

# Jesuit Missions



DECEMBER, 1957



**The Holy Father asks us to pray during the month of December for those in the Far East who have been forced to flee Communist rule**

# Far East Problem

WILLIAM J. KLEMENT S.J.

**O**UR HOLY FATHER's intention for this month embraces many—Chinese, Koreans, Vietnamese. Because of the size of China, and because of the tremendous import of this month's intention for the refugees from China, we will confine our thoughts to these and—even more narrowly—to those who have fled to the island of Formosa—some two and a half million.

A great many of these D.P.'s are government personnel—all the way from high to petty officials; men of authority, influence, past and potential future leaders. In this we see the special working of Divine Providence, turning even evil to good. Let me explain by an allegory.

Suppose a generation ago all the Bishops in China met in council to try to bring about a really Christian impetus there, and suppose someone stood up and said: "I propose that we take two and

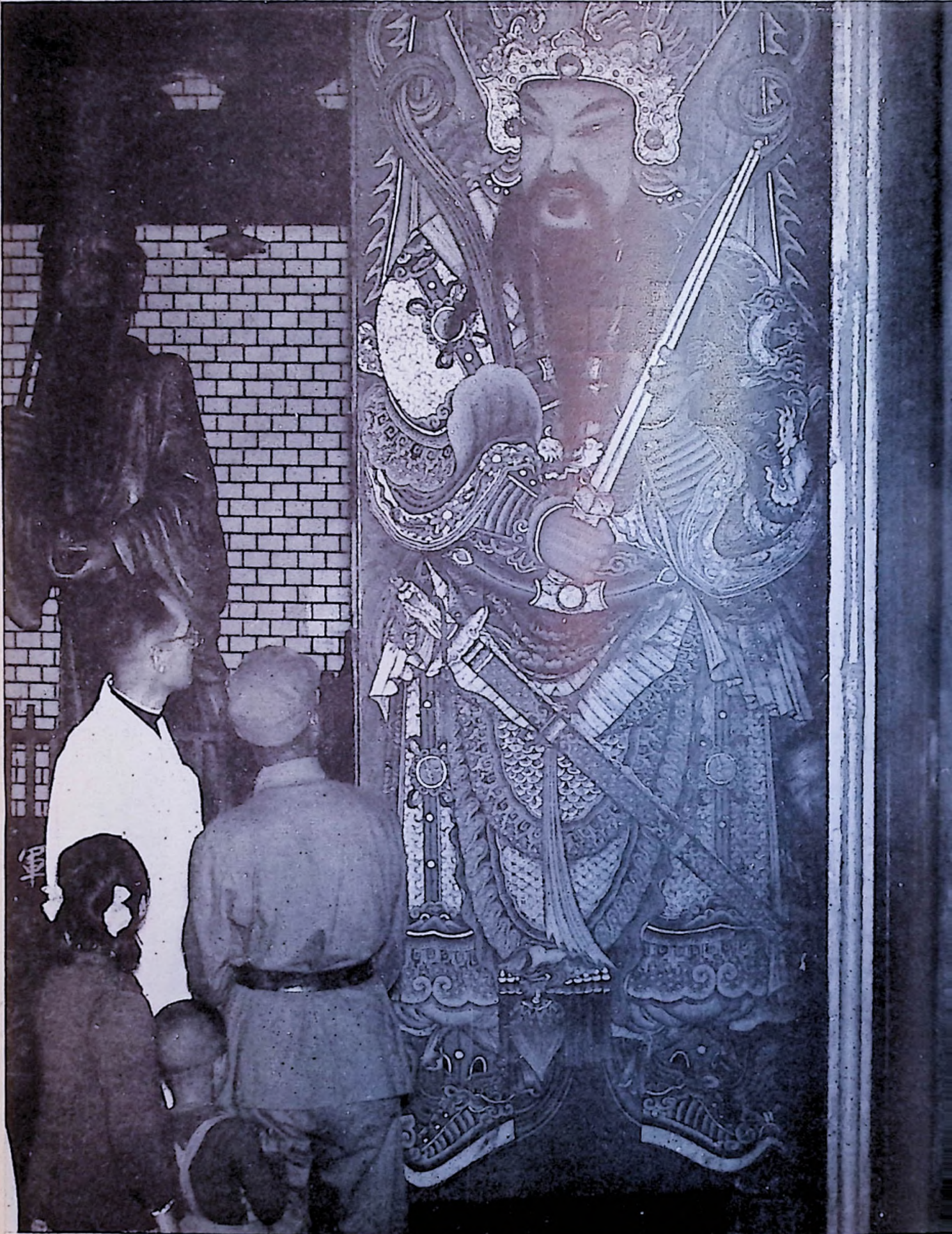
a half million of the most influential Chinese; transport them from their homes to a small concentrated area; send seven hundred and fifty trained and tried missionaries from China to work among them. After they have been exposed to Christ's teachings, and many have accepted His word, send them back to their homes to be Christian leaders, to form Christian cells throughout our great land." Certainly everybody in the council would see the efficacy of such a plan, but not one would take it seriously, since it would be in the realm of the wildest of dreams, wholly impossible to implement. Yet this is what actually came to pass.

Here are two and a half million leaders concentrated in Formosa and, because of their exile, they are better disposed to harken to Christ's teachings. On the mainland, in their former posi-

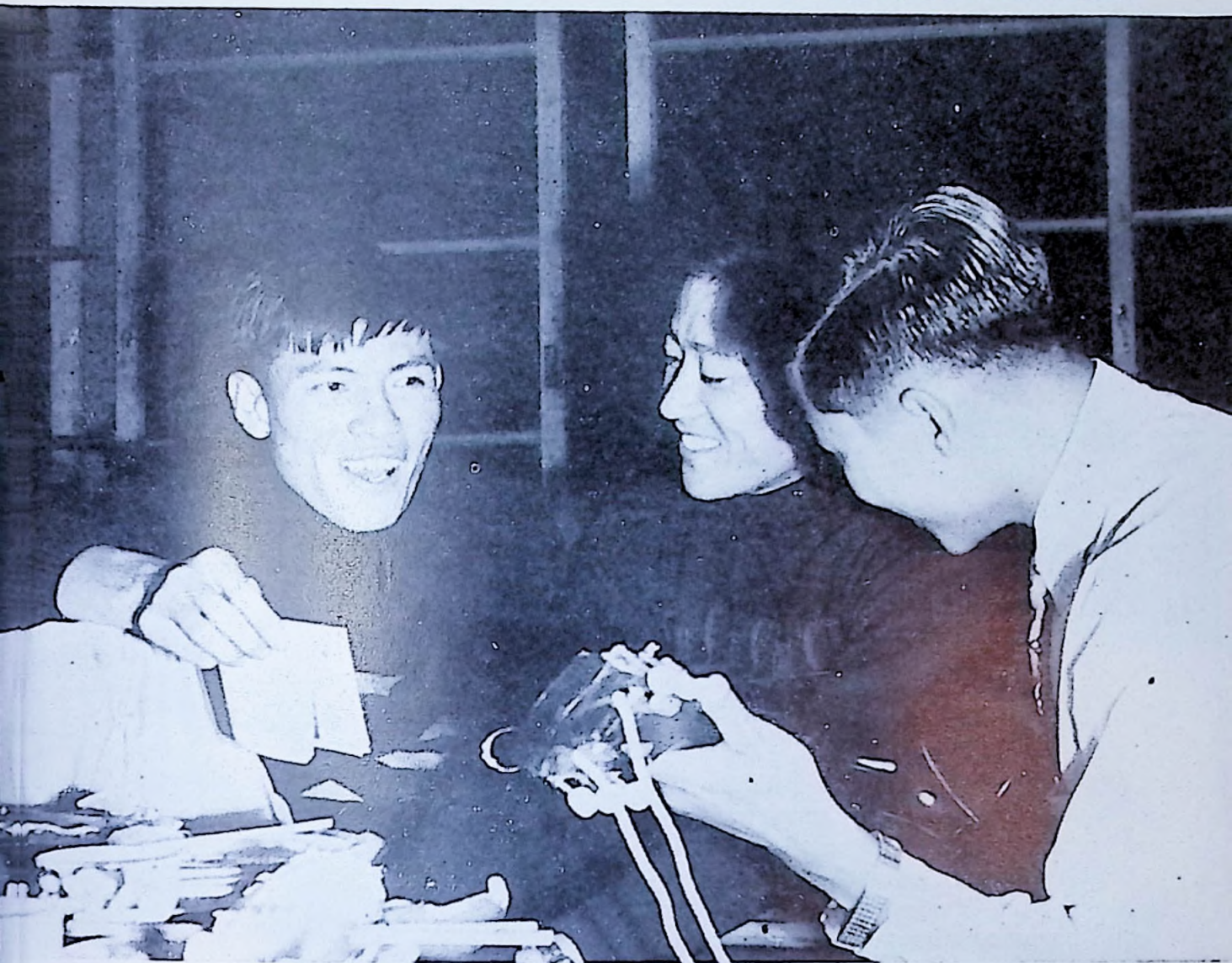
COVER. Father Fred Foley S.J. of the China Mission, now stationed in Formosa, snapped this picture of a Chinese girl and the Christ Child, a scene not found today on the mainland.

