

Jesuit Missions



OCTOBER, 1957



A veteran Alaskan missionary is called in to help establish the Arctic floating base for the International Geophysics Year tests

The Ice Man *is a Priest*

A HARDY GROUP OF Americans are drifting across the Arctic Ocean on an ice floe approximately four miles square. They are scientists and Air Force personnel who are part of the world-wide team co-operating in the International Geophysical Year program. The duties of this particular group are to observe various scientific phenomena such as the Northern Lights, the blizzards that sweep in mysterious patterns across the icy waters, the floor of the ocean, etc. But as the fragile platter of frozen ocean moves a mile a day to the northwest the men on it must occasionally think of the disaster which struck the last U.S. ice floe camp a half dozen years ago and the very human murmur is probably heard now and then, "This is a lousy place to be but I feel a lot safer knowing that Father Tom picked it out for us."

Father Thomas Cunningham S.J. knows

ice—and the Armed Forces know Father Cunningham, or Father Tom, as he is popularly called above the Arctic Circle. During World War II and the following years, the Air Force has called on the veteran missionary to share his knowledge of the Arctic with men going through Arctic survival courses. A news release from the Alaskan Air Command Headquarters at Point Barrow sums up the man: "He is an acknowledged expert on Arctic matters. Author of military survival books, priest of 2,000 Eskimos and good friend and helpful advisor to our military forces in Alaska, Father Tom has packed more activity into half a century than two ordinary people..."

Back in March Father Cunningham started the search for the spot where a camp could be set up for eighteen months, the duration of the Geophysical Year. He well knew that although the ice looked solid for hundreds of square

(Left) Father Cunningham, in his customary parka, talks with a crew member of one of the planes which flew in thousands of tons of supplies and equipment to the Arctic campsite located by the Jesuit.

COVER. This young Sioux Indian of South Dakota has a happy look to him but the future he and his people face is not such a bright one. Various powerful forces are trying to get reservation land. (cf. p. 12)

The Ice Man *is a Priest*

miles in every direction it was actually in motion and liable to crack and open up anywhere. But there are certain signs which indicate that a floe might last and these were the indications his experienced eye sought.

In trying to locate a good site the party first flew in B-50 bombers out of Eilson Base and looked over the desired area from heights of 10,000, 5,000 and even 500 feet. The scientists wished the camp to be located between 79°-83° north and 147°-157° west. When the party spotted several square miles that looked good they would return to Point Barrow and transfer to special long-range, ski-equipped C-47s which could land on the possible sites. These were far from routine flights. Low pressure ridges and scattered chunks of heavy ice on the surface of the frozen waters were obscured by two feet of drifted and crusted snow and there was extraordinary hazard involved in landing a heavily ski-equipped plane. As many as six additional drums of gasoline had to be carried for the flights to the area of suitable ice floes were far beyond the normal operational radius of the aircraft. The extreme cold and winds also made it questionable as to whether the engines would re-start after the party had landed.

The site was eventually spotted. Oval in shape, at least two years old, it was protected for miles in every direction by similar ice floes. A brief note from Father Cunningham at that time of the first camp says, "We have a minimum of construction crew and are preparing the ice for a C-124 landing strip. This is rather difficult, as the ice is very rough under the snow and the rough spots have to be

blasted off. This is ticklish, you understand, because we have to figure out a charge of dynamite large enough to remove the hummock but still not blow the whole works up. In another week we should have the whole strip finished.

"My responsibility is mainly ice evaluation, the location and safety of the camp, and preparation of avenues of escape to other floes in case ours breaks up. It's not likely to, but you can never tell. There are three places within reasonable reach, to which the whole camp could be moved in one day. There is usually ample warning in the event of a break-up. We have the necessary equipment to move and all the buildings are on sled runners. Since I am the only one here who knows how to use a transit I have been doing all the surveying. I will be through when the scientists arrive, but I will be on call for all emergencies and will spend the stormiest months here . . ."

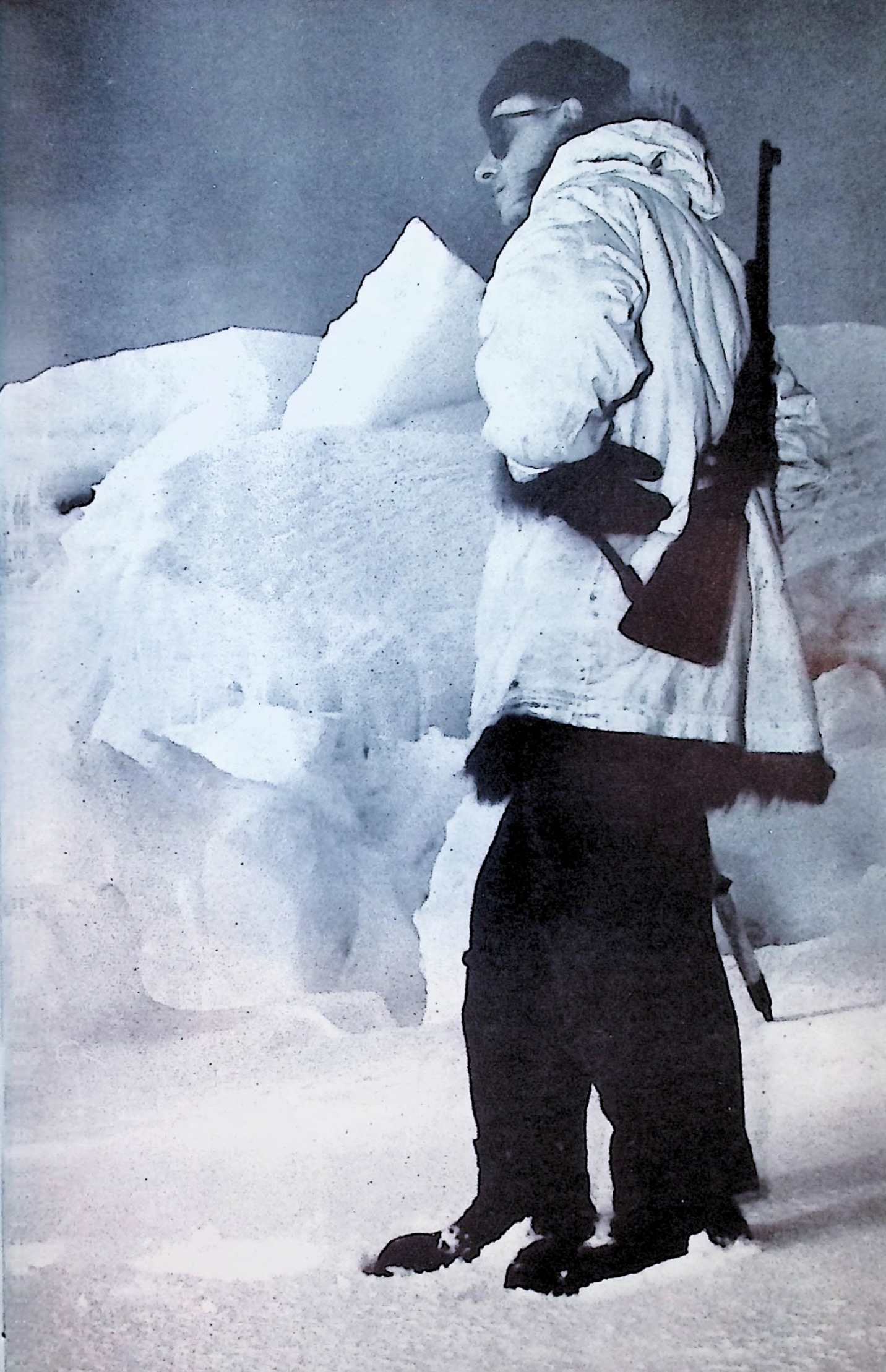
He returned to Point Barrow where in a simple ceremony Major General James H. Davies, Commander, Alaskan Air Command, presented the Commendation Ribbon to "Father Tom." "In utter humility I say this is your field of honor," the general said. "I commend you for rendering exceptionally meritorious service as a technical advisor on Arctic conditions to the Project Ice Skate Task Group." Then the missionary went quietly back to the Eskimos scattered along the shore of the Arctic Ocean, from the Bering Sea to the Canadian border. Father Tom was home.

(Right) Father Cunningham is an expert shot with the rifle.

JM
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My Marvelous

MATILDA ALMOST took my breath away! And that, if you will pardon my saying so, was exceptional. Here at Saint Anne's in Kingston, Jamaica, we are not easily taken by surprise. In this strange corner of the world teeming thousands of underprivileged mortals eke out an existence. Our parish is a tough, destitute slum section that reaches to the water-front.

Our rectory is a focal point. The bell summons us continually to the door, as

the poor have us with them always, at their door or our own. Each new day is a gripping motion picture, in which anything is likely to turn up on the screen. Anything from murder to mysticism! I have had a mother tell me blandly, "Me son just kill his wife. Will you give 'im a letter of character for the court?" And, never having seen either party before, replied myself in precisely the same easy tone of voice, "If he just killed his wife I can't see my way to give

Bishop John McEleney S.J., assisted by the late Father Russell, confirms Matilda.



Matilda

HARRY J. MALLETT S.J.

him a letter of character for the court.”

We know Matilda well. She is tall, dignified, and likeable. Daily she attends Mass and receives Holy Communion. When she walked into the office that morning late in April, I rose gladly to greet her. But she lost no time on greetings. There was something on her mind. Before I could utter a single syllable, she said simply but hurriedly, “I come to give my name for confirmation.”

If Matilda was to be confirmed, her

baptism record had to be found. “Matilda, when were you baptized?” This was a simple question and required a simple answer.

“At birth, Father, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three.”

Eighteen hundred and fifty-three! I stopped for a breath. “You don’t mean to say that you are one hundred and three years old?”

“Yes, Father,” came the prompt and certain reply. “I was a seven months’ baby. My mother thought I was going to die. She rushed me to Father D for christening. After baptism Father D turned to my mother and said, ‘This child will live.’” And how she lived!

In addition to loss of breath I now began to be skeptical. But the history books showed that Father D, Father Joseph Dupont, had come to Jamaica from France in 1847, six full years before Matilda’s baptism. He labored on the Jamaica mission for forty consecutive years, the longest period of priestly labor for any Jesuit missionary before or since. Father Dupont’s work was concentrated mostly in the lanes and yards of Kingston, where he became affectionately known and loved as Father D. So universal was his work in the cause of the poor, that today there stands a marble statue of him in Kingston’s public square.

But to get back to Matilda. Further questioning revealed that she remembered the three jubilees of Queen Victoria. She also remembered the opening of the railroad from Kingston to Spanish Town. She was well within the range of one hundred and three years. It hardly seemed fitting to group her in a confirmation class of children or even of adults. A special confirmation was in order. Bishop McEleney was most understanding. Within a week he arrived at Saint Anne’s Church to do what had been delayed almost a hundred years. And so it was, that one Sunday, at the age of one hundred and three, with a sponsor more than thirty years her junior, Matilda was at last confirmed.



Twenty years ago in India a man of God sowed the seeds of a dream and it blossomed into another chapter of

AN OLD Love Story

A GREAT STORY reached its climax this year at Dumraon in the Patna Mission in India. It is the oldest story of all, of God's love for men and their souls. The tale began in 1937 when the first apostle of Buxar, Father Henry Westropp, toured all the villages of this district. He visited successively all the people scattered east and west along a twenty-seven mile stretch of the old East Indian Railroad, and traveled north and south on either side of the line into the remotest villages. His touring program is indelibly recorded in the Baptismal Register which leaves the impression that this zealous elderly priest had set out to take heaven by storm for the whole mission district.

The work gradually settled down at Buxar at the western end of the territory. Buxar was the headquarters of the civil sub-division, and as such the most convenient center for the Fathers to work out from. That was twenty years ago, and for all these long years the Fathers





The roads are long and seemingly endless in India but the land teems with people and to the missionary people mean souls so he will continue to travel the many dusty roads.

An Old Love Story

EDMUND BURKE S.J.

who have tried to step along in the giant tracks of Father Westropp have been struggling with distance. The people, too, after their early enthusiasm for long pilgrimages began to choke up in the dust of the Sunday trek to Buxar, had to struggle with the same problem, and in many cases it became a life and death fight for their faith.

Meantime the station at Buxar was growing as fast as it could, first in a rented house near the railway station, then in a mud hut in a lonely corner of a mango grove three miles from the station, and then at last in the present location. It was five years, till 1942, putting down that good strong tap root. By that year land had been acquired by Father Bernard D'Cruz and buildings had been erected to house the priest and Sisters, and the station had assumed the permanent shape it retains till the present day.

Other roots went out into a network of village schools and chapels throughout the countryside which gave the Church a broader base and helped to ease some of the problems of distance. If the people could not come to the priest, he could go to them. The teachers and catechists remaining among the people would instruct, and the priest would come for Mass and the Sacraments.

This was the work that went on for ten more years until 1952. That year one of the better village schools, eight miles away at Itarhi, became the site of a grand new church, and early in 1953 the Itarhi people and all the territory south of Buxar received as their resident priest their own Father in God, Father Bernard D'Cruz, who after thirteen years in Buxar courageously began the pioneering work all over again in Itarhi.

Released from the necessity of looking south Buxar turned its eyes to the east. In that direction there was no church between Buxar and Father Pollard at Shahpur, 30 miles to the east, and of that distance more than twenty miles lay within the jurisdiction of Buxar. The people were still faithful to their religion.

Many still made long pilgrimages on foot to Buxar for Christmas and Easter and for the annual outdoor Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and they in turn were faithfully visited by the priest from Buxar. One of them was the little old lady who walked nineteen miles to Mass on Christmas Eve. Her story was reprinted in many parts of the world, in Germany, British West Africa, the U.S.A., because there are not many places left where anyone can or has to walk that far for Mass. Bridget was seventy years old, blind and feeble.

But it was three more years before the Church would come any closer to her. Still in 1955 Christmas Mass was celebrated in a dirty little rented house in Dumraon. It was a lot like the first stable, and the people, like the Infant, slept on straw on the floor for the night, and some of them outside in the cold under the shelter of the trees, for there was no room for them all in our inn.

Finally last year, Christmas, 1956, four years after the search for land was begun, there were three Masses on Christmas morning in the new church of Dumraon. Mass was said on a temporary wooden altar in the back of the church, because the construction work was still going on.

