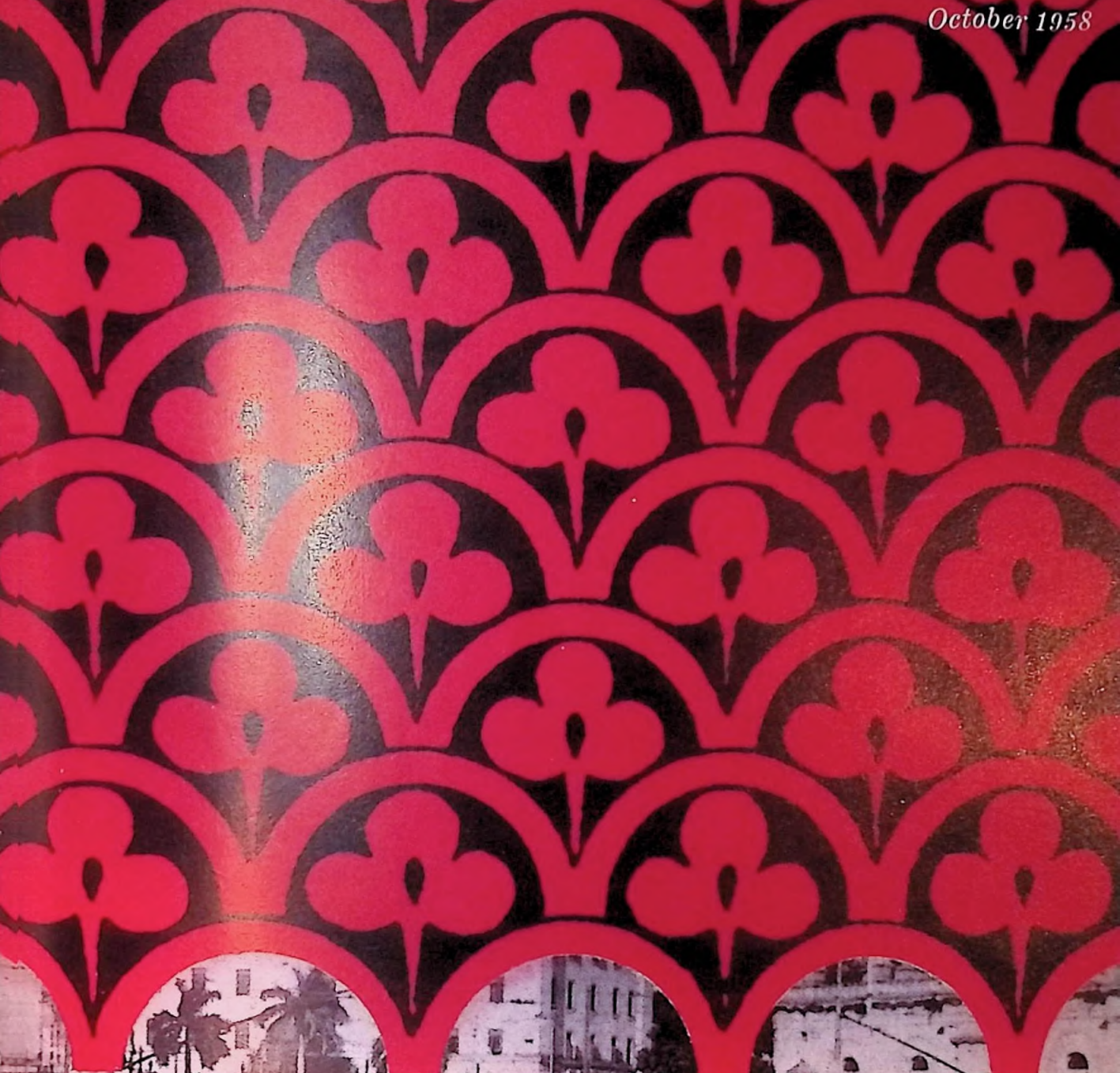


JESUIT MISSIONS

October 1958



Moving between old and new

India



Burma is the land of pagodas and the Shwe Dagon one in Rangoon is the finest in Indo-China. An artistic people who love bright colors, the Burmese are mainly Buddhists and every village has its pagoda, a silent reminder of the precepts of Buddha. Rangoon is the site where American Jesuits of the Maryland Province now conduct the Major Seminary.



JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

October 1958, Vol. 32, No. 8

Baghdad

INDIA—OLD AND NEW.....T. Quinn Enright S.J.
Yesterday lives on in a turbulent today.....page 2

Ceylon

TRIUMPH IN BURMA.....Edward J. Farren S.J.
Newcomer to the scene sees history made.....page 6

Alaska

FUTURE IN KOREA.....Kenneth E. Killoren S.J.
The first tilling of the field is hardest.....page 9

Belize

TURTLE SOUP, ANYONE?
Did you know turtles are fed champagne?.....page 12

Japan

EX-HEAD-HUNTERS.....John Barry S.J.
The Igorots still carve, but now in wood.....page 16

China

THE PURSUIT OF LEARNING
American schoolboys wouldn't enjoy Japan.....page 19

Caroline Islands

COLD WAR IN BRAZIL.....Maurice F. Meyers S.J.
Dennis the Menace has Russian counterparts.....page 23

Formosa

THE CASE OF THE MISSING DOGS
Norman E. Donohue S.J.
Alaskan mystery could become tragedy.....page 25

Jamaica

TAIWAN SCHOOL.....Fred J. Foley S.J.
The little red school house a la Formosa.....page 27

Jamshedpur

HAPPY ENDING.....John A. Morrison S.J.
But it could have been so different!.....page 30

Korea

Patna

Philippines

Marshall Islands

Nepal

Yoro

American Indians

S T A F F

Editor, Calvert Alexander

Managing Editor, Clement J. Armitage

Associate Editors, Kurt Becker, Leo Birney, Thomas J. M.

Burke, Cecil H. Chamberlain, Edward S. Dunn,

Joseph S. McBride, Edward L. Murphy

Business Editor, Coleman A. Daily

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

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N.Y., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00, Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Re-entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized Jan. 14, 1927.

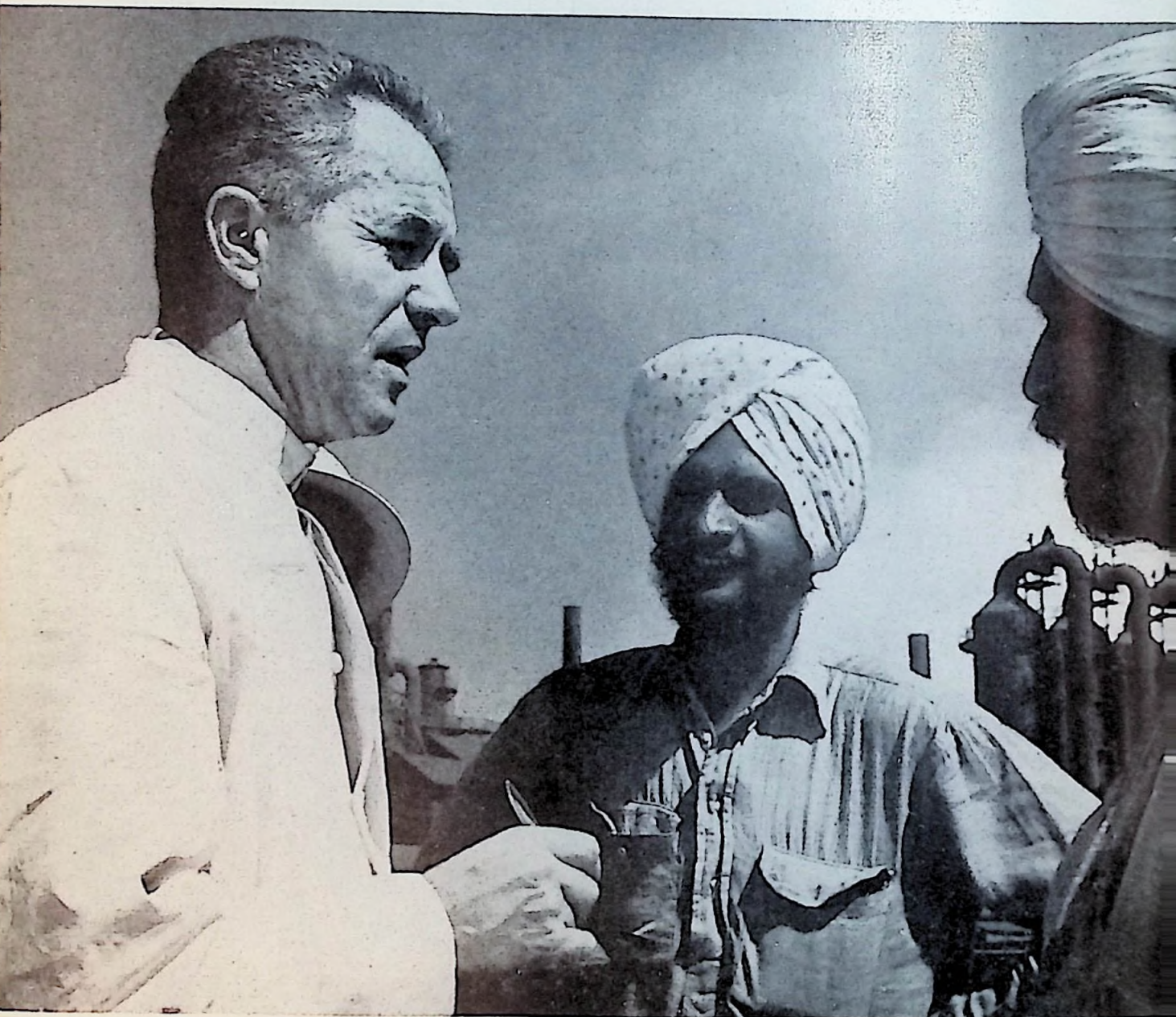


Stark against the sky is outlined

the iron pattern of today, symbol

of contrast, of change, between

india



Labor relations are the main interest of Father Enright. His Xavier Institute is one of three schools recommended by Government for the training of badly needed Welfare Officers.

