

**WORLD
REFUGEE
YEAR
1959/1960**





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**

March, 1960, Vol. 34, No. 2



THE WORLD REFUGEE YEAR



In 1958 59 members of the General Assembly of the United Nations voted for a World Refugee Year, to run from July 1, 1959 to June 30, 1960. The purpose was to focus the world's attention on these poor people who so tragically symbolize the unrest of our time and to intensify both government and private efforts toward a solution of a problem which concerns all of us. JESUIT MISSIONS attempts to spotlight the hunger that tears at so many millions of our fellow humans, a hunger that is not limited to the refugees only but embraces all who know the depths of this world's misery. The men and women who are missionaries of Christ come face to face and heart to heart with those who hunger and thirst. We pray that the tiny glimpse offered in these pages will remind all who read that every image of God is also our brother.

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The face of Krishna (left) tells the story of the world's hungry and destitute. This is a moment to cherish, to hug as closely as the precious bowl of food. This is a scene in India at a center where the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) provides food and care.

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The World Refugee Year spotlights a real tragedy



...exile

“**A**RISE, and take the child and his mother, and flee into Egypt . . . for Herod will seek the child to destroy him” (Matthew 2, 13).

Long ago it was the Son of God—made man fleeing before the murderous madness of the despot, Herod. Now millions flee before the inhumanity of modern despots. Then it was from Bethlehem to Egypt. Now it is from East Berlin to West Germany; from Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia to Germany, Austria and Italy; from China to Hong Kong and Formosa; from North Korea to South Korea; from North Vietnam to South Vietnam; from Tibet to India. In spite of Iron and Bamboo Curtains thousands desperately take the road into exile, often with nothing more than the clothes on their backs; old people and little children, the strong and the mature. Night and day they steal across policed borders, seeking freedom and the chance of a better life. They could not take any more of the godless paradise of Communism. They were not content to have bread alone, for “not by bread alone shall man live,” were the words of the first refugee of the Kingdom of God, the Lord Himself.



their lot

Exile and flight have been a constant experience of Catholics for centuries. Either they have been expelled or fled from their native lands because of attacks on their religion. The Apostles had to leave Jerusalem because of persecution. Today so many Bishops and priests have been expelled from China. For some this constant persecution of Catholics is a scandal which weakens their faith. For others it is the occasion of their lapse from the faith. For most others it is the fulfilment of the prophecy made by Our Lord. Even as He, the Church has gone about through the centuries doing good. And even as He, the Church has been hated and persecuted.

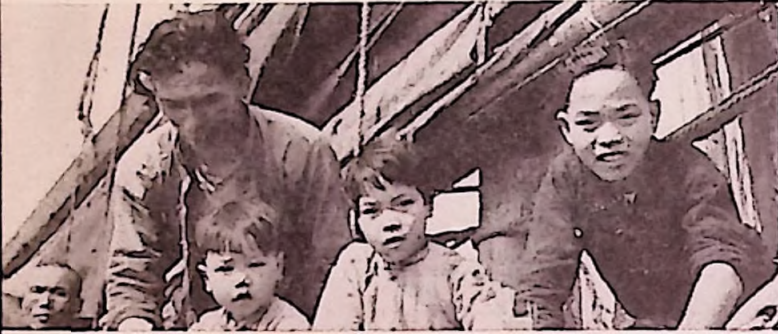
How very pertinent to our times is the word of Christ, "I was a stranger and you took me in." What a sad commentary on the boastful age, when millions of refugees and expellees wander the roadways of the world or are herded into camps. As the horror mounts, so must the charity shown to the least of Christ's brethren. It is a time of horrible injustice and inhumanity. But it is also a time of most generous and sacrificial love of the neighbor.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.





The homeless the almost



WORLD Refugee Year runs from July 1, 1959 to June 30, 1960. But no single year will suffice to bring life and light again to the almost dead eyes of over two million human beings. That brief period of time can only serve to concentrate our attention on a problem born of our own age and to take some initial steps towards its solution.

It is a year that follows closely upon the International Geophysical Year when the emphasis was placed upon scientific findings and achievements. This is a "human" year, and our tortured world sorely needs the soul-searching which it involves. A part of mankind roams the earth, homeless, rootless, its hope hardening into desperation. Some of them have known this bitter existence for over a decade; their children are growing into manhood with eyes dulled by the chill gloom of refugee camp living.

It is a problem that concerns all of mankind, for all of us were there in its beginning or are present now when it cries out for solution. The image of God walks the earth and has no home.

hopeless



It is not a catastrophe that has happened once and for all, like a fire or explosion, so that it involves a remedial process alone. It still goes on today—and as this is written weary and footsore Tibetans are crossing the border into India. Over 13,000 of them have fled in the last ten months.

Who and where are the refugees? The following summary includes only the main bodies:

Asia—over 1,000,000 in Hong Kong.

9,500 Europeans in China

1,000,000 Arabs in Near East

Africa—170,000 Algerians in Tunisia and Morocco

Europe—30,000 “alien” refugees in camps in Germany, Italy, Austria, Greece

100,000 “out of camp” refugees in all of Europe

Elsewhere—Chinese in Formosa, Thailand, Macao, Laos, Vietnam.

Tibetans in Nepal and India.

