

Jesuit Missions



SEPTEMBER, 1956

Big Smoke



BIG SMOKE

BIG SMOKE WAS A CHIEF of the Kalispel tribe. In the days of Father De Smet he would have been an important person, but now, on the day of his funeral, there were less than a hundred relatives and friends at the side of the grave to pay their final tribute to Baptiste Big Smoke.

Father Thomas Connolly S.J. was deeply touched by this funeral since it seemed to mark one more step downward for the Indian mission which had begun with such promise in 1845.

On this "beautiful bay of the Kalispels"—a great bend in the Pend d'Oreille River—Father De Smet had established this Mission of St. Ignatius. For nine years the Mission flourished, but recurring floods finally forced the Fathers to choose a new site.

Barges carried missionaries, mills and shops across the blue water of Lake Pend d'Oreille and up the Clark Fork to the new location in Montana. Here the main body of the Kalispels set up a new camp.

Yet a few had remained behind. One small band could not bring themselves to leave their traditional homeland on the river. These were the grandparents of Baptiste Big Smoke.

Jesuit priests could visit them only occasionally. Yet these Kalispels continued to live as a fervent Catholic community. Their little village spread

out around the tall white church of Our Lady of Sorrows. Every Sunday they came in moccasins and bright colored blankets and shawls. There they sang their hymns and devoutly prayed the rosary.

Traffic with the white man has since taken a heavy toll of our faithful Kalispels. Bootleggers plied their evil trade. White neighbors lost no chance to exploit them. They were forced into nine miles of reservation. Schooling was not available until after 1932, and they were left with neither training nor equipment to farm their rich green river valley.

Inactivity and despondency are settling over the Kalispels. They are losing the power to think, to feel, or to act for themselves. Now the tragic killing of Baptiste Big Smoke pays mocking tribute to the backwashes of civilization that the white man has forced upon his Indian brother.

Traditions of the past are slowly fading away. Resultingly today's Kalispels are falling more and more into habits of drunkenness and immorality. The Catholic Faith and the ancient culture are both losing their hold on the people. A gap is widening between the two generations. At the candle-lit Christmas Masses the youngsters giggle when they hear the plaintive Indian hymns. Today the Kalispels no longer sing their traditional hymns at Mass.

Younger Kalispels were hanging back at the solemn funeral feast for Baptiste Big Smoke. They respected the ways of their parents. Yet they did not join them sitting around the floor in the bare home of the chief. From the kitchen they

← Missionaries follow Christ in urging the little ones to draw close. Here Mr. Merz S.J. checks to see if one of his young Indian charges is all right.

smiled as Joe Ignace Blackbear translated the morning's sermon for the old folks.

Joe was Baptiste's brother-in-law, the new spokesman for the tribe. He repeated Father Doyle's pleadings that they change their lives, and help Baptiste by promising never to drink to excess. Then they prayed and sang another ancient hymn.

Red and white checked table cloths were meanwhile spread on the floor between double rows of guests. Baptiste's relatives served the boiled venison, cold canned vegetables, cakes and fruits.

Mitch Michael, a spokesman from the near-by Coeur d'Alenes, eulogized the dead chief. When the dishes were gathered, he distributed Baptiste's few personal belongings to the members of the tribe. Laden with sorrow they slowly returned to their homes along the river.

Father Connolly's sombre reflections suddenly ceased. With the light of pride in his eyes he recalled he was a Blackrobe and therefore a brother of men like Jogues and Marquette. He was a member of that black gowned army which had fought so well for so many years for the souls of American Indians.

He recalled, then, that Jogues had had some periods of discouragement, with similar disappointments. Suppose that he had lived and worked with Jogues, or suppose that Jogues was of the 20th Century. What would they have said to each other by way of encouragement? With humility he imagined himself saying:

"Father Isaac, you aren't making the conversions you hoped for, but I think things will improve. Maybe miracles of grace are needed but we had an example of that last year in the story of Joseph Chihoutenhua. Remember how he came

on his own to ask if he could make an eight-day retreat. He seemed to sense that he would need tremendous spiritual strength for what lay ahead. After his retreat, when he returned to his family he immediately was singled out for special persecution, when he refused to take part in sinful feasts. For denouncing the sins of the braves he was murdered by two Iroquois. Did he die for the Faith? Maybe we can't say he's officially a martyr but we know he offered his blood and his life for the conversion of his tribe. On several occasions he spoke of having been threatened with death because of his work with the missionaries.

"Joseph had a real refinement about his spirituality, too. You remember we wanted to send to France an example of Huron language. We could find nothing better than a prayer Joseph had composed to be recited after Holy Communion. To my mind, Joseph is an example of the miracle of grace because his profession of faith required the courage of a martyr."

Father Jogues might have replied: "You are right. We know the work of conversion is the work of grace. The Indians know that, and that is an encouraging sign. You remember the story of Father Cataldo about the spiritual discernment of one of your Kalispels. Father Cataldo was priding himself that on one visit to the tribe he had had 100 baptisms and 55 First Communions. A brave with the simplicity of a child made this suggestion to Father Cataldo. 'Don't be proud, Blackrobe, for our conversions. It was not you that converted us. We were visited by five other Blackrobes who said the same as you and we were bad and did not listen. You came and said the same as they did but

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God touched our hearts. We were not converted because you came and spoke but because God touched our hearts. It is not your work; it is the work of God.'

"Your Kalispels have been good Catholics. One, Matthew, had a great respect for confession but doubted that all his friends were as well instructed as he. He had a suspicion that some sins were being left out in confessions. He offered himself as official witness to check on the completeness of confessions, but, of course, his help had to be refused. That may be a little humorous but it shows his respect for the sacrament.

"You have been disturbed by the tragedy of Big Smoke's death. You remember, though, that another Kalispel, a hundred years ago, met an untimely death, but how like Christ he died. This young brave was attacked without provocation by a white man. When he resisted he was arrested, taken to jail and chained to the wall. Without warning some one shot him from the window of the jail. Since he was dying he was given back to his relatives who brought him to a priest. When the priest asked him if he could forgive his enemy, he said, 'How could I dare to ask forgiveness from God, if I do not pardon my enemy? You speak to me the words of God and so I am ready to do all you tell me, and I forgive my enemy.'

"We Blackrobes, Father Thomas, have had our share of crosses as we have lived and suffered with our Indians. In our 300 years of experience, though, we've seen many examples of holiness and there are thousands of souls in Heaven because we were there to tell them the story of Christ and explain His teachings.

"You are concerned for the future of your Kalispels. Lost between two civilizations, there seems to be no hope for them. As with many other tribes bare survival is all that can



Someone looks mighty pleased with himself. Could it be on account of feathers in hat?

be foreseen at present, since seasonal work is all that many can expect. Your people have no money to buy machinery so the white neighbors will continue to harvest your rich crop of timothy hay. Baptiste is gone and no one is trained for leadership. Perhaps God will raise up a leader of vision and sanctity who will offer them hope and strengthen them for a future which is economically and morally secure. Some one will show them how to live in a white civilization without succumbing to its evils.

"Successful reservations will make the Indians independent. Economic and moral progress will give them back their self-respect and they will be energetic Catholics again—'animated with fervour and zeal'—as Father De Smet once found them."

The inspiration of Jogues, De Smet and the countless unsung missionaries to the Indians sustains Jesuits, old and young, who still work among the neglected of our country.



Father John Blewett S.J. chats with some grade schoolers at Sophia University baseball field in Tokyo. Interest doesn't appear 100%.

HIROSHIMA, AFTER 11 YEARS, still means to many Japanese and Americans the horror of the atom bomb that fell there in August, 1945. But to us from now on it will mean the Jesuit High School, *Hiroshima Gakuen*, staffed by American Jesuits of the California Province. The inaugural ceremonies on April 7 began with a Mass celebrated in the cathedral-like Peace Memorial Church of Hiroshima by Fr. Hilary Werts S.J., Rector of the new School. In his sermon, Very Rev. Peter Arrupe S.J., who had been in Hiroshima during the atomic bombing told the students, their parents and friends, "the present, new and vigorous resurrection from the debris of the fire is evident and from the distress of those days arise new opportunities for the people of Hiroshima."

Fr. Hilary Werts S.J. (left), Rector of the new Jesuit high school at Hiroshima, and Fr. Rockwell Shaules S.J. discuss the prospects for the new venture. The first class of 108 students was chosen from over 500 applicants. There are two other Jesuit high schools in Japan, at Kobe and Yokosuka.



*Education
in
Hiroshima*





A MISSION TAKES a giant step towards maturity the day it enters the field of journalism. At the pioneer stage, a press is usually a luxury, something scarcely to be dreamed about. There are converts to be made, much wearisome and costly building to absorb all the energies of the missionaries.

