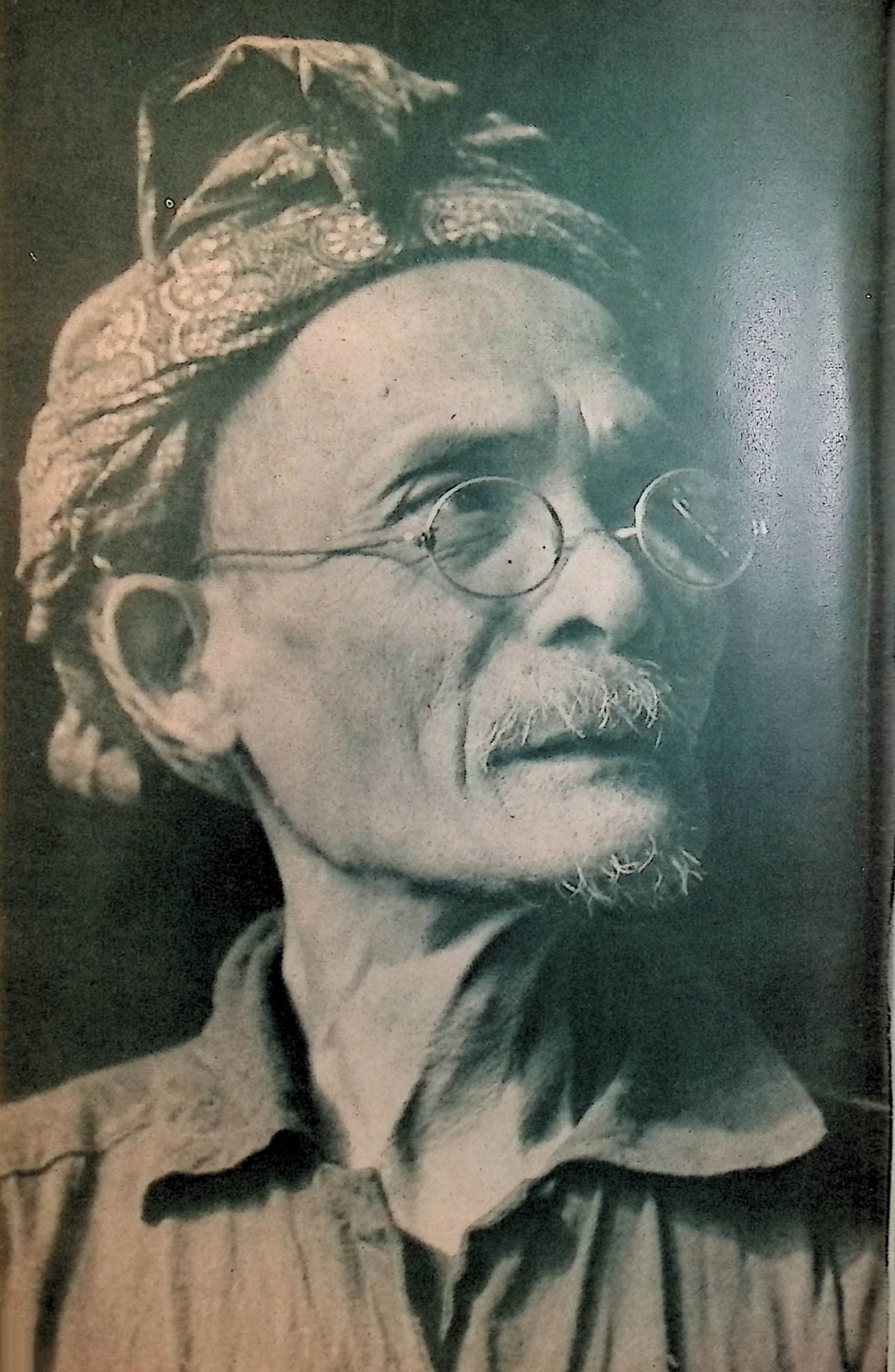
Jesuit Missions

MARCH, 1958



The Holy Father's Mission Intention for March centers our attention on a sensitive and important area where souls are at stake

Indonesia- the Troubled Islands

THE YOUNG Republic of Indonesia, almost three thousand different islands, sprawls in ungainly fashion across the equator, stretching from Asia's mainland to Australia and the Philippines. Once this irregular arc had marked the limit of the world, the "gold and silver islands" of the ancient geoggrapher Ptolemy. During the early days of European Colonialism they were known to the West as the "Spice Islands" and were one of the most sought-after prizes. They had been evangelized by Francis Xavier himself who had first organized the Church in those treasure isles. The riches of yesteryear, the clove, nutmeg and other spices, have given way to wealth equally valued today, oil, rubber and tin.

The recent ouster of Dutch nationals by the Indonesian government has spotlighted again the difficulties which the new nation faces. The people are still in the process of political formation, a process made more difficult by the variety of races and language, of distance and lack of communication, of disagreement in the very fundamentals of religion and human existence. It is this last point which the Holy Father asks us to remember in our prayers during the month of March, "That belief in God may remain the foundation of the Indonesian Constitution."

For the spirit of nationalism shown in the recent expulsion of the Dutch is only one manifestation of the unrest which is churning through this island republic. Ever since the evacuation of the Japanese and the establishment of a government independent of Europe a battle for control has been waged by the forces of the left and those of the right. The Communists, in typical fashion, have tried to exploit every opportunity to their own advantage and they have steadily gained in influence during the past five years, A study of Java, the

(Left) A typical Indonesian whose wide-spread country is in the throes of fundamental formation. A machinist from a factory in Solo, he is the pure Javanese type, one of the dozen major races which form the population of the world's largest archipelago.

COVER. An Indonesian fisherman in Semarang Harbor scans the skies as do his brother sailors the world over. But this man has more to worry about than weather for his very way of life is threatened in the battle that is raging for the possession of his nation's rule. (Fr. Foley photos)

most heavily populated of all the islands with 55½ million people out of the entire 84 million, reveals the gains which the Communists have made in an extremely short time. In 1955, in the national parliamentary election they ranked third in votes polled, behind the Nationalists and Moslem Teachers. Two years later, in the Java provincial elections, they led all the other parties.

Their technique has been simple. They have made use of all the tensions and cleavages which arise from the basic drive of nationalism, the one great force which animates all Indonesians. Anything that is pro-nationalistic or anti-Western is pushed to the limit and it is inevitable that many of the leaders of the right wing are caught up in the drive and, against their will, are identified with the platform so energetically promoted by well-trained, well-disciplined Communists. If a rightist leader were to attempt to buck any legislation which fitted the mood of the people he would be committing political suicide and the Reds would have another victory over the forces of decency.

That is the danger which the Holy Father asks us to avert with our prayers. Belief in God, in one form or another, is part and parcel of the lives of the vast majority of Indonesians. After all, 90% of the population is Moslem, with the remainder Christian, Hindu and Buddhist. The final draft of the Constitution has yet to be drawn but time and again the leaders of the people have affirmed their conviction that the nation must be built around that belief in the One Supreme Being. We in the United States, who live from day to day with

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that truth, may forget the importance it had in the minds of our Founding Fathers and how all important it is to a young country where that same truth could be strangled in the very cradle of independence by its sworn enemies.

The Republic of Indonesia is facing a rough time, and at the all-important moment when it is trying to shape its own destiny. Let us pray that the thought of God be uppermost in the minds of its leaders as they gather to draft the standard which will guide the lives of the Indonesian people.

