

Jesuit Missions



JUNE, 1957

No Greater



Need

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, please, at the picture on the opposite page. The scene is a recent ordination ceremony in Japan. The Bishop with the keen, kindly eyes is the Most Reverend John Ross S.J., former Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima; the young man on his knees is a just-ordained Japanese priest.

Many years ago, when Father Ross came to Japan to begin his missionary life, native-born priests were few indeed. Only recently has their number grown steadily and surely. The unforgettable look of warmth and love in the Bishop's eyes as he leans toward the young priest is no Hollywood pose. It is, rather, symbolic of the fulfilment of a deep yearning which burns within every missionary's apostolic heart, the yearning to place, at the end, his own tired and foreign hands into the freshly anointed hands of native-born priests.

This is not a sentimental desire of kindly foreign missionaries. It is not merely a "nice thing" to do if some exceptional boys show signs of a priestly vocation. It is the basic policy of all the missions in the world.

The purpose of the missions is the establishment of the Church in new territories. Raising up a local hierarchy and priesthood is so intimately connected with this ultimate purpose that the two are often joined in the same definition. There can never be an established Church until there is an adequate corps of native-born priests under their own bishops.

This is not a new policy, necessary because there are not enough missionaries to go around. It is the natural and inevitable way in which the Church universal makes herself at home everywhere. A reading of the *Acts of the Apostles* is perhaps the best reminder of the intrinsic urgency of Catholicism to be at once universal and local. Saint Paul, we know, made a bishop of Timothy, the son of a Greek father and a Jewish mother; and he consecrated Titus, both of whose parents were Greeks, and told him to ordain local young men, Cretans, for the Church of that Mediterranean island.

The Apostles, prodigious missionaries, left behind them everywhere to govern and teach the small communities of converts they had made, local bishops and priests. The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, in a statement more than a century old, sums up the matter thus: "It is proved most clearly by other very weighty documents, but especially by the example of the Apostles and the testimony of the primitive Church, that there are two principal and, as it were, necessary instruments for the propagation and establishment of the Catholic religion, namely, the sending out of bishops . . . and the careful formation of a local clergy."

In modern times the Church has manifested her special concern for this task through the Pontifical Society of Saint Peter the Apostle, which exists to pro-

COVER. Father Fred Foley and a Netherlands Jesuit were wandering through Indonesia when they met this gentleman just outside of Jogjakarta. He was the headman of a nearby village, and also a Catholic, so he promptly invited them to dinner. They sat down to rice and vegetables, shrimp chips, and Javanese peppers which were hot enough to bring the tears to Father Foley's eyes, but not before he snapped his host in traditional dress.

vide support for seminarians, for both the secular and religious priesthood on the missions throughout the world.

The making of a priest or bishop in any mission land is a long-term project. Almost without realizing it, every missionary, no matter what his work, contributes. Solid Christian families, carefully instructed and directed by their pastor, are the source of vocations. Schools on every level provide a deeper knowledge of the Faith and enough general education to make seminary training possible. Eventually the gentle workings of the Holy Spirit in individual souls plus a careful program of vocation promotion produce the first candidates for seminaries and novitiates. Nearly always the first years are slow years, but the number of priests who are of the people does grow, and finally, one great day, the first of them will be raised to the fullness of the priesthood as a bishop.

When Pope Pius XII was elected in 1939 there was not a single African bishop of the Latin rite. Today there are seventeen, the first consecrated by the Holy Father himself in 1939. The most recent of the African bishops, Most Reverend Maurice Otunga, holds the distinction of being the youngest bishop in the Church.

Since World War II the Holy See has appointed the first Zulu bishop and the first Sudanese bishop. In the past thirty years about 130 native-born bishops have been named in India, Japan, Vietnam, Ceylon, Korea, Thailand, Indonesia, Burma, China, Pakistan, Africa. In every case, since men of episcopal calibre are somewhat rare anywhere in the Church, the number of native-born clergy, among whom the choice was made, had to be rather high.

Recent political events around the

missionary world have made the creation of local clergies and hierarchies even more urgent than ever. New nations have a very human way of wanting to be independent of their former ties in every possible way. The foreign mis-

NO GREATER NEED

The missionary Church has no greater need than thousands of young men in cassocks preparing to be priests for their own people.

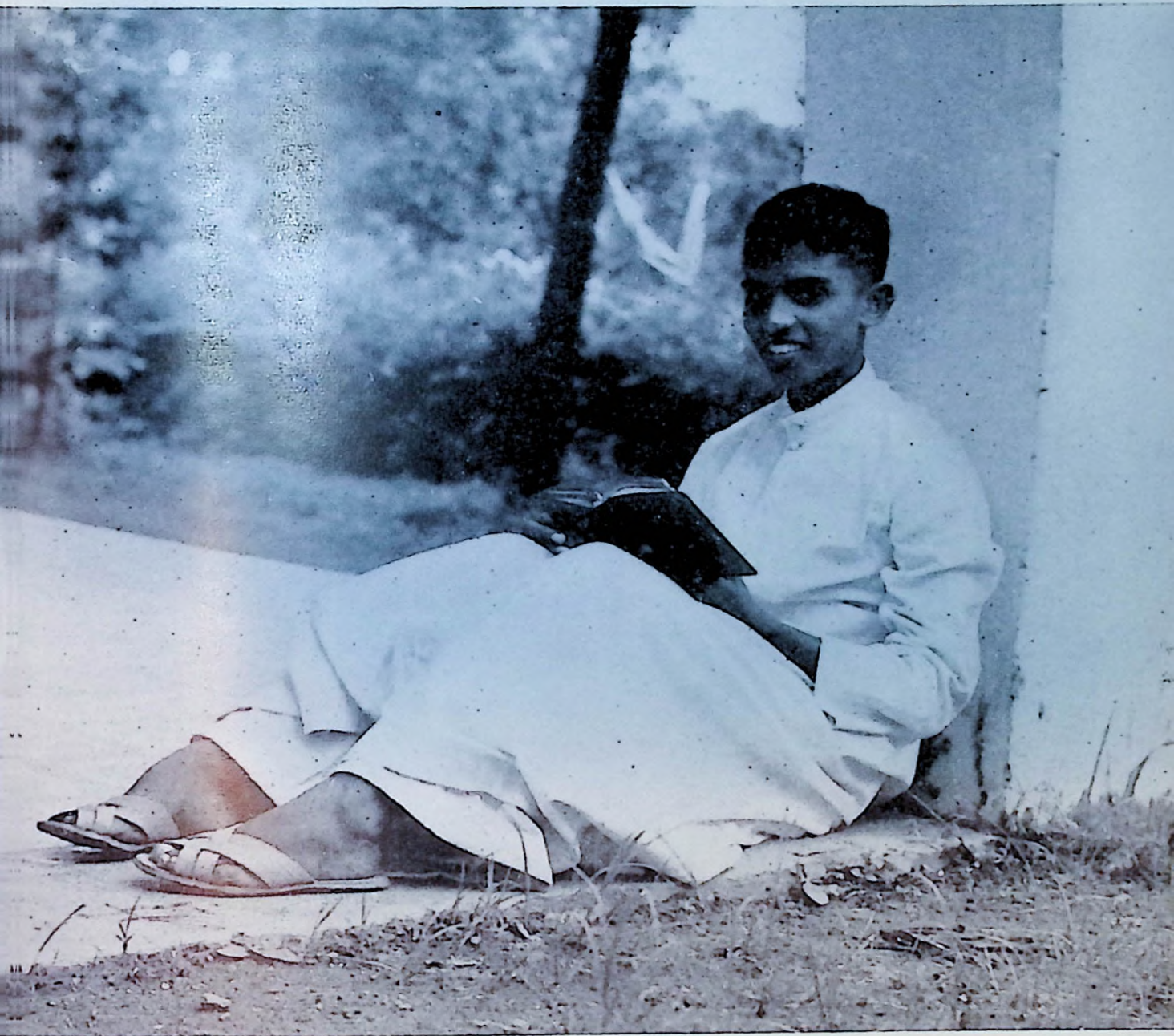
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sionary, no matter how much he may be loved, is still a foreigner. When political and economic growth puts the direction of local activities into the hands of men from the homeland, it is quite natural that even the most loyal of Catholics

have insistently taught the ancient doctrine and practice of a home clergy for every homeland, and they have been apostolically bold, against the reservations of the timid, in raising the priests of new Christianities to the episcopacy.



should desire that their clergy and hierarchy should also be of the people.

Mission need and local need, therefore, combine to make the formation of native-born priests and bishops a prime necessity of modern missions. The urgency is, certainly, greater than ever before in mission history. Recent Popes

Pope Pius XI said that charity to the missions in general was the greatest of charities. To go further, one may safely say that no missionary work is more deserving of our charity than the seminaries on the missions where local secular or religious priests are trained. There is no greater need.

IT IS THE SECOND MONDAY of the month so I sweat out a three-mile march from Revival down to Little Bay here in Westmoreland, Jamaica, B.W.I. Any priest who has made the march will admit that it is exhausting—yet it is a tremendously impressive day in my life and I feel that it may buy me a ticket into Heaven. Fifteen people, sick, old and crippled, wait along the way on the second Monday of the month for Christ in Holy Communion. To me, that waiting line is Reparation Row and the simple, beautiful faith of its members must atone for many of the atrocities committed in the world today.

Willie Parkinson and old man James are the first to receive Holy Communion. James is speechless, a deaf mute, and Willie, the old catechist of the district, is pushing on toward ninety years.

He is a cocky little man with a perpetual joke on his tongue and a sparkle in his eye. For years he slew all the heathens that came into the district with his quick mind, tickling wit and rocklike faith. After Communion I secretly slip "Parky," as they call him, fifty cents and he manages to drop it on the floor in front of everyone.