But there comes a day, soon or late, when a Catholic press is a vital necessity. Converts who have mastered the catechism have a hunger of mind and soul which oral instruction alone cannot satisfy. There are not enough tongues to preach and teach; there are too many ears ready to hear. So the missionary comes to the realization that he must multiply himself mechanically by means of a Catholic press.

The intrinsic reasons for establishing a solid Catholic press are obvious enough. The written word can reach out to those who do not know the Church, and more immediately, it can satisfy the almost endless needs of the young local Church for further instruction in the Faith and provide a source of growth in Christian piety and culture.

Extrinsic reasons for a press are often even more pressing. Many missions find themselves faced with a sudden and urgent need to meet the challenge of a flood of secular, communistic or anti-Catholic publications.

To us at home, starting a newspaper or publishing a book would not seem too formidable an undertaking. On the missions the task is often nearly insur-



Window on the Mission World

During the month of September the Holy Father asks us to pray for the success and strengthening of the Catholic press in the missions

mountable. In years past, it was possible to publish in European languages, chiefly French or English, and to be sure to reach at least a fair segment of the reading public. Today, by reason of legitimate national feeling and the growth of literacy among the masses who never learn a foreign language, a vernacular press is a must.

Few foreign missionaries are skilled enough in the complex languages of the missions to be able to write easily and accurately in them. In some cases, the natives themselves have not had enough education to take over the job. What is to be done?

The answer which missionaries have always given is this: begin, even if badly. The results on the missions today,

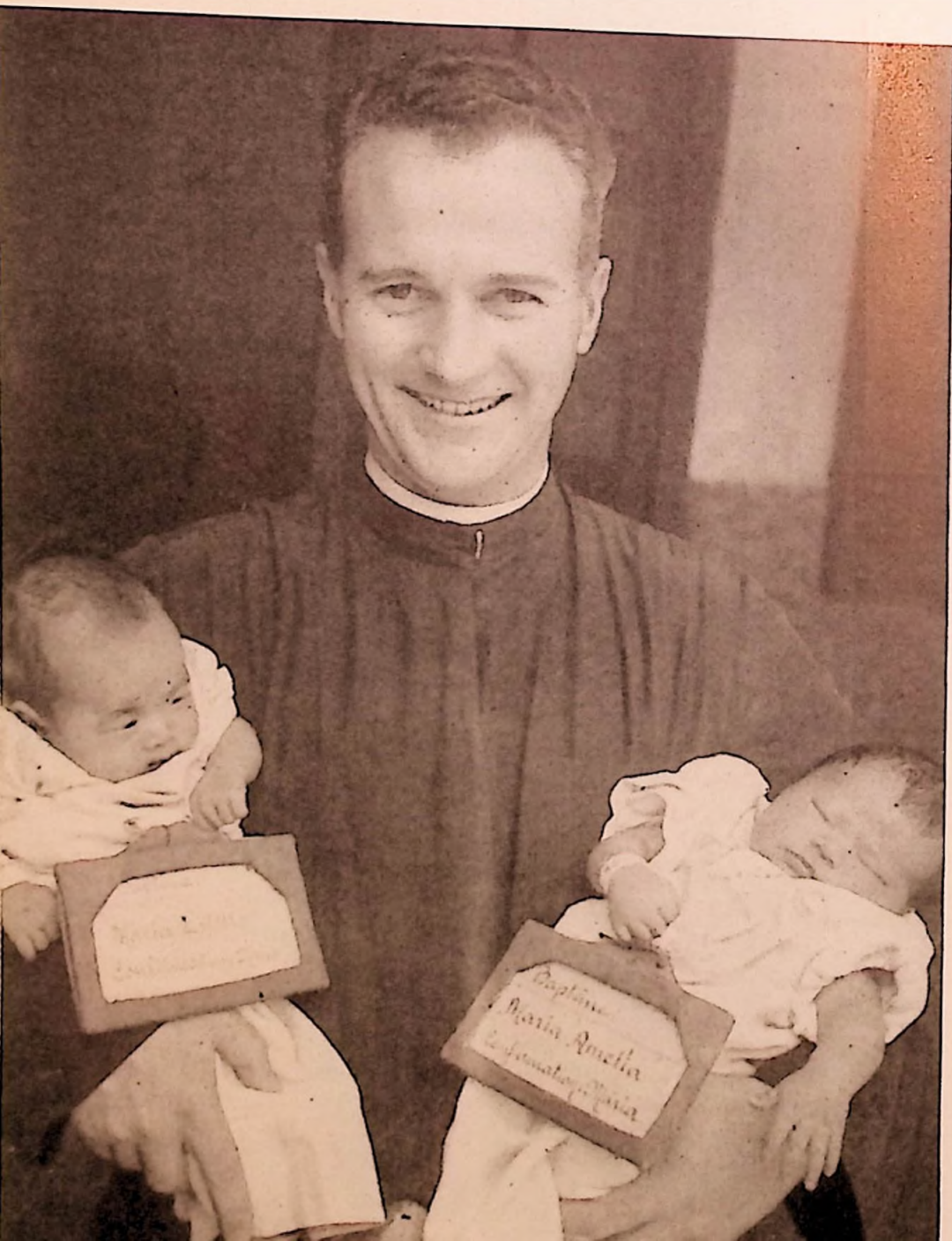
even if far from adequate, are encouraging. Catholic books, pamphlets, newspapers, magazines of every kind from the popular to the erudite now roll from Catholic presses. Missionary editors can point with pride to publications in languages which never before had been committed to writing. Quietly, with courage and sacrifice, the Catholic press is growing everywhere on the missions.

But only a beginning has been made. In this age of the mechanical diffusion of truth, the communications arts have become necessary arts for missionaries. Pen and press must preach.

With this in mind, we can understand the urgency of the Holy Father's mission intention for September: "For the Catholic Press in the Missions." The Pope is not asking us to pray for something extra or superfluous, but for an essential instrument of any modern apostolate, most of all, perhaps, the apostolate of the missions.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

JESUITS IN RED CHINA



Father John Clifford with babies he baptized before the coming of the Reds and his own imprisonment. Maria Estella and Maria Amelia must be old enough now to say a prayer for the priest who made them children of God and who stayed with his people to the end.

IN JUNE, 1953, the last four of the American Jesuit missionaries in China were arrested by the Communist authorities and thrown into jail. Up to then, they had been able to do some of the apostolic work for which they had spent long years in preparation, studying the Chinese language and people, and then Catholic theology at the Jesuit seminary in Zikawei, a mission compound in Shanghai. These years of study were climaxed by their ordination among the Chinese people they had come to love and their entire dedication to the work of bringing to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Now they were in jail, shut off from their Chinese brothers and from each other. Their thoughts might well go back through the 1,900 years of the Church's history and remind them of the vast numbers of their fellow Catholics who had suffered persecution, imprisonment and even death for love of Christ and His Church. Their thoughts might well include the hundreds of their fellow-Jesuits who had, in the Society's 400 years' history, been singled out for a like fate by the cruelty of oppressive governments and the dear hand of God's Providence.

They must have thought most of their compatriots, the American Jesuits of their own mission who had been expelled from the land of their adoption in the first days of the new Red fury, and now were working among the Chinese outside the mainland, considering themselves also exiles. They must most vividly have recalled that only a short time before their own spiritual leader, Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J., Prefect Apostolic of Yangchow, had been set free from his prison and expelled from the "Peoples' Republic" of China. They had not seen Monsignor Fahy, nor his two companions, Father William Ryan S.J. and Father James Thornton S.J. but they could well imagine that their joy at being set free from their captors was dampened by their sorrow at being forced to leave China.

All these thoughts could comfort a Catholic, a priest and a Jesuit if he had

any energy or inclination to think of them. But who could think during the gruelling interrogations of the Red jailors, the alternating cruelty and kindness of their "brain-washers," the daily struggle to remain faithful to God and the Faith taught by His Church under the constant pressure to "confess" their "crimes against the people of China."

In June of this year the glad news came to us that two of our four American Jesuits in jail in China had been released and hope was born that the other two might soon follow them to freedom.

Father Thomas A. Phillips S.J. and Father John W. Clifford S.J. were set free exactly three years after they were arrested in Shanghai. Last November they were taken from their jail cells for a public trial on the usual false charges of spying and being counter-revolutionaries against the Communist state. They were convicted and sentenced to three years in prison.

Of the four, Father Phillips was the oldest and had seen the longest service in China. Born in Butte, Montana, he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Los Gatos, Calif., and at the end of his philosophy studies at Mount St. Michael, Spokane, Wash., he went to China to begin his missionary career in 1928. After teaching at St. Ignatius High School at Zikawei and at Gonzaga College, Shanghai, he studied theology at Zikawei and was ordained there. Tertianship at Wuhu preceded his appointment as director of the high school at Gonzaga, Shanghai.