College girls go on a mission and find happiness in their unselfish giving of

A Year for God

WILLIAM C. DIBB S.J.

SKATING AGAINST A backdrop of mountains silhouetted by the Northern Lights, eating fried moose steak, capturing on film the beauties of the Wrangell range—these are but a few of the experiences that a group of lay missionaries told their friends when they returned to New England last summer.

Six women contributed their services to the first year of a new educational experiment among the Eskimo and Indian children at the Copper Valley School Project, located near the half-way point on the highway between Anchorage and Fairbanks.

How the lay women became interested in Alaska is a story in itself. Sister Mary George Edmund of the Sisters of St. Anne, fresh from ten happy and adventuresome years at Holy Cross on the Yukon, enrolled for a year of special studies at Anna Maria College in her native Massachusetts. But not all of her time was spent in the classroom, for she was eager to relate to others the wonders of the Northland. So it was not long before the cheerful little nun became one of the most popular guest speakers in Catholic New England. Audiences were charmed by Sister's color slide lectures and their hearts went out to the beautiful little children being cared for by the missionaries.

After each of her talks countless generous individuals offered Sister George all kinds of assistance—financial, material and spiritual. But among her listeners were six people who would give everything—themselves—for a whole year to the Alaska missions. From Anna Maria College would come Rosemary Bobka of Clinton, Mass., and Shirley Richard of Springfield, Mass. Volunteering from Regis College, Weston, Mass. were Ann Kent of Brockton, Mass., and Margaret Mannix of Newburyport, Mass.

The other two lay missionaries were professional women, Miss Jacqueline Langlois, Title Clerk at the County Courthouse, Worcester, Mass. and Miss Jeanette Rageotte, a textile specialist of Manville, Rhode Island.

Their destination was to be Copper Valley, situated between the towering Chugiach and Wrangell mountain ranges of Central and Eastern Alaska. Here in this rugged setting Father John Buchanan S.J. was building a school that would offer the best in education for Alaska's natives. The school was to be maintained by Jesuit priests, scholastics, and Brothers, the Sisters of St. Anne and, as it turned out, by lay missionaries.

Ann Kent and Margaret Mannix, accompanying Sister George, were the first to arrive. The others arrived at close intervals thereafter. Almost at once the Easterners caught the fever of the North, that exhilarating freedom and challenge which affect all who live on America's Last Frontier, one of the most magnificent pieces of the Creator's handiwork.

But there was little time for contemplation. There was work to be done. The first to go to the "front line" was Rosemary Bobka who flew north to replace

Miss Jacqueline Langlois of Worcester, Mass., requested a year's leave of absence from her job in the County Courthouse to spend it with squirrels, boys like Peter Jorgenson, and God. It was a year to remember.

a sick nun at Immaculate Conception school, Fairbanks. The Misses Mannix, Richard, Kent and Langlois enjoyed the distinction of setting up the first organized catechism classes in Copper Valley. Help was needed in the kitchen and good-natured Jeanette Rageotte was more than equal to the task, quickly establishing a reputation for tasty meals, excellent cakes and cookies.

A dizzy pace was set that September, as one and all did his and her best to prepare the place to receive its first boarders, the children who were to be transferred from Holy Cross Mission, situated on the banks of the Yukon river, some six hundred miles to the west.

Donning cover-alls, the New England Misses pitched in enthusiastically . . . painting, scrubbing and polishing. They even did light construction work, such as glazing window frames, and sanding and finishing floors.

"Operation Snowbird," the airlift of the children from Holy Cross, took place in October. When the giant Alaska Airlines DC-4, with its precious cargo of little ones, eased itself from the star-studded northern sky, the six lay missionaries were among the happy throng who embraced the excited children who in turn quickly succumbed to the affection and understanding of these devoted helpers. Shirley, Jackie, Ann and Margaret taught classes in the high school, while Rosemary, who had returned from Fairbanks, had charge of the first three grades in the Primary School. When a nice piano arrived from a generous benefactor, Ann and Margaret began a schedule of private piano lessons for anyone who wanted to take music. And Miss Langlois found time to take over most of the office work, removing a tremendous task from Father Francis Fallert S.J., who was in charge of the school.

Over in the kitchen, Miss Rageotte, with Sister Freda, the tireless supervisor of the kitchen, was delighted to have the teen-age girls as part-time helpers in the culinary work. Later on, Jeanette's enthusiastic letters home were so interesting to her brother, that he journeyed to the North in the dead of winter to become a no less enthusiastic worker at the Project in Copper Valley.

Theirs were unforgettably happy days as the missionary misses energetically assumed the task of helping to provide recreation for the students. There were Sunday afternoon automobile rides, a new and thrilling experience for children from North America's most primitive regions; wonderfully organized parties and dances punctuated the cold winter months . . . the children will never forget their first Christmas at Copper Valley, nor will they fail to remember the delightful Valentine party.

These lay volunteers had come to the far North, apprehensive of their ability to fulfill the role of missionaries, but God gave them the confidence, peace and happiness known only to those who work among "the least of my little ones." Alaska gave a new and rich meaning to their lives, and a realization that Catholic laymen can provide a tremendous variety of services on the mission frontier of the Mystical Body of Christ. It was a happy year they gave to God in the Northland.

Today another generous group of girls have replaced these pioneers of Copper Valley and the work of God goes on.

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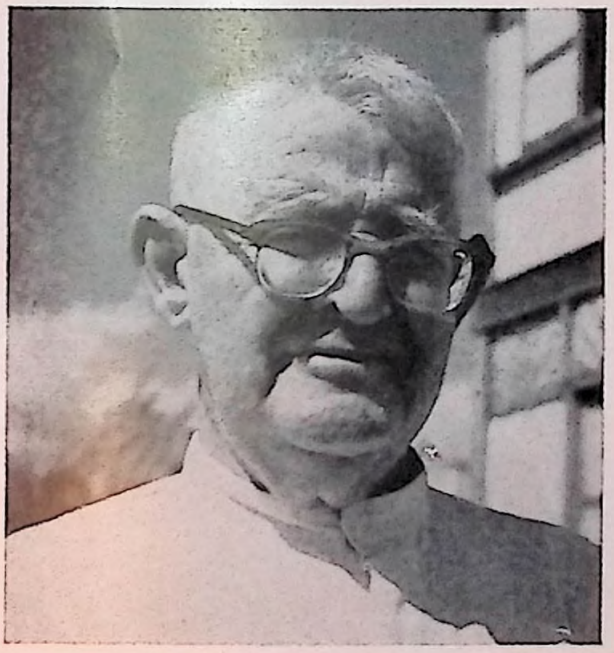
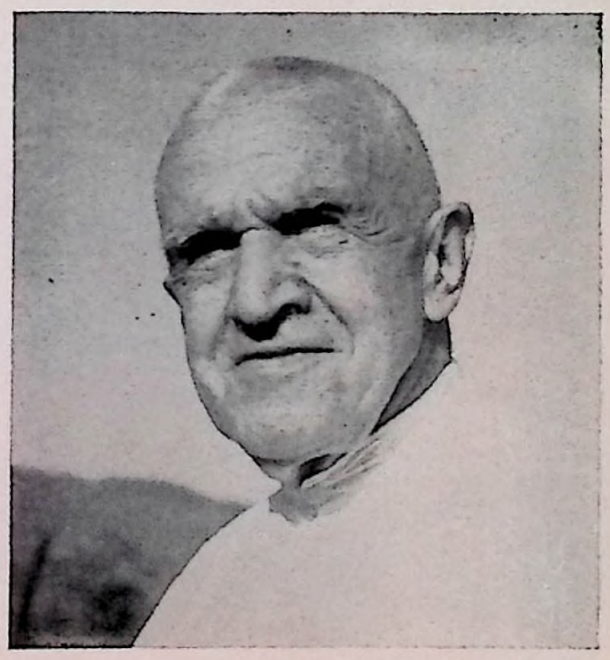
Two veteran missionaries from the land of Loyola have spent ninety-four years in the Philippines