Then at last on Easter the altar was ready, but just the altar. There wasn't even a chair for the priest to sit down on at the *Gloria* and *Credo*, but for all that it was a very grand High Mass for the long-suffering people of Dumraon. Because 300 of them filled every corner of the small chapel that had been built for them. Grand because in the hearts of all was the feeling that God had been faithful to the Dumraon folk. After twenty years the proof of it was that they could kneel before the altar in their own church. God's work has been done. That is why I say a story was ended on Easter Day in 1957, an old love story. Now a new story begins, the story of the faith of the Dumraon people, which can only end with the world's end.



Two Palauan maidens wear the stone money which represents the family.

They're in the Rocks

Money in Micronesia is real hard currency and there's a definite tendency to look down one's nose at any gold standard

ALTHOUGH THE American dollar has displaced the Japanese yen for everyday trading purposes in Micronesia, the people of the Palau islands also have a native currency which is composed of small pieces of porcelain-like material of various sizes.

The origin of this Palauan money seems to be shrouded in mystery. Fifty

years ago most of the natives maintained that Palauan money was a gift of the gods. As the community has become more Christian many Palauans will admit that these pieces of porcelain were brought here in days gone by by foreign traders. Since the pieces of money look like Chinese pottery, some people think that the Palauan money was brought

They're in the Rocks



Father Roszell examines the stone Palauan money on the isle of Nghesar in the Carolines.

here by Portuguese traders from Macao. Once an Englishman named Emery tried to duplicate the Palauan pieces, hoping to sell them for copra to the natives but in those still pagan times the Palauans claimed that his pieces were far inferior to the money from the gods.

The unit of exchange of this currency is the *kluk*, like the English pound or the American dollar. There is a small

glass piece, the *kleskuk*, or half-*kluk*, worth about twenty-five dollars. The *kluk*, a white and green stone, about the size and shape of a large bead, is said to be worth fifty dollars. The seven-*kluk* piece is green and worth about three hundred and fifty dollars. The fourteen-*kluk* piece is yellow porcelain and worth about seven hundred dollars. The fifty-*kluk* piece is about the size of

a golf ball and red in color, and is said to be worth about a thousand dollars.

A curious feature of the Palauan money is that while it belongs to the men of the clan, only the women wear it. Each piece of money is pierced by a hole, so it can be worn on a string around the neck. A few years ago, when the American military government set about abolishing Palauan money by buying up all the pieces, they came to grief. Ibedul, the high chief of Palau, invited representatives of the government to see the Palauan money and to talk over the terms of purchase. He started off by showing them the largest piece of Palauan money, saying it had the value of all Palau or well over a million dollars. Needless to say, the negotiations never got very far!

With even the smaller pieces of Palauan money having such a high value, it is easy to see why this money is not used for every day purchases. Rather the pieces of Palauan money are family treasures, to be worn by the women, and only on state occasions. It is a point of Palauan custom that a woman must wear a piece of Palauan money at the time of her first pregnancy. This is one of the few instances where the bride's family supplies, or at least loans out, the piece of Palauan money.

It is usually the bridegroom's family that has to supply the money to the family of the bride. The marriage-payment seems to be the chief way that the Palauan money stays in circulation. The bad point about this is that the prospective bride (and her family!) usually aim at a large sum to be given to the men of the bride's family. Before marriage the members of the two clans get together and try to determine an equitable sum as the marriage payment. With the male members of the two clans sitting on opposite sides of the room, the bridegroom's family offers to the bride's family the pieces of Palauan money they think to be a just sum. The ceremony usually entails much haggling, with the bridegroom's family admitting that the

bride is worth much more, but the clan is poor and so cannot pay more for the bride. The bride's family admits this argument but still demands more money for such an industrious bride.

Recently I had the opportunity to see the stone money of Yap, when I flew up there. These are stones of calcite hewn from the rock on the island of Babeldoap in Palau and brought the three-hundred-mile distance to Yap in canoes many years ago. These stones are formed in the shape of a wheel with a large hole in the center. The holes were made in the center so that a log could be inserted, and the money rolled down the street to its new owner after the completion of a transaction. Every house in Yap seems to have its collection of stones but nowadays the money rarely changes hands. Father Bailey wrote from Yap that history was made recently when a large piece of stone money was rolled down the street (or stone path in the jungle!), the first time in ten years.

The pieces of money vary in size from one or two feet in width up to a width of six and even twelve feet. Unlike the Englishman Emery in Palau, the Irish-American Captain O'Keefe made a fortune out of Yapese money at the turn of the century. Knowing that large pieces of stone money were especially in demand, he transported from Palau to Yap on his schooner pieces many times as large as could be carried in canoes. Since the Yapese would give anything they possessed to get their hands on the stone money, Captain O'Keefe was able to collect a fortune in copra and beche-de-mer which he shipped to Hongkong. Today the natives in Yap say that the stone wheels brought in on O'Keefe's schooner do not have as much value as the older pieces brought in by canoe. The difficulty and danger in securing the stone-money kept up its value originally, and seem to be an important factor in judging the value of a piece of stone money even today. But to be wealthy in the islands you've just got to be in the rocks!

Unwanted Americans

THE PROBLEMS facing the American Indian are too little known to the general public. About 400,000 Indians live in dire poverty, at an economic level far below that of other Americans. Now the Government wants to put an end to reservation life and to the guardianship they have exercised so many years.

The Indians do not want to see their tribal life come to an end. There is more than mere security in their way of life; there is also a feeling of equality, of loyalty, of kinship, of belonging. They know only too well the sad experience of their fellow Indians who have attempted to lead normal lives off the reservations, only to encounter the prejudice and contempt of the whites.

The Indian is not wanted in the average community and yet the way of life which he has always known is in danger of being taken from him. He does not feel that the time has come for the Federal Government to terminate its guardianship over the tribes. He knows, too, that some of the forces behind such a move are more concerned over his land than over his people. The problem of these unwanted Americans is one that concerns all of us.







(Above) The blind Mrs. Black Buffalo hasn't many possessions but can you imagine the hardship in store off the reservation?

(Below) Is a family who gathers for common prayer, as taught to them and their fathers by the Blackrobes, a menace to our society?



(Right) There may not be much to put in the pot and this outdoor stove isn't of much use when the winter wind sweeps the Dakota plains but this Sioux Indian seems happy at the moment. The lack of a definite Indian policy in Washington is one of the major reasons why 400,000 Americans must suffer.



Unwanted Americans







The first American to receive a Doctorate in the study of Missiology points out the difference between the past and

Today's Obstacles

WHY ARE THERE NO great mass conversions now such as took place in other centuries? Missionaries in the days of St. Patrick, St. Boniface, Sts. Cyril and Methodius converted whole peoples. The missionary Church has been laboring in India for more than four centuries yet the progress is painfully slow. Missionaries have been in China for almost the same length of time and the results are pitifully small. To be sure, in Central and Southern Africa the growth of the Church has been more rapid. But in Northern Africa and throughout the vast Moslem world there are only small cells, not an impressive body of Catholics. Yet we are living now in the time of the greatest missionary effort in the long history of the Church.

There are many elements in the modern apostolate that differ from those confronted by missionaries fifteen hundred years ago. One must remember, too, that it took the Church thirteen hundred years to spread from Palestine across the small continent of Europe to Lithuania and Finland. There is an immense difference between the small tribes of Ireland and the huge population of Hindu India. Even the missionaries of the

sixteenth century like St. Francis Xavier, did not move in the same kind of a world in the Orient as missionaries today are meeting. Human society does not stand still—advance and decay take up a lot of space in our history books. Changes create difficulties as well as advantages for the spread of the Faith.

To a certain extent the missionary is a victim of the colonial empires under which the Church had to carry out her apostolate all over the mission world during recent centuries. Because missionaries come principally from the white race, they have been identified with the colonizing powers. Therefore, resistance to the West politically and to colonialism has in many places been turned against the Church. Many try to represent Catholicism as just another product of Europe. As they resist the European powers in their effort for independence, they include the Church.

Within the last twenty-five years more than 600,000,000 people have gained independence. New-found freedom often goes to extremes in its will to control completely its own life. Extreme nationalism frequently is a very jealous and unjust power. It easily discriminates against what is not purely national in origin. These nationalistic movements magnify their own historic possessions and culture. They try to revive and stir up their old religions. This is clear in Hinduism. And for two years a great Buddhist congress has been taking place in Rangoon, rethinking its course. The cultures of the Orient have been in existence for more centuries than Christianity. It is not easy to break into these centuries-old systems.

There is a great awakening of millions of people, politically, socially, economically. This movement has been sparked by men of the Orient who have been educated in the West, have seen the

technical advantage of the West and are trying to introduce this advance to their vast populations. But they have carried back with them the secularistic attitudes which they learned in the universities of the West. The new educated classes which are growing constantly are entirely unsympathetic with Christianity. Add to this the steady infiltration of Communism plus the confusion introduced by the Protestant missionaries.

Furthermore, the missionary is called upon to do much more than preach the Gospel to these awakening millions. He has to try to help these people in developing their new kind of life to prove to them that the Church is interested in them and is not against their development. His teaching of Catholic truth might not be acceptable to them; but his effort to assist their cultural and economic development is approved by them. Through these things he hopes to eventually reveal the complete truth of the Faith.

The missionaries of the first fifteen centuries did not confront vast populations rising to independence, calling for education and rapid material betterment. They did not meet the old and solidly established systems like Hinduism, Buddhism and Islamism. They did not have to engage in educational and social work to gain an entrance into the lives of people. They did not have to deal with the variety of races and civilizations among which the Church labors now. For all these reasons, comparison of present advance with the advances in earlier centuries would not contribute much to our understanding of the great problems which confront the Church in our times. But consideration of these problems helps us to appreciate more the marvelous patience and heroic perseverance of the missionary Church in our times. EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.

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REPORT

Father Edmund A. Anable S.J.
Oregon Province Mission Director



IN 1896, GEORGE CARMACK filed a gold claim on Bonanza creek, up in the Canadian Klondike. This filing of gold claim was soon to burgeon out into the famous gold rush of 1898.

Prior to this gold rush, Jesuit missionaries were in Alaska, seeking the souls of the Eskimo and the Indian. The Jesuits came to the newly acquired Territory in 1886. They immediately established St. Peter Claver's Mission on the upper Yukon River. This was the mother mission. From these humble beginnings the Church has come to its present status in Alaska.

The gold rush is over. But there has been a new kind of rush to Alaska. The Alaska Highway and the airplane have opened up Alaska to such an extent that the Alaskans are now seeking statehood. The population growth has been absolutely phenomenal.

The Church in Alaska has also grown. Once the Jesuits had charge of the entire Territory which is larger than Texas. But now the Territory is divided into the Diocese of Juneau and the Vicariate of Northern Alaska, whose Vicar Apostolic is the Most Reverend Francis D. Gleeson S.J.

The Vicariate covers 515,600 square miles, and stretches from Nome to Fairbanks, and from Barrow to Bethel, from the tundra on the coast to the mountains

in the interior. Spread throughout this vast expanse of land are 30 Jesuit missionaries, taking care of 38 churches and 50 mission stations. There are also two Jesuit Scholastics, and eight Jesuit Coadjutor Brothers.

But the personnel does not end here. There are the Ursuline Nuns, the Sisters of St. Ann, the Sisters of Charity of Providence, the Oblates of Our Lady of the Snows (Eskimo Sisters), the Little Sisters of Jesus and eight lay apostles.

From the log cabin beginnings of the first mission at Nulato, the growth of the Church in Alaska has been steady and consistent. There are now three High Schools and seven elementary schools plus one hospital in Fairbanks.

Through the years the support of the Alaska Mission has been from the States, a sort of gold rush in reverse. The Alaska mission stations are expensive to operate. About 250 tons of material are shipped north to these missions each year. The freight bill alone is usually about \$27,000 dollars. All other expenses go to about \$160,000 dollars a year. The Procurator of the Alaska Missions is constantly looking for a Bonanza creek to support the mission. At times it is hard but he does find this Bonanza creek in the hearts of people; their charity and love of the missions. May God reward your constant generosity!

JOSEPH I. HOLLAND S.J.

The Fleet's In!



FROM OUR mountain residence here at Jamhour in the Lebanon our view commands a sweep of the sea for miles around. As I write this the U.S. Sixth Fleet has just steamed in full majesty around the promontory of Ras Beirut and the air is still echoing with the 21-gun salutes for Lebanon and President Camille Chamoun which roared from the flagship, the *U.S.S. Mount McKinley*, as the fleet swept into the harbor.

I know what the coming of the fleet means to Father Eugene Burns S.J. and myself. We may have to squeeze class schedules, delay correction of papers, put away the books. Then down the mountain road to Beirut and its dockside to arrange for Masses and confessions. This is our "mission within a mission" and the spiritual joy for thousands of Catholic officers and sailors is reflected in our own souls as we go about our chaplain duties.

This apostolate began for Father Thomas O'Connor S.J. and myself back in 1952. I well remember that first assignment. Hearing that there were two Protestant and no Catholic chaplains on board the *U.S.S. Columbus* and the escorting destroyers, we volunteered our services. Father O'Connor was assigned to the destroyers, one Mass kit being assured. On the *Columbus* the Protestant chaplain told me that he had everything necessary for the Mass. I was in the midst of confessions, when the sailor assigned to be altar-boy sneaked in and whispered that he felt that the "things didn't look Catholic enough." How right he was! No altar cards; no vestments save a long academic-looking robe; a chalice that resembled a medium size punch bowl; hosts that the Protestant chaplain used for his services; no crucifix!

I commandeered a jeep, and off we went, up wrong-way streets,

against traffic, by startled policemen who accepted this maneuver of the American sailor as typical of America, up to St. Joseph's Church where we rounded up vestments, chalice, hosts, altar cards, wine, crucifix, and back to the ship . . . all in about fifteen minutes. More confessions were heard, Mass was said on time, and the day was saved. Since then, we own a regular Mass-kit, donated by the Military Ordinariate of New York. We are also regular auxiliary-chaplains through the goodness of the same Ordinariate. Our jurisdiction extends to all military personnel this side of the Mediterranean, although the Navy has been the only military we have encountered.

Count on your fingers thousands of confessions, thousands of communions, many sermons, and you can guess how busy we have been these past five years. Father Burns has brought a zeal to this work which is near-heroic. Mostly alone this year because of my commitments to Newman Club Sunday Mass, he has visited the ships almost daily; he has rounded up potential converts and baptized three. Six confirmations, performed by our genial and ever-ready Latin Bishop, Eustace J. Smith, D.D., tell only half the story of his talks to the sailors. (In addition, Father Burns is chaplain for the American Export Lines that dock in Beirut twice monthly.)