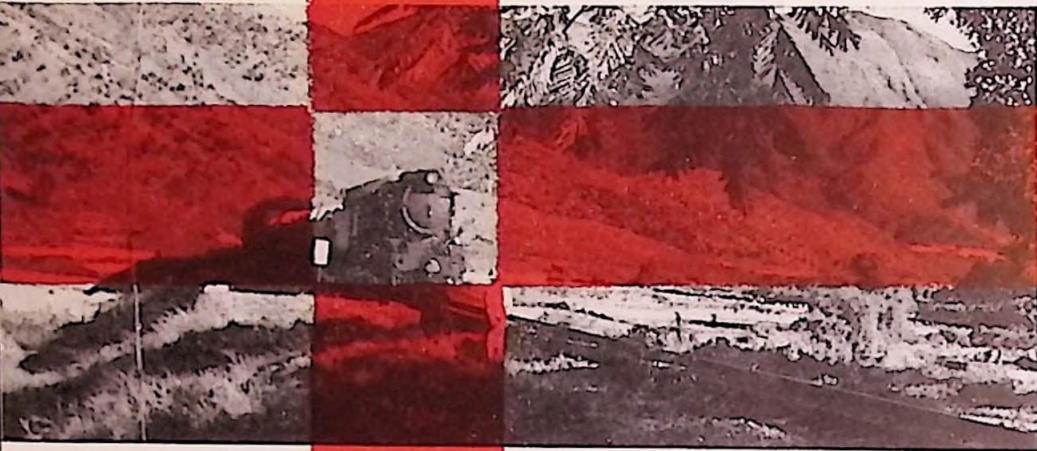
Refugees from Egypt

Displaced “nationals” from

Korea, Pakistan, Vietnam, etc.

So far the greater number of these people have taken refuge in missionary countries. That very fact accentuates their need. They fled to nations which themselves are undeveloped and are still lacking in material resources. That places a further strain on a limited economy. One look at the primitive conditions under which the refugees must live reveals a squalor and misery that is revolting to all concept of the dignity and pride of human beings.

It is a world problem, as well as a *de facto* missionary problem. These refugees fled from a terror which was born of inhumanity. But the fear which sent them flying was not a naked thing; it was veiled in hope. Escape was not meant to be the ending but only a beginning again. Now as the long days crawl by, that hope can lose its elasticity, it can harden into a caricature which ill befits the image of God. They are homeless; let them not be hopeless, too. The refugees, and all the poor and hungry of the world, belong to God—and to us.



Last mile from Communist China into freedom is covered by train with its anxious-eyed passengers.

HONG KONG: the crowded doorway



OVER a million refugees have swarmed out of China into this tiny island that is only 32 miles square. One out of every three persons is a refugee, risking life itself to cross the border and pass through the narrow doorway to freedom.

What does it matter to them that home will now be a shack of the crudest kind, that they may be forced to scrounge in garbage heaps for their food? They have escaped Communism, they are free, and in their hearts burns the eternal hope of every refugee the world over, "This is only for a time; soon I will have a home, a new life!"

From the village of Aberdeen on the south-western side of the island we have a good view of this emotion-packed

Bustling street of Hong Kong is crowded to overflowing these days with well over one million refugees from the mainland.



Stanton Creek houses three thousand families in close-packed sampans, the only homes many of the refugees are able to find.

drama in which a million souls play their parts. Here at the Regional Seminary for South China the Jesuits teach the young men who are preparing to become diocesan priests. Between the Seminary hill and the main road which encircles the island there is a neck of water called Stanton Creek. The creek is a useful typhoon shelter when the storms rage; it is at all times a sort of floating town for the poorest of the poor. More than three thousand families live there on little boats.

The seminarians do their best to bring whatever help they can to these suffering and hungry refugees. It is only a small part of the overall picture that is Hong Kong today but it is a true glimpse of the entire dark drama.

The refugees along Stanton Creek know the seminarians by now, and faces light up as these priests-to-be make their way along the cluttered river bank. They distribute food and clothing,

donated by generous America through the National Catholic Welfare; they assist at the mobile clinic, run by the Catholic Women's League, where for about three hours in a morning two hundred or more of the suffering gather around the motor-van for treatment.

Hong Kong is wonderfully blessed in one way—there seem to be a million children here. But the problem of educating them is ever present. Our poor children of Stanton Creek are too poor or backward to find a place in the ordinary schools. So the seminarians have divided them into three groups and instruct them four or five times a week.