Each step of Father Phillips' years of preparation in China is recorded in the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS* and so our readers of those days must have had a special interest in what they heard of his priestly work that followed. Soon he was the Vice-Rector of Gonzaga, then assistant to Father McGreal at Christ the King Church and Pastor of that church until his arrest and imprisonment.

Father John Clifford became a Jesuit in 1937, and taught as a scholastic at Santa Clara College before sailing for China in 1946. Theology and tertianship there occupied the years until he was assigned as Father Phillips' assistant at

JESUITS IN RED CHINA



This photo of Father McCarthy was taken back in days of editing "Catholic Review."



In 1949 China's Minister to the Vatican, Dr. John C. H. Wu, talked with Fathers Phillips and Houle, now in Communist prisons.

Christ the King Church, Shanghai, in 1951. A year later, he was in jail.

As we write these lines, two other American Jesuits have not yet been released from jail. They are Father John A. Houle S.J. and Father Charles J. McCarthy S.J. But we are hoping and praying that this will come soon. Father Houle is a native of Glendale, Calif. After attending Holy Family parochial school there and Cathedral High School in Los Angeles, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1932. Ordained in 1945, he went to China two years later. His work in the mission stations was cut short by the Communists and his priestly work was confined to Christ the King Church until his imprisonment.

Father Charles J. McCarthy S.J. was a prominent veteran of mission work in China at the time of his arrest. Before Pearl Harbor and internment in a Japanese concentration camp, he had spent several years in language and theology studies and was a professor of theology at Zikawei. After liberation he returned to the United States to work for a degree in journalism at Marquette University. Back in China, he was attached to the publicity department of the Chinese Bishops' Welfare Committee and wrote for the American Catholic papers much of the news of the Communist conquest of China.

With the release of Father Phillips and Father Clifford and the hoped-for freeing of Fathers Houle and McCarthy, the relatively short history of the Yangchow mission of the American Jesuits of the California Province would seem to come to an end. Yet it has not really ended. It is transferred, rather, to other fields where Chinese in exile hope for the day when China itself will be set free from the bonds of its oppressors. On that day priests, Jesuits among them, will be ready to resume their work for the Kingdom of God among the Chinese people in their homeland. They too will be at home again.

The power of one man given the grace of God is incalculable. Ignatius made brilliant apostles and founded the largest missionary order.

SAINT IGNATIUS

By JAMES BRODRICK S.J.

WE ARE PRIVILEGED to print some extracts from the soon to be published SAINT IGNATIUS LOYOLA: *The Pilgrim Years* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy) by James Brodrick S.J. Father Brodrick is undoubtedly the most delightful Jesuit historian now writing. His narrative of Ignatius is interesting to all missionaries, and we trust to our readers, because the very thought of a missionary order, and the ideals by which Jesuit missionaries live today, came from Ignatius' encounter with Christ.

The Human Ignatius

Owing to the death of Juan Perez, [the oldest brother of Ignatius], Martin Garcia, the next in succession and a young man in his early twenties, became the heir of Loyola. He, too, like his father, had shown his valour in the War of Granada. In 1498, he brought as his bride to the family mansion a Basque lady named Magdalena de Araoz who had been in the entourage of Queen Isabella, though not one of her immediate attendants. From the Queen she received, probably as a wedding present, an old and attractive painting of the Annunciation which has ever since occupied the place of honour in the tiny private oratory of the Casa, built to contain it. Inigo, then seven years old, would almost certainly have been brought to live in the bosom of his family, with his new sister-in-law, a devout and accomplished woman, to replace the mother he had lost and the

nurse he had outgrown. That he became extremely attached to her seems to be indicated by a sweet little story told of him many years later in Rome. A man whom he received into the Society of Jesus in 1551 was tempted to abandon his vocation through love for one of his relatives. Ignatius sent for him, seated him by his side and opened his heart to him. At the time of his conversion, he related, he had a Book of Hours which contained a picture of our Blessed Lady. The face was very like that of one of his relatives, and when he came to it in reading the Hours, he always felt a surge of human affection towards her, so that he was obliged to cover the picture over very reverently, to avoid distractions at his devotions.

Vigil at Montserrat

Montserrat, the mountain notched like a saw (in Latin, serra), is not so much a mountain as a most extraordinary agglomeration of rocks of every fantastic shape, standing four thousand feet in the air . . . Half way up the unique mountain on a rare level shelf of rock, the Catalans built a modest chapel of our Lady about the year 888 . . . The chief treasure of the chapel and monastery was and is a completely charming dark brown, almost black, statue of the Madonna and Child, carved by some unknown genius while the Moors held Spain . . . On the eve of the Annunciation, Inigo read his long general confession to his kindly director, the only man on earth who then knew his closely

guarded secret of renouncing the world and assuming the life of a mendicant, as St. Francis of Assisi had done.

It was easy to obtain permission to hang the sword and dagger from the grille which separated the chapel of our Lady from the body of the church, as ex-votos were constantly being left by pilgrims and the monastery was full of them. But how to dispose of the gentleman-soldier's rich apparel was another matter . . . The monastery precincts were inevitably crowded with beggars and similar persons with an eye to the main chance. Among them, after night had fallen, Inigo with the utmost secrecy chose his man, took him aside, and explained that he wished to change into other clothes for a penitential reason. Would the good fellow oblige by accepting the suit he was then wearing? Though, no doubt, astonished, the good fellow was also delighted.

The change was quickly made in some dark, secluded corner, and Inigo put on jubilantly, next to his skin, the long sackcloth robe which he had bought for that immortal hour, tying it at the waist with a piece of rope. Then, having fixed on his right foot the hempen sandal, leaving the other bare, he took his stand, with his staff and calabash, before the altar of our Lady, lit by a hundred lamps of silver and gold.

He was not, as usually shown in pictures, inside the chapel, but stood or knelt all night immediately outside the *reja* or grille, so often in Spanish churches a thing of rarest beauty. Nor was he by any means alone. Groups of pilgrims sang hymns all around him, or prayed by his side or prepared to make their confessions. At midnight, the fifty monks came in solemn procession to sing the Matins and Lauds of the Annunciation.

In March at Montserrat the cold can be terrible, but in Inigo's heart burned a fire which annulled it. He is the only saint known to have dedicated himself utterly to God by a vigil of arms. The idea had come to him from an old romance, but the deed itself transcended all ceremony, and was an act of superna-

tural love, inspired by Heaven. Just before dawn Mass was solemnly sung, and then the Watcher of our Lady, having received Holy Communion, slipped quietly away down the mountain, in the gathering light of a new day.

Ignatius Was a Boy

Naturally enough, very little is known of the boyhood of Inigo at Loyola. Nobody had the slightest idea that he would become a famous man and leave his mark permanently on his country and on Christendom, so nobody took much notice of him. He is said on one occasion to have robbed a garden, a prank of which his friend and first biographer Ribadeneyra makes rather heavy weather. The love of music was in his blood, for all Basque children sing as naturally as birds. It has been said of Basques that two of them together inevitably means a game of pelota and three, a choir. Many years later, when often gravely ill and in great pain in Rome, Inigo would receive more solace from someone singing to him or playing the guitar than from any of the doctors' nostrums, though he did not often allow himself the indulgence.

He also learned the strenuous Basque dances, and gave proof of his proficiency in them nearly thirty years later when he was a poor student living on alms at the University of Paris. One of the many people who used to come to him for spiritual and temporal assistance fell into a great melancholy, and astonished him one day by saying: 'If you would sing a little for me and dance the way they do in your native Basqueland, I think it would cheer me up and console me.' Inigo at once both sang and danced, though he was slightly lamed, to such good effect that his melancholy friend began there and then to get rid of the depression that gnawed at his heart, until within a few days he was completely cured of it.

Another detail, utterly trivial though it may seem, was Inigo's addiction as a boy and man to roasted chestnuts. One very close to him in Rome recounted that in the years immediately preceding his



Whenever you think of Ignatius you almost automatically think of Xavier. St. Francis Xavier, perhaps the greatest of all missionaries, and now their patron, was under God the creation of St. Ignatius. He stands as the prime example of the aim of Ignatius in forming his least society to work on the frontiers of the Church. With the dispatch of Xavier for the Orient—it was his thirty-fifth birthday—along with an Italian Jesuit and a young scholastic, Jesuit missionary work was launched. Men still depart every year imbued with the spirit of Xavier and Ignatius.

death he had completely lost his appetite: 'The treat which we occasionally prepared for him was to give him four roasted chestnuts, which he seemed to appreciate, as being the fruit of his own country, and the food on which he grew up.'

