

November 1958

# JESUIT MISSIONS

*THE MIDDLE EAST*  
*mankind's cradle and crucible*





(United Nations photo)

**Levantine**, the people of the Middle East, descendants of Phoenicians, of Abraham, of Sem and Ishmael, have grown accustomed to the easy gesture that betokens surrender. Now the West has come to help them in technical ways but they are still suspicious of an expert who tries to teach them the value of trapping mosquitos and controlling malaria.



Missions assigned to  
the American Jesuits  
by the Pope:

- Baghdad
- Ceylon
- Alaska
- Belize
- Japan
- Burma
- China
- Caroline Islands
- Formosa
- Jamaica
- Jamshedpur
- Korea
- Pafna
- Philippines
- Marshall Islands
- Nepal
- Yoro
- American Indians

# JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

November 1958, Vol. 32, No. 9

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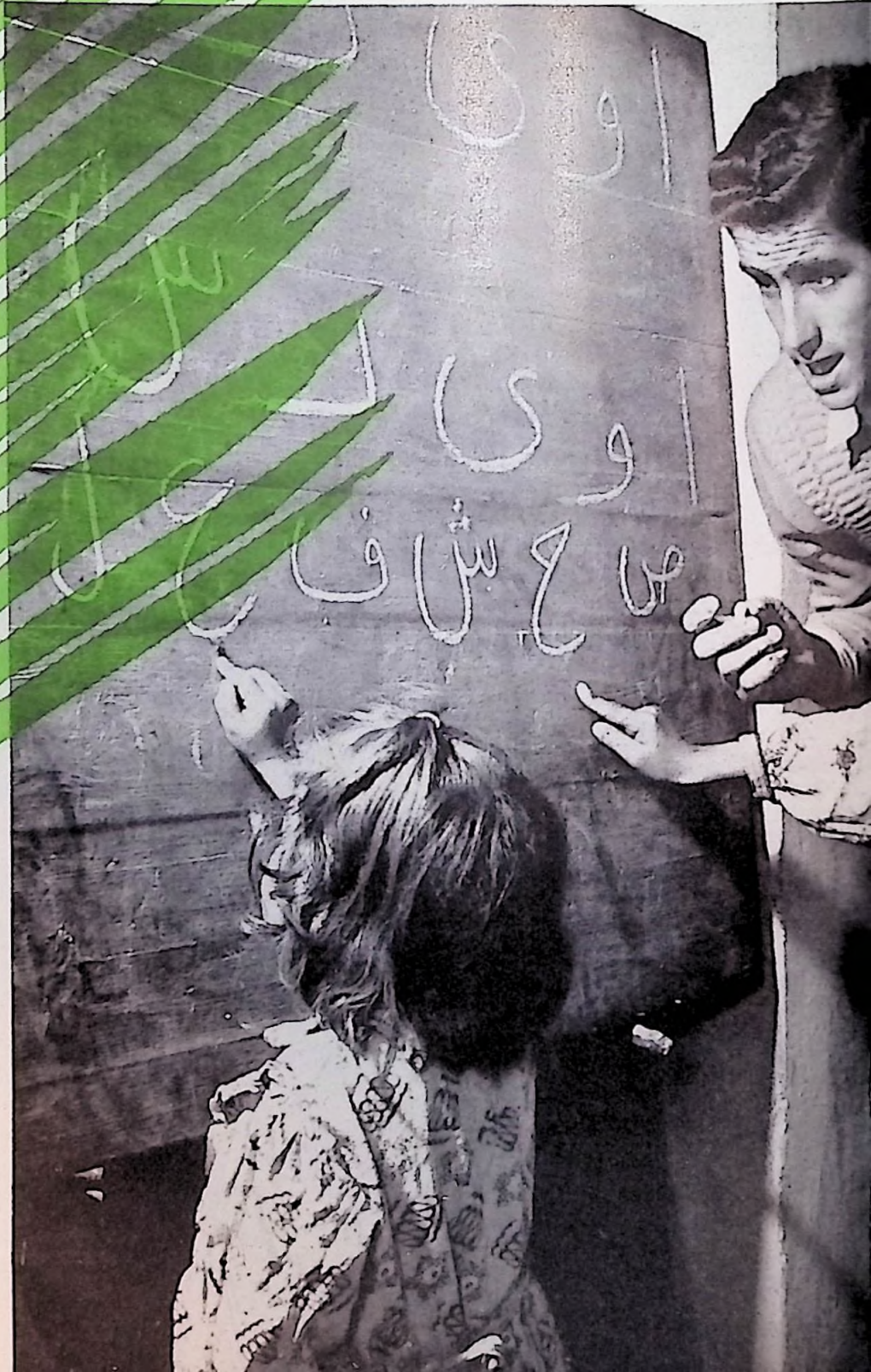
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# THE MIDDLE EAST-



CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

# Mankind's cradle and crucible

(United Nations photo)



*Since the creation of man, down to our own day, this has been the testing ground of what men believe and have died for*

**T**HE MIDDLE EAST—the cradle and crucible of humanity. So, too, it has been the background for the birth and testing of the Catholic Church, a strange and bleak story that has no counterpart anywhere else in the world. Here in Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor the Church of Jesus Christ was born, took root and flowered. Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, and later Constantinople, were the centers that shaped the Christian Liturgy and solidified the fluidity of the Church's beginning. Now only Rome is a Christian center; Alexandria and Constantinople are Moslem; Antioch is a cluster of mud huts on the dried-out banks of the once famous Orontes River.

Yet out of these cities came the Fathers and Doctors who played a preponderating part in the early Church. After the time of the Apostles, these men were the ones who most of all guided and shaped Christian thought. The first eight Ecumenical Councils were held in these countries and the vast majority of their members were of the so-called Eastern Church. Over twenty Popes have come from the ranks of their episcopacy.

# The Middle East



## THE LANDS

*The Garden of Eden, the  
Tower of Babel, the road  
to Damascus—Bible lands*

The missionaries here know their work is not so much the bringing of the Light as the rekindling of embers grown almost cold. They came into a centuries-old twilight where men remembered the brightness of the morning. Every road they follow is sharp with memories that hurt, the memories of the great Church of the East which gave to the world so many saints and martyrs, the monks of the desert, the scholarly leaders like Basil, Gregory Thaumaturgus, Athanasius, Chrysostom and John Damascene. This was the part of earth where the Son of God walked, where Stephen died, where Paul laughed in the face of Diana of the Ephesians. Its history begins in the Garden of Eden and runs down to today. It is the most sacred part of the world—and to the missionary the most heart-breaking, the long unfinished trial of Job.