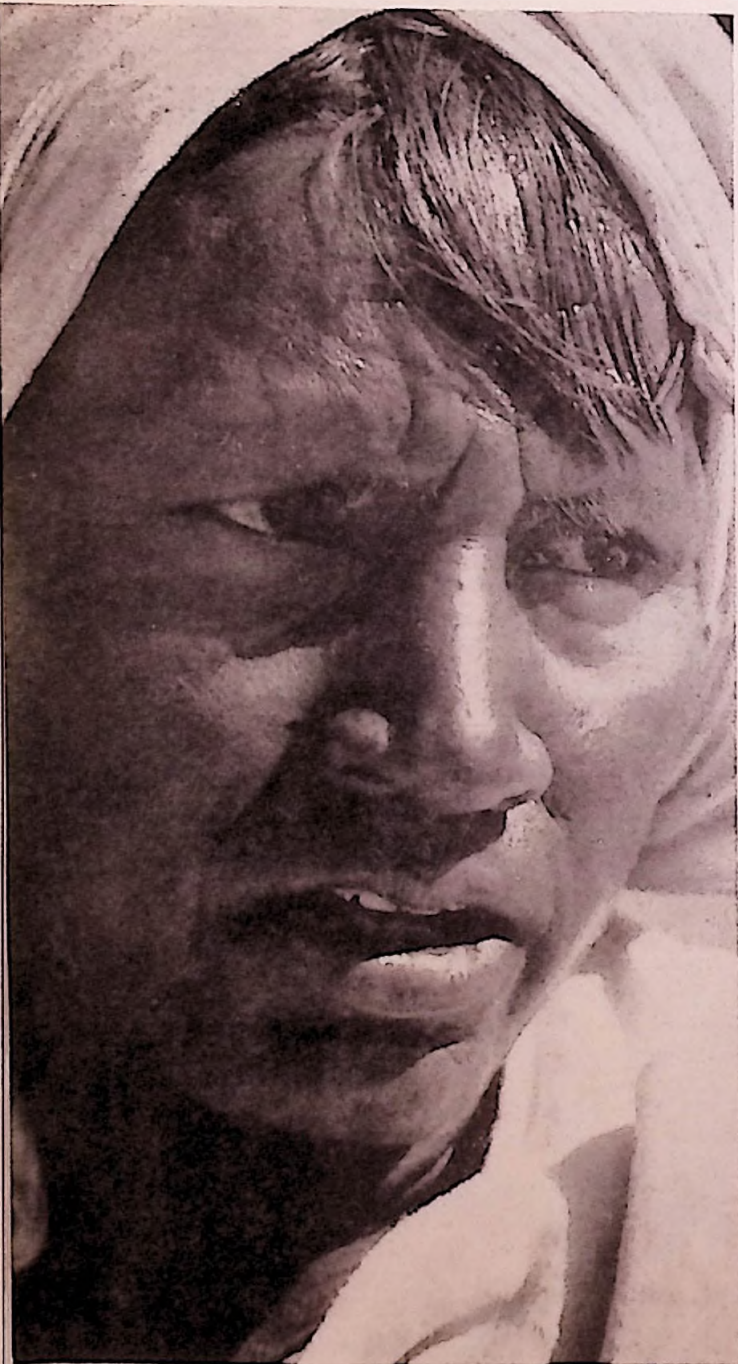
Very few of these poor people are Catholics. They badly need apostles who understand their ways; who are patient, endlessly patient, with them and entirely devoted to them. For never again must they know the terror which drove them through that crowded doorway!

JOSEPH GARLAND S.J.



Mission fields are a dark mirror
of the suffering of all the world

...who



Faith and Food

THE WORLD Refugee Year concentrates on a problem that is particularly of our generation. But there are other problems, similar in nature, which belong to all generations. No one is more familiar than the missionary with the heartaches which fill the world, the heartaches born of hunger of body, hunger of mind, hunger of heart. So Father Daniel Rice S.J. in India graphically sketches one instance . . .

Faith comes relatively easy to the Santhal aboriginal, because he is *a man in need*. He is starved both in body and in soul. His body, worn lean with toil, further weakened by malnutrition and the twin killers, TB and malaria, has little energy left for anything but bread-winning. From early morn till the owls begin their nocturnal wail the Santhal, as we know him, is literally obsessed with *one only* dominating thought: "Jom! Jom! Food! Food! Food!"

Yesterday brought out a typical pre-corn harvest crowd of destitute Santals from their distant villages to our mission station. Nursing mothers mostly, with babes in arms, had walked along jungle paths, across rice fields—some two, or four, or eight miles—in the hope that the Father Saheb would give them some little bit of wheat.

hunger and thirst

Monica with her one-year old baby girl was one of the crowd. I had seen her at church on last Sunday. She had come in during my sermon.

"You were late Sunday, Monica."

"Yes, I know Father," she admitted. "I tried to get my mother and sister-in-law to come to Mass with me, but they said they were hungry and were going off to some relatives to beg for corn. I finally decided to come to Mass alone with the baby—so, I was late—"

"But, Monica," I asked in surprise, "Haven't you got any corn?"

"No, Father," she answered simply. "The rains were late and we couldn't plough in time; besides, the little we did plant was eaten up by caterpillars."

I knew the answers to the other questions before I asked them. There would

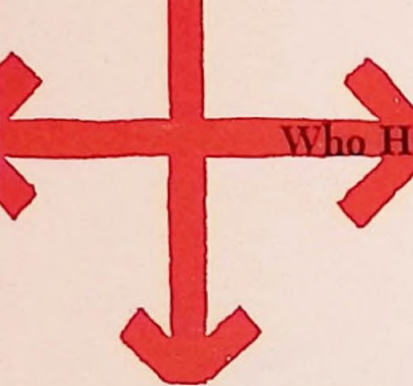
be no millet or pulse because the seed merchants would not give seeds on credit. There was no rice crop because of the late rains. Monica was too weak to cut wood in the distant jungle. What could she possibly do, she and her baby, to survive? I knew that answer, too, before she actually gave it.

"Father, I'll stay here at the mission."

There you have it! That is the answer we receive from dozens of destitute famine-stricken Santhals coming to our stations, seeking hope, consolation, alms, charity . . . "We want to stay here!" sounds strangely evangelical, like Peter's exclamation on Mount Tabor. The Santhal sees the vision of Christ in the splendour of the Mission's charity and that is enough. In their hunger for food they find the truth Faith.

Waiting is a routine experience when life itself depends on weather or a single crop.