From it all, we carry away with us the conviction of the starved spiritual life of these men, who do so much to keep alive the Catholic Faith nurtured by Catholic families and schools. Little can one guess at the fine caliber of these men's lives; little does one know of the Apostolate that they carry on daily with their shipmates. American Catholics can be proud of the majority of their sons in service.

I know I am.

(Left) American sailors being confirmed in Beirut by the Most Reverend Eustace J. Smith, D.D., the Latin bishop of the Lebanese capital. Facing the camera is the Bishop's secretary while Father Eugene Burns S.J. has his back to the lens. The latter and Father Holland are New England Province Jesuits teaching in Lebanon.

American Jesuits

Departing for Missions in 1957

To PHILIPPINES:

Fr. Joseph C. Blanco
Fr. Francis Bowler
Fr. Wallace G. Campbell
Fr. Joseph Cruz
Fr. Robert Cunningham
Fr. Robert J. Fitzpatrick
Fr. James E. Gaa
Fr. Daniel A. Grosso
Fr. Frederick J. Kelly
Fr. Francis C. Madigan
Fr. Richard A. Miller
Fr. Augustin Natividad
Fr. Vincent San Juan
Fr. Justus R. Wieman
Mr. Robert Z. Apostol
Mr. Richard V. Croghan
Mr. William T. Hall
Mr. Earle L. Markey
Mr. Joseph J. McHugh
Mr. William G. McKenna
Mr. Thomas F. McManus
Mr. George E. Ryan

To CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS:

Fr. John F. X. Condon
Mr. James R. Shea

To BURMA:

Fr. Edward J. Farren
Fr. John J. Keenan
Fr. Sigmund Laschenski
Fr. Eugene P. McCreesh
Fr. Joseph F. Murphy
Mr. Francis P. Fischer
Mr. Louis E. Niznik
Mr. Thomas E. Peacock

To IRAQ:

Fr. Charles G. Crowley
Fr. James P. Larkin
Fr. Sidney M. MacNeil
Fr. John A. Mifsud
Fr. John V. Owens
Mr. John J. Diskin
Mr. Edward F. Hallen
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when the termites move in...



THE congregation moves out.

And a good thing it was. Father Steven Matthews came to Anandpur, Jamshedpur, India, to be pastor of the church, and two days after his arrival, the old termite-ridden building collapsed. Fortunately, no one was hurt.

But a new church is urgently needed.

Won't you help Father Matthews?

Send \$5, \$10, anything you can spare to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



Father John C. Murphy S.J. of the Yoro Mission can jeep to some stations but not all.

Honduras

WHISTLE-STOP

WHEN THE LATE afternoon sun starts to get close to the western side of the valley here at El Negrito I often walk up to La Pita. I climb steadily up along the edge of the mountain for about a mile and a half, cross a small creek which runs the year round with fresh water, then up a short, steep grade to the village.

La Pita means "whistle" and the tiny settlement derives its name from the steam whistle which called the people of El Negrito to the sawmill early in the

morning. Ten years ago, when I made my monthly visit to El Negrito from El Progreso, La Pita was a busy little place. But what was once a bustling center of activity is now as quiet as a cemetery.

The whistle that gave the village its name is still there. The steam pipe that once held it gloriously in the air is rusted and bent double and the *pita* dangles head downward a few inches from the roof. There is still a rusty steam boiler there, a few rotting, unsawed mahogany logs and the chassis of some old trucks

It was once a place where men went to saw mahogany and other precious woods but today it is a place of Faith

which hauled many a board of lumber over the mountain to Progreso. The glory of La Pita has faded with time.

But I think La Pita will one day have a glory that it never knew in the days of the pine and mahogany cutting and sawing. Farmers from the far borders of Honduras, close to El Salvador, are slowly migrating here and settling in La Pita. They are very poor, but they are hard-working and earn their daily bread from the soil. Their houses are made of sticks gathered in the bush and the roofs are made of straw. No house can boast of anything beyond a dirt floor.

But these are people who, almost all, were married in the Church and they frequent the sacraments. They are more than willing to work for a dollar a day on the new church we are building at El Negrito. I need only to send word the day before that I need a dozen or so men and at 5:30 the next morning they come trooping across the plaza.

They work hard and they really earn their dollar pay.

So although the sawmill has folded long ago and the steam whistle which gave the village its name is rusting and crumbling La Pita is beginning to come into its glory once again—the glory of shining Catholicity and good example. El Negrito can profit by this good example for there is *not one man*, native to El Negrito, who goes to the sacraments!

So as I leave La Pita and stroll down the hill to my rectory I like to take out my rosary and say it for a town like El Negrito which for hundreds of years was never visited by a priest, had no Mass nor Catholic instruction. I also feel inclined to shout out, in the Latin American way, "Viva La Pita!" Even a Honduras whistle stop can bring cheer to a missionary's heart. But join me in my prayer for El Negrito, will you?

JOHN C. MURPHY S.J.

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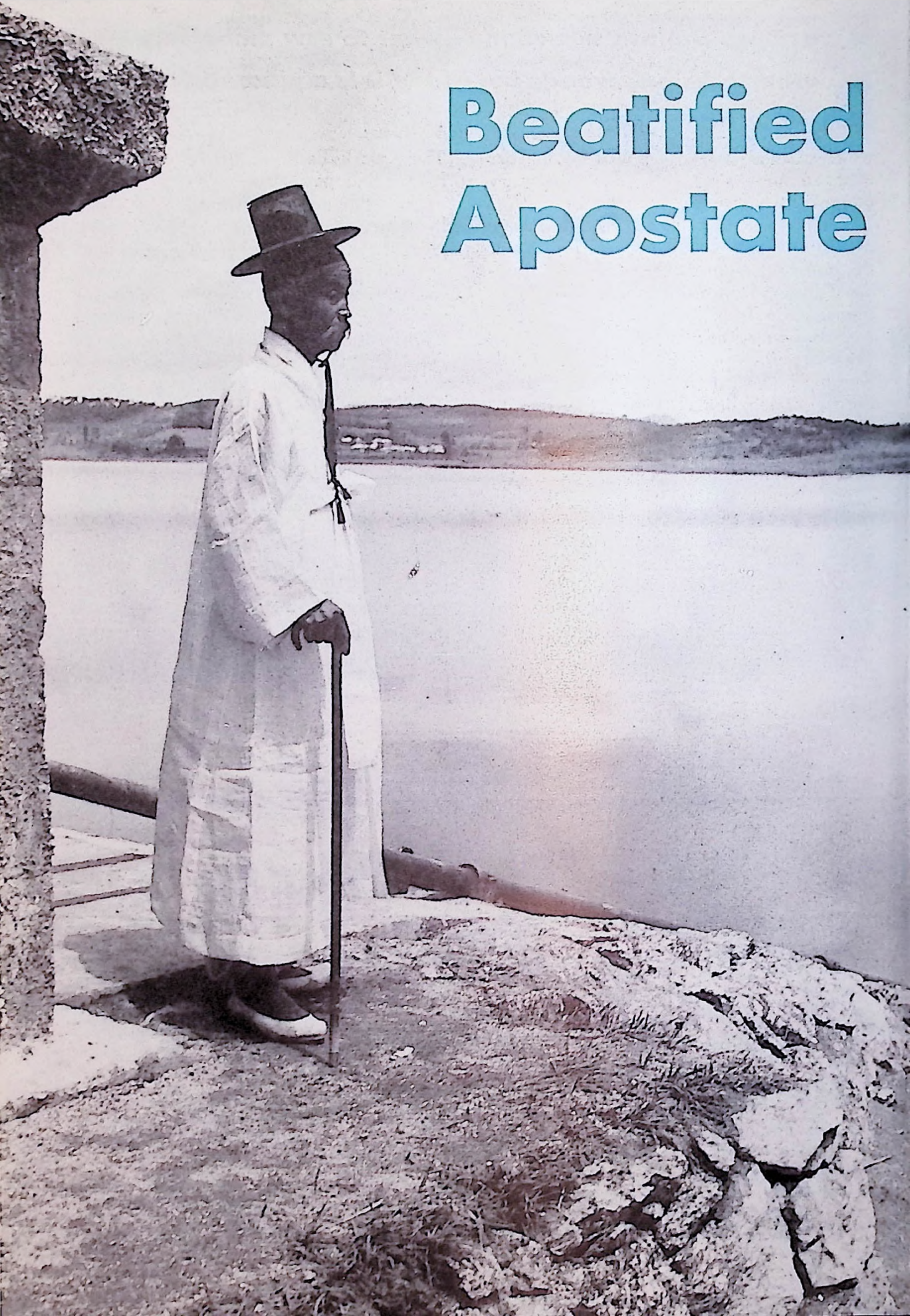
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Beatified Apostate



GOD'S WAYS ARE wonderful and virtue is perfected in infirmity. That was proved true many times in the days of persecution in the Korean Church, in the days of the martyrs. Even the president of the criminal court in Seoul was astounded at the severity of the edict solemnly promulgated against the Christians on April 19, 1839. Eleven days later forty were condemned to death for their faith.

Protais Tsieng Koukpo was the first Catholic to die for the faith after the publication of the edict. He was of the noble class and was employed in government work in Seoul. At thirty he became a Christian and was put in charge of those who came to the capital to receive baptism. He was most zealous yet gentle in this task. Though of the noble class he was very poor and always ill. He took with admirable resignation to God's holy will (a shining virtue among the Korean Christians) the death of his fourteen children. No fear, no fatigue, no danger could prevent him from rendering every charitable service to his neighbor. In April, 1839, he was arrested with his wife and hauled before the prefect of police. Summoned to apostatize, he refused. He was cruelly tortured but remained unshaken and was accordingly transferred to the criminal court. There he was cajoled by the mandarin and, in a moment of weakness, apostatized. He was at once set at liberty.

No sooner did he reach home than he was eaten up with remorse. He could neither sleep nor take nourishment and he wept bitterly. Encouraged by his friends, he decided to give himself up into the hands of the police.

"Well! So it's you again. What are you doing here? What do you want?"

"I want to make amends for the crime I have committed. I apostatized and I repent. I came to tell the mandarin."

"Bah!" said the satellites and put him out. "What you have said, is said. That's the end of it. Go back home."

The next day he returned, but it was no use. He was repulsed. The day fol-

(U. Nations photo)

lowing, May 12th, he appeared again. This time he placed himself right in the middle of the road and waited for the judge to come out. When the judge appeared Protais burst into tears.

"I allowed to escape from my lips a word which my heart disowns," he said. "I repent. I am a Christian and always want to be."

"I don't believe you," said the judge, and passed on.

Protais managed to get in his path. "I am a Christian and I want to die one!"

"What kind of people are these?" growled the judge. "A man doesn't know what to do with them." So he ordered him to be taken away. Protais held out his arms to the police and was taken off to prison. His heart was filled with joy and he received the congratulations of the other Christians in the prison.

Soon he was called up again for trial. He was given twenty-five hard blows and, because weak from his former sufferings and illness, was carried in a dying state to the jail. He died there after a few hours. He was 41 years old.

Many Christians apostatized in Korea during the persecutions between 1791 and 1880. And many of them repented. It is no wonder that so many fell away. The wonder rather is that so many remained faithful. We must remember that they were a flock without a shepherd. One priest, Father James Tsiou, a Chinese, was smuggled into the forbidden kingdom of Korea in 1794 and worked there in a very confined and secret way with a few Christians until 1801 when he was martyred.

Catholicism had been brought to Korea by a layman. Baptism was administered by laymen. There was no sacrament of penance, no Holy Communion, no Blessed Sacrament, no priest to instruct and encourage and console them. Yet there were hundreds of martyrs before the priests of Christ came back to stay (and be killed) in 1836. Early in 1925 79 Korean martyrs were beatified, later that year 26 more. Blessed Protais was the first of this heroic band.



Father John Houle S.J. (far left) and Father Charles McCarthy S.J. were freed in June after four years of suffering in Chinese Communist prisons. They were welcomed in Hongkong (below) by Father Edward Murphy S.J. who flew over from Formosa where most of the California Jesuits who manned the China Mission are now stationed. The United States Consul in Hongkong, Mr. Reeves, was also present to greet the freed priests.



RETURN TO

FREEDOM

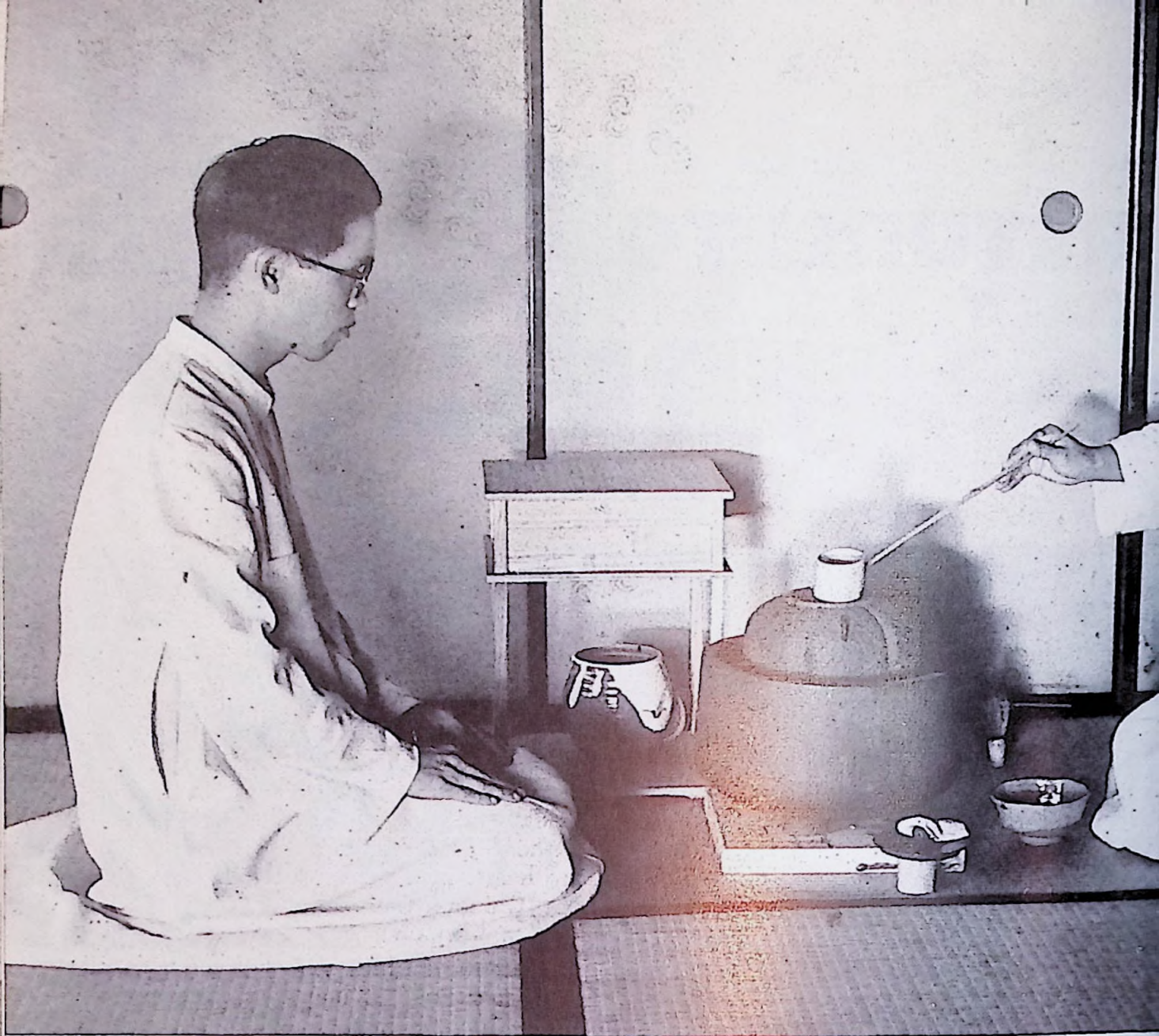


AFTER FOUR harrowing years in Chinese Communist prisons Fathers John Houle and Charles McCarthy arrived back in the States in early August. The strain of the long ordeal still showed on the two Jesuit priests but the anxiety which they voiced most frequently concerned the Chinese Catholics whom they had left behind. In their five days in Shanghai before they boarded the S.S. *Radnoshire* for Hongkong they heard many a heart-rending story from Chinese Catholics.