(United Nations photo)



**Memories of Babel** and the tower men would use to conquer heaven are evoked by this ancient ziggurat with its winding staircase in southern Iraq. On its summit sacrifice was offered to the gods.

IN THE FIRST 400 years of its existence the Church of the East had grown to all-powerful stature. It had weathered the early persecutions and Christianity had been proclaimed the religion of the Empire—so much so that Emperor Theodosius the Great had issued an edict in the year 380 that all subjects of the Empire must be Christian. The subsequent history bears a remarkable similarity to the story of Job. In the beginning this byword for long suffering and unshakable trust in God possessed riches and power. Then the Sabaeans and the Chaldeans robbed him of his goods, lightning from heaven struck his sheep, and a hurricane out of the desert killed his children. He sat alone on the dung-hill, an object of contempt and derision. Step by step, the story of Job has been paralleled in the history of the Church in the lands of the Middle East.

The two raids are the Nestorian and Monophysite heresies, the first teaching that in the Hypostatic Union there were two natures and two personalities that made up one moral person. Among other things it meant that Mary could not be called the Mother of God but only the Mother of Christ. It was a doctrine that struck squarely at the courage and expansion of heart which the two truths of the Incarnation and the Mystical Body of Christ had given to a people whose very nature had made the Middle East the cradle of dualism and defeatism.

Centuries ago men built this frontier bridge across Prince Ali Gorge on the Iraqi-Persian border. The Kurds still use it for their migrations twice a year. This region has long been a Christian refuge for Nestorians and their Catholic counterparts, the Chaldeans.



The popular reaction was a rush to crush this heresy—and the result was another heresy, one that was most characteristic of the Middle East temperament because even though it did violence to the mind it encouraged the defeatist heart, and the cry of the heart with them has always been louder than that of the head. Monophysism, the doctrine of the one nature in Christ, was defended with a typical zeal and concomitant blindness.

Was either of these heresies something the people believed in? No. It seems that only a few ever accepted them for their intrinsic rational appeal. For the majority, the Nestorians in Persia and the Monophysites in then Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia and Turkey, other grounds for heresy are always evident, and these are emotional.

We must remember that these were the border peoples between the Persian and Greek (Roman) Empires. They were the first to suffer in the constant wars; they had no love for any of their constantly changing rulers; they had been persecuted by both sides.



# The Middle East

## THE PEOPLE

*Fire trapped in the circle  
of environment; dynamite  
with a short, short fuse*

HISTORY MUST be viewed in the mirror of those who make it. The people of the Middle East are not Westerners; they have different standards than we have, a different outlook on life. We must not commit the mistake of expecting them to be the same as we are. They are a distinct type of people, even as we are, and if we consider some of the contrasts between the two types we will realize that they will never merge, that East will always be East and never West.

So an American will find that his dependence on his own self, his careful planning and execution of a job, the high material standards he sets for himself, are not paralleled by similar traits in the Levantine. But the latter balances those particular qualities with his deep religious sense, with his tenacity to life and its essentials, and with his unworldliness. The Westerner will cultivate good manners and a sense of reserve; the Easterner will regard these as somewhat artificial and will allow his natural vivacity and friendly curiosity to guide his actions. The American has grown up in a world that has emphasized progress, that prides itself on its scientific and materialistic achievement. As a result, indifference, neglect of the supernatural, morality without the necessary base of religion are only too common today in the West.

That absorption in self and in mate-

rial progress has caused man to drift away from the things of God; it gives birth to a distorted sense of values—and we become inclined to judge others by those values. Against these defects of the West we can balance the laziness, the unreasonableness, the impracticality and fatalism of the Levantine. His world has not been one of progress; all around him are the vestiges of the past, the memory of dynasties that rose and fell, the lesson of defeat and failure and impermanence. The Bedouin pitch their camps among the fallen columns of Palmyra and Baalbek; Babylon is a heap of dusty mounds; on the ridges of Syria and Palestine the fortresses of the Crusaders have crumbled. There is too much of the past on every side to render the present or future of much importance. A sense of values different from our own holds in the East.

A close observer of the people of the Levant has noted that the slogan for the instincts found in them might justly be "Living space for the feelings." It is true that life there expresses itself predominantly through the sensible emotions. Now a Westerner can be emotional yet he will also have an object on which that emotion can spend itself. But in the Levant the object is unnecessary; what is sought is emotion itself, a complete and unlimited freedom for every impulse grounded in a highstrung nature.

One indication of this is the high social value placed on violent emotion. The Arabic words for "hot-blooded" and "cold-blooded" have practically the same meaning as in English, viz., emotional and unemotional. However, while to us the normal, proper state would be somewhere in between the two contrasts, in the Levant the normal man is "hot-blooded" and such a state is deemed desirable and admirable. "Cold-bloodedness" is one of the most detestable epithets among a people whose language excels in verbal condemnation. Anyone who has witnessed in the East the almost im-



**Family Bonds** are closer in the Middle East for the Levantine tends to cherish his own while the Westerner is inclined to be more philanthropical and public-minded. (UNations pic)

possible display of boiling temper over some trifle will appreciate how highly an outbreak of emotion is valued socially.

One result of this primacy of emotion is that normally all living runs in the inflation-deflation cycle of the sensible emotions. Due to emotion's utter dominance the cycle sets the movement and rhythm of the whole spiritual and moral life. A man will ride the clouds or he will lie in the dust of the earth. He will

know the swing upwards of fierce exaltation and the plunge into heavy dejection. It is a cycle that cuts its way into every detail of life. Everywhere in the East there is too much or too little. Authorities will be furiously angry or lazily complacent; the great of the land will be too great for wisdom and the lowly almost too low for human living. The "golden mean" has no place here; it is European and of the West.



## The Middle East

### CRADLE AND CRUCIBLE

*The Church of the East  
has travelled a strange  
and unrivalled path.*

SO THE PATTERN of what had once been the Eastern Church took on the shape that it would keep for centuries. Persia was Nestorian; Syria, Palestine and the fringes of Arabia were Monophysite or Jacobite, so-called after Jacob Bardaeus, the leading exponent and spreader of the heresy. In the north the Armenians had also become Monophysites while the Maronites of Lebanon were to be infected with the compromising but still heretical doctrine of Monothelitism. This was the pattern that solidified and became brittle with age, a thing easily chipped and whittled down by outside influences, so that when the missionaries came centuries later they found little that had stood up against the hurricane out of the desert.