old and new

COME TO VISIT India now and we can show you old India in repose, new India in a fervor; rural India scuffing the soil, dusty dry and preparing for the monsoons in a fashion known for many, many ages here; or rural India with soil fed by canals growing into lush loam and being turned over by tractors. You can see the old, old villages with small one-and-two-room houses, thatched roofs or mud-tiled, with thick, red-colored mud walls holding out the sun's light and the sun's heat as well, clustered in hot little groups under clumps of mango trees or the mighty medical neems. Or we can show you glistening white community developments, severe brickwork and nicely laid out streets, community buildings and market places lined against walls. Or we can show you huge Euclid Tractors, ponderous earth movers, cranes with enormous steel necks picking up tons and tons of steel girders, boulders, rails and joints.

Come along now and we will be able to show you the old and the new, the present and the future, the manual and the mechanical, the assembly line and automation, the laborious work of lean arms and gnarled hands or the ease of Diesel engines humming away at work.

I suggest you come to the industrial belt, which more or less runs along the Bengal-Nagpur Railway. Start in Bengal

with the Durgapur Steel Works project in the 24 parganas District. A one-million-ton steel mill is going up there. A new town is being created—around it, just a few miles out, old India carries on peacefully, looking up at the skies for signs of rain to break the heat, wetting the thatch on the roof to take advantage of coolness by evaporation, wooden plows hauled up against the hut staving off white ants while the oxen roam about trimming the thin tops of available grasses in a dry, dry season.

Move on to Jamshedpur and you'll find a modern town—already developed and looking much like Durgapur but older and more sophisticated. The skies will be ruddy with the light of blast furnaces and at night, through the flashes, you can see the steel fabrication of many buildings soon to turn out another million tons of steel. Again the busy rolling of trucks, warning bells of tractor trailers, fog horn blasts on baked roads from lumbering dump trucks and combines.

Get back on the train again and jog down the line further (slow travelling but the double line expansion is not yet completed) and you come to Rourekela—and the sight is repeated. If you are not used to everything by this time you might hang around and listen to the languages. Sixteen recognized national languages In India and more unrecognized!

India — old and new

But at Durgapur you hear the “Jolly good job, old chap” kind of English mixed in, for the English have the task of building at Durgapur. In Jamshedpur you hear the “Okay bud, let’s get on with it, nice goin’” of the Americans who have finally gotten over the hump of the job and are beginning to taper off to a finish. At Rourekela, “*Wie gehts dir—vas?*” Families from Western Germany, with a nice knack for picking up languages but finding it difficult to express themselves in English or Hindi. Get back on the train again and ride for another half day and you reach Bhilai.

Bhilai looks almost the same as any of the other places. Again the rush of work-steel structures reaching into barren skies from flat dry plains. But here the language is Russian—and burly, square-faced serious men are pushing on the work and doing a good job of it. Rourekela had a slow start—Bhilai started late, caught up with Rourekela and passed it. Now Rourekela is on the move and both plants should be finished in 1960. Durgapur will be finished in 1961 but Jamshedpur’s expansion should be turning out

steel in full working capacity in 1959.

All this modern industrialization points up the problems of the field in Social Activities in which we happen to be engaged here at Xavier Labor Relations Institute in Jamshedpur. More jobs for more men, more unions, more organizations—without much of a history to build on. The working force of these factories will be new-trained but not too well experienced. The Unions do not exist there. Hovering on the fringe are some of the old leaders under whom the Unions have not had much of a chance to develop. Little rivalries of local leaders, politically inclined and some politically inebriated, fester organizational methods. Major leaders are thinking about national steelworkers’ organizations like those of Murray and MacDonald—but as yet no such organization in any field exists in India. Perhaps we will have one. But now is the problem of the steel girders and framework and cooling beds and coke ovens—now it is all abustle. After the bustle is over, then we’ll have the problem of the men and their structure and organization. Let’s pray it works out smoothly.



Sunlight is welcome to these coal miners in a colliery near the border of Bihar and West Bengal States. The fields here, plus those of neighboring Orissa and Madhya Pradesh, supply 90% of India’s total output of more than 38 million tons of coal yearly (United Nations photo)

Shadows of today highlight the old way of doing things, shown by the women laborers carrying their burdens on their heads. This is the steel plant at Burnpur, one of the beneficiaries of the Damodar Valley Development Project whose purpose is to supply power to industries there (United Nations photo)



Campaigns are a long-range business, a step

by step, one battle at a time procedure,

and the Missionary Church fights that way



Triumph in

Burma



BASSEIN WAS HOT that morning in early summer. In fact, the temperature in the airy Cathedral of St. Peter was over one hundred degrees before six-thirty a.m. But no one in the crowded church seemed to mind the heat, because this was a big day for all the Catholics in Bassein, and for the whole Catholic Church throughout Burma.

Celebrating the Pontifical Mass was Most Reverend George U Kyaw, the first Burmese Bishop of Bassein. In the sanctuary was His Grace, Most Reverend Victor Bazin, Archbishop of Rangoon, Monsignor Martin, Vicar-General of Bassein and Pastor of the Cathedral, and a

great number of the clergy from the various dioceses and religious orders throughout Burma. They had all come for this great occasion. Most had come great distances from their missions in towns and villages, to pay honor where it was due. Among the priests in the sanctuary were Fathers Sigmund Laschenski, Francis Fischer, Louis Niznik, and myself, all Jesuits of the Maryland Province, who are here, together with Fathers Joseph Murphy, John Keenan, Eugene McCreesh and Thomas Peacock, to staff the new Catholic Major Seminary in Rangoon. We had been in the country less than a month, so all was very new to us,



Blessing by the author is given to Mother General and assistants of first Burmese order.

but we too sensed that this was more than an ordinary occasion. We began to feel, as the others in the church, that today we were witnessing an historical event in the life of the Church in Burma.

About ninety Sisters were kneeling in the front of the Cathedral. They were the focus of attention of all the clergy and laity after the Mass was completed. It was definitely the Sisters' day. One single Burmese Sister approached the altar rail alone, and there, in a clear tone and before the Burmese Bishop of Bassein, she pronounced her final vows of religion in the Burmese language. After her two more Sisters came forward and

made their first profession, or pronounced their temporary vows, and finally eleven more Burmese Sisters knelt at the altar rail and renewed their vows of religion, not in English, nor in Latin, but in their native tongue. The Bishop then brought the ceremonies in the church to a close with a sermon in Burmese.

For the first time the Church in Burma has its own congregation of Sisters. For these Sisters pronouncing their vows on this day were forming a wholly new Congregation of the Sisters of St. Francis Xavier of the Diocese of Bassein. All of the members of this Congregation are Burmese—seventy-seven Sisters strong.

They had, after fifty-six years of preparation, split off from the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition from Marseilles, France, who had consciously trained them all during this time for this day.

After the services in the church were over, the Sisters withdrew to their convent. There they held a chapter, or official meeting, with the Mother General of the Sisters of St. Joseph presiding. A few hours later they presented themselves again to the Archbishop, the Bishop and other priests, to announce the results.

Reverend Mother Philomena, who was elected Superioress of the convent of St. Francis Xavier at Bassein, was also elected the first Mother General of the newly independent Congregation. She and her assistants took office immediately.

It was in 1902 that the first Burmese Sisters had taken their religious vows. Now the Congregation has its first Burmese Mother General in the person of Mother Philomena. We met her, and

each one of her new assistants. They asked for our blessing, which all the priests readily gave. Before leaving I gave a picture of St. Ignatius Loyola, the first Father General of the Society of Jesus, and the companion of St. Francis Xavier, to the first Mother General of the Sisters of St. Francis Xavier of Bassein.

In the Encyclical "*Evangelii Praecones*," Pius XII had said: "The ultimate goal of missionary endeavor, which should never be lost sight of, is to establish the Church on sound foundations among non-Christian peoples, and place it under its own native hierarchy." Two Burmese Bishops have now been consecrated, and the Jesuit Fathers have now taken over the new seminary for the whole of Burma to train native clergy, and now this hot summer morning we witnessed the establishment of an independent sisterhood. Here was further evidence that the Church in Burma was being established on sound foundations.