Who Hunger and Thirst

Christmas Village

ADACHI Ward is the heart of Tokyo's slums, and few areas in the world can approach the subhuman living conditions that are found there. In one section 40,000 people are living in dire poverty. Over a quarter of these are rag-pickers, men who scrounge the streets and alleys from late afternoon until the sun has risen again. Their earnings are only pennies a day and they live in pitiful, floorless shacks.

Hope was a stranger in Adachi until a Jesuit priest, Father Francis X. Meyer, from Sophia University, picked his way down the cluttered, stinking alleys where malnutrition and disease were rampant. He sensed the hopelessness that pervaded Adachi and its dead-end streets of apathy and surrender. He went back to Sophia and organized a small group of students. He led them into Adachi and showed them one village where 70 families lived.

It was a sight that would open the eyes of the most indifferent. The huts were no bigger than 6 x 9 and five and seven people were crowded into them. One single water faucet served all 70 families; a foul stench hung over the whole area; the loudest sound was the incessant coughing from the TB-ravaged huts. This was only one "village" out of many. The Sophia students

Hungry orphans in the slums of Tokyo await the opening of Father Michel's soup kitchen.





Welcome is evident as a Jesuit priest from Sophia University visits Adachi Ward alley.

were appalled; they might have quit then and there save for the quiet-voiced priest with the heart of hope.

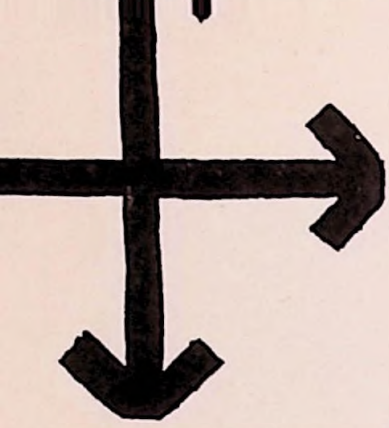
Briefly he outlined his plan, a small start which would mushroom even beyond his own optimistic idea. Win the confidence of the rag-pickers (the first Sophia group did this); send in more social workers from Sophia to compile a list of those who needed help immediately; enroll every possible agency and person who could contribute help. Food, clothing, medical supplies, housing—a step by step buildup.

It was not to be temporary. They must build "Christmas Village," so named because it held all the hope of all the world. Land was bought and a dream

took on material shape—a dispensary for the sick (doctors had given their time free of charge) and services which embraced education, jobs, housing, cooperative buying, home-visiting, etc. Japanese and American welfare agencies backed the project strongly. Today hope walks in Adachi, because of the quiet-voiced priest who was trained in the sympathy of Christ.

Beggar woman plays her musical instrument in effort to entice alms for her family.





