

December 1959

# JESUIT MISSIONS







# JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

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

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## S T A F F

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Aptly named Brother Rocco Di Santo furnishes a strong support to an injured fellow-Jesuit in Japan. The brothers engage in an enormous variety of tasks which play a large part in the success and prosperity of the missions. Their skills and strength make them essential to the missionary work of the Church.

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Everybody knows, or thinks he knows, all about  
priests in the missions. But some wonder

## Why Brothers?

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.

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*The missionary work of the Church is as varied and difficult as it is possible for work to be. Some of it is quite unknown to most people. In an effort to clear up some of the mystery, here is a question and an answer.*

---

**“W**HY DIDN'T YOU become a priest instead of a brother? You could have done so much more for the Church!” That question shows little understanding of special vocations in the Church. The reason given for the question shows a lack of knowledge of the different activities of the Church. This attitude, frequent enough, would actually question the wisdom of the Holy Spirit in equipping the Church with those instruments necessary for her mission in the world.

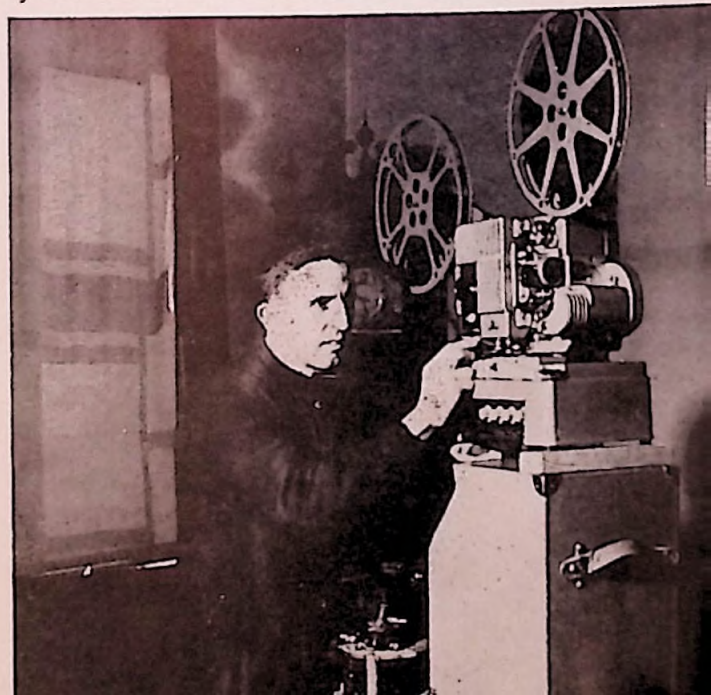
Saint Paul reminds us that we are one Body under the direction of the one Holy

In St. Mary's Theologate, Tokyo, Brother Kawaguchi prepares food for his fellow-Jesuits who are busy doing other work for Christ.



Spirit. But each of us has received his own special grace, given to us by Christ, who is the Head of the Body. All these graces are given for the building up of the Kingdom of God and for the perfecting of the Body of Christ which is the Church. All the members of the body are not the same. Eyes, ears, hands, feet have different tasks to perform but all their activity is for the good and growth of the person. In like manner in the Church there are different members who have different things to do for the growth of the Church. Christ, the Head

Brother Juan Martiñena can run, fix, or make anything from a walkie-talkie to a lighting system for the Cathedral at Hiroshima.





Sacristan, tailor, in charge of the dining room, and generally handy all around, Brother Joachim Vasquez is one of the principal assets of St. John's College in Belize, Br. Honduras. The amount and variety of tasks done by brothers is awesome and dazzling.

of the Body, through His Holy Spirit arranges the members and assigns their tasks which are many and varied.

Brothers have a dedication to holiness of life and are consecrated to God by the vows of religion. For this reason, they are an argument to the world of the firstness in a human life of the kingdom of God. Furthermore, they are a visible proof of the holiness of the Church which the world needs to see. They are men of prayer and sacrifice whose merits bring great graces upon the Church.

Brothers bring to the work of the Church many talents and skills which strengthen and extend the activity of the Church all over the world. Justly may the brothers in the family of the Church be compared with Saint Joseph in his relationship to the Holy Family. Joseph was called on by God to protect and defend the interests of his small family. He provided by his work those things which the family needed. He shared the care and training of Christ in the years of His youth. He was a man of extraordinary faith, unselfishness, quiet and humble, completely faithful to the task which God had given him to do. It might be said that the brothers are as necessary for the life of the missions as Saint Joseph was for the life of the Holy

Family. Saint Joseph is one of the greatest names in our litany of the saints—no one was given a charge by God which required more faith and trust in God.

In the Acts of the Apostles we are told that the Apostles had to appoint men to take care of the temporal needs of the young Christian community, because the Apostles could not do their preaching and attend to these other things as well. These men were called deacons, which means those who serve others or minister to others. So from the very beginning of the Church's life there had to be people who assisted the Apostles. As then, so now this is a special vocation which is pursued by the brothers. Anyone who belongs to a community of priests and brothers knows how much these men are totally brothers to the priests in caring for the many things which make it possible for the priests to do their special work in and for the Church.

Many a missionary priest has thanked God for the vocation given to brothers when he has a brother companion on the lonely trail. He has to depend so much on the brothers—for the care of the mission stations, for their skill in maintenance, in teaching catechism, gardening, construction, organizing youth and the countless other attentions which mis-

## Why Brothers?

Brother Michael Feckete, in Taiwan, looks a little skeptical as tradesman sell his wares.



sionary brothers show to missionary Bishops and priests. How often brothers are charged with the care of the poor and destitute who come begging in their misery to our doors! How many sick priests, men and boys have been watched over by a brother infirmarian! How many people in undeveloped areas have been taught skills and crafts by brothers which have done much to improve their lives! One thinks of the trade and agricultural schools conducted by the brothers with such skill and resourcefulness.

Many people think that the brothers are some kind of second-rate apostles who are assigned menial tasks. They could not be more mistaken. Our brothers are in the front line of the Church's apostolate to the world with priests and Sisters. They are engaged in works that are as necessary for the life of the Church as the work of priests and Sisters. Brothers are indeed cooks, bakers, farmers. But they are also secretaries, librarians, printers, purchasing agents, construction experts, machinists, radio operators, aviators, electricians and heat engineers, mechanics and maintenance men, office managers, professors of the Classics, Philosophy and the sciences. Our brothers are so many things that the Church, especially the missionary Church, could not really operate effectively without them and their skills.

It might be said that laymen could be employed to do these things. But anyone saying that would be focussing attention only on the work and not on the religious consecration of the brothers. This consecration is the most important element in their lives, making them men who belong totally to God and to the Church. Christ, our Lord, has been infinitely good and wise in inspiring the vocation to the brotherhoods for the sake of His Church. All praise to Him for such wisdom and may He increase the ranks of the brothers a hundredfold!

One man teaches. One man writes. Another talks.

