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JESUIT MISSIONS



AN
INVITATION
TO
EASTERN
CHRISTIANS:

RETURN
TO
ROME

ROME





JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

January-February 1960, Vol. 34, No. 1

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an Catholic Mass is celebrated at Baghdad College by the Most Rev. Msgr. amasius Bakose, Syrian Catholic Archbishop of Baghdad. This was a historic mission for it marked the conferring of Minor Orders on the first B.C. graduate to come a Jesuit—and for over 20 years the Archbishop had been Baghdad's last ation to the priesthood in any of the Oriental Rites.

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To
the
East

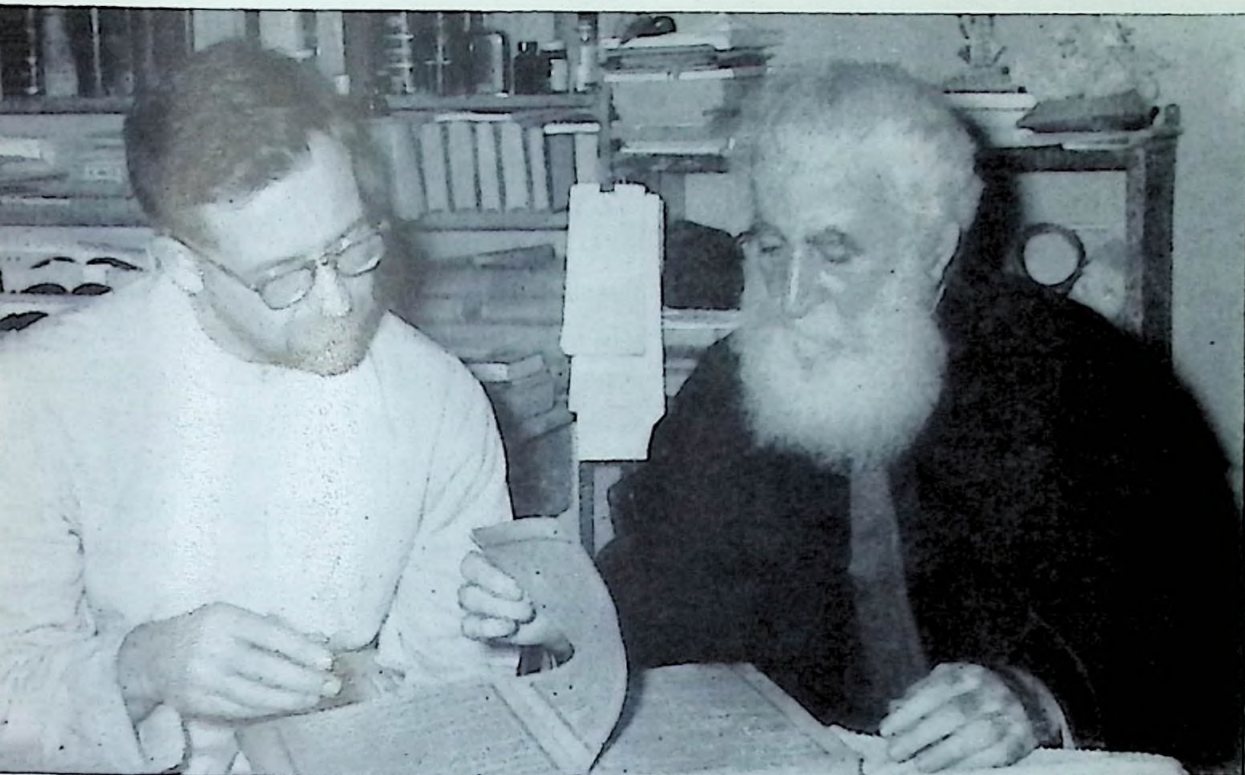
ONE FLOCK ONE SHEPHERD



The Holy Father invites
the Oriental Christians to
return to their ancestral home

THE MAN with the kindly face who was speaking into the microphone while the whole world listened had been almost an unknown the previous day. Then, suddenly, he was no longer just Cardinal Roncalli but Pope John XXIII, successor to the Apostle Peter. Now, in his first radio address, as he outlined the platform of his pontificate, he used words which that same Peter had once heard from the lips of the Son of God himself. "Let there be one flock and one shepherd." His voice was warm, sincere.

It was a call, an invitation, a heartfelt plea to the Eastern Christians who in the dim ages of the past had separated from the See of Rome and started down those strange, tortuous roads which form the history of the Dissident Churches of the East. His Holiness reminded them that their return would be exactly that: a coming home, not a sojourn with strangers. Once the flock had been one, with a heritage shining and



glorious, and even in their wanderings they had never been far distant from their ancestral home. The fervor of his words left no doubt of the deepness of his desire.

It is no wonder, then, that with the beginning of the first full calendar year off his reign the Mission Intention should be directed towards this goal. He asks us to pray, "That Oriental Christians, separated from the Apostolic See, will be rekindled by the desire to obtain true and perfect unity of faith with the Catholic Church." But exactly how well do we know these people for whom we are asked to pray? How often have we glanced upon an Eastern ceremony or a church with an onion-shaped bulb and merely shrugged away our ignorance of the significance behind them, of the storms, political for the most part, which scattered the flock which belongs to Christ? A glance at history may help.

The first lasting rending of the seam-



Union between Catholic Rites is typified by Jesuit Father Banks of Baghdad College and Chaldean Khuri Yusuf (above). Father Banks has permission to say Mass in the Chaldean Rite and Khuri Yusuf ("Khuri" in Chaldean is the same as "Father" in English) is tutoring him in the liturgy and in the administration of the sacraments. (Below) Bishop Ganni, assisted by Qass Mouses, celebrates the Mass at the opening of school at Baghdad College, run by the New England Jesuits.

less robe of unity occurred over 1100 years ago when the Nestorians were condemned at the Council of Ephesus for holding that there were two natures in Christ, one human and one divine, and the unity between them was only a moral one. So Mary could not be called the Mother of God but only the mother of the human nature. Again, if it was only the human Christ who had died on the cross how could the Redemption have been effected when of its very nature it demanded a Divine Redeemer? This was the teaching which various groups in the Near East adhered to, but when the dust of history settled after the storm it could be seen that the doctrine was only the hinge on which the political freedom of these peoples swung. Their volcanic nature demanded an outlet against their Roman-Greek rulers and it was typical of them that they used a fuel whose nature they themselves could not understand.

A REMINDER

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The same is true of the reaction to this teaching which was stirred up in those same lands. In a mad rush to tear the heart out of this disease which struck at the roots of all their optimism the Monophysites, as they were to be called, went to the opposite extreme and maintained that there was only one nature in Our Lord. When the Council of Chalcedon in 451, only twenty years after Ephesus, condemned this doctrine and defined that in the one person of Christ were two distinct natures, divine and human, the upheaval of political passion was exactly the same as a score of years before. The cloak of theological belief was used to cover political desires, even though very few had any idea of the color or texture of that cloak, but in that disguise another part of the flock wandered down a path beset with persecution and death.

One example of the original confusion which set up the variegated pattern of Eastern Christianity is that of the Armenians. They were the first people as a nation to embrace Christianity officially and as a body. When the Nestorian teaching was spreading throughout Asia Minor the Armenians sent a delegation to Constantinople to discover what was the right position in the matter. The famous "Document for the Armenians" was the result and henceforth they were bitter foes of Nestorianism. This may partially account for their subsequent repudiation of the Council of Chalcedon, for when they sought further information they were told by the Monophysites that Chalcedon had only renewed the Nestorian error! As a matter of fact, it was a half century after Chalcedon before they made their repudiation and the underlying motive was the hope of obtaining aid against the Persians. Many scholars think that it was all a misapprehen-

sion and that the Armenians never were Monophysites. Yet in their long history of oppression and persecution their steadfastness to their Christian beliefs is an heroic, outstanding one.

These are the Churches with which we of the West have not had too much contact. The Dissidents of these rites number about 16 million while the Catholics total less than 2 million. For the most part they are spread out in the Near East, Northern Africa and India. They have lived for centuries under the domain of the Moslems and life for a non-Moslem under the Crescent is a difficult one. But again their fidelity to Christ can never be too highly extolled.

