

Jesuit Missions



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Drought in Ceylon

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1957

We offer unto Thee...



(Above) The crossed oars of this Chinese boat boy on Sun Moon Lake symbolize the China of today, the China of the Cross with its loyal Catholics as the crucified. A Fr. Foley photo.

COVER. Father Alfonso del Marmol S.J. is not displaying his political views but merely a customary Ceylon travel mode.

We must pray for the clergy and laity of China who suffer for Christ and for us.

ANTHONY S. WOODS S.J.

WHEN FATHER THOMAS PHILLIPS S.J. of the California Province was being led off to jail in Shanghai in June 1953, his people crowded around him and attempted to halt the police. "Let our priest go free," they said. "We are Catholics. Arrest us, not him."

Such devotion typifies the spirit of the Church in China. The lay people knew full well what sufferings were in store for their Father Phillips. They had relatives and friends already in jail and they were well aware of the savage temper of the persecutors. But they were Catholics who joined each morning with their priest in praying to God at the Offertory of the Mass, "We offer to Thee, O Lord, the chalice of salvation, entreating Thy mercy that in the sight of Thy Divine Majesty it may ascend with a fragrant sweetness for our own and the whole world's salvation."

To them, offering the Mass was not merely a symbol but a reality that must be transferred to their daily lives. Their persecuted city of Shanghai was a paten and they were small hosts to be offered up beside the priestly host. If we understand the doctrine of the Mystical Body at all, then we must understand that their sacrifice is being offered for us as well as themselves. If we are so obviously showered with the blessings of God in our American church, then we must recognize one source of these blessings—the eagerness of Chinese priests and people to be united in suffering for Christ and for us. Now if their sacrifice

has such an intimate connection with us, we can respond in no half-hearted way to the appeal of the Apostolate of Prayer for January's intention "For the priests and the faithful who in the jails and slave-labor camps of China are suffering most cruelly for the Faith."

These people know why they suffer and they wish to suffer in union with their priests. To illustrate, here is a true story told by Father George Donohoe, S.J. "One day a priest in North China was placed on trial in a school yard before a mob of students, teachers, employees recruited by the Reds from various other schools throughout the city. A young Catholic girl was forced to mount the stage during the trial to make false and shameful charges against the priest. Steadfastly she refused. The Communist Chairman and the ambitious youth group leader tried to win her over, first by flattery, then by threats and shameful ridicule before the mob. But in vain. Finally, exasperated, the Youth Leader strode across the platform and tore off the school pin the girl wore on her blouse. "You are not worthy to be a student of our school," he yelled.

Calmly the young student raised her hand to her neck and drew out a medal of Our Lady. This she pinned in place of the school pin. Then she said "Three years ago, when this Father was preparing me for baptism, he told me that the times were difficult, and that it would probably be necessary to suffer for the Faith. Therefore, he said if I thought that I wasn't strong enough to be faith-

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ful under trial, then it would be better not to be baptized. I told him that I knew I was weak, yet I thought that with the help of God's grace I could be faithful. Now the trials have come; but I don't mean to go back on my promise and betray my conscience by making false accusations."

In September 1955 in the yard of the College of St. Ignatius more than 4,000 Catholics were herded to witness another trial under guard of the security police. On a platform stood a harried and heroic figure. His outer clothing had been stripped off and his accusers showered him with a relentless series of accusations. Through it all he stood unbowed and silent like Christ before Pilate. He was Ignatius Kung-pin-mei, the Bishop of Shanghai. Finally he was dragged before a microphone to confess that he was guilty of the charges. Three times in a clear voice he shouted "Long live Christ, the King." To which the brave and faithful crowd in one voice replied "Long live our Bishop."

The Communist effort to drive a wedge between the clergy and the laity in China has been a marked failure. In fact it has brought the two closer than ever before. People who used to be shy and reserved about their Catholicism now publicly flaunt it in the faces of their tormentors. In the Jesuit Church of Christ the King in Shanghai Communion at daily Mass averaged 300—and this despite the clear knowledge of the people that they were being spied on and marked for future reference by the Communist officials. This was in 1953. Since that time all the teen-aged altar-boys and the young student leaders have been jailed and practically all the priests and hierarchy there are in chains.

The Holy Father's Mission
Intention for February:

"That the Church in North
Africa may be able to labor
in peace."

The Communist persecution is ruthless, clever and efficient. Yet the spiritual strength of the Chinese Catholics grows tougher with each weary day. The direct effort of the Reds to set up a National Schismatic Church has been a dismal failure. The faithful Catholics will have no dealings with the few, craven "Progressive" priests. They have heeded the heroic words of Father Aloysius Wong S.J. "Yes, I go to jail. Pray that I may never come out, but if I do come out, refuse to have anything to do with me."

Missionaries driven out of China into exile do add an optimistic footnote to the history of the Church's sufferings, and it is an intention we should keep well forward in our prayers. Very many of them have said that if the persecution does not continue too long, it might well lead to a wholesale conversion of the Chinese people. The Communists are



ruthlessly destroying the old pagan social structure of China. Respect for ancestors which was a keystone in family and civic life is being dislodged, and with this the old social structure crumbles. When Communism is overthrown the Chinese will look to the only force strong enough and heroic enough to oppose it—the Catholic Church. Even in remote pagan areas the Church is now known and admired.

The actual numbers of the priests and laity in the jails and labor camps in China is unknown except to God. The Apostleship of Prayer estimates that of the 2,400 priests at least a third are in chains. About 4% of all Chinese are either in jail or at forced labor—23,000,000. Since Catholics have been outstanding in their resistance to the Reds, it is reasonable to assume that a much higher percentage of their members are suffer-

ing for their Faith and their heroism.

And as the Apostleship so poignantly adds—"They are our brothers."

"It is scarcely possible," says the Apostleship "to imagine a persecution directed by a greater diabolic sagacity." Terrifying as these words are they really contain the suggestion of the effective solution to the awful situation. The Church has always had within herself the power to defeat the Devil in pitched or secret battle. Since the enemy is satanic in his methods and purposes, the victory over these evils can only be won by using the means which Christ has offered to us through His Church—the Sacraments, penance and prayer. You cannot kill an idea with guns. You cannot slay sin in a test-tube. If we use the weapons which the Church through the Divine Wisdom of Christ holds out our willing hands, then victory is sure.

Devout pagan burns incense and bows in prayer before altar at Hsinchu.



In the South Pacific a new era dawns as the ancient customs of pagan days slowly fade

WILLIAM J. WALTER S.J.

IFALIK

SOME MONTHS AGO the National Geographic Magazine published an article on one of my islands here in the western Carolines. It was entitled "Ifalik, Lonely Paradise of the South Seas" and recounted the findings of an expedition of several years ago by the Pacific Science Board of the National

Academy of Sciences. Three scientists spent the summer on Ifalik, analyzing the relationships between man and his environment as found on this remote isle far off the beaten track of civilization.

It was good that they visited the island when they did, for Ifalik has changed since those days, and for the



...Changing Paradise

better. As the one true God once walked in the evening in the first terrestrial paradise, so now He has come to Ifalik.

At the time of the expedition its members may have noticed no signs of Christianity for at the beginning of 1953 there was only one Christian family in the whole atoll. Very fortunately for the

history of ethnography the scientists arrived to make their observations and collect their data towards the end of the pagan era. In the last three years a very definite trend towards Christianity has developed. Last year more than a hundred of the population were baptized. Judging by what has taken place on Ulithi, Sorol, Ngulu and Lamotrek atolls, I can confidently predict that when the old magicians and medicine men die, there will be no one to replace them. And within another generation the superstitious incantations and beliefs of the pagans will be only a record in history.

These are strong statements and may seem presumptuous, but they are backed up by facts, not the least of which are the many recent conversions referred to above. The seeds of Christianity have been sown and are already bearing fruit. But when a pagan chooses Christianity he has to choose a completely new way of life, although his daily chores and methods of getting a living remain the same. In some instances he may have to face the wrath of his family and of his chief. Certainly God's grace is needed to give him the courage to make the change and give up the gods of his household and of his clan.

Last year Louis Wuchilior, head of the oldest Christian family, died of tuberculosis. I arrived at Ifalik just in time to administer the Last Sacraments. Since



The islanders of the Carolines still retain much of their primitive simplicity. They are a people who live close to the sea and from early youth they learn the tricks and vagaries of outriggers.

ocean burial was a rigid custom among his people, he begged me to take him with me to Lamotrek Atoll so he could die in a place where he could have Christian burial. When you realize that many sick natives refuse to be taken to Yap for hospitalization because they want to die on their home island surrounded by their family and relatives, you can appreciate what a sacrifice he was willing to make for his Faith.

Rather than remove Louis from his island I decided to approach High Chief Maroligar with the problem. He would have nothing to do with it without first calling a council of all the chiefs. I begged him to call a meeting immediately because the copra ship would be leaving before dark. That same day they held a special meeting.

It is the native custom to come bearing gifts whenever a favor is being asked of a chief. Aboard ship I had a package of a few thousand fish hooks, sent me by a friend in Japan. I went back to the ship to get these hooks. You can be sure that I said some fervent prayers while I was waiting to hear about the outcome of the meeting.

In the late afternoon Maroligar sent for me. He was sitting on a mat surrounded by the other chiefs. I didn't know what to expect, but I presented my fish hooks for which I was profusely thanked. Then I passed out cigarettes.

Finally Chief Maroligar spoke. "You know this thing you asked about this morning?"

"Yes, you said you would have a meeting about it."

"Well, all the chiefs came to the meeting."

"It was very kind of them to come."

"We discussed what we should do about our old custom."

"I am very grateful that you considered my request."

"We finally came to a decision."