A quarter of a mile down the ravine Sarah Anderson waits for me in her little hut. I have to overcome a certain fear in entering here for Sarah has no fingers—she was an inmate in the Leper Colony at Spanish Town and her hands still scale and bleed. She prays for me daily. "God bless you, Sarah!"

I retrace my steps back up the mountain side; no car can come down into this ravine of broken rock and moist mud of a dead river bed. Down from

Reparation



Revival Mountain and nearer the sea, Betsy Grant sits in her doorway, a shriveled creature with bright eyes. She lives alone in a grass hut waiting for the final summons of Christ. She has nothing but rags to leave and the pains of old age. Her hut is so small that there is no place to put the Communion kit, no room to genuflect.

A little farther down Communion Row, Sam and Katey Gale wait for Christ, like figures out of the Old Testament. They stand gentle and reverent among a flock of sweet-faced, wonder-eyed grandchildren. "Kneel down! Hush!" they whisper to the little ones and the littlest one climbs onto Katey's lap and reaches out for the white Host.

With her back propped against the wall and sitting on the floor, Ann, a fifteen-year-old paralytic, takes Christ. I

bend down to place the Host on her tongue. It is the bow of the Lamb before a chaste girl. Waiting at the doorway, Ben receives Communion. He kneels on the threshold, leaning on a knotted stick, lifting up his chiseled features. I hear his softly whispered "Domine, non sum dignus!"

Charlie and Sadie have their white-washed hut standing in a cool banana grove. At sixty-five, Charlie has the face of a little boy. Sadie hobbles about with a crutch and one leg. She is the warrior of the family but Christ keeps her heart soft in Holy Communion.

Should I ever fall climbing the rocks to Ezekiah's hut it will be painful—and I might end up a cripple like Ezekiah. About four little children are always waiting on the way up the stony cliff. They hail me good morning with preciously sweet voices that I look forward to hearing. Christ must love it!

Nearing the end of the march, Willie James sits waiting with the patience of Job; I have been on the march for two hours now. Willie must be thirsty and hungry, but there is never a complaint about the long fast. Willie was a fisherman who knew the roughness of the sea. His legs are paralyzed. He has to drag himself along the ground with his hands, but that soul of his stands straight before God.

Down by the sea, Rollie Clayton, the last communicant, awaits me. Rollie has one right hand with four fingers. His feet are stumps and one arm has been cut off at the elbow. His soul is a sea of peace. Some Spring day, Christ will call Rollie and Rollie will come gladly for he has nothing to fear. His life has been good and filled with patient suffering. He is really a saint.

There is nothing dapper about me as I finish up Communion Row. My trousers are baggy, my shoes cut and muddy and my collar is a wet rag. The dye from my shirt has stained the sweaty front of my coat. I turn to my guardian angel and say, "Brother, put it down good and big, in red ink, mind you—*Second Monday—Communion Row!*"

J. RANDOLPH KNIGHT S.J.



Row



The bars are not intended to keep the young Jesuits at their books, but to keep thieves out.

A Jesuit scholastic reports from a language school where he is learning to speak of Christ in Chinese

OUR HOUSE OF CORRECTION

OUR HOUSE OF CORRECTION here at Noel Chabanel Hall on Formosa is the Language School where we have the opportunity to learn the Chinese language. It is an amusing coincidence that our original Language School was an abandoned concentration camp for Japanese prisoners of war. Although the name and location has changed, the school is still a concentration camp in the most literal sense of

the word. Almost every waking hour is spent *concentrating* on Chinese.

The Chinese language has a much smaller number of possible sound combinations than most other languages. There are, for example, over 100 words pronounced "chi." To get around this difficulty, at least partly, the Chinese have made use of an ingenious expedient; the same word is spoken in four different tones to express different

Mr. Saso S.J. finds that there is no substitute for practice in writing Chinese.





The patience and politeness of a Chinese professor like Mr. Hsieh eases the tedium of language study, but it is still a long and plodding road.

ideas. (This is in Mandarin; other dialects have as many as nine tones!) Hence, if a word is spoken in the wrong tone, it means either something different from what was intended or nothing at all. The use and abuse of these tones by foreigners has become proverbial. Just give a word the wrong tone-tilt and you can certainly scramble the meaning of a sentence. If, for instance, you say "Wo³ yau⁴ wen¹ ni³" (numbers represent the different tones), the meaning would be, "I want to ask you something." But if you should pronounce "wen" with a third tone the result of this innocent error could be disastrous; for then the sentence would mean, "I want to kiss you!"

But if Chinese has its difficulties it also has its rewards. It is not an inflected language for one thing, and the rhythm and strange music of the tones more than compensates for the long practice needed to acquire them. Many Chinese words hit off an idea with a frankness that surprises us. A "beggar" is simply a "yao'fan'te⁰," that is, a "want-food-person" and a good mid-wife is

called a "help-production-expert." One's head receives its proper epithet as a "brain-bag." After seeing my Chinese neighbors carrying buckets of water from the local well I know why a fountain pen is called a "water (ink)-comes-of-itself-pen." And much of Free China's political philosophy is expressed in their word for "enemy," which literally translated means, "one-who-opposes-the-people." The direct approach, hey?

Even the characters, which the Communists themselves are trying to simplify, have their own fascination. Take the rather abstract notion of "east." By combining two picture characters, the sun and a tree, we have a very concrete picture for "east"; that is, the sun shining through tree branches as it rises in the east. Another abstract notion, "peace," is represented by the figure of a woman under a roof, indicating, I suppose, that when the woman is home there is peace. One day I'll be able to teach the people in their own language that Christ in the home is the source of true and lasting peace.

JOHN J. DEENEY S.J.



Rather aptly the characters on the board read "the blind lead the blind," as Mr. Saso, a second year language student from the California Province, explains a fine point to the author, Mr. John Deeney S.J. Only by constant classes, study and repetition can the beautiful intricacies of the Chinese language be mastered by an American ear, tongue and hand.

There is another struggle in the Near East today which is not as well known as the political issues and has

No Answer But



Faith

I WANT YOU to meet Boutros, for to me he symbolizes the social problems prevalent in the Near East today. Now in his early twenties, this frank, good-looking son of Lebanese stock would have known a far different kind of life had he been born under another star and another flag. Boutros stands for the thousands of unnamed youths who are caught in the web of social injustice that has been woven out of poverty and a traditional primitive existence.

Although Lebanon is a paradoxically rich country and a tourist's delight, it has more than its share of poor homes. For the great majority of the children of these homes an education is out of the question. For the only way the schools here can exist is through tuition, and the yearly fee that ranges from 125 to 150 Lebanese pounds (the pound is worth about 31¢) is too steep for the average family. And without an education the future is bleak.

In a bygone day Boutros would have been a rich young man, for his grandparents owned rich farmland in the northwest mountain region of Lebanon. That was before the persistent persecution by the Turkish invaders which deprived his grandsire of his rich lands and income. Yet, not before the latter was loved and known for miles around because of his solicitude and generosity for the poor. Today, Grandfather is dead, and gone are all the lands that would have been Boutros' inheritance. All that he has inherited is a noble love towards the poor, and the care of his distressed

family for whose betterment he lives with an unquenchable desire.

Boutros means Peter. And, like his renowned predecessor, he is a Rock for his family and his friends. His is the great heart that gathers in his family's and friends' troubles. His is the strength that lifts his parents, and his trustful sisters and brother over the troubled waters. His is the will to plan and sacrifice that others may have the chance denied him. Deep inside him is the longing to perfect himself, but there are no agencies to help deserving boys.

Let Boutros tell you in his own words: "The greatest blow of my life came at the age of 12. I was in school, doing well and meriting the praise of my teachers. Then, it was decided that I must leave school to help out at home. My brother George, who was working with the Jesuits, got me a job there. I swept and washed corridors. I waited on the students' tables. I washed dishes. I worked in the laundry. For five years I was Sacristan in the Church. Then, two more years as Head Refectorian.

"But I became too old, and they had to let me go. At 19 what could I do? I had learned to drive, and did some taxi work for my uncle, bringing in a few pounds monthly. Then a chance came to go to Saudi Arabia as a taxi man. It meant more money, so I accepted it. But, two years were more than enough, for I was deprived of the comforts of my religion, without Church and the Sacraments. I always carried a picture of Our Lady in my taxi, and often the Moslems asked about the beautiful 'girl-friend' I had. She helped my decision to return to Lebanon where I worked again for my uncle.

"Then, with the opening of the College of Notre Dame, I was asked to be chauffeur for Reverend Father Rector and do bus service for the students. My pay is 110 Lebanese pounds per month, (about \$37.00), and I am on duty from 6 in the morning till 9 and 10 p.m. at night. I am helpless without a diploma; yet I cannot think of myself, I must think of my 3 small sisters and brother. I don't want them to face the

kind of life I have had. All my money goes to them. I even am afraid to buy a package of cigarettes or go to a movie, for fear I deprive them of something they need. Le Bon Dieu will help me, and La Sainte Vierge Marie."