(Left) In Formosa Father Francis Corley S.J., "Social Order" editor, is confronted by the young East, firm and determined, still robed in the dress of yesteryear but with the dignity of the ages.

Far East Problem



Msgr. Fahy S.J. at a temple in Hsinchu, where in one year the Catholics increased 100%.



Students at Beda Tsang Hall, Jesuit hostel at the state university, follow the "party" line.

tions, they had every reason to be complacent and content with their lot—looked-up to, provided for, too distant to make any impression upon them. But now, their prestige and security are gone; now to speak to them of a life of happiness everlasting has a tremendous impact and meaning. Here is something the Hammer and Sickle cannot snatch away. The success of our experienced missionaries working among

these people today surpasses anything in the Christian history of China.

It is for these Our Holy Father asks us to pray—a truly unique opportunity in the history of this largest of nations on earth and in the history of the Church. May God shower His graces upon them, so that they can in turn make Him known to their countrymen on their eventual—and certain—return to their homes in God's own good time.

**JM**

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**An eyewitness account by a Jesuit missionary of the agonizing night among the dying and suffering in a terrible train disaster**

# JAMAICA'S Darkest Hour

**S**HORTLY BEFORE midnight of September 1st one of the worst railroad accidents in history occurred on the Caribbean island of Jamaica. A train bound from Montego Bay to Kingston and crammed with passengers, the majority of them members of an excursion sponsored by the Holy Name Society of St. Anne's in Kingston, plunged off the track into the mountain darkness. The following eye-witness account comes from Father Harry Mallette S.J. who, with Father Charles Eberle S.J., had accompanied his parishioners on the fateful trip.

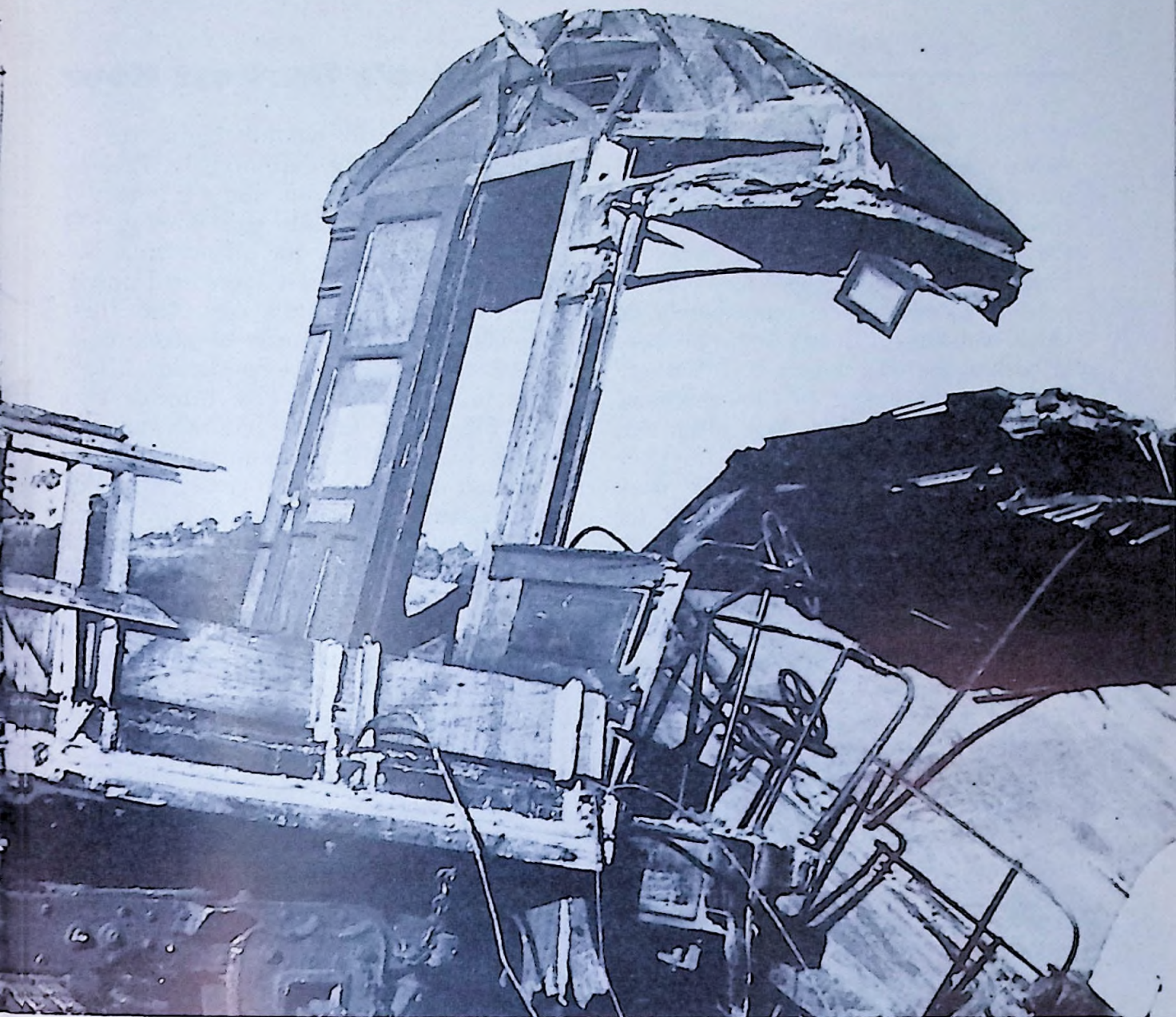
"When the disaster hit, I did not know what time it was. I had last checked my watch at 10:30. By that time many in our coach had caught their second wind. They had snatched a bouncing, jolting forty winks and were awake. Someone started a songfest and we all joined in. The time passed imperceptibly as the community singing continued. Then we were abruptly interrupted. A lurch . . . a pitch . . . forward, backward, downward, upward, sideward. When and where would it end? At the bottom of a

gorge? Perched on a hill? Turned over . . . on the side . . . or upright?