"I know it must have been a difficult decision to make." Here there followed a long pause and I began to think my mission had failed.

And then Maroligar broke the silence. "This is our decision: to change our custom and allow Christians to be buried on the land."

"That is a very great favor and I will never forget what you have done," I replied as calmly as I could.

"But we ask one thing in return."

"I will gladly do anything I can for you."

"We ask you to please pray to your God to protect our island and our people."

"Each day I pray to the Christian God and each day I will ask Him to protect you and your people. I have left my land and my clan and come to your islands for only one reason, and that is to put you under the protection of the Christian God."

The pagans believe that land burial will be punished by their gods with typhoons and famine. Almost all sickness and misfortune are thought to be acts of vengeance for violating customs and taboos. The chiefs must have considered our God more powerful than their gods and that is probably why Chief Maroligar asked for the protection of the Christian God. Otherwise he and the other chiefs would not have dared abrogate the custom of ocean burial. One of the chiefs, Lauichimal, is now taking instructions and gives every indication of becoming a fervent Catholic. It is my earnest prayer that God protect these people from epidemics, famines and typhoons, especially during the next few years. Please join me with your prayers that Ifalik become a true paradise in every sense of the word, a paradise where God walks with man in peace.

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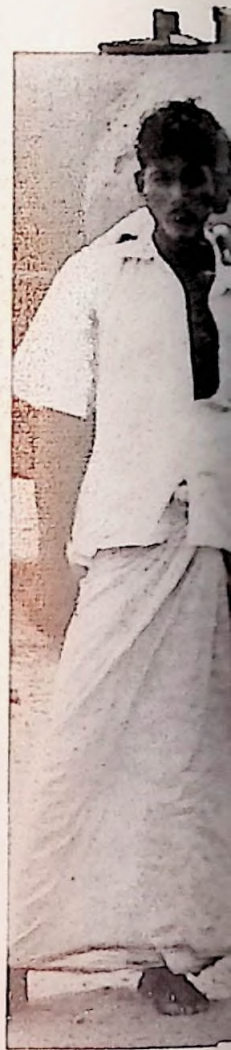
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DROUGHT

IN CEYLON

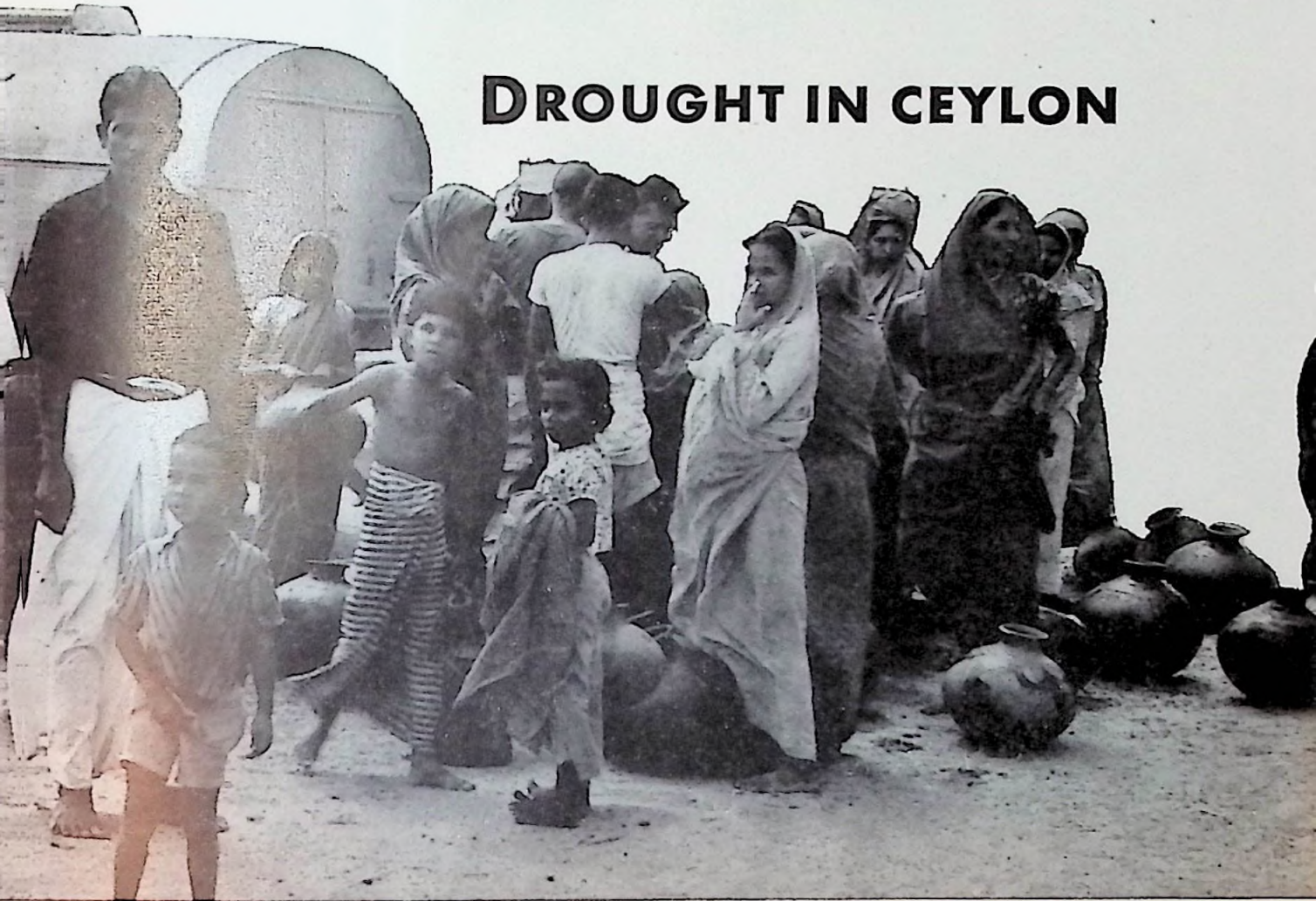




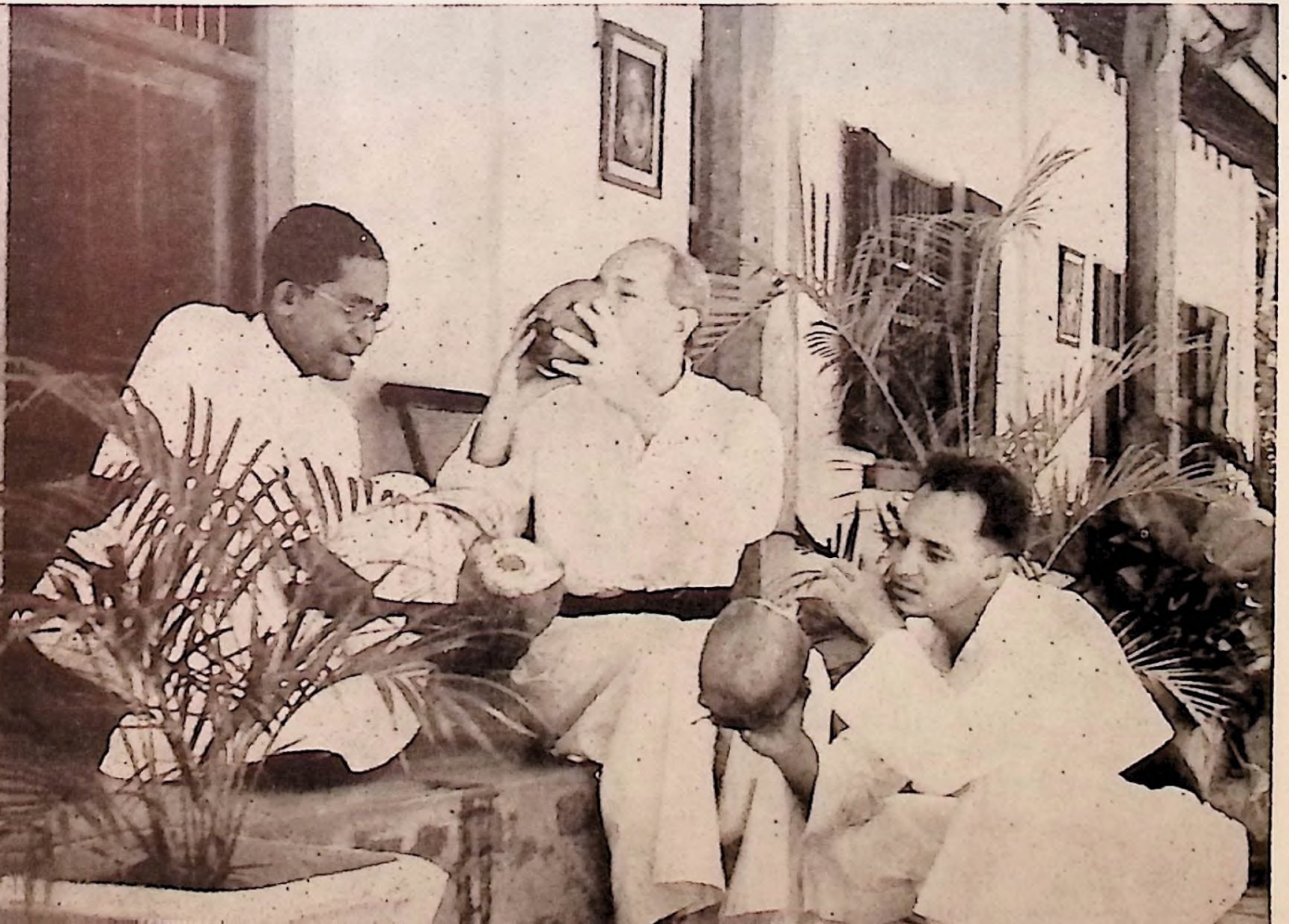
A severe drought hit the Golden Isle not long ago. Here Father Clarkson lets down a bucket hopefully.