The Eastern Christians whom we know best are those who call themselves "the Orthodox." They broke away from Rome about six centuries after the Nestorians and Monophysites. Again it was mainly a political move and on several occasions, since the year 1054, there have been attempts to effect a reconciliation. However, in the course of the years most of these groups have formed National Churches and are closely tied in with the government. There are about 35 million Dissidents and almost 8 million Catholics of this rite, which is known as the Byzantine. Here in America, especially in the Midwest, we have

many opportunities of coming in contact with adherents of these ancient rites and with their colorful ceremonies.

We must keep constantly in mind that the great majority of the people have never had any idea of the theological differences which caused their separation from Rome. We must remember, too, that those differences were not of insuperable magnitude. And in practically all cases the validity of their sacraments is as good as ours. For instance, a dying Catholic can confess and receive the Last Rites from a priest of these separated Churches. The ceremonies, such as the Liturgy of the Mass, are the same for both Catholics and Dissidents of these rites.

These are the peoples whom the kindly Pope John invites to return again to the home where they properly belong. Too long have they wandered down different paths. The time is ripe when they should become again one flock under one Shepherd. They can look back with pride to those early days of the Church when over twenty Popes came from the ranks of the Easterners. Their heritage is the same as that of Rome: the heritage of the monks of the desert, of Athanasius, of Ephraem, of both Gregorys, of Basil and a hundred others. It is a heritage they share with us of Rome, and let us pray this month that our future will be shared together.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



Chaldean Mass (left) is celebrated by Father Banks assisted by Khuri Yusuf. The Kiss of Peace between two bishops of the Oriental Rites (below) typifies the Mission Intention for January.



Mainland of China with port of Amoy at far left looms over Isle of Ta-tan.

THE CEASELESS WATCH



WHEN THE GUNS of the enemy are forever trained on you and may let fly at any moment you are not likely to let your guard down even for a moment. That is the situation for the Nationalist Chinese troops who are stationed on the tiny isles under the forbidding shadow of the China mainland.

Father John Dahlheimer S.J. longed for years to be a missionary in China. But he never dreamt that his first glimpse of those shores would come as it actually did—as a chaplain flying from his base in Formosa to bring spiritual solace to the Catholic troops on the group of islands known as Matsu. Since that first visit he has returned regularly (there is no chaplain stationed there) and his figure (never exactly on the slight side) is now a familiar sight.

Guard stands on watch, for the Communists pepper the Island with shellfire every other day. Every Nationalist soldier is well aware of the fate that would befall him if the isle fell.

Recently he sent some photos which he had taken on one of the isles called Ta-tan. "If the breeze is stiff enough you can spit right across it," is his description of its size. It is about three miles from the mainland, which is clearly visible as well as audible when the every-other-day shelling breaks out.

The watchword is vigilance and the never-ending training in all the phases of land and sea war keeps the Nationalist soldiers very much on their toes. Stationed on the Matsu Complex are Navy Underwater Demolition Teams, Motor Battalions, Air Force units, infantry, etc. All in all, they present a tough and ready fighting force, a fact which the Communists have already discovered, and to their sorrow. But the troops on these tiny isles know how important they are to China's very existence and their Chaplain proudly says, "These are my men."

The presence on the main island of Formosa of so many missionaries who



Time out for the amenities of life. A fellow member of the infantry does a bit of barbering—and you can be sure that it is one of the no-gunfire days. The nearby mainland is well fortified with heavy guns as these men know.

Sea dogs of this generation and our mode of warfare are these frogmen of Free China. Tough and well-trained, they are not the type one would like against him in an under-water battle.





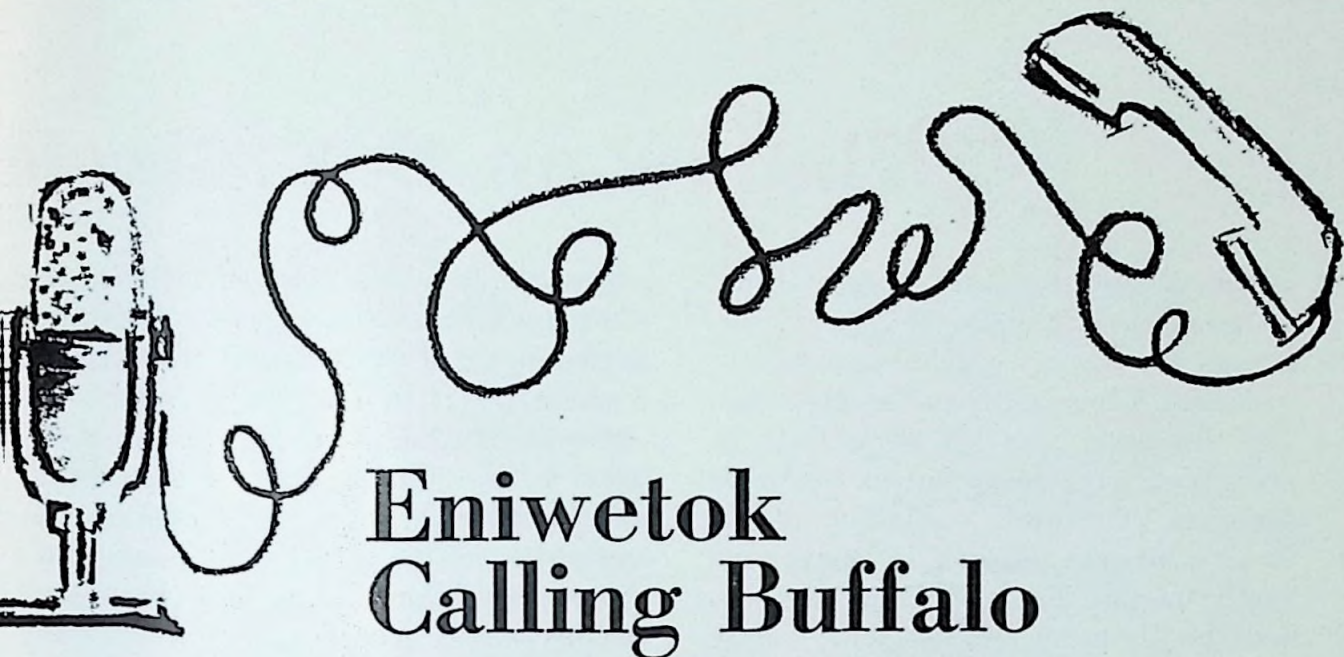
Chaplain is pictured against the background of the Chinese mainland where he yearned for years to carry the Gospel of Christ. The rocks around him are pockmarked by the estimated 70,000 rounds of shells which the island has experienced. Father Dahlheimer is the official chaplain for the Matsu Isles.



were driven out of China by the Red regime has meant much to the Catholic Church. The number of converts has increased by leaps and bounds and every priest has his hands full of prospective Catholics who still need instruction. The growth of the Church is reflected in the increasing number of Catholic soldiers among those guarding the island outposts so the once-in-a-while trips of Father Dahlheimer are now regular jaunts.

The February Mission Intention is "that the persecuted Church in China will be efficaciously supported by the sound and holy solidarity of the entire Catholic world." For ten years now the Chinese Catholics have suffered all kinds of persecution and martyrdom. They have been attacked from within and from without and it is to their everlasting glory that so many have stood up under the pressure. Let us be very mindful of them during February.

Frogmen play an important part in the defense of Nationalist China against the Communists. (Left, above) Speedboat races into one of the off-shore islands with group of frogmen. (Left) Another group emerges, after an investigatory exploration under the waters lest new mines have been placed at night.



Eniwetok Calling Buffalo

The Pacific gets the number and party but . . .

IT WAS AN unusual bit of luck that brought me to Eniwetok in the Atomic fringe area of the Marshalls. It was the first time I was able to get away from my base at Majuro in over a year and I was enjoying my last evening when the word came, "The 'Ham Shack' has made contact with the east coast. Would you be interested in speaking with someone at home?" I was off and running in the darkness.