Soldiers of Spain





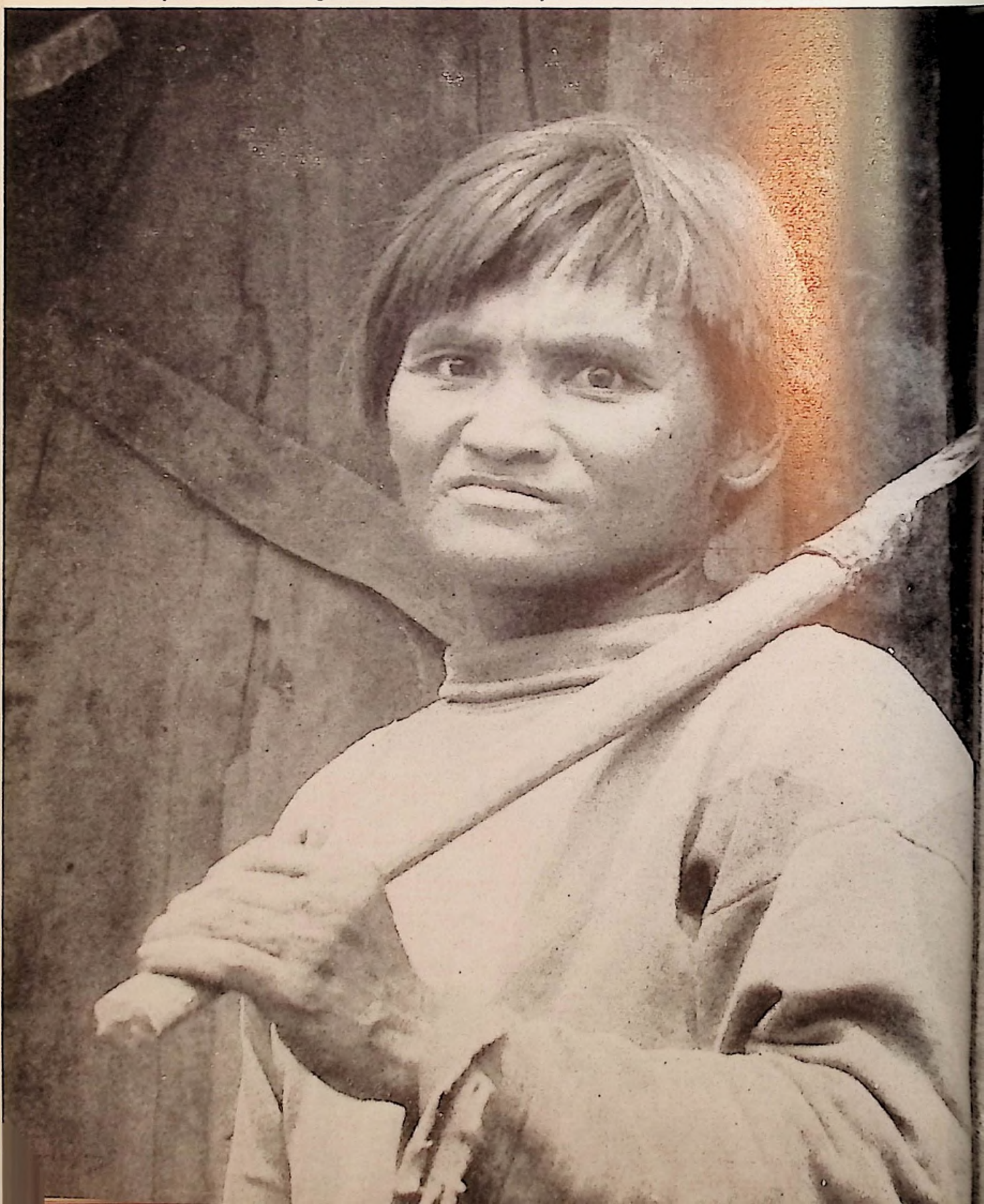
Forty-eight years on the Philippine Mission is the record of Father Laureano Contin S.J. who has recently returned to his native Spain. Since 1909 he has labored in the towns along the southern Mindanao coast and in the mountain villages; in Tagolaon and Sumilao of Misamis and Bukidnon; in Caraga, Baganga and Cateel of Davao; in Mercedes and other towns of Zamboanga. His hours of ministry are numbered in the hundreds of thousands; the times he has conferred the Sacraments are far more. There are churches and chapels which will stand as lasting reminders of this zealous missionary who labored *so* long in this vineyard of his Master. But most of all his memory will live on in the grateful hearts of the Filipino people whom he served so generously and for so long a time.

In the year 1911 Father Jose Buxo S.J. arrived in the Philippines from Spain. His first assignment took him to the north of Luzon where the Society of Jesus conducted a seminary for the training of Filipino diocesan priests. He taught philosophy there and acted as Spiritual Director for the seminarians. Forty-six years later, in 1957, a group of these former pupils, priests now for many years, gathered in Manila to honor their former professor. He was about to return to Spain for medical treatment after having given the best years of his life to the Filipino people, first at Vigan in Luzon and then in the southern island of Zamboanga. Together, he and Father Contin have given ninety-four years to the Philippines! May God reward them abundantly!

BERNARD LOCHBOEHLER S.J.

Word-hunter among

The weapon of this aborigine of Formosa is now put to more domesticated uses.



the Head-hunters

JOHN J. DEENEY S.J.

MOK KE-LU TOLD A tale that was literally hair-raising! He reminisced fondly over the twenty-three heads mounted as trophies in his father's mountain home in Formosa. You see, Mok Ke-lu is from a long line of aborigine head-hunters.

Despite this sanguinary past (happily, this grim practice has been going out of favor) Father Tom Carroll S.J., Ph.D., makes three or four treks a year into these mountain homes to hunt out the verbs and nouns, conjugations and declensions (if any), etc., that make up the aborigine languages. During his spare time, that is, when not engaged in compiling a Chinese-English dictionary, he scientifically organizes this raw material into a grammar that will help his fellow missionaries break through the language sound barrier.

Through the scholarly efforts of Father Carroll, the language problem of the aborigine bush missionaries has been relatively simplified. He has certainly done his share in making the work among the aborigines one of the most fruitful in Taiwan. Among the three groups on the island (Taiwanese, Mainlanders, and aborigines), the aborigines, although a minority group, have proportionately the highest rate of conversions.