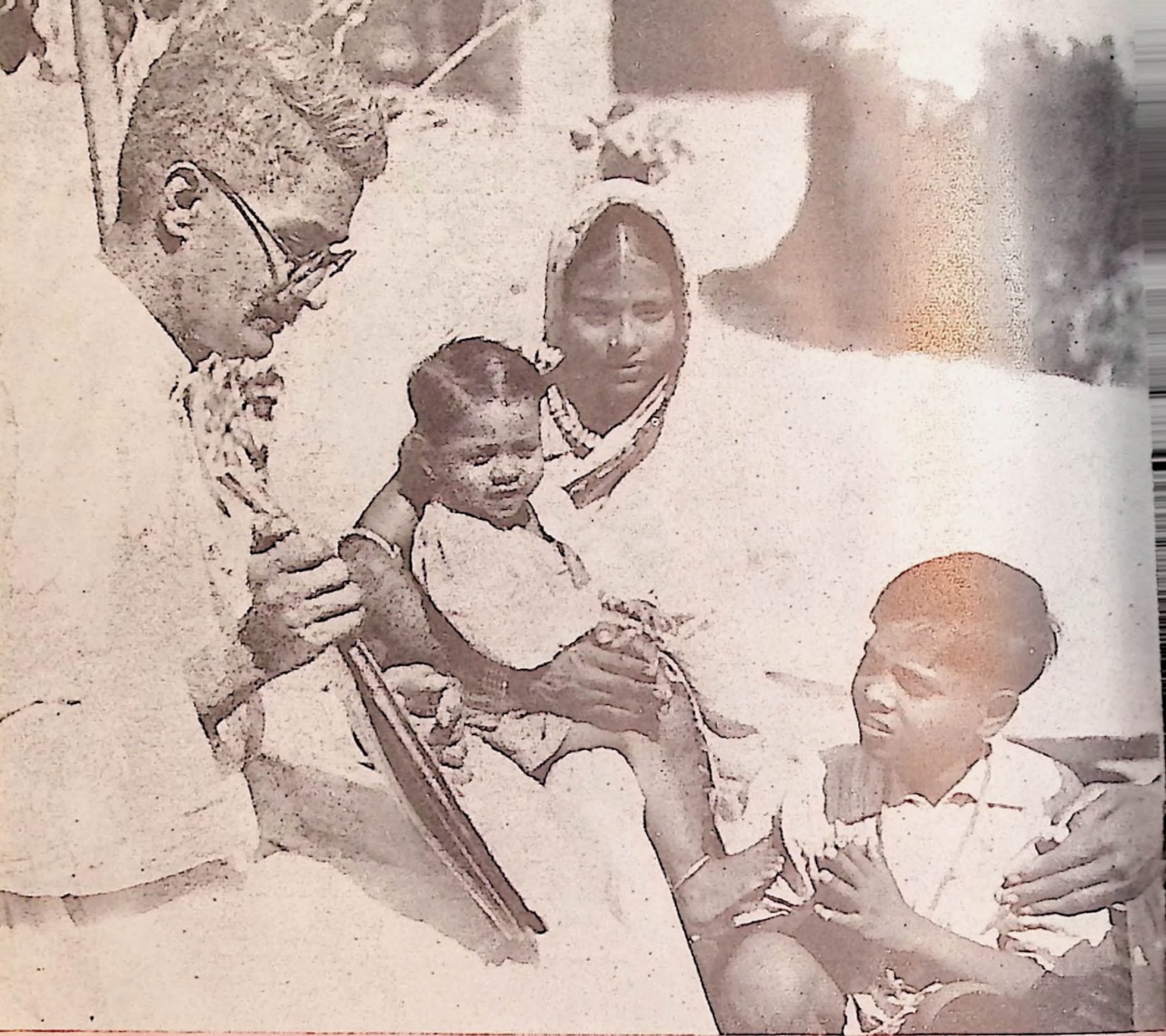
One favorite Ceylon way of quenching the thirst is by coconuts, as Fathers Santhanam, Clarkson and del Marmol demonstrate on the Thalankudah mission porch.

DROUGHT IN CEYLON



Thirsty villagers are supplied by water trucked in from distant parts.





IT IS DISTRESSING to report, but it is a fact, that work pretty nearly stops when the Ancient Missionary visits our office. The Business Manager, who is of necessity a calculating sort, must have some idea of what the stoppage costs in terms of wasted man hours, but he has yet to make a protest. He must realize, as all of us do, that we always profit, even when we seem to lose, by the old man's abrupt comings and goings.

Just the other day, for example, the Ancient Missionary stopped everything by inquiring of the junior editor, "How old is your parish?"

Now everyone knows that the junior editor has no parish. He is deskbound permanently. A cautious question or two

made things clearer. The Ancient Missionary was referring to the parish where the editor was born and brought up.

"I come from one of the oldest and best parishes in the State of . . .," began the junior editor comfortably in what might have been a longish essay in local church history. But he was cut short by a series of rapid questions, which were given rapid, even short, answers. It turned out that the junior editor's home parish was old, solidly established, with a good school and a congregation growing so steadily that a second parish in the area was a certainty.

"Exactly," said the Ancient Missionary. "If you will reflect upon the way your parish grew from nothing into the



Window on the Mission World

The missions are better understood when viewed in the light of the history of one's own home parish.

fine thing it is, you will have a picture of everyday mission effort. Look at the early days, back when we were a mission land. That's the way it is now for mission parishes. Look at your own parish today. That's what we are aiming at on the missions."

So we talked about our home parishes, about how they began, how they had to weather bigotry, fire, poverty—anything you can think of. We told proudly of how our parishes had grown, how they had been accepted, how our boys came back and sang a first Mass on the altar where they had been kids with the book and bell just yesterday. It was a story of growth from frail infancy to maturity, the story of how a thing that seemed

foreign became a thoroughly normal part of America.

The Ancient Missionary's parting remark was especially striking. "The way to think about a mission parish," he said, "is this: the people there are like your grandparents, or your great-grandparents, as far as the development of their church is concerned. The missionaries are like those lovable but rather odd foreigners who first brought Christ to us in America."

More man hours were lost that morning even though the typewriters kept up their clacking, as we mused about our own beloved parishes and the far-away-parishes of the mission world. So "native priests" were really just like our altar boys who came back one day to say Mass for us, our own home-grown priests! And a mission parish was really somebody's home parish, being built soul by soul and brick by brick . . .

I think we understand the missions better now. They seem to have moved closer to home and to our hearts.



RIPPLES

on the

Caribbean

HAVE WE A FISH oculist among our readers? Father Francis Jackmauh, lone missionary of the Cayman Islands, has a problem in that respect.

"This mission is just about the same as it was months ago. No new members and the old ones are not as regular in attendance now that the novelty has worn off. No one ever comes to daily Mass, not even an altar boy. I have had no confessions in the last three months and only two Communions, both to visitors. I am not discouraged but I would like to see some better Catholics even if I can't have the numbers.

"When the present condition of the Church is such, one has to seek some diversion. So I go skin diving and spear fishing occasionally. Yesterday I shot a turtle and had him for supper.

"Last week I shot a few lobsters. This sport is good fun except on the occasion when you look up and see a 3-foot barracuda a dozen feet away, opening and closing his jaws, sort of measuring them against the size of my foot in the water. Now I know that water magnifies by one-third, so that my size 9 foot looks like a size 12 but this is the question which I would like to ask: does the water magnify the same way to the barracuda? I would feel a little better if you would get me the answer to this."

Father Harry Ball is now Bishop McEleney's secretary, but he recently en-

countered one of his former parishioners of Bamboo.

"Mary Dietric is of German ancestry and 96 years old. She lives out in the bush and periodically I brought her Holy Communion. Two years ago she fell and broke her hip but contrary to expectations she is healed completely and is able to walk the miles through bush paths to visit her brother and—to complain about him. She asked me to use my influence on him. 'Please talk to him, Father. He is giving in to himself and is acting like a feeble old man. You must get him to overcome this tendency. After all, he is only 85 years old.'"

At the other end of Jamaica Father Randolph Knight of Savanna-la-mar has a domestic problem . . .

