buy their own food and provide their own needs.

In a city crowded with thousands of refugees, jobs are scarce. Some of Father de Goesbriand's refugees are artists and paint pictures in the Chinese style; some sew and have been trained by him to make altar linen and Mass vestments; he is able to employ a few in a small stocking factory that he runs. But these jobs mean nothing without markets, and in Macao there are few.

"Perhaps in America," he wrote in one of his letters, "there would be people who would care to buy paintings or vestments, or who could send us clothing from which we could reclaim the thread to provide raw materials for our stocking factory."

Father de Goesbriand, his work, and his refugees found their way into my Masses and prayers. I began to study maps of the South China coast (I had never really known before where Macao was). In the newspapers I began to watch for developments and stories on Hong Kong, Red China, Formosa. I wrote a number of magazine articles on Macao.

One article appeared in *The Priest.* It was an appeal, suggesting that priests order vestments or pictures from Father de Goesbriand, or interest parish mission societies in Father's work, and have them collect clothing to send him. At the end I appended his address, P. de Goesbriand, Casa Ricci, I A Largo S. Agostinho, Macao, via Hong Kong.

After it was printed I received the following letter from him:

"In the name of our dear refugees and in the name of Jesus Christ Our Lord, I thank you from my heart for your zeal and devotion to our poor Chinese refugees. As a result of your article in *The Priest,* I have already received three orders for sacred vestments that I have transmitted to the Sisters' workshop, and two orders for sacred pictures in the Chinese style that I transmitted to two Chinese friends.

"One word more. In two of the letters I have found checks of $10 and $40 that enable me to go on for a little time running our stocking factory. Just today I had told our manager that we would have to stop for lack of money, and now I have got enough to buy a little raw material."

Can't you be a spare-time missionary, too? It's a heartwarming job.

American Jesuits Departing for Missions in 1955

To the Philippines:

Fr. William Ahern
Fr. Godfrey Alingal
Fr. Theodore Arvisu
Fr. Vincent Cullen
Fr. Francis Demetrio
Fr. Henry W. Greer
Fr. Anthony T. Leetai
Fr. Richard G. Leonard
Fr. Philip J. McGovern
Fr. Thomas J. O'Shaughnessy
Fr. Robert A. Rice
Fr. John P. Ruane
Fr. Vincent San Juan
Mr. John E. Chambers
Mr. James T. Dehn
Mr. Alfred L. Fiorino
Mr. Robert C. Hogan
Mr. William T. Jones
Mr. William P. Klintworth
Mr. Richard F. Konen
Mr. T. Patrick Lynch
Mr. Thomas B. Steinbugler
Mr. Thomas J. Walsh

To the Caroline-Marshall Islands:

Fr. Gerald J. Cuddy
Fr. Richard J. Roszel
Mr. Daniel T. Hughes
Bro. Joseph J. Bocain

To India:

Fr. Michael F. Kavanagh
Fr. Stephen F. Latchford
Mr. James M. Collins
Mr. Robert J. Hagee
Mr. Joseph E. Knecht

To Korea:

Fr. Peter Chin
Fr. Kenneth E. Killoren
Mr. Thomas L. Power
Mr. Gerard H. Weiss
Bro. Arthur F. Dethlef

To British Honduras:

Fr. John P. O'Connor
Mr. James F. Carney
Mr. John C. Ruoff
Mr. Charles A. Woods

To Formosa:

Mr. Michael R. Saso

To Japan:

Fr. Lex W. Byrne
Fr. John F. Clarkson
Fr. Robert F. Forbes
Fr. Hilary R. Werts
Mr. Robert R. Arrowsmith
Bro. Walter G. Brennan
Mr. Thomas W. Charbebeau
Mr. Rodolfo Fernandez
Mr. George R. Graziano
Mr. Frederick H. Heney
Mr. Glen E. Smith
Mr. Robert J. Stemper

To Ceylon:

Fr. W. Lionel Champagne

To Iraq:

Fr. Charles W. Crowley
Fr. Leo J. Guay
Mr. Francis H. Belcher
Mr. Robert G. Doherty
Mr. Joseph J. Flaucher
Mr. Joseph F. MacDonnell
Mr. Joseph A. MacWade
Mr. Stanley B. Marrow
Mr. Simon E. Smith

To Jamaica:

Fr. John J. Alexander
Fr. Edward F. Donahue
Fr. J. Maurice Feres
Fr. Henry J. Mallette
Fr. John J. Ruddy
Fr. Bernard J. Shea
Mr. Joseph J. Doherty
Mr. Paul D. Manning
Mr. Robert F. Patterson

To Lebanon:

Fr. Eugene P. Burns
Mr. Raymond P. Bertrand

To the American Indians:

Fr. Raymond O. Burger
Mr. Lawrence A. Jonas
Mr. Eugene F. Merz
Mr. John R. Schak
Bro. George F. Schweider

To Alaska:

Fr. John J. Graisy
Fr. Pasqual Spoletini
Mr. William C. Dibb
Mr. James E. Jacobson

Afield with American Jesuits

A PATNA SADHU

Father Joseph Mann S.J. won a reputation for himself by curing a scorpion bite in a small Indian village. Later the same night, in a crucial moment, he justified that accolade with a bit of fast thinking.

"I always carry with me a porous black stone which draws out the poison of both snake bite and scorpion sting. I had effectively used it on this particular night to absorb the poison from a scorpion sting. The patient had thanked me and left for home so I made up my bed out in the open.

SPOTLIGHT

Father J. Gordon Koller S.J. of Cagayan de Oro City in the Philippines is at present the Superior of the Jesuits in northern Mindanao. It is a country he knows well for all his missionary activity since the war has been centered in that region.

A native of Buffalo, Father Koller entered the Society of Jesus in 1929, the same year in which his twin brother left to join the Fathers of the Most Precious Blood. He was in the first group of Americans sent to the Philippines for philosophical studies. He taught at the Ateneo de Manila but after his ordination to the priesthood he "took to the hills" of Mindanao and has been there since.

Quiet and unassuming, this zealous missionary has endeared himself to his people and fellow workers. We have the feeling that if Father Koller has any single complaint about his present job it would be that the paper work involved prevents him from spending more time with the children, his favorite recreation. Say a prayer for this pastor in the Mindanao mountains.

Afield with American Jesuits

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS

"I was soon fast asleep, never thinking that the incident with the porous stone had made any impression on the villagers. I had been content with the fact that I could handle their particular dialect which differs from the national language of Hindi and as a result they had been most attentive to my instructions.

"Then I was aware of someone lightly shaking me. I struggled up out of the depths of sleep to find a villager bending over me. 'Father,' he announced hesitantly, 'we've decided to drench you with two buckets of water, so that by morning our crops may be saved by the badly needed rain.'

"Well, you get dragged out of a heavy sleep and a laddie tells you that he is going to pour buckets of water over you—it's kind of a sudden thing. My first reaction was that I didn't know the dialect too well after all. Then the significance of his words finally hit me. There had been no rain for weeks and the crops were suffering from drought. But this idea of pouring water over someone was a superstition which many villagers believed. Only the party on the receiving end was always a sadhu, a holy man with special powers! Then I remembered the porous black stone and the whole picture became clear.

"The picture was clear but my way out of it was not. I was in a tight corner. Finally I asked, 'Who has decided this?'

"He answered, 'The women have thought this out and it's a fine plan.'

"Suddenly I saw the out. The women in village India are definitely subordinate and not looked upon as very wise. Raising myself on one elbow, I tried to put as much scorn as possible into my voice. 'Shame on you, a man, falling into the foolish ways of women!'

"That did it. He went away sheepishly and I, bathless but unabashed, went happily back to sleep."