Dinner is served in a Burmese home, and rice plays a prominent part as in all the Far East. (United Nations photo)

*Past history is ever present
in the minds of missionaries
as they plot to shape the*

Future in KOREA

KENNETH E. KILLOREN S.J.

OUR HOLY FATHER Pope Pius XII has asked us to pray during October that all Catholics may see the importance of developing vocations to the priesthood in missionary countries; and that they assist in this great work by supporting the Society of St. Peter the Apostle.

In explaining this mission intention I trust I will be pardoned if I confine my remarks to one mission country, namely Korea, which I know. What I have to say about the need for developing priests in Korea can be applied to every missionary area in the world.

A priest is not permitted to have sons of flesh and blood but every priest feels his life unfruitful if he has not raised young men to be priests and helped them to the altar. If this is true in general, it is doubly true of a missionary priest who dreams, as a spiritual father of his people, not only of feeding his

flock with the Bread of Life, but of giving birth to true vocations. "Father" that he is, a missionary priest wishes most of all to have his young spiritual souls become priests even as he himself.

In Korea, the Jesuit Fathers were given the task of establishing a Catholic University. Even before buying a foot of ground, before laying one brick, the Jesuits looked for and found capable young Korean boys to follow Christ as Jesuits and become the real and lasting foundation of this University.

Men and money can come from America and with God's loving grace can result in a series of buildings and a string of academic courses. But these are doomed to stunted growth under the withering touch of nationalism and the ever-present fear of something foreign if the finest of the young blood of the country is not circulating in its halls and classrooms.

Day dreaming might be Father Peter Sungman Jin S.J. but his young friend will have none of that. Yet some day the latter may be the fruit of Father Jin's dreaming and another Korean priest may carry on one of the strangest histories the Church has known. The first Korean Catholics were converted by laymen who went to China to ask the Jesuits then there to come to their country. Lack of manpower prevented the sending of any missionaries but the Korean men returned to instruct their people so well that they died for the Faith.



Korean Jesuits in a Jesuit University in Korea is the real and final goal of the American missionaries. It is the Koreans who will do the best and most lasting work of education of their own people.

An American missionary in the Far East will always be a foreigner in his adopted homeland. After years of painful study of the language, his speech may not betray him, and with the understanding that comes from knowledge, his reactions to local customs and ways of thought may be quite conformed. But his face will mark him off. His homeland roots can never, and should never, be disowned. He is a foreigner forever.

With the growth of nationalism into isolationism and even distrust of others, the American missionary might be asked to return to the States, or his work in a foreign land could be greatly curtailed.

It is with an eye to this possible day of the future that the Jesuits are striving

so hard to establish their Novitiate in Korea. How distressing it is to see the work of years fade away merely because a member of an unwanted country conceived it and maintained it. Too often has the Catholic Church been made to suffer as its missionaries were repatriated.

Up until this time it was necessary for aspirants to the priesthood to make their studies outside of Korea. Although there are advantages in observing other people and other ways it also worked hardships on the young Koreans for it meant years away from their homeland and the constant use of their native tongue. So that difficulty can be obviated by training on their home grounds.

We have always accepted the theory that "it takes money to make money." It could well be stated that it takes a Korean priest to produce priests in Korea in any numbers that are worthwhile and that are needed to build a Catholic peo-



ple. How well this has been borne out in America where European priests labored so generously to found a Catholic people! They sweated out those early vocations, eagerly praying and mothering the young American boys through the tender years. What a joy to these European "foreigners" to see young Americans mount the altars, some in religious orders, others in the diocesan priesthood, and finally, as bishops, grasp the helm in their own land. Then alone did the vocations increase and abound, and are still multiplying, thanks be to God!

Now is America's turn to play the foreigner, to be the backstage director, to pray and guide and mother young Koreans to their goal of the altar, or the religious life, or the bishopric and the maturity of Catholic life.

The American Jesuits in Korea will be happy to lie unknown in Korean graves because their years of work in the Jesuit

Proper approach is made by Father Killoren, Superior of the American Jesuits in Korea, as can be seen from the admiring gaze of the lady of the house. However, the author admits that he is not yet so adept in the Korean language that he can discuss with her the more intimate details of the fleas on the dog. But there is an international tongue that is spoken by gestures, and his presence in Seoul is understood by everyone. He is there to bring people to Christ Who, from the pulpit of Calvary, preached a sermon of love that gave birth to every missionary.

University will continue on in the hands of young Korean Jesuits that God has sent them, At the present rate of conversions in Korea, no time is riper than now for a great vocation effort.

Lest we be thought too "provincial" and concentrating only on a Jesuit vocation, let it be said that in many lands—Jamaica, India, Burma, Philippines, Japan, and a dozen others, even in America itself—the Jesuit Fathers run many seminaries for diocesan priests. It is priests we want first of all in every land. Like Christ, we are interested in personally training priests so that they can be the needed force in their own lands and then they too can participate in that great command: "Go forth, teach all nations." Korean priests could well be the Catholic missionaries to China. Their faces will not betray them. So during the month of October please keep the Society of St. Peter the Apostle in mind.

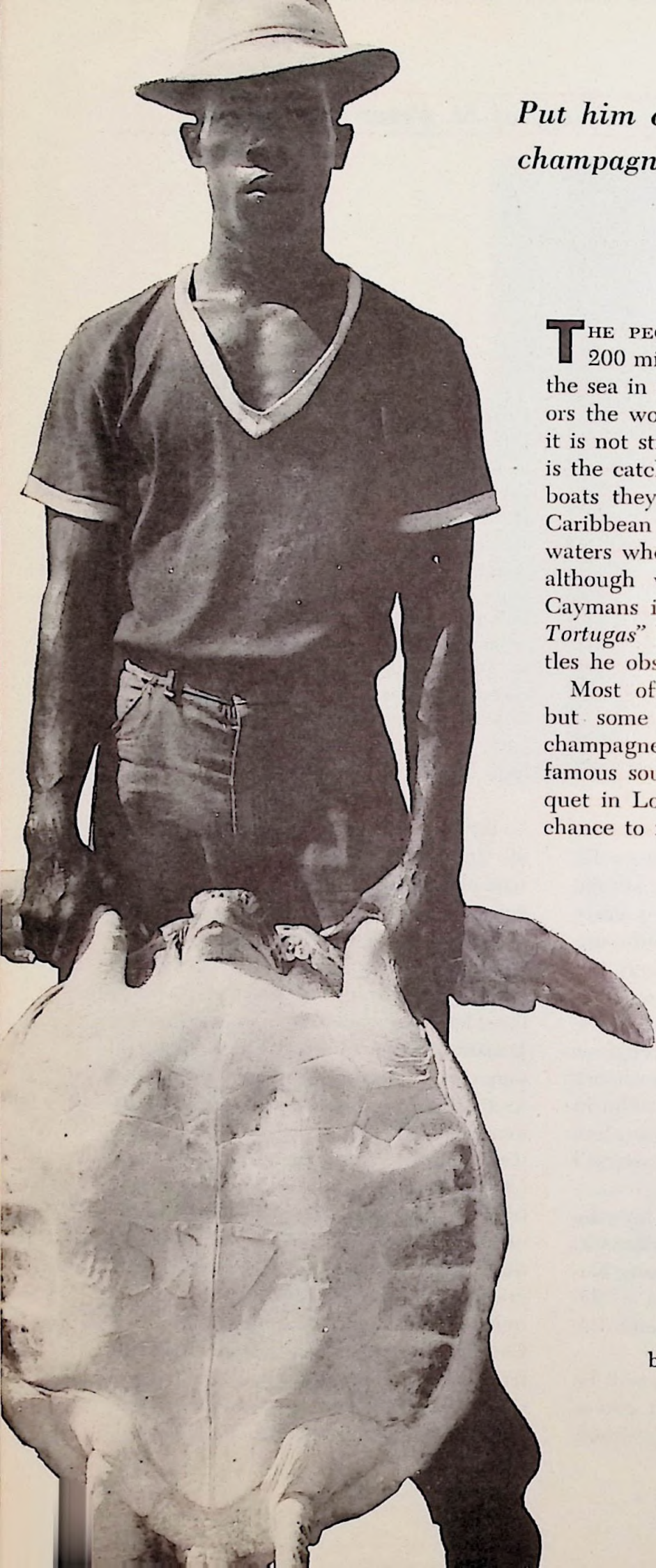
Put him on the plane, feed him champagne, and Lord Mayor asks

Turtle

THE PEOPLE of the Cayman Islands, 200 miles northwest of Jamaica, have the sea in their blood. Renowned as sailors the world over and as ship builders, it is not strange that their main industry is the catching of turtles. In their sturdy boats they sail the deepest part of the Caribbean to Nicaragua and adjacent waters where the turtles are now found, although when Columbus sighted the Caymans in 1503 he named them "*Las Tortugas*" because of the number of turtles he observed there.

Most of the export is to the U.S.A. but some are flown to England, fed champagne enroute, and end up as the famous soup for the Lord Mayor's Banquet in London. So even a turtle has a chance to rise above the ranks.