Islam was a sudden thing, a blast from the desert, brown Arabian horsemen with the Name of God for their battlecry pouring in upon these lands that form the bridge for Europe, Asia and Africa. Any Syrian boy who was born at the beginning of the 7th Century would have lived a lifetime of surprises. At the age of 14 he would have seen the Persians sweep across his land and capture Antioch and Jerusalem; before he was 30



**Bethlehem** is the eternal reminder that God chose to become one of these people.

the Greek Emperor Heraclius would have driven them out, recovered Armenia and Syria, crushed the Persian military organization, and restored the true Cross to Jerusalem. Then while he was still in his thirties he would have seen the coming of the desert riders with their unparalleled chain of victories; Damascus, Jerusalem, North Africa, Cyprus, Armenia, Asia Minor. The Persian Empire that had flourished for twelve centuries went down before the onslaught of the Arabs. By the time the Syrian was 43 years old a new and strange power stood on the borders of India and held all the lands westward to Tripoli in Africa.

Islam and its sudden and enduring conquest has never been adequately explained. It was not a military victory only; Islam's triumph over the souls of

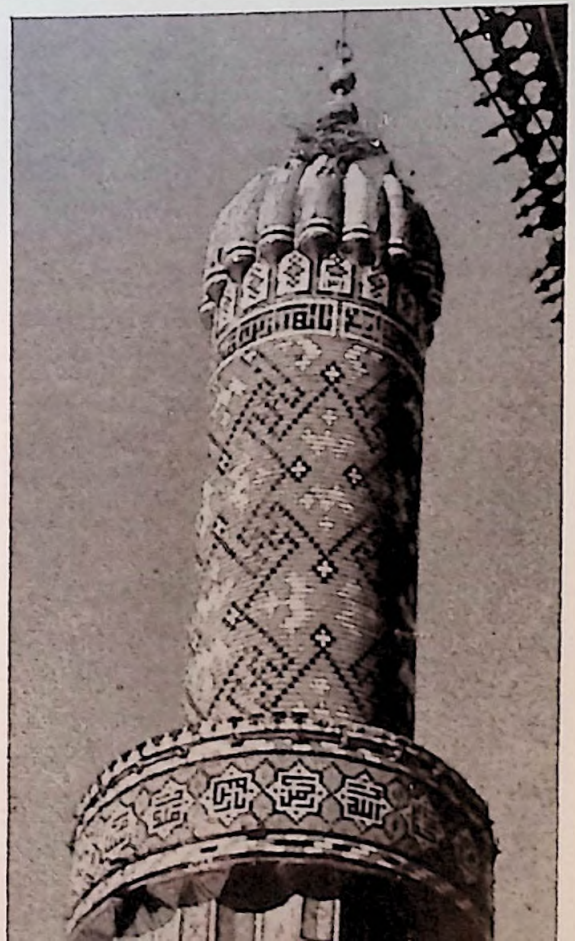
men still stands as the greatest barrier Christianity has ever met. Whether it would have survived without the benefit of the military victory is conjectural, but the fact is that numerically inferior forces won victory after victory and claimed to have done it by the power of their religion.

In the countries of the Middle East the people welcomed the invaders for their coming promised relief from the Persian or Greek yoke. All the religious quarrels which so few understood but which darkened the lives of all could be swept away by the simple tenets of Islam that everyone could easily comprehend. It meant a relaxation of intelligence for peoples, the majority of whom were uneducated and naturally mentally lazy. It also brought with it a freedom for the appetites of man—and this to peoples who were emotional by nature. For the slave it promised freedom; for the ordinary man justice and economic peace. We have to see Islam against the background of the religious, social and economic order into which it burst—then the explanation for its survival becomes clearer.

One common misconception is that in the countries overrun by Islam the Christians flocked to its standard. The truth is that they welcomed the new power as a political thing, not as a religion. For generations the great majority of the people remained Christian and in cities like Jerusalem, Damascus and Antioch the only Mohammedans were the rulers and the garrisons. The Christians were forced to pay tribute but in the beginning they were quite free to practice their religion. So, for example, the first two centuries of Mohammedan domination in Persia were the most glorious period in the history of the Nestorian Church. There the Christians held many offices of trust; they were in great part the teachers of the Arabs; and this was the time of their greatest missionary ex-

pansion. In Syria also, the Monophysites became powerful at the court of the Caliphs who at first recognized in them allies against the Greeks.

But it was a relation that could not last. It is not in the nature of these peoples to be tolerant. Tolerance is an attitude of reasoned patience, a forbearance that is a restraint. It can hardly exist in a character dominated by feeling, resentful of restraint. The political and religious history of Islam is a series of explosions among themselves or against others. Always there has to be an underdog, a whipping post, for feelings that must be released. So the darkness closed down upon the Church in the East, the darkness of the desert that crept gradually from the Arabs who lived on the fringe of Syria, through the farmers of the fertile lands, until it reached the cities. It was not a complete darkness for the Christian peoples were never blotted out. But there were many persecutions with their whittling down of the weak. It was easy to live in Islam—but it meant heroism to live with it and be not of it.



# The Middle East



WE MUST REMEMBER that when we speak of the Churches of the Eastern Rite and their agelong fidelity we are using general terms which are put together out of the individual lives of nameless men and women. If we have seemed somewhat severe in speaking of their characteristics as peoples it must not blind us to the one incontestable, shining fact—that under pressure they stood up; that under persecution they died. A generation ago Adrian Fortescue, the Catholic historian, paid them a tribute that was as true four centuries

**Date Palms** and water symbolize the bare essentials of life for many in this area.

(Three Lions photo)



ago as it is today. "And at least for one thing we must envy them, for the glory of that martyr's crown they have worn for over a thousand years. We can never forget that. During all those dark centuries there was not a Copt nor a Jacobite, nor a Nestorian nor an Armenian, who could not have bought relief, ease, comfort, by denying Christ and turning Turk. These poor forgotten *rayas* in their pathetic schisms for thirteen hundred years of often ghastly persecution kept their loyalty to Christ . . . The long bloodstain that is their history must atone, more than atone, for their errors about Ephesus and Chalcedon. For who can doubt that when the end comes, when all men are judged, their glorious confession shall weigh heavier than their schism? Who can doubt that those unknown thousands and tens of thousands will earn forgiveness for errors of which they were hardly conscious, when they show the wounds they bore for Christ? . . . For there is a promise to which these Eastern Christians have more right than we who sit in comfort under tolerant governments: 'He who has confessed Me before men, him will I confess before My Father' . . ."