... Who Hunger and Thirst

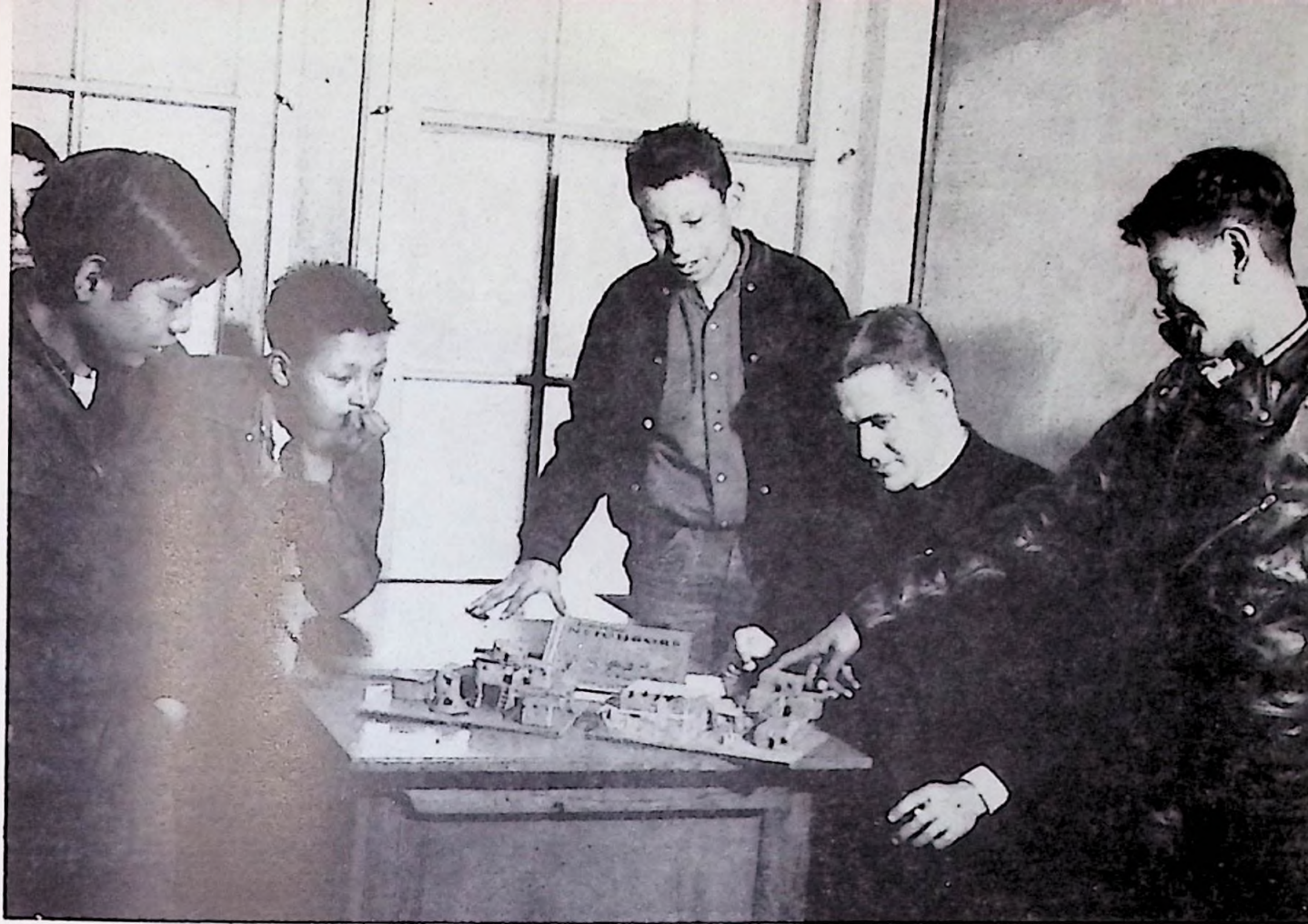
The Mind's Hunger

ANOTHER kind of hunger grips the world today, probably more demanding than in any previous era, the hunger of mind, the yearning for education. The importance of intellectual training is realized in every continent and the universal recognition that it is the springboard to leadership has made control of the classroom a rich prize.

The educational field has become the battleground between the forces of Communism and those who believe in the

dignity of man and his God-given heritage. The missionary is in the front ranks of the conflict and knows only too well the strategy, the booby traps, the face of the enemy. Traditions are falling, the old ways pass, and the young of every land are crying out to be intellectually fed. Truth must be given them, no matter what the cost, or they will be lost, like the youth of China now, in the Communistic labyrinth of untruth, suffocation and mental starvation.





Worlds apart geographically and in present interest are these American Indians (above) who admire, with Father Dougherty S.J., their prize-winning clay models of an Indian village and the artists of the island of Formosa (right). But they are both one in their innate hunger to satisfy their human cravings to express themselves.

Rusting of iron is a symbolic study for these New Guinea students at the Rabaul Technical Training School. New Guinea is a Trust Territory, administered by Australia, and education here is run by the government, the Missions and the Village Councils. Human iron is rusting away in refugee camps and wherever there is no outlet for man's creative urge.

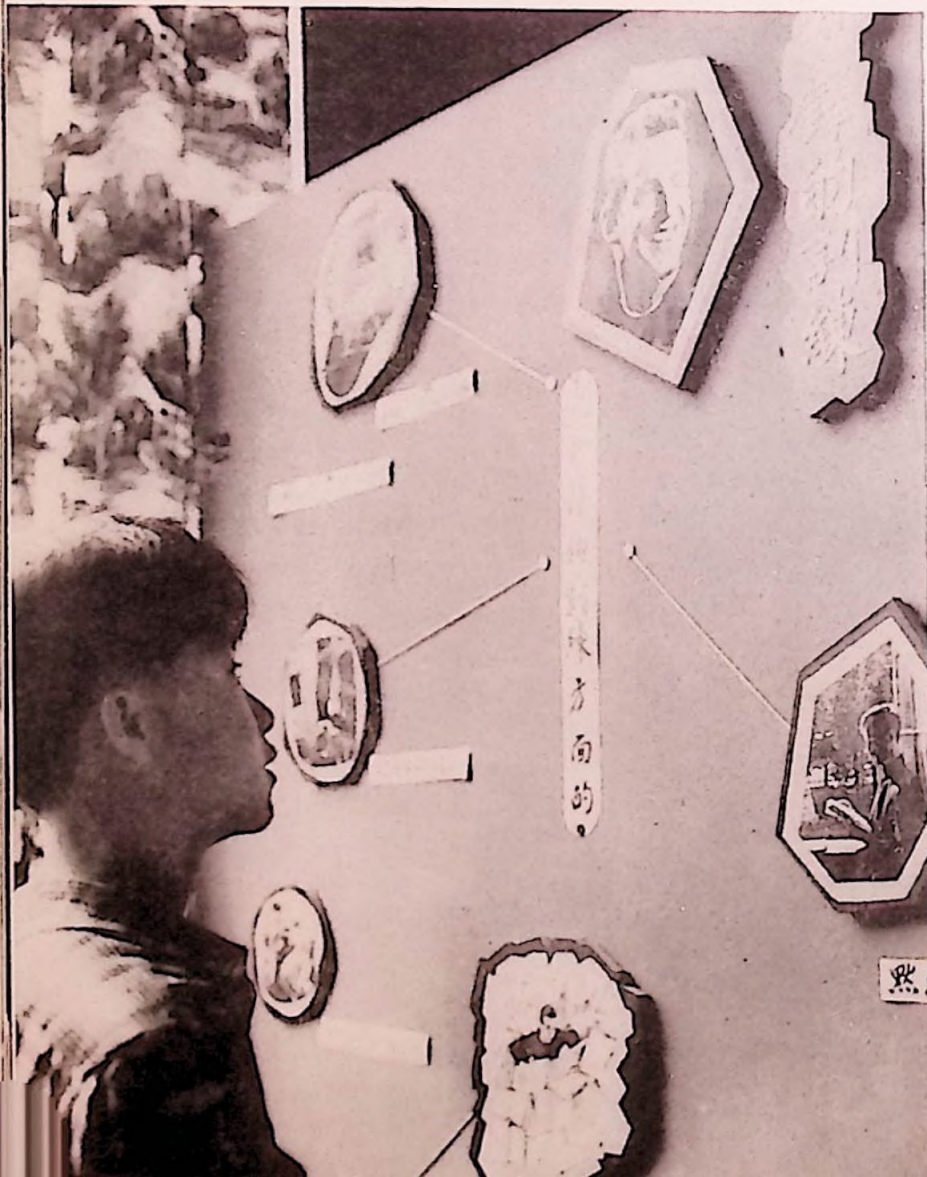
(UN photo)



... Who Hunger and Thirst



Japan. Avid students use even the lunch hour to learn from John Carroll S.J. of New Orleans.