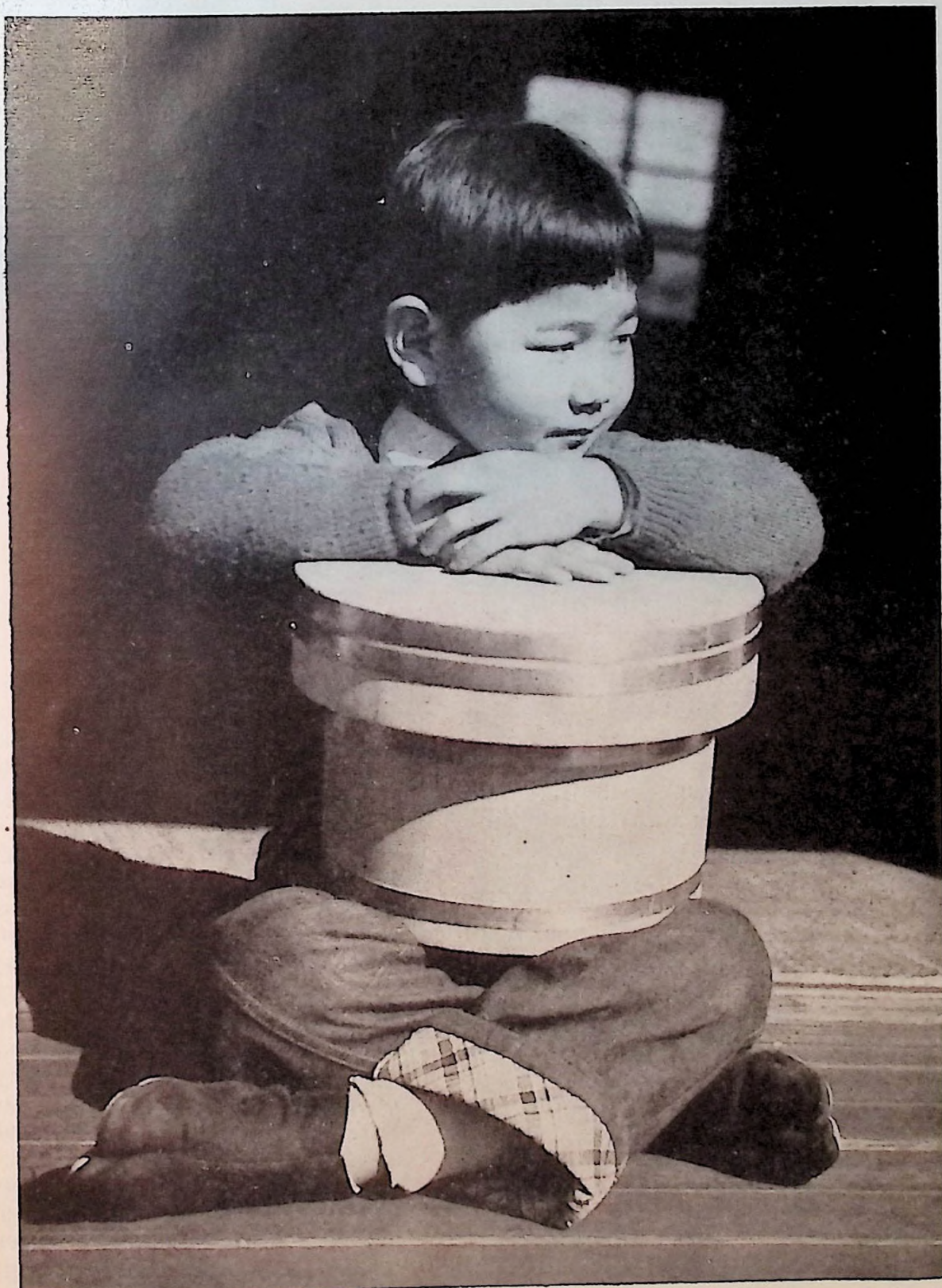
"My cook Mimi raises a few hens in back of the church. Occasionally when a parishioner makes me a gift of a fowl I will put it with Mimi's hens until it fattens up. But every so often Mimi will come running to me with the information that one of my hens has gotten away and can't be found. Very unkindly I said to Mimi one day, 'Mimi, don't you ever lose any of your own hens? How is it that it is always one of mine that gets away?' Lord forgive me. Mimi tried to make up for it. One day she had a delicious duck for dinner. The duck was no sooner eaten when my neighbor came in and accused Mimi of killing one of *her* ducks."

LUCIANO BERTAGNOLIO S.J.

as told to

ROBERT M. DEITERS S.J.

Alone AND A LEPER



OFTEN I HAVE CLIMBED up to the flat roof of the Japanese seminary to look out over the rice and wheat fields laid out in an irregular pattern and dotted with small brown houses without chimneys. I have grown to love the austere and harmonious blending of deep, delicately shaded colors which seem to reflect the souls of the people.

But far off, where the green begins to dissolve into the hazy mist of the horizon, long, low frame buildings—a vast expanse of them—crouch camouflaged beneath the trees as if to conceal the scars of disease and death.

In this little enclave of suffering, there is a leper colony—the second largest in Japan. Every Sunday I go to teach catechism to a group of young lepers and to help instruct the 140 Catholics in this colony of 1,200. Among these people I have witnessed some striking marvels of grace. There amidst the rotting limbs and the crushed dreams of youth I find an intense enthusiasm among the catechumens. And I marvel at the zeal of the newly baptized to bring their friends to the same treasure they have found in the Faith. I meet heroes who day after joyful day are walking in the footsteps of the Man of Sorrows. The ways of Divine Grace are always the same and yet, somehow, different. How many faces flash before my eyes as I think of recent converts . . .

“I was only four years old when my mother killed herself.” In this way a young girl began the story of how she found a new mother in Our Lady.

“From then on each day was unhappy and bitter. The beautiful woman my father then married did not love me, until I fell sick. Suddenly she changed and began to love me as a daughter. But still unhappiness filled my life, because my father did not love his second wife.

“I was fourteen years old when one day I realized the awful truth: ‘I am a leper.’ My step-mother visited me often in the leprosarium, and it was then that I began to sympathize with the deep tragedy in her own life. We suffered and wept together.

“My father and step-mother finally

separated when I was sixteen. The news almost drove me mad. I was allowed to leave the leprosarium to visit briefly my step-mother. Her cold reception shocked me, and I saw that sorrow had crushed her personality completely. I dragged myself back to the leprosarium alone—unutterably alone. There was no one to love me. My only companion was my leprosy. And I began to see only one way left open to me—the way my mother had gone to her death twelve years before. ‘Alone in the world and a leper, nobody loves me’ was the refrain that summed up my life.

“Where was true love to be found? In the love of my father who had forgotten me? Of my stepmother who had rejected me? An only child, I had never known the love of brothers and sisters. The love of my fellow lepers was so superficial that it could never fill my craving heart.

“Then a friend took me to the little white chapel where I saw a painting of the bright Immaculate Mother of the Lepers. She had the look of a true Mother . . . her open arms, her pure gaze. As I gazed at her painting, I felt her presence near me. And I could well understand the love of Catholics for her. I fell in love with Our Lady. I am alone no longer.”

The memoirs of Yanagawa’s conversion are not sensational. But they are another chapter which God’s grace has written in the heart of a man . . .

“Why did leprosy choose me. of all men? I shall never forget the day when my fate was branded into me. On April 3, 1953 they gave me the fatal news. The doctor didn’t know how to break it. ‘Doctor, tell me frankly what is wrong with me?’

“‘Leprosy . . . you’ve got it.’ The shock is impossible to describe or to imagine. Trembling with terror, I finally convinced myself that it was true. I started to curse God and to hate the heavens. My soul filled up with loathing for the very parents who gave me existence. On the 5th day of June my body was carried into the leprosarium like an old tattered blanket. My heart

ALONE AND A LEPER

had been twisted within me; my fate gripped at my throat with fangs of steel. I was dragged along like a criminal on the way to the scaffold.

"As if it were not enough to see my flesh rot before my eyes, one year later destiny branded me a second time. Tuberculosis had eaten into my lungs.

"But the worst of all was the deep conviction that there was no remedy for either of my diseases. At night when my squashed body longed for a little rest and my soul for forgetfulness, nightmares destroyed my sleep, fiendishly mocking my cruel fate.

"Now as I calmly reflect on those years of writhing sleeplessness, I realize it was a period of transformation. The heavy hand of suffering had crushed my match box of philosophical and social ideas, and I fell into a pessimistic fatalism. An icy wind was slowly freezing up the one indispensable gift of this fleeting life: the power to love and the hope of being loved in return.

"A bed-ridden slave, I began to lose even the power to rebel against my fate as the sickness ate its way through my body. It was at this moment that God, our Father, crossed my path and gave me light. How can I forget it? But when the sense of God's presence began to swell up in me, I sensed a cruel irony: if God exists why does He allow germs to devour my flesh?

"I had lived a wild life, singing the praises of the fountain of life as I exulted in the fullness of my youthful vigor. And if it had not been for the unpleasant friendship of leprosy, the thought of God would never even have occurred to my mind.