JAMAICA GEM

Father Benedict Reilly S.J. is assigned to Holy Trinity Cathedral at Kingston on the beautiful isle of Jamaica. One of his many activities there is the care of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

He reports that the St. Vincent de Paul men do excellent work in caring for the destitute and needy all over the island. There is a younger group of workers who often visit the Poor House. Recently this latter group attended a funeral and burial in pauper's field. The deceased had been a faithful Catholic so they decided to erect a concrete cross over the grave. So the required funds were collected and the cross was put in place. Then came the question concerning the entry of the donation in the Treasurer's records. What was Father Reilly's surprise to find that the entry made was: "For a New Start in Life—two pounds."

SPEARS INTO SICKLES

The Peace Memorial Cathedral in Hiroshima has received a unique gift in the form of a chalice made of uranium and cobalt. So the materials of atomic energy will be used for God's glory on the site of the first atomic explosion.

Two American Jesuits, Fathers Paul Hinsdale and Daniel Leahy, conceived this idea of such a chalice and both used it in their first Masses last June. The chalice is intended to indicate God's plan that these two elements of atomic

Father Louis Dowd S.J. in Hsinchu, Formosa, finds that a record of Bing Crosby singing "Silent Night" is one of the best ways to attract a crowd for instruction.

energy be used for international justice and charity in the development of nations and the providing of means for a decent life for all.

On the base of the chalice, the purpose is etched in two devices. One device is the basic formula of our atomic age ($E = mc^2$) and the other is a quotation from the Old Testament. "They will melt down their swords into ploughshares, their spears into sickles."

AGAIN THE LINGAYEN

We had just finished the article "Along the Lingayen Gulf" when a letter came in from Father John Lipman S.J. of the China Mission, now in the Philippines.

Father Lipman had just returned from a trip along the eastern side of Lingayen Gulf and writes, "This is one of the prettiest stretches of road I've seen in a long time. You may have driven Highway 101 in California and remember the district just north of Santa Barbara. If you can imagine the land between the highway and the ocean a little lower and flatter, and planted with fields of tobacco, rice and cocoanut palms, with a lovely sandy beach and white breakers in the background, you'll have some idea of what I'm trying to describe. It was the sort of tropical landscape that you read about in Nordhof and Hall's books, and it was well worth the extra thirty miles of driving to enjoy the picturesque scenery."

And those of us who can remember the weather of a few weeks ago can sympathize when Father Lipman says, "How good it is to feel chilly again!"

St. John's is Unique

JOHN M. KNOPP S.J.

SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE in Belize, British Honduras, is a unique institution. It is

American in that twelve staff members are American citizens and in that the College is directed and maintained by the Jesuit Educational Association. As such Saint John's College is a sister institution to Saint Louis University, Creighton University, Marquette University, Fordham, Boston College, etc.

British in that it is located within the secure haven of the only British territory in Central America and follows an English course of studies in preparing students for the Cambridge University Overseas Examination.

British Honduran for the majority of the students and eight members of the faculty are British Hondurans.

Central American for SJC alumni are in every country of Central America. And with the reopening of the boarding school this year, SJC now has students from Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, etc.

Catholic although there is no religious bar to admission to SJC. But the training is openly and patently religious and the teachings of the Catholic Church are inculcated. In this respect the College is not foreign to the people of this part of the world. For sixty per cent of the people of British Honduras are Catholic and well over ninety per cent of the people of the five neighboring Central American republics.

Jesuit in its system of education.

There is no other institution in all the world that combines all these notes. Saint John's College is therefore unique. It is in a position to become the most significant educational institution with respect to all of Central America.

Saint John's College is the secondary school for boys advancing from the seventy Catholic primary schools of British Honduras. It is the parent of filial High Schools at Orange Walk, Stann Creek and of the Instituto of San Jose, El Progreso, Honduras.

Its Teacher Training Department has placed alumni as teachers in primary and secondary schools in the colony.

Its Extension Department has sought to help the people help themselves. Emphasis therefore has been on adult education along credit union and co-operative and labor relations lines. Saint John's College has an active interest in whatever pertains to the welfare of the people of Central America. Work along labor relations lines is being initiated at Progreso, Honduras, and co-operative work at Yoro and Minas de Oro.