Yes, the Middle East has been a fiery crucible and the cradle for mankind. The Star of David, the Crescent, and the Cross are not the ingredients of peace. But let us remember the Catholics and Dissidents who have been loyal to Christ. Suffering is the proof of love, and their long Calvary is unrivalled.

**Pipelines** are characteristic of today's Middle East. Not only do they thread the various countries with oil for the West but they are also used to carry badly needed water to sparsely irrigated regions. Here workers on a water pipeline seek out the only shady spot in the desert project, the 66-inch interior of the pipe sections. Once the glory of the Roman Empire, the desert areas must be won back by irrigation.

(United Nations photo)





*Never underestimate the power of a woman who  
sets out to help missionaries far away  
and inspires those around her*

## **IT ALL STARTED WITH A DOLLAR**

**T**HIRTEEN YEARS AGO, as has often happened before and since with others, Eileen Luhrs picked the name of a missionary from *Jesuit Missions*, and from her own poverty sent him a single dollar bill. The padre was an obscure figure in a small mission field of Central America. He bothered to write thank you. The charity of that dollar bill, sparked with many of God's graces, exploded into a thousand-dollar sideline job for Eileen.

She tried her luck at picking out the name of another missionary, and then another—finding out their needs, learning about the works of their particular field in the Lord's Vineyard. Some wanted clothes, others wished good reading material, others wanted vestments, and soon

she discovered that missionary's needs are both endless and varied. Far from stopping Eileen, this became a challenge for her. She rang the door bells of all the convents within a fair radius of the new home her husband was trying to pay for from his modest salary. Sisters gave her good reading materials, books, some vestments, and other needed items.

She reminded her closest friends and her mere acquaintances that they had not cleaned their clothes closets for years. She would drop in and help them with the job, and salvage for the missions all that was to be thrown out; and she began to gape at what fancy good materials were to be thrown away or were just lying as tasty morsels for the moths. Her

own front hall, the basement, and the attic began to fill; and although she was sending out up to twenty packages a week, she needed more outlets. So, she picked out the names of other missionaries on other mission fields until now she is working for nineteen missions.

Some hot morning in Summer, try tying up twenty bundles of this-that-and-the-other-thing, then carry them on your own time to the nearest post-office, and look nonchalant when the postman figures up the postage on twenty packages that are going to countries that even Dulles hasn't yet touched. Although she gave up vacation and all extra car trips, and cut down on desserts, still the stamp situation was out of reach. So Eileen's best friends steadily formed a reflex action whenever she approached. Their purses would flick up under their arms, and squeeze would be applied. But they usually unflexed again and dug out the postage money that was in constant and urgent demand. Anonymous good angels began to play the game with her, and her mail would sometimes reveal surprises of modern unused stamp assortments. She likes to tell of the morning five crisp twenty-dollar bills fluttered out of an envelope "for postage." Sender unknown. "Here I hesitate to send a dollar through the mail if it is not registered, and an unknown person sends to me one hundred dollars worth of those attractive Monroe pictures for my charities!"

Bridal gowns are used only three times, once to try them on, again on the big day, and finally before the photographer. Nimble Sisters' fingers with thimbles on remote missions can alter these into beautiful white vestments for the altar, so she was told; or they may be used as glorified borrowed finery for the mission wedding that might not have taken place just for want of a dress. Eileen, long past her own wedding day, found out that there is a legion of recent brides who would and do sacrifice

their trousseaus to the missions. At one time she found herself with ten gowns waiting to be transformed into the dignity of chasubles or benediction copes.

One of her missionaries stopped her when he wanted a typewriter. But her own she wouldn't sacrifice, she contended, for with it, "I pound off the magazine articles that bring in more cash for postage. Although I have not yet been able to 'crash' any of your Jesuit magazines, I still keep my Jesuits on my list."

To the original bush missionary, she recently wrote, "I'm glad, too, that I picked you out of JM. If you hadn't thanked me for that lone dollar that I sent you, I wouldn't have enjoyed the friendship of either you or your family. Feel honored, Father; you were and still are the first of our now 19 missions! So much can be done by so few; and it always makes me annoyed when people say they have nothing for the missions. I always tell them that they should share their poverty, and their prayers. For it is in sharing that we show our love for Christ, and in turn we are loved. The world needs lovers of Christ as it has never needed them before."

To conclude, may we not quote another phrase of the Master, Who commended the widow at the temple gate: "Go, and do thou in like manner"?



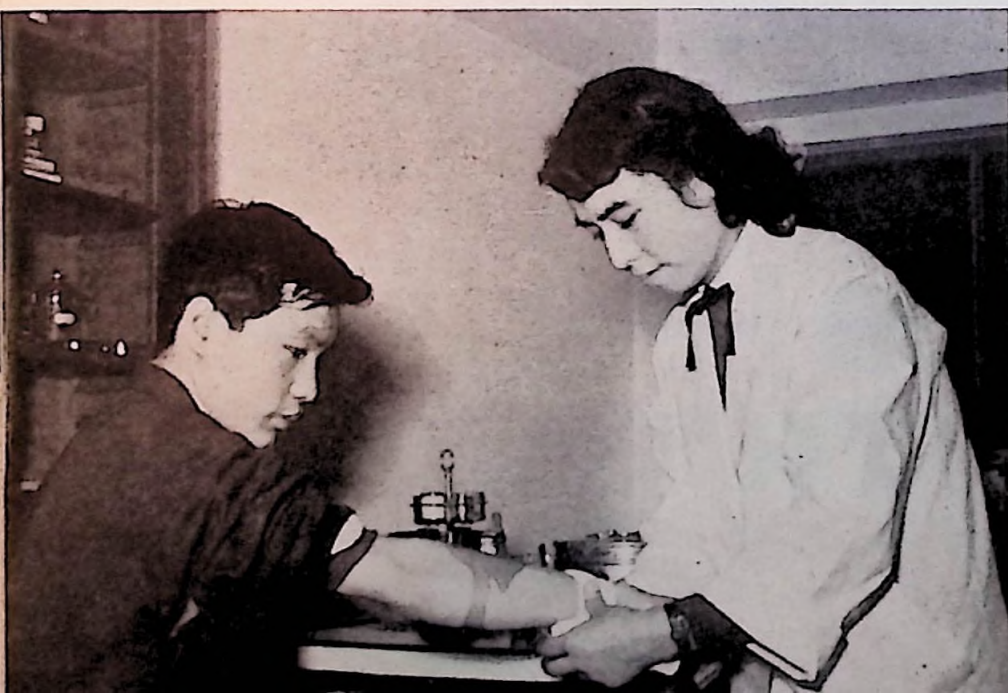
## The Ultimate Triumph

*A winner all his short life,  
he came into the last contest  
with questions in his mind.*

**M**AKOTO SUGIYAMA was accustomed to winning. A student at Sophia University in Tokyo, he was captain of the tennis team, a star trackman and outstanding in the classroom. His was the kind of life most schoolboys dream of.