Through the clever machinations of the Reds the faithful have become confused, suspicious of one another, never sure of whom to trust. If a priest or layman is released from prison through the mediation of the "Patriotic Catholic" group he is placed in an embarrassing position and considered suspect. The Reds have pulled so many tricks that Catholics are wary.

One of the interesting things related by Father McCarthy was the fact that during his last year of imprisonment he was allowed to read the Shanghai Communist newspaper and also the "Daily Worker" from New York. But at the outbreak of the Hungarian revolt all newspapers were withdrawn from the prisoners and it was not until two months later that the Chinese news sheet again appeared in the cells.

Asked about visitors to China, Father McCarthy tersely said, "Those who visit Red China at the invitation of the Peking government see only a small percentage of the facts which they would need to make a true judgment of the situation."



“I DON’T UNDERSTAND INFLATION,” the Ancient Missionary said, “but I gather that the dollar isn’t worth what it was when I was a boy.”

The typewriters in the office came to a stop. Obviously a Pronouncement was in the making.

“As a matter of fact,” he went on, “the dollar isn’t worth what it was just ten or fifteen years ago. And if that is the case I cannot understand why the average adult Catholic in this country can’t earmark one of his dollars every year for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.”

We should have known. Here it’s October, with Mission Sunday coming up, and furthermore, the Holy Father wants us to pray this month for the Pontifical Mission Aid Societies. Ordinarily we

don’t attempt to take down verbatim what the Ancient Missionary says in his occasional Pronouncements, but this one is timely, and here, more or less accurately, is what he said:

“The Pope wants every Catholic to belong to one of his international mission aid societies. The youngsters up to the age of twelve have the Holy Childhood. All the rest of us are supposed to join the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Dues—if you want to call them that—are one dollar a year. A dollar isn’t much any more, but they certainly add up if you pile them high.

“And here,” said the Ancient Missionary in a voice that grew louder by the moment, “is my main point. If everyone who ought to be a member paid his dues, the total would be staggering. I



Window on the Mission World

The Ancient Missionary has a word on inflation, mathematics and the paying of dues to the world's biggest club

don't know how many adult Catholics there are in the United States, but fifteen million would be a very conservative estimate. Just imagine! Fifteen million dollars for the missions.

"Furthermore, the Pope wants every adult in the *world* to join and to pay, if he can, the dues established for his country. Right there you have the idea for the biggest dues-paying club, so to speak, ever conceived. What a world-shaking difference it would make if we did what our Father in Christ wants us to do! The way things are now the missions stumble along somehow, but it is intolerable that we should force them to live perpetually on the edge of poverty.

"Take Africa, for example. The Holy Father recently wrote an encyclical on the urgent needs of the missionary

Church in that continent. If I may be so crude as to speak very bluntly, we will never do the job that has to be done there if we approach it on a nickels-and-dimes basis. Establishing the Church costs a lot of money. If we are real Catholics and not pious frauds, we will give the Church the money it needs. And our very first obligation is to come up with at least our annual dollar for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith."

The Ancient Missionary paused and then went on more gently, "I hope you will forgive the sharp tongue of an old man. I hope I don't sound crass. It is just that I bleed inside when I think of our missionaries crippled by our lack of cooperation. They will do the job God wants them to do if we do the job God wants us to do."

It sounds so inspiring and so simple. The Ancient Missionary is right. It can be done. It must be done.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

A Construction Company has tools and equipment. Father Killoran and the Jesuit Missionaries in Korea have their construction company for building a college—but no equipment. The most important item needed right now is a cement mixer. This machine would cost over \$400.00 but would pay for itself in the time that would be saved. Would you help with a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 to help build the college in Korea?

“There Is a Girl Here,” writes Father Rodriquez of Poona, India, “who has been working as an assistant in a nursing home. The nursing home is being closed down and she has lost her job. I would like to send her for nurses’ training for two years. She is quite poor and is the only support of a father who is dying of cancer. If the girl were to go care for him, both would starve. I have found a temporary job for her which provides shelter and food but scarcely any pay. Nurses training seems to be the only way out. If some one could give me ten dollars a month for two years I could get this girl through an auxiliary nurse’s training.” Would you like to pay for a week or a month’s training—\$2.50 or \$10.00?

Even Though the Priest may be in another village, the people of the St. Michael’s mission in Alaska gather for prayers on Sunday. Their pastor, Father Rene Astruc, with many villages to care for, regrets there is so little time for sermons and instructions. However, he has a plan for providing weekly sermons for all the mission stations. If you could provide him with a tape recorder he could

mail his weekly sermon to the villages when he cannot get to the mission in person. Would you help, please, with \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00 to bring instruction to isolated villages in Alaska?

Snakes and Rats are getting into Father Claude Daly’s rice supply which has been stored in his kitchen and dining-room in his mission station in Ceylon. Father asks for \$210.00 to build himself a concrete storeroom where he can keep his rice without fear of having it consumed by rats, or himself bitten by a poisonous snake. Would you contribute a bag or two of cement with your gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00?

Cinerama Shows Kathmandu in Nepal as an exotic and picturesque city. Our missionaries teaching there don’t let the intriguing scenery interfere with their sense of the practical. As proof, here are Father Tom Downing’s needs, which run from athletic equipment for students to water supply for the school: tennis balls, records, sewing machine, pipes for water line. If you could help this most deserving mission with a donation, please designate how you would like your gift to be used, whether it’s \$1.00, \$2.00 or \$5.00.

Father Morrison Has a Dispensary in Chakai, India, where he regularly treats 40 to 50 tubercular patients. Because of their weak condition the patients cannot do heavy work and earn enough to buy food. The medicine and food bill is causing Father Morrison some concern. He asks if you could help with \$1.00 or \$2.00.

FIRE!



THE TOWN of Paimute, Alaska, burned to the ground. Father John Fox had the bitter experience of having years of work go up in smoke—the church, the residence, the school—ashes to ashes.

He needs help to rebuild. Will you give it to him?

\$5, \$10, whatever you can spare, will be received with thanks at

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Jesuit Missions



NOVEMBER, 1957

The Devil AND THE INK POT



To print a Life of Christ in Hindustani is in itself a sufficiently difficult task, without the devil putting his fiery oar in

BROTHER B. KARPINSKI S.J.

THE EXPERIENCES that come my way are at times so numerous and so humorous that I often say to myself, this could not happen here, but sure enough, things are happening here that are unusual. When the temperature reaches 108 in the press room, you often see some of the boys doing things that make you wonder whether you should not have joined the Circus and been a clown. The howling sand storms that are in full swing at present fill every nook and corner with a fine film of sand, so much so that when you arrive in the morning to work, you wonder whether you have come perhaps to the wrong place. They grind corn in the shop next to us, and this press looks just like it, powder everywhere. Then a few weeks ago we had such a terrific hail storm one night that when morning came I found 15 boys missing at the press. That put quite a big hole in the production line as I scratched my bald head and kept looking out into the distance, hoping some of them would show up. It seems they got hailed in.

Now as far as snakes are concerned, I could say those are for those tough missionaries in deep India, but then again I am wrong for right here in the press I have the shakes and snakes. Take for instance the other day when my sweeper came around and I gently tapped him on the shoulder and said, "My good man, there is one corner that you have not swept for many a moon, right

there." When he approached to do his duty, he suddenly hit the ceiling, for lo and behold, there was a krait snake about 12 inches long.

Now we all know that with this kind of a snake you ask no questions. You hit him on the head, and ask questions later, for should he open his mouth and ask you just one question, "How do you like my hypodermic needle?" that would be your last, for in less than 15 minutes you would no longer be in this world. So I smashed him and soon had him dangling on the end of my stick. I threw him out. As I did, a huge bird came around and picked it up and flew away with a good dinner for himself. Then I pondered over the words, "The Lord saw all things that He had made and they were all good," yes even in this case a poisonous snake.

Experiences that can be seen are fine, but let us venture for a brief moment into the world unknown as I recall to you my first experiences with the devil. Here at the Sanjivan Press I am at present trying to print the New Testament in this difficult language of Hindustani. My mind wandered way back to Mokameh and eight years back when I was twisting my tongue in that difficult language, but I see now that that was only the beginning, for to see this language in print is still more frightening. Now I ask you what work is more important in any press room than printing the Life of Christ? The devil must have

COVER: A girl in a parka may not look as fashionable as a girl in a toque but she is equally precious to the heart of Christ who came that all, even those scattered at the ends of the earth, might know Him and love Him.

The Devil and the Ink Pot



noticed what was being done and what I was up to, so you may be sure he was not going to leave me alone, not for long. On this machine of ours there is an ink mechanism which I and the boys had set one day. We were even a little proud of the fact that this part of the machine was so easy to adjust and it worked so well when we started the machine. The following day I came around to see the progress the boys were making in printing. When I approached the machine I nearly had one of those Polish fainting spells . . . there they were, those huge sheets coming out, not black but a color not of this world, some kind of a dirty gray. "Stop, stop that press. Who threw in the water?" "No, Sab, not even kerosene did we mix today." I scratched my bald head and we re-set the mechanism once again. It worked well for another two hours, then again, when I came back, the same thing . . . "Well," I said to myself, "this is it. The devil got into the ink pot. I'll turn him out." So the following morning I took along with me to the press a

small bottle of Holy Water and poured some of that into the ink pot, and you wouldn't believe it, no trouble since. So now I say a daily prayer for this machine with its 29 false teeth, that the Lord will help us print His Life to make it known throughout this vast land of India and the East.

Now, mind you, that black devil has not left me yet, for the other day a huge bird smashed into the electric wires, and the result was we had no power for three hours. Then a few days later the devil splashed some hot lead over my eyelids. About an hour later when Father Barrett came around to see what was being done, he looked at me and said . . . "Now, who hit you?" Just then my miraculous medal chain broke and hit the ground, and I answered, "The dirty devil."

Recent statistics show how much Church personnel has been cut by the communist persecution on the China mainland:

	1948		1957
	Chinese	Foreign	Foreign
Bishops	22	75	1
Priests	2676	3017	11 (7 in prison)
Nuns	5112	2351	11 (foreigners school, Peiping.)
Brothers	632	475	0
	<u>8442</u>	<u>5916</u>	<u>23</u>

No statistics are available on how many of the Chinese priests or nuns have languished in prison or have been prevented from performing their religious duties, or how many lay-leaders have been executed.

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Summer in British Guiana

THIS SUMMER, the task of giving several retreats to nuns in British Guiana gave me the chance to see this small country, bordering Venezuela, on the northern edge of South America.

British Guiana has been much in the news because of the elections there and the victory of the communist-tinged party of Cheddi Jagan, an East Indian educated in the United States and married to an American communist, named Janet Rosenberg. Retreat was on during the election but the Sisters were allowed by the Bishop to go out and vote; it was important, if unsuccessful.

It was like an American campaign in that every day sound trucks went around announcing the places of the evening meetings. Several of the meetings were held in our vicinity and oratory was spewed all over the place by loudspeakers far into the night. I needed sleep, but with loudspeakers, frogs in the canals, barking dogs—the place is full of dogs—steel bands on Saturday nights, it was quite a problem.

Mr. Jagan openly declares that he believes in Marxian philosophy. So there is some anxiety, especially concerning education since most of the schools are Christian. Jagan cried loudly about colonialism, labeling it the real problem for British Guiana. He knows better but shouting for independence as a panacea always captures the uninformed.

There is universal suffrage but the

people have little or no comprehension of the real issues. The masses are not communistic; they are economically depressed. The natural resources in the interior call for millions of dollars of investment in roads alone to reach them.

The difficulties of the Church are clear when we note that there are six different racial groups; East Indians in the majority and growing rapidly; Africans next; Chinese; Portuguese originally from Madeira; Europeans and American Indians. The origins of the Church were principally among the Portuguese; but they are beginning to move away. The American Indians back in the savannahs and mountains number only 20,000 but there is a well-developed apostolate among them. Furthermore, a large number of Protestant denominations are at work and a number of Pentecostal groups to complicate the scene. The Anglicans in much of this area are very High Church. The newspapers of Trinidad recently headlined the fact that a bachelor Bishop had been appointed to that island. It is somewhat confusing, to say the least.

The English Jesuits celebrated the centenary of their coming to British Guiana this year. There are now 52 churches and 55 mission stations, where before their coming there were 5. One hundred years ago there were two schools; now there are 58. The priests have been assisted beyond all calculation

by the Ursuline Sisters who came to the colony ten years before the Jesuits and by the Sisters of Mercy who came in 1898. One cannot measure the contribution to the building of the Church made by the academies, high schools, elementary schools, hospital, leprosarium, orphanages staffed by the Sisters. Another bright note in their missionary work is the development of local vocations to their communities.