This man's mission is simply to

## Keep 'em Rolling

*People see things in terms of whatever interests them most. Usually this implies the work they do. In Baghdad, Iraq, Brother Italo Parnoff takes care of the school busses. There are six of them, and they are eight years old. Six hundred boys ride them back and forth every day. They are essential, for without them the students, who live all over the great city would be unable to get to school. What does the mission look like to Brother?*

**T**HE KIDS THINK every time they get in the bus, they're off on a picnic. At least, the small ones do. They get into trouble, sometimes, because they don't stay in their seats the way they're supposed to. And they lose things. Medals, gloves, books, shoes. One kid lost a pair of pants. It's hard to keep the busses running, they're so worn out. New ones would cost a fortune. Who wants an easy job, anyway? The fun is to make it against heavy odds.

Boys in Baghdad, like boys everywhere, can't resist mugging as they pile into busses.

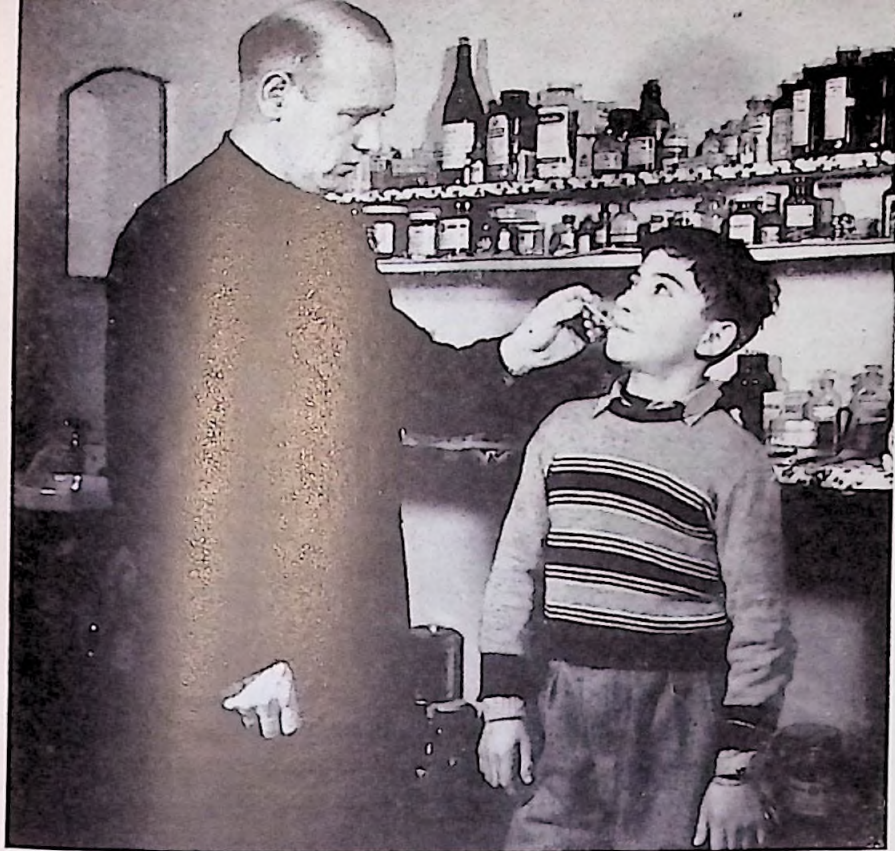


## Keep 'em rolling

Baghdad College Chapel  
is reflected in the  
flood waters.

*Every so often the Tigris  
overflows, and the water  
comes up over the grounds.  
This doesn't do any good,  
but it makes the College  
chapel look as if it's  
floating. It looks  
beautiful then.*





Brother Lawrence Foley treats a youngster in the Baghdad College infirmary. *The kids are funny. One asked to go home one day for medicine, and it was O.K. Next day he asked again, and was told no. He collapsed. You can't tell, always, if they're telling the truth. I like them.*

Boys living near the College find Brother Parnoff an enthusiastic friend.

*They stand around and stare at me while I'm working. I get a kick out of the night-gown effect. It's practical, though: cool. If only I could really teach them to love God, I'd be happy.*

Brother Parnoff welds an engine part needed by one of the busses. *Something's always going wrong with the busses. You have to weld and hammer and fix. Sometimes you have to make a part from scratch. Usually, though, it's a matter of scavenging. Once I had to invent a bypass. Being in the missions makes a man resourceful, and I like that. You feel all man.*



The missionary's task is to set up the

Church where it isn't. Here is the story

of a man who does just that, literally.

## Brother Builds a Church

MICHAEL COOPER S.J.

**T**HERE HAVE never been skilled craftsmen lacking in the ranks of the Jesuit lay-brothers. Take, for instance, Brother Pozzo whose wonderful paintings in St. Ignatius Church, Rome, can still be seen and admired after so many years. Or Brother Luis de Almeida who established the first free hospital in Japan in 1557. He trained the surgical staff which manned it until persecution wiped it away with the rest of the Church.

Today, the Church in Japan is not persecuted. In fact, it is expanding, and as the number of Catholics increases, more churches are required to enable the Faithful to attend Mass. And to ensure that their children are given a sound Catholic education, more and more schools are called for.

Brother Gropper at his desk in Sophia University. The only building in Hiroshima to survive the atomic bomb was one he had built. It was destroyed in the subsequent fire, but the Jesuits who survived the blast will always be grateful for the strength and solidity with which the good Brother puts up the buildings he designs.

And that is where Brother Ignatius Gropper comes in. For Brother Gropper is an architect and he has long ago given up counting the number of churches, schools and convents he has built here in Japan during the past years.

The brother architect hails from Bavaria and he entered the Society of Jesus way back in 1907. His skill and previous training as an architect was put to good use and he might well have thought that he would spend the rest of his days designing churches and colleges in Germany. But around 1925 there was a great need for such a man on the Japanese mission; the terrible earthquake of 1923 had destroyed and damaged many buildings and more churches were needed by the growing Catholic community.

And so the German brother at the age of 41 set sail for Japan. Note his age.



The church in Yamaguchi, designed and built by Brother Gropper, was once considered too large. Now it is filled to overflowing.



Sometimes scholastics of a mere 24 or 25 years of age are heard to complain at the Language School in Yokosuka that they are already getting too old to pick up a new language easily—and here is a man of almost twice their age getting down without any fuss to study Japanese.

And that wasn't all. Trying to read and understand a detailed building contract is hard enough for most of us but deciphering one written in the complicated Japanese letters is all but impossible for a foreigner. Often as not, not even a Japanese can understand the mass of technical words and special jargon which crop up in every line. Yet he stuck to it and finally overcame the difficulty. "Ja," the brother admits with a smile. "We had no Language School in those days and it wasn't too easy to learn Japanese"—a champion understatement!

And so for 31 years the brother has been planning and building all over the Japanese mission. He reckons he must have designed about 15 churches or chapels, perhaps the best known being

St. Ignatius Church, Tokyo, and the twin-towered church in Yamaguchi. In addition to that, some ten schools stand to his credit, as well as numerous convents and other buildings.

And among the "other buildings" must be mentioned an air raid shelter designed by him during the war. When peace came and the raids on Tokyo were over, the authorities wanted to pull down the shelter. But it was solidly built that they found that they would have to use a dangerous quantity of explosives to destroy it. So they left it as it was!

When there is some big ceremony in St. Ignatius Church in Tokyo—you may sometimes see an elderly Jesuit brother kneeling at the back of the church. Few of the people present realize that here is the man who planned and built the splendid church with such loving care. More than anybody else in the congregation, he can pray with the priest during the Mass: "Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

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Brothers are not merely versatile: they are at times highly articulate. Like Brother Booth, of Ceylon, who sends us this story by way of apologia.