When I reached the Ham shack it was eleven P.M. That would make it seven in the morning back in Buffalo. Radio Eniwetok called through to a Ham operator in Akron, Ohio. By long distance telephone the call continued on to Buffalo. Strangely, the phone number I knew as a boy was still the right one. "The phone rang and rang. "Dad must have gone to work," I mused. "Let's try Garfield 2827 and see if we can find grandmother up and about." In two rings I could hear the "Hello!" on the other end. It was my aunt as clear as day. Yes, she would take the call.

It was a thrill to slip into grandma's kitchen (that's where the phone is) again after all these years and chat as we did of old. I told them where I was, how I

got there and asked, "Is everybody well? Over." The familiar voice came back but it was noisy. I could pick out phrases not sentences. Finally there was a break on "over," and I urged, "Put grandma on. Over." Even though there was distortion it was she. The same intonation, the same idiom, the exuberant happiness that had come over that phone in the years gone by. I almost wasn't listening to what she said. I strained rather to fill myself with grandma who seemed to penetrate the loud-speaker with a thousand other memories. Finally, she seemed to poise her ninety years in a new climax of achievement and summed up her farewell in an unctious "Over."

Two weeks later a letter came in from dad. "Grandma said we had a call from Eniwetok. The fellow said he was putting the call through for Father Leonard. It was a little noisy. We missed some, didn't catch his name; said everything is fine in Majuro. You know it sounded just like Father Leonard. Only it wasn't he because he's in Majuro. Wish he had been on Eniwetok so we could have talked to him" . . . !!!

LEONARD HACKER S.J.

Window on the Missions

The Conference on Eastern Rites, sponsored by Fordham University, discussed the issues which separate the schismatic Churches from the Holy See. The discussion was led by a Catholic priest and a professor at an Orthodox Seminary. The new Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America, James A. Coucouzes, visited the Unitas center in Rome before coming to the United States and delivered an address on Orthodox-Catholic relations. The Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople, Athenagoras, replied to the Pope's Christmas appeal for unity in a gracious and hopeful message.

Most of the Orthodox Churches are represented on the World Council of Churches of Protestants. Frequent discussions about unity have taken place between Orthodox and Protestant theologians. Even the Russian Orthodox leaders met with a group of Anglicans in Moscow in 1956 to exchange ideas on doctrine with a view to eventual unity. Any Catholic who reads the reports of such meetings sees that there are deep differences between Orthodox teaching and Protestant teachings. The Orthodox

are certainly much closer in belief to the Catholic Church than to the Protestant. A statement of Orthodox doctrine would include belief in the Holy Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the Immaculate Conception, the Virgin Birth, the necessity of the Church, the seven Sacraments, veneration of the saints and images, Purgatory, tradition. Very few Protestant groups would accept even two of these beliefs; for instance, the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ.

The sorrow of the separation of the Orthodox from the Catholic Church is evident in a country such as Lebanon where there are six Eastern Rites united with the Holy See and four Orthodox Rites. Together they represent 51% of the population; but Moslems are well over 45%. The separation, then, constitutes a weakness for Christianity, in spite of its thin majority.

For more than thirty years Jesuits from Europe and America, baptized in the Latin Rite, have been ordained for the Byzantine Rite which is used by the Russians. A New England Jesuit in Baghdad celebrates Mass in the Latin and Chaldean Rites. A Jesuit in Alaska celebrates Mass in the Latin and Byzantine Rites, since there are a number of Russian Orthodox Christians in Alaska. The active head of the missionary congregation of Propaganda in Rome is Cardinal Agagianian, the first Eastern Rite Cardinal in the central government of the Church for several centuries. There is



Unbroken as a circle, as a line without end, is the kind of unity depicted by artist Phil Franznick—the unity which Our Lord prayed for during His last night before He went out to seal that unity with His blood. “That they may be one, Father, even as we . . .”



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a special Congregation at the Vatican for the Eastern Rites and the Church is preparing a special Code of Canon Law for the Eastern Churches.

The reunion of the Orthodox Churches with the Catholic Church would add 130,000,000 members who would be located with some strength in the Middle East and Northern Africa where the power of Islam is so great, while it would give wonderful strength to the Church in Russia and the satellite nations.

Modern Saviors and Prophets

While we are talking about the sorrow of the divisions in Christianity, we note a disturbing situation which has arisen in some parts of Africa. Some Africans are starting their own religions. These religions are a mixture of Christianity with strong emphasis on Old Testament Prophets and the Messias, of the local religions and of a heavy dose of nationalism and race-consciousness. The disturbing feature is that many Catholics and Protestants are recruited into these new movements. Thirty to forty percent of the Christians of an area have joined these new religions which have become a political as well as a religious problem because of the vehement emphasis on the racial issues. No one of the movements has acquired startling numerical strength. But they do confuse the religious picture in the minds of many Africans. Catholics and Protestants have taken part in these movements for a while; then many return to their former Churches, after the first burst of enthusiasm has died. These events show how important is the insistence by the Church on an African hierarchy and an African priesthood.



Future plans for the Church in Honduras are explained by Father William Ulrich S.J.

GOLD IN THOSE

*God keeps His word with those who keep His
word—and a Honduras missionary proves it*

WILLIAM A. ULRICH S.J.

YEARS AGO I swapped my pen for a saddle bag and tried to develop the leg muscles and grow callouses to cushion the monotony of the mule's gait. As a consequence my writing arm has atrophied. Hence my long silence.

Here on the Honduras Mission my trips among the people follow a certain routine but never get monotonous. A few weeks ago I experienced my most difficult trip. After having three Masses at three different towns on Sunday, I set out early Monday, following a lumber trail up the mountains as far as I could go in the jeep. I then took the cushions out from the jeep, lest they be eaten by cattle, tied thorny brush with tie-tie vine around the car for further protection and left it there.

I then mounted a mule and began climbing—up hill after hill, until we dropped down in a river bed. There I had a bite to eat. Ahead of me was the *Nombre de Dios* mountain range, which had to be crossed to get to *Nuevo Florida*. This took me about three and a half hours. Then along the *Rio Lean*, finally arriving at my destination after five and a half hours of mountain-climbing via mule, during which time it had been raining most of the way. I had dismounted and was trying to get my knees back into their sockets when someone informed me that there was an *agonizante* (dying woman) yearning to see a priest before she met her God.

"How far?" I asked.

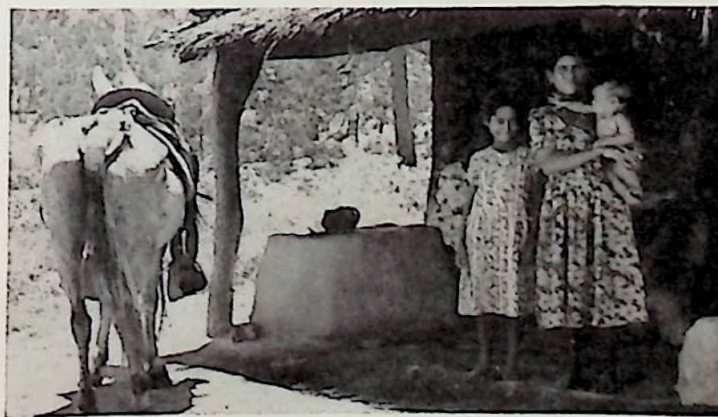
"Right here, no further, the first house on the other side of the creek," I was told. This turned out to be about six miles. But what a thrill it was to see the celestial joy on that 94-year-old face when she saw me approach her cot and knew I had brought her the last rites of the Catholic Church!

I learned that my visit was the first of a Catholic priest in that village, so for 54 years, since her marriage in *Tela*, this aged woman had not been to the sacraments. "*O Maria santisima*, how good is my God!" she cried with her arms stretched upward as though she were reaching for an angel's arm to take her home. As she received the Last Sacraments, with glistening, peaceful eyes she repeated her *nunc dimittis*.

With great peace in my own heart I went back to the village of my main destination to hear the confessions of the 70 or 80 people who had arrived that very afternoon from distant scattered parts of the mountainous regions. That night, after confessions and religious instructions, everyone finally quieted down about 11:30, looking forward to the next morning when they would receive Holy Communion and be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The men slept outdoors and the women and children in the large house with its thatched roof, bamboo siding and earth under foot. I had a canvas cot, partitioned off in one corner with bamboo covered with crocus bags, so that I might have a little pri-

HILLS

Rugged are the trails of the Honduras mountains and rugged is the way of life there. The inevitable burro, the well, the babe in arms, are all essential components of the ordinary scene.