It is an inspiration to watch the fervor of these new Christian aborigines. Every Sunday, they walk (with babies on back) eight miles to and from the mission station for Mass. While assisting at Communion on one occasion, I remember what a soul-moving experience it was to see the expression on their faces as they were about to receive their "Heaven-Master." The faith shines through

their eyes so clearly that it almost frightens one—with the kind of fright one might experience when encountering the supernatural pointblank. And somehow —perhaps you are thought to be oversentimental—but somehow there are tears in your eyes because you know you have found it. It is enshrined here in the hearts of these simple people without worldly goods, without education—and all of the great minds of the world and the great philosophies propounded in fancy phraseology mean very little by comparison. It is this deep faith and love that the aborigines sense and appreciate in their missionaries and want to share with them.

Whether it be the persevering effort of the missionary to communicate in a really difficult medium or just his utter sincerity, they realize that his life preaches better than words the truth of Christianity. Yes, the aborigines are converted more by looking at the missionary—rather at the amount of Christ he allows to shine through self—than by listening to him. When he says, "God is good," God Himself usually has to supply the details. On the Missions as nowhere else, it is obvious that His grace is making the conversions. For in the words of our language expert, Father Carroll, "The language these people hear best, is the silent language of love."

This mountain mother of Taiwan's still primitive regions wears the traditional tattooing that is a mark of beauty. The apostolate among these people is one of the most fruitful of all.

There are at least twelve aborigine languages to which Father Carroll is trying to find the key but these two Taiwanese tots are speaking the universal tongue of childhood, "Gimme!"

SILVIO C. GARAVAGLIA S.J.

Mother Came to Lunch

"DON'T CRY WHEN I DIE" was the parting shot of my dearest pal, my Mother, as she boarded the plane in Jamaica. And I'll try to remember her words and laugh then, as I tried to laugh when she waved goodbye and went winging her way homeward to her own little "mission," happy in the thought that she had fulfilled her "mission" in Annotto Bay.

When a missionary goes out to the field he is sure to involve a host of other people in his vocation—and not the least of these is his family. For from the day he sets foot on foreign soil until "death do him part" he is going to make himself a nuisance to those he left behind. For it's "Buy me this"—"Go on this errand"—"Try to run a mission party"—and on and on and on . . . In short, his family has to run a merry chase for "poor Father on the missions."

In former days there was little opportunity for families to retaliate. But the airplanes have changed all this so that even the missionary in the remotest section is vulnerable to the "attack."

My own family (Mother and Sister) thought it was time to give me some of my own medicine so "feelers" were sent for an invitation. But always my stern and decisive answer was the same—"No, don't come." I gave no reasons, but a parallel might have been made to the mechanic who is usually not visited in his garage or the bank teller in his cage. It is simply impossible to visit a missionary without visiting him on his job. When Mother's friends asked her why she didn't go to Jamaica to visit her son, her reply was always: "He doesn't want me to."

Providence has its own way of righting injustices. Mother,

The Jamaica Tourist Board is proud of Lacovia's Bamboo Arch but Mother prefers clean rooms.

nearing her 80th birthday, suddenly collapsed with a perforated ulcer and had to have eight blood transfusions and an operation for the removal of two-thirds of her stomach. She all but broke down the portals of death. How she survived is too long a story to tell here. But I do feel quite sure that, as she lay ill, she still had in mind "her little mission" in Jamaica, for not only did she recover,

but she recovered so well that two years later, at 82, she began again dropping "hints" (not to me of course) that she'd like to show off her "new life." This time even hard-boiled I was no match for her reasoning for the visit.

So across the airways went the "Come, Mother" sign, which of course was received with great jubilation and hurried trips to the airlines office. Mother thought this invitation was almost as miraculous as her recovery.

From the moment I glimpsed her 82 years of loveliness stepping down from the plane, until the moment she retraced these steps, it was I who was on the merry-go-around. The whole island had to be visited, and my every mission gone over. My house was turned topsy-turvy and the housekeeper cleaned and washed things that hadn't been touched in years. As was to be expected, it was in the kitchen that Mother made herself a special "nuisance." At 82 one's ways are beginning to set . . . the housekeeper's methods seemed "too slow" (according to Mother) and, of course, things were never according to Hoyle. But I certainly did enjoy the results.

All this confirmed my thesis (as yet unpublished) that a priest's relatives never should live for any length of time with him. For, inevitably, the priest is spoiled, the staff gets a multiplicity of directions and in more developed parishes the curates are bossed and the parishioners simply tolerated. Mother, God bless her, wasn't here long enough to do any such damage, but in her own cheerful, naive and inimitable way she adumbrated the possibility of such a situation. I'll admit, however, that a Mother makes sure her priest son never lacks what St. Ignatius prized so much in the spiritual life—a good Admonitor. For what my best friends never told me, Mother most certainly did.

I have a sneaky suspicion that her special delight here was to be present at my Mass. We left each morning at six for the church and she was always up with the birds, waiting to be on her way to the Holy Sacrifice. It matters not who stands at the altar. Yet there is danger at times that a Mother of a priest may lose sight of the only Son of the only Mother. But it was good to be able to say to her, as we drove to church, "This morning the Mass will be for Pa (deceased)."

I haven't told you about my sister. But she takes care of Mother . . . good care. So, 'nuff said.

Back home Mother still talks about her "mission" to Jamaica. I'll bet one of these days the "feelers" will again be sent out for a return trip . . . just to see if her instructions are being carried out.

God love her! Welcome back to Jamaica, Mother, for another visit!

If you are changing your address will you be kind enough to send us both your new and old address? Thank you.

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Mission Moments

Are you looking for an original idea for Father's Day this year? If so, we want to give you plenty of time for preparation, for the feast-day greetings to Father Jose Rodriguez S.J. (right) were not exactly whipped up overnight. On the occasion of his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit the professor of Spanish at Taiwan University in Formosa was presented with a typically Oriental gift, a painstakingly accurate painting of himself, smile and all. Anyone with a knowledge of Chinese can easily decipher the feast-day characters inscribed thereon. Father is one of the many Jesuits who were exiled from the China Mission and are now working, and waiting, in other fields close to the China mainland. Their apostolate varies from university teaching to parish work among the aboriginal tribes. This photo of Father Rodriguez was taken by Father Fred Foley.

Mission Moments

(Right) Three American Jesuit scholastics studying at St. Mary's Theologate in Tokyo take time out to coach the little players of the local "Giants." The three are now in the third year of theological studies and are to be ordained to the priesthood this Spring together with 13 other Jesuits. The trio make up the first group of American Jesuits to be ordained in the long Church history of Japan. Shown from left to right are the Revs. Francis Mathy S.J. of Green Bay, Wisconsin; Russell Horton S.J. of Los Angeles; and Robert Deiters S.J. of Cincinnati, Ohio. The Jesuit House of Studies is located in the suburbs of Japan's capital.

(Photo by Father Daniel McCoy S.J.)

(Above) Father Kenneth Killoren S.J. of Appleton, Wisconsin, has been named the first Superior of the American Jesuit mission in Korea. The purpose of the seven Jesuits presently in that country is to establish a Catholic university in Seoul where they have recently purchased a 50-acre hill site.

(Left) At St. Anne's parish in the city of Kingston, Jamaica, a plaque is unveiled in memory of those who were killed in the island's worst railroad disaster last September. Officiating at the unveiling is H. E. Sir Hugh Foot, G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., the then Governor of Jamaica and now in Cyprus. Looking on (back to camera) is Father Charles Eberle S.J., pastor of St. Anne's. The majority of the passengers involved in the wreck were members of the parish Holy Name Society on their annual Outing. The accident occurred at Kendal on the return from Montego Bay.