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## I explode a myth

BRO. EVERARD J. BOOTH S.J.

**R**EADERS of mission magazines are no doubt struck by the versatility of priests, Brothers and Sisters in the mission field. They read of jack-of-all-trades ability with which the missionaries are gifted. Missionaries are often depicted in the act of building churches, schools, mission houses, hospitals, convents, bridges, repairing tractors, boats and a host of other articles—from planes to watches—which are part and parcel of their every day existence.

It is not my intention to belittle their abilities. I admire them; I envy them. But *I am not so gifted!* I would not go so far as to say that the switching on of an

electric light is an act that taxes my mental capacity to the limit. However, it is doubtful if my mechanical ability would rate me A plus in an I. Q. test.

I am one of the “white collar” Jesuit Brothers whose twenty-five years in the Jesuit Order have been spent wrestling with account books, school records, pounding a typewriter, filling in forms, being a purchasing agent and doing the work of sacristan and infirmarian. Such work naturally precludes me from contact with the mechanical side of life. When it does rear its head I simply look the other way. I know how to drive a car or motorcycle but would have to con-



Brother Anthony Richard is not only a skilled carpenter and builder, but an excellent tailor, who teaches this trade to orphans in his spare time. He is one of the few Ceylonese lay brothers, and his example has inspired a number of fine young men to follow him into the Jesuits.

Brother Booth checks the week's wash after its return from the laundry. In Ceylon, the laundry is a "dhoby" described as an enemy of dirt and rocks: first he drowns the dirt in a stream, then he tries to reduce rocks to dust by smashing them to bits with the wet clothes.



tinue my journey on foot (as I often have) when something went out of gear. The innards of an engine are baffling and mysterious to me. I can only marvel at the men who dreamed them up.

Recently my Jesuit brethren were given the opportunity of a hearty laugh at my expense. On a hot Saturday afternoon I was summoned to the local convent by the Mother Superior on a matter of utmost urgency. What was my surprise and embarrassment on my arrival at the convent to discover that Rev. Mother wanted my advice on some detail of the convent construction. She wanted to know if the lintels over the windows and doors should be joined into the wall or held in place with iron bars.

Luckily I knew what a lintel was. More than somewhat nonplussed I asked for a spirit level and a ladder. When these were fetched, I tucked up my cassock and climbed the ladder. Taking the spirit level I moved it around from one place to another, frowned, seemed lost in thought and then descended. Standing off a few paces I looked at the lintel and then went up the ladder again. Repeating the process, and with an air of confidence that would have done justice to the president of some society of engineers, I again joined the group of Sisters. They looked at me as if the future of their convent hinged on my answer. Feeling that I was not doing them

any harm I assured them, with becoming modesty, that the work was O.K. I realized, of course, that the opinion of every person in town who was familiar with building operations, had already or would be secured. Nevertheless, I experienced a justifiable pride in the thought that I had had presence of mind to at least ask for a spirit level.

The payoff came later on. When describing my experience to one of the Fathers, his comment was: "Gee whiz, Brother, you actually managed to climb the ladder and not fall off? By the way, what is a spirit level?"



Brother Emmanuel Trujillo of New Orleans helping to build a school in Trincomalee.

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*Speaking of versatility, here is a story about Brother Arthur Dethlefs of Omaha, who became a Jesuit at 17, and is now in Korea as a sacristan, secretary, plumber, electrician, buyer, etc.*

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## The dogs of Seoul

**B**ROTHER DETHLEFS was taking care of the cows in the Novitiate at Florissant when he heard he was going to Korea. He yelled so loudly in the cow-barn that the terrified cows soured their milk right there on the hoof.

He has a way with animals. As soon as he reached Seoul "Doc," our watchdog, adopted him. "Doc" didn't make many demands: meals and water, and an occasional romp with Brother. But then came "Sis." And trouble.

Sis was one month old when we got her, and she cottoned up to Brother at once. Only she was fussy. Warm food.

And if she wasn't watched, she'd toddle over to Doc's pen with disastrous results. Doc was jealous of all the attention Sis needed and got from Brother. Every so often there would be a row outside, and there would be Brother Dethlefs pulling Sis away with one hand and clouting Doc on the head with the other.

So what happened? The Columban Fathers complicated Brother's dog-life further by donating a third dog: Big Mo, the roughest, toughest dog in Seoul. He and Doc hated each other on sight. So Brother had to divide the yard, solidly, to keep the big dogs apart.



Fr. Geppert and Mr. Kang, the Seoul University librarian, look over a model of the projected campus while Brother Dethlefs watches. Brother is in charge of the building operations, a particularly difficult task in Korea.

Handyman Dethlefs. Brother is an expert screen-fitter, a handy trade in Seoul. He graduated with excellent marks from Creighton Prep in Omaha, and before going to Korea held a number of variegated jobs in the U.S.

## KENNETH KILLOREN S.J.

Brother Dethlefs in a rare moment of repose. In Creighton he was a member of the wrestling team and manager of baseball team. He is also a wood-carver.



Sis loved Big Mo, and the two would romp and play happily around their half of the yard while Doc snarled in his.

To complicate matters further, one of the Fathers brought home a kitten one day, "to deal with the rat problem." Brother's menagerie grew, and so did his problems, trying to keep cat and dogs from meeting in the kitchen. Brother put up with this patiently. But it was his conviction that the cat's business was to do something about the rats, so he put him up in the attic one day, where the rats ran really wild and free. Next morning the cat was dead.

Then Sis grew up and became a big dog, and Big Mo got ideas. So Brother had to build a special pen, and keep one or the other in there all the time.

That's why, when one of the Fathers suggested that we could save money on eggs if we had our own chickens, Brother Dethlefs stood up looking pale.

"I'm thinking of asking the Provincial to send over another Brother to help with the dogs," he said flatly, "And now you want me to nurse chickens. No sir. Not me." And with that he stormed out of the recreation room to cook up another batch of mush for his mutts.



# Window on the Mission

**T**HE WORK of the missions, like the work of the rest of the Church, is enormously varied; for the Church, especially in the missions, is a vital organism, with a keen interest in every branch of human activity. It is unfortunate that so many people still think of the missions in terms of abandoned babies and starving orphans, as if the sole business of the Church militant were to provide shelter and food for these pitiable objects. God loves widows, orphans, and lepers: that is true. And he loves those who contribute to their help. But the work of the missions, like the work of the rest of the Church, is much larger than that. The missions are to *extend* the Church. And that means extend also the works of the Church which are daily and familiar sights here. That is why schools and parishes and seminaries and sodalities and newspapers are an integral part of the missionary life of the Church.

It is in an effort to present some of this immensely varied activity from a new and slightly different angle that this issue of *Jesuit Missions* is totally about and by the Brothers.

Brothers, in the normal course of events, are not what is called "bush missionaries." That is, they are not out in the jungle making converts and preaching the Gospel. But the Brothers in the missions are doing a yeoman job of being missionaries, and they are doing it sensibly and efficiently, by doing in the missions precisely what they do everywhere else: working with a whole-souled devotion and a generosity that leaves those who see it in open-mouthed admiration.