"Thank God, our coach was upright! Thank God, no one seemed to be badly hurt! Thank God, too, for the overcrowding; it had served to cushion the lurching and the pitching of a helpless human cargo.

"As soon as I was on my feet, I can remember giving general absolution to all in the coach. Then, gingerly, I made my way to the exit. Some jumped through the windows; you could not stop them. If any jumped to the right, it meant they fell at least 20 feet on top of the debris of smashed forward coaches. Others who jumped to the left were more fortunate. With many I preferred to try





This mass of broken wood and twisted iron was one of the cars in the wreck. (World Wide Photo)

the platform exit. The thought occurred to me, what happened to the fifteen-odd persons who were travelling on this platform and on all the other platforms?

“Recovered from the shock, I tried to comfort a girl from our car. She had jumped through the window and had fallen about ten feet. As I observed later, our coach was perched on top of the roof of a preceding coach, a few short feet from the telephone and electric wires. The girl was crying, hysterically, but she soon regained her composure. I can truthfully report that this was the first and last sign of emotional hysteria that I saw. The calm, the unhurt, the wounded, the dying, would be hard to duplicate under any circumstances.

“At this point I turned and saw Father Eberle. His words to me were brief and to the point: ‘Get to work, Father!’ There were dying who could use the comfort of the sacrament of penance. We had no oils, so we could not administer the sacrament of the last anointing. I turned first to a man pinned under our coach. I said the act of contrition with him and then followed the comforting words, ‘I absolve you from all your sins in the name of the Father . . .’ How many times I repeated those words in the course of the night is difficult to say. Sometimes I would get them in groups of four or five. More often it was an individual who was obviously breathing his last. He needed help, desperately . . .

## Jamaica's Darkest Hour

"There wasn't a moment to waste. I didn't need to look, the wounded and dying were everywhere, lying where they had been miraculously thrown from the battered cars. Everyone was so thoughtful. I'd give the sacrament of penance to one person; immediately he would volunteer, 'There's someone here in back of me who is very bad, Father.' 'This one here, Father, he's unconscious.' 'I am all right, Father; look after her, she's dying.'

"It was dark and the bodies were everywhere. We had the new moon for not more than half an hour and then it faded behind the hills. I tried to be careful, but in my haste sometimes I stepped unwittingly on someone. Many times I heard, 'I am not a Catholic, Father, but do help me anyway.' 'I am not a Catholic, yet, but I visit your church.' 'I am attending convert class, Father.'

"Not a single person rebuffed or refused the help of the priest. Slowly I would have them repeat the comforting words of the act of perfect contrition, perfect love of God. Many times the words came slowly and with supreme effort and excruciating pain. Then I knew they did not have much time to live.

"After the words of absolution I had them say quietly, 'My Jesus, have mercy.' Once or twice I came across a child less than seven. I had no water, so I applied the dew from the wet grass, saying at the same time, '*Ego te baptizo in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.*' Another time I used ginger ale to baptize conditionally. How it was saved from the wreck I do not know. But I poured the sparkling, bubbling water on a baby's forehead and said the familiar words.

"The darkness hampered me, but now I thank God for it. If I had seen the hundreds of mangled bodies in the light of day, the sight of crushed faces and lost limbs and crimson, gaping wounds, it might have been too much for me. I do know this, that the darkness concealed the horror from the survivors. This undoubtedly contributed to their unprecedented calm and resignation.

"Sometimes I would come to a stretched-out body, apparently lifeless. Placing my hands on the abdomen I would feel the breath still coming. 'O my God, I am sorry for all my sins, because I love You.' These were said slowly into the dying person's ear. And then followed the usual words of absolution.

"All the cases were pathetic. Many were in terrific pain. But I recall two that I'll never forget. There was the young mother, four months pregnant, stretched out in the wet grass, with her head resting on her husband's lap.

"'Father, I have terrific pain in my back, and my hips seem to be broken—help us, Father.'

"'I will give you absolution, then pray to God and trust in Him that help will come in time.'

"'All right, Father.'

"Then there was the mother clutched in the loving embrace of her son. 'Father, my mother's arm is torn off, she is bleeding to death.' With difficulty they said the act of contrition and received the sacrament. It brought them comfort and the peace that only Christ can give.

"I remember running into the Prefect of the Young Ladies' Sodality. I had charge of that organization before leaving St. Anne's last August. She had been my choice for Prefect. She was hurt. How badly I don't know. She did not complain, but bore her suffering like a Child of Mary. How long this went on I don't know. How many times I raised my hand in forgiveness I do not know. There was too much to do to notice the time passing or to count the absolutions.

"Finally I was returning to the spot where we began operations and I looked up and saw a doctor beginning to work. As far as I know the first doctor had only morphine. Their job was to ease the pain of the suffering.

"Almost immediately after I saw the doctor I ran into one of the Passionist priests from Mandeville. He told me that three of them had come from Mandeville. They were Fathers William Whelan, Dunstan Guzinski and Ernest Hotz.

Two of them stayed at the coach which was receiving the wounded and one went among the bodies stretched out beside the wreckage. These Fathers had brought the holy oils to give the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Shortly afterwards they were joined by Father Philip Branon S.J. from May Pen.

"It is most significant—and it is something that you won't read in the secular press—that God's priests were the first ones to arrive on the scene in any considerable numbers. This is not to take away from the doctors and the nurses who came as soon as they could gather their equipment.

"These professional men and women did tremendous work most unselfishly and in the face of impossible odds. I don't hesitate to say that many lives were

saved because of their prompt and generous action . . .

"When I consider that we were in the front part of the coach that mounted the bank, the first coach of four not to be smashed, which came to an upright stop two feet from overhead electric wires, then our miraculous escape can only be attributed to the special protective hand of God. He protected us to comfort the wounded and the dying. He protected us to calm and quiet the excitable. He protected us above all to bring to them the peace that Christ has left us, the peace of the Sacrament of Penance.

"There could very well be many souls in Heaven today because Father Eberle and I were able to move around and raise our hands in absolution during that night of tragedy and horror . . ."

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**BISHOP JOHN McELENNEY S.J.** reports: "I met Father Eberle at St. Anne's rectory when he finally got in from Kendal. When the first small contingent of police arrived at the wreck Father Eberle had the situation remarkably clear in mind despite the pall of darkness and the horror that he faced. He said, 'This is not an accident; it is a catastrophe! It doesn't need three or four police; it needs the help of all the Government of Jamaica. Go get it and let us carry on till then! There are 200 dead and 400 injured.' In the light of our final figures of 182 dead and over 700 injured it was an uncanny calculation.

"I can never forget the strength and alertness of Father Eberle as he walked into his office at St. Anne's and accepted an overseas telephone call from Joe Dineen of the *Boston Globe*. We had every right to suppose Father Eberle would be in the state of shock. But he had everything in hand and organized the relief of the relatives of the dead, assistance, plans for funerals, messages of consolation, information to people and reporters. An amazing pastor, he was able to calm the most violent grief and bring help to every heart."



# *From Detroit to Zakho*

**I**T WAS a memorable scene. In the Chaldean church in a Baghdad suburb a dark, keen-eyed priest knelt in the sanctuary. He was Father Tuma Reis, who had labored for years in Detroit for his Chaldean people there and now had returned to Iraq to be consecrated Bishop of Zakho, the age-old Christian center in north Iraq.

As the Bishop-elect rose and advanced

towards the altar the catholicity of the Church which Christ founded was strikingly manifested. The Patriarch of the Chaldeans, His Beatitude Mar Yusuf VII Ghanima, placed the gospel book on Father Reis' bowed shoulders. As he did so, there moved forward the attending archbishops—the Apostolic Delegate and Latin Archbishop of Babylon; the Syrian Catholic Archbishop of Baghdad; the Ar-

*Continued*

Bishop Reis (facing camera) approaches Chaldean Patriarch (back to camera) for laying on of book. At left of Patriarch is Archbishop Yusuf Gogue of Basra.