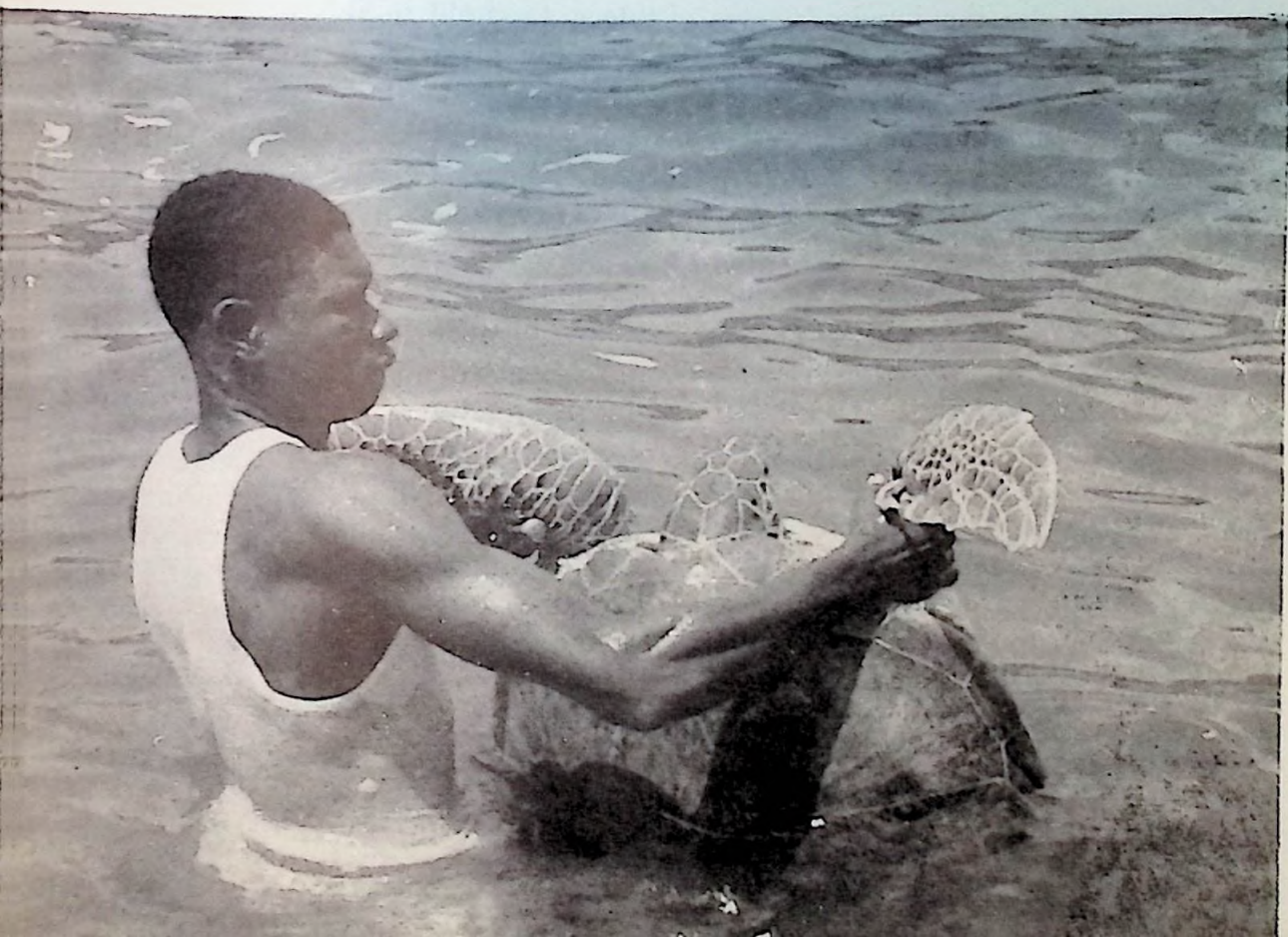
Whoa, boy! These turtles weigh about 400 pounds and at this stage there is nothing soupy about them. They are penned in a crawl in the Caymans until it is time to ship them to Tampa or Miami. The trade with these ports is reflected in the American frocks and nylons worn by Caymanian women. Modern bathingsuits have put a severe strain on the strong Puritan flavor of the main religion of the island.



Soup, Anyone?



Easy, boy! This one almost got away, back to the deep water safety. The Caymanians are descendants of shipwrecked British sailors, soldiers of Cromwell and the pirates who once sailed these seas and buried their treasure on these islands. The Catholics are cared for by Father Bernard Shea S.J. who this year replaced Father Francis Jackmauh S.J. on Grand Cayman, one of the toughest Jamaica Mission jobs.



Window on the Mission

The Dangerous Men

Shadows are lengthening across far areas of the mission field. In some places the darkness has already fallen almost completely. The field is as wide as ever but sections of it are being fenced in and they are no longer regarded as "missions" because the missionary is forbidden entrance. In his recent Encyclical "*Meminisse Juvat*" Pope Pius XII describes the situation: "Missionaries, who have abandoned their homes and their sweet native lands and who have undergone serious and numerous discomforts to give to others the light and strength of the Gospel, have been expelled from so many places as harmful and dangerous individuals. . . ."

"Harmful and dangerous individuals." Here, in the House on 78th Street, we have seen them by the hundreds; we have met them by the score on missions fields. Never once did we look upon any one of them as harmful and dangerous. They were human, certainly, and they weren't all perfect; but whatever minor criticism could be laid at their door there was one thing that could not be said of any single one of them—that Christ was not the very center and heart of their lives. That is why they were missionaries, men and women ardent to spend their strength and years for love of Him—and that is why they were hated and driven out of lands where they had gone for His sake. They know now how Christ felt when He dared "walk no more in Judea" in the shadow of the temple built to His Father. They know too His sorrow at the rejection by His own.

End of an Era

Mission strategy in the light of such conditions may undergo a change that will mark the end of an era. For the last four centuries, the number one objective of the mission Church has been the Far East. The missionaries for the most part were Westerners and it is against them that the barriers are now raised in that section of the world. But they have always tried to prepare against this day. That preparation began with St. Francis Xavier and his establishment of a seminary for native clergy in India; it was carried on in China by the Jesuits Valignano and Ricci. Today in practically every country of the East there are priests and nuns who have come from the peoples there. There are not enough of them, by any means, but they constitute a foothold in this place, a stronger segment in another, and so on. One example of their interlocking is the recent sending of three Filipino Jesuits to Indonesia to help the Westerners who are trying to stay on but can expect no further help from Europe or America.

What of those missionaries who would ordinarily have been destined to the Far and Middle East? There are still fields in those regions where they are welcome—Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, etc.—but missionaries are realists, too, and they know that the Communists already hold one-quarter of all the territory entrusted to the care of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith.

But it is a wide, wide world. Let us sum it up with a little story from Father Joseph Hebert S.J. who was covering

the back country of Honduras in Central America not long ago. "On this trip I am saying Mass in a half dozen places for the first time in history. I ran into some unbaptized Indians who have been without the Sacraments for a hundred years. They believe in God and pray a sort of rosary. They have a tradition of 'the holy missionary' who went through here 100 years ago . . ." Yes, there's plenty of places where the greatest lovers the world has ever known can still bring their beloved Christ.

By-ways

Postscript to Father Enright's article on India is written by Father Eugene Power S.J. who informs us that the Xavier Institute of Labor Relations in Jamshedpur received an estimated 700 applications, of which 85 were accepted (the maximum number possible under the existing circumstances). These are trained as "Labor Welfare Officers" who must look after the interests of labor. Government regulations demands one of these officers for every 500 laborers.

Travel hazards in British Honduras are mentioned by Brother Clyde Croy who was returning one evening from Stann Creek to Belize with Father Kramer. "We came over a hill pretty fast and saw a good-sized tiger loping along ahead of us. He couldn't dodge to the left because of the high bank. So he suddenly cut right, and we hit him an awful jolt! So we backed up—does the code of the road hold for tigers?—but there was no trace of the beast. No, we didn't go into the jungle to look for him."

AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

ALASKA

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

BRITISH HONDURAS, YORO AND U. S. INDIANS

Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Mo.

CEYLON AND HOME MISSIONS

Rev. Daniel W. Partridge S.J.
701 Pere Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans 12, La.

CHINA AND FORMOSA

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

INDIA AND U. S. INDIANS

Rev. R. A. Rosenfelder S.J.
1114 South May St.
Chicago 7, Ill.

INDIA AND BURMA

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

IRAQ AND JAMAICA

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

JAPAN

Rev. Thomas J. Sullivan S.J.
1535 W. 8th Street
Los Angeles 17, Calif.