At times there seem to be more bicycles in Georgetown than people. It is fascinating to look out the window of the Cathedral Presbytery and see Bishop Weld, formerly the Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana from 1932 to 1953, taking off on a bicycle to do his rounds at the hospitals or to see one of the Fathers from one of the outer parishes come dashing into the yard in a cloud of dust riding a motor-bike. I did not want to complicate the already serious bicycle traffic problem by venturing out myself—it is more than 25 years since I attempted a bike.

The Cathedral Presbytery is a great meeting place for the missionaries who come in, wisely, from their distant stations for occasional visits. Father Wilson-Browne flew in from the Rupununi area down near the border of Dutch Guiana, far back into the country. He did it in an hour and a half, whereas by other modes it would have taken three weeks or so. He returned by plane accompanied by four sheep, two goats, a couple of baskets of live chickens and other supplies needed for his mission.

Father Buckley was down from the Northwest near the Venezuelan border where he maintains the missions among the Caribs and the Spanish Arawak Indians. Much of the travel in that area is by boat and the Indians are masterful boatmen. At the presbytery was Father Keary who had pioneered in the Indian country, writing a vocabulary, grammar and Christian doctrine in the Macushi and Wapishana languages which have been of great value to his successors. He had to give up his post when he was thrown from his horse with a serious injury to his hip.

Even four men with a launch make slow progress in negotiating the Essequibo River in British Guiana. The country has many rather large rivers leading to the naturally rich interior. But the rivers are no solution to the transportation problem because of the many rapids and falls. As a result, 80% of the people are concentrated in the coastal mudlands.



The good Scarborough Fathers from Canada came to the assistance of the English Jesuits in 1953 and now have ten missionaries in the field. One of their stations is at the Reynolds Bauxite development, some 160 miles up the Berbice River. The Father leaves Friday noon on the tug which is pulling the empty barges back to the site, arrives Saturday noon. Then he celebrates evening Mass



British Inf. Services Photo

on Saturday, morning Mass on Sunday and teaches Christian Doctrine. He takes off on the tug Sunday noon with the loaded barges in tow and arrives back in New Amsterdam at the mouth of the river on Monday.

Catholics constitute about one tenth of the population of the colony. Efforts are being made to invigorate the laity through Christopher programs and the

Sword of the Spirit. The general apathy of the country naturally would extend beyond the political and economic spheres. It is a period of transition for the colony and that affects the Church. Plans have to be very flexible. British Guiana is a difficult mission territory, almost depressing. On that account the progress which the Church has made is the more noteworthy.



“I ONCE BOUGHT a camera,” said the Ancient Missionary apropos of nothing at all, “which was supposed to be fool-proof. The veriest idiot, according to the manufacturer, could take perfect pictures with it, but I proved him completely wrong.”

“I have never been much of a photographer,” the old man went on, “but I love good pictures and the ones I like best in *Jesuit Missions* are photographs that show foreign and native-born missionaries working together.”

Innocent, casual chit-chat? Not at all. The Ancient Missionary had something on his mind, and it soon came to light. He has been reading and pondering the Holy Father’s most recent encyclical on the missions, *Fidei Donum*, and today he wanted to talk about missions where

local clergy are numerous.

“Lots of people seem to have the notion,” he said, “that once the local hierarchy is established the work of the missions is over. That may be the case, to be sure, but most often it is nothing of the sort. As soon as can be, Holy Mother Church wants native-born bishops to rule their own people, but in practically every instance the local bishop finds that he cannot carry on the work of the Church without the aid of foreign missionaries.”

The Ancient Missionary was right. The Holy Father had said in his encyclical, “At a time when the establishment of the hierarchy might erroneously lead one to believe that the missionary activity is at a point of termination, more than ever the ‘care of all the churches’



Window on the Mission World

Side by side the foreign missionary
and the local missionary labor to
bring the Church to strong maturity

of the vast African continent fills Our soul with anxiety.”

In other words, the fact that a mission area is made a diocese or an archdiocese, ruled by a native-born successor of the Apostles and served by many local priests, does not mean that the area is no longer a mission. As long as the Church is not firmly and permanently established there, it remains a mission.

Today, more than ever before in mission history, we see foreign missionaries working side by side with native-born missionaries. The most heartening development of all is the establishment of local hierarchies in many parts of the mission world. It is the clearly expressed desire of the Holy Father that missionaries from abroad continue to assist the local bishops and priests as long as their


cooperation is needed.

This pattern of cooperation between foreign and native-born missionaries will soon be commonplace. It is a normal and essential phase in the growth of any local church to maturity. We at home, whose obligation it is to back our missionaries abroad, may have to shift mental gears in thinking of what makes a “mission.” A mission is quite simply a place where the Church is not yet firmly and permanently established, where help from abroad is still needed.

In the near future more and more American missionaries will be working side by side with many local priests and under native-born bishops. They will be “missionaries” every bit as much as others who pioneer in areas where there are no native-born priests.

Now we know what the Ancient Missionary had in mind. He was merely thinking with the Church, being up-to-date, even as She is.





Home for a visit after 10 years in the South Pacific, a New Yorker describes his jump from the Bronx to a tropical farm

New Yorker's Return

HUGH F. COSTIGAN S.J.

ABOUT ALL I CAN SAY after returning from ten years on a Pacific Island is that my feet hurt (I've been wearing sandals for ten years)—my collar itches—and I can't understand where all the autos are racing—to say nothing of the pedestrians dodging them.

It has been a wonderful ten years and one look at me will convince anyone that life on the islands can be healthy. Some months ago Jesuit Missions magazine printed a picture of me—taken unexpectedly—needing a haircut. I had many letters bemoaning my haggard look which really was nothing more than being half asleep.

Now when friends see me their first exclamation is: "You don't look sick!" To which I can only reply: "Who said I was?"

Seriously though, it has been a happy ten years in which I learned many simple facts. For instance, if you place one brick on another, and keep going, soon you have a house or a church. Of course, it isn't always easy to get the bricks so we learned to make them.

Like many another, I went to Ponape ten years ago, prepared to set the island on its feet. Perhaps the hardest lessons of all are those of the first year: realizing it isn't New York—and New York methods aren't much use. (What a blessing that is when you understand.)

I found a simple island people—with no knowledge of nor interest in our life—and over a period of years I think they taught me as much as I taught them. Our relations have been happy—after a stormy and frustrating first year. And today

I am, I feel, at least part Ponapean in my understanding of and observance of their ways of life.

To them the tribe and the family are all important. Money means little and is saved or earned only for an immediate object—like a new piece of cloth—or, now and then, a small outboard motor (the inroads of the west—a blessing; because of them, I now run a clinic for ailing outboard motors!).

To the Ponapean, security and old age are assured in land and children. With these, he is certain that his life will be content until death. He has had the experience of four governments controlling his life—the Spanish, Germans, Japanese, and now the United States.

Each administration has urged him to think of his future and save money. Each time he did, his money has been swept away in the ruins of war. Today, he holds to his ancient formula—God gave the land for food, the sea for fish, and children for comfort and care. Do we have a better formula?

As the years passed and I grew in understanding of language and customs, I found myself more and more accepted by the people—as teacher, priest, and general handy man. I have been taken into the tribal life and given a title—“Lepen Mor.” This has its advantages in that I receive the left hind leg of the largest pig at all feasts—and its disadvantages in that I am called upon to first provide the pig—as befits a chief!

Seriously, it has helped my work as a priest, for from infancy children are raised to a great reverence of their chiefs and this extra respect, added to the dignity of the priesthood, has taken away, in great part, the difficulty every foreign missionary experiences of being considered “foreign.”

In recent years, Superiors have seen fit to turn me into a farmer—from the Bronx to a tropical farm is in no sense a simple leap. And even the New York Fire Department and Police Emergency Division, who tutored me in many of their trades in 1947, gave no instruction in raising coconuts or inoculating pigs.

Back in 1953 we figured our work

would bear better results spiritually if we could help the people economically. And, this in turn they wanted. So having land, I embarked on a cacao plantation and an animal farm. Now cacao we felt would be a seasonable crop not requiring daily attention. The Ponapean has too much concern for family and tribal feasts and ceremonies to be tied to a five-day, 40 hour week. When he has to work he can leave me limp with fatigue trying to keep up to him. But he doesn't feel that he has to work every day, or even every week.

By the way, I'd better mention that “cacao trees” produce cocoa and chocolate—lest anyone think I am planning to put our local “creme de cacao” bottlers out of business.



Our plantation, started as a model, has grown to almost 10,000 trees. Our nurseries have issued thousands of seedlings to the people for their own planting. On all my missionary trips, I visit and advise on their care of the trees. I wouldn't want you to think me an expert in this short time, but I find the people anxious for whatever help I can give and after all the years, they do have confidence. If it fails maybe I'll be looking for another island on which to pass my declining years—perhaps fishing! At least not in agriculture.

Next year we hope to market our first crop and I am going to Costa Rica for a month or so as a guest of the United Fruit Company to observe their processing methods.

On my return, probably in October, I want to start building a first class agricultural and vocational school on the plantation. This, we, the Ponapeans and I, have felt we must have for the young men. I am told they would cost about \$100,000 in the U. S.

Being an old hand at salvaging materials, infesting scrap yards and a charter member of many "Do It Yourself" Clubs—I know I can build it for less than \$20,000. If you say the amount quickly, it doesn't sound quite so big, does it? And as the Islanders say, maybe next year the fishing will be better!

Father Costigan found that his work would bear better spiritual results if he could help the people economically: he now runs a cacao plantation and an animal farm.



The Pope's Mission Intention

INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER: THAT MISSION VOCATIONS MAY INCREASE AMONG THE YOUTH OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

DEPICTED ON THE coat of arms of the Archdiocese of Manila is a medieval tower, an interpretation of Psalm 60 where God Himself is described as a "Tower of Strength against the enemy." Today we could easily call the Philippine people a tower of strength for the Church in the Far East against the enemy. Almost nine hundred million people live in the Far East and of that number only some 24 million are Catholic and of the Catholics over seventeen million are Filipinos.

This would seem to be a most consoling fact. Indeed, the Philippine Republic is the only Catholic nation in the Orient. But the picture is not quite as consoling as it appears. Today there are just under three thousand priests in the Philippine Islands. Some two thousand are engaged in exclusively parochial or missionary work and the balance concentrate their efforts on administrative and educational work. In fact this means that for every priest there are nine thousand Catholics in his flock. Actually, because of the distribution of priests throughout the Islands, in some areas a priest must care for as many as eighteen or twenty thousand souls.

Normally the Church would depend heavily upon a Catholic nation in a pagan area of the world for missionaries. But the Philippines must care for its own acute need first. When that need is filled, then we can look for a growth

of Filipino missionaries.

For the month of November, Our Holy Father recommends as the intention for the Apostleship of Prayer an increase in vocations among the Filipino youth. The reason for his plea is obvious—the need is acute, desperate. Changes have taken place in the Philippines in many ways in the last half century. Politically this young nation has taken a prominent place in the world of nations. Independent, young and vigorous, it has left no doubt in the minds of the other nations of the East that its future is bright, hopeful. The same spirit can be noted in the Catholics of the Islands. Almost 2,500 young men are now preparing for the priesthood in seminaries at home and overseas. In recent years a few Filipino Missionaries have been sent to Japan and Indonesia. A deep apostolic interest in the work of the Church in the East and their place in that work is noticeable everywhere. Yet so much remains to be done, so many more vocations are needed.

As we look ahead, there is certainly a great place for this young Republic and these people in the future of the Church. Here alone Communism has been faced and conquered. Here alone is there hope that one day the utter darkness of heresy, materialism, Communism may be dispelled in the East. But we, as Our Holy Father has asked, must pray day by day that God will grant more graces of vocation and that the Filipino youth will respond to that grace with the same responsive hearts, aflame with love of God, that inspired the Irish missionaries through the centuries.

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I Love Pat-Pat...

JOSEPH REITH S.J.

PAT-PAT, indeed, is only a very small barrio along the Sayre Highway that crosses the Province of Bukidnon, in the Philippines. It lies just outside the shade of the surrounding hills and mountains; and cold winds and mountain storms blow down upon it.

(Continued)

The people are poor—very poor. The fields and the hills, impoverished by years of drainage and unscientific farming, yield a minimum—*Kamotes*, a kind of sweet potato; *Kamoteng Kahoy*, which is nothing more than pure starch; and other rude root plants that give a sense of fullness to the stomach, but nothing nourishing to the body. I asked one of the inhabitants what they have for food; “We scrounge like rats,” she told me. And that is precisely how they live.

Two years ago there was not a professing Catholic in the place. I would stop some children along the way and ask them what is their religion. The question would sort of stump them, and all they would answer was “Religion?” and the question mark seemed rather large. So I sent in my best catechist, and week after week and day after day she worked with them until she had them building a crude church for me. It was very crude. So crude, in fact, that I could scarcely say Mass in it. Dark, windy, crowded. But grace had touched the hearts of the people and that is the important thing.

I promised them that if they remained faithful, I would build them a decent church. And I have done so, and they have done so. Today, after baptizing the children and also the adults, and marrying the adults who have been living for years in crude, almost animal reproductive life, I have one of the grandest little Catholic barrios, with devout, sincere and grateful people.

But this month, a crisis has come upon them. All over the East the flu is raging; and one night when I sent down the Mt. Carmel Illustrated Catechetical Unit to give them a lecture on the Life of Christ, the team came back to tell me that many of the people of the barrio were sick of the flu, or, if it was not the flu, it was the result of drinking badly polluted water. I knew it was the latter. I have long been urging the Government to put an artesian well into the place for the good of the people who have only a distant, dirty well.

My first impulse was to inform the health authorities; but they seem to give

more advice than medicine, so I determined to organize my own first aid.

The N.C.W.C. had just sent over a very large amount of rice given by the generous Catholics of America. I had not yet received my share for distribution, but I borrowed a sack of the rice from another Father; and with a case of canned fish and ten big cans of pure water, and accompanied by Sister Bellarmine C.S.J., who is in charge of our local dispensary, I set out for Pat-pat. Never before in my years in the Philippines had I distributed water as a medium of charity to the poor.

When we got there, the people had already been assembled by the mother of the girl who had been my original catechist in the place; and I can say they were a forlorn-looking lot.

The barrio lieutenant was the saddest of all: he had a serious case of the flu, and had infected his whole family of six. He was deadly afraid of an injection (I don't blame him; so am I). Sister had over thirty patients of all sizes and conditions. One family of five got injected with an expensive States remedy and in return gave Sister ten centavos—less than three cents in your money.