Archbishop of Basra, assisted by Bishop of Akra (near left) places mitre on head of Bishop Reis.

The new Bishop, now fully vested, receives the amplexus from Auxiliary Bishop of Baghdad.



## *From Detroit to Zakho*



The newly consecrated Bishop of Zakho celebrates the Sacred Liturgy in Chaldean rite.

menian Catholic Archbishop of Baghdad. They were joined by the three Chaldean Co-Consecrators, the Archbishop of Basra, the Bishop of Akra and the Auxiliary Bishop of Baghdad.

Here, before the altar of a Chaldean church in Baghdad, four Catholic rites joined in the sacred liturgy, that most ancient and sure symbol of Catholic communion, and a delegate of the Vicar of

Christ, Patriarch of the West, joined with a Patriarch of the East to unite East and West on that most universal and true meeting ground of all men, the faith and worship of the Catholic Church.

It was an inspiring scene for the American Jesuits in Baghdad and it spoke volumes for the future of Catholicism in the Orient, the cradle, and for centuries the glory, of Christianity.

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**Missionaries meet in Washington to thrash out the problems of their world apostolate**

# Workshop for Missionaries

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

**B**EFORE OUR LORD dispatched His disciples on their first mission, He gave them detailed instructions. He told them what to wear, what to say to people along the way, what to preach, and also how to react to opposition. After their brief ministry the disciples returned and related to Our Lord their experiences. The time finally came when Our Lord conferred upon them His own priestly powers. Then He issued a command, "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The fulfillment of Our Lord's command and all its implications were to be accomplished through His Church. Now His Church is a society divine in origin, divine with power and divinely destined to offer His graces to all. Yet the Church also possesses the elements of a human society. Granted the axiom that human nature never changes, the Church from the time of Peter to the present day has had to rely in countless different ways upon human elements for the accomplishments of its divine mission. But although human nature may not change, the times do change. It is said that St. Francis Xavier left for his mission carrying with him only his breviary. He, like hundreds of other missionaries of his day, enjoyed the

patronage of the monarchs of Christendom. There was no question then of applying to a travel agent for space. A modern missionary, though filled with a great love for God and souls, cannot be a stowaway on an ocean liner. Such an attempt would probably make headlines. Again, despite his exalted motives, he cannot pass through Immigration and Customs unchallenged. Further, he also needs more than a breviary; in fact, he should probably have a few cases of supplies tucked away in the hold of the boat.

Some may be under the impression that the only work of a missionary is to baptize and then move on to new territories. The missionary program involves much more and one need but consider the development of our own Church in the United States. The Church's accomplishments at home are ever the aim for which the missionary in foreign lands strives.

To develop more effectively both the divine and human elements of the missionary Church, there was established seven years ago in Washington an organization known as the Mission Secretariat. All members are "in the same business." True, not all members have the same problems but there is still

much in common. The Mission Secretariat has been termed, for example, a workshop for missionaries, a clearing house for information and services. Its aim is to assist the foreign mission work entrusted to the Catholic Church of America. Its membership embraces "mission sending societies," those which provide the men and women for the missions, as distinguished from the mission aid societies such as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which

deals mostly in material assistance.

This year the Mission Secretariat held its seventh annual meeting under the patronage of His Excellency, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, National Director of the Propagation of the Faith. Well over 600 missionaries, representing 167 mission-sending societies of the United States, attended this meeting. The number alone was enough to point out the efficiency of Father Frederick A. McGuire, C.M., the Executive Secretary, in planning the



many details. Prior to this appointment, Father McGuire had been a missionary in China. Following World War II he was director of the International Relief Services in Kanchow and later was Executive Secretary of the Catholic Welfare Conference with headquarters in Shanghai. Ever a missionary priest, yet experienced in the diplomatic procedures and problems, Father McGuire's efforts have rapidly advanced numerous missionary programs.



It might be of interest to enumerate some of the topics discussed during the annual meetings of the Secretariat. The Agenda is so arranged that all will be able to concentrate on the problems which most confront them. There are few general sessions but there are numerous group conferences devoted, for example, to education in the missions, the Lay Apostolate, Vocations to the missions and the training of the missionaries. There are also the mundane problems of how to raise money for the support of missions, the securing of libraries for colleges, high schools and seminaries. The very crowded daily schedule reminds one of his seminary days. After Mass, he must rush to the first conference and then a schedule until practically six in the evening.

With the blessing of the hierarchy of the United States and their ever-wise counseling and support, the Church of America is yearly assuming a greater responsibility in fulfilling God's salvific designs for all men. The Mission Secretariat has been and ever will be a very effective means of furthering that trust. Its members are literally going to the four corners of the world. Their apostolate now and in the future will profit by the mutual discussions at the annual meetings.

The Mission Secretariat plays a very definite and important part in American missionary labors. Without it many of the procurators in foreign fields would undoubtedly collapse. So we ask the readers of *Jesuit Missions* to join with us in the prayer that the Holy Spirit may guide and inspire those who are entrusted to the responsibilities of the Secretariat.

One of the outstanding features of the Secretariat meeting was a symposium on the mission encyclical *Fidei Donum*. Participants (l. to r.): Fathers J. Alfred Richard W.F., John Considine M.M., Richard V. Lawlor S.J., Ralph Wiltgen S.V.D., Edward L. Murphy S.J. The last three hold Doctorates in Missiology from the Gregorian University in Rome. Fathers Lawlor and Murphy are members of Jesuit Missions staff.

# Ceylon Sidelights

CYRIL IS ONE of Father Meyer's prize Seminarians. He has been in the Seminary less than a year but quite regularly Father Meyer noticed Sinhalese letters from him addressed to Colombo, although Cyril comes from another part of Ceylon. The whole thing looked a bit suspicious, so a translator was called in. The first surprise was that the letters were addressed to the Federal Prison; the second surprise was that they were to his brothers! Three brothers in jail didn't look at all good for young Cyril.

Cyril, however, is mighty proud of his brothers, and well he might be. A neighbor, it seems, didn't think much of Catholicism and gave loud voice to his opinion. Cyril's elder brother promptly made an indisputable stretcher case out of the hapless neighbor, while his brothers looked on approvingly.

The end result—the victim to the hospital; the spectators, two weeks in the clink; the Defender of the Faith, three

months in the Federal Prison . . .

Monday is visitors' day at Bishop Glennie's house for the laity. If you've got a problem, that's the day and the place to air it. You might have to wait your turn with a whole porch full of Hindus and Muslims, but if time doesn't run out, Bishop Glennie is sure to lend a willing ear. After ten years of listening, it is rare that His Lordship hears anything new.

The other day, however, one of the youngsters from a nearby village came to get some aid towards his higher education. The lad's "ace in the hole" seemed to be his father's advanced age.

"How old is your father?" the Bishop asked.

"Fifty-five," was the ready answer.

"Fifty-five!" said the Bishop. "That's not old. That's only five years older than I am; five years younger than Father Crowther!"

"Yes," the boy replied, "but my father works hard."

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Far more than Christmas decorations stand in the thoughtful eyes of this Chinese girl.

## *The Day the World Stops*

**I**T IS CHRISTMAS, and there's no other day like it in the whole year. The icy blasts may be searing the Arctic tundra or the breeze gently whispering in the coconut palms but nothing can still the echo resounding in the human heart. It is the echo of a love song that burst upon this harried earth one night in Bethlehem and its beauty is indeed Divine. Is it any wonder the world stops, on this day, to listen once more—and to love?