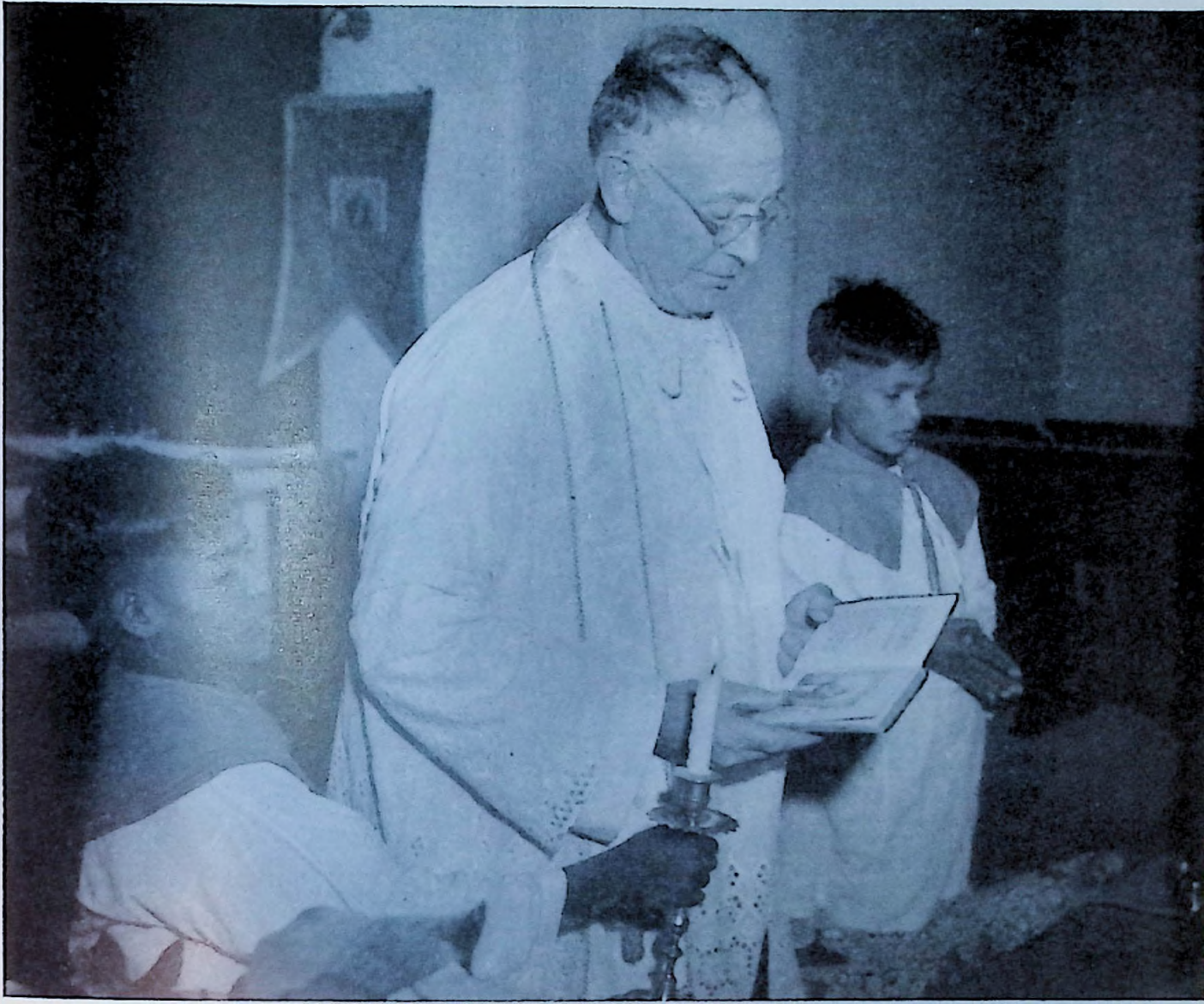
Boutros has Faith, even when his mind is puzzled and confused by the apparent lack of direction and help of the clergy, and the indifference of richer Christian Lebanese towards the poor. Without spiritual guidance or advice, he has had to think out alone the unanswerable

problem of social injustice in Lebanon. Such thinking is revealed in his calm appraisal of modern problems when he said one day: "Abouna, (Father), it is easy to see why young men like myself would find the principles of Communism so appealing. If it were not for the Faith, many Lebanese youth would readily dedicate themselves to this creed." If it were not for the Faith . . . that explains the religious depths of the Lebanese character.

JOSEPH I. HOLLAND S.J.

Father Holland of Somerville, Mass., congratulates young Paul on the day of his First Holy Communion at Byblos, Lebanon. Boutros is at left of picture.



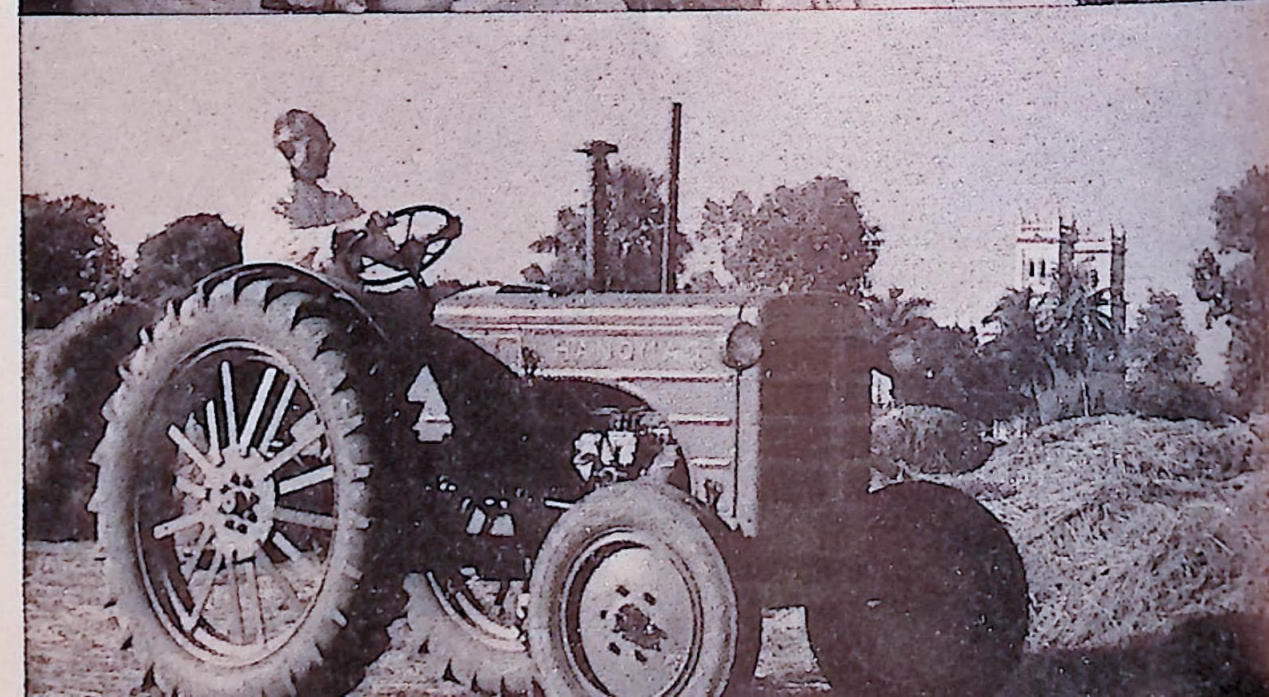
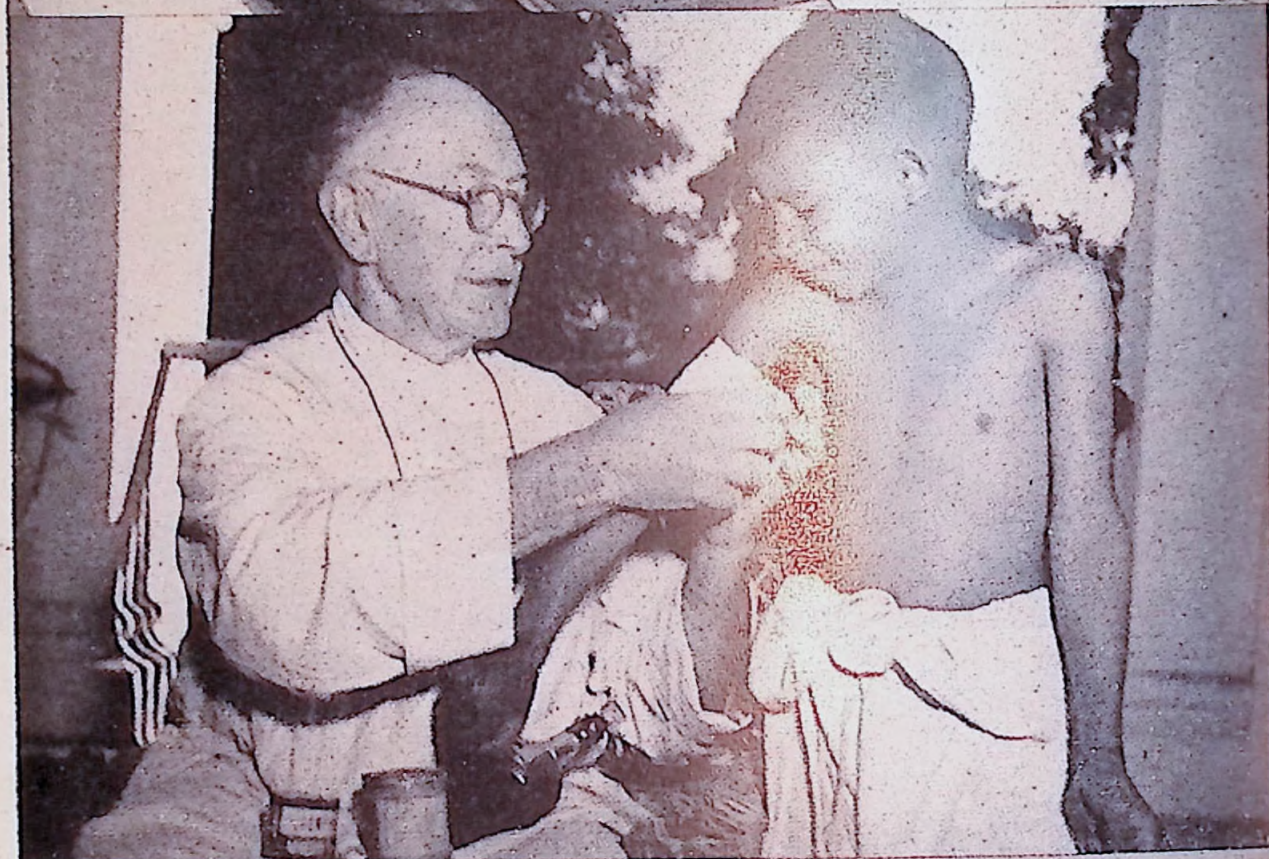
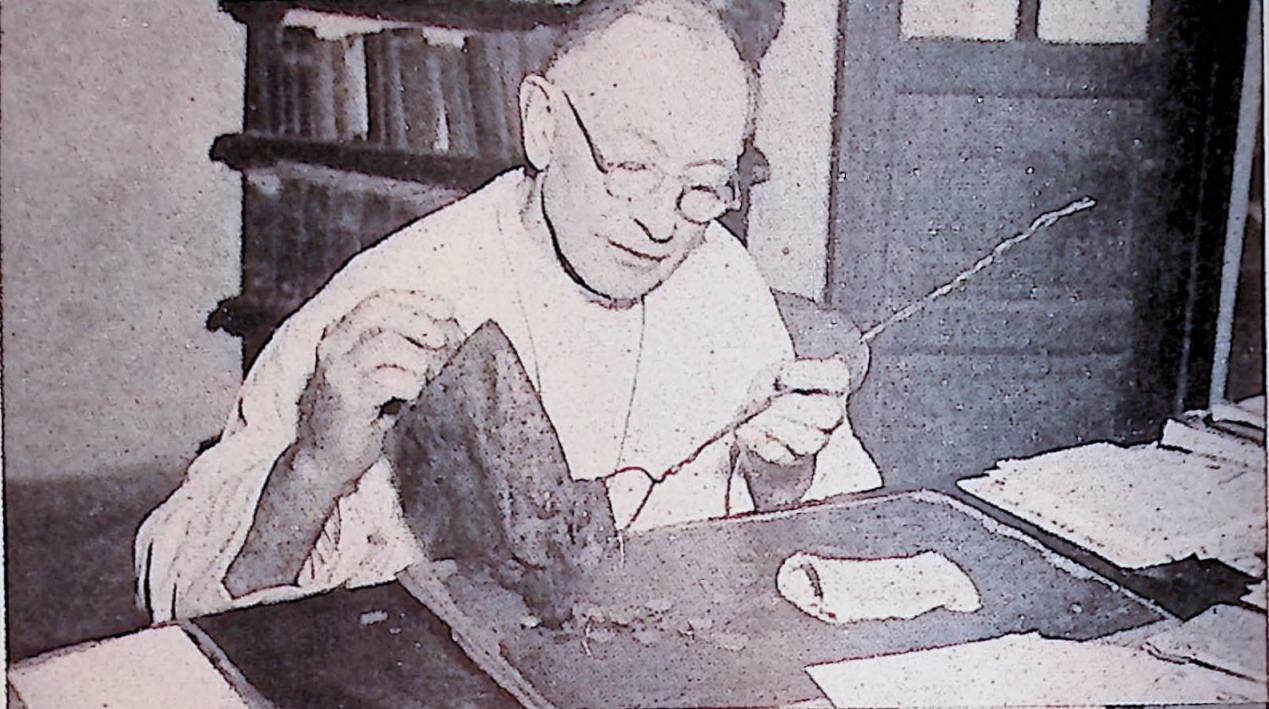