I dispensed the rice and the fish and the water. Some of the people had not tasted rice for weeks, nor corn; only what they could “scrounge.”

“How did you get sick?” I asked the barrio lieutenant.

“Without food I went into my field and worked until noon; then I had my breakfast.” And he is an honest man. Most of the people eat only two meals a day.

I finally have my share of the rice from America—twenty-five sacks of one hundred pounds each. But what is that for a whole parish including those of other creeds and beliefs? And what is the reward of Sister Bellarmine and myself? It is the shy, almost surreptitious approach of the people who come to me to say—“Thank you, Father.”

To my many benefactors in America, shyly I say—“Thank you: God bless you,” and the people of Pat-pat and the other barrios join me in that.



**The
Children's Friend**



I wouldn't say for a moment that you are misinterpreting Saint Thomas, Father, but . . .

YOUNGSTERS may not be much on formal logic, but when it comes to intuition they are often expert. Somehow, they know who loves them; and they know how to love in return.

A missionary is in fact, if not in strict definition, the children's friend. If one were to try to pick a typical picture of a typical missionary, the winner would almost certainly show a big crowd of youngsters grinning up at a priest. The fact that he is a foreigner means little or nothing to them. If he makes funny mistakes in their language, they know he

will not be stuffy about it but will giggle when they giggle.

One of the most pleasant trials of the missionary's life is to try to shake off, at least for a while, the crowd of children who follow him everywhere. There are things that have to be done, and one can't talk to children always.

Just as we cannot picture Our Lord as aloof to the children He loved, so we cannot imagine a missionary who is not the children's friend. May the small ones come, now and always, to the representative of the child's Best Friend.

The Children's Friend



I'll bet you this one will be the best layer of the whole lot . . .

I didn't really break the window, Father—it sort of just broke . . .



Formosa Diary

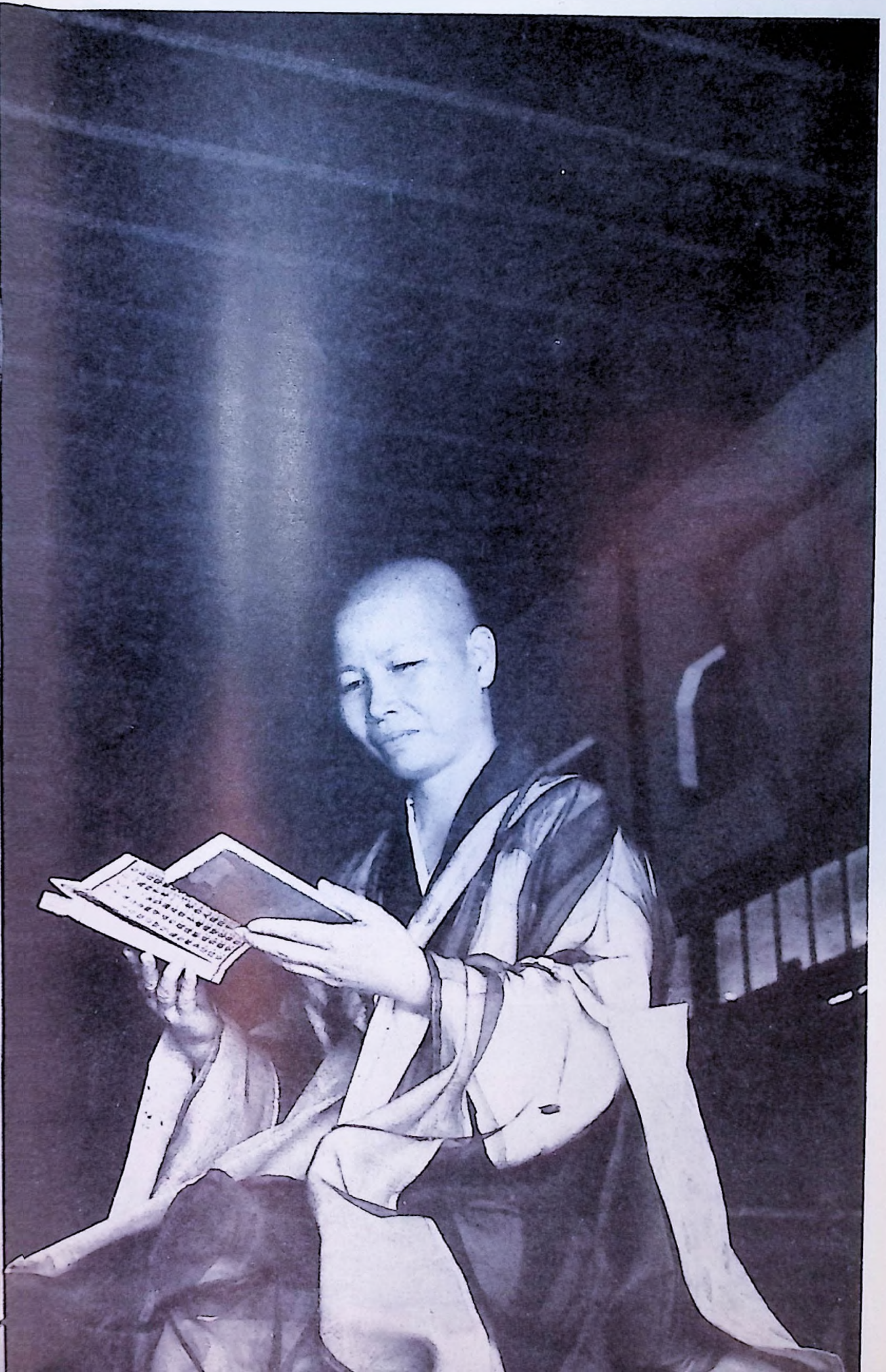
September 28: My first day in China . . . a grammar school dream come true at last! What a strange new world. But the strangeness soon wears off. One veteran missionary told me that when you are in China a day you can write a book; when you are here for a month you can manage an article: but after a year—"Well, what is there to write about?" I'd better put my "first impressions" on paper before I become completely Orientated.

October 1: Almost any time of the day I can hear the discordant blending of laughing children with rumbling cannon, the clop-clop of wooden-sandaled hucksters peddling their wares on the same street as marching soldiers, roaring jets over peaceful rice paddies. This whole incongruous medley of people, noises and things gives our "Mission by the Bamboo Curtain" an extra dash of spice and adventure . . . But the ordinary Chinese seems too busy raising his rice and sugar crops for Formosa's teeming ten millions to be aware or care about the Red menace just five jet minutes away.

October 3: The poultry population here must be on daylight-saving time; they anticipate the dawn by about an hour. Maybe it's the infinite

strings of firecrackers—set off "any ol' time" to scare away ghosts—that wakes them . . . We have a two-story private "home" for our Language School. My room overlooks the backyard of a house containing seven families and at least twice that many children. Two of the tykes are singing—a bit prematurely—"Jingle Bells" in Chinese now . . . If you want to break the nail-biting habit come to Hsinchu—the Chicago of the Far East. Fingernails and teeth become grimy with the constant dust that ever-present winds whirl around. I keep my windows open to get a breeze but must suffer the consequences—my room becomes a tunnel of dust . . . Every night at 5:30 o'clock our block is covered by a smokescreen. It is just the housewives preparing their "smudge pot" stoves for supper. I think the stuff they use for fuel must be nine parts solidified smoke . . . My springless bed (with net and mosquitos to match) didn't give me much sleep the first few nights but I've finally found a comfortable niche.

October 6: This morning I threaded my way through a swarm of coolie-drawn carts, chickens, pedicabs, and bicycles (everyone, including the bishop, rides one) to do a little shopping. What a maze of streets and alleys is Hsinchu! And the gutters! Some



of them are over 3 feet deep. It rains. After skirting a Buddhist temple I finally stumbled into the heart of the city throbbing with the exertion of bustling merchants, hawking peddlers, and haggling housewives. Laid out on one street you see rice and various foods acquiring the tire and foot dust of passers-by. Down another dusty street you see racks and racks of noodles out to dry. Several workers leisurely untangle the noodle knots by drawing the stringy stuff between their toes. And here are all the city's open air food and merchandise markets. It is in these inelegant 8 x 8 foot stalls that China carries on its business . . . I feel like a fugitive from a freak show every time I walk down Hsinchu's streets. The wholesale staring isn't so bad but when a chorus of children vocalize the dumb stares into shouts of "da bidz" I begin to feel a little self-conscious. "Da bidz," spoken more in wonder than derision (I think), is the epithet we foreigners merit, because by Chinese standards, our noses are prodigious. Roughly translated it means, "Why, what a big nose you have!" While the kiddies shout and point, the older folks just gape unabashed. On the way home I stopped at an intersection to watch a puppet show. The audience found my "da bidz" of more interest than the performance for row after row turned around to stare silently until I began to feel like Cyrano de Bergerac or a misplaced Durante. I ducked around a corner wishing my nose was as small as I felt.

October 9: When I woke up this morning and put on my glasses things were fuzzier than usual. Closer investigation showed that during the night my lens had served as a maternity ward for an insect that should receive some kind of "Mother of the Year" award. There were over a hundred eggs laid out carefully and covered with several layers of light brown fuzz . . . Today must be "B-Day" judging from the number of bugs that are introducing themselves. Besides the oodles of ordinary mosquitos, spiders, moths, ants and flies, we have a healthy breed of roaches, finger-long grasshoppers, spiders with a five-inch leg span, and—in keeping with the religious spirit of our house—a praying mantis. One of the jumbo-sized spiders waltzed into my room last night. Another scholastic and I tried to catch him but he was too fast. My imagination had him crawling over me all night . . . These bugs get into everything. A Chinese scholastic once picked out some long-legged beastie from his rice and remarked in all seriousness, "These kind have a wine flavor." A connoisseur! . . . I'm getting tired of killing insects. Why bother. They're harmless and I'm hopelessly outnumbered anyway. Besides, I have a pet lizard who patrols the walls and keeps the pest situation under control.

October 12: "But I don't want my ears washed," I tried to explain to the lady barber with my week's worth of Chinese. When you

The novelty of Formosa will soon disappear for the author, who regards it as his home.



ask for a haircut in China it's liable to become a major face-lifting operation. Ordinarily, it involves not only a haircut, but a face and hair washing, a shave, a massage, and an earwashing to boot; all of which adds up to about an hour, and three American cents. And, of course, the lady barber with the featherlike touch had a proverb for the occasion: "The longer it takes, the better the job."

October 15: Bus-ride: Gazing on the living travelogue was better than any movie. In the relative privacy of a country-bound bus I could see the endless stream of bare-foot children on the way to school, women trotting to morning market burdened with shoulder poles of rice and vegetables, oldsters with their venerable beards and long black gowns, little sisters carrying littler brothers on their backs, peddlers each with his special cry, harvesters and ox-drawn plows—all against the rich rice paddy background that is Formosa. I even saw some women plasterers and hod carriers: However they keep their femininity even in dirty overalls, for arms, legs, and faces are carefully covered to keep their skin unblemished and attractive. At every bus stop peddlers sold bananas (57 varieties! I'm told), steamed bread, candies, etc., through the windows. The people on board were a very vivacious and friendly sort and it was nice to be taken for granted among them . . .

October 17: Chinese chow is good (Thank God I like rice—three times a day) but why do they put kidney beans in the pudding? The ordinary beverage is water or tea . . . after the bugs have been duly boiled to death . . . A Chinese banquet may have anywhere from four to twenty-four courses. But, to the foreigner, the idea of a Chinese menu is often linked with such weird dishes as snake meat, cat soup, dove's blood, new-born mice dipped in boiling honey, etc. Such dishes, though not altogether legendary, are by no means as common as some

suspect. But such delicacies as shark fin, swallow's nest, and sea slugs are essentials on every epicurean's table. Dishes more likely to tickle the western palate are beef with oyster sauce, sweet and sour pork melting in any number of savory sauces, Peiping roast duck, or Canton chicken cooked in vegetable marrow. The bowls of food remain in the center of the table and everyone dips in with his chop-sticks . . . the beginner with a pardonable amount of slip and drip. I found handling chop-sticks for the first time was something like trying to use a pair of stilts to pick up a pin. Drinking begins early and continues until the inevitable bowl of rice is brought out. This is the sacred sign to get down to business.

October 25: This afternoon I visited the home of one of our Catholic Chinese. Ju Han Wen's entire income comes from checking and repairing the third motor on a B-24 that lands in Hsinchu once a week. This "house," which he shares with his aged mother (his fiancée is trapped in Red China), consists of one all-purpose bamboo room, newspaper-covered ceiling, three stools, two beds, a table, and clay floor. Mr. Ju is learning English so that he can help us struggling students of Chinese more. He patiently bears our horrible pronunciation and sentence structure, insisting all the while that we speak like natives (of what country?). We had a drink (hot water) and it was obvious that the little they had was mine; in fact, even what they didn't have, since they insisted on buying some oranges for me. Their hospitality was touching. These are the people I have the pleasure of working with and for.

October 28: My first anniversary in Formosa (one month)! I have never been happier. Syau Chen, one of our catechists, is making the most life-like statues for the Christmas Crib out of ordinary clay; symbolic, in a way, of God's human hands, our priests, who patiently mold the likeness of Christ out of the poor human clay that is China.

REPORT

FATHER WILLIAM T. WOOD S.J.

*Director, Philippine,
Caroline-Marshall Mission*



WHEN A JESUIT missionary arrives in the Philippine Islands he will very likely hear these words over and over again from veteran missionaries: "Hinay-hinay basta kanunay!" These words of a Filipino dialect can be translated roughly by our phrase: "Make haste slowly, slowly."

Actually, I suppose, no more wise advice could be given to missionaries anywhere in the world. The wisdom of the words is the wisdom of the Church and applies as much to the whole mission effort of the Church as it does to the anxious zeal of a new missionary.

The work of our Jesuit missionaries of the Philippine, Caroline and Marshall Islands is a prime example of making haste slowly and building solidly.

Almost five hundred American Jesuits are scattered over two and a half million square miles of the Pacific. From a mere handful some 35 years ago beginning work in Manila, they have spread out in every direction. Their apostolate has grown into a network of every type of missionary endeavor. Today their greatest effort is concentrated on education and a system of schools from primary grades to university level is the core of the effort. Jesuits in the Philippines staff two universities, six col-

leges, seven high schools and three seminaries. From these schools come the vocations to the priesthood and the sisterhoods, as well as the lay leaders, who will one day make it unnecessary to send foreign missionaries.