*Continued*

## *The Day the World Stops*

The heart was shaped to love, and He Who so fashioned it did it in a way that nothing else would ever completely fit it except Himself. But it is a human heart so it cries out for a human love. That is why there was a Bethlehem and a woman without stain and a man who stepped aside and watched with clean and loyal eyes. That is why God took on human flesh and welcomed all who came to Him, regardless of race or color. Bethlehem bespeaks His thoughtfulness for our unquiet hearts that cry out for Him.





(Above) Far away on the northern shore of Mindanao in the Philippine Islands the choir at Balingasag lifts its youthful voices to welcome the Christ Child with age-old hymns.



(Left) On the Dakota Plains Sioux Indians kneel beside the traditional Christmas scene and once again they hear the "tidings of great joy" which the Blackrobes brought them.

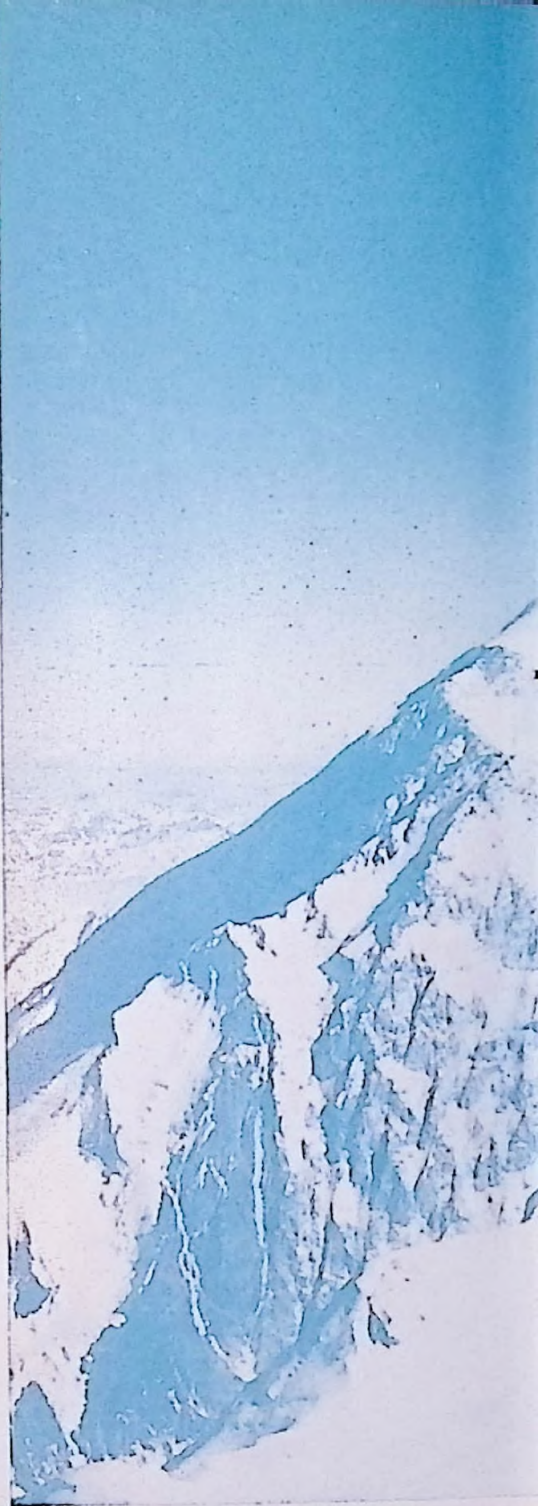
(Below) There is a gladness that is not of this earth and it shines on the faces of these Chinese children as they revere the Infant on the day when the whole world stops.



**High in the Himalayas are rare  
gems of beauty glimpsed by few**

# God's Hidden Garden

JOHN D. SMITH S.J.



**T**HE SNOWS, THE SNOWS!" Like a two-gun salute of triumph, this shout awoke us at 4:30 a.m.—one of our hiking party of five had aroused us. He had no fear of a sleepy, cynical retort of "So what?" Precisely for this sight, to which he referred as "the Snows," had we tramped for twelve hours from a 6,000-foot elevation to a 12,000-foot high hilltop cabin retreat.

At this latter point where we now were, the eternal snows of the Mt. Everest and Kinchinjunga ranges were to be seen with a panoramic splendor on clear days. We had gone to bed that night

with a deafening gale roaring. Happy, then, was our amazement on being awakened to a gloriously clear morning that enabled us to watch the sun gradually light up Everest—while all of its smaller sister peaks still remained immersed in the silhouette of the grey horizon.

The following morning—just as clear as the previous—three of us set out after breakfast from our Sandakphu cabin; our route led further north with the 28,000-foot Kinchinjunga towering in front of

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*The Editors and Staff of Jesuit Missions Wish You*



us in all its snowy brilliance, and all around us were meadowed hillsides that reminded one of Switzerland scenery.

In some areas, however, where we strode along, we came across sights altogether unique. Tourist-guide material had briefly mentioned them, but we were not expecting such a treat: whole hillsides of rhododendron trees in full flower. The Himalayan variety are trees 10 to 15 feet tall. Although scarlet is the predominant color, violet, yellow and even white blossoms were also in view. In the

sun these colors fairly gleamed with fluorescent brightness. Viewed from above against the meadow-green background, or from below with the cloudless blue as a backdrop, these rhododendrons become second to none in beauty. And here they were up on lonely Himalayan hillsides, for the most part unobserved by human eyes—from the bursting of their blood-red buds to the wilting of their wind-pilfered petals. It was truly God's hidden garden, high in the Himalayan hills.

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*a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year*

JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

# I'm Going to the

**T**HE DOG DAYS in Alaska are not over yet, even though the airplane has cut deeply into the use of the faithful four-legged creatures. I can admire the speed of the plane as it soars

overhead, the hours it saves, but then there is the price of its transportation—and a plane won't give its heart for you, and the Alaskan dog will.

There are as many breeds of dogs in



# Dogs

Alaska today as there are varieties of a famous soup but most of them go back to a few old and respected strains. On several occasions I have talked with Mr. Eric Johnson, former U.S. Marshal who drove the mail team from Nome to Unakakleet for years and still retains his liking for the dogs who shared his hardships. He told me some interesting facts about the development of the various breeds.

The white men came into Kotzebue just before the turn of the century. At that time a tribe called the Malemutes lived close to the village. The white men quickly became interested in the sled dogs these people were using. They were large dogs, each weighing up to seventy pounds or more, usually grayish in color, with tails plumed over their backs and strong evidences of the timber wolf in their family tree. The white men immediately acquired some of these dogs and, understandably enough, called them Malemutes.

The other member of the royal canine family, the Siberian husky, first appeared on the scene in 1908. A team of them was entered in the famous Nome Race but poor handling by their driver cost them the prize. However, an English nobleman saw the merits of these small (not

over 45 pounds usually) dogs with the pale blue eyes, who never seemed to walk but always galloped. So he backed them, and in the next big race three teams of them did very well, "Iron Man" Johnson bringing the poorest team of the three in first. ("Iron Man" Johnson was a heroic figure in his own right. He once raced his dogs from Nome to Candle and back, a trip close to 500 miles, without stopping for sleep. He arrived back in Nome out of his head and had to be "convinced" that the race was won and he could step down from his sled.)

The "Seattle Strain," a polite name for mongrel lineage, came into Alaska during the Gold Rush days. Any pooch wandering the streets of Seattle at that time was fair game for a fortune hunter headed north and many a dognapping, of blue blood and alley cur, was perpetrated. Gradually the strain spread to all parts of Alaska and today a dog team may have one or all of these breeds in its ranks. But no matter what the origin or family background, most of these dogs, if trained well as puppies, will pull their hearts out for their "master."