His first duty, that of priest. Father Pettit reads the candlelit service.

Action This Day

IT WAS FEBRUARY 5TH of this year and Father Aloysius Pettit S.J. was celebrating his 70th birthday. He was a long way from his birthplace in Brandon, Wisconsin, but when you have spent the last 33 years in India just what do you mean by "home"?

Father Pettit was one of the pioneers when the American Jesuits took over the Patna Mission at the request of the Holy Father. His first assignment was at Bettiah where he found there was no secondary education for the several hundred Catholic families there. So he dusted out two store rooms in the rectory and started what is now Khrist Raja High School, the first of the Mission's four high schools. The others are in Jaipur, Patna and Nepal. *(Continued)*



Action This Day

He was also a pioneer in parish work, being one of the first to labor among the aboriginal Santals. The backbone of the flourishing Church among them today is formed by the hundreds of converts he made. He has spent the last dozen years among the depressed castes of Chanpattian and is now at Chakhni.

Father Pettit was the first American Jesuit to publish a book in Hindi. His *Yesu Kath* (Story of Jesus) was a translation of the life of Christ by the late Father Francis Finn S.J.

You would think that a man could take a day off on the occasion of his 70th birthday but Father Pettit is a missionary first and foremost. The true shepherd does not leave his flock unguarded and uncared for. So the routine work goes on, the work of the priest, the doctor, the teacher, the harvester. As long as he can, as long as his people need him, this veteran missionary will fulfill the task given him by God. *Ad multos annos!*

(Photos by Father Joseph Willmes S.J.)

(Left, top) Some of Father Pettit's pastoral duties do not consume too much time, for instance the counting of the Sunday collection. The average result is usually about 8 annas, the equivalent of 10 cents! One might think it was not worthwhile to bother with any collection under those circumstances but it does help the people to feel that they are contributing in some way to support their own church.

(Center) The priest must be a doctor too. His people rely utterly upon him and do not hesitate to come to him at any hour of the day or night for physical or spiritual aid.

(Bottom) Father Pettit drives his tractor to the threshing floor. Like many another missionary, he must depend upon his own efforts if he expects to eat and keep the mission going. His Sunday collection is evidence of that. But it is not the easiest thing in the world on the day you are seventy years old!

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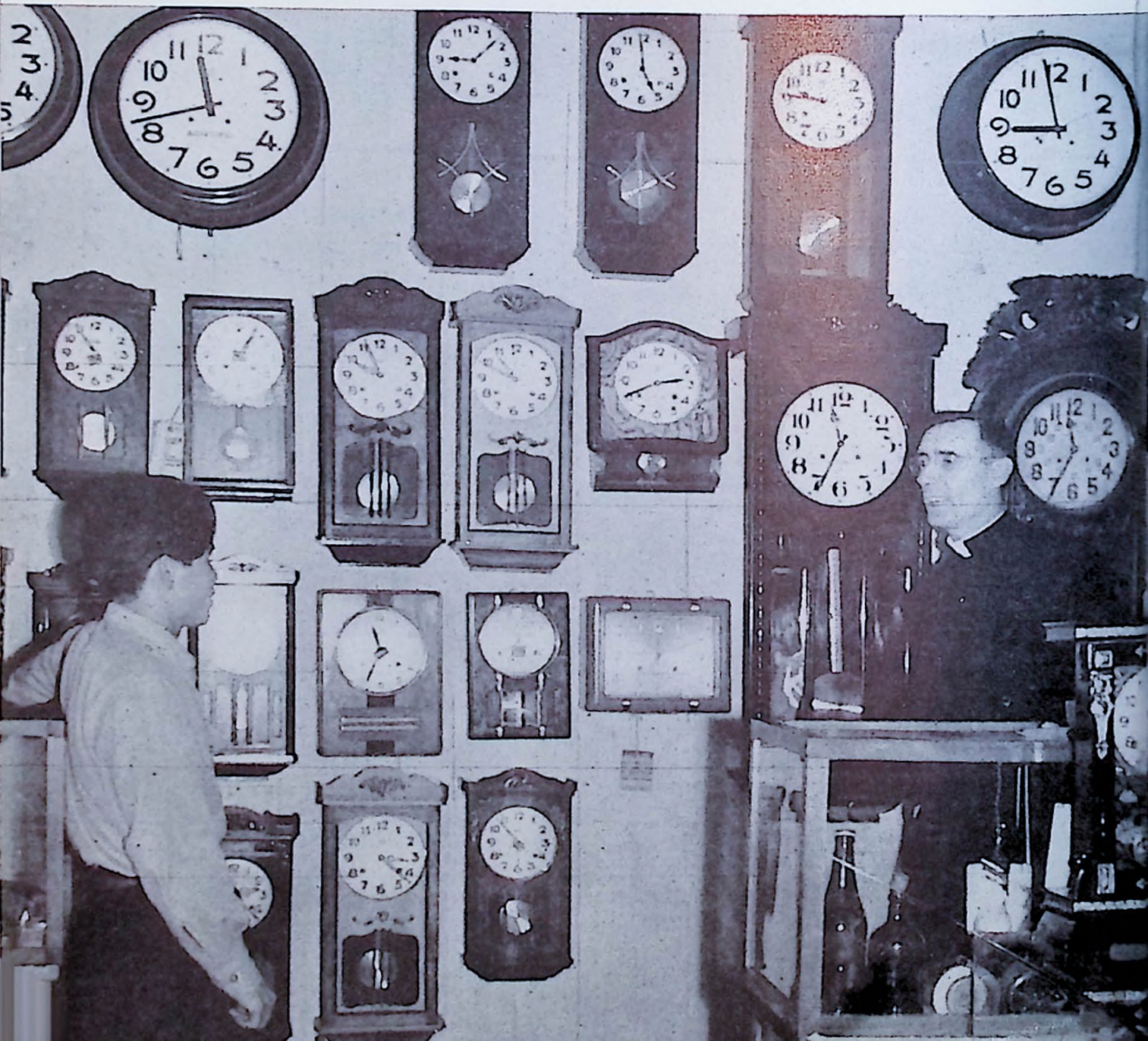
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Mission Moments

THE TIME IS DIFFERENT
S.J. (below) in a clock shop
all in one spot. Ask him w
Irish way, "Sure I know
before Daylight Saving c

(Right) Father Henry H
Superior of the Alaska Mis
square miles of Northland

(Below) A quiet moment i
Forbidden Kingdom of Nep
King Mahendra (at right)
of the first Jesuits to enter
King, while Dr. Charles M
Eisenhower at the Inaugur
sion now have two schools



...the world but Father James Thornton
...sinchu, Formosa, finds it can be different
...ne it is and he will reply in his inimitable
...time it is—it's time to get out of here

...ves S.J. has been appointed the new
...His problem: how do you cover 515,600
...your personnel is less than fifty?