The Gold Rush was on when he first arrived in Alaska but the treasure he uncovered will last as long as the memory of a grateful people

HERO of the YUKON

GEORGE ST. HILAIRE S.J.

"OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE, they just fade away." This now famous adage might equally be applied to missionaries who have lived long with their natives and have won their love and confidence. But there is one old missionary who refuses to fade away. The passing of time has been unable to erase his memory among his people.

Father Jules Jetté S.J., though physically frail and constantly bothered by headaches, was full of apostolic zeal for Alaska and its natives when he arrived there from Montreal the summer of 1898 at the age of thirty-four. It was his intention to become one with these primitive people no matter what it would cost him to do so.

This was no easy task for Father Jetté, since he was a man of refined breeding and the son of a Lieutenant Governor of Quebec. Nevertheless in a short time he had made himself master of the difficult Ten'a Indian language of interior Alaska and was rapidly learning how to become a native. This he did by striving to understand their mentality thoroughly, by leaving his house purposely unkempt when they were around, and by investigating every phase of their life and unwritten history.

He soon became the recognized authority on the Ten'a Indians. In 1904, he undertook the work of writing a dictionary of the language. But this was to be much more than a dictionary; and before he was finished he had seven volumes containing 2344 pages of small but fastidiously neat handwriting which told the entire culture of his natives. His exact knowledge of the tongue permitted him to give etymologies of words and his detailed study of at least eight cognate dialects, including Navaho, made it possible for him to show countless relations previously unknown.

The writing of the dictionary consumed fourteen years of his spare moments (for, being an active missionary, he could not devote his whole time to such a work). But what is most surprising is the fact that he composed almost innumerable other writings during these same years.

In 1906, he was invited to attend the *Congrès International des Américanists* at Quebec and prepare for its Fifteenth Session a paper concerning the social life of the Ten'as. The latter he did, but he would not leave Alaska and his people for the Congress.

This article, published by the Congress, caught the notice of the foremost Catholic anthropologist of our day and founder of *Anthropos* magazine, the late Father Wilhelm Schmidt S.V.D. Father Schmidt requested articles of an anthropological nature, and the missionary complied with one on Ten'a superstitions and another on their riddles. Around the same time he wrote articles on the folklore of the natives and on their medicine men for the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. He also prepared articles, though they were never published, on the natives' concept of time, on their

migrations, and on their family life and kinship notions.

To go with his dictionary he wrote a lengthy grammar and another very valuable work called *On the Geographical Names of the Ten'as.* For this composition he drew maps and searched into the etymology of every single place name of interior Alaska.

Much could be said also on his religious writings in the native tongue. But we can only mention here a few of the more important ones: the Sunday Epistles and Gospels, St. Matthew's Gospel, the Deharbe and Baltimore Catechisms, a life of Christ, a hymnal, and a prayer book published in 1904.

Most of his prodigious writings have remained in manuscript form—including the dictionary, grammar, and the work on the geographical names—though they can easily be considered the most authoritative and thorough of any missionary's in the frozen North.

Father Jetté died in Alaska on February 4, 1927, a true native to the last. But thirty years have not succeeded in making him "fade away" from the minds and hearts of his Indians. To them he was always the devoted friend and father; they loved him as they loved no one else. Today he is still that same friend; they would do anything for him, this hero of the Yukon.

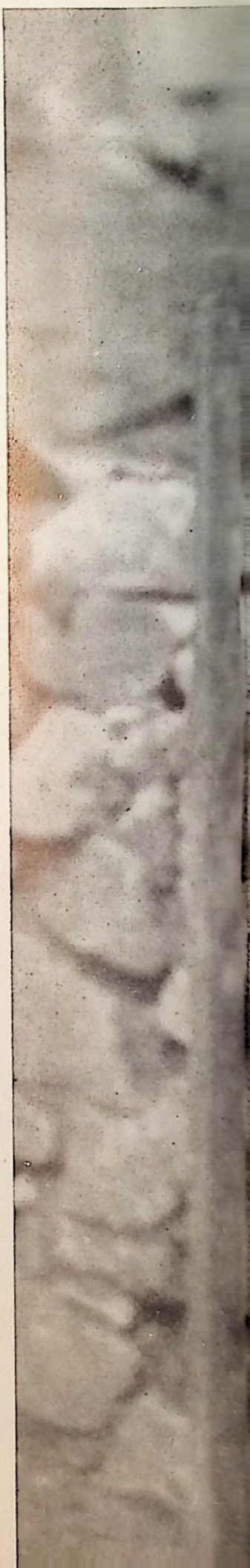
Father Jules Jetté will always be one of the outstanding Jesuit missionaries in Alaskan history. He spent himself for his people but he also utilized every moment of his spare time to record whatever he knew about them. He was the master of everything Ten'a and his literary achievements, despite his never-ending priestly work, have carved another monument for him in the world of scholars. To them he was a genius, but the totally unselfish kind whose great store of knowledge, won at so much hardship, was shared with all future generations. His brilliant mind was matched only by his truly Christ-like heart.

Father John Morrison in northern India has good reason for rejoicing. For thirty years the Santals of Chakai have waited for this glorious day

THE SISTERS HAVE COME!

OVER NINETEEN CENTURIES AGO St. Thomas the Apostle founded the Faith in South India. He started a chain reaction that is now reaching into the north where I have my mission at Chakai. For some time now I have been trying to get nuns, for any mission can only limp along when it lacks a woman's hand and especially a woman's heart. Finally, Reverend Mother General of the Apostolic Carmel at Ernakulam in the south expressed interest and came north to visit.

(Continued)



(Right) There is welcome and gladness when the Sisters come to Chakai but there also seems to be just a wee bit of doubt concerning these strange ladies who dress oh so differently. Wait a bit, young Santali, and you will find that they are your best friends.

The Sisters Have Come!

Reverend Mother General Alphonsus of the Apostolic Carmel Sisters made a personal visit to the Santal women and children and she must have been pleased for look at what's happened!

She evidently liked what she saw for she returned for another visit some months later. Armed with a huge box of candy she even went into the homes of the Santalis to visit the women and children.

So one great day I motorcycled home from Evening Mass at one of my stations to find three Sisters waiting on the veranda of the new St. Philomena's Convent. For the first time in its thirty-year history the Sacred Heart parish at Chakai is fully staffed, in the sense of having both priest and Sisters. Watch us go now!

NOVENA UPSETS

During the last Novena of Grace (we hope you are making this year's) Father Harry Mallette S.J. in Jamaica wondered whether it was a boy or girl who wrote out this intention: "Dear St. Francis, let me get a good companion of the upset sex." Father finally figured out that "upset" meant "opposite."

No Rain
No Crop..FAMINE!

In Bakhtiarpur, Patna, India, Father William Goudreau runs a boarding school and several T. B. and leprosy clinics.
But the crops have failed for lack of rain: food costs *five times* the normal price. Father Goudreau is in debt and desperate. Won't you help?

5..00, $10.00, whatever you can send will be received -catefully at

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

Behind the scenes on any mission field there is a lot of activity and know-how which never get much publicity but still carry responsibility

The Odd-job Experts

FRANCIS N. GLOVER S.J.