It is almost impossible to catalogue the number and variety of the tasks which brothers perform in the missions. It would for instance, take a tailor, a gardener, a house-painter, and a candle-maker to replace Brother Karl Gepp in Tokyo. And all four combined would be unable to chat quietly with Japanese youngsters and impress them with his own flaming love of God.

Without the Brothers the missions would no doubt get along: but they would limp: for these men, with their energy and incredibly varied talents, supply bone and sinew to the missionary Church. Their devotion is an inspiration: their toil a strong support. The only trouble is that there are not enough of them.



The works of the brothers are as varied as the places where the work is done. And their strong hand, using all sorts of tools, from hoes to screw drivers to typewriters and draftsman's T-rules, help the missions keep strong and vital. Gary Fujiwara, who designed the cover, has attempted to depict this important fact.

## The Pope's Mission Intention

The approaching feast of Christmas is the object of the Pope's concern, especially in Asia and Africa. The Holy Father, naturally, would like everybody in the world to realize the real meaning, and relish the joy and warmth of Christmas. He fears, however, that the commercialization which has in recent times marked the feast in other places may stand in the way. He worries lest Santa and Reindeers and "Father Christmas" deprive Christians in Asia and Africa of the sweetness that comes from realizing that Christmas is Christ's Birthday, celebrating His coming among us in our own human flesh. He asks Catholics the world over to pray that the feast of the Nativity preserve its true meaning in Asia and Africa, and draw the people there to a real knowledge of Christ.

It is a reasonable and fatherly request: we urge all to comply.

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### The Editors and Staff

of Jesuit Missions  
wish all of you  
a Merry Christmas  
and a happy, holy and  
prosperous New Year.

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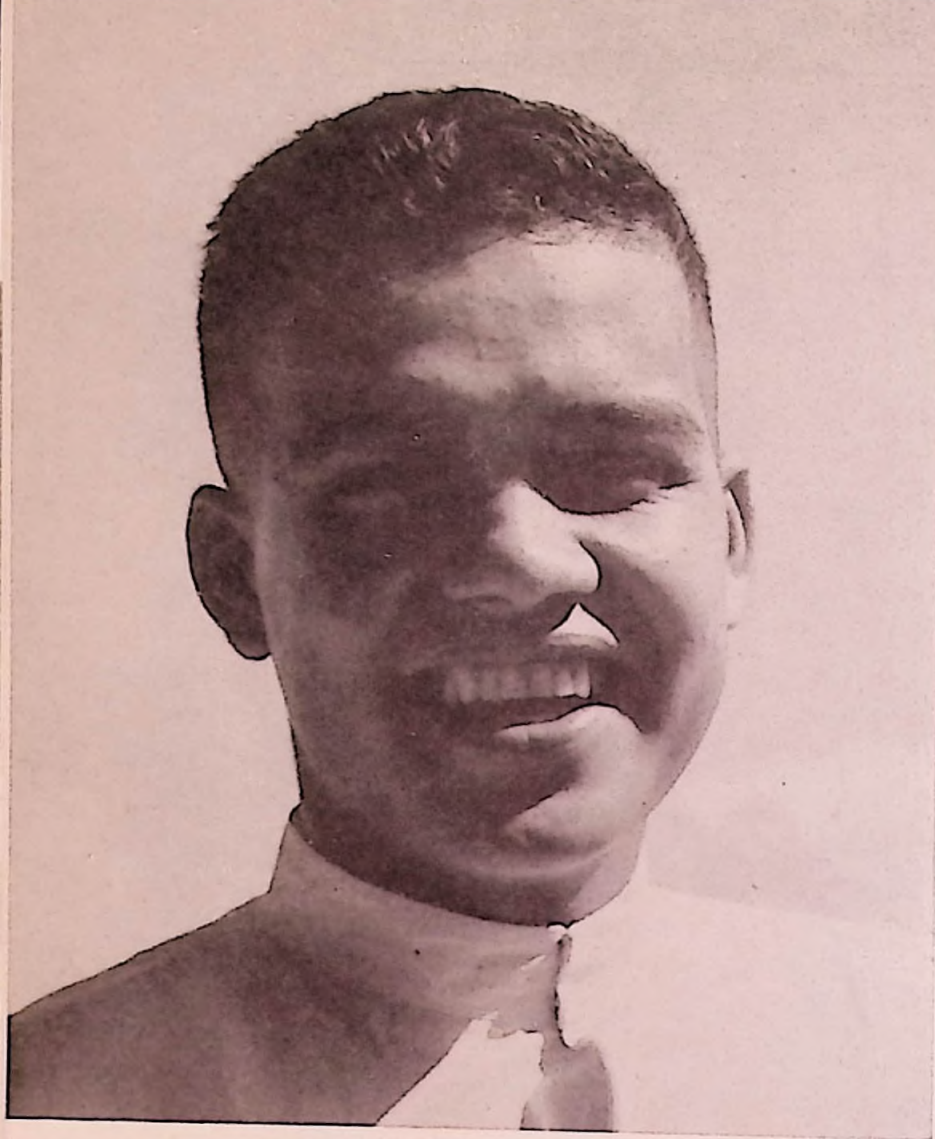
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They say variety is the s

missions

## The

**T**HE NUN'S STORY  
dedication to G  
dampens out every bi  
pictures, lately receive  
dicate that the very op  
farmers, mechanics, co  
carry about with them  
ness. They work for G

Nothing troubles Brother Thomas Narruhn in Novaliches. From the Marshall Islands, he is preparing to return home.



Anticipation lights up face of Bro. Andrew Munar, chef. The bird was grown by another brother on the novitiate poultry farm. Brother is also tailor, infirmarian, and assistant economer in Novaliches.

Brother Gregory Tabon, the Ateneo de Manila carpenter takes a young friend for a drive in the local version of a Thunderbird. Everywhere, kids find the brothers good friends.

of life. In the  
s varied. Here are some of  
**Happy Men**

re: the impression that the life of  
a grim and painful affair, which  
simple human joy. This batch of  
m the Philippines, seems to in-  
e is true: in their various jobs as  
or what-have you, the brothers  
atmosphere of peace and happi-  
d know it. They are happy men.

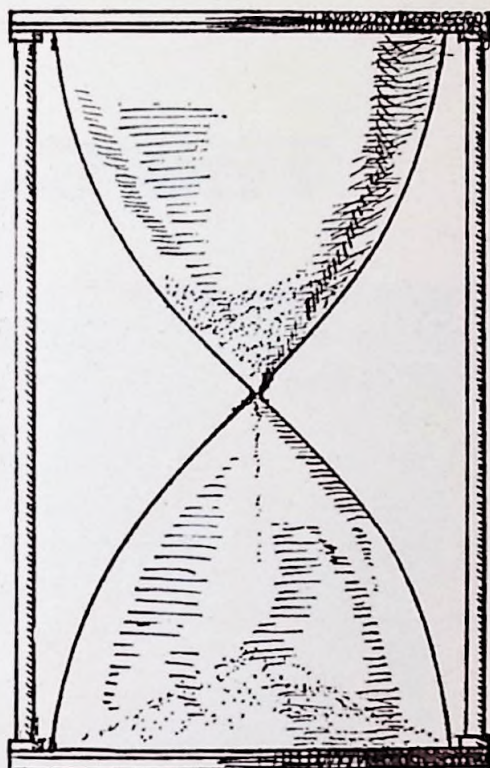
**Brother Wenceslaus Cabeiro** takes  
time out from his studies of mechan-  
ics at the Ateneo de Manila to help  
out a few neighbors with a problem.