...raway place. At Kathmandu in the once-
...ring the inaugural festivities His Majesty
...s; with Father Marshall Moran S.J., one
...in recent years and a close friend of the
...the personal representative of President
...listens in. The Jesuits of the Patna Mis-
...epal.



We need to realize that we also are concerned, and even partially guilty, if evil solutions are found for the problem that casts a

Shadow



Over Japan



THE PROBLEM OF TOO many people for too little land has been confronting Japan for a long time. Crowded into an area the size of the state of Montana are 88,000,000 people. To feed them the farmers, who are very skillful, till 15,000,000 acres to produce about two thirds of the food needed. Cultivable farmland, about one-sixth of the country, is less than that of available soil in New York State.

Father Vincent S. Kearney S.J., writing on the trade situation in Japan, in *America*, November 20, 1954, gives this gloomy picture.

"The United States, for example, sells Japan products valued at \$750 million a year and buys only a halting \$250 million worth. Canadian sales amount to \$100 million and purchases to only \$18 million. Australian sales approximate \$116 million, purchases only \$4 million. The Philippines sells goods valued at \$47 million and buys only \$18 million worth."

With this imbalance of people and land and this overbalance of import against export it is scarcely any wonder that Japanese population experts and government officials have been grasping at even desperate solutions to their problem. If the population was a static thing, it would be difficult enough to face, but with the end of the war, the return of the military forces and the colonizers to the homeland, new marriages, an expanding birth-rate and a declining death-rate, the outlook for future population totals rose to alarming degrees. In 1948 and 1949 the natural population increase was 1,700,000 for each year. This pres-

aged a population of 127 million people by the end of the century. The Japanese, having just lost a war, realized that they were in no position to launch a new one. This fact, however, will not guarantee the peace in the future. As Irene Taeuber, writing in *Pacific Affairs* for March, 1956, says so well, "There are many theoretical reasons to suppose that Asian peoples united in national governments may not remain quiescent and passive while their own increasing numbers threaten them with the ancient population controls of famine and pestilence."

Thoroughly alarmed at the prospects of the population increase, the government was ready to listen to the siren song of the birth-control advocates. In fact the government was more than ready, for it authorized the sale of contraceptive drugs in April, 1948, and then followed this with a so-called Eugenics Protection Law which made contraception, abortion and sterilization available to all Japanese, eventually subject only to the decisions of physicians. These decisions could be based on either physical or economic reasons. The flood-gates for murder were thrown open.

The number of abortions reported to the proper authorities of government was 246,000 in 1949, 489,000 in 1950, 638,000 in 1951, 798,000 in 1952, 1,068,000 in 1953, and 1,143,000 in 1954. Japanese Welfare Ministry officials estimate that the actual number of abortions for each year should be three times the government figures, due to abortions performed illegally.

The Catholic doctor and psychiatrist, Taiei Miura says, "Repeated abortions have been found to have had the worst effect on the mentality of women. Insanity and complete mental breakdowns have followed the operations in many cases. The full effects will take many years before they can be measured, but some of the effects on the minds of women have already been all too apparent."

While abortions were increasing at such a grisly rate, the percentage of couples saying that they had ever practiced contraception was 29 in 1950, 40 in 1952, and 52 in 1955. Irene Taeuber,

writing in *Pacific Affairs* for March, 1956, says, "The prevalence of abortion when contraception is freely available has puzzled many Westerners . . . The distinction maintained by most Westerners between contraception as ethical and abortion as sinful does not seem to be prevalent among the Japanese."

The Christian viewpoint, of course, looks with horror on both contraception and abortion as serious violations of the rights of both God and man. The Japanese who accepts both abortion and contraception because he denies the rights of God and man is simply being more logical than the foggy-minded Western advocate of contraception alone as ethical. But before the Christian can condemn out of hand the pagan Japanese and the cloudy-minded Western birth-controller he must face the real problem of overpopulation and offer a practical Christian solution.

It is certainly not a Christian solution to sit behind unchristian immigration laws and smugly condemn other people for violating the laws of God. Christian Australia refuses to accept any Japanese immigrant. Christian United States under the smug McCarran-Walter Act accepts the generous total of 185.

Pope Pius XII in his Christmas address, 1952, has some strong words to say on this subject.

"Finally, see how the natural right of the individual to be unhampered in immigration or emigration is not recognized, or, in practice, is nullified under the pretext of the common good which is falsely understood or falsely applied but sanctioned and made mandatory by legislative or administrative measures."

Emigration is not the only feasible solution for overpopulation of Japan, but it is a solid, practical and Christian one. Christian nations certainly have a right to reasonable control over immigration. But if we feel our Christian sensibilities outraged by the stench of abortion and birth-prevention in Japan, we must take care that our control of immigration is Christian control and not, in the phrase of Pius XII, "an outrage to life itself." ANTHONY S. WOODS S.J.

Death of A Fighter



The late Father Arvisu, Filipino Jesuit.

HE WAS ONLY THIRTY-SIX years old when he died a few weeks ago but all his life Father Teodoro Arvisu of the Society of Jesus had been a fighter. It was not of his own choosing, but the dictates of conscience, of obedience, of loyalty sent him time and again into battle. The story of this gallant Filipino has few counterparts.

Twenty years ago in the Philippines a religious vocation was a rarity, mainly owing to the age-old conviction in the minds of the Filipinos that the Church had always been run by foreigners and would continue to be so, even though the old Spanish traditions had been shaken somewhat by the coming of the Americans in the early 1920s.

That ingrained prejudice was to make Teodoro Arvisu one of the best-known Jesuits in the Philippines. From the age of sixteen on, when he was a student at the Ateneo de Manila, he sought admittance into the Society but the parental objection was so strong he was advised to wait until he was of age. He graduated, studied law, and on his 21st birthday he applied again. This time the Jesuit Superior accepted him.

His parents started a law suit to force the young novice's return. It was a case that made all the headlines of Filipino newspapers as young Arvisu, at the orders of his Jesuit Superior, stood up in

court and brilliantly defended the whole idea of a vocation and his own right to serve the God Who had called him to such a life. No other incident has done more to eradicate the prejudice against the religious life in the Philippines and to enhance its beauty.

Then war came, and in some mysterious way the ineligible novice was drafted into the army. At Bataan Lieutenant Arvisu saw every man around him wiped out but he fought on alone, "like a tiger," Carlos Romulo said of him, time and again driving back the Japanese from his command post until reinforcements finally came.

With peace, he returned again to his Jesuit studies and his record there was as shining as in the legal arena or on the battlefield. Then, four and a half years after his ordination as a priest, death suddenly came. His mother was at his side in those last hours as this gallant fighter went home so swiftly to the God Whom he served so well. R.I.P.

REPORT

Father William-M. J. Driscoll S.J.
Maryland Province Mission Director



LET'S TAKE A BRIEF visit around the Jamshedpur Mission in India. It is as large as the state of Massachusetts, with about four million inhabitants, and about ten thousand Catholics. In the middle of the Mission is a big steel town, the city of Jamshedpur, where there is a Cambridge system High School conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, with 700 boys in attendance. In two or three years there will be 1,000 boys. Here also is a small Hindi speaking school for poor children. There are two parishes, St. Mary's and St. Joseph's.

Over the roads to the southwest lies Chaibasa, where Fathers Walter Cook, John Deeney and Richard McHugh are laboring. A high school is in the process of being built, as is a bungalow for the Fathers. There is great activity on the Chaibasa front.

On the road once again and into the jungle, through which we march on foot to Rai Anandpur, where Father Stephen Matthews S.J., is heroically struggling. Father Matthews needs a new house, a new church, everything new. When he moved in two months ago, the roof of his mud bungalow fell in, heavily soaked with rain.

Up to Chakradharpur! Father Richard Neu S.J. of Washington is pastor here. His parish is growing, his converts increasing, but his choir is very sad these days. He has no high Mass stipends, and his choir likes to sing.

From Chakradharpur we arrive at Bandgaon. Fathers Edward Nash of Philadelphia and Joseph Hammett of Washington spread the faith valiantly on this front. A good friend built the chapel of St. Michael's there, but there are several other chapels needed.

Father Francis McFarland of Jersey City smiles at us as we arrive at Jealgora in the north of the Mission. A school was started there last year, and 150 students are already enrolled. Father McFarland has 4,000 parishioners. He has many needs here.

Then coming down to Adra, we find a Rochester Jesuit there, Father Michael Kavanagh. Father has a nice church and three mission stations. For one he has bought a plot of land and has a little wall around it. He hopes to build a chapel as for thirty years there has been Mass here, but no chapel!

All in all, the Jesuit Mission of Jamshedpur, India, is in pretty good condition. The 70 Jesuits on this Mission need a lot of things, and sometimes it's rather difficult for me to find the money to supply them, but the Church is being spread, and the wisdom and knowledge of Christ the Savior.

And so say a prayer for them. A good closing thought is that missionaries need many good friends to pray for them and to donate to them regularly. *Anyone* can be a good friend of the missionary.

WILLIAM-M. J. DRISCOLL S.J.

BATS



IN THE BELFRY

may be O.K.

but bats around a man's head are disconcerting, to say the least. And Father Fred Schuller, of Honduras, who has no house to sleep in, and must constantly travel, sleeping where he can, finds that bats apparently like to spend the night around his head. This liking is not mutual. So Father would like a jeep-truck in which he could sleep on the road, safe from bats. Won't you help? It's bad enough to have no place to sleep, but with *bats* . . .

Please help Father by sending \$5.00 or \$10.00, or whatever you can afford, to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

Walk the banks of the Tigris River today and there are moments while the sun is setting when one can hear

ECHOES FROM Eden

THE SMALL GARDEN CHAPEL was quiet now and only the soft glow of the tabernacle light enlivened the darkness. I slowly closed the screen door and stood for a moment or two watching the small group of boys making their way back to the house for supper. Iraqi boys, like any other boys of high-school age, love lots of noise, action and excitement but this group of boys walked in silence all the way. They were on retreat, their first closed retreat at Baghdad College.