But there was one field in which Sugiyama did not feel at home—religion. A Buddhist by birth, he sensed that his Jesuit teachers and his fellow students who were Christian had a sureness, a confidence, in their beliefs which he himself did not possess. So he asked questions.

Those questions came just in time. The Asiatic flu struck Tokyo and it caught Sugiyama in his one big error, failure to receive the immunizing shot. He died, but not before his questions had been answered and he had been baptized a Catholic even on his deathbed. Sugiyama had won again.



Test for tuberculosis was taken at the Sophia University Infirmary, one immunization which he did not receive. He was for the Asiatic flu, although not in his class, even his roommate, had

Death hovers  
draws to its close  
marian, Ryota Shir  
This was the time fo  
had once asked  
when he felt like  
quested baptism. He rece



**Studies** came first with Sugiyama and his teacher, Gerard Barry S.J. of the Maryland Province, attests this.

**Trophies** were not a strange thing to the young Sophia athlete for he had excelled in sports all during his college career. One prize was for his victory in the University three-mile cross country run, an annual event whose course lies around the nearby Imperial Palace. Father John Hughes S.J. of Boston awards the trophy.

Sugiyama  
the  
receive

...wings as the drama of life  
...ded by the student infir-  
... Sugiyama prepares for death.  
... thinking and the boy who  
... mission to visit the chapel  
... made his decision and re-  
... ae Last Rites before death.



# Window on the Mission

## Autumn Leaves

Golden symbols of a summer past and gone, they reach their brief apogee of beauty and are carried afar by every restless wind. In the popular song they were reminders of "a faded summer love," of short moments close to the threshold of happiness before circumstances closed a door, perhaps forever.

This is the time of year when college and high school graduates have made their decisions and begun their various careers. Did they choose the right paths, and was the choice entirely theirs? We wonder, for in the course of years we have met many older persons who spoke wistfully of their earlier desires to be a priest or nun. But the wind of adverse circumstances blew them off that course and they have weathered the years, with now and then a tiny bell of regret tinkling in their souls. Yet, oftentimes, those circumstances could have been overcome without too much difficulty.

One of the saddest reasons often advanced for failure to heed that divine plea is parental objection. It is so sad because so often it is so selfish. And it is a selfishness based on ignorance, on a twisted sense of values, on motives of a world for which Christ would not pray, even on the night before He died.

When we have a problem that is a little too big for us individually, the ordinary procedure is to call in an expert in that field, a doctor, a lawyer, an architect. But how often a priest or nun, experts on Christ and His work, try to explain to some interested soul the things that are so hard to fit into mere words, the dignity, the honor, the happiness of

living with Christ in God's household—only to encounter interference from outside! And God's work, the only really worthwhile cause on earth, receives another setback. Another summer love fades and grows cold. The only thing ahead is autumn, and a wind forever restless, and beauty gone.

## Noprila

The Newest land to be graphically mapped out is Noprila—No Priest Land, U.S.A.—and in their Autumn issue the Glenmary Home Missionaries emphasize its extent and needs. Twenty million people, of whom less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1% are Catholics, are spread out through 819 counties and 73,000 towns and places in our own country. There are no priests, no Brothers, no Sisters and no Catholic churches in an area that is ten times the size of England, Scotland and Ireland put together—and that in our own backyard! The very existence of Noprila underlines the crying need for vocations to the priesthood, sisterhood and brothers.

## Mass of the Ghosts

November in the Philippines is known as kalag-month. *Kalag* means "ghost" and every town and little barrio wants its own *misa sa mga kalag*, the Mass of the Ghosts, for the repose of the departed souls. This means a lot of traveling for the priests, a different place or even two each morning. In Cagayan the Catechetical Audio-Visual Mobile Unit comes in very handy at this time. It is a jeep with a specialized body housing movie projector, films, public address system, etc. Because of its compact size and 4-wheel

drive it can reach even the off-the-road barrios. It has been in use for three years now as a mass medium of religious instruction and has been highly successful. Couple it with the Mass of the Ghosts, and the first step, the gathering of the audience, is already accomplished.

## By-ways

Social workers in this country, or those organizations connected with social work, might very well be interested in a monthly published in the Philippines by Father Thomas A. Mitchell S.J. It is called "Social Work" and gives a good picture of how it is done in a Catholic way. It was needed because several of the schools teaching social work methods use American textbooks which are based on incorrect philosophy and in trying to be "neutral" to all religions end up being unreligious. Subscription price is \$1.50 a year and will be gladly handled by Father William Wood (address in next column).

Advertising promotion can have strange ramifications. Ford Motor Co. offered to special customers straw hats for one dollar only. But these hats were from Jamaica and the resulting flood of orders had a sharp impact on Jamaica's drooping economy. A severe drought had set back the farmers so they gladly turned to this new project. But the point is, this particular industry has been in high gear for some years at Father Edmund Cheney's humming mission at Above Rocks, a mission showcase for every visitor who wants to see what an enterprising priest can do.



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The Eternal King must rule again in His rightful place in Rio and every other city of modern Latin America.



*The Holy Father asks us to turn our eyes and thoughts to Latin America during November and to realize the dangers to which the Faith there is exposed*

## Neighbors

**S**TONES, JEERS, and threats during Vice President Nixon's visit to Latin America earlier this year shocked the United States. This unneighborly reception indicated that all is not well down there, at least as far as relations with the United States is concerned.

Not so shocking but quite electrifying is the Holy Father's Mission Intention for November. Corruption of faith and morals is taking place rapidly in Latin America, the land which houses almost a third part of the whole Catholic world. How to combat it? The Holy Father asks us to pray that the Catholic men of Latin America actively and positively oppose the dangers gnawing at the roots of their age-old culture and civilization.

We have our own problems with faith and morals in the United States. Similar problems prevail in Latin America to-



Health has become important with the advent of modern teaching and techniques.