KOREA AND U. S. INDIANS:

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

PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

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

The Americans came and the tribes became

ex-head-hunters

in the rugged hills of northern Luzon

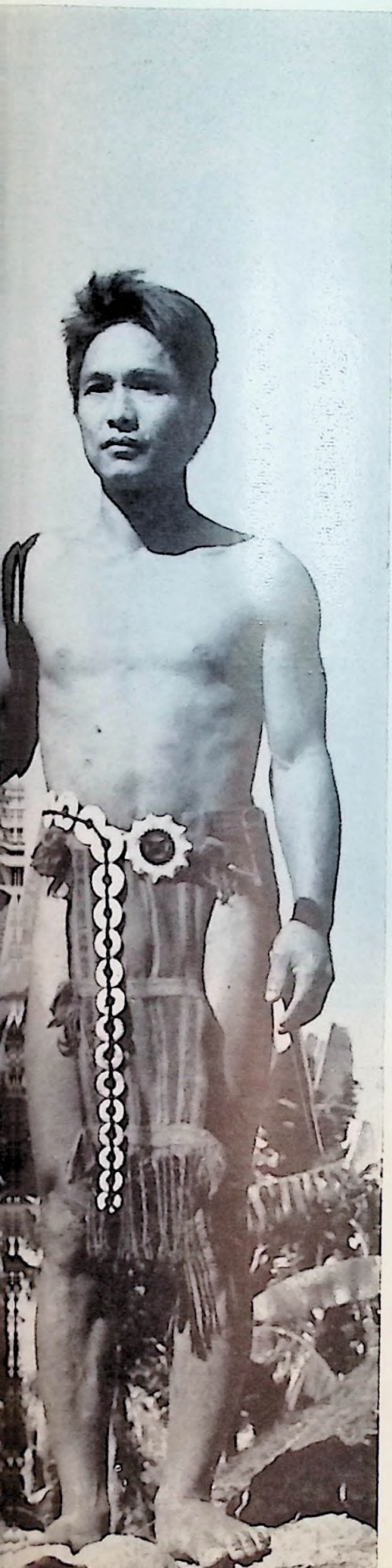
THE TRIBAL PEOPLES of the Philippines constitute about 9% of the total population. There are three main racial types; pygmy, Indonesian and Malay. The Igorots are one of the main branches of the Malay type and recently John Barry S.J. of the Suchow Mission in China visited them and sent on the photos which he took during his stay among them.

Under Spanish rule there had been little contact with these tribes but when the Americans took over a deliberate attempt was made to civilize these people of the hills. Gradually they were won over, even to the extent of giving up their principal sport, head-hunting. Today they follow more peaceful pursuits.



Tattooing is still practiced among the Igorots, as can be seen on this woman's arms. Very much of a minority group in the Philippines, they were won to friendship by the ways of American justice and the sympathetic interest taken for their health and welfare.

Head-hunter's lance speaks of the old way of life. Today the Igorot has a reputation for trustworthiness, so much so that if one accepts a message to carry or an errand to do he will be faithful to that trust even to the death. During a road construction period the Igorots regularly carried the payroll safely.



Woodcarving is one of the Igorots' main abilities, as exemplified by this elderly lady.

Timidity is to be expected in these shy people of the hills but they have also shown themselves kindly, appreciative and truthful.



ex-head-hunters



Folk dance by the Igorots. The woman's dress and ornaments are typical of the distaff taste.



Skill in woodcarving is what is desired today by the descendants of those whose principal sport was head-hunting. Then it didn't matter whether the prize was the head of a warrior or that of a defenseless child, just as long as it was something belonging to the enemy. Every town, in those days, was intermittently at war with the neighboring one and everything, from pigs to pates, was fair game.



Education in Japan is viewed far differently by those most concerned than here in the States

The Pursuit of Learning

“SHIKATA GA NAI”—and the Japanese student plunges into his pursuit of learning. The expression is most typical and common among the Japanese: “There’s nothing to be done about it.” And the American teenage pupil would probably say “Ugh!”

Here is an idea of the schedule shouldered by the first and second year students at the Jesuit High School in Hiroshima: Six days of school instead of five! Thirty-three hours of class compared to twenty-five a week! Thirteen subjects including Japanese Reading, English, Chinese Classics, Brush writing, Drawing and Gymnastics! A well-rounded schedule, indeed!

Mr. Paul Tosaya S.J., writes: “I think it is enough to crush any young student in the States. Even worse, the matter is high-powered. Boy! There certainly would be a lot of yelping and screaming among American kids if they had the load students carry here.”

Let’s spotlight an actual school day in Japan
(Continued)

Flabbiness doesn’t score in the Japanese educational program for youth. Calisthenics form a scheduled part in the regular curriculum. Music accompanies the up and down movements. “This is something I never tire of watching,” says Glen Smith S.J. of the California Province, now at Hiroshima.

The Pursuit of Learning

as reported by Glen Smith S.J. If the weather is good some of the fellows will arrive at 7:15 in the morning. The building opens at 7:45 or 8 o'clock. The first thing the kids do when they enter the building is to take off their shoes and put on slippers. The reason for this isn't so much the fact that that is what they do at home, but simply to protect the floors of the classrooms. Most of the roads aren't paved; so after a rain they carry a lot of mud in with them.

Next they go to their classrooms and change clothes. They all wear uniforms to and from school, as do all the school boys in Japan from grade school through the University. They put on playclothes as soon as they arrive, and change back to their uniforms just before going home. After changing clothes they go outside again, again changing into their shoes, and play until 8:25 when *Chorei*, or *Chokai*: that is, "morning bow," or "morning meeting." They all line up in

front of the school, greet the principal with a bow and then listen to a little talk from the principal or from one of the teachers on study methods, school discipline, ways of acting on streetcars, etc.

They then enter the building again, change shoes, and go to their classrooms. While waiting for the teacher, they sit with their hands on their desks, and their eyes closed. After the teacher enters, he nods to the *Kyucho*, a sort of class president or beadle who gives the command for all to stand and then to bow. Both teacher and students say "good morning," and class starts. When class is over, they get out their books for their next class, once again put their hands on the desk and close their eyes. Once again the teacher nods to the *Kyucho*, who gives the command to stand and bow.

After the second period in the morning there is a fifteen-minute break during which they all do calisthenics. The lads march around the field for about five minutes to music, then spread out for calisthenics.

Transfer of training from teacher to pupil remains a modern technique in the schools of Japan. All the youth are eager to learn from the missionaries, as the concentration and attentiveness shown here before an examination exemplify. Larry Beer S.J. of Oregon says the students differ even from those of 1950.





teen or twenty minutes overtime just to get a better mark is not unknown.

After the *Soji*, the *Bu* or "clubs" start. There are two different kinds of *Bu*: the study *Bu* and the sports *Bu*. Everybody except the first year and those whose marks aren't high enough can belong to one of each, and the great majority do.

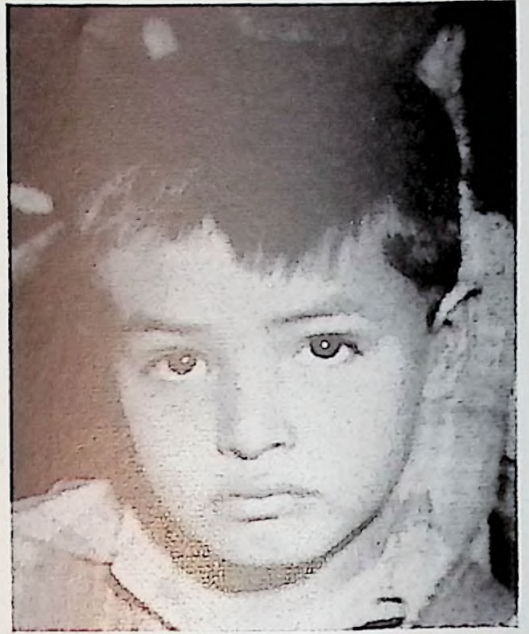
The last year is characterized by general anxiety and intense preparation for college entrance exams. It's a big joy for those who are accepted into some university because, once in, it's coasting along most of the way. The universities don't require much study at all. Going to class is about all that is necessary to obtain one's degree.

Soji means "sweeping" in Japanese but in any language it can mean much more. Can you imagine American lads sweeping classrooms, stairs, lavatories, etc.? But in Japan the schoolboys do it for a rating—and they will put in overtime for a better mark. In America boys associate such work with "jug" and punishment.

The kids eat their lunch in the classrooms. Intramural games start afterwards—softball, basketball, soccer. School is over around 3:00 o'clock, and then starts one of the most interesting if most difficult periods of the day. It is called *Soji*, which means "sweeping," but really means much more. It is the general house cleaning that takes place at the end of every day by the kids. They sweep and dust their own class rooms, clean the boards, and besides that they clean all the halls, the lavatories, the stairs, the library, and all the special class rooms. As soon as the work is finished the teacher in charge inspects it and gives the boys a mark on it. That mark really means a lot to them. To work fif-

Every school looks for a milestone in its history. With a sense of pride and accomplishment, Father Robert Flynn S.J. points to the ordination of Father Francis Xavier Tsuchiya S.J. He is the first of the graduates from Rokko High School to become a priest in the Jesuits. Besides Father Tsuchiya is a trail-blazer. Reaching the priesthood with such a brilliant scholastic record reflects the value of the determination a young Japanese lad must have as he travels the arduous sea of learning in Japan.

There is resignation in the youth to the rigors of the system. The Japanese youth want to better their country, and that willingness is shown in their offhand slogan, "*Shikata ga nai!*"



Young Robert is

worried...

and Well He Might Be!

Young Robert is an orphan. He and a large number of boys and girls like him live in Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, So. Dakota.

The Orphanage furnace is on its last legs, and it gets awfully cold in Pine Ridge.