## The Happy Men



Brother Raymond Gaela is obviously no Babe Ruth, but a turn at bat furnishes a change from the job of being chicken farmer, and applying the latest methods to the production of eggs.



## **When you make your will**

ensure yourself of being remembered in the Masses, prayers and sacrifices of more than 1,200 Jesuit missionaries.

## **Remember the missionaries in your will...**

They will remember you!

The legal title is:

**Jesuit Missions Inc.**

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

If you don't know the language and have to  
communicate, how do you do it? Who knows?

## The Case of the

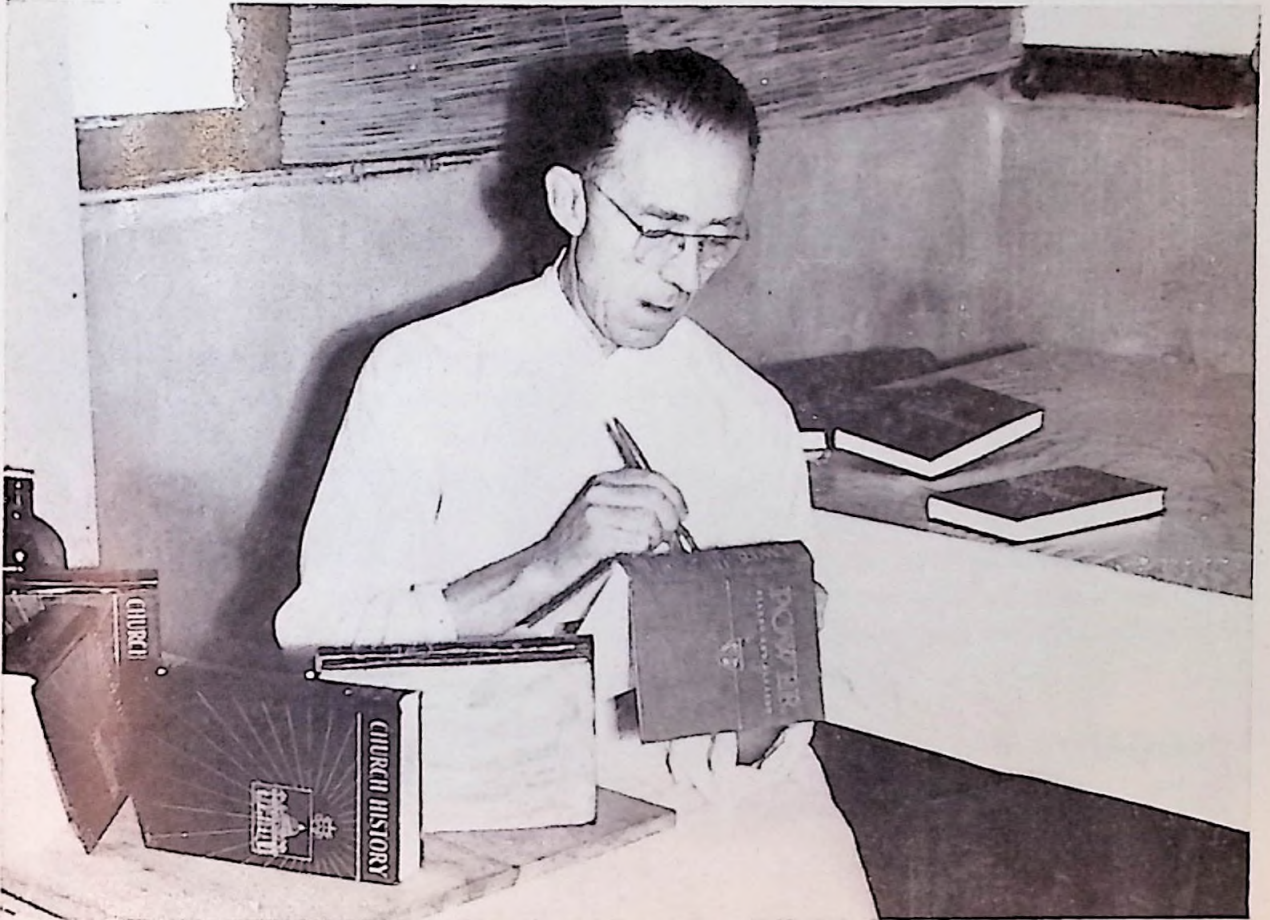
**N**OBODY KNOWS precisely how he does it. I suspect at times that he doesn't know himself. Brother Bencze is a Hungarian. He reached us not knowing a word of English. By gestures, he communicated the fact that he was a cabinet-maker. So he was led to the carpenter-shop, and turned loose in it. We needed altars, book cases, pews. Somehow, we conveyed it to the newcomer.

In a few days, a strange thing was noted: Brother had assistants. Not only that, he had pupils. There were a half-dozen men in the shop, quietly sawing and planing and measuring, hammering and sanding with various degrees of skill. And things were being made: beautifully. We registered bewilderment. Brother only shrugged, grinned hugely, and winked.

*(Continued on page 22)*



# Twisted Tongue



Moths, bookworms, (real ones) and dampness, can destroy books. In Taiwan Brother James Finnegan applies shellac as protection. He is also the buyer and infirmarian of the community.

Official greeter, Bro. Finnegan meets Fr. Latham at the airport. Brother has to cope with all the official red tape for trips.

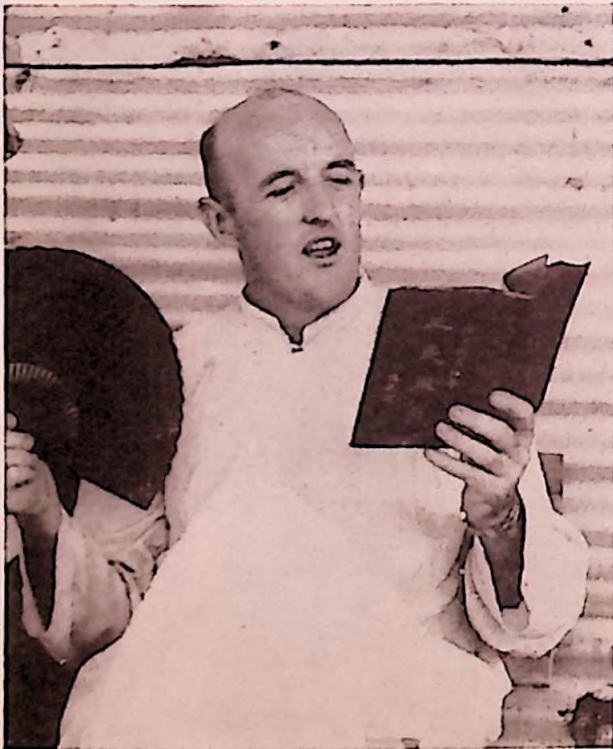


In Hsinpu, Formosa, the Jesuits run a technical school where youngsters learn all sorts of crafts. Invaluable as teacher is Brother Gregory Iñarra, who has not only mastered every machine, but the more difficult task of conveying a similar mastery to others.