At present there are three hundred and fifty students of whom thirty-three are resident students. The majority of the latter are from Guatemala. They have come to SJC to receive a Catholic education, to master English so as to qualify for U.S. universities and to escape the virus of Communism.

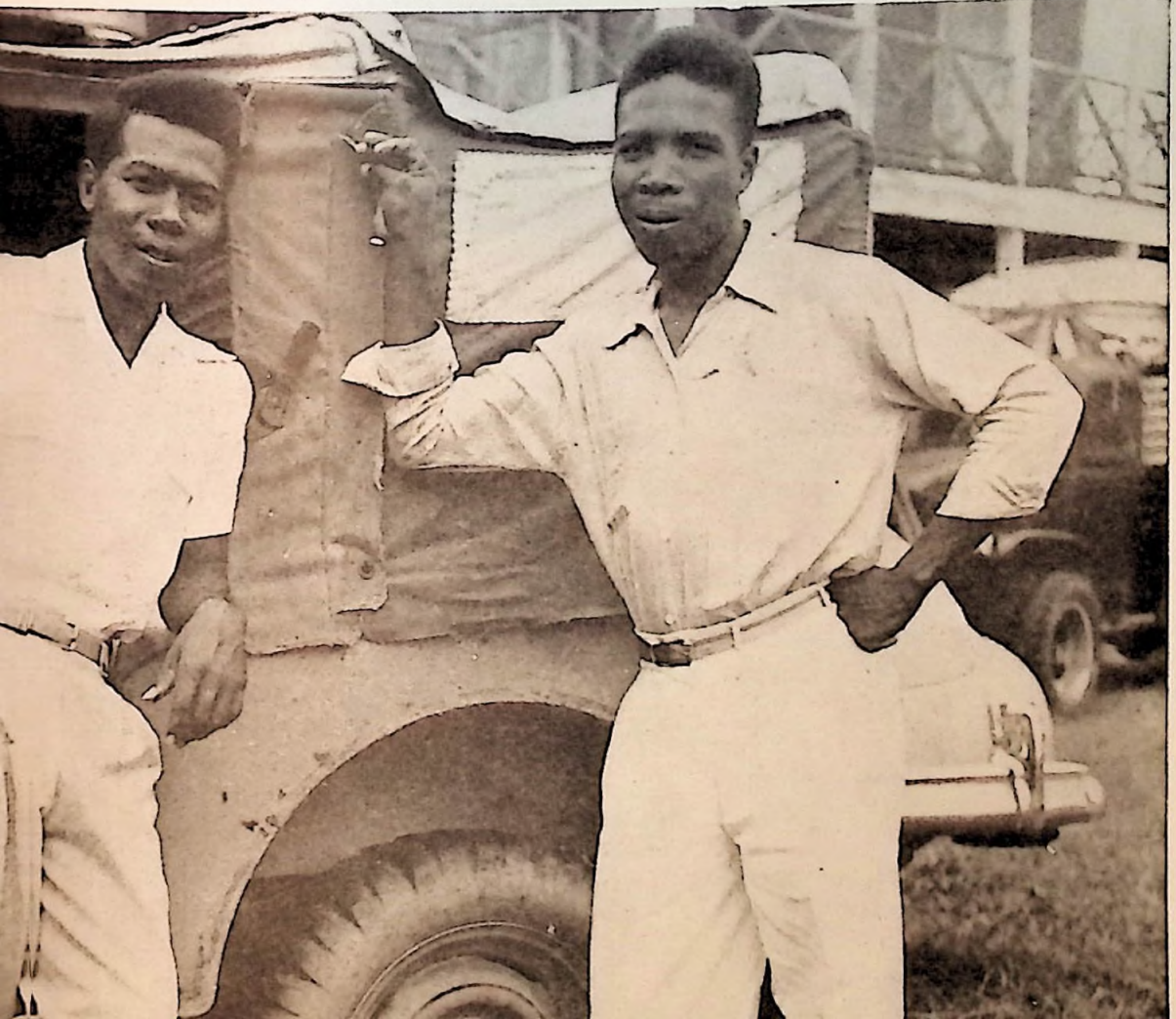
The course of studies is stiff. For four and a half years, the students study Religious Knowledge, Latin, English, Spanish, History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Speech. Honor students prepare for Cambridge Overseas Examination in Chemistry and Physics.