It will cost \$8,000 to put in a new furnace, and the Jesuit missionaries don't have that kind of money on tap.

Won't you help?

Send \$5.00, \$10.00, whatever you can. Your contribution will be received with prayerful gratitude at:

Jesuit Missions

45 E. 78th St., New York 21, N.Y.



Cold War in Brazil

MAURICE F. MEYERS S.J.

Drawing: Gary Fujiwara

I AM HERE IN bustling Santos, Brazil's busiest port and one of her oldest cities, to help turn "Mosteiro Sao Bento," that has been clinging to the slopes of the "Hill of St. Benedict" since the 17th century, into Colegio Sao Vladimir—a school and hostel for Russian refugee lads, most of whom live in busy Sao Paulo some 40 miles away up the mountains. A few of them were born in Brazil, but most have come from far lands, either DP camps of post-war Europe or from Red China. By special arrangement the

Eastern Rite Jesuits working among the Russians in Sao Paulo were given the use of the ancient monastery for an indefinite period to house the boys. They are with us night and day, eating, sleeping, playing and praying, all but for the few hours they go to classes to the city schools. For the present we give them only the extra subjects of Russian, English and special religious training.

This is the set on which I must try "to be all things to all men." (I wonder if St. Paul had any idea all that

could imply when one substitutes "boys" for "men.") My day begins officially by interrupting their slumbers (if they are not already having a gay chat during what the monastery used to know as "Sacred Silence"). I see to it that they wash their ears and clean their teeth and then go upstairs for prayers and breakfast. Later I inspect their beds and award prizes (an extra banana or popsicle) to those who keep their things the neatest in the monastic cells in which they sleep, six or eight to the room. Then I put them to doing their homework or give them some very basic English that has a long way to go to first base.

Two mornings a week I march them off to catch the ancient open streetcar with running boards along the sides on which the boys love to ride when they think I am sufficiently engrossed in my Portuguese book not to notice. A half hour's ride brings us to a dream of a beach with the surf pounding in, where sides are immediately drawn up: 50 kids vs. one padre. If all the shoes are claimed after our swim, I know we haven't left anybody floating off to Africa. An odd shoe left, I suppose, would mean that the sharks have been at it again. Santos is practically astride the Tropic of Capricorn, so swimming lasts the whole year through—and incidentally, it can get terribly hot down here.

A real assignment is getting the boys ready to go off to school after dinner. I'm supposed to see that they are properly garbed in clean white shirts and blue short pants. I never realized how briefly shirts stay clean or white. The best excuse to try to escape school is to plead the lack of said shirt. I have to try to make several materialize from thin air every day. I usually end up with taking someone else's off the line or out of the drawer and telling the lad to wear it and hide the laundry mark.

One youngster thought he had me when he claimed he couldn't find his

pants, for there are not many extra pairs of the proper specifications lying about. I made him search everywhere, but no results till I joined the search and found the missing pants in the second layer of the lad's suitcase. They must have crawled in by themselves, for the lad had no idea how they got there.

When the last stragglers are gone to school, the monastery regains its ancient peace for a few blessed hours. At last I know why school was invented. But too swiftly do the happy hours fly by; there are shrieks in the front garden and the ancient ghosts flutter back to the belfry which is "off limits" to mortals under 15. Then comes the real hard work of trying to form a choir from muddy angels who know only high EEee with a K on the end. After supper the job is to keep the lads from undoing in an hour the work of a dozen generations of builders and gardeners. Thank goodness I brought a TV along and there are two channels available that show for free the same cat and mouse doings I used to pay a nickel to see back in the Twenties. Another good pacifier is Bingo, strictly non-profit, since we put up odds and ends for prizes. One evening we all went aboard a U.S. Coast Guard ice-breaker on its way back from the Antarctic. The loot we brought home plus other contraband received from sympathetic U.S. seamen supplies the prizes.

Then with the Southern Cross creeping high in the fall skies the day's activities end with night prayers sung in ancient Church Slavonic. Gradually thereafter bedtime peace settles where PAX has been the motto since 1650, but not before I undertake various pacifying expeditions to the monastic cells to make some of the noisy occupants do penance on their knees. So pass the days at Sao Vladimir's—few dull moments, no dull persons; 50 lively boys and two priests really on their side, trying to keep a step ahead of them, trying . . . trying.

The Alaskan cold was closing in and the missionary was afoot on a desperate chase



(Three Lions photo)

The Case of the Missing Dogs

NORMAN E. DONOHUE S.J.

I WAS TRAVELING by dogteam in the area south of Akulurak. There I heard of a baby to be baptized at a two-family "Village" at the southeast base of the mountain. Temperature was 35 below, but I decided to go to that village, Nunapikpuk, and baptize the baby. The trail was good, the dogs lively, so frisky that when I stopped to adjust a harness, they ran away with the sled.

I followed on foot, trusting that the dogs would stop when they reached Nunapikpuk. It is contrary to all sled-dog psychology to pass a village without stopping; a village means a rest, excitement, maybe a meal. But they were not there. Perhaps they had gone on to Kassigilok, a "village" of two cabins where I frequently stopped. However, I knew something the dogs could not know:

there was nobody living at Kassigilok at this time of the year!

My friends at Nunapikpuk gave me a good lunch, and I was off again on foot, reaching Kassigilok just as the sun was setting. No dogs in sight. But I had no time to worry about dogs then. I had to get inside, and fast.

Both cabins were padlocked but I found a broken shovel and managed to pry open the door of one of them. The inside was not exactly a camper's delight, but Providence had furnished the minimum for survival. There was a loaf of bread, a bit of butter, a piece of dry fish, a little oatmeal, a kerosene lamp. Best of all, there was a sleeping bag, and an alarm clock.

With everything frozen there was no hope of making the place comfortable,

but I built a fire, ate a scanty supper, pulled the sleeping bag right beside the stove, and tried to sleep. I set the alarm for one hour later. When it went off I replenished the firebox, reset the alarm for one more hour, and retired again. This process I kept up all night.

Next morning as soon as it got light, I resumed my travels back to Nunapikuk along the river trail, always watching for my wandering dogs. Had they gone past Kassigilok? The next stop would be Mountain Village. If they reached there and were recognized as the Mission team, everyone would think I had perished on the trail!

Now, on my last lap back to Nunapikuk, I began to develop cramps in my legs. This could have proved fatal at that temperature, but it wore off instead of increasing, and I reached the village before dark. The people there had been worrying about me, and put me up for the night, very comfortably.

Next morning we started off across country on the trail of the missing team. If they kept in the open they were safe, but once they tried to go through bushes they would almost certainly get stuck. They showed skill in keeping away from thickets. But at length the trail disappeared into a line of shrubs. I crawled through, and there they were! They had successfully negotiated the bushes, but on the far side the sled had turned over and stuck securely. I had not had much to eat during the intervening forty-eight hours, but they had had nothing at all, so they were delighted to see me, their meal ticket. For my part, I was so glad to find them safe and sound that I was willing to let by-gones be by-gones.

Our first move was to return to Nunapikuk, where I baptized the baby who had been the innocent occasion of all my trouble. He died later, so he knows all about it now, and I trust is praying for his father in Christ.

Sighs from Seoul

FATHER BASIL PRICE S.J. in Korea watched several kindly women from the neighborhood as they filled the Jesuits' *kimchee* pots. In went the raw fish, the garlic-saturated cabbage, the red peppers, the green onions and several other things which Father Price had no desire to identify. Then the good ladies dug a hole in the backyard and buried pots and contents. "Only thing to do with a mess like that," thought Father Price relievedly. Then he was informed, much to his dismay, that the burial was only to let the *kimchee* ripen without freezing. Soon, the ladies smilingly assured him, his plate would be heaped with it—a prospect not accepted exactly wholeheartedly by Father Price.

Remember—

Mission Sunday Is October 19th!

Dig that Wire!

TELEGRAMS ARE public messages in Ceylon; anybody can discuss freely who sent a wire to whom, and what was said. So the missionaries usually word their messages in such a way that the receiver will understand, but a curious looker-on will only be puzzled. (Sometimes the addressee is puzzled, too!).

One morning a perplexed postman delivered to Saint Michael's College, Batticaloa, a telegram that read: "Six feet under the table." Father Rieman read it, and told Brother Quintus to tell the cook that Father Lange and two others were coming from Trincomalee and would be in time for lunch.

Mission Musings:

*The greatest thermonuclear fissionary
Takes second place to any missionary.*

*A peek at a Formosa school day in a
drowsy village that is only a matter
of minutes away from Communist China*

Taiwan School

ON A SUMMER'S DAY in Taiwan (Formosa) Father Fred Foley S.J. went off to the country. His camera records the daily life in the village school—and somehow the pattern brings back memories of our own grammar school days.