Even in the scattered Carolines and Marshalls, the schools, which guarantee the future of the Church and vocations, are a primary effort. Almost concomitant with a new mission station is the birth of a new—even if very small—school.

For these Jesuits of the Pacific the greatest need is certainly prayer for vocations. Their expansion demands an immediate growth of missionary manpower. Father Hugh Costigan, for example, is now planning an Agricultural Institute at Ponape to help the Marshallese and Carolinians build a more solid economy. The task of collecting funds to build such a school is, indeed, important. But when the school is built, the most pressing need will be for more missionaries to carry on this work. Father Costigan well knows that saying "Hinay-hinay basta kanunay" from his years in the Philippines.

He and our other missionaries are patient for everything except prayers for more missionaries. Would you blame them for being impatient?



When a Man Needs Help...

He prays. Above is Father Hugh Costigan, of Ponape. His story is on page 9, and he tells it cheerfully. But it takes more than cheer to raise the \$20,000 he needs. It takes help. Will you answer Father's prayer, at least in part? Send \$5, \$10, or whatever you can to

JESUIT MISSIONS 45 East 78 Street, New York 21

WILLIAM C. DIBB S.J.

If I Had

"GIVE US TWELVE more Brothers," exclaimed an Alaskan missionary recently, "and we will win the vast majority of Alaska natives for Christ!" On the face of it this is a pretty broad statement. Too broad? I don't think so. Although priests are needed as the channel through which flows salvation by means of the sacraments, scarcely less necessary in the divine economy of mission life is the Brother, the Hands of Christ. Fully a religious consecrated by the three vows, the Jesuit Brother occupies a truly strategic position in the over-all plan for the saving of souls. His very rule of life states that he must labor not only for his own salvation, but for the salvation of others as well. Indeed, the missionary

Brother fills an active and direct role in answering the call "to go forth and teach all nations."

Let's take a look at some of the tremendous work that the Brothers are doing. At St. Mary's there is the incomparable team of Brother Robert Benish S.J. and Brother Albert Perri S.J. Their Superior, Father Paul O'Connor S.J., a veteran of 27 years in the North, has this to say about his Brothers: "The task of providing a home and an education for 150 children would be almost impossible, were it not for Brothers Benish and Perri." And it didn't take me long to see why this is true. Brother Benish is the prefect of over 60 boys, ages 6 to 22, which means that he is father and mother all in one; I'll leave to your



Varied talents employed constantly under all conditions is the mark of the missionary Brother. No exception is Bro. Francis Fox who along with his uncle Fr. John Fox S.J. has spent many years in the testing Alaska missions. Finding enough wood in the barren north to warm an orphanage, convent, rectory and church—and that for ten years—failed to tire Bro. Fox of Holy Cross Mission.

Twelve Brothers...

imagination all that this job entails. Who's the Postmaster at St. Mary's? Brother Benish. Who operates the radio station? Brother Benish. Who teaches the radio class for the boys? Brother Benish! But let's not forget Brother Perri. St. Mary's has a large river boat, the Sifton, the workhorse of the lower Yukon. The skipper is Brother Perri, who must know unerringly the deviating channel of the huge river. It gets cold in Northern Alaska, so St. Mary's has a fine big boiler and heating system. Brother Perri is the engineer. There are a couple of trucks and a tractor of quite ancient vintage—Brother Al says, "If they weren't all shot, we wouldn't have 'em!"—and Brother Perri keeps them rolling. A fairly large village has grown up around the beautiful new Mission. Brother Perri is in charge of maintaining peace and prosperity therein, and this he accomplishes by well conducted meetings and by other close contact with the village folk.

The Land of the Midnight Sun is the home of other Jesuit Brothers. The Dean of all Alaska missionaries, Brother John Hess S.J., continues to put in a good day's work at the new Mission in Copper Valley. Brother, whose experiences would fill many a volume, will tell you, with a twinkle in his eye, that he is not certain whether it was 1915 or 1914 that he arrived. You see, it was very late on New Year's Eve. This is incidental . . . The important thing is that Brother has never left the territory since that dark and icy night 42 years ago. Also attached to the Copper Valley Mission is Brother George Feltes S.J., who spends most of his time in Anchorage, Alaska's largest city, where he expedites vast quantities of material for the Mission still under construction. The dispatch with which he has kept his trucks rolling winter and summer has earned for him the praise of those acquainted with

shipping conditions in the rugged North. But such efficiency is not unusual for Brother. Airplane pilot, perfectionist in the machine shop, and expert radio operator, George Feltes is an excellent example of the versatility in skill that a Jesuit Brother can achieve.

In Fairbanks, the heart of the golden North, Brother Charles Wickart S.J. and Brother Aloysius Laird S.J. are custodians of the grade and high school operated by the energetic parish of the Immaculate Conception. Both Brother Wickart and Brother Laird have spent around 25 years at various stations of the Yukon River, Bering Coast, and Seward peninsula.

Next we take a 700-mile trip down the Yukon to Holy Cross where we find Brother Francis Fox S.J. and Brother Ignatius Jakes S.J. assisting Father John Fox S.J. Brother Jakes, who pronounced his final vows in the Society of Jesus last Feast of the Assumption, is the first Eskimo to become a full fledged Jesuit. Brother Fox, Father's nephew, had the tremendous job of keeping the wood plentiful, during the last ten years that Holy Cross maintained the large boarding school now transferred to Copper Valley in southeastern Alaska.

In a short article such as this it is impossible to do justice to our Brothers, and I can just see some of them scoffing good-naturedly at the Cheechako who even would try to delve into such a thing as the Brothers' intricate relationship of work and the love of God. After all, spiritual writers never cease to bring out new lights on the enigma that is the hidden life of the Holy Family at Nazareth. And just as Mary and Joseph achieved the heights of sanctity in that forgotten village, so our Brothers obtain their hearts' desires busying themselves at the thousand and one tasks of mission life in the isolated and humble villages of Alaska's endless interior.

In Yoro a mechanic gambled
against a missionary, and...

The Mechanic Lost

REV. JOSEPH D. WADE S.J.

I DON'T KNOW quite why it was that I took so much interest in Hermenegildo. He was not an impressive looking person, but somehow from the beginning he attracted my attention. The first time you looked into his face you couldn't help but think, here is a man with brains, and the more you talked to him the more you saw this. So I said to myself, this is a man worth fighting for.

You see, Hermenegildo is an Indian, a Jicaque, about thirty years old, married and the father of two children. He lives far up in the mountains in a large village named Chililinga, by the rippling waters of the Quiyamil.

"Hermenegildo, I am very grateful to you for finding the short circuit. But where in the world did you become such a fine mechanic?"

"Ten years ago, Padre," he said, "the highway came through these mountains, and the trucks and jeeps started rolling over these hills to Yoro and the towns beyond. I got a job on a truck as loader, but I watched every time something was to be fixed. Then Don Pedro gave me a chance to be assistant to one of his mechanics who was a good teacher."

I spoke cautiously. "Hermenegildo, you have done me a favor, so I should like to do one for you. I have noticed that during my many visits here to Chililinga you have not come to Mass."

He laughed and said, "Now, Padre, I am a Catholic but I am not a fanatic. You noticed, I suppose, that I was in the Procession last Good Friday. I sometimes go to the church when there is a baptism or a marriage. I am not a religious fanatic, but when I have an urge to go to church I do so. I do not get drunk and I do not do anyone any harm, so I know the Lord is satisfied with me."

I had met this state of mind many





Unless you are very certain of your values, you should never make a wager with Fr. Wade.

times before, and, in a country where a very tiny portion of the men go to church on Sundays, I had failed most of the time to persuade them to change their ways. I had a strong feeling that I was going to fail with Hermenegildo also. But a thought occurred to me.

"Hermenegildo, I know that you need a number of mechanic's tools very badly. I will make you a proposition. If you will agree to make a three-day retreat under my direction, I will fill out the tools you need if you can continue to stay away from Sunday Mass after the retreat is over."

Hermenegildo was puzzled. "What is this retreat you speak of, Padre?"

"I will not tell you what it is except that during three days you will let me talk to you as much as I like."

"Oh, I see, three days of sermons."

"Well, not all day, Hermenegildo, but a good deal of the day. And you will have to do anything I tell you to do."

"Well, what are you going to tell me to do, Padre?"

"That I will not tell you now."

"Well, Padre, I know you will not tell me to do anything bad. Are you serious? Will you give me the tools—all I need—and that providing only I continue to stay away from Mass as I do now? Dios mio, Padre, that sounds like the best proposition I ever heard of. Say,

I'll take you up on that."

The next week on Thursday night at seven o'clock I had Hermenegildo sitting before me for his first talk.

"Hermenegildo, for three days you will not be allowed to talk to anyone, not even one word, unless it's absolutely necessary."

"What, Padre, I can't talk for three days? Well, I am walking out on this proposition right now."

"O.K. Hermenegildo, but no tools."

For a long minute Hermenegildo sat and looked at me. Then I knew that the first battle had been won. "O.K. Padre, I will try."

"Good. Now, Hermenegildo, the retreat is a time when one must be alone with God."

During a rather long talk Hermenegildo sat in deep attention. At the end he arose, smiled and said, "Well, Padre, so far I am getting my tools."

"Ah, but the retreat is not over yet, Hermenegildo."

The days passed quietly by. Hermenegildo sat before me, sometimes restless, but most of the time he was apparently in deep thought. I watched various emotions pass over his face. "Hermenegildo, you are not in this world to repair jeeps and to provide for your family, but to serve God."

"The angels sinned—

"Personal sin must be punished—

"Hell is for those who die in mortal sin unrepentant."

Hermenegildo was intelligent. I could see his mind gripping the truths that had converted thousands before him.

The talks went on; the days passed. At times my hopes were high; at times I feared that Hermenegildo was escaping me. I prayed. "Saint Ignatius, are you going to allow me to lose poor Hermenegildo?"

Finally, I arrived at the end of the last talk. "Now, Hermenegildo, we have arrived at the end of the retreat. I hope that I have not wasted my time, and I hope that you have really gotten something out of the retreat."

Hermenegildo rose to his feet, smiled a broad smile and said, "Padre, I congratulate you, but you have lost a fine set of tools." With that he turned and walked out of the church. I turned to the Sacred Heart in the tabernacle, "Jesus, this is a profound disappointment, but I did my best for poor Hermenegildo."

The next day was Sunday. I came out into the sanctuary on the way to the first Mass. A great surge of joy swept into my heart. There in the front pew with a mischievous smile on his face sat Hermenegildo.

After Mass he was waiting for me. "Say, Padre, I guess I have lost a fine set of mechanic's tools. But I have a proposition to make you. What if I get my pals into one of these retreats, can I still get the tools?"

My heart jumped with joy. I took Hermenegildo's hand and said, "Hermenegildo, that's a go. You get your buddies into the retreat, and you will get the finest set of tools you ever saw."

Needless to say, Hermenegildo got a fine set of mechanic's tools.

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Before one pushes the middle valve down it is well to use oil, as Father Clarkson discovered.

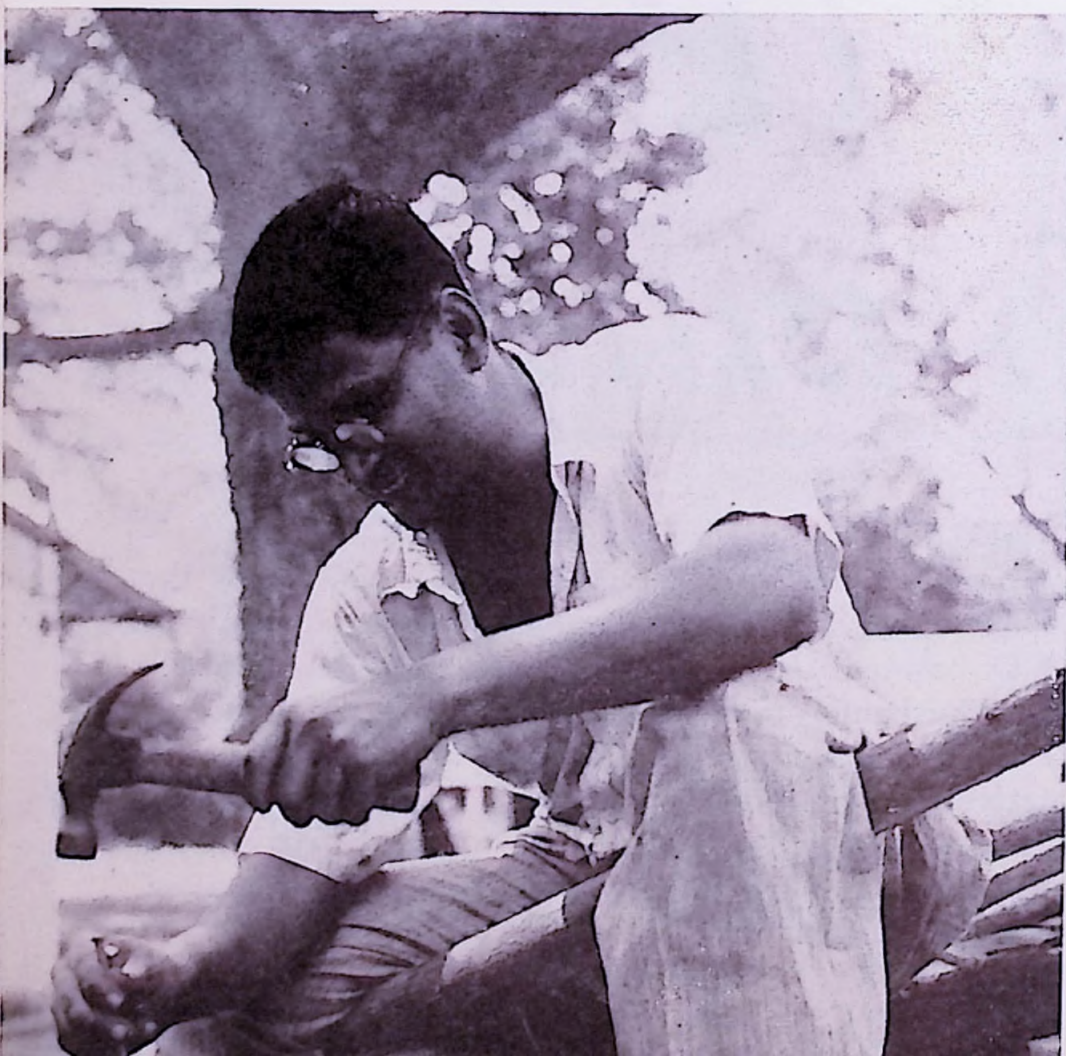
What Price Versatility?