On one trip to my missions I had to cover three stations, each forty miles apart. It was springtime, and the ice in many places was rotten so that there were frequent break-throughs. All my gear was thoroughly soaked and the temperature was dropping rapidly back to zero. The trail was turning red from the bleeding feet of the dogs but they still strained against the harness, putting all they had into their work. I prayed that we would reach the half way mark where a new team should be waiting for me.

We reached it—and two trails in the snow told me the story. The fresh team had come, had waited and evidently given me up, and had gone back! My dogs looked back at me over their shoulders; I hated to give the word but I had no choice; with no hesitation they turned into the new trail and pulled steadily for four long hours before we reached the station where I was to say Mass. They may be little dogs but their hearts are big. Do you wonder when I say that I'm going to the dogs?

# REPORT

WILLIAM J. KLEMENT S.J.

*California Province Mission Director*



**O**UR LEGAL TITLE reads: "American Jesuits in China." With the Reds having taken over mainland China and the foreign missionaries expelled therefrom, one may wonder just what that name means today. We are happy to report that it means that today we have the most fruitful Mission ever among the Chinese. It is another demonstration that, in spite of the trouble and unrest in the world caused by the Communists, God is still the all-loving and provident Father—and drawing good out of evil.

On mainland China the Reds confiscated everything that belonged to the Church in our Mission, except the Church itself, which lives in the hearts of the people. Our missionaries, exiled, followed other exiles to the Chinese haven of Formosa. There, the Jesuits were given the county of Hsinchu as their responsibility—to bring Christ to its people. The beginnings were slow, as was to be expected. Mission work was restricted then mainly to mainlanders, because theirs was the language we knew; but a Language School for the local dialect was later set up and, with its first graduates, work started also among the native Formosans. Now, after only four years, the Mission promises to be today's most successful mission of the Church. Last year the Catholic popu-

lation increased three and a half times—there were two thousand catechumens under instruction at the year's close.

During those four years the main chapel was moved, from one rented building to another, seven times. The Fathers are at present living in rented rooms in various parts of the city and convene only for meals.

After three years of hurdling almost insurmountable difficulties, a suitable piece of land has been acquired for a church, Catechetical Center and Fathers' residence. These are a dire need, as we are bulging at the seams. There is no church adequate and suitable in which to gather the people for worship; no classrooms for instruction; and no living quarters for the toiling missionaries. We have all the essentials for a thriving Mission—missionaries, Catholics, catechumens, etc.,—except the funds for the necessary material essentials.

God has opened up for us—by means even of the Communists—an undreamed-of prosperous Mission, and one that promises to be the seed that may one day germinate the Church of China. Pray that many of the two and a half million refugees now on Formosa may, when they return to their homes, return as Catholics—fervent apostles among their suffering brethren in their homeland.



# *This Christmas*

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*A flat tire and a flat pocketbook*

*plus a rainy midnight add*

*up to a discouraging dilemma*

# Samaritan in

The carabao cart cannot match the modern cars in speed and comfort but there are no flat tires.



GERALD W. HEALY S.J.

**T**HE PLACE WAS a main street in downtown Manila. The time was 11 p.m. A light rain was falling as I surveyed the results of my ten minutes of work in the rain with what had been a white cassock. The spare tire was now on, the flat was tucked away safely in the back of the car, and now, as I lowered the jack, I thought of the long trip home and wondered if I should gamble on my luck or stop somewhere to have the flat fixed. But in a moment all my illusions about having luck to

*Continued*

# Manila

(Credit: U.S. Army Photo.)



gamble on were shattered; the spare tire was flat also!

I had been asked to drive the Doctor home, late at night and quite unexpectedly. I had come out without my billfold; I didn't have one centavo to hire a taxi, to repair the tires, or to pay for any assistance in getting to the nearest garage. This was a situation that would give pause, perhaps, to Job himself. But out of nowhere the 1957 edition of the Good Samaritan appeared to bind up the wounds of the Levite who had fallen among flats: a Manila taxi driver pulled up to the curb.

"Do you need any help, Sir?"

The "Sir" didn't sound too promising but I ventured a strong affirmative answer. The driver saw the flat and stepped out of the taxi in the rain, offering to change the tire. I then explained that this was the spare which was also flat; there was nothing to change. Not at all dismayed, the driver had a plan: we would lock the car and put the flat tire in his taxi and drive to an all-night garage to have it repaired. I thought that this was a wonderful idea, naturally, but felt that in all honesty I must tell the driver that I didn't have a centavo with me. With a magnanimous gesture not always associated with taxi drivers this slight objection was brushed aside and off we went to the all-night garage—a rarity in this Filipino capital.

The all-night garage proved to be in a suburb outside Manila. As we rode along I thought of what this meant to the taxi driver. A rainy night was always a good night for taxi drivers yet, with no thought of his sacrifice, he was merrily rolling along with the meter turned off and a passenger who had no money, on a trip of at least twelve miles. Taxi drivers work twelve hour shifts in Manila and have to struggle to earn about six pesos (\$3.00 U.S.) a day. Six pesos for twelve hours work, seven days a week, and not a centavo saved at the end of the week because the cost of living is so high in Manila.

This taxi driver was doing this remarkable act of charity for a complete stranger. No, I corrected myself, no

Catholic priest is or could ever be a complete stranger in the Philippines. There is a friendliness and hospitality in the Catholic Philippines that is often overwhelming and no one experiences it more quickly than a priest, no matter what his nationality. Still, when it happens in such an unexpected way, it can bring tears to your eyes.

At the suburban garage the taxi driver insisted on rolling the spare over to the repair shop. I wasn't allowed to help. In a moment the taxi driver was back and asked if I would like something to eat. When I politely declined the driver insisted at least on a soft drink.

In a short time the tire was repaired and we were on our way back to the parked car in the heart of rainy Manila. Arrived at the car the driver insisted on changing the tire himself. When I told him that I had decided to go back out to the garage and have the spare repaired also, he agreed it was a good idea and insisted on being allowed to lead the way in his taxi because it was far out and I might not be able to find the place. It took a lot of persuasion to convince him that I really knew my way to the garage. I took his name and address and determined that I would look him up the next day and reward him for his extraordinary generosity.

As I drove off into the rain I couldn't help thinking of the words of Christ: "By their fruits you shall know them." East is East, I thought, and West is West but the charity of Christ is the same everywhere. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples if you have love one for another." The taxi driver had passed the acid test with a "summa cum laude."

The next day, when I found in the slums the hovel which this Good Samaritan called his home, when I met his wife and family, the full significance of the charity extended to me the previous night came home to me. I had come as an American Jesuit to teach in the Philippines and a pauper with regal generosity had taught me a lesson I would never forget, laying bare the charity of Christ that is the very heart of the Gospels and all Christianity.