Formosa. Taiwanese youth pays visit to Vocation Exhibit, "The Training of a Priest." Father Louis Dowd S.J. is organizing a Center for the young workers who are easy prey for the Reds because of their lack of education and surrounding paganism.

Madagascar. The moment beyond all others. On the fourth largest island in the world, off the east coast of Africa, a dark-eyed missionary recently receives her Holy Communion. The Bread of Angels is the only sacrament which can satisfy the inner hunger of the he

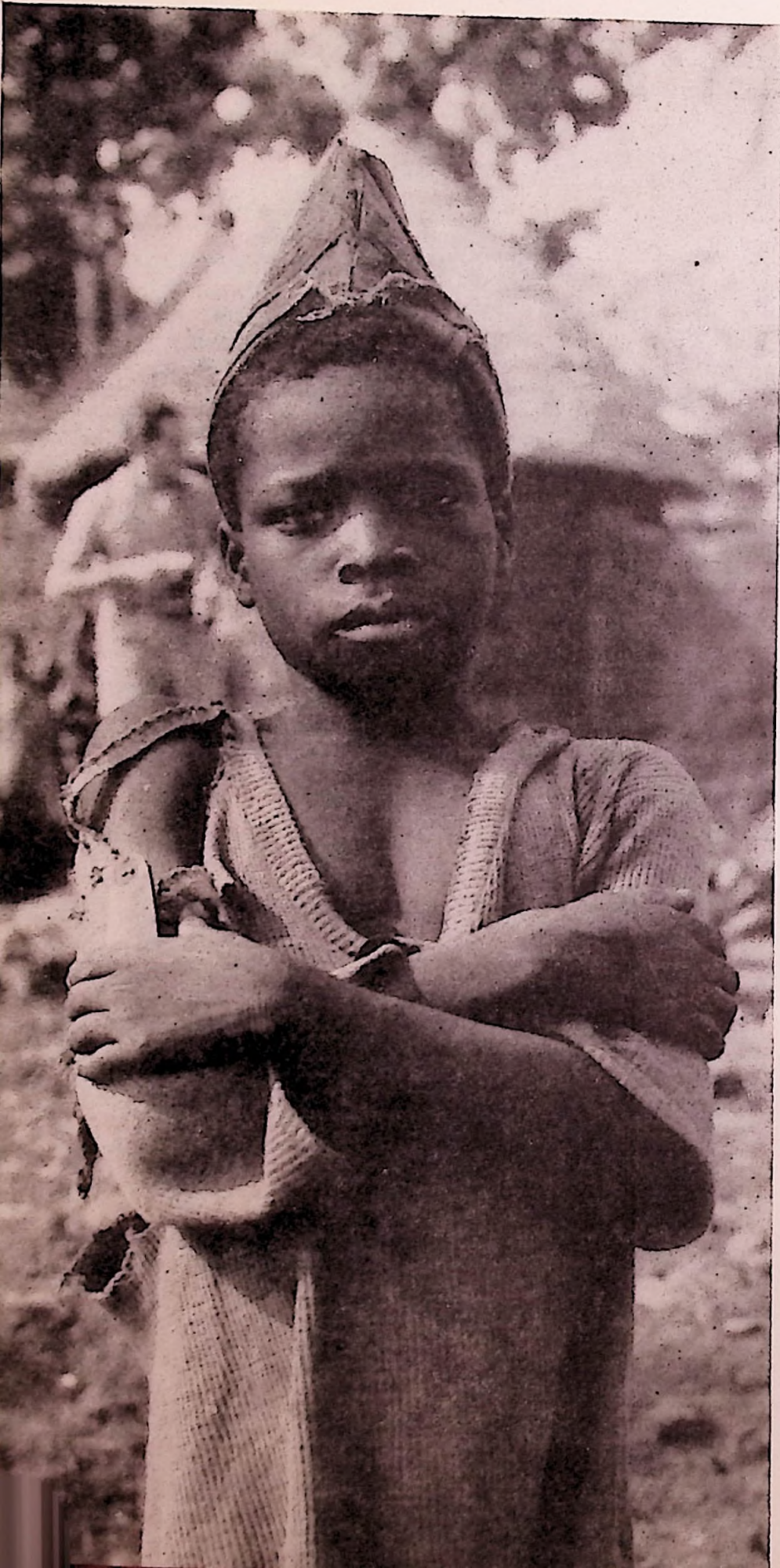
The Soul's Hunger

THOU HAST made us for Thyself, O God; and our hearts will find no rest until they rest in Thee." St. Augustine's cry was not of the moment; it was for all time and for every soul that ever knows its bitter emptiness without Him. The heart is God's and He has fashioned it in such a way that He, and He alone, can satisfy its boundless hunger.

Yet it is a human heart, and so God became man, that in His humanity every heart would find its love supreme. All the loves of the world, of mother for son, of boy for girl, are but tiny baby steps in comparison to that glad rush of the soul into the divine embrace that has no ending. In Him, and Him alone, the heart will find no hunger evermore.