## The Case of the Twisted Tongue



Plans for a new building occupy Brothers Stephen Bencze and Blase Barruaga. The latter's size and energy are sources of perpetual wonder to the Taiwanese who can match neither.



Weather and difficulty of study make Bro. Robert Griffin wield a fan in Formosa.

Maybe it's telepathy. I don't know. All I know is that he somehow manages to get people who can't understand his language to do things and learn things. The other Brothers do it differently, but the end result is the same. Brother Finnegan, after twenty-six years in the mission, is fluent in Chinese. Brother Griffin is learning rapidly.

The other day he had a moment of triumph. One of the fathers asked what kind of flowers would be on the altar for a feast the next day, and Brother looked up from his paper long enough to say: "Gladioli. They're nice this year." The Father, puzzled by a sudden thought, wanted to know what the Chinese word for Gladioli was. Brother sang out a couple of musical syllables, and resumed his reading with a wide grin. And the flowers *were* lovely.

Relaxation is necessary every so often. Sometimes the fruit of such rest is unexpected and surprising, as when

## The Turtle drank the coffee

BRO. BRUNO KARPINSKI, S.J.

**N**O DOUBT, as Religious we are the most fortunate of men, for each year Christ invites us to put aside the cares and worries of life, and "rest a while." So, as the time for my annual retreat approached, I was happy to accept this invitation from our Lord. In previous years, however, He must have done all the work Himself, whereas this year it would seem that He left most of it up to me, for when the retreat was over I did not feel that I had taken any *rest* at all.

On the contrary, I was quite fatigued, and felt the need of a bit of relaxation. So I said in a voice loud enough to be heard by anyone that might be interested: "I go a-fishing." Brother Johnson heard this and reacted by saying: "I go with thee."

On former visits to the river we never caught anything. However, as every fisherman knows, one does not go fishing merely to catch fish. Another good reason for sitting on a river bank with a fishing



Sanjivan Press in Patna enjoys the services of Bro. Bruno Karpinski whose wry humor and skill as a pressman are two of the main assets. The press is an old one, in constant need of nursing and repair. How it keeps running is something that baffles everybody except Brother Karpinski. He says "Prayer does it."

## The Turtle drank the coffee

Catholic weekly printed at Sanjivan Press is read by two of the employees. Bro. Karpinski has at various times been forced to improvise teeth for gears and even whole gears in order to keep the press running and the paper coming out on schedule. Books in the vernacular are also published. Sanjivan is earning the reputation of one of the best presses in Patna.



pole in your hand is simply to relax and rest. In our case, this is chiefly what we were seeking. So, on reaching the river, we settled ourselves on a large coil of rope that was lying on an old steamer deck, and in this position of repose we remained for close to two hours, waiting for the fish to get interested in the choice morsels at the end of our lines. Knowing from previous experience that this would very probably take considerable time, we had brought along a flask of strong coffee, to keep away sleep.

We had just sampled the coffee, when Brother Johnson got excited and said: "I've hooked something." And there really was something heavy on the end of his line. We began to haul it in, and soon

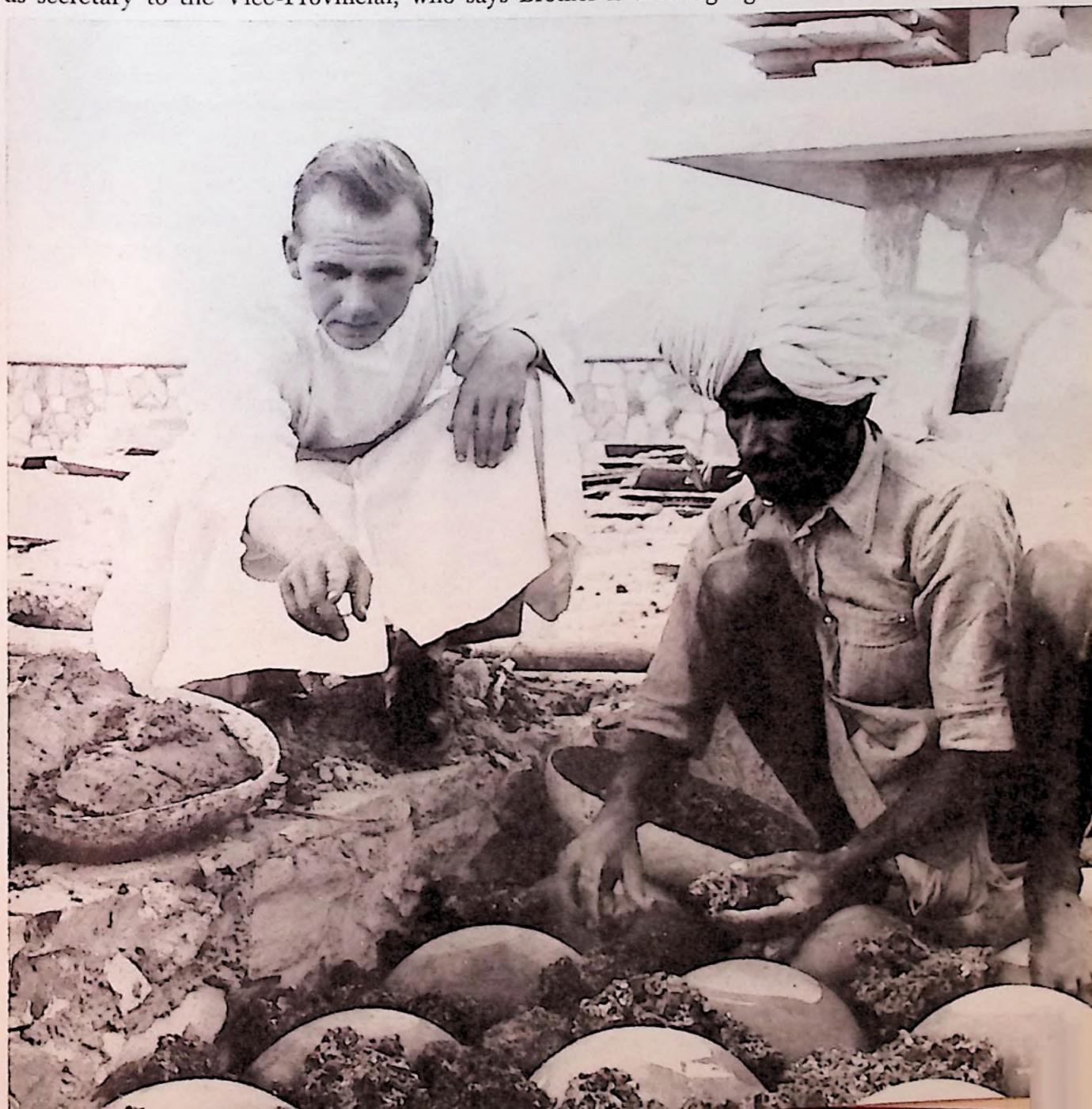
brought a big turtle to the surface. We were about to pull it up out of the water, when the inevitable happened. The line snapped, and the turtle disappeared.