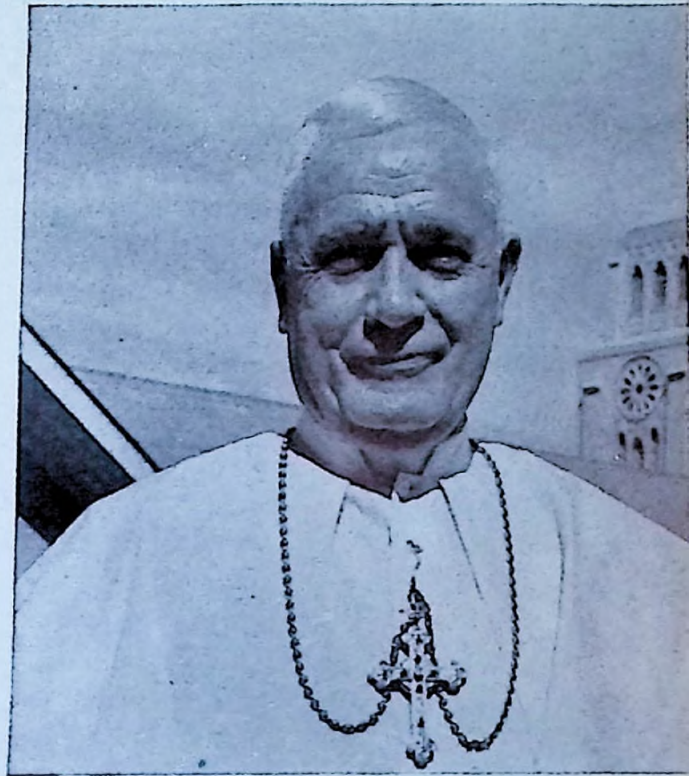
# Ad Multos Annos

**B**EFORE THE YEAR of 1957 fades into the past we here at *Jesuit Missions* would like to pay tribute to a group of men who have worked long in the vineyard of the Lord. They are the Jubilarians of '57, the six men who have given 320 years of their lives to the Society of Jesus, and most of that time in mission fields.

Two of these men have celebrated their Diamond Jubilee. Father Daniel Coady of the Missouri Providence was born in Piopolis, Illinois, in 1878 and has spent 47 years in British Honduras. Many a church and school owe their existence to the untiring labors of this veteran and thousands of entries in Baptismal Records and marriage registries throughout the mission carry his signature.

The other Diamond Jubilarian is Father Stephen McNamara of Keokuk, Iowa, who entered the Society of Jesus in 1897 and whose missionary life has been spent among the Sioux Indians of the Dakotas. His affection for his people has been shown not only in his direct activity but also in his writings and his well known "Song of South Dakota."

The list of Golden Jubilarians is headed by Archbishop James T. G. Hayes who has labored for over thirty years in



Archbishop Hayes S.J.

the Philippines and has returned to the States only once in that time, to his native New York for his episcopal consecration by the late Cardinal Hayes. One of the first American Jesuits in the mission field, he is also the first Archbishop of Cagayan.

Although Father Francis M. Menager is no longer on the missions he spent over a quarter of century in rugged Alaska—and he was over forty years of age when assigned there! Born in Brittany, France, he came to this country as a young man with his parents and twelve brothers and sisters. Two of these brothers have also been famous Jesuit missionaries in Alaska and among the American Indians.

Back in 1925 two Jesuits arrived in Jamaica, B.W.I., and this year they celebrated their Golden Jubilees in the Society. Father James J. Becker of Washington, D.C. and Father William H. Hannas of Philadelphia have served over three decades of Jamaicans, each in his characteristic fashion. Father Becker has been the pastor, the genial shepherd of the flock, for 28 years in Montego Bay and now at the Kingston Cathedral. Father Hannas has been the teacher at St. George's College, quiet, devoted, efficient.

To all these veterans—ad multos annos!

# Inside Japan

THIS WAS THE THIRD successive year that we have held our summer camps for our students at the town of Ei on Awaji Island, the largest island in the Inland Sea. A riverless triangle of low mountains pressing numberless small towns and a few cities against the sea, Awaji Island lies within sight of Kobe but it takes two hours by boat to get to Ei on its west coast.

Here the nice beaches and the lack of current make it ideal for swimming camps for youngsters. The atmosphere of the town, too, is ideal. For it's a small town of 4,500 that gives itself over to children during the summer months. Everyone from the Postmaster (who is the "big gun" in the town) to the boy who delivers ice is happy if as many kids as possible come to enjoy camping (in the town hall, the kindergarten, the school, the temple, or in tents) and swimming.

Our boys "camped" in the Buddhist temple atop a hill, a 10 minutes' walk from the beach. The main sanctuary is closed off but the matted rooms around it become sleeping-playing-eating rooms. A kind group of war widows from Ei does the cooking, etc. The Buddhist priest (bonze) lives there with his family. (Mention of mats reminds me that one of the boys came to me the last night

and asked, "Sensei, would you mind changing places with me tonight?"

I usually sleep on the outside mat so I won't wake everyone when I get up for early Mass. "Any special reason?"

"I just put my pants under the mat to be pressed and you're heavier than I!"

Ei typifies the difference between city and country in Japan in one aspect important for our mission work. In a big city like Kobe those who really practice their Buddhism are very few; the temples are visited only on the few big festivals, and, although most families keep a *but sudan* or small ceremonial altar as a traditional part of their furniture, it is a relatively rare family that gathers round it for prayer. Many of the accouterments of Buddhism are retained





through tradition, thanks often to the aged grandmother who lives with them, but nothing in the line of deep faith is there. The cities have gone commercial and materialistic.

In the *inaka* or country it is quite different. And Ei is definitely *inaka*. Every morning there were some of the villagers coming up to the temple; like one young man who stood in silent prayer before the different altars, seemingly oblivious of our youngsters who were just then running back from their pre-breakfast exercises. On Sunday the bonze donned his white and black robes and over them his colorful vestments to recite sutras and offer incense before a small congregation. Each morning, just in the middle of Mass (which I offered on the

veranda of the temple!) the throbbing of gongs sounded out over the village from the Shinto shrine next door to the temple. One felt that here was the Japan of millennial tradition, beautiful, deep-rooted, and rich in so many aspects, but an apparently immovable weight to be lifted before this town—and Japan—will accept Christ.

Which of these two psychological obstacles is the greater I don't know: the indifference to Christianity that comes from a satisfaction with their age-old Buddhism, or the indifference to all religion that is characteristic of materialism. In any case, that our boys are from the city explains the fact that usually there is no adamant parental refusal to baptism if the boy wants it.



**I**F YOU SING in the shower you probably know two things about Burma: that there is a road to Mandalay and that Moulmein sports a pagoda. Now, please, add to your Burma file the fact that this winter the American Jesuits are opening a mission in Rangoon, the capital city.

By the time you read this, eight members of the Maryland Province should be on the road to Rangoon, and before the winter is over they should have begun their task of opening Burma's first major seminary for training native-born secular priests.

The four minor seminaries of Burma have 117 students. Up to the present the graduates of these preparatory seminaries have had to journey to Penang, Malaya, to complete their studies for the

priesthood. Last year, with 34 candidates already in the Penang seminary, the hierarchy of Burma decided that the time had come to build their own major seminary, to be staffed by Jesuits.

Although Catholics make up less than one percent of Burma's total population of about 19,500,000, it is highly significant that this tiny minority of perhaps 170,000 is able to produce a steady flow of priestly vocations. More than 60 Burmese have been ordained and one diocese is in the hands of the local secular clergy. In the seven ecclesiastical divisions of the country are priests from Italy, France, Ireland, Australia, China, New Zealand, the United States (14), Goa, and India,—to a total of 229.

Burma is not a mission of mass conversions. The great majority of the peo-



# Window on the Mission World

**American Jesuits from the Maryland Province begin a new mission not too far from the Road to Mandalay**

ple are Buddhists and they are serious about their religion, so much so that in recent years there was talk of making Burma a Buddhist state. Temples and monks are everywhere. Young boys between the ages of ten and fifteen are expected to spend a while in a monastery, clothed in the saffron robe of a monk. There was even a Buddhist Holy Year, proclaimed for 1956-1957.

Nonetheless, the Church is free, even if freedom has a cold breath in a land whose borders touch communist China and the Red-controlled half of Indochina. Missionaries who have spent many years among the Burmese speak of them with warm affection. Given time and the blessing of peace, the Church will be able to sink roots for the flowering of a Burmese branch of the One Vine.