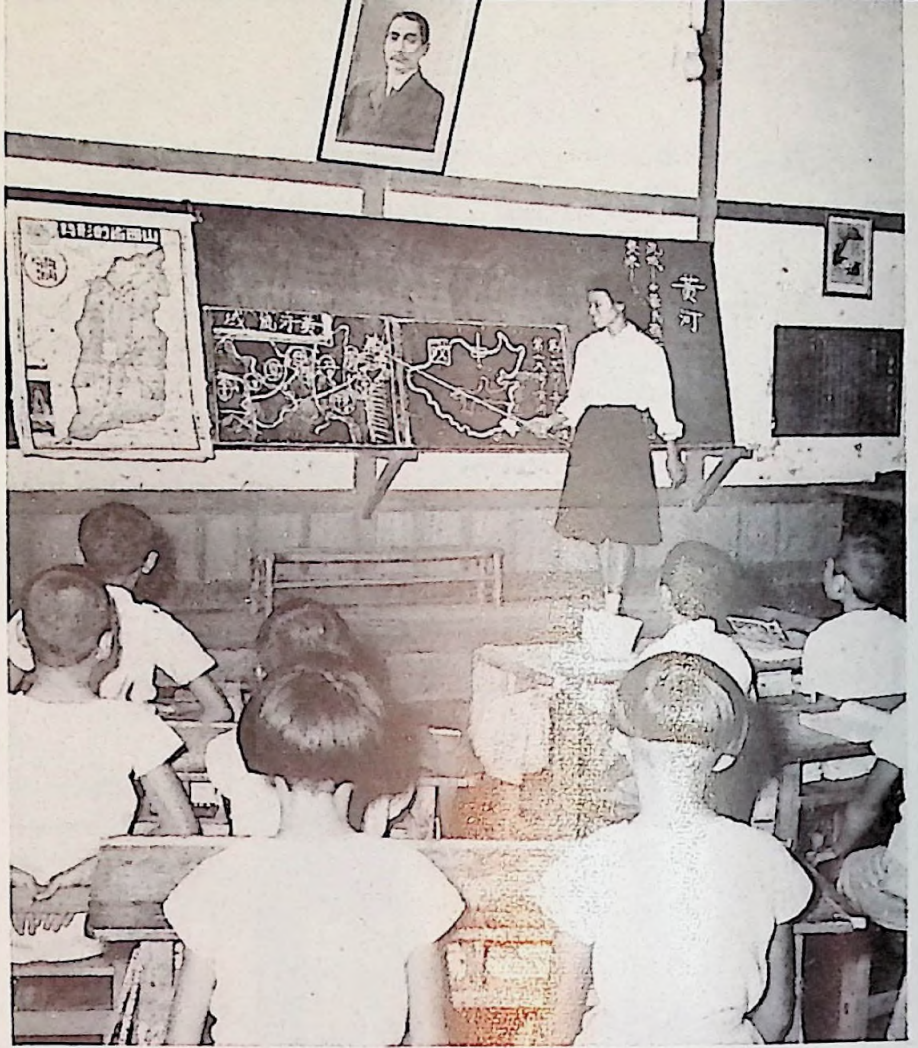
Father Foley was the first priest to live and celebrate Mass in this particular village. Although the population is only 3,000 the school enrollment is 1,000, for the children from the surrounding countryside swell the ranks. Education has always been highly prized by the Orientals, especially the Chinese.

Dragging reluctant feet, as school children do the world over, the students gather for the beginning of the classes. The boys don't appear to have much to say but the girls are already chatting away—yet when was it ever otherwise? Father Foley was very interested in the time classes began for he lived in the school during this survey. The village is in Tainan County, Chiang Chun.



Taiwan School

Class in third grade geography is conducted by young Normal School graduate. Picture of Doctor Sun Yat Sen is over blackboard in this village on the island where Nationalist China is making its last stand. Do you think the hair-cuts on the girls here in this Far East island are called "Dutch clips"?



Policing the grounds is the order of the day as the small fry find that many brooms make light work. Bare feet is almost the rule with these youngsters. The uniform for girls is a regular thing in Taiwan schools. It gives tone and makes even the poorest presentable.



What bell just rang? It's recess time and the playground is in for a rough beating in a matter of seconds. Have you lived this moment, and when was the last time you re-lived it?

School's out and there's nothing to do except scuff your bare feet in the dust of the country road and dream of the fishing ahead and the ones that got away. No need for words; there's only fun ahead, at least for the moment. Remember that these kids are only minutes away from the Communists on China's mainland and the years ahead are not going to be as carefree as this moment under shady trees on a dusty lane in the summertime. See them through the eyes of the missionary.



*It could have been another tragedy in India
but hands had reached across the seas to
help and the missionary found the answer*

Happy Ending

JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.

THE FIRST TIME I saw her she was herding goats in the barren land near her village, a Santal girl of perhaps eleven years, clad in a little skirt and blouse, as free and happy as the breezes that sent her dark hair flying. She gave me a smile and a respectful "Jesu maran" (praised be Jesus) with folded hands as I passed by on my motorcycle on the way to visit her sick father. The motorcycle sent the dust flying as I went up the village road and stopped in front of their little house of adobe and thatch. The father was lying on a rickety rope bed in a shaded corner of the yard.

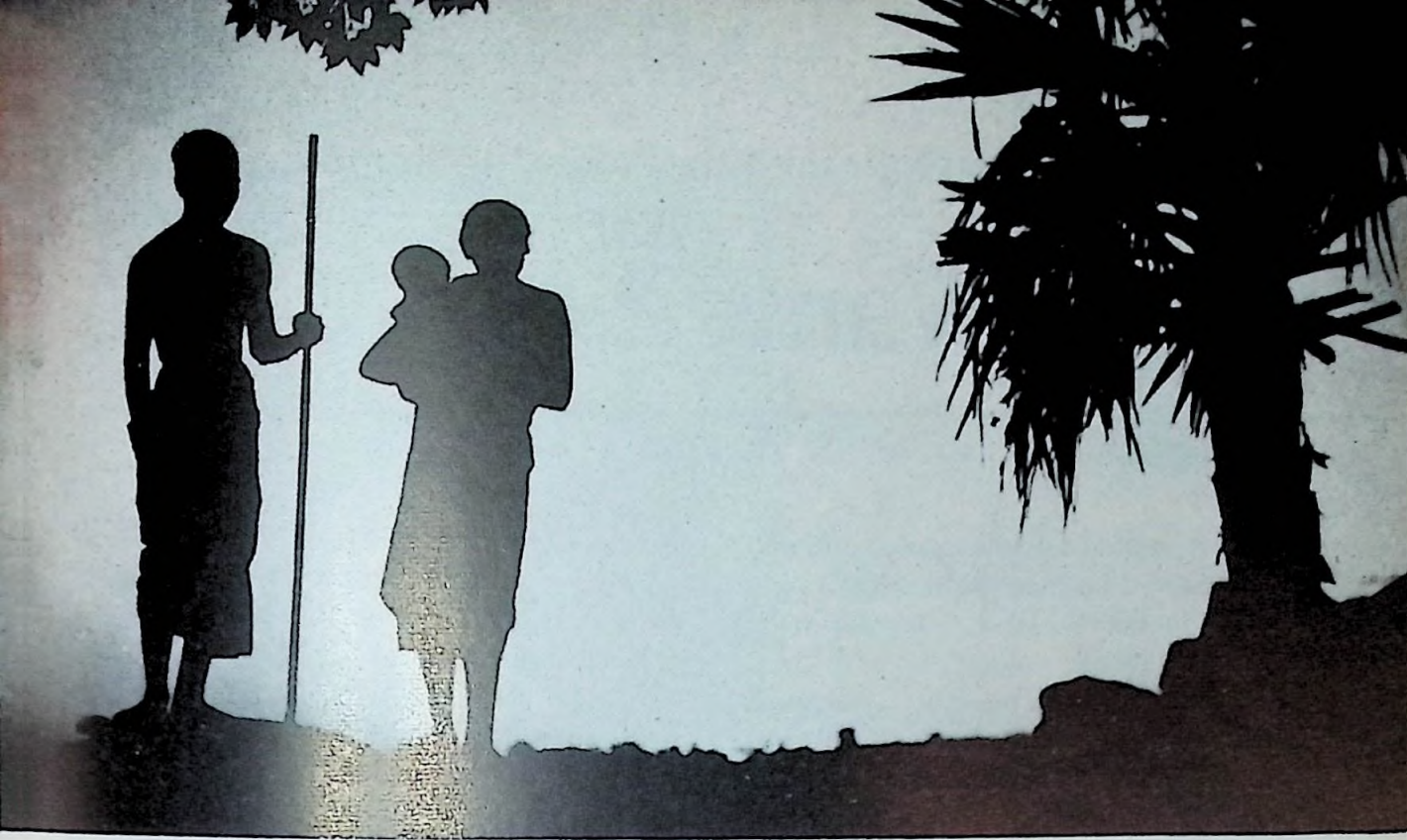
His was the all too common story in these parts. Due to previous sickness and drought with the consequent loss of his crops, he had been forced to mortgage most of his lands to a money lender. Unable to support his growing family on the little land that remained to him, he had gone off to the mica mines to work. He had sent home what money he could, which was not enough. Unable to stand up to the work at the mica mines, and with insufficient nourishment it was not long before he returned home, a broken and a beaten man, sick to death with tuberculosis, with little time to live.

But eat they must. The eldest son went off to the mica mines, the only work available. The mother did what she could, burdened with the care of three small children. And the little girl, we'll call her Teresa, herded goats.