Closed retreats are nothing new. But this one was different, somehow. These boys were all Iraqis but they were not all Catholics. A few were Armenian Dissidents, two were Protestants, one Jacobite, one Greek Catholic and the rest Syrian or Chaldean Catholics. The thing that interested me was their reaction to this closed retreat, with the long periods of silence, reading at table, numerous talks, time for spiritual reading and examination of conscience, and the hours of meditation expected of them. That kind of a schedule is a rugged one for any active young boy.

The brilliant noon-day sun burned its way through the trees that lined the garden path and as I strolled leisurely along, I could feel its warmth penetrating deep inside of me. That was another problem for the Retreat Master to wrestle with, how to keep the minds of his young charges on the retreat and off

the heat. And then there was the fact that most of the youngsters had never been away from home before, and if you know the Iraqi boy well enough, you know that he has a great attachment to his home and home surroundings. Despite all these somber thoughts of mine however, the lads were doing well.

A warm breeze rustled through the tall palm trees and a few brightly colored birds were winging their way in and out of the orange trees in the school courtyard. Even at seven o'clock, the evening was fairly bright and the slowly sinking sun made its last attempt to keep the sky illumined with fire. Under the trees a few of the retreatants were pacing up and down with books of spiritual reading in their hands.

"Hello, Father," one of the boys called to me. "This is a good book I'm reading. It's all about Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden. You know, Father, the Garden of Eden was probably somewhere around here in Iraq."

"That might well be true," I said.

"Father MacDonnell," the boy continued, "made us 'meditate' on that subject this afternoon. Don't you really think it's true about the Garden of Eden, that it was here, I mean, in Iraq, maybe near Baghdad?" Before I could reply, the serious tone in his voice deepened again and he said, "One thing I like about this retreat is that you have a lot of time to do some



Boy from Baghdad College neighborhood shows that laughter still lives in Eden.

good thinking, like about Adam and Eve and Christ and the angels. You know, Father, I think that if we Christians lived like Christ told us to, we could make this place a new Garden of Eden and do what Adam failed to do."

"Why," I added, "that thought is a splendid one. If everyone thought like that and took actions to follow it out, Iraq would be a real Garden of Eden, just as God first planned."

"Well, good bye, Father, I must do some more reading and then go to talk with Father MacDonnell. He's good to talk to and he answers all questions."

"Good night, Sabah," I softly replied and continued on my way. A new and happy feeling filled my soul as I made my way to the house.

The sun was much lower in the sky now, less bright, less gaudy but creating an artistically beautiful array of colors against the darkened forms of the tall trees. Truly, I thought, maybe Sabah has hit upon utter truth and to him Iraq will become a new Garden of Eden. I opened the door and left the retreatants in silence and reflection, sincere followers of the Second Adam, our Redeemer.

ROBERT G. DOHERTY S.J.

The Cross of Yanase

A LITTLE MORE than ten years ago, an American B-29 exploded high in the sky near a tiny Japanese village. It was May 5, 1945. In a ravine near the village, six of the crewmen were killed when the plane crashed and burst into flames. Only two of the crew parachuted to safety.

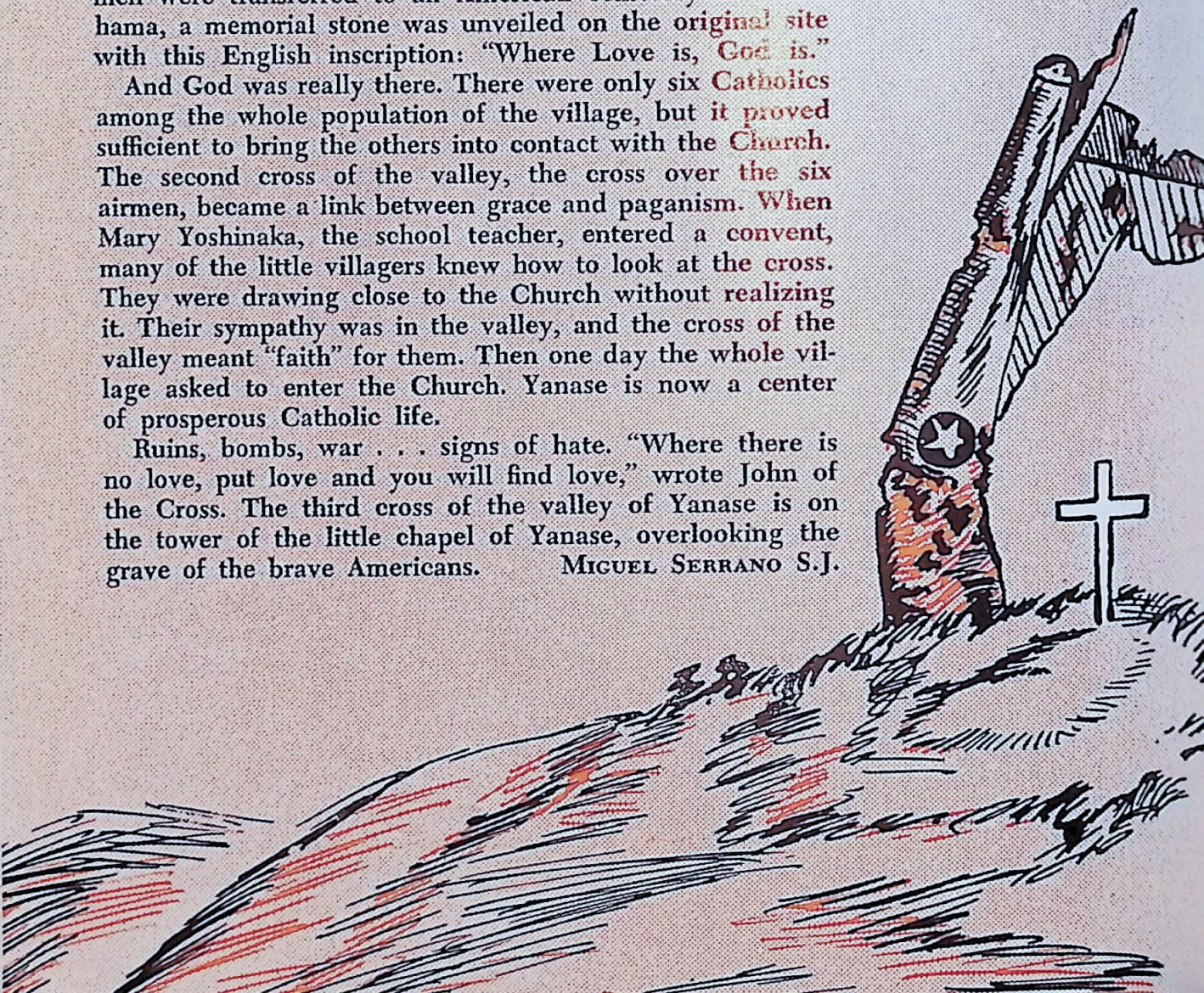
Villagers hurried to take care of the survivors. Among those who helped the wrecked fliers was a young Catholic girl, Mary Yoshinaka, a school teacher.

At a meeting of the villagers it was decided to bury the dead Americans with a Christian emblem. The wooden cross over the grave of the six Americans came to be the second cross of the valley. The first cross appeared not many years before, when a young Japanese Catholic died of tuberculosis.

Mary Yoshinaka used to bring the children of her class to the grave of the American airmen. There they learned how to pray while they placed flowers at the foot of the cross. When sometime later, the remains of the crewmen were transferred to an American cemetery in Yokohama, a memorial stone was unveiled on the original site with this English inscription: "Where Love is, God is."

And God was really there. There were only six Catholics among the whole population of the village, but it proved sufficient to bring the others into contact with the Church. The second cross of the valley, the cross over the six airmen, became a link between grace and paganism. When Mary Yoshinaka, the school teacher, entered a convent, many of the little villagers knew how to look at the cross. They were drawing close to the Church without realizing it. Their sympathy was in the valley, and the cross of the valley meant "faith" for them. Then one day the whole village asked to enter the Church. Yanase is now a center of prosperous Catholic life.

Ruins, bombs, war . . . signs of hate. "Where there is no love, put love and you will find love," wrote John of the Cross. The third cross of the valley of Yanase is on the tower of the little chapel of Yanase, overlooking the grave of the brave Americans. MICUEL SERRANO S.J.