Essential to the growth of a completely indigenous church is the seminary. The Holy See wishes that every nation have its own schools for the training of its own priests. Therefore, the Jesuits of the Maryland Province are keenly aware of the responsibility which is theirs. The mission in Rangoon will be a quiet apostolate with few elements of glamor or romance, but it will be, in a very real sense, the key apostolate for the future of the Church in Burma.

From the classrooms of the new major seminary will come young men, priests forever, who will be able to make the Church at home in Burma as no foreigner, however dedicated, ever could. In your charity please pray for the success of Burma's first major seminary. If you need a reminder, get into the habit of singing a few bars of "On the Road to Mandalay" now and then.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



# Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

**For More Than 30 Years** Father Kempel has been a missionary in Jamaica. This year marks his 50th year as a Jesuit. Father Kempel is young in spirit and not easily discouraged. Right now he's trying to replace furnishings of his church damaged and destroyed in an earthquake. He requests—if you could help:

1 set of vestments .....	\$25.00
Missal .....	\$25.00
Statue of St. Joseph .....	\$100.00
Statue of the Blessed Virgin .....	\$100.00
Statue of St. John Berchmans ..	\$100.00

**Some 350 Indian Children**, at St. Francis, South Dakota, are rather concerned to hear that the stove on which their meals are prepared is fast falling apart. Could you relieve their anxiety by helping to pay for a new stove with a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00?

**Maybe We Wouldn't Like It** but goat is the common meat diet for the priest, Sisters and students in Father John Guidera's mission in Raj Anandpur, Bihar, India. One goat a week is needed to feed 80 people. This food bill, plus other items are requested. Would you help?

Goat, a week .....	\$7.00
3 Kerosene Lamps .....	\$20.00
Sewing Machine for Sisters .....	\$80.00
Tuition for one year .....	\$30.00
Daily Support of a Sister .....	\$1.00
Organ for Church .....	\$40.00
500 Tin Sheets for Roof, each .....	\$5.00

**The School at Copper Valley**, Alaska, has a temporary toilet-shower room. Tile is requested to finish the project. This item is a real need, because the temporary facilities will scarcely be sufficient

this year. \$175.00 is needed for the tile. Would you be able to help with a gift of a dollar or two?

**He Can't Open the Gate** of the compound at Purulia, India, because there's no gate. Father Kavanagh asks for:

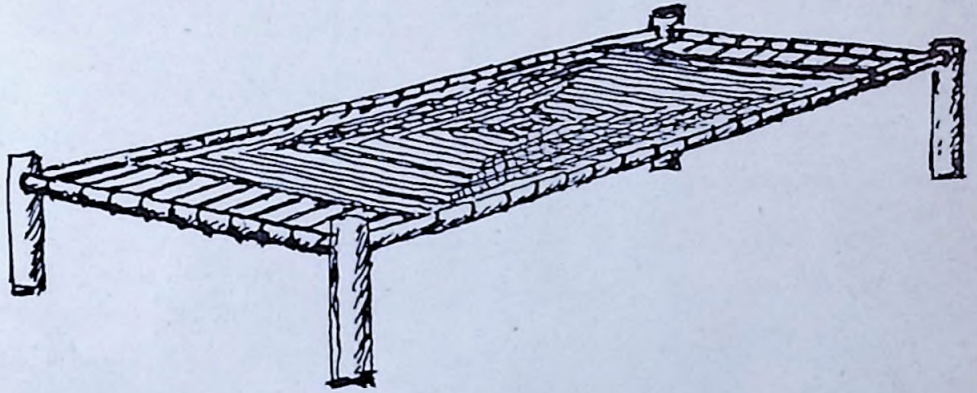
Gate .....	\$50.00
Bed .....	\$5.00
Table .....	\$5.00
2 Chairs, each .....	\$2.50
Blackboard .....	\$5.00
School bench for 4 .....	\$5.00

**The Dog Didn't Bark** so the robbers in India were able to steal Father Neu's clothes, watch and typewriter. The police think Father and dog were drugged. In any case, neither Father Neu nor the dog awakened. The thieves damaged the tabernacle but were unable to open it, fortunately. If you could, would you help Father repair the damage to the tabernacle and help replace his losses? \$1.00 would be a help.

**The Seventeen Boys Are Small**, which is fortunate, since their bedroom is only 9 by 20. Father Moore, at Chakani, India, would like to furnish these boys with more livable quarters, whenever he can finance the building. His big concern, at present, though, is how to feed them. Since his garden is unprotected, most of the fresh vegetables are going to goats, cattle and passers-by. Father Moore is a good farmer but he's lost without a fence. Posts and wire are available in India but the total cost is \$150.00. If you could help with a gift of one or two dollars you know how prayerfully grateful Father Moore and the boys would be.

# *A Missionary's Bed*

IS HARD AND UNCOMFORTABLE



FATHER EDWARD H. NASH of Bandgaon, Jamshedpur, India, doesn't mind that. A missionary's whole life is hard and filled with discomfort. But his house leaks like a sieve, and during the rainy season he has no dry place at all to sleep on. For months!

Won't you help him make the needed repairs?

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

*Jesuit Missions*

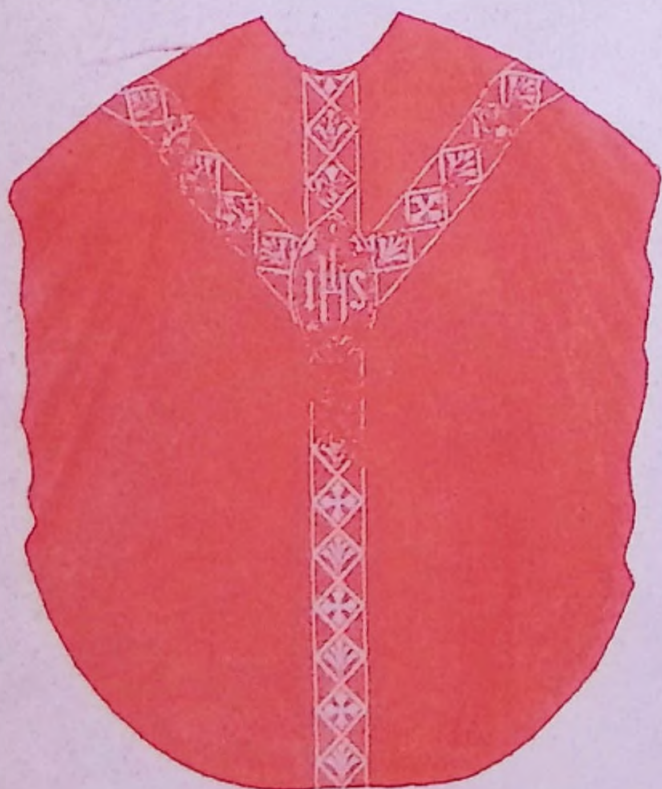
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# *In His Mother's Place*



## THE INFANT CHRIST

needed swaddling clothes at Bethlehem and Mary, His Mother, supplied them. Christ's priests in the missions need vestments for Mass. Will you take the place of His Mother? The climate, especially in tropical countries, is very hard on cloth, and keeping the vestments fitting and decent is a problem for the missionary. He must see to it that every one of his chapels is equipped with vestments in the five liturgical colors. They need not be elaborate ones, but light and suitable for his circumstances. Can you help clothe Mary's missionary? We can purchase the vestments at \$25 a set.



*If you would like to give a set in memory of a departed relative or friend, or for some other intention, send us a donation and we will see that the needy missionaries are supplied. Christ's name belongs on your Christmas list.*

## JESUIT MISSIONS

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