There is nothing that grinds men down so much and knocks the very humanity out of them as continued hunger and crushing poverty. What the boy sent home from the mines was not enough, and he was the only real wage earner.

The next time I saw her she was sitting on a log by her house. Her clothes were rags. She was hungry and sick. She tried to smile, but her eyes had hunger and sickness behind them. She had been away from the house when I had buried her father. Her eldest brother had come home from the mines, sick with consumption. One child had died and another child would soon follow him. The haggard mother was caring for her family as best she could while trying to nurse a puny baby. There was no food in the house and, of course, no money.

Generous people may sometimes wonder what happens to the sacrifices they make and the charity of Christ that they send for the poor. Let me tell you.



I was able to get food for the family, and medicine for Teresa and her eldest brother. They also needed clothes. One brother managed to keep himself by herding cows for a neighbor. I took another brother in my boarding school. Slowly, very slowly, the health of the eldest brother improved. He finally pulled out of the dangerous stage of his illness and was convalescent. In two years' time he could do the very light work that I gave him. And when Teresa was well enough some kindly Sisters gave her work in their distant convent.

The years went by. Teresa, away at her work, was happy. The boy in my boarding school did well, I kept a close eye on what was left of the little family and with my help they managed.

When I saw her again the hungry, sick and ragged little girl of twelve was a full-blown young lady of seventeen. Good food, congenial work, the motherly care of the Sisters, and the charity of Christ had transformed her. Teresa was happy to help our Sisters here.

Then Jerry saw her, and well—that was that. A good boy, with fields and a flock of his own, his home was in a nearby village. Teresa's mother brought me the

good news. We arranged a go-between to make arrangements according to the Santal custom. Marriage banns were proclaimed and not long ago, Jerry with Teresa at his side stood before the altar.

Teresa was shy, but then all Santal brides are shy. She was so shy in fact that I had to put her hand in his. The promises made, Jerry and Teresa then knelt. Mass began, and soon Christ was present at their marriage. The Mass progressed and over the girl's bowed head I invoked the beautiful blessing of the Church, begging God to make her as lovable as Rachel, as wise as Rebecca, as long-lived and faithful as Sara; that she and her husband might see their children's children to the third and fourth generation; and that later they might have life everlasting. The Mass that Christ's Spouse, the Church, has prepared for her children when she starts them out in life is indeed beautiful.

The last time I saw them they were going down the road together towards their village, a boy and a girl with their lives before them, as the good God Who made them intended. They were happy. And if you could have seen them you would have been happy too.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

A Sioux Indian Girl has just graduated with honors from one of the Indian high schools in South Dakota. She wants to attend a Catholic college but will need financial help to continue her education. \$250.00 would see her through. Would you help pay part of the tuition?

A Do-It-Yourself House in India costs \$32.10 and that is the average cost of 7 out of 10 of the homes in Father Wieman's parish at Chuhari.

Every year Father Wieman helps 3 or 4 people pay for their own homes. Right now he asks if you would help him to aid a man with 6 children who needs shelter before the rains set in.

| | |
|--------------------|---------|
| Nails | .50 |
| Twine | .75 |
| Bamboo 6 for | \$1.00 |
| One House | \$32.10 |

Alaska Is a State but it's still mission territory. From there come these requests of Father Poole:

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|
| 3 Holy Water Fonts | \$20. ea. |
| 3 Luna Holders for Benediction | \$10. ea. |
| Cassocks | \$7. ea. |
| Surplices | \$3. ea. |

On First Friday Father Ed McManus almost didn't arrive at a village in the Caroline Islands because his outboard motor is over-age and balky. It's the only means he has to get to his villages for Mass and Holy Communion so you can understand his desire for a more reliable motor.

Father McManus happens to know

some of the needs of fellow missionaries who have been too shy to ask for help. Brother Ariceta needs 6 candlesticks. Father Roszel could use a movie projector. For your consideration, if you would be kind enough to help:

| | |
|-----------------------|----------|
| 6 Candlesticks | \$ 5.00 |
| Movie Projector | \$125.00 |
| Outboard Motor | \$200.00 |

Dhanbad, India is graced by the presence of the charitable Father Bernard O'Leary. His latest efforts to help the poor, by distributing milk powder, will need a little financing for transport expenses. \$1.00 will pay his transport expenses for 25 of the 4½ lb. cans.

If you would like to know the complete listing of Father's requests:

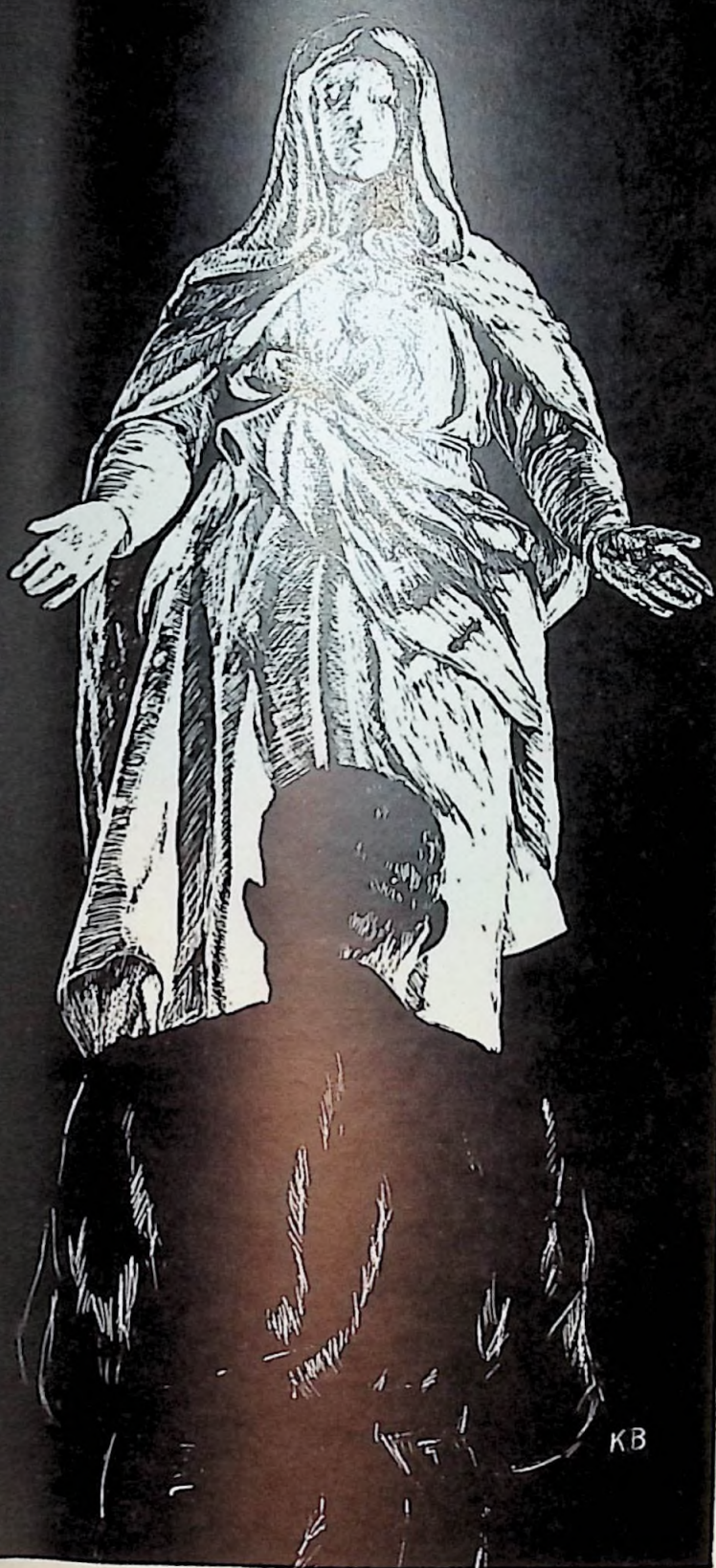
| | |
|------------------------|----------|
| Roof for house | \$600.00 |
| Vestments, a set | \$ 20.00 |
| Milk Transport | \$ 1.00 |

He's Sorry he had to do it, but Father Wilzbacher decided it would be safer to nail shut one of the doors of the Holy Rosary Church, Darbhanga, India. Old age, rot and termites have caused the six doors to sag. If you could help.

| | |
|----------------------|--------------|
| 6 Church Doors | \$18.00 each |
|----------------------|--------------|

Everyone Can't Be a Winner but when you have to supply prizes for 4,000 catechism students in 18 schools you have your problems. Father Venere of Tagoloan, Philippines would like to offer small prizes to the children—toys, rosaries, prayer books, pencils.

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 10 prizes | \$1.00 |
|-----------------|--------|



needed in Burma

The Jesuit Missionaries
who conduct a
Seminary in Rangoon
need statues of:

Sacred Heart

Our Lady

St. Joseph

for the Seminary Chapel.

WON'T YOU HELP?

Any contribution, large
or small, 50 cents to
Fifty Dollars, or more,
will be gratefully
received at:

Jesuit Missions

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

Sunday, October 19

is

MISSION

SUNDAY

Support your

Society for the Propagation

of the Faith

Give Generously