"DO IT YOURSELF" is the rage nowadays. But for the missionary this "do it yourself" is nothing new. At Sacred Heart Novitiate in the Philippines, for instance, where young Jesuits spend their first years learning how to pray and study, every day there turns up a thousand and one odd jobs. It's the task of the Jesuit Brothers to see that these get done, and that the life of the Novices and Scholastics goes on uninterrupted. Let me tell you about Brother Tabon, the carpenter there.

Here at home "do it yourself" is comparatively easy. If you want to make a bird's-eye maple end table or a cedar chest you just phone up the lumber yard and order so many board feet, finished and cut to size, and delivered to your basement. But for Brother Tabon it's quite different. He has to scrounge around for empty packing cases, or harness up the carabao and head off to the bamboo grove near the river. When he can afford it he gets beams at a local sawmill but he has to drag them home himself, and even when he gets them home he still has to rip and plane them.

Now at home the budding genius can hole himself up in the attic or the basement and there in solitude evolve his masterpiece. By the time the finished product emerges, no one need be the wiser about the blunders and exasperation in the course of its gestation. But when Brother Tabon sets to work he is never without his crowd of admiring spectators. You might call the lads Sidewalk Superintendents if only there were sidewalks there to watch from. A nail bent crooked, and disappointment is written on every face. A deft stroke, and the small eyes widen in admiration. And when the job is done, it's the triumph of everybody, for didn't they too help Brother just by watching?

Now perhaps all Michelangelo used to sculpture Moses and David was a hammer and chisel, for he was a genius. But just go down to your basement and try to make a plow with only a bucksaw, hammer and chisel. Yet this is what faces many a missionary brother, like Brother Tabon. A table saw, drill press or joiner are tools he only dreams about.

The reputation of the Brothers spreads around. Recently a delegation arrived, crowding about the wrought-iron Spanish grill decorating the front door of the Novitiate. The chairman rang the bell and shyly announced that they wished to consult with Brother Caberio. When Brother arrived, he was met by a little Filipino lad who was lucky enough to have a bicycle, and unlucky enough to have broken it. Could Brother fix it? He had brought the broken bike along and all his little friends had come along too, to watch the operation and perhaps even get a ride home, too.

Brother smiled and they went around

(Right) Brother Caberio does the job on the long-suffering bicycle but it is evident he does it under close and strict supervision.

to the shop in the back. The whole committee traipsed along behind. A new pin for the sprocket wheel, a few spokes to be straightened, air in the rear tire and a splash of oil here and there, and the bike was good for another 1,000 miles. The committee was enthusiastic. The chairman was overjoyed. They all bubbled out with "*Maraming salamat, Brader!*", which is the local way of saying "Many thanks, Brother!" Then all piled on the bike, on the seat, handlebars, mud guard, everywhere. As Brother Caberio watched the overloaded bicycle wobble away he realized now how it got broken in the first place.

Sometimes the "do it yourself" has to start early in the morning. I remember, for instance, Brother Pascua. While I was studying there at Sacred Heart novitiate it was his job to rise each morning half an hour before the community so that he could start the generator. There were no power lines out to the house, and in the tropics dawn has not yet broken by five in the morning. With a flashlight Brother would find his way down to the power house and start up our second-hand diesel generator. To us Scholastics the sound of the starting of that wheezy generator was not the most pleasant, for it signaled that in five or ten minutes the bell would ring, and it would be time to crawl out from under the mosquito netting to start another busy day. Usually the power was on by the time we were out of bed, but I remember the mornings when we had to grope our way downstairs to wash in the dark. We would hear the clatter of the crank as Brother tried to coax a dim kilowatt out of the tired generator. Once the lights came on just as I was in the act of squeezing out a ribbon of shaving cream on to my tooth brush. Brother Pascua came through just in time.

Then there was Brother Faustino. He was the general trouble-shooter around the place. Though only 21 when he became a Jesuit, he had already been a machinist, automobile mechanic, radio repair man and chief engineer for a fishing fleet. While at Sacred Heart Novitiate each one of us kept at our desks a candle stub or two, for in the evenings you never knew when the lights would fail. It was not too bad if the lights went out during a lecture, but during study time it was different. While each one of us was lighting his one little candle and trying not to curse the darkness, it was young Brother Faustino who would scurry off to the generator house to try to bring back the light. Brother had a knack with machines and wires. Our candles didn't have to burn for long with Brother Faustino on the job, and it was a good thing, too. St. Thomas is hard enough to read and understand in broad daylight, but by candlelight he is impossible.

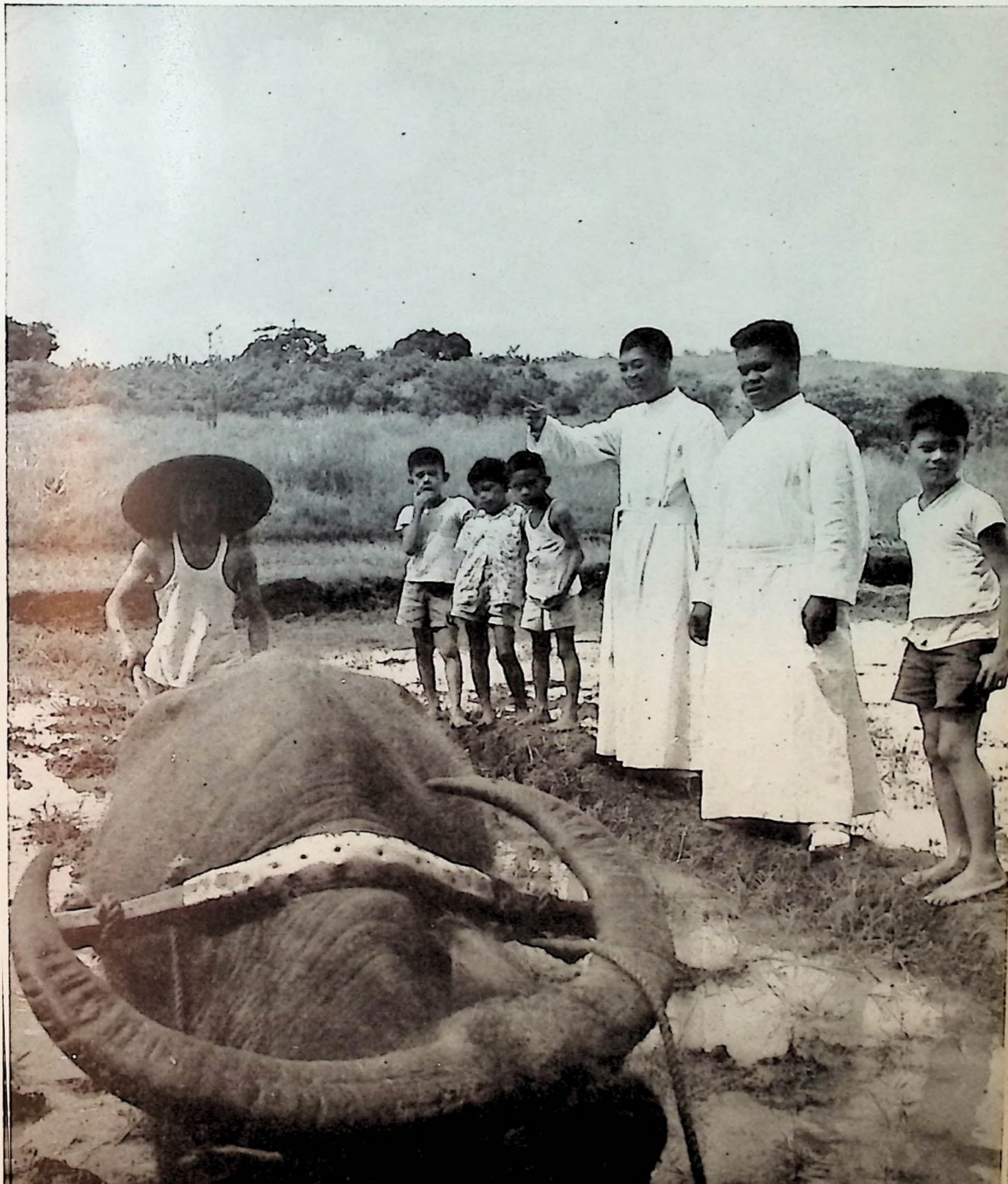
Brother Faustino always seemed to be there with a smile and the ready know-how whenever he was needed. The night the new American Scholastics arrived from the States we had prepared a special "radio play." The cast was crowded around a mike in a small room backstage, with script, sound effects, and wires galore. Then five minutes before we were set to go on, the amplifier, salvaged from an old army movie projector, went on the blink. We tried every switch and knob but they all seemed dead. There was only one answer. Send for Brother Faustino!