THE LIFE of a priest in some city parish can be a very complex one: he takes care of souls and offers the official sacrifice of the Church and tries to sandwich in C.Y.O. baseball teams, parish bazaars, recalcitrant plumbers, lazy husbands, scholarship-seeking youngsters and juvenile delinquents. On the missions the life of Christ's representatives is even more bewilderingly complex: you worry about building the blocks for the walls of a rectory or church, finding a new business for poor areas, playing the part of an extension school.

What Price Versatility?



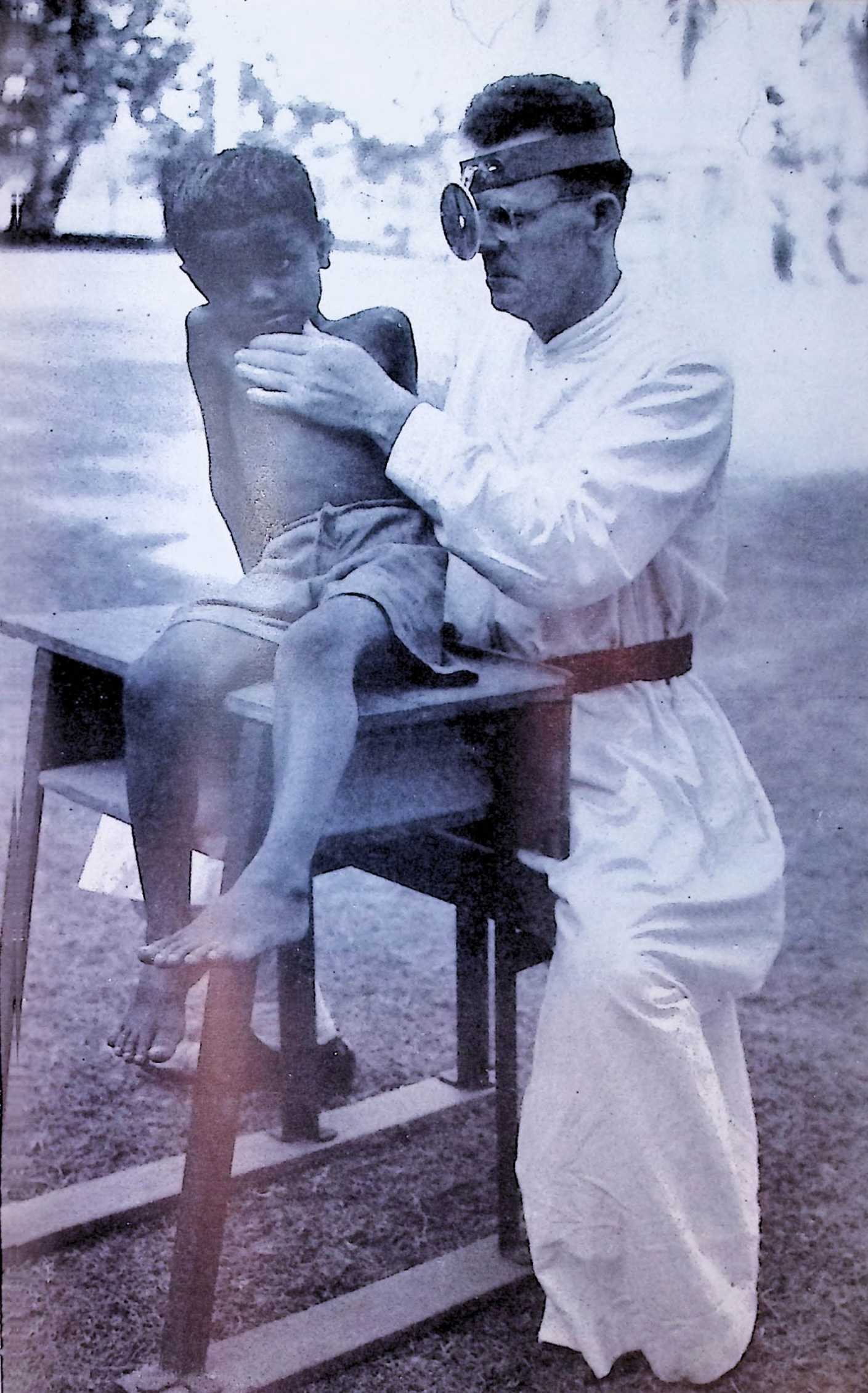
Before a missionary worries about books for his classes, he must often worry about bricks. Construction primers play a major part in missionary education.



"You hit the nail on the head," can be the well-earned praise for a neat theological distinction in some gathering of student theologians. In a gathering of field missionaries it often has a precise, literal sense for a priest or brother who is building the kingdom of God from planks up.



Many missionaries must run their own, informal outpatient departments. A priest might prefer to be teaching something of the mystery of the Trinity, but the charity of Christ can sometimes be more concretely explained by curing ills which no one else, but the missionary, can do.



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Sacred Heart Pictures have been requested by Father Morgan of Baghdad and Father Daly of Ceylon. Please help spread devotion to the Sacred Heart in these two widely separated missions by supplying pictures to be used for the consecration of families.

Pictures of the Sacred Heart.... .50

All They Need is the cloth and the mothers can make the dresses and shirts for their children at Jaluit in the Marshalls. Father Donohue marvels at the sewing ability of the Marshallese but mentions there is a shortage of cloth. He hopes you might be able to help his people.

Cloth for shirt..... .50
Cloth for dress..... 1.00

All His Life as a missionary to the American Indians, Father Zuercher worked to improve the Catholic education of the Sioux. This work will not cease with Father's death but will prosper with the help of his powerful intercession in Heaven. Would you contribute to the "Father Zuercher Memorial"—a Quonset classroom for the 5th and 6th Grades at St. Francis? The cost will be \$3,500 and your contribution of \$1.00 or \$2.00 will make the Memorial a reality.

The Spread of Communism in the Malay States is being opposed by young men trained by the Jesuits in the capital city of Kuala Lumpur. This training center is copied from the very successful center in Singapore.

Father Patrick Joy writes that he is in need of money to build a chapel at the new center, and also for the purchase of vestments and altar supplies.

Young Malaysians who train at the center will be most effective anti-communist workers. Please help, if possible, with a contribution to one of these items:

Chapel\$1,000.00
Vestments \$25.00
Altar Missal \$25.00
Stations \$7.50

From the Other training center at Singapore comes the request for books—used books at the college level. Biography, history, novels are mentioned in particular. If you have books you could spare for the missions, please send them—the Postal rate for books is low—to:

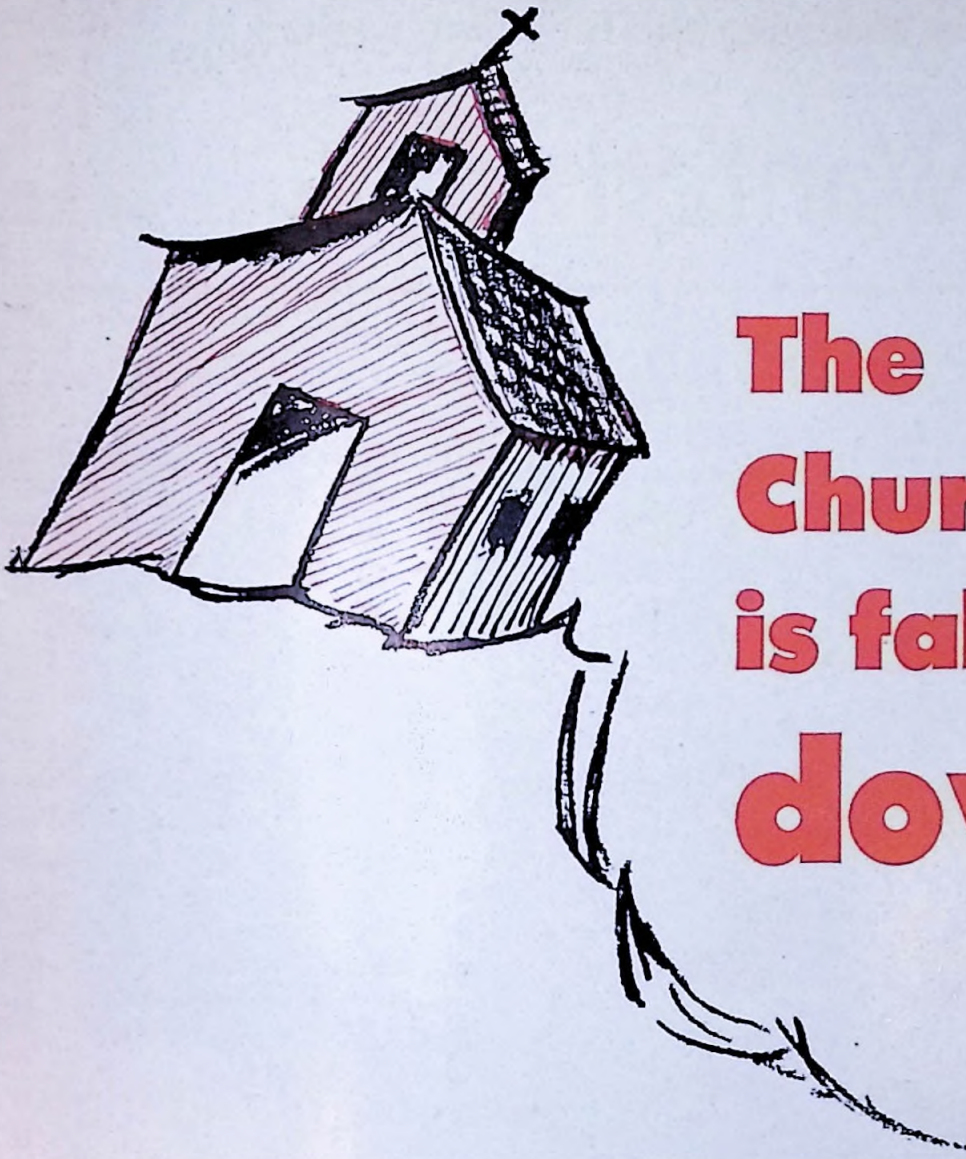
Rev. William Klement, S.J.
284 Stanyan Street
San Francisco 18, Calif.

Three Years Ago Father Murphy of El Negrito had a canvas top on his jeep. The jeep is doing fine but the top couldn't take the tropical rains and sun. Father needs \$50.00 for a new top for the jeep. Would you please help with a gift of \$1.00?

At Minas de Oro Father John Newell has been able to give the Sacred Heart Program in Spanish, and other religious recordings, to the people of his parish.

In order to continue this work, he needs an auxiliary light plant which will cost about \$400.00. This will enable him to continue his broadcasts on religious subjects to his people.

The radio is particularly effective on this mission and you can understand Father Newell's desire to reach as many people as possible. Would you be interested in helping, with a contribution of \$1.00 or \$2.00?



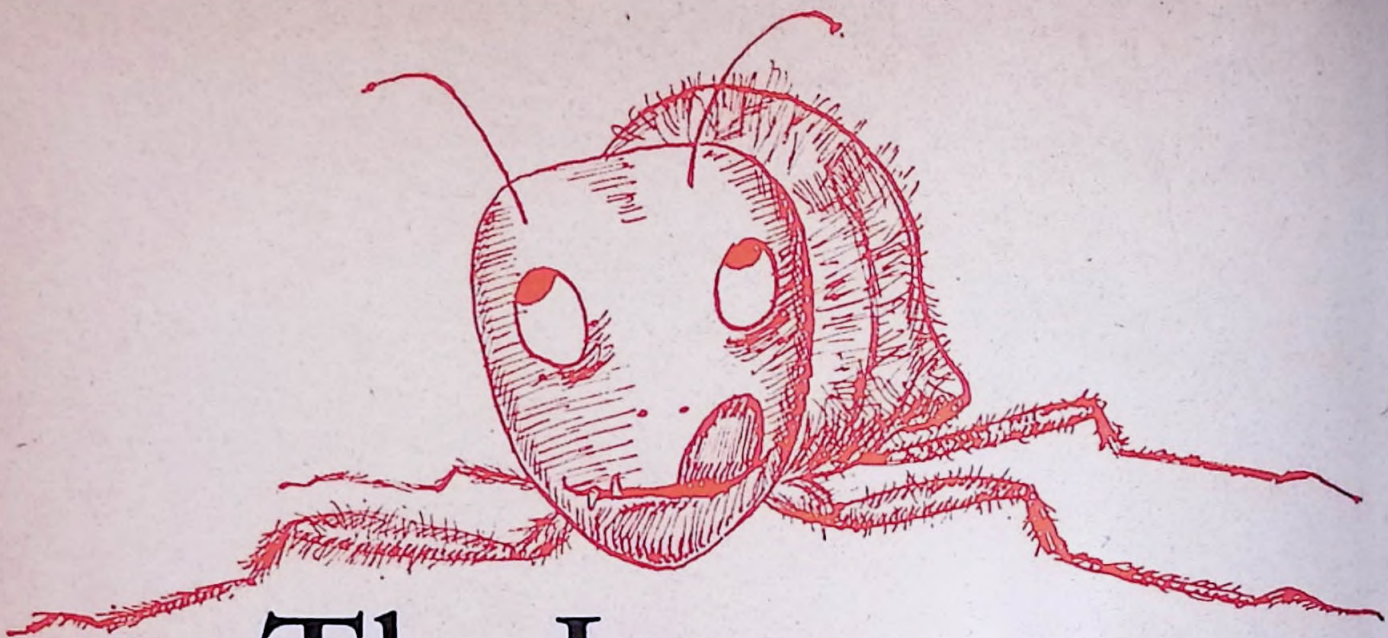
The Church is falling down!

FATHER WILLIAM McINTYRE, of Kotzebue, Alaska, finds himself pastor of a tottering church. Literally, the building rocks in the wind, and threatens to fall at any moment. Repairs are urgently needed.

Won't you help? \$5, \$10, whatever you can spare, will be gratefully received at

Jesuit Missions

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



The Insects

Lick their chops...

and grow fat. They find **Father William Moran**, of Colombo, Ceylon, a choice morsel. And his books and papers . . . mmm!

Father Moran's house, you see, is old and full of inviting cracks. It is in desperate need of repairs, and Father has no money to make them.

Won't you help Father protect his books and papers—and himself—from the voracious insects of Ceylon?

Send \$5, \$10, or whatever you can, to

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