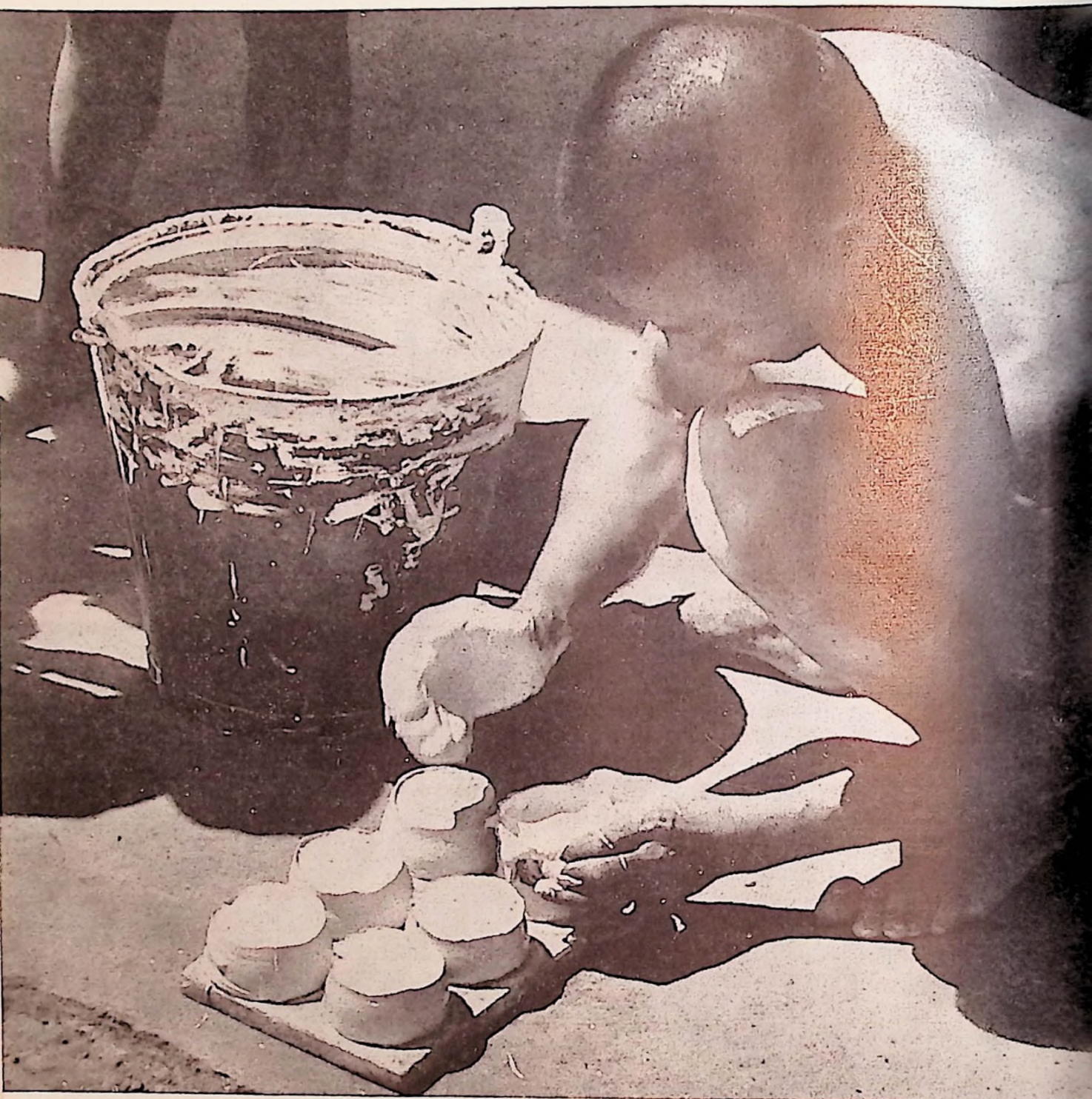
"Now I firmly believe in God and I sing out my joy to the men who are tormented by the same disease as I. I hope their hearts will respond to my song. I had never realized the dignity that Faith gives; neither did I know God. But when the sense of sin darkens our lives; when men reject us as accursed; when even our friends shrink

away, hiding their faces in their hands; it is then that man knows and feels the tremendous fact that God, our Father, is living in our hearts. Peace and happiness flood my soul now that I have come to know God. The same God I had trampled on in my youth is now the Father of my soul. No man is happier than he who knows and loves God."

Alone! Lepers condemned beyond the pale of society. But what does that matter if Jesus draws near and whispers into their hearts His words of eternal life—He Who is Life.

Pope Pius XII pleaded last year at the International Leprosy Congress in Rome for a more humane treatment of lepers.





No white collar worker, but certainly a white handed one after a day of filling molds.

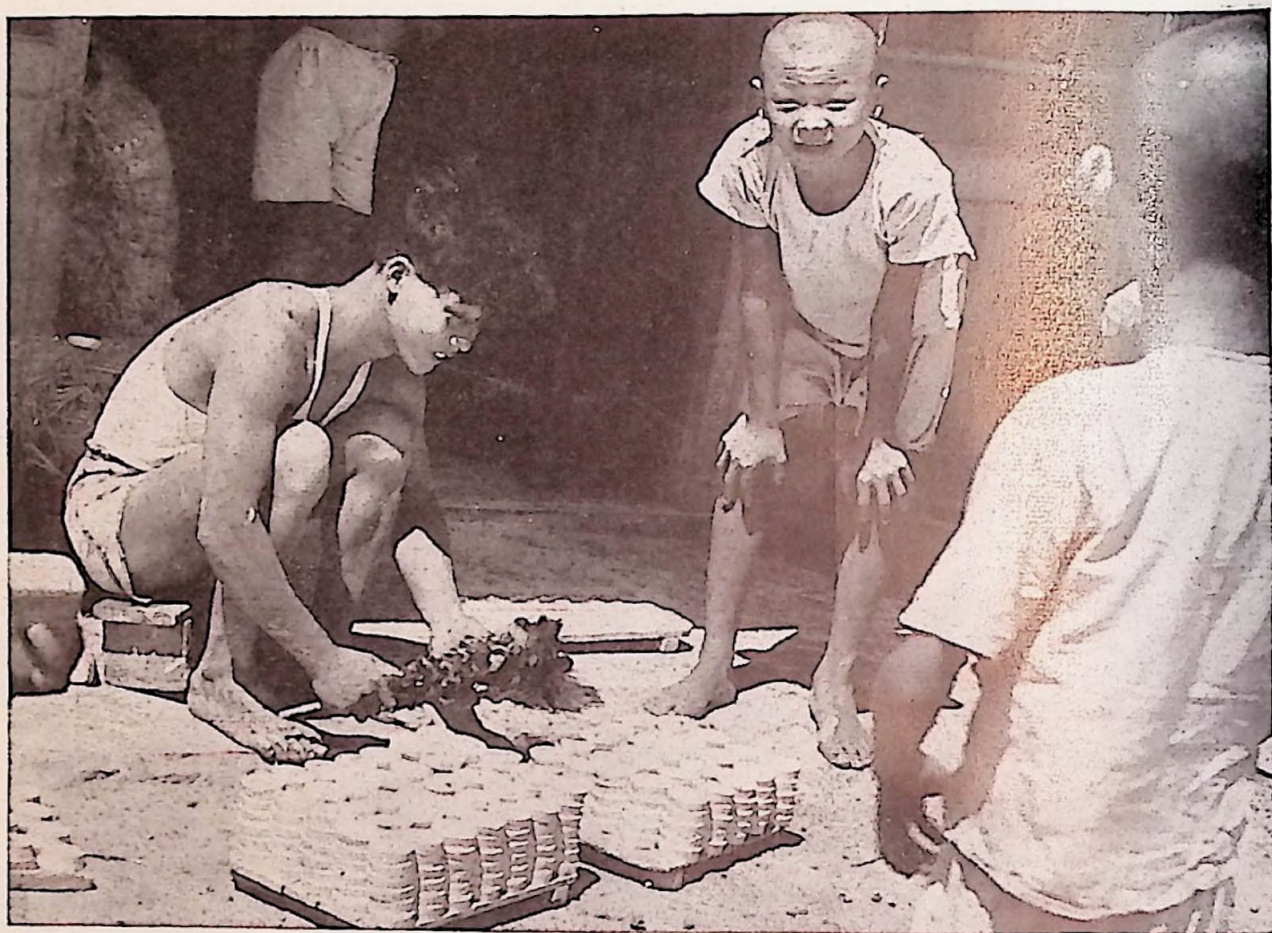
For My Lady



Beauty will arise from these molds drying in the sun.

Fair

The feminine urge to look better, if possible, prevails even in a troubled world. On Formosa this urge creates the market for a flourishing face-powder industry, as Father Fred Foley S.J. shows in the accompanying photographs. The process starts with the refining of native, white clay. After drying in large molds, the powder is refined further, dried in smaller molds, then shipped to markets in Formosa and the Philippines.



Bernard Shaw made "my fair lady," these youngsters make my lady fair.

The boy seems as interested as the little girl in the finished product.



29 False Teeth



The older methods may be slower but they haven't the headaches of the new.

BRUNO W. KARPINSKI S.J.

WHEN I LEFT THE BANKS of Lake Erie to become a Jesuit coadjutor brother I never dreamed I would end up on the banks of the Ganges in India as a mechanical dentist. In fact, if I had known fifteen years ago what lay ahead of me I would probably still be in Erie, Pennsylvania, and not in Kurji.

Kurji is a small village about 330 miles up the winding Ganges from Calcutta and three miles from Patna. This latter distance I travel daily to our printing establishment, the Sanjivan Press. And never a day passes but I hear the chant, "Ram, Ram, Ram Satya Hai!" as a dead body is carried to the river for burial. Sometimes it fits perfectly into my mood.

About seven years ago Father John

Barrett and myself were told to start a printing press. We immediately took inventory of our qualifications in this field. I had been in a printing plant exactly twice in my life; Father Barrett volunteered the cheering information that in his youth he had made candles—a remark that I have been pondering these seven years. At any rate, our qualifications seemed slightly inadequate so I was sent off to Calcutta to learn something of this delicate art. After three months our building was ready so it was assumed that I was too. Back I came, the blood of the Erie tool maker boiling in my veins. Let me at those machines; let's get the Patna Mission Letter rolling off those presses. We did, and it was a mess.

The struggle went on and gradually we began to get the hang of it. Gutenberg might even have been a little proud of us, for he undoubtedly had many of the same difficulties trying to put the first press into operation. But then a benefactor in Chicago sent us an old Rotary press.

The huge boxes came in and Father Barrett uncrated them. We stood there and gazed in astonishment. I had never seen so many various gadgets in all my life. We mused on the possibility that the wrong boxes had come in. The collection of parts before us looked like some over-done version of Univac.

There were no instructions for assembling the monster but Father Barrett threw himself into the task. He did a better job than the original assembler for when he had finished there was still a goodly collection of parts for which he had found no use. We reassured each other that there were always parts left over when anything was assembled the first time.

The temperature was 108 degrees in the press room on the day I faced the monster for the first time. Father pointed out to me the ladder I must climb to put the paper on the top of the machine. "Where does the type go?" I asked him.

"Type?" he replied. "There isn't any type. This machine uses plates."

"Who makes the plates?"

"You do."

Far off in the distance I seemed to hear again the "Ram, Ram, Ram Satya Hai!" of the burial procession. How nice it would be to lie down on some comfortable funeral bier and float away on the Ganges! Wearily I picked up my broken screw-driver and started making adjustments.