He promptly came backstage and turned the amplifier upside down. With a decidedly professional touch he poked inside into the maze of wires, touching one here and there, noting each time a significant buzz or spark. Then he calmly announced, "We need a new capacitor." He could have said cyclotron as far as we were concerned. All we knew was that the amplifier wouldn't work and we were to be on in four minutes. Brother slipped out and a moment later was back with a pair of pliers and some assorted radio parts from somewhere. A few snips and a twist of the wrist and the amplifier began to hum softly once

again. Nothing could have been sweeter to hear just then. The program went on as scheduled.

It's St. Joseph a thousand times over, with a modern "do it yourself" touch. Jesuit Brothers, like Brothers Tabon and Caberio, like Brothers Pascua and Faustino, still support the Holy Family by their daily toil. Their patient diligence and friendly smile still teach other Christ-Childs to be about their Father's business.

Brothers Tabon and Cypriano give a little encouragement to the old-fashioned Filipino way of plowing the rice fields. The water buffalo is well accustomed to the "Do it yourself" craze.



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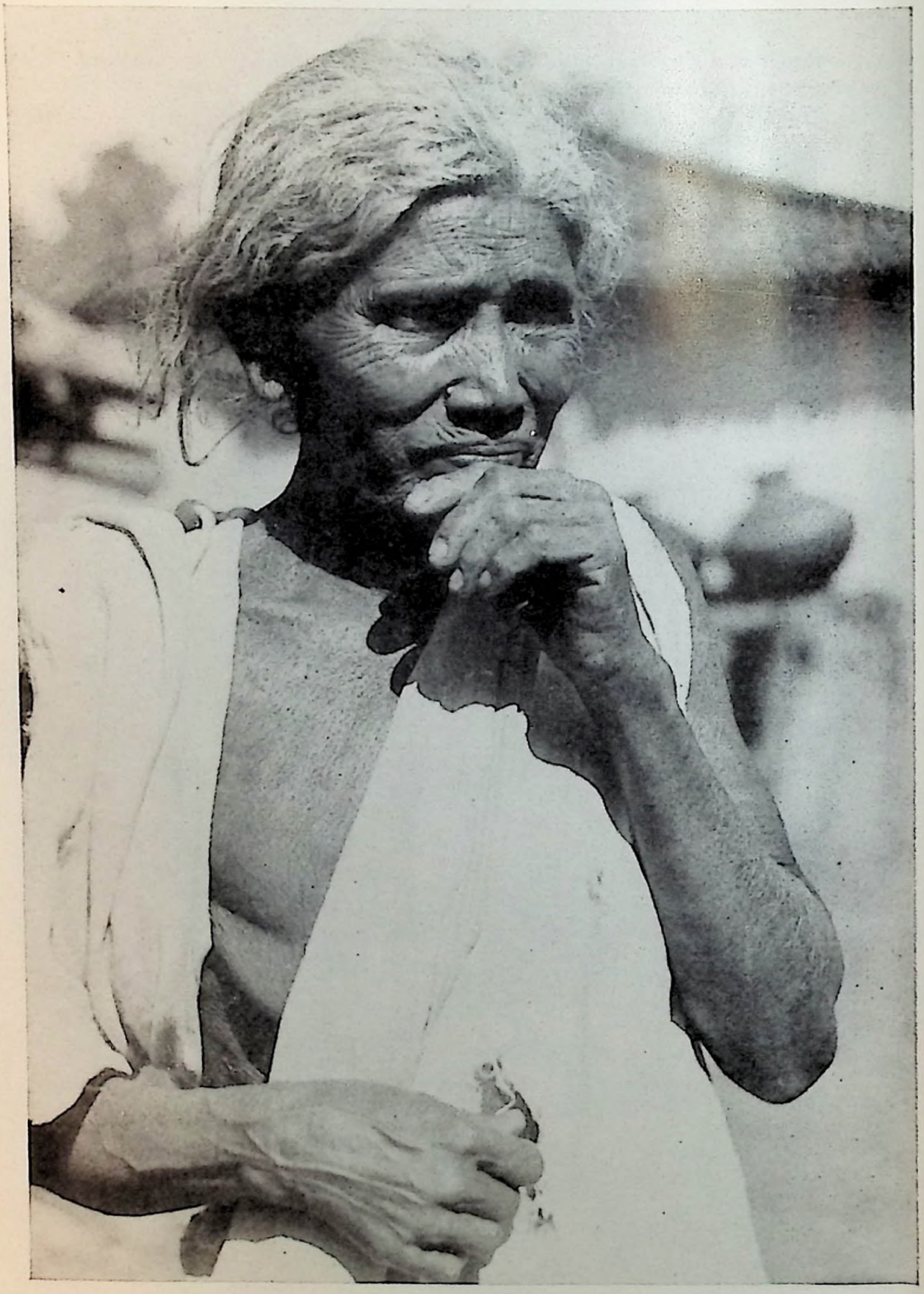

# of Speaking

LANGUAGE IS A wonderful thing, except when it is somebody else's tongue and one must learn it before his apostolate can be fully fruitful. Father James Thwaites in India has found that the best way to get on in Hindi is to mix blood and sweat with laughter

"I was on my way to supply at the parish in Bokaro and stopped to ask, in my best Hindi, '*Kitne mil Bokaro se?*' (How many miles to Bokaro?)

"Back came the flattering answer, '*Angrezi nani janta, sahib!*' (I don't understand English, sir!) I winced as I continued on, wondering what the last three months at the Hindi books had achieved. It was almost as bad as the time at Dorunda when I asked the sacristan to call the parish priest and discovered later, from a slightly burned up pastor, that the sacristan had shown up at the rectory with solemn instructions from me to *cook* that worthy ecclesiastic.

"Attempts to anglicize are not always the ideal solution. One day as I left the convent after Religious Instructions to the senior class there, I met a soldier. We chatted a while in Hindi and he informed me that he had been in Ranchi only a few days. I volunteered any assistance and he told me that he was in search of a 'bellows.' I pictured the camp fires burning low but told him that a convent school was hardly the place for such a purchase. After a little polite wrangling I discovered that what he wanted was a *blouse* for his wife and he hoped to get it at the Sisters' Sewing School! Oh for the gift of tongues!"