Xavier and Ignatius

About the first relations between Pierre's other friend Francis Xavier and Inigo, little is known. Apparently they were not cordial. Francis must have been aware, for it was common report, that the elderly student who had moved in on them was as well born as himself. But what a way for a gentleman of Spain to behave, begging in the streets, living like a vagrant, so misconducting himself that it became necessary to denounce him to the Inquisitor! Francis

lived as close to Inigo as Pierre did, recounts Polanco, but 'in things of the spirit he was not much drawn to him'—in rebus spiritualibus non ei admodum addictus. There are hints in old sources that he even made mild fun of the new arrival, in a well bred way, of course, for he was very much a gentleman.

But he was burdened with Inigo's company only for a year, as he succeeded in obtaining a teaching post at the College of Do mans-Beauvais and moved into an unfurnished room there in September, 1530. He was given his keep but no salary, and he had to buy some furniture, then as now very expensive. There are many wails from students and masters about the cost of living in Paris in those days, as also in our days. Poor Francis tried hard to maintain his dignity before the world

as a nobleman of Spain. He even kept an extraordinary Navarrese student as servant, one Miguel Landívar, who a little later decided to murder Inigo because he seemed to be turning Francis from the path of worldly advancement! Money from the castle in Navarre came only in small amounts and irregularly, so Francis often found himself in desperate straits, especially as he had to contribute to the many festivities which colleges in those days were fond of celebrating.

He was to a large extent dependent on such small fees as he could pick up from students, themselves as a rule chronically impecunious, and a new professor would have had to prove his academic worth before acquiring a clientele. Nevertheless, the pupils came, but he soon discovered that it was not

exactly for love of his *beaux yeux*. They were being directed to his classes by the odd old gentleman at Sainte-Barbe who seemed by some mystery to have acquired an extraordinary ascendancy over them! From the same source also came sums of money, conveyed with the most delicate tact, to tide proud Francis over his moments of financial stress. He began to thaw towards Inigo and even to seek his advice and listen to his counsels. At first it seems to have been slow and hard going for Inigo, as Francis did not easily relinquish his worldly dreams...

Long and arduous was Inigo's wooing of Francis, but the really extraordinary thing is that he should have wanted to woo and ardently desired to win a young man of much charm but no particular distinction . . .

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA: The Pilgrim Years: 1491-1538 by James Brodrick S.J. This interesting, witty and accurate book describes the early years of Ignatius—his own turning to God, his attempts to get an education, the beginning of the idea of a missionary society, the impetuous trip to Jerusalem, the winning of Xavier and some of the other great men of the Society of Jesus. It provides a true insight into the forming of the Jesuit ideal. 372 pages. Index. Maps.

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TWO BIRDS



KURT BECKER S.J.

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived in France a lad named Escoffier who became the world's most famous chef. Needless to say he was not a Jesuit missionary.

Randolph Knight, on the other hand, *did* become a missionary, in Jamaica. But unlike Escoffier, he is not a superb cook. In fact, you would have to search long and carefully to find a worse one.

So, since even missionaries must eat, Father Knight hired Mimi. The trouble is that Mimi has to be paid regularly, and now and then, despite the low wages in Jamaica, after paying the cook, Father has no money to buy food for her to work on. He doesn't have much money. No missionary ever does.

One hot noon Father sat at table, gazing at his reflection in the watery soup and munching a gritty sort of dry bread, glumly aware that soup (watery) and bread (gritty) would be on the menu until he got some money. Then Medora knocked.

Medora is thin and black and has a plain face that lights up pleasantly when she smiles. She lives ten miles away, on the seashore, and always wears a Sacred Heart badge. At the moment she was apparently on her way to market. At least, she had a pair of pigeons in her hand. Such beautiful birds! So plump! So healthy!

"I dream las' night, Fadder," she said, "I dream an angel say bring

Fadder two pigeon an' God will bless me."

"Medora," began Father, sternly, "you know that dreams . . ." His voice faded. People shouldn't take stock in dreams. That's superstition. On the other hand . . . well, God's Providence, and charity. And those plump, beautiful birds! . . . There would always be time to explain that dreams come from eating or worrying too much.

So he fetched the holy water. Medora knelt happily, clutching her pigeons.

"He hath delivered me from the snare of the hunter." He read sonorously from the prayers for the sick, and Medora said "Amen."

"He will overshadow thee with His shoulders, and under His wings shalt thou trust." And Medora said: "Amen!"

"There shall be no evil come to thee nor shall the scourge come near thy dwelling." And Medora said: "AMEN!"

A few minutes later, damp from a good sprinkling with holy water, Medora departed smilingly homeward, happy and pigeonless. Father Knight, birds firmly in hand, made his way contentedly toward the kitchen. The ways of Providence, he reflected, are strange and wonderful. There would be squab tonight. And Sunday there would be a rousing sermon on superstition in general and the folly of dreams in particular. Let Escoffier stick to his cooking; Father would do the preaching.



This was the Hong Kong of yesterday when the Irish Jesuits first arrived.

The Irish in Hong

EVERY MISSION FIELD differs one from another, and school work consequently in every mission differs also. No matter how small a particular mission country or area may be, it has specific problems and a character of its own, and Hong Kong, though one of the smallest mission areas in the world, has a very definite character since there is not quite any parallel to it anywhere.

Hong Kong is a British Colony peopled almost entirely by Chinese, but it is not a colony which was already existing and was taken over by the British. It was a barren rock on which the British built a trading port, and because of the security it gave to life there, it attracted a population from the neighboring Chinese mainland. It has been over a hundred years in existence. It has experienced

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THOMAS F. RYAN S.J.

million are refugees from Communist China. It has a frontier touching Communist China, and it has a government and a way of life, and a method of labor organization, all of which are in complete contrast to those of the neighboring Chinese regime, yet it goes on with no disturbances and with a fair hope that it can continue successfully this course for a good time to come.

Naturally, education in such conditions is of extreme importance, and Catholic education has responsibilities and opportunities which are unique. It is providential that a number of Catholic schools were established in the Colony for many years before the Communist occupation of the mainland, and that they have enjoyed the confidence of both government and people. The two colleges of the Irish Jesuits have a short history, but one that seems to have been directed by the hand of God in preparation for the strange situation of Hong Kong at the present time.

In the twenties of the present century the Irish province of the Society arranged with the Congregation of Propaganda for a mission in China. It was first intended that it should be in the Kiangsu province. But just at the time when that was being arranged, a new bishop was appointed to Hong Kong, and one of the first things that he looked for was for some native English-speaking priests. The mission body to which he belonged and which has had charge of the mission, or diocese as it is now, since the beginning is that of the Foreign Mission of Milan.

The Bishop was anxious that some English-speaking priests should take an interest in the University, and he applied for Jesuits. It was then that the Irish Province was asked to change the direction of its China mission and come to Hong Kong. In accordance with the Bishop's wishes, a university hostel was established, and a few Fathers began to work in the University as lecturers. Other Fathers, according as their number increased, took up other activities in the Colony, the largest one of which was the direction of a Regional Seminary which was entrusted to the Mission.

The only Catholic schools for boys under the direction of Religious at that time were two large and very successful schools directed by the Brothers of La Salle, and an industrial school directed by the Salesians, who were also mostly Italians. The Brothers of the La Salle schools

Kong

crises and problems one after another during those years. By the most surprising set of circumstances, it has developed now into a financially secure and, for the moment, only safe place in the whole Far East where East and West mingle. It has a population of nearly 2½ million, of whom all but one

were for the most part French. There was therefore no school for boys directed by native English-speaking Catholics, even though English was very prominent in the education of the Colony, where the official languages were English and Chinese. Representations were therefore very soon made to the Irish Jesuits that they should open a school.

It was here that Providence seemed to intervene in a very special way. There was then in the Colony a large day school directed by two Chinese Catholic laymen. It was called Wah Yan College and it was situated on the island, which is the main part of the Colony, with a branch on the promontory on the opposite side of the harbor which is also included in the territory of Hong Kong. This school and its branch differed from the other Catholic schools in the fact that it was completely for Chinese boys and was altogether bi-lingual in its studies. In the case of the La Salle colleges there were many Portuguese and Eurasian boys as well as Chinese. The laymen's school had, however, very few Catholic pupils.

The college of Wah Yan had extended so greatly that the two men who owned it felt that it had got beyond their capacity to manage, particularly financially. They were very friendly with the Irish Jesuits, and had invited them to teach religious doctrine in the school. When they realized that they could not continue the school along the lines on which they had been working heretofore, and make it pay, they proposed that on special terms it should be transferred to the care of the Irish Jesuits. It was, after due negotiations, arranged, and the school on the island of Hong Kong, which was the larger of the two and the first to be established, passed into the hands of the Jesuits.

There were certain difficulties that arose in the beginning. One was that this was the main English-teaching school for boys under the care of Chinese, and naturally there was some displeasure at seeing it transferred to rather recently-arrived foreigners. There was also resentment on the part of some senior

teachers in the school. They felt that when a change was contemplated they should have been consulted about it and given an opportunity to share in the management of the school.