Relic of the Mayan civilization which flourished before Europe discovered America is this pillar in Central America.



Poverty is the lot of these dwellers in the hills but even that does not shake the deep faith implanted by the missionaries so long ago, as Father Ulrich's story well illustrates.



vacy. But little privacy was mine, with three hens setting beneath my cot and two babies heaped in a small blue denim hammock strung at my feet.

More people came the next morning for Mass. After breakfast I had 36 baptisms, besides blessing everything from corn seed to holy water and pictures. The long absence of a priest always means a multiplication of things to be done.

At about one p.m. I made my return journey back over the same mountains, through more rain, to *Bolsita*, where the people of that territory awaited me.

As we came down the pine slope my guide let loose a warwhoop which soon resounded from the hills walling up the valley on the other side of the river. The people of *Bolsita* caught it and more whoops came back. They lit a huge bonfire and gave me a truly cordial welcome. I felt right at home.

It is miraculous that these people have clung so diligently to the Catholic faith for so many years, with rarely a visit from a priest. They know their Rosary well and sing the hymns with much fervor. And I am sure that the confessions they make in their own way are very pleasing to Almighty God.

Two days later, tired but overjoyed that I had brought peace and happiness to so many of these good people, I returned to my jeep. I was relieved to find it untouched by the horns of roaming cattle. who can be very curious.

I then struck out in the other direction to *Majada*, where they were finishing a Novena in honor of St. Anthony. As I offered Benediction that evening I thanked God for the privilege that is mine—that of bringing His Word to the peoples of these mountainous territories and I ask the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* to pray that this grace will continue to be mine in my Honduras mission.

Mission Items

Prime example of the unity among Eastern Christians, as called for in the January Mission Intention, is given by the statistics from Baghdad College, run by the American Jesuits. Of the entire enrollment of 748, close to 60% are Christians of nine different Catholic and non-Catholic rites. The rest of the number are mainly Moslems. But an intangible thing like school spirit can overcome all the differences of centuries. The same union is noted in the higher division of

Al-Hikma University where the proportion between Christian and non-Christian students is almost equal. And this is true in a country which has been recently beset by all kinds of political troubles.

Remember that the annual Chair of Unity Octave will be held from January 18 to the 25th. All parts of the Catholic world will pray fervently for the reunion of Christendom, the return of lapsed Catholics, and the conversion of all unbelievers to the one, true Faith.



Flying the wastes of Alaska is not the most desired job in the world. But Father Jules Monvert S.J., shown here refueling his Super Cub plane, finds it much better than the dogsled he once used. It is necessary to change from skis to floats as the seasons change but he now can leave his main station at Kaltag and the villages of the mid-Yukon and say two Masses at different places. As a result, Unalakleet and other villages along the Koyukuk River are visited weekly. Our latest state needs our latest advantages.

Mission Items

Letters are fun, at least in the receiving, and we would like to quote a couple. Bill Kelly is a lay missionary in Alaska. Here's what he thinks of the youngsters whom he teaches at St. Marys: "What kids . . . you'd love them! They're so polite and when they look at you with those squinting black eyes, you can't help but melt. They're never fresh or bold and they are so full of fun. Even the boys make no secret of the fact they like you . . . they come running when you come outdoors; even the older fellows start asking about volley ball or the movie or anything. They are so simple, open, friendly and gentle. In a word, never did I meet such Christian people; they really love one another."

Another letter from a JM reader says, "Last summer my sons, Peter and Michael (7 and 5 years old), sold their comic books and made a whole dollar. Boy, they had great plans for that dollar so I asked them about sending it to the missions and no mother was ever so proud as I was of my two monsters when they agreed. Ever since, they have been haunting me to send it. So when I read in the 'Wanted' column that Father Morgan in Baghdad needed a dollar for 50 leaflets to distribute in his apostolate in honor of the Sacred Heart I decided that this would be a good cause for that dollar." After the mother's signature came the laboriously printed endorsements, "Peter" and Mike."

Good goods. Back in Cleveland after 32 years on the Patna Mission in India, Father John Brennan displays the same trousers he wore when he left this country in 1927. But there were other things which time had worn away. When he arrived at the airport he courteously inquired of one man welcoming him whether or not they had ever met before. After a stunned silence the man quietly replied, "Jack, I'm your brother!"

In Ceylon the one telephone directory which embraces the whole island speaks of the reduced rates at night for long distance calls, but also mentions something vaguely termed "disturbance charges." One morning Father Claude Daly in Muthur had to call Trincomalee. It was not yet eight o'clock so he could do it at a reduced rate. He hurried to the post office which was not yet opened, but the postmaster obligingly let Father in the back door. When Father Daly had finished his call, the postmaster asked for 55 cents.

"Usually it is only 50 cents," Father objected. "And before eight o'clock it ought to be only 30 cents. The book says so."

"Yes," the postmaster explained, "before eight o'clock the call itself is only 30 cents; but since the post office doesn't open until eight o'clock, you must pay a 'disturbance charge' of 25 cents. The book says so!"

Sometimes the early bird gets bit by the worm. And Father Daly is now reading the fine print in the telephone book.





Father Leo Butler spent nearly two-thirds of his Jesuit life in Jamaica. Last June Holy Cross College in Worcester honored him as its oldest living graduate. He converted thousands of Chinese in Jamaica and was loved by all who came in contact with him.

IN MEMORIAM

As we prepare this issue of JM for press word has arrived of the deaths of several other missionaries besides Father Cunningham (page 18) and Father Kammerer (page 30). They are Father Joseph Reith in the Philippines—he has never left there since 1932—who was formerly Business Manager of JM; Father Leo Butler whose length of service in Jamaica fell just short of the famed Father DuPont's; and Father Harry Birney, Rector of Jaipur in India and brother of Father Leo, JM's Circulation Manager, and of Father James, Jesuit missionary among the Indians of Sault Ste. Marie.

If we look at their ages or the geographical fields where they died they wouldn't seem to have much in common. Father Kammerer, 86, had spent over a half century in British Honduras; Father Butler, 81, was over forty years in Jamaica; Father Reith, 65, had put in 28 years in the Philippines; Father Cunningham, 53, had known Alaska for over a quarter of a century; Father Birney had been a dozen years in India before his death at the age of 46.

But one thing they all had in common. They loved God and they offered up their lives for Him and His Kingdom. May their reward be exceeding great!



Father Joseph Reith spent 28 years in the Philippines and all of that time was in what is now the Cagayan Archdiocese on the island of Mindanao. Every assignment was to a mission in the bush and, prodigious builder that he was, Father Reith transformed each place. R.I.P.

BLAME THE SUN

*Jesuit scientists in the Philippines
trace troubles from above*

PAUL B. HUGENDOBLER S.J.

ORDINARY FOLK don't spend time looking into the face of the sun. It is a blinding experience and of no profit. A few there are, however, who make a profession of such looking—to see not so much the beauty of the fiery furnace of the Lord, but what we call the trouble spots on the blazing golden disc.

As Head of the Solar Division, Father Charles A. Miller S.J. of the Manila Observatory in Baguio, in the Philippines, is charged with the work of checking for sun spots every day. By making Calcium Filtergrams, Hydrogen Filtergrams and taking pictures in white light, the secrets

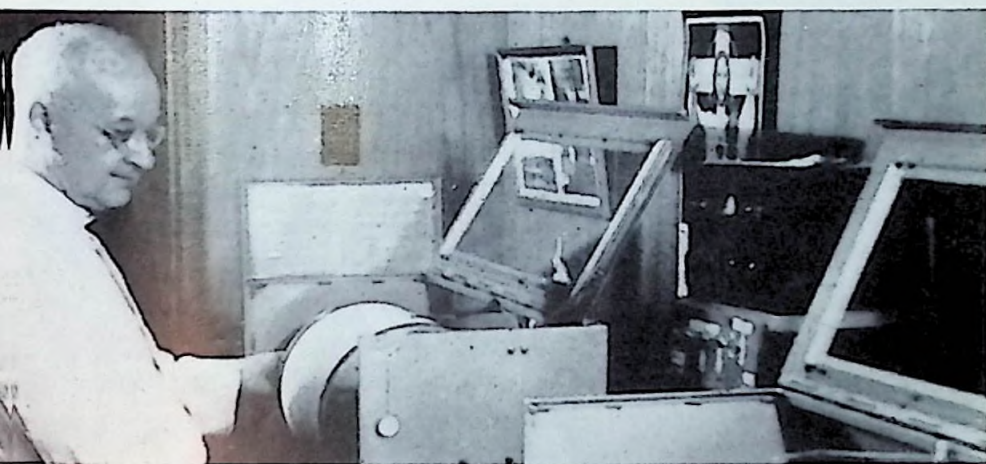
of Old Sol are uncovered. Recently spots larger and more active than ordinary appeared on his photos. Then shortly after things began to happen down here, 93 million miles away.