In a short while we had the Rotary running, if that is the proper word for all the screeching and clanking in which the machine indulged. But the monster kept growling along and we kept feeding it. One of the big jobs was a book in Hindustani, and it was a rush job. We made the plates for it and felt that it was a creditable turn-out, though we realized that the finished product would not stir up any fears of competition among the big unions back in the States.

Then one day the big press stopped dead. I couldn't get even a whimper out of it. So I started over the maze of machinery, looking for the trouble. It didn't take long to find it. There they were—five, yes *five*, broken gears. Teeth were scattered all over the place. I wondered how life was back in Erie.

So I became a mechanical dentist. Four of the gears I could have made, but the fifth was too large. I would have to do that myself. So I knocked out all the broken and bad teeth from this gear and settled down to my dental work. I drilled one-quarter inch holes the same distance apart and replaced the teeth with the same size rod. Then I filed and filed until I thought it exact. All in all, there were twenty-nine false teeth in that gear!

Then I replaced all the gears, saying a very big prayer when I installed the one with the false teeth. I turned the starting switch and ducked out of the way of any possible flying teeth. The press growled and then swung into its constant muttering and complaining. It was running again! And as I write this I have already made 130,000 impressions on this wonderful machine with the false teeth. The Lord indeed is good and watches over more than the hairs on one's head.



The steward who symbolized loyalty and devoted service has gone to his reward.

By Special Appointment

LEO J. SHEA S.J.

Over twenty years ago Heaven sent Yusuf Betchi to the Fathers of Baghdad College but only on his deathbed did he reveal the secret of that deep loyalty which characterized all his service up to the day Her Majesty bade Her steward come.

IT HURTS TO LOOK up the path that runs through the date palms to the Tigris River banks and to know that Yusuf Betchi will not walk that path again. How many times in his long years of service to Baghdad College had he travelled it, from his humble home to the college buildings, with that rapid, rolling gait, shoulders hunched forward, slippered feet harsh in the gravel. How many dawns would that be the first thing heard; how many midnights would that crunching, slower now, be the last human sound before the desert took over, with the wailing of jackals, the barking of dogs, the ugly creak of wings as the vultures swooped to the kill.

Yusuf may have had a title but it could never have covered all the things he did. He was the steward, in all the senses of the Biblical term, the overseer, the purchaser, the adviser, the right-hand-man. I turn the pages of 'Al Baghdadi,' back to the first time Father Madaras mentioned Yusuf in his colorful report. The date is April 16, 1935.

"We have two chauffeurs that were sent to us by Heaven. Yusuf and Zieya are their names, which is the local version of Joseph and Isaias. They are brothers, somewhere in the late thirties, both with years of experience in town and desert driving, good-natured, reliable, honest, hard-working . . .

"Yusuf always has a merry twinkle in his eye. He can read and write Arabic, Chaldean and English . . . He does practically all the buying, for he is a demon at driving a bargain, and seems to know all the shopkeepers and traffic policemen in the city. He has learned to serve Mass, too, which he does each morning to the apparent envy of our other Catholic workmen, all of whom attend Mass each day . . .

"Both Yusuf and Zieya swear that they will never leave us. For our part, we shall never let them go."

Yusuf and Zieya were men of their word, although every time I saw Yusuf in the role of buyer I marvelled that he was content, with his ability, to stay on with us for so modest a salary. He could have amassed a small fortune by

capitalizing on his keen and eloquent business ability with some contracting company. There were times when he was asked to do things which he, with his quick sense of propriety and knowledge of the Oriental psychology, might not have done on his own. But he never refused; his loyalty sent him out to face embarrassment, hostility, insult—but of these things he never spoke.

Then a fatal illness struck down this man who so tirelessly travelled all the byways of Baghdad in his devotion to the Fathers. For several months he endured a painful confinement to bed due to a mysterious growth from diabetes. Then it was necessary to amputate the entire left leg, with all that means of shock to the system. Finally, there were two months of steadily increasing suffering as cancer spread through his whole body. All this pain combined to draw Yusuf to the heights of resignation and prayerful union with Jesus and Mary, his King and Queen.

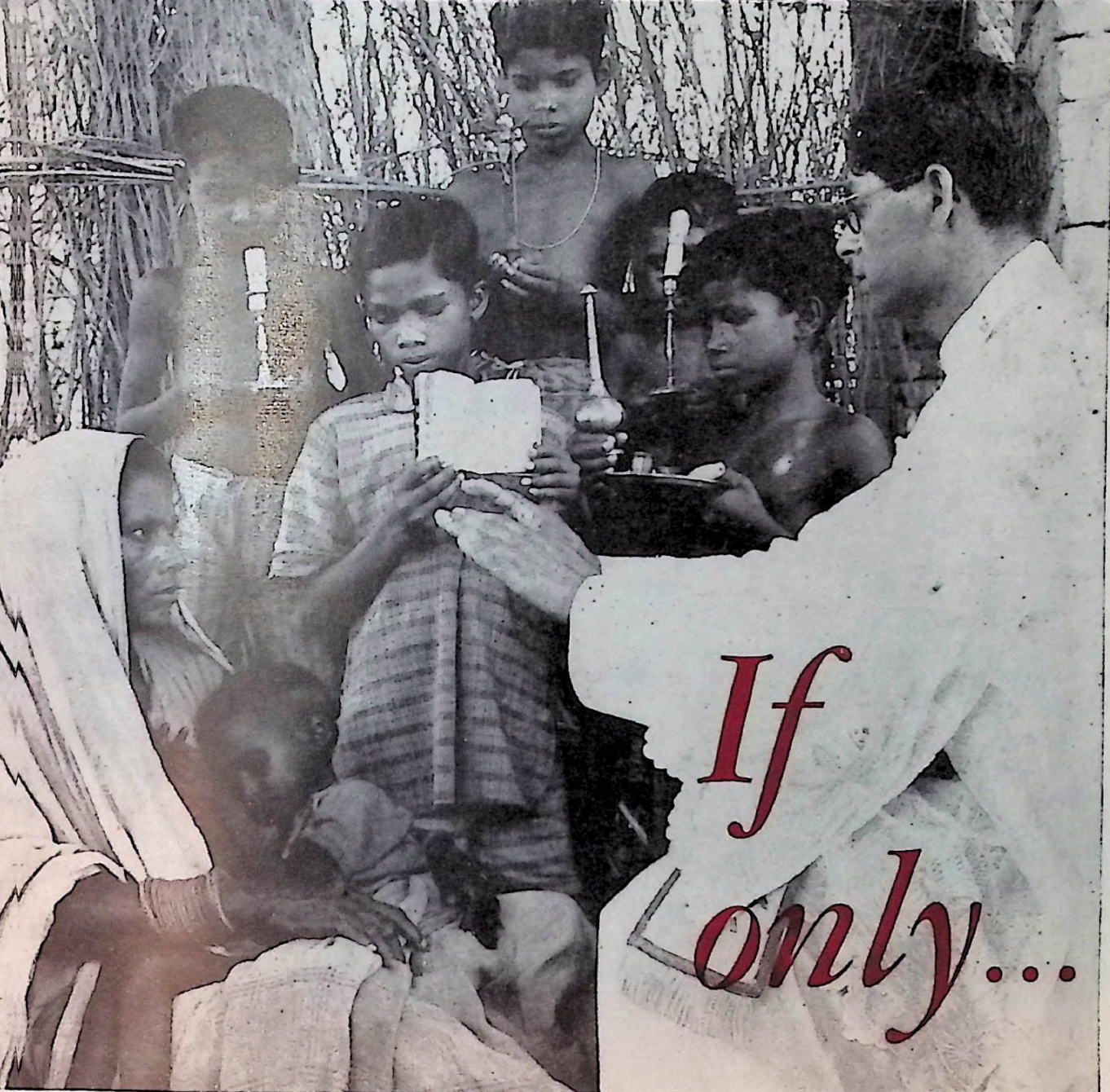
As the end drew near, he revealed something which we had never known. Every day when he drove the car or the van to the bazaar or elsewhere he recited five decades of the rosary. Three decades were for the intentions of the moment. "But always, always, Abouna, there was one decade for the Fathers."

"And the fifth decade, Yusuf?"

His eyes were misty as he whispered softly, "I ask Mary to see me through to a death under her protection."

It was a prayer that had been answered. In those last hours he found his greatest consolation in composing very edifying prayers with the utmost energy he could command. Oftentimes, as he did this, he lapsed into his native Chaldean tongue.

He was buried, by special permission of the Chaldean Patriarch, from the Baghdad College chapel in whose construction he had played so large a part. Heaven had sent Yusuf to us long ago and we know that he will always be working for Baghdad College (he couldn't be happy otherwise) "by special appointment of Her Majesty, the Queen of Heaven."



*If
Only...*

THE CHILD SHOWN IN HIS MOTHER'S ARMS in the picture above died. If only there had been adequate medicine, he would have lived. But there wasn't. Why? Lack of funds. Father Robert Wilkinson of Patna can use all the money he gets for medicine to take care of sick children brought to him for help. Won't you help him help them? Send \$5.00—

or whatever you can afford—to

Jesuit Missions

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

Why should men prospecting for oil in the Philippines be interested in the ionosphere a hundred miles above?

The Little

ONCE THERE WAS a little bird who lied but the men prospecting for oil in the Philippines weren't absolutely sure that the bird was lying. But they were suspicious of its veracity and their telegram to us at the Manila Observatory here in Baguio asked us to check into the bird's story.