We sat down and looked at each other with that sad expression which every fisherman experiences when the big one gets away. To relieve my sorrow, I took another good drink of that strong coffee. The little bit that was left in the cup I tossed into the river. And it soon became clear that the turtle that got away was no ordinary turtle, for it had hung around to see what was in that flask of mine. Moreover, it must have imbibed some of the powerful coffee that I had thrown into the river, for it began to turn round and round until it got itself all tangled up

in my line. It was now my turn to get excited. "Brother," I said, "we must not let it get away this time." There was a plank running down into the water, so I told Brother: "You get down there on the plank, and I'll hold on to you, and together we will pull this brute up on land this time." With careful maneuvering we managed to do exactly that, and

later when we placed our prize on the scales it weighed 19 pounds! And thus it came about that the following Sunday evening the Jesuit Community here at Patna had the first course at dinner some of the finest turtle soup ever served up East of Suez. It is still referred to with a kind of reverent recollection, as 'Brother Karp's Turtle Soup.'

Workman on roof of new college building in Patna receives instructions about the cooling bowls from Brother Aloysius Nehr of Chicago. Brother's time, away from building, is spent as secretary to the Vice-Provincial, who says Brother is a strong right hand to him always.





What is an adventure  
thrills and danger

**Come**

Taking time out from his numerous jobs, Brother John Hess holds an impromptu class in religion with a couple of youngsters who are fascinated both by his crucifix and his earnest demeanor on displaying it.

**C**OPPER VALLEY looks quite different from Holy Cross. I was at Holy Cross from 1914 until we moved here two years ago. It was a taller place than this: but it was not so large.

Here I am doing all sorts of things. Shoe repairs, and helping the workmen. But most of all I am the gardener. It is interesting: they said the potatoes would not grow well here at Copper Valley, that they would be small. I planted them, and cabbages and turnips and radishes and lettuce two days before they said, and they came out fine and very

big. They said it was the soil, but I think it was that I planted them sooner.

There is nothing exciting here. Always I read about missionaries in Alaska how they have adventures and it is very exciting. When I was young I thought sometime that I would have an exciting adventure next trip to the Yukon but when the Superior said "Hess, go from Holy Cross to Kaskunak and build a church there, and come back before the Yukon freezes," I knew it would not be really exciting. I *hoped*. But I was sure it would not be exciting, and I was right.



Copper Valley was built by men who donated time, skill, and material. Here Steve Jankowski of Worcester, who donated a year of his time and labor, welds a section of pipe in the school.

Some people think it's a matter of

There is another school of thought, however.

## to think of it...

Before the Church was finished we ran out of time, and the freeze was almost starting. So I took the boys and we put gasoline and food and water in the boat, which was not very large, and we started out.

The boys liked to drive, so everything was happy until we came to what we call the Big Lake which is not a lake but a small mouth of the Yukon where the tide is regulated by the sea. The boys were steering the boat straight across this Big Lake and I said "Boys this is not deep enough, you ought to look for the channel." But they were young and so they thought they were smart and said "Haha it's all right brother." And we immediately got stuck on a sandbar.

So we had to wait until the tide came up, which would be next day, and there we were and it was getting cold. The boys went to sleep in the boat and one of them kept watch with me.

After a few hours he said, "It is high tide, now." So he tried to start the motor and it wouldn't. After a while the boys started to row, and they rowed a long time, practically all night, and we were still not ashore which was strange because it was not *that* far.

So I looked out into the water, and put on my long boots and stood up in the cold water and pushed, so we got off the sandbar. You see it was not dangerous and exciting, just tiresome.

Come to think of it, I did have an adventure once. Only that was when I was a young man in Germany, in 1907. I was in the army and they told us the Kaiser was coming to see us that morning, so we all stood at attention and the Kaiser and his officers went past. One of them said "Good morning, soldiers." Only I did not see which one said it, so I was never sure which was the Kaiser. But that *was* exciting.



Channel in Brother Hess' Big Lake is not always the safest place to be. The ice on the Yukon forms solidly and during the spring thaw breaks up into chunks large enough to crush a boat into a splintered wreck.



What should a man be in the  
Caroline and Marshall Islands?

## The word is

**S**OMEbody once described spring fever as the desire to be some place you're not, preferably a South Sea Island. Well, the Caroline and Marshall Islands are in the South Sea, but anyone who thinks of them as a place to recover from spring fever had better entertain a second thought on the matter.

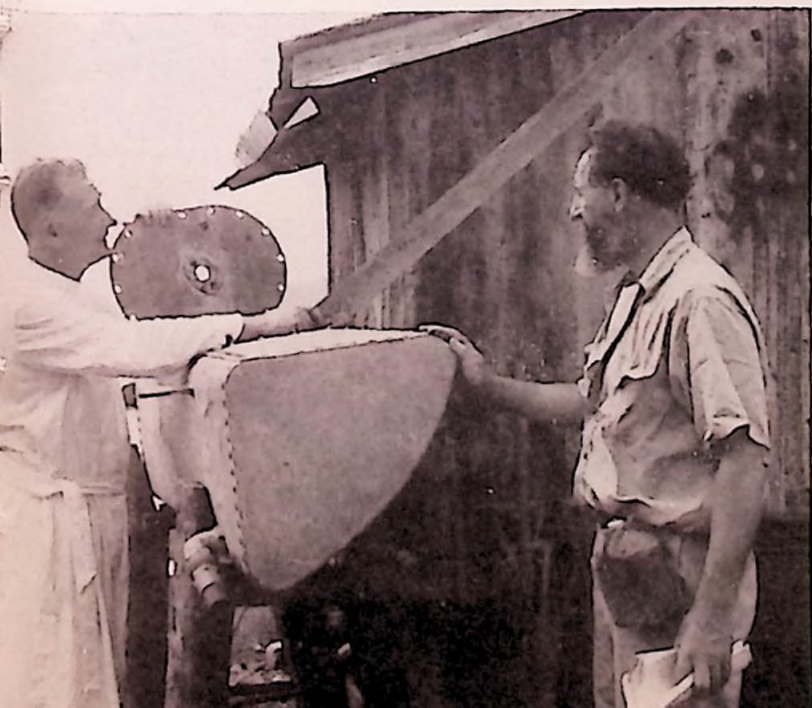
The people are wonderful: alert, intelligent, charming. They love music. They are gentle and honest and gay, and their love for their children is legendary. But the islands are woefully lacking in resources: there are no mineral deposits, water is hard to get. Livestock is rare. The soil is not deep, nor is it rich. Meat is very scarce. A balanced diet has to be imported, at great expense. And the islands are so widely scattered that travel from one to another involves complex planning, long waits, and risky trips in frail or uncomfortable boats over treacherous waters. They are, in short, not quite the paradise of the song-writers.

To the natives, who know nothing else, they are home, and home is always attractive. But to the Americans who are used to abundant food, easy travel, and the amenities of a highly industrial civilization, the Caroline and Marshall islands are a harsh place. The life of the missionaries there is rugged. The word for what they need to be is tough.

Erect and watchful in the experimental vegetable garden he directs in Ponape, Bro. Paulino Cobo is a symbol of the strength and dedication of Brothers in the mission.

# "Tough"

Dwarf watermelons are tasty and refreshing to Brother John Condon and two of his native helpers. Brother is charged with care of all construction at Ponape, and is the local procurator as well. His forays into the garden are to encourage the natives to diversify their crops, not merely for their profit, but for the variety of diet that means health.