In another part of the Observatory, Father James J. Hennessey S.J. watched carefully the changes taking place 600 kilometers in the atmosphere, in the region known as the ionosphere. His electronic equipment reaches up into that region with its electric high voltage impulses—every fifteen minutes, and catches the echo as it returns. As Director of the Jesuit Observatory, Father Hennessey

sends out his information of Ionospheric storms—called S.I.D.'s (Sudden Ionospheric Disturbances) so that overseas radio communications work might know that danger lies ahead. In the upper region, radio waves of the short wave broadcasts usually are reflected to earth over great distances. When the S.I.D. changes conditions, these short waves are absorbed instead of reflected. Thus it is that radio blackouts occur.

The Manila Observatory is busy with research work. Its work goes on twenty-four hours a day and its records pile up

year after year. The results of its work are joined with that of the many other like stations throughout the world in order that our scientific knowledge might be widened and clarified. Thus its Jesuit staff is making a valuable contribution for the Church to world science in the most acceptably modern scientific way. The dedication of time, money and talent shows how seriously she takes her interest. In this way does she point the way to God and His great works in the heavens and deep in the earth, for all men to understand and humbly recognize.



Plotting in the best sense of the word are (top) Father Bernard Doucette and (left) Father Richard Miller of the Jesuit Observatory at Baguio in the Philippines. Their field of study ranges from the heavens to the heart of the earth. So Father Doucette studies two visual earthquake recorders to determine what kind of tremor is in progress while Father Miller scans the skies through a powerful telescope. The latter's findings send him scurrying (above) to the astronomy library. The observatory, formerly in Manila before it was destroyed in World War II, is well known all over the Pacific for the score of times it has sent out life-saving warnings of typhoons and tidal waves.



FATHER TOM CUNNINGHAM S.J., the Arctic priest, died suddenly a short while ago at his post in Point Barrow.

I remember way back in August, 1930 when I stepped off a Yukon boat. It was raining, the mud was deep, and the mosquitoes having a field day. Fr. Tom, clad in slicker and boots, greeted me with a smile, "Oh, the mosquitoes—they weigh a pound and sit on the log and bark!" He never did lose his quiet, but penetrating, gift of humor. He was only a scholastic then. He had come all the way from New Zealand to become an Alaskan missionary.

As years went by he sought out the hard places. He was the first pastor of Little Diomedé just across from Siberia. He was even captured by the Russians and escaped only through the agency of the Chief of Big Diomedé whose child he had saved the previous winter. He mastered the difficult Eskimo language whose root words have as high as 2,000 variations. His marksmanship saved an entire village which was on the verge of starvation. He was a first class boatman and one time came across from Little Diomedé alone and landed with his hand frozen to the tiller.

MEMORIES IN THE LONG

Those who have known the Arctic will experience a lonelier and deeper emptiness now that the gay Irishman, "Father Tom," has been called home by Almighty God

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

He mocked death at almost every step. He roamed around the Arctic wastes by dog-team alone and was able to pin-point his position by his knowledge of astronomy. His work on the ice-packs with a group of international geophysicists merited him a medal from the Air Force. But I think that it was these long sieges near the North Pole in total darkness that finally killed him.

When I last saw him I was shocked at his tired condition. Still he wished to go back to his post at Point Barrow, our farthest northern mission, right on the tip of North America. It was there that the angel of death finally overtook him just after he had finished Mass.

May he rest in peace, for he never rested here on earth. He literally burnt himself out. His life is a saga and only angels know what he actually suffered. His friends, whom he counted by the thousands, were shocked at the sudden A.P. flash by radio. He was only 53. The Air Force rushed a plane to Barrow to bring his body to Fairbanks. A fifteen-gun-salute showed what the Air Corps thought of him. Bishop Francis D. Gleeson celebrated the Requiem Mass. How we shall miss Father Tom!

IIGHT

"Father Tom" was one of those rare men who do everything well and in the very doing win all hearts. He loved God, and saw Him in these children of the Northland. So he traveled the lonely wastes of land and sea, his quick mind piercing the secrets of the Arctic, his hand ready for rifle or Holy Oils, his laughter a shy but warm one, his heart the kind that every priest would like to have.

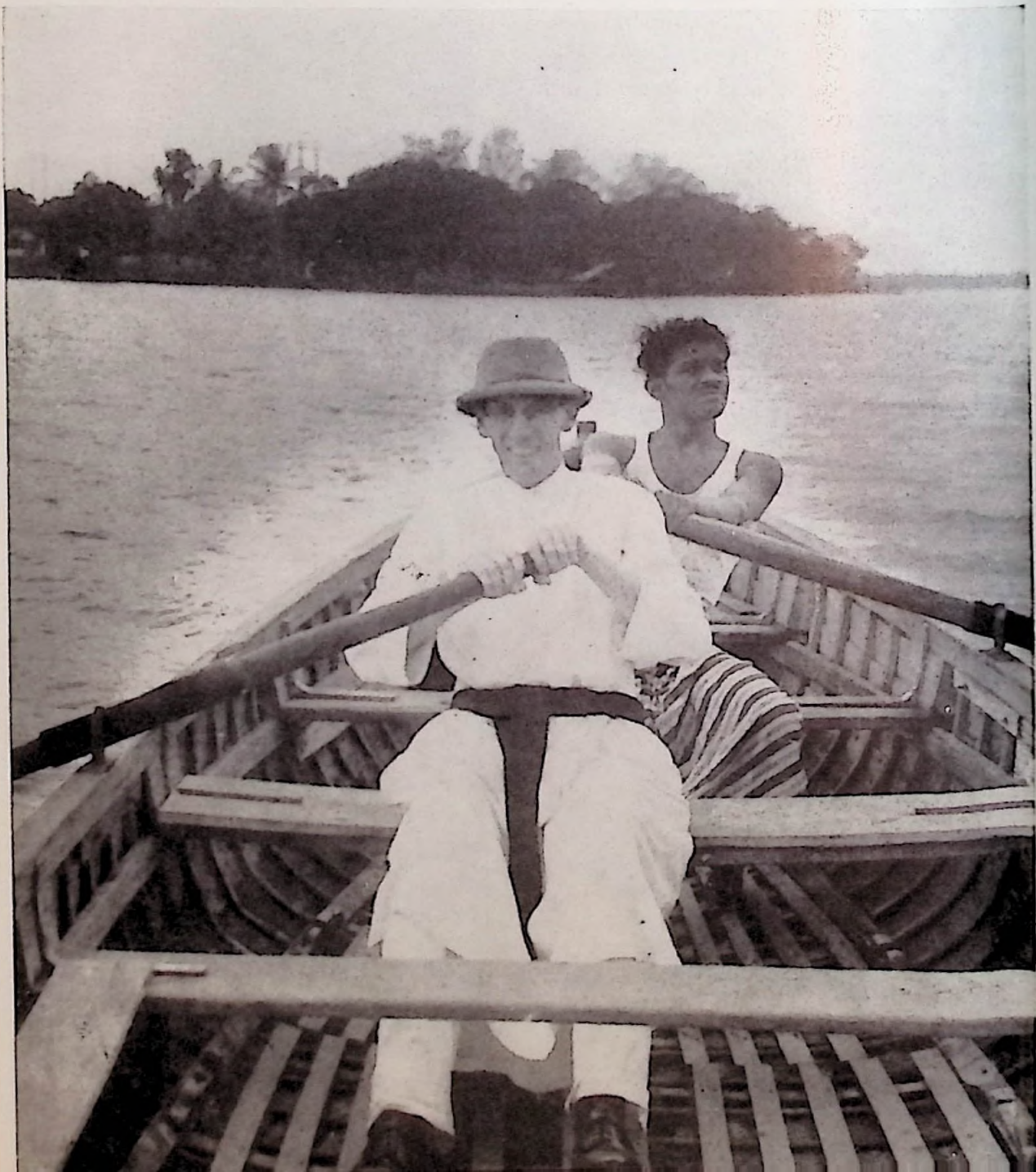
He went through so much we can understand God's, "Enough, Tom. Come and rest."