## in danger

JOSEPH S. McBRIDE S.J.

gether with others that are typical of the area. To help give a better understanding of these we have chosen individuals in various countries and the specific danger to faith and morals which they face. There is Pedro in Peru who is caught in the remnants of 18th and 19th Century Liberalism and Freemasonry. He sees that his Church has been outlawed from public education, its properties confiscated, its clergy's influence weakened. Pedro learns that the Catholic Church has outworn its usefulness in the modern scientific age and that the state must settle all important matters. He sees the trend towards these because the liberal politicians speak in attractive terms of democracy and the "rights of man."

Carlos of Chile has felt the impact of the insidious work of an ever increasing number of Protestant missionaries. Un-

educated and uninformed, he has no defense against the hatred, calumny, contempt and falsehoods hurled at him by these people whose work was once confined to the distribution of Bibles and a few petty campaigns against the clergy. Also the venom of immoral movies weakens his once strong faith in what is right. A few years ago the Bishops of Central America asked that the Bishops of North America consider "the possibility of preventing the shipment to our countries of motion picture films, so conducive to sin, which are de-Christianizing our faithful." So the dangers multiply.

In Brazil Luis is a workingman, strong and capable. His downfall is excessive drinking. Drunkenness is the most deeply rooted vice of many unhappy Indians. It carries them into the most absolute misery and into spiritual and corporal de-

*Different countries, different  
problems — but the dangers are  
very real and could be fatal*



**Farming** still follows the old methods in many places.



**Rock'n'roll** down the river as generations before have done on the swift currents.

generacy. Luis is subjected to feudalistic working conditions. His social condition is backward and abject, leaving him and his family isolated and forgotten, and not knowing any of the honest pleasures of a more progressive civilization.

Osvaldo of Bolivia is proud of his membership in a trade union. His country, as many in Latin America, is undergoing industrialization. His union promises him every personal benefit—and if he does his share to support the union his country will become great. And like a lot of American unionists he is one hundred percent behind the people making the promises whether they are Communists or racketeers. Unfortunately, the Reds are very much alive in his union and many others in Latin America. Osvaldo goes along with his Communist-led union because there is no other potent social force to provide him with insight to the deceits of the Red propaganda.

Humberto of Mexico has great respect for the padre when he visits the town. So infrequently however has the priest been able to give Humberto and his family instructions that it is not unusual to find him and his relatives engaging in superstitious practices. They just don't know any better. Humberto would be a much better Catholic if more priests were available to teach him how to adore the one true God.

Here are five of thousands of men exposed to the perils that are undermining the Catholic Faith in Latin America. They could be staunch defenders of the Faith. They lack proper religious training and education: they need militant Catholic leadership. Until the missionary efforts of a fair number of priests and Sisters now laboring in Latin America can be multiplied over and over Pope Pius XII wants us to pray Catholics like Pedro and Humberto into some clear-cut action against the evils that are making them most un-neighborly as Latin Americans and as Children of God.



## The roof is leaking



and the walls are sagging in the Church and the rectory.



Father Richard Neu of Adra, India, finds that he *has* to rebuild in order to make the buildings safe for himself and his flock. The trouble is:



he has no money.

Won't you help?



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

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

*The Indians were on the warpath  
and there was only one white man  
whom they trusted, the Jesuit  
Blackrobe who spoke to them*

## with no forked tongue

J. G. E. HOPKINS

**D**ESPITE the romantic view of the Old West which you see hourly on television the story wasn't all melodrama. Long before the day of the wagon trains and the cow towns, certain white men had journeyed West for reasons other than personal gain. While Sioux and Cheyenne, Arapaho and Blackfeet were still masters of the land, living off the great herds of buffalo and following a way of life which had its own nobility apart from its apparent squalor and ignorance, Catholic missionaries had come to bring them the good news of the Gospel. The tribes of the plains and the Rockies were originally quite receptive to Christianity. There was reason to

hope that the Indians could in time acquire the best elements in white civilization without losing their own.

The Jesuits who went on missions to the west of the Mississippi between 1838 and the end of the Civil War had this idea very clearly in their minds. If they were let alone to accustom the Indians very slowly to the ways of civilized life, and to teach them the white man's arts and crafts according to their capacity to learn, the Jesuits knew that these nomad hunters and fishermen could be brought eventually to a point of economic equality with the whites. But it meant time.





(Universal Pictures photo)

Unhappily, time was not permitted the missionaries. Only a year or two after the founding of the first mission villages, which were to serve as models for imitation by tribe after tribe until all had been settled in permanent homes of their own choice and building, came the irresistible surge of white settlers out over the Oregon and California trails.

Indian land, Indian rights, Indian cultures were as nothing to the newcomers, and the government of the United States supported them in their most unjust activities. They seized the most fertile sites wherever they went. They killed

off the buffalo herds and wasted the forage. More than this, their bad moral example gave the lie to the missionaries' teaching that a Christian was a better man. As a final touch during President Grant's administration, Catholic priests were limited to a handful of mission stations and were forbidden by law to work among the vast majority of western Indians, or even to minister to the thousands of converts already made.

The early phase of Catholic mission work among the tribes of the plains and the Rockies fell short of its larger aims, but it had been a notable effort and the

priests and brothers who were responsible for it are held in honor among their present-day successors in that field. But among the many who might be mentioned, one man stands out supreme—Father Pierre Jean De Smet.

It is comparatively easy to find the facts about Father De Smet's career. He wrote a number of books himself, describing his work and the country as he saw it; and he has been the subject of several excellent biographies. We learn from these that he was born in 1801 in Termonde, Belgium; that he came to the United States in 1821 and entered the Society of Jesus.

After two years' work among the Potawatomi tribe near what is now Council Bluffs, he journeyed to the Rocky Mountains for the first time in 1840. In 1841, after converting the Flathead tribe, he began the building of St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root valley, and for thirty-two years thereafter he devoted himself to the furthering of religion among the Indians of the plains, the Rockies and the Pacific Northwest. In the course of his work he traveled almost 200,000 miles, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean sixteen times in search of money and priestly volunteers. He set up mission villages among the Flatheads, Kalispels, Coeur d'Alenes and other mountain tribes, and brought the Gospel to practically every tribe in the valley of the Columbia River. He was of the greatest service to Bishop Blanchet in establishing the Church in the Oregon country. He evangelized the plains tribes all the way along the Missouri River from the eastern Sioux to the Blackfeet.

As Father De Smet was the one white man, according to the Indians, who had never "spoken to them with a forked tongue," he acted as a peace commissioner and mediator at almost every council from the Fort Laramie meeting in 1851 down to the Sioux conference of 1868. In this last, when no white man dared to go and seek out Sitting Bull and the other hostile chiefs, Father De Smet visited their camp on the Powder River and paved the way for an eventual peace between the United States and the Sioux.