In case that isn't 100 percent clear allow me to explain. For the past few months a highly scientific survey for oil has been going on throughout the Philippines. It has been carried out, not by pick and shovel, but on a much vaster scale by means of sensitive magnetic equipment attached to an airplane. After the plane has gained its proper altitude on an exploratory flight a magnetic instrument is lowered by a cable so that the instrument flies at a hundred feet below the plane. This object is familiarly spoken of by the party as "the bird." "The bird" has a story to tell those in the plane.

Everyone is familiar with the compass needle which points to the north because of the earth's magnetic field. "The bird" is similar to the compass needle; it puts itself automatically in line with the earth's magnetic field. But more than that—since it is electronic as well as magnetic "the bird," through the wires in the supporting cable, gives a measure of the strength of the total magnetic field. As the plane flies along "the bird" reports the changes in this quantity just as a plane altimeter gives the changes in the height of the plane. The magnetic changes are electronically recorded. One can study the records later on. Aerial photography associates the area beneath the plane with the changes in the magnetic field records.

Going over different mineral deposits in the solid earth the recorder quivers to indicate the corresponding changes in the total magnetic field. If there are minerals like iron the recording needle goes in one direction. If there are shale deposits it goes in the opposite. Shale is more likely to contain oil than is iron.

It is clear that this type of exploration depends on steady or normal conditions in the earth's magnetic field. If there were sudden great changes in the magnetic magnitudes—such conditions are known as magnetic storms—the recording device would be violently swamped or overloaded with the storm changes. The recorder would fail to separate the changes due to the storm from the changes due to the earth beneath.

During the search the oil prospectors became suspicious of their records on certain days. That is why they telegraphed to us for assistance. For the Manila Observatory of the Jesuit Fathers in Baguio is studying the upper atmosphere known as the ionosphere. From fifty to three hundred miles straight up are the regions where electrically charged particles accumulate in layers. These charged layers serve as mirrors for short wave radio energy so that radio communications at great distance become possible. If the waves were not reflected from the ionosphere they would proceed in straight lines out into space. Since the earth is curved, the reflection is necessary for the waves to get around the curvature of the earth.

When I received the telegram from the oilmen I looked up our ionospheric records for those days. These records are being constantly taken day and

JAMES J. HENNESSEY S.J.

Bird Who Lied

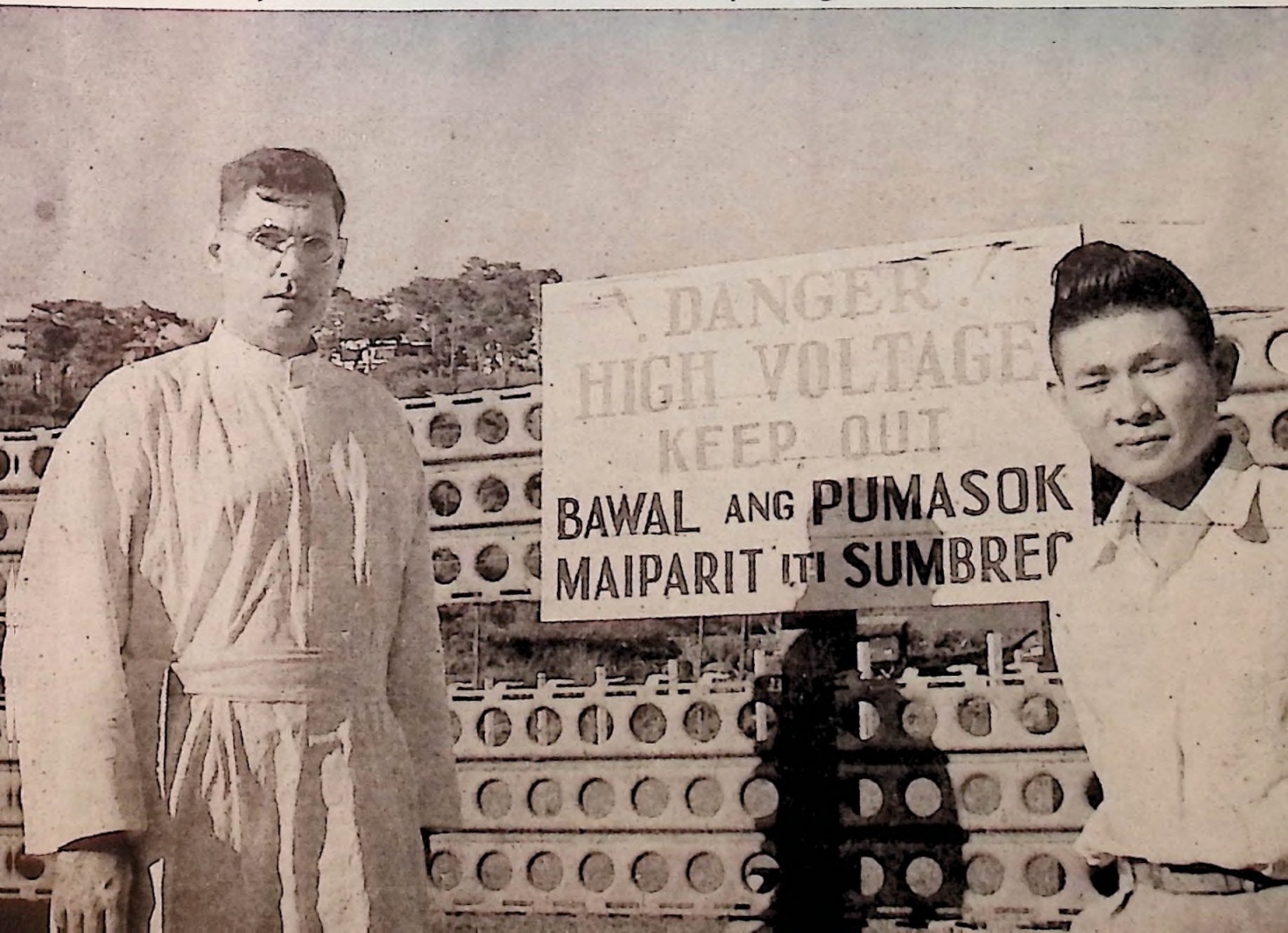
night. They are not magnetic observations but rather observations of the electrified state of the upper atmosphere. From these photographic records we were able to confirm the suspicions of the oilmen that the bird was lying.

Our return telegram read, "Strong SID 0945 Thursday stop magnetic storm likely about 48 hours after SID." This meant that there had been a Sudden Ionospheric Disturbance, the SID of the telegram. People in Baguio were generally not aware of it since it took place so far above in the ionosphere. The

cause of such disturbances is a flare or eruption on the sun. The same flare which disturbed the ionosphere also brought on the profound changes in the earth's magnetic elements. The latter changes interfered with the interpretation of the records of the oil survey.

The written letter from the survey party was an expression of their gratitude. We had spared them two days of useless flying with all the toil and expense it would involve. The little bird had told them but the bird was not dependable in the time of storm.

Father Hennessey and assistant at the Jesuit Observatory in Baguio.



The Business of MISSIONS

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Seattle 22, Wash.

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Rev. William T. Wood S.J.
39 East 83rd St.
New York 28, N. Y.

Dear Friend:

To an inquiry reasonable or unreasonable you may have given the emphatic reply, "I only have two hands." One would never give such a response to Our Lord simply because He is so understanding and so gracious with His gifts. You may, in fact, have often wished that you had many hands to serve Him. In a sense you have, because your gifts to the missions help His priests to do His work. A missionary needs money to pay his catechists, to operate his boat, to build and repair his churches, and to provide medicine for the sick.

With certain variations, the world of the West is at rest while the Orient is beginning a new day. Your hands may be limp in sleep but somewhere in the world a missionary supported by you will lift his hands to bless a Host, to absolve and to anoint.

Much must be accomplished in the missions during 1957 so may I, in the name of Our Lord, propose a reasonable request? Your monthly or occasional gift will keep your missionary hands busy dispensing His wondrous graces to souls.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

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

A FIELD

with American Jesuits

THE WORK OF GRACE



Statistics never reveal the full story of a mission. But they do give some indication of what missionaries, under the grace of God, are accomplishing.

The latest figures for the Jesuit Hsin-chu Mission on Formosa show that in the past year the number of Christians has increased from 711 to 2501. In the way of baptisms, this includes 1177 adults and 622 children. Of these adults 384 were Formosans, 340 Mainlanders, and 453 Aborigines. Besides these there were 66 adults and 233 children baptized when in danger of death which means that many more souls in Heaven pulling for the missionaries. There are now 7167 registered Catechumens, so the future is hopeful. Holy Communions during the year amounted to 41,339 which indicates the fervor of the baptized, some of whom have to travel many miles, mostly by foot, to receive. The Fathers preached more than 300 sermons to the faithful and over 21,000 to pagan groups—quite a bit of palaver. Altogether there are 68 kindergartens helping to rear 3691 youngsters, and 9 dispensaries which

SPOTLIGHT



Father Whitmel Macnair S.J. of the Trincomalee Mission in Ceylon is one of those missionaries who is so busy doing things that very little is ever heard of him. In this particular case Father Macnair is partly to blame for he was, until recently, editor of the "Trinco Mail," our principal news source for things Ceylonese. In that capacity his own name rarely appeared in print.

Born in Tarboro, North Carolina, he entered the New Orleans Province of the Jesuits and left for Ceylon ten years ago. There his activities have been many, centered mostly around St. Michael's College in Batticaloa. Then a few months ago he took up in earnest the very necessary (because of political events) study of the Tamil language. So the Spotlight seeks out the tiny village of Nilaveli and rests briefly on this quiet, popular missionary for we know it will be difficult to catch him once he returns to his typically energetic service for Christ.

treated 111,347 cases of sick and ailing. All in all numbers that can be considered worthy of the 79 Jesuits, and 45 Sisters, along with the aid of 87 men catechists and 89 women.