IT'S A LONG PULL

Running a seminary in Ceylon involves much more than discoursing on the beauty and mysteries of God—it involves the mysteries of human nature

JOSEPH H. MEYER S.J.



SEMINARIES are like monasteries—nothing ever happens. Oh, is that so? The other day one of my prize seminarians—Ignacy—came to me to say that he was not able to sleep in his bed. He was willing to keep the bed to save face, but to save his bones, he wanted to sleep under the bed. His complaint was that he kept falling out of bed, four and five times a night! We finally got him to keep trying and see if our local fall-out problem could be solved.

With the solution of one difficulty, another always presents itself. Chellan is the old man who waters the young coconuts around the seminary. Since he uses most of our water, it seemed reasonable that he should be the one in charge of running the pump and tank.

My instructions to Chellan were simply, "Keep the tank full!" Chellan understood and promised to do the needful. Several days later, however, we had no water in the house. So I went in search of the water supervisor.

"Chellan," I said, "I thought we had agreed that you would see to it that we always had water—'plenty of water'."

"We got water, Father—plenty of water!"

"What do you mean 'plenty of water'? There hasn't been a drop of water in the house for the past two hours!"

"The tank is full, Father. Look at the gauge."

"How is it, then, that we haven't any water in the house?"

"Oh, I've turned off the valve leading to the house. If I let the water go to the house, the seminarians use it!"

But while we're on water and water tanks let me tell you another. We have an electric current which, however, is very unstable. We're a long way from the powerhouse—almost at the end of the line. If a lot of users along the way switch on the current, we might get only enough to make a 100-watt bulb visible with a dim, flickery glow. Then again it might come on with such power

that all the bulbs in the house look like arc lamps. This is not too good for an electric motor, so we haven't installed ours permanently. Whenever we use this motor it is necessary to stand by at all times to turn off the current if it becomes too much or too little for the motor. I was doing this "stand-by" duty one day while the water tank was filling. I didn't dare leave the motor unattended, but I wanted very badly to see what the gauge read on the water tank, and I couldn't see it from where I was. Our tank has a queer little gimmick—this gauge—which the contractor invented all by himself. It generally works, but it's not the simplest thing in the world to read. While I was watching the motor, the seminarians were having a game of volley-ball a short distance away. I called one of them over and asked if he knew how to tell how much water was in the tank.

"Of course," he said.

"Well, go see then."

"I know how to tell how much water is in the tank, but I don't know how to climb up to the top to look in."

I dismissed him and called another. "Do you know how to tell how much water is in the tank?"

"Yes," he said, and thinking I was looking for a translation, he put my question into Sinhalese for me.

He also got promptly dismissed, and I tried a third. "Do you," I repeated, "know how to tell how much water there is in the tank?"

He studied the problem a minute and then said: "Length times breadth times altitude times 6.25 will give you the answer in gallons."

I guessed that I was not making myself very clear. I was glad to find that one of the seminarians was sharp in arithmetic, but to find out how much water was in the tank, I shut off the electric motor and went over and took a sharp look at the gauge myself. Ah, peace! But it's a long pull!

TETANUS MEANS TROUBLE

*In India a missionary must
be a doctor and an analyst
as well as being a priest*

E. VINCENT GALLAGHER S.J.

OUT HERE in India when a baby is born we don't think about the birds and the bees nor do we look for a stork flying away. But what we do look for is a rusty knife which the midwife may have used. For that means tetanus—and tetanus means trouble.

Recently we had a sad experience in Awarhi, where there are quite a number of Catholics. Within a period of about three weeks, five babies were born. Two of the first four born died of tetanus, because the midwife had used a rusty old knife and the infants had not received the anti-tetanus serum.

Six days after the third baby was born I was called to Awarhi. Hearing the symptoms I immediately suspected tetanus and used up all the anti-tetanus serum I had, both preventive



and curative, and then brought up all the serum available in Koath. When that was not enough, I sent to Patna. The messenger traveled all night only to find upon his return the next day that the infant had died.

I would like to keep enough serum on hand to handle such heart-breaking situations. But the trouble is the expense. The preventive dose is not so bad and we would like to give that to every one of our new-born babies, because so many of them die of tetanus within a week of birth. This preventive dose would cost about two rupees each—or one dollar to save the lives of two babies.

A baby who doesn't get the preventive injection and gets the rusty knife treatment is a heart-breaking case indeed. We do all we can for the little one and

give him what we call the big needle—the curative serum. One injection costs about three dollars and the baby needs four of these injections every day until the symptoms of tetanus disappear. And even after all this serum is used, and six or seven men are worn out in the inescapable trips to the villages and back for more serum, chances are about one in 1,000 that the baby will survive.

I am working on the idea of sending some of our more intelligent women to one of our Catholic hospitals for a short course in pre-natal care and midwifery. Prevention is better than cure at all times in tetanus. Our own women trained in our own hospitals and having the necessary instruments and medicines at hand could prevent most of the tetanus among our own Catholic babies. But at the

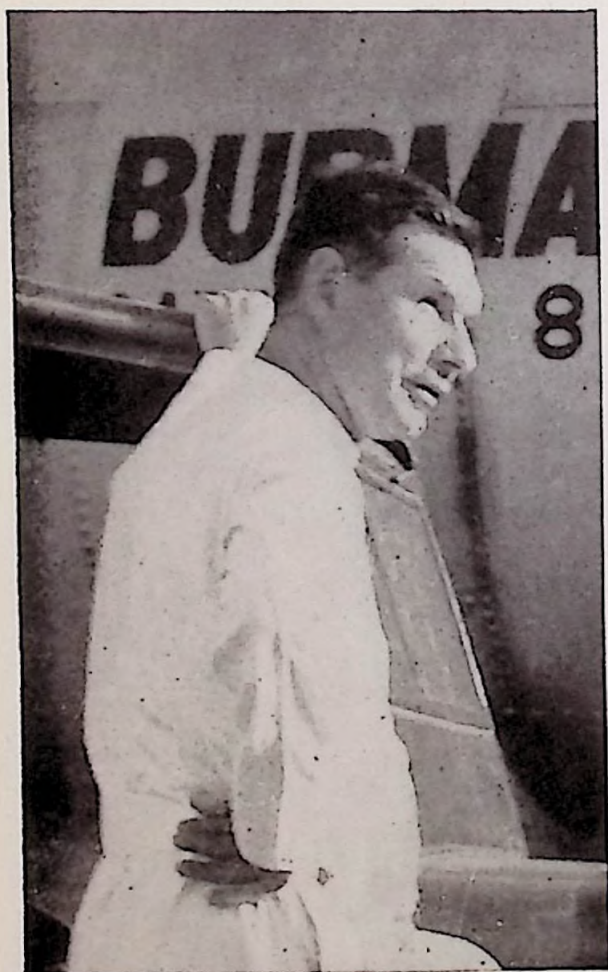
Poverty is always hardest on the young and those who do escape a disease like tetanus must still be cared for. Proper care can only come through skilled training and that is why Father Gallagher, as many another missionary, dreams of sending young girls to school at a top place like Holy Family Hospital in Patna.



moment, I fear the cost to do this would be prohibitive.