SJC is especially interested in Science and in technological training that is necessary for the development of Central America. But the College very consciously strives to avoid premature specialization, counting it more important to train men who can think and lead.

Saint John's College satisfies an exigency. If Saint John's College did not exist, American diplomacy, philanthropy and business interests would be more acutely aware of the need of just such an institution in Central America. British interests in like manner would need just such an institution. All the crusading forces against Communism would need the help of St. John's College.

I hope the day will soon dawn when all those interests become aware of the weapon ready at hand in St. John's College.

These two Caribs of Stann Creek are graduates of the unique St. John's.



From letters we have gleaned the following items:

Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

Booming Bells, a Gift from German Friends, are not ringing over St. Ignatius church in Japan because the $1,500.00 needed for installation is not available.

The bells could have a German-American sound if we could pay for the placing of the bells in the tower of the church.

Friends of Japan, friends of Father Bitter, may wish to continue their help to this important mission with a contribution of $1.00 or $2.00.

You May Belong to Mount Carmel Parish in United States and would be particularly interested in a mission parish of the same name. Your attention is respectfully called to the needs of a Mount Carmel parish in the Philippines, whose pastor, Father Stoffel, asks for $99.50 to buy filmstrips—525 pictures of the Life of Christ.

A donation of $1.00 would pay for 5 pictures on the filmstrip. Would you help, please?

Winter is Coming so an Alaskan missionary, Father Plamandon, is thinking ahead of cold nights and how useful a couple of wool blankets would be. The blankets cost $20.00.

This same missionary, not noted for his musical gifts, would like to teach hymns to his people by means of phonograph records which he could purchase with your donation of $1.00.

St. Thomas Aquinas Speaks through his Summa in India and is making converts there.

Father John Brennan, who runs the Catholic Book Crusade in Patna, says that a Hindu recently asked to borrow a volume of the Summa of St. Thomas. After reading the first two volumes he asked for instructions and was baptized shortly afterwards. He took Thomas as his name.

Father Brennan asks for donations to purchase more copies of the Summa. Would you have $1.00 for the Catholic Book Crusade?

The Faculty Chapel for the new Jesuit High School in Hiroshima will need:

Vestments	$30.00
Missals	$40.00
Altar Cards	$15.00
Tabernacle	$200.00
Altar Cloths	$10.00
Albs	$20.00
Cinctures	$2.00
Cruets	$1.00