The men and women who bring Christ to those who do not know Him are keenly aware of the precious treasure entrusted to them. It is a humbling realization, yes; but they remember their own hunger and how He fed them with Himself, with a love beyond all counterpart, an all-sharing love. So they can appreciate the hunger of others who have not been fed, who do not share the same treasure. That is why they willingly go to the ends of the earth, why they face all the stumbling blocks of earth and the massive deceits of Hell itself. There are no limits to that kind of love as there are no limits to their giving. Wherever a soul hungers, there will be Christ and His embracing Love.





*The Pope's Mission
and the future*

The

Boy wonders what lies ahead in the Africa that is racing down new paths, almost at too fast a rate. Will he thoroughly shake off the past, typified by the village behind him, the family compounds which can have as many as twenty houses connected by a mud wall and where a hundred families live?

Pride of progeny is deeply implanted in the African character but the virtue is constantly beset by traditional evils, polygamy, adultery, divorce, even murder of defective children. An insight into their point of view can be found in one of their proverbs—"The education of a child is more important than his birth." But unfortunately that education is too often restricted to tribal customs and lacks all moral principles and true religion

(Photos from United Nations)

attention focuses our attention on Africa

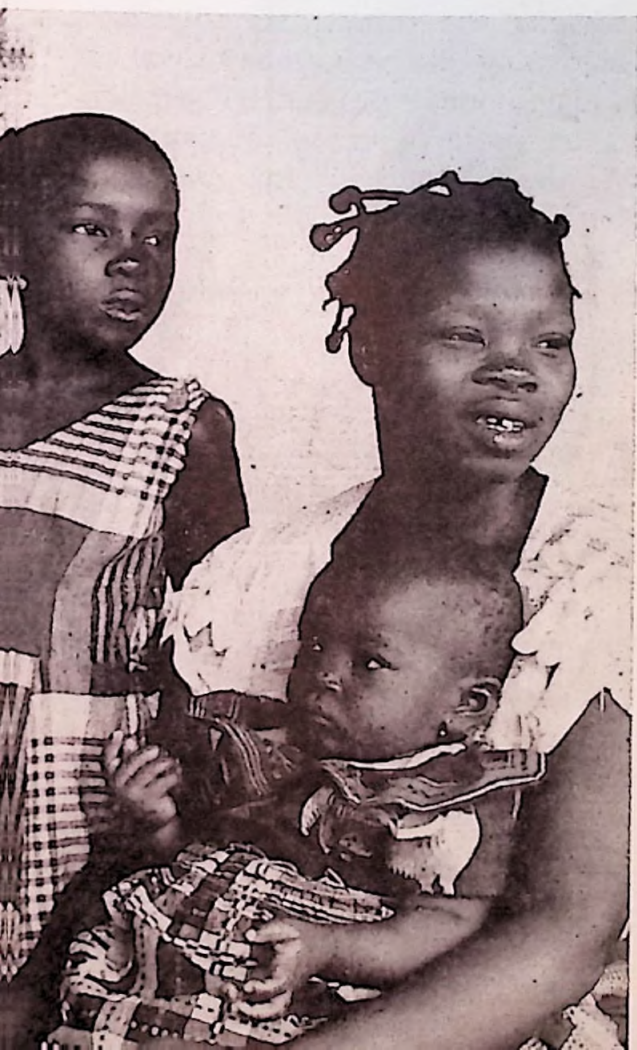
fatal and important problem of its family life

Seed and the fruit

DURING the month of March the Holy Father asks us to pray that family life in Africa be profoundly imbued with Christian principles. It is a prayer that must overcome a hundred obstacles which past centuries have strewn across the way of Christian living. In this respect, the Dark Continent has lived up to its name. Now the missionaries face the task of uprooting the customs deeply imbedded in suspicion, paganism, tribal life, etc.

The best way of implanting Christian

principles is through the mission schools. It will take time, and there will be many failures, before the sanctity and beauty of the marriage bond and family life are fully understood and lived out in that fullness. In many ways Christian principles appear to the Africans as directly opposed to their centuries-old way of doing things. So our prayers during March must be the more fervent because of the difficulty, more constant because of the importance of the problem which confronts a whole continent.



Window on the Mission

Population Explosion

EVERYBODY is talking about it, because the headlines feature it. A special TV program was dedicated to it. It has become a political issue whereby the Americanism of presidential candidates is to be tested, especially any Catholic aspirant. And, of course, the Catholic Church is being roundly criticized for its stand on birth control.

From here it looks somewhat phony that the subject should suddenly blossom into the greatest problem of the day in a presidential year. We thought Communism was the worst threat to mankind and the most formidable enemy of all we stand for. But it seems we have been wrong, because now men and women who have children have become the worst enemies of the human race. Undoubtedly, Khrushchev and his boys will be glad to know that we have shifted our emphasis from them. It will make it easier for them to do their job of destroying Christian civilization.

Anyone who has had any mission experience in Asia is very much aware of the teeming populations in India, China and Japan. Many have dealt with the

victims of famine caused by natural catastrophes, floods, droughts and pests. They have seen beggars swarming in city streets and the bellies of children swollen with hunger. They have seen these things with their own eyes and they have choked back the tears at human suffering, which is more than can be said for the panic-propagandists in this country who sit comfortably in their well-appointed and well-stocked homes, sound off about the population menace, and find easy remedies in contraception and abortion with a pretense of scientific enlightenment. One wonders at times if their concern is prompted by compassion or selfish fear or just a desire to run the world.