CONFESSIONAL SECRET

In the Philippines Father Charles Wolf S.J. dropped in on Father Joseph Stoffel S.J. at Talisayan. His visit was necessarily brief but he wanted especially to see Father Stoffel's famous confessional.



"His confession-box is unique, in fact, it is baffling. Most confessionals present a problem to the penitent: Is anyone in there now? Which way do I face? Where is the kneeler? Is the slide open? Can Father hear me? Which way out? What was my penance? These are but a few of the minor problems that face the faithful and courageous penitent. Father Stoffel has solved them all. He has clear and detailed directions, written in Visayan, covering all the points of the Sacrament of Penance—plus the following: where to stand before entering the box, when to enter, what to say when you kneel, when to listen, etc.

"But Father Stoffel's box still has its mysteries. Where does the priest enter? The ordained, but uninitiated, cleric approaches the priest's compartment. He faces a solid wooden wall and a pane of glass; no knob, no lock, no latch. Father goes to the compartments on the right and left. No entrance there to Father's chair. One course left: tuck up the cassock, genuflect, bow profoundly to the penitents on either side and climb up over the front, perch on the ledge, and leap, turning in mid-air, into the chair. That's what would have to happen if Father Stoffel failed to come to the rescue. As a matter of fact, on one side of this confession-box there is a concealed door, fastened by a hidden pin high above the priest's head. 'So that,' says Father Stoffel, 'the children

will not wander into the confessor's part of the box.' Once you know the combination and enter, you find that it is roomy, well lit and airy. What more could a priest want?"

PERCY STREET PUZZLE



St. Ann's Rectory in Kingston is situated at 5¾ Percy St. Father Harry Mallette S.J. unveils the mystery of that peculiar number.

"Perhaps you have been intrigued by the number of our 'yard,' i.e., premise, namely 5¾. A previous pastor tried to have it changed to a more reasonable 5A, but he got no place with the powers that be. And so we must be content with living at three-quarters of a number. This is the end product of the frequent subdivisions of property into smaller lots, a practice that is quite common in our area. Over the years we bought back the lots around our rectory, but it appears that we could not buy back a whole number. More than likely eternity will come in and find St. Anne's at 5¾.

"One of the biggest problems of the missionary in St. Anne's is to get two people to say "I do." There are many reasons. One is historical: concubinage is a carry-over from slavery. Owners of slaves encouraged, and sometimes even forced their charges to live promiscuous lives. Another is economic: in people's minds the exchange of marriage vows demands what most of our people just can't afford, namely, at least one ring, a white dress, a new suit of clothes, topped by a wedding cake and wine to wash it down. But even deeper than this reason is the fact that Jamaicans seem to have a pseudo-exalted idea of marriage. To them it is a higher state. They must not enter upon that state, until they can afford to live in a manner befitting it. Another reason is social: promiscuity must be the end product of a social system which tolerates the indiscriminate mixing of the sexes in

close overcrowded sleeping quarters. In addition there seems to be very little or no social stigma accompanying unwed motherhood, at least in this level of Jamaican society. And so there is no social pressure on the mother or father to get married once pregnancy has occurred. Of course, we also have to contend with the rascal's reasons. There was the man in the hospital to whom Father Russell put the usual question: 'Didn't you ever think about getting married?' The answer came back without hesitation. 'Fadda, I never get married, because I never yet find a woman industrious enough to support me.'

SHOPPING IN CEYLON



When the missionaries from the fields come into town, they wisely pay the Mission Procurator's room one of their first visits.

With practised display they clap down on his desk their shopping lists. If this is done with the correct aplomb, it invariably shakes the Procurator loose a bit. Each of the missionaries has his own method of cataloging the 'musts' that are to be cared for while he is in town. Father Cook uses a battered old hip pocket notebook which looks as if he might sometimes use it for a boot in a tire. Father Daly likes the backs of envelopes; their limited space keeps him from mapping out too busy a day for himself. Father Fengler does it up neatly on a piece of white paper in the Mission's strongest boast of Palmer Method, which even the shopkeepers can read. Father Clarkson uses an end of the wrapping in which his last delivery of fish came. Even with a bad cold, he claims he can always smell it out if he misplaces it.

Recently after a busy morning one of the missionaries came back to the College late for lunch with his whole list checked off except the following: 60' galvanized pipe, kerosene, baptismal

forms, a dog, rat traps, permission to make annual retreat. He had dragged the list in and out of so many shops and markets that it didn't even smell like fish anymore.

A MOTHER CHECKS UP



Mrs. Frank Falge has just returned from the Orient where she visited her son, Mr. Roger Falge S.J.

"I was simply amazed" she said "at what has been accomplished there . . . unless one sees it, one cannot realize the extent and depth of the work that is being done . . . the zeal and energy of each one! . . . There is such a wonderful spirit of happiness in the missionaries . . . Now I can understand why anyone who has been on the missions is always longing to go back.

" . . . I was much impressed with the missionaries' frugality and how they can do so much with so little. Fifty cents or a dollar, which goes through our fingers so easily here, can be made to go a long way there, in spite of the fact that prices are comparatively high."

NOTE FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC

From Palau Father Edwin McManus S.J. writes: "A recent high light was the licensing of beer—the first time any government, Spanish, German, Japanese or American, has permitted the sale of alcoholic beverages to the people of the Caroline and Marshall Islands. I was very dubious about this, as I was afraid it would lead to abuses. But I was wrong. Since the sale of beer has been permitted, the consumption of hard liquor has gone down. The Palauans have been accustomed to distilling a horrible concoction that makes them nasty drunk, leads to fighting, homicides, etc. That has dropped considerably, and while some of them do manage to get drunk on beer, it is a peaceable kind of drunkenness. So I guess there is something to be said for beer."



Stark against the Arctic sky, a furred figure gazes out over the silent land.

THE SILENT LAND

ACROSS THE ARCTIC wastes the silence has fallen. The long nights are only briefly brushed by the low sun's light; the stillness that falls with the snow broods over the ice-tautened land. Man and nature lie quiet under the gray blanket of the Alaskan sky.

There is time now for the long thoughts which are buried in the soul of every man. Activity has turned to cold ashes; brush them away and let the soul breathe again of God and of the timeless things we call destiny. It is a time for prayer.

The winds blow, the snow piles high around quiet homes.



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The Communists Know Their Business when it comes to eliminating religion. In China, as soon as they came into power, the Communists suppressed the Chinese *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* which had been doing great work for the Church for over thirty years.

Father Peter Li S.J., a refugee from the Communists, is now in Formosa trying to revive the Chinese *Messenger*. He is encountering many difficulties with his Formosa edition of the *Messenger* but is going ahead anyway, trusting the Sacred Heart to inspire generous Americans to give help. He needs \$60.00 a month to put out the magazine.

A gift of \$2.00 would pay for a day's expense for this very important work. Would you help?

Other Chinese Refugees Moved to Cebu in the Philippines to form Catholic communities. The California Province missionaries there, one is Father George Donohue, teach religion in the Chinese school. They have asked for help to buy catechetical film strips on the Life of Our Lord for the instruction of the children and converts. In providing the film strip you would be giving a gift to the missions that would be used frequently and for a long time.

Film strips are \$4.00.

Father John Cull Has Taken an Inventory of the needs of the churches in the Stann Creek District of British Honduras. At first glance the list is overwhelming, but we were reminded that there are 8 parishes plus 8 Mass stations to be taken care of in the Stann Creek District. Here are the altar furnishings that are needed in the 16 stations.

Vestments	-----	\$25.00
White	— 6	
Black	— 2	
Purple	— 5	
Green	— 3	
Red	— 5	
White Cope	---- 5 at	\$30.00
White Veil	---- 5 at	\$10.00
Altar Missals	--- 7 at	\$15.00
Missal Stands	--- 5 at	\$5.00
Monstrance	---- 4 at	\$100.00
Candlesticks	--- 5 at	\$10.00
Cruets	----- 5 at	\$2.00
Lavabo Dish	--- 6 at	\$1.00
Bell	----- 6 at	\$2.00
Censer	----- 5 at	\$20.00
Altar Cards	----- 6 at	\$15.00

As a suggestion, you might want to supply one of these items as a memorial to your parents. It would be greatly appreciated by the missionaries who would ask God to bless you for your generosity.

He Has a Good Meal now and then, as you've read on page 12, but Father Randolph Knight's car has a much bigger appetite—for gas—as it takes him over the mountains in the service of his 1,500 parishioners. Father Knight has his worries about expenses so if you could help pay for the gas (in Jamaica it's petrol) he would be relieved. \$1.00—2 gallons.

There's Something About Alaska—maybe it's the cold weather—that increases the usual voracious appetite of a child for sweets. Father Poole makes the learning of catechism for Eskimo boys sweeter with gifts of penny sticks of candy. He says the candy eliminates stragglers, too. Would you be able to spare 25 cents?



FIRE...

in the night!

destroyed the chapel at
Dillingham, Alaska.

The building
has been restored,
but a number of things
are still needed.

Will you help
Father Harold Greif S.J.
by contributing
toward the following?

Candlesticks	\$10.00
Stations of the Cross	7.50
Tabernacle	250.00
Bells	5.00
Statues	100.00

Send your contribution to

Jesuit Missions

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



Food *for a week*

The Orphans of St. Sebastian, Batticaloa, Ceylon, in the picture above are unloading their week's supply of rice.

Food for Thought: Rice costs money. The Jesuits who run St. Sebastian's have very little. Send \$5.00 for the orphans and help keep them strong. They belong to Christ. Your contribution will be received gratefully at

JESUIT MISSIONS

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