It is not easy to arrive at any idea of what this remarkable man was like; we know what he did, but the secret of his influence over red men and white lies hidden beneath the generalities in which his contemporaries described him. He was "gracious," they say, and "humorous," "very friendly and honest," "so inspiring of trust that men of all descriptions instinctively confided in him." No Indian whom he chanced to meet or talk with ever forgot him. He was equally at home in a Sioux lodge as at dinner at the Belgian Ambassador's house in Washington "wearing my worn, old frock-coat."

So far as one can judge today, Father De Smet's success was attributable to his complete simplicity, humility and sincerity of character. He had no "act" as we say. He was always himself, a plain, good priest; his triumph was a triumph of integrity. Of all who have written about him, I think that the late Bernard De Voto came closest to expressing his secret when he said that Father De Smet "truly loved the Indians and they knew it."

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The dust and fury of the World Series is over so we can tell of the time Jay Crowley, one of the boys with muscular dystrophy whose story was told by their mother in our September issue, was at Fenway Park as a guest of Ted Williams.

Ted gave Jay an autographed baseball and as they chatted another ball came from the Yankee dugout, signed by all the Yankees. Jay looked at it, sat up in his wheelchair, then said quietly, "Thank you, sir, but I'm a loyal Red Sox fan."



Father Francis X. Scott of Patna, fifty years a Jesuit.



Father Taelman, 60 years a priest, U.S. Indians.

# Congratulations!

*To the American Jesuit missionaries who are celebrating various Jubilees in 1958. May Almighty God reward them in abundance for the many years they have so unselfishly poured out on mission fields that His Name may be better known and that His Kingdom may have no end! To all, ad multos annos!*



Fr. O'Neill, British Honduras, 60 years a Jesuit.



Father Kempel of Jamaica, 50 years a Jesuit.



Fr. Pettit of Patna Mission, Golden Jubilarian.



Fr. Zillig of the Philippines, Golden Jubilarian.



Brother Waible with U.S. Indians, 70 years a Jesuit.



Gunman from Gloucester, Ohio, Father Rice S.J. has his mission in the Himalayan foothills.

**A**T A PLACE called Mariam Pahari (Marymount in English) in the upper reaches of Patna in India, Father Daniel Rice S.J. is earning quite a reputation for himself as a hunter of big game. I frequently hear of his exploits in tracking down tigers, bears, boars and other wild animals in the jungle. So recently I cornered him at St. Xavier's in Patna, and asked him to relate his latest exploit. He complied as follows:

"Of course I do a lot of hunting in the jungle. I suppose there is some sport in it, but sport is not my principal purpose in hunting. I am looking for meat for my people to eat. I have to support

about seventy poor families whom I have established around the missions. This summer, as you know, was a real famine time in the whole of North India due to the terrible heat. I was able to get some American wheat which the Bishops' War Relief sent over to feed my people, but even that gave out pretty soon and I was hard pressed to supply the daily rations. During one week I had been unable to get even wheat or rice, so one day, I went out about sunset into the jungle to try to get a partridge which I had heard whistling.

"I had my shot gun, 12 gauge, and I slipped into one of the chambers an

*You will never see him on TV and his name is a household word only among the Santals who take a keen interest in his shooting*

# **GUNMAN**

## **with a purpose**

JOHN E. MAHONEY S.J.

L.G. cartridge, which means 'large game,' and in the other barrel I put a No. 4 birdshot cartridge. I tracked the partridge all through the jungle, but couldn't get close enough for a shot. Finally it began to rain, a slight drizzle, and I started in disgust to go back home. I came to a small clearing, and found that the rain had stopped, so I decided to head towards the partridge in a northerly direction. I took off my shoes so I could go quietly. The sun had now gone down. It was getting dark very fast.

"Suddenly I heard a swish of leaves about fifteen yards in front of me, and looking up I saw a big black shadow going across the jungle at a slight elevation. The shadow was so large that I thought at first it was that of a lost water buffalo which the people use here for farming. Then I saw the gleam of two long white tusks, the saber-tooth tusks of a real wild boar. I said to myself, 'This is too good to be true. I will have to get this beast for the village people.'

"The boar in the meantime stood very still and alert. He had evidently heard

me, or was sensing me out. All I could see of him was his hind quarters. I had to make up my mind fast. It was a dangerous operation to shoot at an animal of this size when his head was not showing. A wounded boar is a very dangerous beast, but when I thought how happy my people would be with that amount of meat I pulled back the hammer of my gun and let fly with the L.G. I thought I had hit him low in the hips. He took it like a fullback, crashing head-



**Arrows** instead of atomic weapons are the primitive arms still used by the Santal aboriginals in India. In the jungle life depends on accuracy.

long into the jungle. Then, dead silence. Had I missed him? I decided to follow his course into the jungle. It was very easy to follow. He just bulldozed everything in his path, and the tracks of his feet were like football cleats. After I had followed him for a few minutes, I began to think over the situation. I had only one L.G. cartridge left. It was a very old shell, probably seven or eight years old. I was not sure that it would explode. The two No. 4 shells which I had would hardly stop such a beast.

"It was now quite dark in the jungle. I could see only about ten feet ahead of me. I lost the trail, re-tracked and found it again, and then, suddenly, saw what I was looking for—the wild boar. In fact I almost fell on him. He was lying on his side, his tusks gleaming. I approached cautiously, but the closer I came the more I saw that I had really hit the beast with the first shot, and that he was now dying. I didn't even have to use the old shell.

"I was deep in the jungle. I knew I couldn't carry him out myself, so I got a landmark, and hurried back to the village to get assistance.

"The announcement spread like a strong wind through the whole settlement. Everybody, men, women and children turned out, and in a few minutes I had a real posse going into the jungle with me to where the wild boar lay. After some hunting we finally found it, and the people carried it in triumph back to the village. It was indeed a huge beast, 5 feet 11 inches long, and must have weighed over 300 pounds.

"Meantime, it had begun to rain again, and the people, standing around admiring the boar, waited for me to give the signal. I told them to go into the nearby village and invite some more people to the feast since there was more meat than we ourselves could eat. I got an old World War I bayonet from my room, and the people began to do the butchering. Fires were started, and the heady smell of meat cooking quickly filled the air. You have to go without meat a long time to appreciate that odor.

"That boar lasted for three days, and you can imagine what a feast it provided! And it gave me a little time to myself to work on the housing project for my people."

Dead boar in Mariam Pahari brings no tears but happy assurance that feasting is here.