With regard to non-Catholics the situation is quite different. When a new-born baby begins to twist its mouth, clutches his little feet and screams with pain, the non-Catholics say that the god Jum has taken hold of the child. They consider this something like our diabolical possession. Hence they go looking for a goose which is supposed to be the favorite animal of Jum. The goose will immediately envelope the child with its wing and will not let go till the child recovers or dies. Since there is no way of telling whether the child really has tetanus or not, there is no way of check-

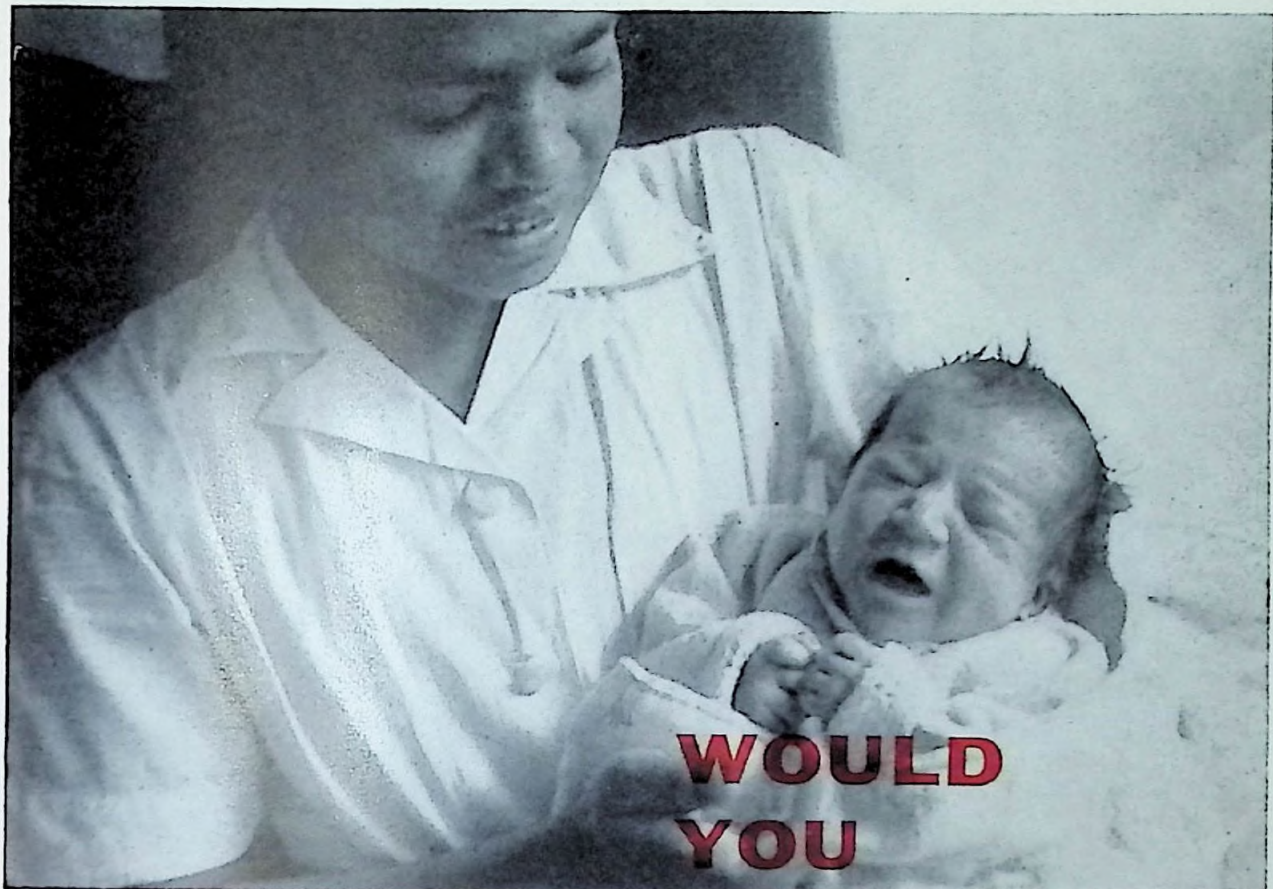
ing on reports that children get better through the goose treatment. Actually, I have never heard of a case where the people claimed it was tetanus and the infant recovered, but very, very few non-Catholics in this part of the world doubt the Jum theory. At times I fear that these old superstitions show themselves in our new Christians, so you see why I want to send some of our more intelligent women to the hospital for intensive training in the fundamentals of simple midwifery. And why, in the interim, I want to get a sufficient supply of anti-tetanus serum on hand so that every Catholic baby born can be guarded against this dread infection.



The author, who still keeps his sense of humor despite what he must face, insists that there is absolutely no connection or significance in the gas tank in the background and his own presence.

Love shines more brightly in the eyes of this Indian lassie than do the beads which intrigue her young charge. But the future years of poverty and malnutrition may put a quick end to that brightness.



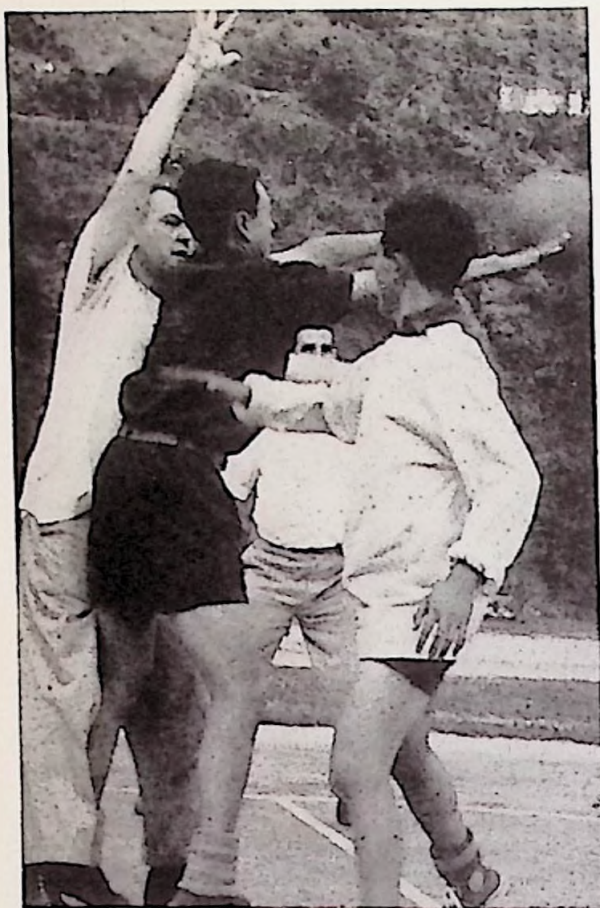


**WOULD
YOU
LIKE
TO
HELP...
PLEASE**

Would you give 50¢ to help to save the life of a baby? Father Gallagher, whose story is told on the preceding pages, desperately needs help. He must have anti-tetanus serum for these infants and he would love to have some funds for training nurses in the care of new-born babies. Send any size gift, to save one baby or many, to:

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NORTH POINT in Darjeeling, the Georgetown Prep of India, run by the Canadian Jesuits, challenged the Goethals Memorial School, run by the Irish Christian Brothers, and situated in Kurseong just a short distance from our St. Mary's College. North Point had just changed their wooden basketball supports to beautifully arched concrete posts and this was to be the inauguration of their new court.

The Goethals' athletic director asked me to help get the team in shape for the match, the first they had ever had. Besides the practice sessions at Goethals, twice in those two weeks we had the boys come over to play the Jesuits. Both times, as the boys put it, Father Dietrich was too much for them, but that valuable experience taught them much. In fact, we were to find, to our sorrow, exactly how well they had learned.

On the big day I went along to Dar-

HIMALAYAN BASKETBALL

*The mountains are the highest
but the students attempt to go
even higher while on the court*

RICHARD C. McHUGH S.J.



No beatniks here although bearded Larry Dietrich S.J. of Philadelphia may give that impression. But ask those who have to stop him on the Himalayan basketball court not far from Darjeeling where Jesuits from all India spend their theology days.



jeeling as coach, Father Dietrich as referee and, just to be impartial, we had a former teacher at North Point, now at St. Mary's, as the other referee. Of the ten boys who made the trip, eight are Chinese from Calcutta, one Punjali, and one Goan.

There is Lee, the center, who is the brains of the team, and calm and cool on the court. He hardly misses his jump shot from the pivot. C. K. Yung, whose nickname is "Sickness," and who shoots quite accurately with his eyes closed, starts as right guard. Shong, the bookworm, controls the backboard on offense, and is a real workhorse with a good lay-up. Chin takes the ball up for the team and starts the plays working. On defense he's always dangerous. Then there's Fatty Lin, every inch of whom is solid steel. He's fast and shifty and hard to beat on his drive-in for a shot. D'Santos, No. 1 sub, is a master at deception. Be-

fore the other team even discovers that he's playing (he walks around as though he has lost something) he manages to score six or eight points.