The result was that when the Fathers first took over the school there was hostility on the part of some of the pupils, of some of the teachers, and of some of the parents and influential Chinese in the Colony. It was only by considerable patience that these difficulties were overcome. One thing which helped to overcome them was that in connection with the school there was a hostel in which a number of the boys lived. This was very overcrowded and it did not provide the kind of accommodation that those accustomed to western schools considered necessary.

It was this however that helped greatly to solve the other problems. The hostel was continued and naturally those who lived in it came into much closer contact with the Fathers than the other boys. Very soon the boys who lived in this hostel got on very friendly terms with the new directors and teachers of the school, and an excellent spirit was established. In a short time this spread to the rest of the school, and within a year the whole atmosphere had changed and a most friendly spirit prevailed.

It was in 1933 that the school came under Jesuit management, and in the years between that time and the Japanese occupation of the Colony, 1941, the school made considerable progress and gained a very good reputation.

There were every year many conversions and gradually the family opposition to the conversion of the pupils, which was rather strong at first, became less, and a good body of Catholic students, remarkably fervent, existed in the school.

With the coming of the war and the Japanese occupation everything was changed. The school was carried on during the occupation on a small scale as a Chinese school, with everything done in Chinese, since English was prohibited. The number of pupils was small, the difficulties made by the Japanese au-



The Irish in Hong Kong

thorities were considerable, and in 1945 the Japanese closed the school. Fortunately the end of the war came almost immediately. With the return of the British to Hong Kong the work of the school began once again on the former lines. After a few years the owners of the second Wah Yan college, on the mainland, offered it also to the Irish Jesuits and this in turn came under their management.

A few years later it became possible to replace the two inadequate premises by larger buildings, and finally the two Wah Yan colleges were well established in modern school buildings with the fullest facilities to carry on the school work adequately. It exhausted the resources of the Mission to erect them and the financial strain was such that many activities had to be curtailed.

As things were developing it was clear that sound education was the one hope of the future and every sacrifice was made in order to provide it. At that time money was pouring in to Hong Kong for schools that knew nothing of Catholic ideals and in many cases were fiercely hostile to them, and in order to oppose these it was necessary to provide material facilities comparable to those which they offered. Hence more had to be expended on the new Jesuit schools than would have been spent in other circumstances. It was a need that was difficult to meet but it had to be faced.

By the time the schools were built the Communists had occupied the Chinese mainland. For a time the situation in Hong Kong was tense, because no one knew what the fate of the Colony might be. There were some labor disturbances and some moments of anxiety, but eventually things settled down and the life of the Colony went on peacefully. Not only that, but the Colony developed enormously owing to the influx of refugees both rich and poor, mainly poor, and also the influx of capital. With a doubling of the population, building increased, and with the necessity of in-

dustrialists to leave Shanghai and other Chinese cities, new industries began to be developed in Hong Kong, and instead of being a mercantile port the Colony became an important industrial center as well. There was new wealth in the Colony as well as a great deal of added poverty, but with the usual adaptability of the Chinese to new circumstances things settled down and a new phase of the Colony's existence began.

Now the situation is that while in most parts of the East there is unrest and difficulty both political and economic, Hong Kong is prosperous and has a stable government and a contented population. There are naturally elements in the population that would like to stir up trouble as in other places in the East, but they have not sufficient popular support to make any radical change. Also, it would seem, the Communists on the mainland have decided that they do not wish to risk another war by creating serious political disturbances in Hong Kong. Therefore the Colony is a place where peaceful government is maintained, where education is developed, and where Chinese find the fullest opportunity for business and the preparation of their children for new careers.

This position of the two Wah Yan colleges in these circumstances is naturally very exceptional. Between the two schools there are about 1,700 boys. The course that they follow brings them from the end of their primary education to the completion of the middle school course and then of preparation for entrance to the University.

The friendship which existed before between the masters and boys is greater than it ever was. The Chinese pupils realize that those who are teaching in the school and are directing the studies have no other object than to help them, and that they are particularly interested in them as among the small body of Chinese boys of this generation who can face freedom in the future. The demand

for places in the schools is very great and the standard of work is very high, because in the present condition of things, and with the difficulty of gaining admittance to any school in Hong Kong, there is no place for laziness or poor work, and the result is a great anxiety to do well, a personal anxiety of a kind not experienced in most Western schools.

The special circumstances of these boys' lives, the conditions which have made them exiles from their country, affect them in other ways too. It breeds in them a desire to find their feet both morally and spiritually in the disturbed state of life that has come to their people. A great many of the boys belong to families that had to leave China because they would not live under Communism. Practically all have relatives in Communist China and they know what the "new order" has meant to them. At the same time they dread to think that they will be permanent exiles, the parallel of those "White Russians" who were such a pitiable class in China.

They meet Communist propaganda too in many ways, especially put in the form of a patriotic call to the young. They discuss these things among themselves, and when the time comes when they begin to wonder what will become of them when they will leave school, they feel the need of what they will later call a "philosophy of life" or, better, the supporting hand of God.

The number of conversions is now greater than ever before, and while the circumstances demand that only those who are really determined to face the future boldly can be admitted into the Church, there is no doubt of the sincerity of the applicants for baptism. It would be difficult to find parallel circumstances in which the youthful minds are more ready for good molding, and in which there is a more serious outlook on life among a school population. The pupils realize that an unknown future lies ahead of them.

The Chinese are realists, and even the youngest look seriously towards the future, and these boys have no delusions about the difficulties that they will have

to face. They look to the future with courage, and all who have contact with them feel that there is here a body of young Chinese who will worthily maintain the great tradition of their people and that whatever happens they will make themselves felt in the world that they are entering.

Naturally every effort is made to train them for the future they will meet. Particular efforts are made to help them to realize that rich and poor no longer live apart. There is in connection with each of the two schools a club for poor boys, for the poorest children of the city. This is managed by past students and in it the present students also take an interest. There is also in the school buildings in the evening time a large school for poor children, so that they share in the facilities which the school provides.

By this means, as well as through other ways, the boys are helped to realize that they must do their part for their poorer companions. There are also in the school many opportunities of giving free education to poorer boys, and the barriers of class are completely broken down at the present time. There is stern teaching also of Catholic responsibility, and of the social responsibilities and civic duties of all educated persons, and there is the satisfaction of feeling that those who go from the school will be worthy of the Catholic education that they have received.

Whenever one speaks about Hong Kong there are questions about the future, but these cannot be answered. There is confidence in Hong Kong that danger will be kept away for some time yet, but there is also the necessity of preparing for changes that might come quickly. No one in Hong Kong nourishes illusions about the future. At the same time there is confidence and courage and one has every reason to feel that these qualities prevail in the boys who are formed in the Catholic schools of the Colony. The Fathers in the Wah Yan Colleges realize that Providence has given them a special opportunity and they are trying with God's help to make the fullest use of it.

The Business of MISSIONS

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Dear Friend:

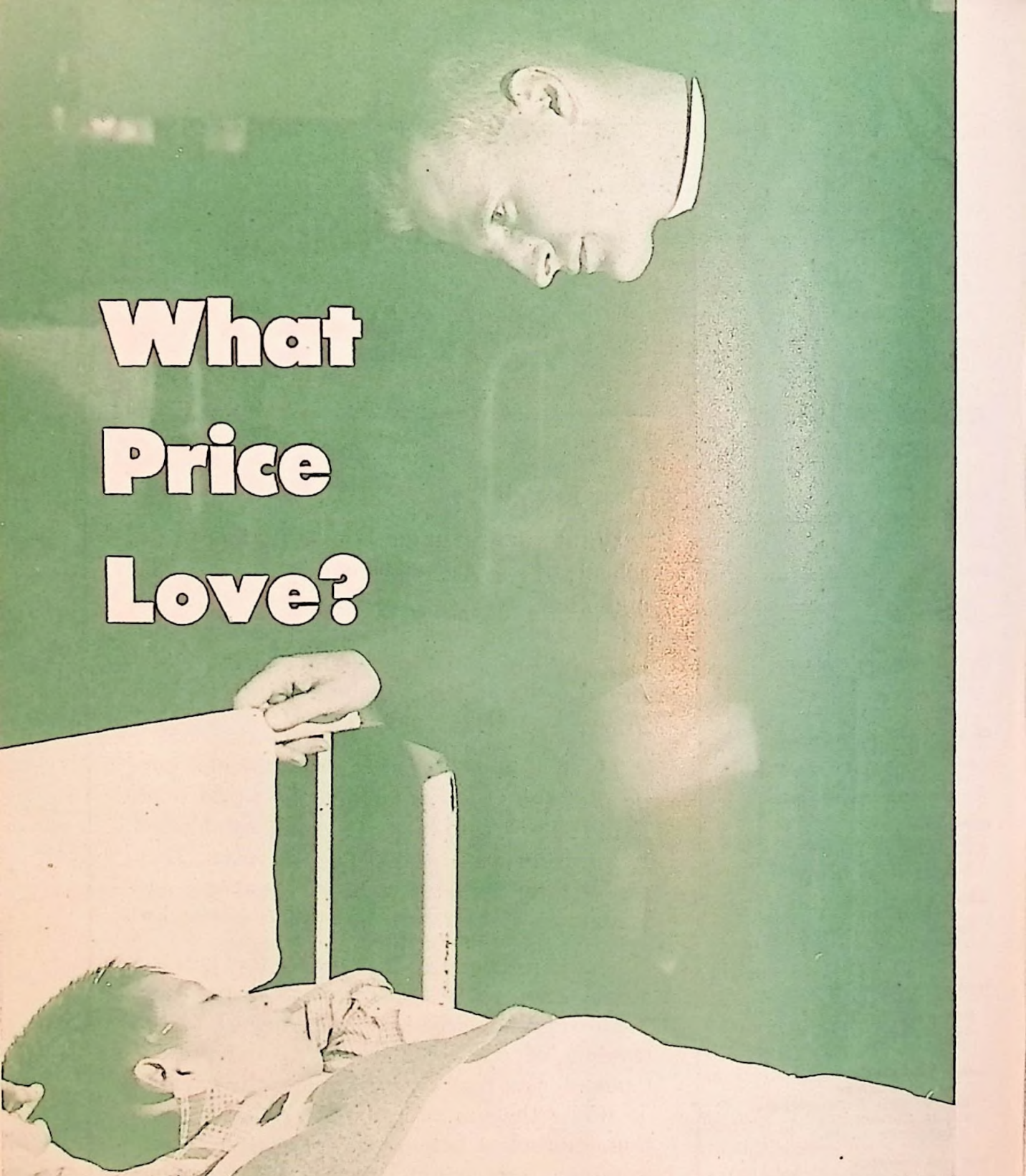
Within one year 602 pupils trained in the schools of one Archdiocese entered seminaries and novitiates of religious orders. This was not the result of one year but rather countless years of sacrifice by the people of that Archdiocese and the zealous efforts of both Priests and Sisters.

The fact illustrates well a fundamental purpose of the Catholic Church the world over. If the church is to be permanently established in a territory then schools are essential. They are the inevitable source of vocations and leaders in secular life.

In the missions of the Jesuits the greatest single expense is our educational program. This is particularly true with regard to the training of our seminarians. At the present moment, you may not feel financially capable of aiding that important work. As an inspiration for such a bequest in your last will and testament you might consider the following statement of our Holy Father: "If they (the faithful) help even one candidate for the priesthood they will share in all the future Masses and in all the fruits of sanctity and apostolic works that will be his."

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

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



**What
Price
Love?**

IF LOVE alone could run the missions, there would be no trouble. But the boy in the bed, and others like him, need *food, clothes, shelter, medicine, books, toys*. Love, obviously, they have. Won't you help the American Indian Missions with money to buy these other things?

Five dollars would be gratefully received for them at

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

A FIELD

with American Jesuits

Man of the Month

FATHER WILLIAM SHEEHAN has been teaching math and physics in Baghdad for some twenty years and is a one man gang in preparing the fifth high boys for the government exams every year. He is a masterful teacher with a marvelous sense of humor. To use the expression of the boys, "We laugh and learn with Father Sheehan." His habitual knowledge is so vast and exact that he has no need to refer to texts or notes in class and the result is an intellectually stimulating experience free from all pedantry. He is also the life-saver of the scholastics assigned to teach math and physics in the lower classes.

He is a man of medium height and walks with a swinging stride of easy confidence. His sandy hair is thin on top but his light blue eyes have the sparkle of youth. He was a great ball player in his day and has kept his interest in athletics alive by communicating it to the boys. Every spring sees him out lining the track for the annual meet at the school and he is always available as the timer or measurer as the boys train for their events. He regularly coaches the boys softball team for the traditional Thanksgiving Day game with the Fathers and adds lots of color to the affair with his classic comments and observations.

He was never able to master the dif-



ficult Arabic language so his apostolate has been that of the classroom and the ball field. He filled in as an auxiliary chaplain to the American troops stationed on the Persian Gulf during the war and takes his turn at supply in the oil fields and pumping stations during vacations. He is eminently successful in all personal contacts as he goes cheerfully on "plunging into the great work," to use one of his expressions.

GEORGE GLOSTER S.J.

PHILIPPINES WEATHER MAN



For many years, Father Miguel Selga S.J. was the official "weather man" for the Philippine Islands.

As Director of the Weather Bureau in Manila, a part of the Jesuit Fathers' Observatory, he issued the daily reports and the storm warnings that are an important part of daily life in the Far East. His death on April 23, 1956, at San Jose Seminary ended a long and distinguished two-fold career as a Jesuit priest and as a scientist.

A native of Spain, he entered the Society of Jesus and made almost all of his Jesuit studies there before coming to the United States to prepare himself for the Philippines Mission. The last two years of theology and his Tertianship were completed here. His special studies in seismology, astronomy and meteorology were accomplished in American Universities and Observatories before he sailed for the Islands in 1915.

Upon his arrival in Manila in September of that year, he joined the staff of the Jesuit Observatory, succeeding Fr. Aglue as Director of the Weather Bureau in January, 1926 and remaining as Director of the Observatory until 1945.

As a Jesuit scientist, Fr. Selga gained world renown. His work as head of the official Weather Bureau in Manila through the weather reports and the storm warnings issued regularly was of incalculable benefit not only to the Philippines but to all Oriental ports, shipping and business interests. The scientific research that he undertook personally or fostered as Director of the Observatory were of universal benefit; such were his special investigations of solar phenomena and tropical typhoons. He lectured on astronomy and meteorology at the University of the Philippines and took a prominent part in many international scientific conventions. He was a member of astronomical and seismological societies in America, France, Italy and Spain. In the Philip-

ppines, he was a charter member of the National Research Council, the Geological Society and of the Philippines Historical Society.

He was honored by the governments of the three countries with which his life and work were linked. From the Spanish government he received the Grand Cross of the Order of Isabella the Catholic. General MacArthur bestowed on him the Medal of Freedom in the name of the American Government. The Philippines gave him the medal of distinction of the Philippines Meteorological Society; an honorary degree of Doctor of Science from the Philippines Women's University and a citation for achievements in science from the Unesco National Commission in the Philippines.

As a priest he was in demand as a speaker at many school commencements and sought as a spiritual adviser by many, rich and poor, influential and humble. It was to the spiritual that he was assigned in the last years of his life, ending his days as spiritual Father for the community and for the Minor Seminary at San Jose. May his great soul rest in peace!

PATNA DOINGS



Father Robert Wilkinson S.J., writing from Patna City, always has some news that we want to pass on to you. Recently he wrote:

"I've just come down from our Villa Loyola in the Himalayan mountains. A month up there close to the snows of Kinchenjunga takes all the mystery out of the problems here on the Ganges. When I went up there I was considerably worried about a new work we had taken on here at Nirmala Library, the work of caring for three lads who had wandered in from the bazaar, hungry and in need of a place to sleep and a goal at which to aim. Of course, I could have side-stepped the problem and referred these lads to one of our orphan homes in the diocese but they have been in

and out of orphan homes, schools and all kinds of trouble so often that extraordinary measures are called for.

"The extraordinary measures that I have taken are to set them to work making rosaries. The scheme is to present these rosaries to my benefactors in the States and everywhere else. If enough folks pray the rosary for these lads and the fellows who are sure to follow them to Nirmala Library, Our Lady might bless this project with such success that many will be led to Christ.

"Holy Family Hospital across the street from my pitch here in the bazaar is about to move into the new hospital built for them by Father Loesch on the other side of Patna. The quarters of the old hospital can be turned into a home for these boys who wander aimlessly about the bazaar. They come from all parts of the country. During the past five years here in the bazaar I have learned enough about them, I hope, to be able to help them. Please put this intention up front in your prayers and I shall tell

you from time to time how we are making out.

"Brother Bruno Karpinski was up in Kathmandu just after the coronation. He is our printer at Sanjivan, you know, and when his plane was circling the Kathmandu airport at 11,000 feet, another plane just landing cracked up with a loss of eleven lives. Three lads from St. Xavier's, Patna, who were on their way to Kathmandu were killed in the accident.

"Father Loesch is back on the job at the new hospital after an accident that injured his right foot. A steel beam fell on it. He only has a few problems left, like deciding the color of the terrazzo floors. Yesterday he was deciding this problem in the company of the Superioress of the Medical Missions Sisters, Sister Leonie, as he was showing her the unfinished part of the building. As luck would have it, Father Loesch bumped his sore toe on a brick. Sister Leonie tells me the color was blue!"