Father Gerald Cuddy and Brother John Walter look over the water tank Brother built. Water in the Marshall islands is a very real problem: this system enables Father to collect and save the rain which is the only available source of water.

A school does not mean just classes. It means

in some cases books and medicine and love

**...and shoes and bread...**



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Holy Rosary Mission at Pine Ridge, South Dakota enjoys the dedicated services of versatile Bro. William Siehr, who is the treasurer, baker, and general caretaker.

**T**HERE IS A HIGH purpose to Holy Rosary and St. Francis Missions in South Dakota. Chief Red Cloud put it well in his address to the graduates.

"Your education will give you opportunities anywhere . . ." he said, pointing out that there is little future for them in the Reservations.

The graduates nodded, much impressed. The teachers nodded, satisfied to see their high purpose so neatly summarized. The Brothers nodded, too, delighted to see that someone knew their work was no mere incidental: that it was something which dovetailed neatly into the noble scheme of things.

For it good to realize afresh that the upkeep of a building and the repair on a truck, and the maintenance of a furnace, and the painstaking keeping of account-books are not things done just for their own sake. Beyond the fact that their doing is sanctified by being offered to God and done for His glory, the realization that these things all contribute to improving the future of America's forgotten citizens brings a sense of warm satisfaction and comfort.

It was suddenly very worthwhile to provide warmth and shoes and bread . . .

Constant repair is necessary to keep a mission going. Brother Vincent Zimmerman plies a jackhammer to remove a section of old sidewalk and make way for a new black-top road. Mr. Charles Murphy, S.J., one of the teaching Scholastics lends a hand on this important project.



Robbling may not be the world's fanciest occupation, but on an Indian reservation, where shoe-repair shops are few and shoes wear out, the knowledge is handy. Brother Michael Gaven, of St. Francis Mission, fixes shoes and at the same time teaches Sioux youngsters how to do it themselves.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



# Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

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**Alaska Is Proud** to have the only congregation of Eskimo Sisters in the world. These nuns, appropriately, are known as the Oblates of Our Lady of the Snows.

Father Poole of Mountain Village, Alaska, is working hard to provide these Sisters with their first permanent home. Father Poole has a great appreciation of the wonderful work these good religious women have done in teaching catechism to children in scattered Alaskan villages. He hopes you may find it possible to help him start the fund to provide a permanent convent for the Eskimo Sisters.

If you could help—a gift of \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00 would be appreciated.

**A Church Bell Is Important** in a small village of the missions since it is the official time piece for religious services, announcing the time for the Morning Offering, for Mass, for Baptisms, weddings, for funerals, and for prayers for the dead in the evening.

Father Clarkson of Ceylon has a weak-voiced, cracked bell he would like to replace, if you would help.

Church Bell ..... \$50.00

**Converts Are Many** for an enthusiastic teacher of catechism in Formosa. Such a man is Father John Clifford who was imprisoned by the Communists for three years and who knows the most effective ways of arousing interest in the Faith. Father asks if you would help him in his work by helping to pay for a:

Slide Projector ..... \$69.00  
 Film Strips ..... \$ 3.00

**For 74 Years** St. Francis Mission Indian School has been educating the Sioux Children of Rosebud country. Some 400 Children in Grade and High School are fed, clothed, housed, receive medical and dental care at St. Francis. Would you be able to help pay the food bill for these children?

One Day's Food ..... .50

**You Must Know** a church with the title of Holy Name. Odds are, though, you wouldn't think of Father McHale's church in Jamaica. He wishes you did know of his church because he believes you would help him if you could see the building. "Termites have eaten through the floorboards in the sacristy and behind the altar so that the ground is clearly visible. The linoleum spread before the altar seems to be the only thing that keeps the priest from sinking through several boards on the epistle side. The roof also is in a very unsafe condition and is in continual danger of falling."

Would you have a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 for the Holy Name Church of Jamaica?

**Medical Expenses Are Low**—in India. Because of this Father Wieman has been able to supply medicine, and save lives, even though his resources are slim. He has a medicine for curing scorpion bites, sometimes fatal, that costs only 2 cents. He had two cases in one week where this medicine would have prevented death if given in time.

Medicine—Scorpion bites ..... .02  
 —Snake bites ..... .25



## What price love?

If love alone could run the missions, there would be no trouble. But the boy in the bed and others like him need food, clothes, shelter, medicine, books, toys. Love, obviously, they have. Won't you help the American Indian missions with money to buy these other things?

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

**Jesuit Missions**

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.



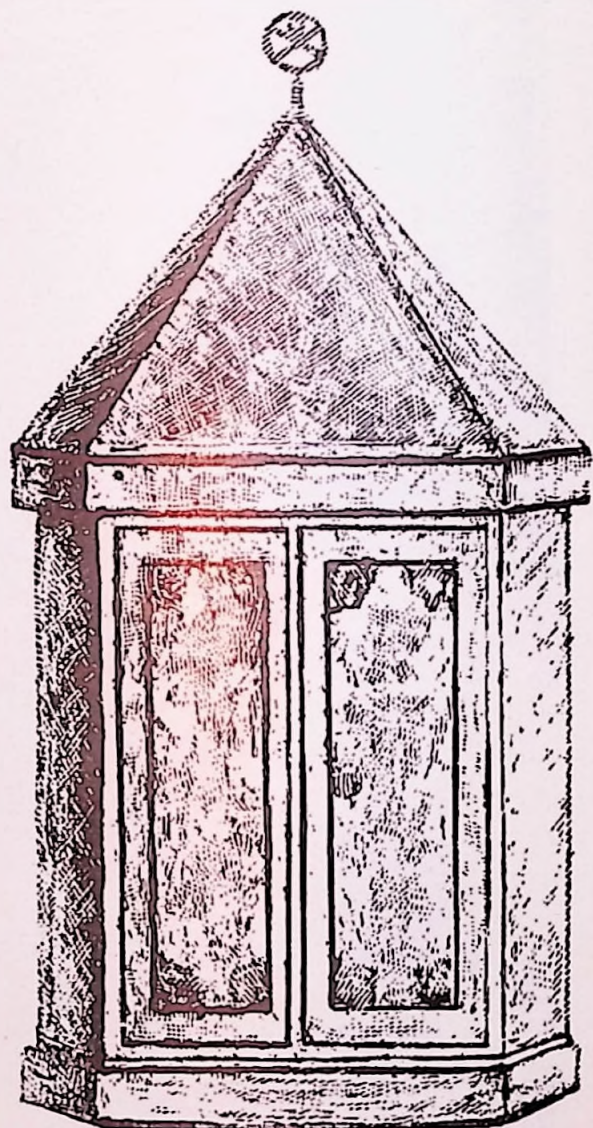
## Bethlehem

**means**

**a home**

**for**

**Christ...**



Once it meant a hillside cave.

Now it means a tabernacle in scattered mission chapels. In the chapel tabernacle Christ waits to receive the homage of His people—the shepherds and the wise men of mission lands.

Will you help us supply constant requests for tabernacles for mission chapels on our world-wide missions? How fitting a Christmas gift to Christ—a Bethlehem, a tabernacle-home for Him. A gift of \$50.00 will buy one tabernacle. Any amount will help.

**Jesuit Missions**

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