# Hedge-trimming in Ceylon



**A**LL ALONG the east wall of Saint Michael's College in Batticaloa grows Ceylon's very common yet very attractive *Caesalpina Pulcherrima*—a perennial bush that abounds in flower, is impervious to cattle and goats, and makes a nice blind from the dust, noise, and stares from the street.

Periodically, however, *Caesalpina Pulcherrima* needs to be trimmed, and if this is done correctly, it leaves the once-flowering bush pretty miserable looking until the new shoots bring back its accustomed beauty.

It had been about six years since a good trimming job had been done on the College hedge, so just at the beginning of the rainy season, Father Harry Miller S.J. with a saw, a sort of meat cleaver, and several hack-happy lads from the Senior class, set to work.

Father Miller predicted "a three day job," but after the first twenty yards went so well, he said to himself: "Maybe two." But just about that time the people passing by on Central Road began to notice what was going on. Roughly, one out of every ten persons who use this particular thoroughfare speaks English. Roughly, one out of every two stopped to inquire what was going on;

to question the advisability of hacking off those flower-clustered branches. In basic English and in his most botanical Tamil, Father Miller patiently and lucidly explained to a large portion of Batticaloa the horticultural advantages of the pruning knife. But all this took time. When the first day was over, Father Miller took another look at his retarded work, and said to himself: "Maybe, ten."

During the night, however, a solution offered itself. Came working time the following day, and Father Miller, boys, and equipment were again at the job. Came ten minutes later, and the questioners also began to arrive. Today, however, they find no peaceful Father Miller but an extremely lucid Father Miller none the less. With the meat cleaver in his hand and a cold steel glint in his eye, Father Miller explained, "You want to know why, huh? Well, I don't like flowers and I don't like people; that's why! Clear?" From then on, Batticaloa watched in silence, and the job was finished in two days.

After about three weeks, the new sprouts and the flowers began to reappear. Once again Father Miller and his Central Road friends smile most graciously at each other.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



## Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

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A Typhoon and Santa Claus can be mentioned in the same breath in the South Pacific, if Father Tom Donohue has your help. Damage to this zealous priest's mission from a typhoon has created an emergency for his people. The items needed are:

Lanterns	_____	\$2.00
Rice	_____	\$1.00 a family
Machetes	___	\$1.50
Toys	_____	.25

The Altar Linen at Father Durt's chapel in Jamshedpur must be replaced soon. If you could help:

6 Altar Cloths	_____	\$4.00
Albs	_____	\$9.00
Priests' Surplices	_____	\$6.00

St. Francis Xavier most certainly approves of the efforts of his fellow Jesuits in promoting Catholic education in the Philippines. One of the missionaries, Father King, would like to establish St. Francis Xavier Scholarships for boys who can't afford the high school tuition but could raise the \$5.00 a month for living expenses. This unbelievable low cost for a month's sustenance is achieved by careful planning by the boys. A few of them share a small room for \$3.00 a month. They do their own laundry and take turns cooking the meals. With the knowledge of this sacrifice you understand the boys' appreciation of education.

Many boys, quite intelligent, could go to school if you could help with tuition payments in honor of St. Francis Xavier.

### St. Francis Xavier Scholarship

One Month	_____	\$ 6.50
One Year	_____	\$65.00

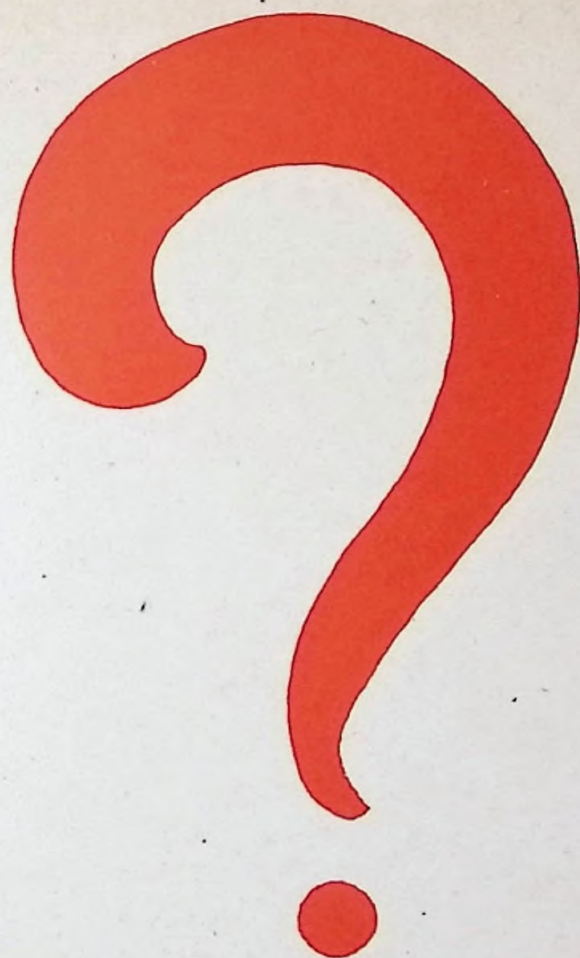
Ch-chi Ants on Guy's Hill may sound like nonsense syllables but the phrase brings no smile to the face of Father Jurewich of Jamaica. The chi-chis have been gnawing so hungrily at Father's church on Guy's Hill that the collapse of the church is not hard to predict. The church will have to be demolished. Whether a replacement will be built depends on your generosity. If you could find the means to help, please send \$1.00-\$5.00 for the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Jamaica.

His Fishermen move around a lot so Father Raymond Talbott of Kodiak, Alaska, needs a boat to keep up with his parishioners. His contacts with his people could be more frequent, more work could be done if Father Talbott had a boat. Could you spare \$1.00 or \$2.00 for the Alaskan mission?

Father Daniel Rice of Mariam Pahari, India, wants to build 20 houses for his poor people. Does this sound impossible? Maybe, but the houses can be built for \$50.00 each. The people provide most of the material, baking the brick and tile themselves.

You know the importance of adequate housing for good family life so we wanted you to know how much good could be done for so little in India.

One House	_____	\$50.00
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**WHO  
wants to be  
FORGOTTEN?**

**NOBODY . . . EVERYONE** wants to be remembered. One way of making sure you are not forgotten, but remembered daily in the Masses of missionary priests is to remember *Jesuit Missions* in your will.

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



# MASS

*... in the Missions*

November is the month of the Holy Souls. Would you like a missionary to offer the Holy Sacrifice for your beloved dead this month? Or for any intention at any time? You can arrange it by contacting

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