That is one way of choosing a color.



This 26-foot launch, Loyola I, bought by the donations of JESUIT MISSIONS readers for use by the Jesuit chaplains of the leper colony of Culion, Philippines, enables them to visit the outlying stations along the shore. Mass is said each month by Fr. Dimaano S.J. for their generous benefactors.

VOCATIONS

This is the season so many of our young American boys and girls are entering upon the religious and seminary life. We are proud if we know even one of these new trainees in Christ's spiritual army. Let us pray that more future American missionaries will be found among them.

Our Jesuit missionaries are proud, too, and thankful when they see their work and hopes fulfilled by vocations from among the people for and with whom they have been working. This summer fifteen novices were received at the Jesuit Novitiate in the Philippines. At least ten novices were accepted by the Patna Vice-Province and portioned out for their training among the Jesuit novitiates of India. Soon, we hope, Patna will have its own novitiate buildings.

We ask you to join our Jesuit missionaries' prayers of thanks.



HERE COME THE SISTERS

Father Francis Hogan of Progreso, Honduras, wants everyone to share his joy at this good news:

"The Notre Dame Sisters are coming to Progreso in Honduras 'for keeps.' For three years a group of the Notre Dame Sisters from the St. Louis Province have sacrificed their Summer vacation to come to Honduras and catechize for three months and then return home in September to start the school year all over again. For some time we have been inviting the Sisters to come and stay. Mother Theodosio, the Provincial Superior of the Sisters, came to Progreso and promised to send us four Sisters to begin the new foundation. I am so happy that I must tell everyone about it.

"The work in this parish is simply too great for the three Jesuit Fathers who are here. We have over 30,000 Catholics, Progreso itself has over 10,000. There are 50 villages outside of Progreso that have to be visited. Each year the Fathers of this parish baptize about

1,600. Father Charles Prendergast is occupied all day long at our High School which is now three years old with 153 students. Father Frederick Schuller teaches religion to some of the High School students. He spends the rest of the time visiting villages. It remains for me to take care of the business here at the parish, oversee a grade school, and on occasions visit villages.

"The Sisters will be a great boost to this parish. They will teach certain classes in our High School and do catechetical work. Their work here is going to transform this parish."

SCHOOLBOY'S PRAISE



This tribute to the first two Jesuit scholastics to teach at Xavier High School, Truk, came from the pen of a student, Gideon K. Doone.

"It is with the greatest gratitude that I write this article about Fr. Curran and Fr. Connolly, the first two Jesuit Scholastics to come to Xavier. We cannot repay them for what they have done for us. They came all the way from the States to help Micronesia by teaching the boys here at Xavier High School.

"Fr. Connolly and Fr. Curran were both born in New York City. Fr. Curran went to Xavier High School in New York while Fr. Connolly attended Fordham Prep. Upon completion of high school they entered the Society of Jesus.

"In 1953 these two Jesuit Scholastics were assigned to assist in the beginning of Xavier High School. For the last three years Fr. Curran has taught Latin and English, and has been Prefect of Discipline and Moderator of Dramatics. Fr. Connolly has taught Mathematics, History and Spanish. His other duties have included acting as Director of Athletics and Choir Director.

"We are most grateful to these two Jesuits for the wonderful work they did here at Xavier, and we shall pray that when their training in the States is completed, God will send them to labor among us once more."

EDWARD J. BRADY S.J.

Aloysius Mary S.J.



IN AND AROUND the diocese of Trincomalee, Ceylon, Father Aloysius Mary, the first Ceylonese Tamil to join the Society of Jesus, is sometimes referred to as Father Aloysius S.J., DD. The "D.D." stands for Devil Driver. He was born a Hindu, son of an Ayurvedic physician, in a little village near Batticaloa, capital of Ceylon's Eastern Province.

Ayurvedic, or "native" medicine, as it is sometimes called by foreigners, is not a jumble of mumbo-jumbo and magic, as some may think. Using herbs and roots as its main source of cure, it is definitely a very effective source of bringing aid to the sick. Even to this day, the cast that an Ayurvedic physician will put over a broken bone is rated better by many than the western counterpart. When it comes to setting dislocated bones, or fixing a bad sprain, some of the Western-trained doctors send their patients to one of the local Ayurvedic physicians, a brother of our own Father Aloysius. So it was with the hope of being able to combine Western medicine with Ayurvedic medicine that "Muthaiya," as Father Aloysius was then known, was sent to board at the Jesuit College in Batticaloa.

Father Aloysius recalls his days as a boarder with a happy glint in his eyes. He especially enjoys telling of the athletic contests with Central College, a keen rival of St. Michael's to this day. Always a spirited competitor, Father's all-around athletic ability is still recalled by the old timers of the

town. But his main successes were in the academic fields. A keen student, Father did well in all his studies.

What impressed him, too, was the virtuous and mortified lives led by the Fathers about him. By chance, a book on the life of Saint Aloysius Gonzaga fell into his hands. For the young Hindu, the life that the young Italian had led seemed the personification of all of his ideals. From that time he felt a strong inclination toward the Catholic Faith. When he made known his desires to the Fathers at the College, they proceeded with caution, making sure that he knew the obligations and tenets of the Faith before allowing him to be baptized. Still led by the example of the Saint whose name he took at baptism, the newly-baptized Aloysius wanted to enter the Society of Jesus and study for the priesthood. Upon completion of his studies at St. Michael's, he left for the Jesuit novitiate in India, the first Ceylonese Tamil Jesuit, a fact that Father now recalls with cheerful satisfaction.

After the usual Jesuit course of studies, Father Aloysius found himself back at St. Michael's for his period of teaching before proceeding to Theology and Ordination. Due to his winning manner, the boarding house grew large, and much good was done among the students. Again back at St. Michael's after ordination he guided many of his friends and students along the path that leads to the baptismal font.

The passing years have seen Father in a variety of jobs: Director of the Minor Seminary, General Manager of all the Catholic schools in the diocese, retreat master, teacher, preacher, and parish priest, the job which is perhaps the closest to his heart. It was while Father Aloysius was parish priest of Muthur, a rough and ready fishing village, that he earned the nick-name of "Singam" the Lion.

The story goes that one evening shortly after dark, a small crowd gathered outside the Parish house expecting to enjoy a little revenge by watching one of the crowd go inside the house to 'slipper' the Father. 'Slipper' a person

consists of slapping him in the face with a slipper, and is rated as about the greatest insult imaginable. Father Aloysius is a man of slight build and mild disposition, up to a point. That night the point was reached. The fellow attempting to slipper Father suddenly found himself on the floor, and the next thing the crowd saw was their would-be hero fleeing from the house in terror, howling with pain. The cowardly crowd had underestimated the courage of their "Singam Swami."

Father Aloysius' work of blessing people and driving out devils started years ago. The people, Catholics and those of other beliefs, Hindus mostly, are constantly coming to ask him to bless some person in their family.

Let's just take a recent case in Trincomalee which can serve as an example for many others. A Catholic lady fell suddenly unconscious. The family didn't know what to do, and practically gave her up for dead. Father Aloysius was called and recognized the symptoms of a charm. He reassured the family, told them to have faith in God and proceeded to bless the person several times a day. In several days she returned to her senses and a normal life. Medical science may try to explain such cases in a purely scientific way, but to Father Aloysius it is just a case of the power of God overcoming the power of the devil.

Though Father Aloysius became a Catholic years ago, to this day none of his brothers or close relations have become Catholics. However, as a mark of the respect that his relations feel for him, they have told him that they hope that out of their family, one boy and one girl will embrace the Catholic Faith and enter the religious life, following his example.

Father Aloysius Mary is now in his sixty-fourth year, but the pace he keeps is that of a much younger man; such is his spirit of zeal and charity. Some of his friends who knew him when he was a Hindu refer to him now as "Muthaiya Swami" and in truth he is that, a real gem among the fishers of souls in the Trincomalee Diocese.



Manobos

IN THE PHILIPPINES

ANTHONY S. WOODS S.J.

Manobos IN THE PHILIPPINES

NOT EVERYONE is an expert on the Manobos. Some people do not even know they exist. To remedy this pitiful situation we pass on some of the information we have gathered from two reports on the Manobos sent us by Jesuit missionaries Joseph J. Smith and Philip Boyle.

Years ago Manobo house-builders had a very prudent custom. They built their houses below ground level to prevent the occupants being speared at night through the bamboo floor. The Manobos were pagans and were hardy believers in the blood-feud—a sort of Kentucky Hatfield-McCoy affair in the Philippine hills. Mountain warred upon mountain, family against family. Maurecio Andino, the leader of the barrio called Little Baguio, says his father and grandfathers were all murderers. Times are more peaceful than in the olden days (i.e. pre war) but not really so because the Manobos are still pagans. Polygamy is still practiced. Maurecio, for instance, has two wives, the first cost him six horses, the second, a sister of the first, cost him three horses. To straighten Maurecio out will take some doing. But to straighten out Fredrick William Tailor, a Manobo despite his name, will be even more difficult. Fredrick has seven wives who probably represent the outlay of a herd of horses.