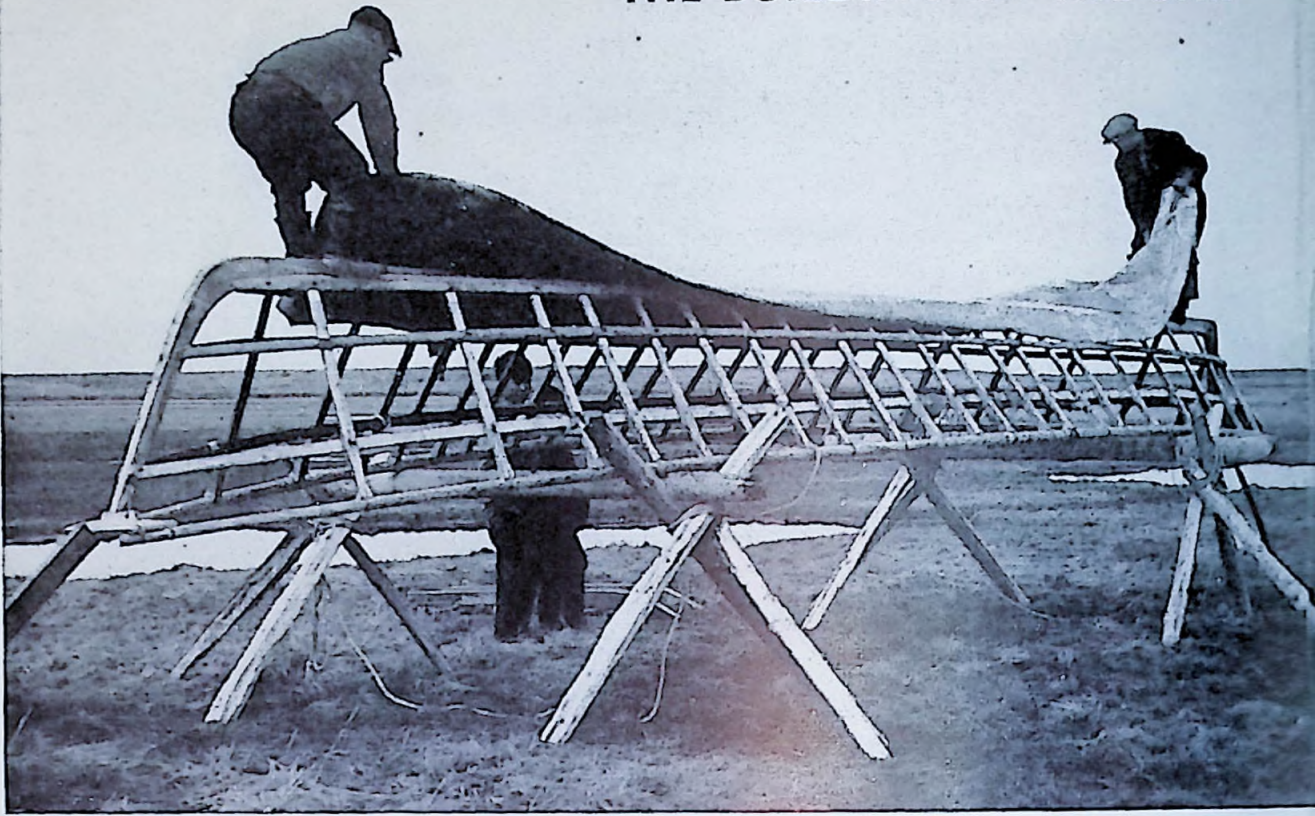


The precious skin is carefully unrolled before critical but interested audience.

THE BUILDING OF **The Ship**

NOW THAT THE SNOW has gone from Eskimo land there are a score of things to do before another winter throttles Alaska. Chief among these is the building of the ship. This is the main means of transportation for food, for fuel, for travel. The design of the boat is simple but its construction must be careful and skillful for the very lives of the users depend on its exactness. Over the skeleton frame is stretched a waterproof skin which must be as tight on the wood as it was once on the animal who wore it. The Eskimo knows that one mistake in building his house, his boat, his woodpile, can mean disaster.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP



Now comes the delicate task of stretching the skin across the bare ribs of the ship. This is the most important part of the entire job of construction.

Put an outboard motor on the stern, get everyone in sight to embark, and off we go to the nearest village to visit. But there is still a chill in the air.



The Pope's

MISSION INTENTION

"THAT SCANDINAVIA and the neighboring regions may return to the unity of the Church."

Only a few of the Americans trooping off in record numbers this year for foreign vacations will plan to visit the Scandinavian countries, though many at home will try an adventurous smorgasbord or cut their barbecue with a Swedish steel knife or listen reminiscently to the Song of Norway. Window shoppers will gaze at the exquisite works of Swedish crystal and glass, while the sports minded may recall some incident of the 1952 Olympic games in Helsinki, the capital of Finland. Even a modest budget will stretch to Norwegian sardines, though a modest education may make difficult the pronouncing of "fjords." The conversation of the artistic will have references to Jan Sibelius, that of the political to Dag Hammarskjold, and that of the Catholic, very likely, to a biography of Johannes Jørgensen or a novel of Sigrid Undset or to that Boston Jesuit who has gone to work in Norway.

The recalling of this last might lead

to a discussion of the fact that of the 13 Norwegian priests in that country at present 11 are converts. And of the fact that the Scandinavian countries altogether, with a population of almost 19 million, have only 52,400 Catholics. And yet at one time the Church in these countries was on the whole stronger than in the other countries of Europe. Tricky propaganda and sheer violence forced Lutheranism upon these people, and destroyed their union with the Holy Father. Although Lutheranism is still the State religion, the great majority give only nominal adherence to it. Bolstered by the highest literacy rate in the world, the people are widely read, freedom loving, modern pagans. Out of 1½ million families in Sweden, ½ million have no children.

The Catholic Church does exist in these countries but can hardly be called very flourishing. There is a steady stream of converts, but it is a very small stream. Prayers are needed that these very literate people may find the true words which lead to Christian life in union with the Vicar of Christ.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.
1103—16th Ave.,
Seattle 22, Wash.

British Honduras, Yoro and U. S. Indians

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4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

Ceylon and Home Missions

Rev. James C. Babb S.J.
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New Orleans 12, La.

China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)

Rev. William J. Klement S.J.
284 Stanyan Street
San Francisco 18, Cal.

China (Suchow)

Rev. Louis Bouchard S.J.
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India (Patna) and U. S. Indians

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India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians

Rev. Kevin Scott S.J.
403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and Home Missions

Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

Iraq and Jamaica

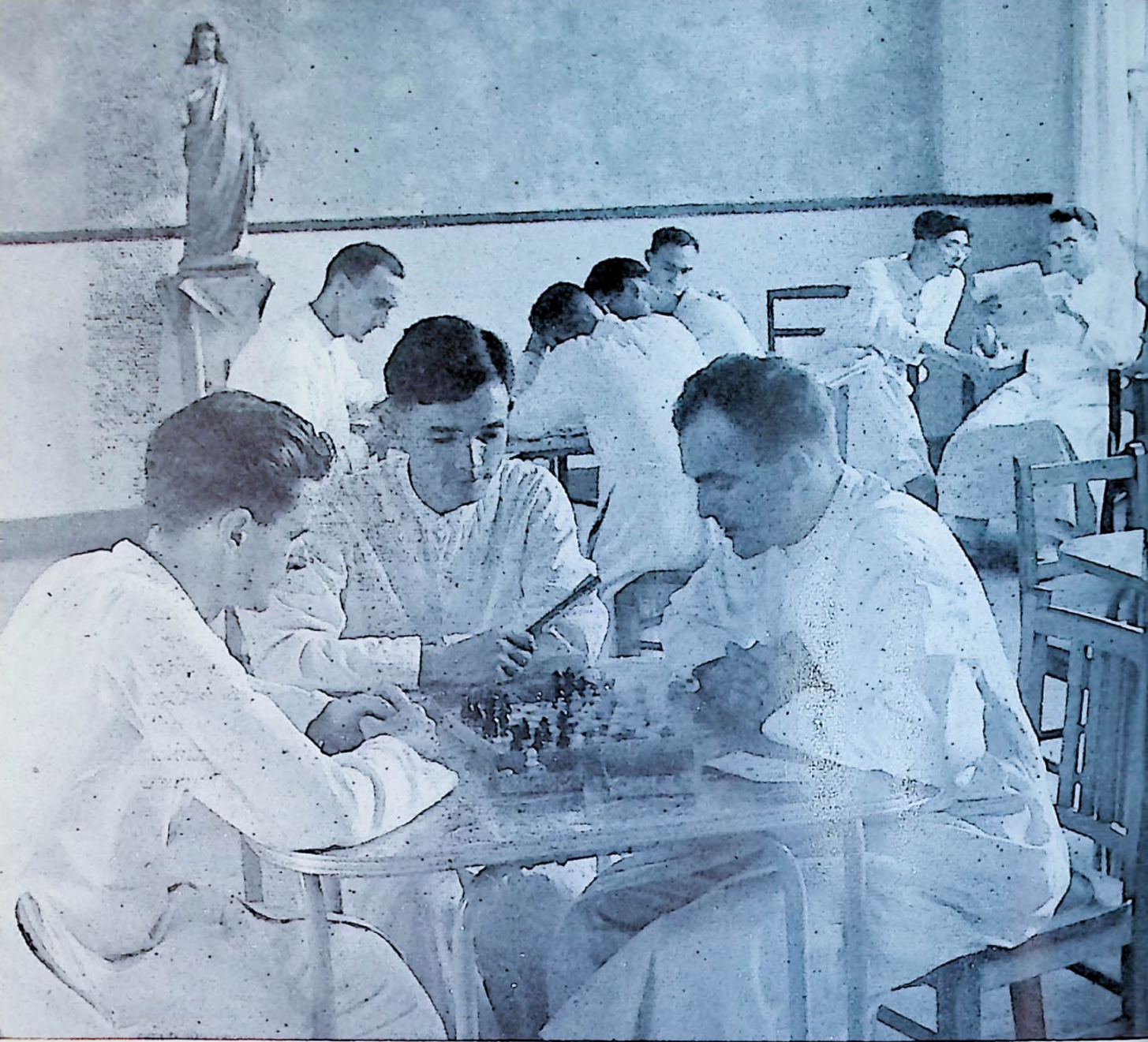
Rev. F. W. Anderson S.J.
1106 Boylston St.
Boston 15, Mass.

Korea and U. S. Indians

Rev. Charles F. Mullen S.J.
3400 West Michigan St.
Milwaukee 8, Wisc.

Philippines, Caroline and Marshall Islands

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



IF THIS "WINDOW" on the mission world really had the dimensions of an ordinary window, and if one could look through it to view a scene symbolic of all missions, one thing would be certain: somewhere in the picture you would be sure to see the Sacred Heart.

We haven't made a survey and we don't have to. We merely know that on the missions, just as at home, a tender devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is part of the bone and muscle of Christianity and Christian living.