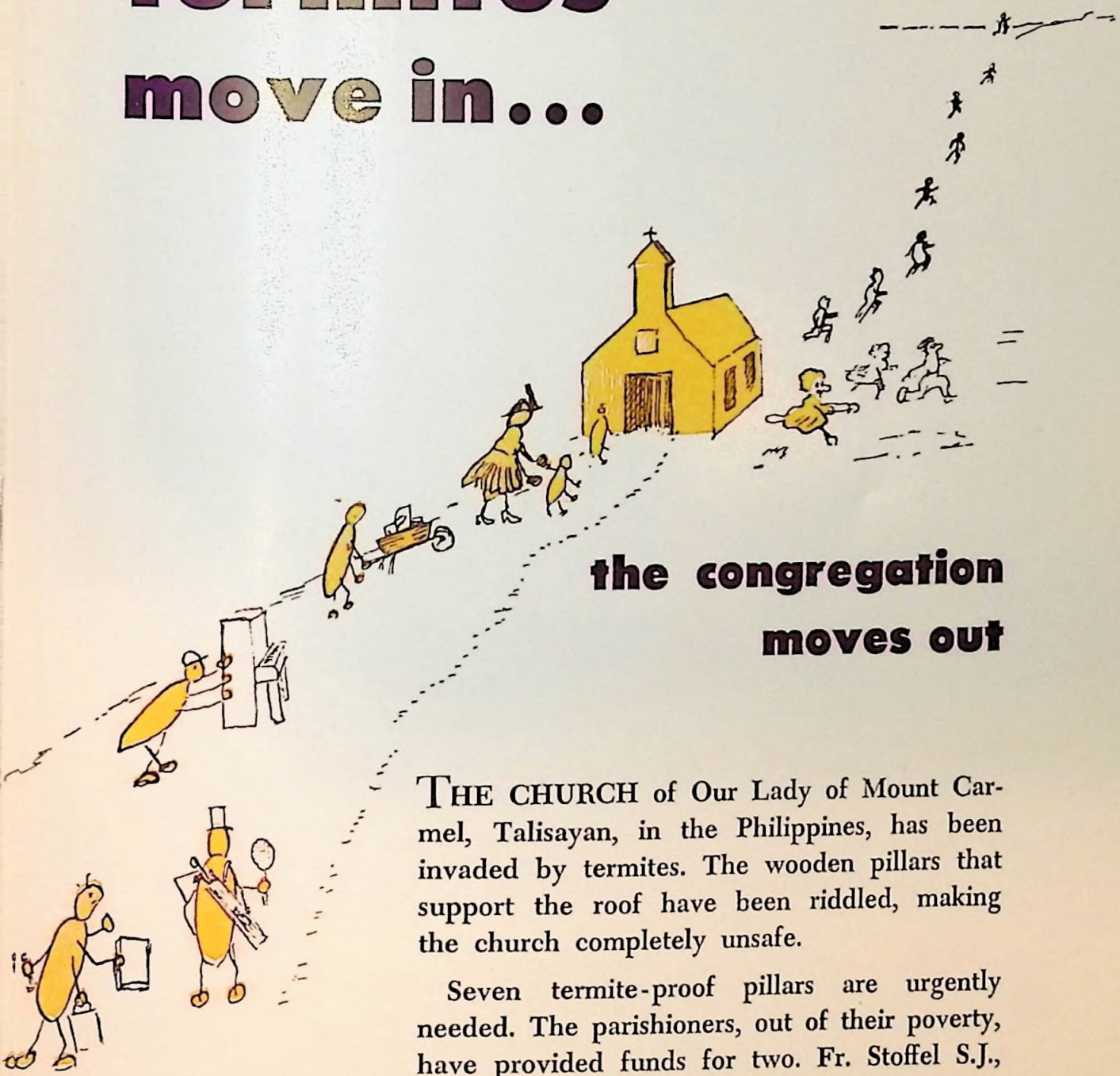
Those Who Have Passed the Bar Exam may have books they would like to donate to the missions.

Father Cervini needs law books for the new Law School at the Ateneo de Cagayan. Books may be sent to:

Mission Book Department
St. Andrew-on-Hudson
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Our Good Friend, Sister Rita, of Bettiah has been casting longing eyes at the electric power line which passes near the convent. She wishes she had the money to "tap in" on this line so the Sisters could substitute electricity for kerosene lamps. Would you help?

when the termites move in...



the congregation moves out

THE CHURCH of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Talisayan, in the Philippines, has been invaded by termites. The wooden pillars that support the roof have been riddled, making the church completely unsafe.

Seven termite-proof pillars are urgently needed. The parishioners, out of their poverty, have provided funds for two. Fr. Stoffel S.J., the missionary pastor, appeals to you for help. Each pillar costs $150.00.

Would you help?

SEND ONE DOLLAR TO

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

and you will be known as a pillar of the Church.

GIVE GENEROUSLY

SUNDAY OCT. 23

IS

Mission Sunday

SUPPORT YOUR

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION

OF THE FAITH