Manobo land lies west and inland about twenty-five miles from Davao City on the island of Mindanao. It is mountainous country, but in the Philippines, mountains, like people, don't come very tall. They have no Everest or K-2 to boast of, and Philippine mountain climbers have to be content with 10,000 foot Mt. Apo, a venerable burnt-out volcano that frowns down on Davao City and the waters of Davao Gulf.

From the peak of Apo, high above swirling masses of mist and cloud, the climber looks down to the east upon the flashing roofs of the buildings in Davao city, out to the white shores and dark

blue waters of Davao Gulf, and beyond to the whale-like island of Samal, floating lazily in the center of the Gulf.

West of the mountain and along the southern reaches of the Pulangi River off the main artery of the road that connects the cities of this island in thick forests dwell the Manobos. No concrete pavements here, nor electric lights; no supermarkets, no doctors, no hospitals; no stone churches, no priests.

This is the region over which Mt. Apo towers. This is the land of the Manobos, an ancient people, a poor and dying people. Living in the shadow of the mountains, the prey of sudden rains and cold nights, they farm small patches of land cut from the forest, and hunt the deer and wild pig in the hills. Here they live and struggle with disease: malaria, dysentery and tuberculosis. The scars of the battle are all too evident to any traveler who spends a day and night in their village.

All through the night sleep is punctured by the sound of harsh and exhausting fits of coughing. And in the morning, the Datu informs you that many of his people suffer from a strange sickness—and that many die; a sickness whose cause they know not, nor whose cure, nor the name, but only the symptoms: coughing and the spitting of blood.

Young boys of the village stand shyly about, large festering sores eating deep holes into their arms and legs—sores whose main causes are dirt and no knowledge of soap.

Yet despite all the handicaps and hardships, the Manobos are a very friendly and generous people, ready to laugh and joyous at heart. They willingly share their small homes with strangers. At meal time they are quick to offer a portion of their sweet potatoes, corn, or rice, or even to kill one of their small number of chickens to provide a suitable meal for their guests. One tribe of Manobos that had been cheated of its land by a settler, would take no revenge

on him for fear that they would be punished by their god. Small and wiry, they are capable of enduring great hardships. They spend a night near the top of Mt. Apo with the temperature near freezing, covered only by their tattered clothes and a small blanket of burlap. Heavy packs and steep mountain slopes tire them as little as a game of golf tires an American business man.

Among the forest Manobos there are wonderful hideouts for outlaws. The Constabulary do not have enough men to handle all the trouble along the Pulangi. Most of its men are stationed in the western part of the province to insure peace between the Mohammedan Moros and the Christians there. So there are few police near the Manobo regions. When there are murders, details are sent back mainly to collect dust in the files.

Father Philip Boyle S.J. reports that the forest Manobos have a happy little habit of picking off travelers as they float on bamboo rafts down the Pulangi. One day, after visitation to the hamlet of Iva, he had to travel downstream. His two guides passed some doves in a doorway and changed their minds about guiding the trip. The doves had made a sound which is a bad omen for travelers. Whether or not the doves have a special wireless to Manobo outlaws is not stated, but the guides immediately had visions of spears in their backs and resigned forthwith. A Catholic school teacher, who is neither superstitious nor fearful of Manobos, got the party safely by the river rocks and outlaw spears.

One outlaw named Lumboy was captured by the Constabulary in 1952 and brought to Malaybalay but, as nothing could be proved against him, he was beaten and let go. Ever since he has been paying back all who assisted the Constabulary find him in the forest. They say he killed the father and mother of the hamlet leader at Maglamin. One has to be healthy to live in Manobo land, and it's unhealthy to trifle with an outlaw's feelings.

The forests are full of wild pig (baboy Ihalos) and wild deer (salarong). The people use dogs in tracking down pig

and deer, and 'make the kill with either spear or rifle, if they are fortunate enough to possess a rifle and a few shells. Father Boyle, to whom with Father Joseph Smith we are indebted for the material of this report, says that there is scarcely any fat on a wild pig, and it has its own peculiar taste. The Manobos find it particularly appetizing when the carcass has been around for a few days. It can be eaten, says Father Boyle, but you do have to disregard strong warnings from your nose.

In these hamlets—called barrios—there are but one or two rifles. The Constabulary confiscated all arms to keep the hot-heads in check. The forest Manobos, however, have caches of bullets and guns stolen from the murdered Japanese. For a pleasant evening's sport the country people come in and shoot up a barrio. In view of this the Constabulary has recently restored a rifle or two to the barrios along the Pulangi, plus six shots or so. Right now Maurecio Andino's six shots are exhausted, because he couldn't resist the temptation to hunt wild pig. Life is reduced to the simplest terms here. The wild pigs root up the barrio corn crops. Maurecio shoots the pigs. The wilder Manobos will find him defenseless and shoot him. And only twenty-five or thirty miles away is the modern civilized city of Davao.

The obvious solution to the difficulties of Maurecio and his people is the Catholic faith and the order of society which follows the faith—healing for his sickness, schooling for his children, moral law for his family life, the sacraments to lead him to God. This is what the missionary sees so clearly. But there are so few missionaries. The Christian religion is little known among the Manobos. Some have joined a sect of Evangelicals which has established a headquarters nearby. But many more are still pagans. Catholicism has not penetrated among them, because the one missionary who covers the area already has about forty villages to care for, and has no time to penetrate this far into the mountains. It breaks his heart to hear the leader of the tribe ask very seriously, "Most Filipinos are Protestant, aren't they?"

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Several Nice People have wondered whether the appeals for help on this page are answered. Thanks to your kind hearts and missionary interest, many appeals have received your generous support. These extra-generous gifts, made at a sacrifice, have financed important missionary projects. God and the missionary priests bless you.

May we recommend to your attention the following items which as yet have not received the help needed.

Catholic Education Provides Vocations in India. Father Neu, looking towards the future, hopes to build a school at Chakradharpur, knowing that eventually vocations will develop. Your gift of \$5.00 would help get this school started and could begin a long chain of reactions, not the least of which would be many Indian vocations.

For Father Neu's school—could you give \$5.00?

Father Moore Has a Farm in India which provides food for the Sisters, orphans and widows at Chuhari. If the tractor works right the farming can be done but repairs are needed for the over-worked machine. Please help with these repairs and assure the food supply at Chuhari with your gift of \$1.00.

In Alaska, Bills for Fuel haunt Father Fox. His mission at Mountain Village has a yearly fuel bill of \$2,000. Your gift of \$1.00 would be a big help in relieving Father Fox's anxiety about the fuel for this winter.

A Kindergarten in Japan offers a wonderful opportunity for conversions. The parents of the children appreciate

the education given their children and welcome the monthly talks on Catholic education. These talks will bring conversions eventually. Would you like to help this work in Japan?

Quarters for nuns, a playground and school furnishings are needed. Perhaps you could give \$1.00 or \$2.00 to help Father Curran establish a kindergarten at Hiroshima.

All the Material for building the school at Copper Valley, Alaska was donated by 19 business concerns. It was Father Buchanan's job, you remember, to truck the building material over the Alcan Highway. Getting the money to buy the gas for the trucks has been a big problem for Father Buchanan. He would greatly appreciate your help in keeping the trucks running. \$1.00 will move the trucks 5 miles toward Alaska.

Vocations Will Come from the Apostolic School started by Father Kramer in British Honduras. Father needs your help in this important work of developing priestly vocations on the missions. Perhaps you could pay for the support of one of these boys for a week with a gift of \$5.00.

Money for Medicine was requested by Father John Morrison of Chakai in India. This missionary has been working for the Santals in an isolated area and has been doubling as a doctor. He runs a dispensary to which many of his people come, and he also takes medicine to them when they are sick.

Father Morrison's supply of medicine is almost exhausted but hopes you might have a dollar to replenish his medicine cabinet. Would you help?

No Place to Go



IN THE heart of Patna City, India, Fr. Robert Wilkinson has a small anti-Communist library. Here homeless lads like the one above come in for shelter. They have no place else to go. Would you help Father Wilkinson provide them with food, clothing, shelter? Send \$2.00; \$5.00 —whatever you can.

It will be received with grateful prayer at

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

Music for Our Lady

THE musicians below are playing for Buddha. Father Paul Nebel wants to build a shrine to Our Lady in Yamaguchi, Japan, where she can be honored by musicians like these. Cost of Shrine \$500.00. Can you help? Send \$5.00 to

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