Father John Clarkson S.J. in Japan can sympathize with Father Thwaites. He spent some time in the Language School and one day he stopped to talk with a group of youngsters. The conversation, in Japanese, was not a sparkling one for neither side could make out the other. The crushing blow came when Father walked away and heard a voice, "Sorry, sir. We don't understand American language."

Then there are the occasions when the language is so clear that it comes under the Words-of-one-syllable Department. So one of our favorite writers, Father John Scott S.J., recounts an offbeat story he found while doing research on the origin of American Indian names. It seems that one of the Jesuit Provincials was making a formal Visitation of a Sioux mission and in the midst of the red carpet greeting met one Indian who shook hands with him and genially said, "Me Stinking Bear. You my brother."

Then there is the language one uses in speaking with God. It can be explicit, even over-cautious, or it can be wonderfully straight from the heart. The first case is exemplified by a little tale from Father Dowd in Formosa. He has three elderly men who readily admit that he is preaching the one true religion but who cannot understand why they need more instruction before they are baptized. One of them always begins his prayer, "Dear God, I am So-and-so from the village of Hsiao . . ."

The other approach was witnessed by Father Alwyn Harry S.J. of the Jamaica Mission. He was reading his breviary in the Holy Rosary Church at Kingston one afternoon when he heard a footstep at the door between him and the sanctuary. He looked up and saw a little girl, about ten years old. She very clearly was completely unaware of his presence. She genuflected, and then she rose and threw a kiss to the tabernacle. Then she turned and saw Father Harry. She blushed furiously and ran out the door towards the school. But Father is sure that Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament also threw a kiss back to His little girl-friend.

THE ANCIENT MISSIONARY is down with the flu. The day before the bug got him he favored us with a visit and, as usual, a short oration. We would like to set down here the substance of what he said, because we think it's good.

A poster proclaiming March "Vocation Month" was what set him off. He liked the idea of a special month for promoting vocations, but, he insisted, thirty days are not enough. We have to work at the job all year.

In particular, the problem of fostering missionary vocations is a long-term task. According to the Ancient Missionary, the Holy Father himself says that it takes a generation to educate Catholics along these lines. Sure enough, when we looked it up, here is what Pope Pius XII, speaking to the bishops of the world, said in the encyclical *Fidei Donum:*

"It falls to you in the first place to develop among the faithful a conditioning of the spirit, as We said a short while ago, an opening of the soul which renders them more sensitive to the universal interests of the Church and more apt to hear the ancient calling of the Lord, which resounds from age to age, 'Leave your country, your kinfolk and your father's house, for the land which I will show you.' (Gen. 12:1).

"A generation trained according to these truly Catholic ideals, either in families or in schools, in parishes or in Catholic Action and in pious works, such a generation will give to the Church the apostles she needs to announce the Gospel to all peoples."

The Ancient Missionary flattered us a bit by saying that our work here, like

Window on the Mission World

Each generation must condition its spirit and open its soul to the far horizons of the Church missionary

the work of all mission magazines, is an essential part of the "conditioning of the spirit" and "opening of the soul" of which the Holy Father speaks. People need to know about the missions if they are to love them.

The good old man had, in fact, what he called a "program" for developing mission vocations, and he asks us to pass it on, especially to the parents of young children. We do so, gladly.

First, be sure to provide mission reading for your youngsters—books, magazines, etc. It is as clear as can be that youngsters develop the ambition to be missionaries only after they have read, and more than casually, about the missions. Next, the Ancient Missionary recommends, and very strongly, daily Mass and Holy Communion for the children in your family. He instances the case of a friend of his, a widow, who took her brood of four off to Mass each day. One is already a missionary, one is studying to be a priest, and one is a nun. It is at the Holy Table that a soul learns to open to the world.

For the older children, an annual closed retreat is one of the very best ways to condition the spirit, says the Ancient Missionary. And finally he makes a suggestion which seems to us superb. The Holy Father has urged us to "multiply Masses celebrated for the intentions of the missions." Why not offer our own Masses and have Masses said for missionary vocations? There is a parish in Brooklyn, he says, celebrated for the number of its vocations, where a Mass is said every week for vocations.

If the fields white for the harvest have too few harvesters, it is our own fault. Vocations are not the concern of a select few, but the concern of all.

We hope the Ancient Missionary gets well soon. He stirs us up here.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:

Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

Some Beating clothes take in Ceylon where the laundry man cleans by soaking and then beating with a club. There's a perpetual race going on between the dhoby who tears clothes apart, and the tailor who tries to repair them.

Father Claude Daly reports that the dhoby is winning, and his clothes, especially his cassocks, white, are in such bad condition that he asks if some kind person will give him a few dollars to buy some new ones.

White Cassock $5.00

The Sacred Heart and St. Joseph Statues are requested by Father John Murphy of El Negrito, Honduras. If these statues could be obtained the new church would be more completely furnished and would be of great help in developing the spiritual life of the parish. Perhaps you would like to dedicate one of the statues in memory of a relative or friend.

Sacred Heart Statue $200.00
St. Joseph Statue $200.00

Up in Alaska Father Poole needs furnishings in the church of St. Lawrence Mission.

Crucifix for main altar $30.00
Drapes for main altar $20.00
Stations of the Cross, each .. $ 7.50
Catechisms, each ..... .20

St. Patrick's Is the Fine Name of a mission station in Jamaica. For Sunday Mass Father Alexander travels from Kingston carrying a Mass kit which he has borrowed. His friend needs the Mass kit for his own use now and has asked for its return. Perhaps there are some American friends of St. Patrick who would like to donate these vestments and altar equipment to Jamaica.

Mass Kit $150.00

For Our Lady of Fatima in India, at Latonah, Father Clarence Sharma would like to build an altar. Here again is a memorial that could be dedicated to relative or friend, if you so desired. The church and altar are quite simple so the estimated cost of the altar is $50.00. He also needs help for rebuilding the main altar at a cost of $30.00. Would you help?

In Our Land of Plenty we find it hard to imagine countries where food has to be imported. That is the grim necessity in British Honduras where the missionaries have hopes of improving economic conditions, by means of the Lynam Agricultural College. The school seems headed for success and is largely self-supporting. Machinery is needed, however, a tractor and farm implements. Would you be able to help supply the price of the tractor? It would cost several hundred dollars but perhaps you could help with a gift of $1.00 or $2.00.

Friends of American Indians know the difficulty that faces the home missions with the loss of certain Federal subsidies. Particularly in education the pinch is felt. Father Fenel of Our Lady of Lourdes, Porcupine, South Dakota, speaks wistfully of the impossible dream of providing adequate dormitory space for the Indian girls who are so overcrowded. Father can't hope to build unless he gets some special help. Is there any chance you could help on this building fund? Your help of $1.00 or $5.00 would be greatly appreciated.

NO MEDICINE

In the Mission of Bakhtiapur, Patna, India, many sick have to be turned away without relief because Fr. Edwin Saxton has *absolutely no medical supplies of any kind,* and no money to buy same.

Won't you help?

Any contribution will be received with prayerful gratitude at

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

PLEASE LORD:

Send Me a Mother!

Every night the children of St. Francis Mission in South Dakota beg Our Lady to send them a mother who will help support them.

$10.00 a month will do it. How about it?

Send your contribution to

Jesuit Missions
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