During June, the warm month dedicated to the warm Heart of Our Lord, people all over the world are reciting or singing the Litany of the Sacred Heart. Here at the office we have been thinking of that familiar prayer a little more than usual, ever since the day the Ancient

Missionary remarked that, in his opinion, the invocation "Heart of Jesus, King and Center of all Hearts" had a special missionary significance.

The Ancient Missionary's reasoning is clear enough. It is the holy task of all missionaries to bring Our Lord to dwell permanently in places where He has never been known before, where He can become, as no mere man ever could, King of each human heart and center of the heart's love.

The idea of monarchy is not popular in many parts of the world today. Nonetheless, it is a fact that one King is acceptable to all, once He is known for what He is. Our Lord's mission was to the whole human race; He came into the world not to save and rule over individuals here and there, or certain favored



Window on the Mission World

There is a special view through the window which looks out on the mission world—read about it.

nations only, but for all without exception. God the Father, in sending His Divine Son into the world, had said: "Ask of Me and I will give Thee the nations for Thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for Thy possession."

The Kingdom which Our Lord founded was to take in all the nations of the world. He sent the disciples to preach His gospel everywhere, and He promised to be with them and to render their preaching fruitful among the nations. Their task, and the task of all missionaries thereafter, was to bring all men under the gentle sway of their King, to orientate all peoples towards their Center, that Divine Heart.

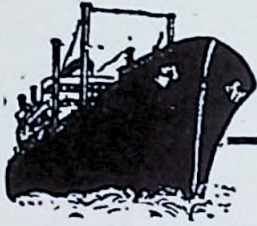
The human side of missionary work is often a sad and wearisome business. But no missionary can be depressed for

long if he reflects upon the sublimity of his vocation. In the long run he cannot fail for, as St. Paul says, "He must reign."

The Sacred Heart is Center as well as King of all hearts. A center is a source of influence and energy. There are financial centers, intellectual centers, art centers, etc. Each is a source of force and direction. For our poor, cold hearts there is only one Center, where we can be warmed to true life, the Sacred Heart.

Every missionary is an apostle of the Sacred Heart. Wherever the priests and religious have labored, there you find the Sacred Heart of Jesus, ruling and energizing where formerly life was essentially a cold chaos. Through every window on the mission world you can see the familiar picture or statue of the Sacred Heart. Where He is, love is. Heart of Jesus, King and Center of all hearts, have mercy on us, all missionaries and all the people for whom they labor.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The Zamboanga Leper Asylum in the Philippines is in need of financial help. Father Fernandez has asked us to mention the needs of his unfortunate lepers, with confidence in your generous response, which has never failed in the past. Any sum from \$1.00 up would be used for medicine, housing and food for the lepers.

Sisters Get Into Trouble because they are so kind and generous and incapable of refusing help to the needy. Because of this "weakness," Sister Philomena, in charge of St. Agnes Girls' School in India, has taken in 250 boys for kindergarten to 3rd Grade. These boys are housed in an abandoned building with a very leaky roof and weak walls. The government will help to build four additional rooms if the Chuhari mission can raise an additional \$2,000 to pay part of the cost of construction. Perhaps you could help Sister Philomena help her fellow Indians with a gift of \$1.00 or \$5.00. (We failed to find any promise from Sister Philomena that she would limit her generosity in the future).

A Vocation Is a Precious Gift especially in the missions. Father Bertram Ernst reports that five girls from his Bihar mission have applied for admission to the convent and two have been accepted so far. There's a difficulty, though. The girls are expected to supply their own clothing, etc. at an expense of about \$90.00. One of the girls is an orphan raised at the mission; the other girl is poor and hardly in position to find that much cash. Father Ernst says, "It is encouraging to see these young girls with such high ideals. If you know of anyone who would like to con-

tribute to the dowry for these girls, we will be pleased."

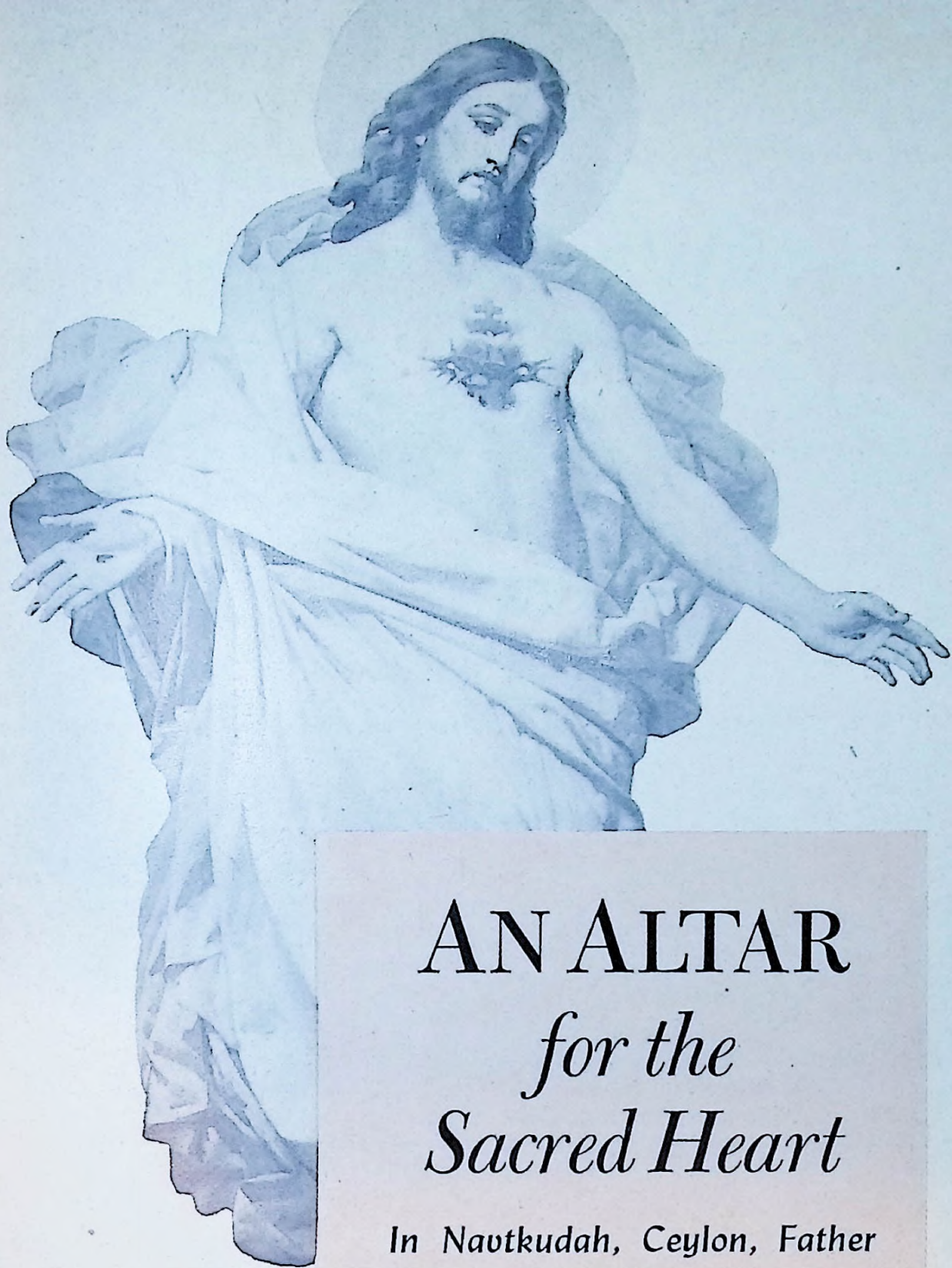
Dowry for Novice ----- \$90.00

A Recent Visitor to Awak in Ponape observes that Father Paul Cantero lives in the worst building in the Carolines and Marshalls missions area. For a few dollars the kitchen, at least, could be repaired, with the assurance Father Cantero's food would have a higher hygienic rating. Such an expenditure would seem to be justified for the sake of Father's health. If you have a dollar to spare, consider whether you would like to donate it for this worthy cause.

In Jamaica There Are Nurseries Too. One, connected with the Spanish Town church, badly needs a roof. For \$25.00 a zinc roof would replace the matted covering that leaks badly and harbors rats. This replacement would help in a decisive way to keep the school going.

Zinc roof ----- \$25.00

It's Comforting Though Not Comfortable for a missionary when he finds he hasn't enough room for people at Sunday Mass. This is the problem facing Father Brennan at Hsinchu, Taiwan, where the chapel seats only 100 in a parish comprising 900 Air Force families and 1,000 Taiwanese families. "I have to look forward to the future—at least by this summer—to build a 300-person church and youth center combination. Where to turn with my happy but real problem? I can't go beyond the stage of merely hoping for the best. To realize my plans and meet my urgent needs I would have to have \$6,000. This is a lot of money but God may again inspire our generous benefactors."



AN ALTAR *for the Sacred Heart*

In Nautkudah, Ceylon, Father Felix Clarkson is building a church. Would you help him honor the Sacred Heart this month by contributing toward the altar? He needs \$200.00.

\$5.00, \$1.00—whatever you can send, will be gratefully received at

**JESUIT
MISSIONS**

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

"the building shook and the walls came tumbling down"

IN JAMAICA an earthquake, less publicized but no less severe than the one in San Francisco, did severe damage to the work of the missionaries. Below is a summary of the damage and the loss.

Pisgah: Church destroyed.
Damage: \$10,000

Seaford Town: Statue of Our
Lady smashed. Damage:
\$200

Montego Bay: Church dam-
aged. Damage: \$6,000

Balaclava: School demolished.
Damage: \$3,000

Spanish Town: School dam-
age: \$250

Savanna-la-Mar: walls in rec-
tory cracked, statues in
church ruined, walls in
school seriously cracked.
Damage: \$1,500

Avocat: Church ruined. Dam-
age: \$5,000

Will you help the missionaries repair all this damage?
Send \$5.00, or \$10.00 or whatever you can spare, to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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