The whistle blew and the boys worked like a clock. After ten minutes of play the North Point rooters were stunned by Goethals' smooth offense, and drumtight defense. Whispers were going back and forth, "How do they do it?"; "We don't have a chance"; "At least in cricket we win." Half time score showed Goethals ahead 26-6. The second team had played the last four minutes of the first half and they stayed in for the second half. Final score read 48-17. About the game itself all that can be said is that Goethals had their own way. They looked like champs. After the game the hosts provided a very nice tea, and then with a much more costly sportsmanship than Goethals needed, gave us a friendly send-off. So back to North Point.

GRAND OLD MAN

For over fifty years he served God

in a forgotten corner of the world

EVERYBODY in British Honduras knew "the grand old man," Father Joseph B. Kammerer S.J., who died there recently at the advanced age of 86. He had spent 52 years on the mission and he had literally worn himself out for Christ. This past year a questionnaire had been sent out to our missionaries from JM and to the question concerning one's present duties Father Kammerer had answered simply, poignantly, "I'm an invalid confined to my room."

But there was many a year when this priest had traveled the jungle trails and endured the hurricanes and storms which so often had made a shambles of this coastal colony. During his last years he lived mostly in the Corozal District in the north and most of the people there proudly claim that he baptized them, married them, or taught them in school. This had been "home" for him during many years of his early ministry and his zeal is well attested by the fact that Holy Communions in his first year numbered 3,973 but that seven years later they had risen to 16,305. All this happened despite the fact that the district was heavily penetrated by the persistent Seventh Day Adventists and anti-clericalism in general.

Father Kammerer was Superior of the Mission from 1921 to 1928. During this time he was also head of St. John's College and as such he led the fight against the yellow fever epidemic which had broken out. His coolness and resourcefulness resulted in the saving of many lives. Not one of the students died from the devastating disease.

During his regime as Superior the mission made tremendous progress in building up the educational system of which it can be so rightly proud. What did it matter that in a few short years the material side of that program would be smashed into rubble by the hurricane of 1931? A pattern had been set, and heartsick men in this "mission of beginning again" would start anew the tedious task of forming that pattern once more, made stronger by experience.

So "the grand old man of the mission" has gone home at last. He had come to British Honduras before the first World War and in his time he had seen roads and automobiles replace the bush trails and the horses which he had used so often. The long boat trips up the jungle rivers are over now for this veteran of Christ. His reward will be exceedingly great, even as his labors were.

"Grand old man" of British Honduras, the late Father Kammerer, has left a record of achievement.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Footnote to the Picture of Father Convert (p. 15) in the plane he flies the dangerous Alaskan routes is the following: "I had to put larger skis on the plane for this winter because the original ones couldn't take the deep loose snow on which most of my landings are made. It cost me \$500." Any plane, ski, or just mission enthusiasts who can send a dollar or two to keep Father flying?

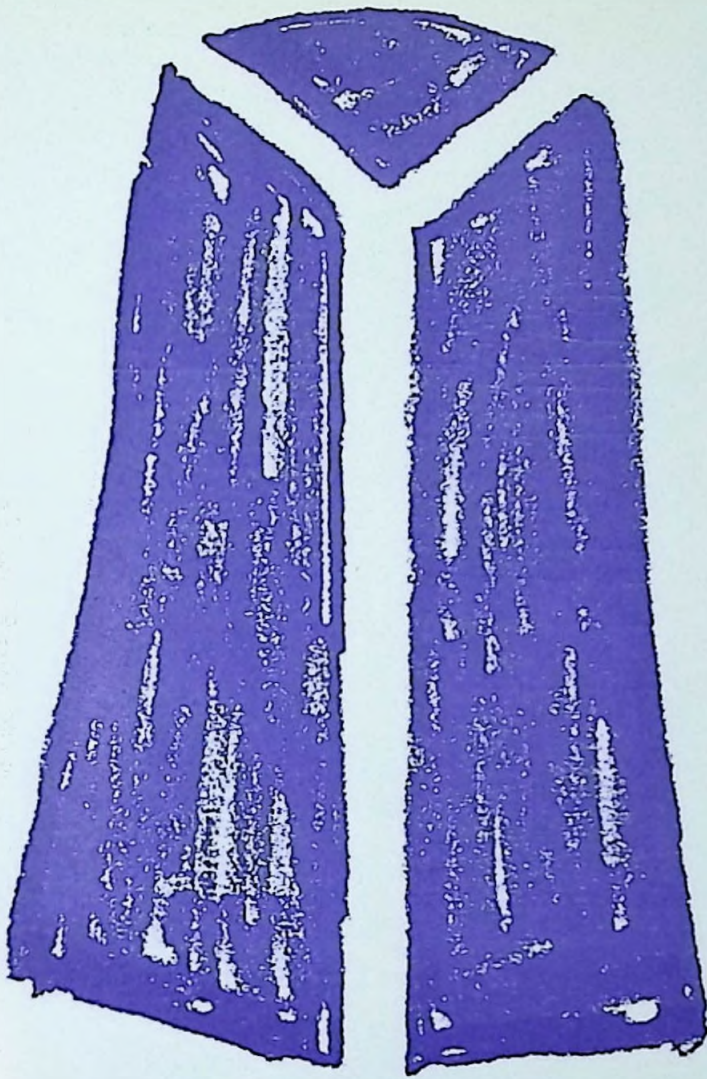
A Shrine to Our Lady is requested by Father Wilzbacher of Samastipur in India. "Our little church is only a big room in an ordinary building. Our little shrine would be on an elevation forty feet above the road and be visible for a long distance. We can manage cheaply, digging up the broken brick ourselves from ruins nearby . . ." What sweeter attraction could there be to those who know not Christ than the lovely Mother who wins the hearts of all? We will gladly send on your gift, \$1.00, \$2.00, or more.

It's the Little Things which mount up and make life a little more worrisome for the missionary. There are a score of ordinary, day-to-day items which he must have but they sound so insignificant he hesitates to ask for them. For example, a month's supply of Mass wine costs, on some missions, about \$2.50; candles for a month come to about \$1.50; to run the parish rectory around \$2.00 a day. A church in Formosa has so many daily communicants that the monthly bill for

Communion hosts is \$20.00. When a man has to count carefully his pesos or rupees or shillings he gets a big lift out of a small gift designated just for these daily expenses. Could you send a little gift for little things?

Mueffel's College at Orange Walk in British Honduras may not get the headlines often but the Missouri Province Jesuits there have headaches instead. One of these is the attempt to make the day to day expenses. Because of lack of funds many prospective pupils cannot attend. Tuition is only five dollars a month but that is just too much for many families. Could you help someone receive the very necessary schooling by contributing a month's tuition, or a part?

Deep in Jamaica's Hills lies the little village of Avocat. It has long been a Catholic center and is a mission station of Port Antonio. Father Gardiner Gibson writes: "I am under pressure from the Ministry of Education to fix up the school which is in terrible shape and to build a new Teacher's Cottage. The government will pay most of the cost but my share will run to about \$1,000—which I just don't have. I have never before been in such desperate need for help . . ." And Father Gibson, to benefit from the government allotment, must finish before March when the financial year closes. A dollar or a thousand dollars would be prayerfully welcomed.



FOR MARY'S ALTAR

The Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Hsinchu, Formosa, is badly in need of vestments that will befit its new and beautiful altar. Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J. asks especially for vestments worn at Solemn High Masses. Two sets are needed, one red and one black, and each will cost \$150.

Could you contribute at least part of the cost?

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THE WINTER IS LONG...

on the plains of the Dakotas and Montana. Here in the Northwest American Jesuits conduct missions among the Crow Indians, the Sioux, the Flatheads and other tribes. It is a terrific problem to provide even the necessities like fuel, potatoes, bread and clothing for these poor people during the long winter. Will you help with a gift of \$1.00, \$2.00 or whatever you can afford?

Send your contribution to

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