Of course there are vast populations to feed. Medicine has helped that along by reducing the infant mortality rate and increasing life expectancy and we don't blame medicine for its concern about the preservation of human life. That is the job of medicine. But it is not the job of medicine to destroy human life by abortion or to prescribe specifics to eliminate the possibility of life against the moral law. Who is running this world? Some cold, unmoral, impersonal thing called science or intelligent, morally upright human beings? This is not a mere laboratory problem. This is a problem that confronts human beings who are creatures of God and subject to His holy Will.

Most missionaries are close to what



Cover. The uncertainty and the bewilderment of the refugee are graphically illustrated by artist Phil Franznick. He sees the exile at the crossroads, not knowing which way to turn, fearful of a road that may lead back instead of away, wary of a step that may plunge him into depths of new misery.

World

is called the population explosion; in fact they are living in the midst of it. It is disheartening to be trying to teach people the exalted and demanding ideals of life in Christ, while the rest of the world is cutting the ground from under the missionary by sponsoring immoral projects. He thinks of the better housing, better tools for agriculture and trades, thus improving the standard of living, which could be bought with the money spent by birth control projects. He wonders if the demographers know as much about population as they say they do, since they have been wrong so often in their recent prognostications, even in the U.S. Knowing that contraceptives and abortion are against the moral law, he rightly wonders why these people are not trying to give other answers which would encourage the morality and virtue of his people.

He hopes that the genius of man which has found the answers to so many things will be put to work on this issue and come up with answers other than the wholesale slaughter by abortion, such as prevails in Japan at the moment, and irresponsible, immoral family life. He thinks of the billions of dollars and highly trained minds expended on rockets, electronics and atomic research and wonders why human talent and money cannot be spent on reliable research into this human situation. In the meantime he must try to convince his people that the present answers are against the law of God and a degradation of the holiness of marriage. The population experts are increasing his struggle to bring Christ to the world. Let us give him all our support in his battle to uphold the law of God.



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Modern medical techniques, plus
sacrifice, evoke Bartimeus' cry

"That I may



!see!"

ONE EVENING in December, when the sun had set, anyone watching the church gate here at Buxar in India would have wondered what was up. The picture was a moving one. Holding hands in a line and feeling their way along with the uncertain steps of the old and infirm, several blind people were being led to the church door.

Two of them were blind no longer. Two old ladies could see, and the wonder of it, the amazed thankfulness of it, was still upon them. Their eyes were watery, and the light was still painful to them, but they could see!

The story of their miracle began far away in Rochester, N.Y., in the office of a skilled ophthalmologist of that city, Dr. William C. Caccamise, M.D., who had been planning for a year and a half to revisit Patna Holy Family Hospital where in 1951-1952 he had so successfully restored sight to several hundred people. His purpose was to use his skill and the most modern techniques to give sight to scores of India's great army of the blind who would otherwise never have this golden opportunity.

It is a story that began even further back on the day when Mother Dengel and her early companions in the Medical Mission Sisters decided to establish a modern Catholic hospital in Patna. It is this hospital in its beautiful new location with its devoted Sisters and student nurses which made it possible for Dr. Caccamise to establish a blind center.

The cry of the blind man in the street, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me," which made Jesus pause in his

journey one day and ask, "What wouldst thou have me do for thee?", and the poignant petition of old Bartimeus, "Rabboni, that I may see," drew from the sympathetic heart of Jesus an instant cure.

These old people, still somewhat amazed, who have recovered their sight, have seen the Church walking in the steps of the Master. What drew Him, still draws His Church—the blind, the lame, the lepers, the deaf, even the dead, the poor, and sinners.

One of the old ladies, Teresa, lives here now with the Sisters. She is a holy old soul, always working or praying when she was able, and lately always praying because she was blind and could no longer work. The children call her "Grannie," and they love her very much because she is patient and holy.

So it was a real joy, a high point in the many consoling things I have seen in the ministry, to take Grannie Teresa down to the convent and call out the Sisters and the children to see the miracle of restored sight. Her blindness was a familiar thing to them. They had led her by the hand and lived with it. Now she could see, and they could hardly believe it. Each girl had to come and see for herself, and each one had to ask, "Can you see, can you really see, Grannie?" And the good old lady, whose tired back is bent with the weight of her years, smilingly nodded for each and answered, "Yes, I can see. I see your fingers, I see your dress," and to me she said, "I see your hat."

It was a wonderful thing there in Jericho for Bartimeus sitting by the wayside, that he saw. In these modern cures there is the wonder still, and in the case of these two old people there is an echo, too, of Christ's wonderful words to Bartimeus, "Go thy way, thy faith has saved thee."

hopelessness of blind woman, indicated by posture, will dissolve before nun's charity.

**Strange
case
of the**



Barefoot Reporter

He is not afraid of thorns, for he himself is a thorn—in the side of Communists. He works for the *Sanjivan* paper in Patna, India, but he is rarely at headquarters. He is traveling the dusty roads, riding third-class in crowded railway coaches, carrying out a mission of tremendous importance to all India today. Not only does he tell the story of truth, he also sells it.

The reporter is typical of the entire operation of *Sanjivan*, as you can see in the following pages. Father Barrett needs a lot of help to spread the only Hindi Catholic newspaper across the land. The Communists subsidize their press—why can't we? Five dollars will bring Catholic news to *five* villages a year. Can you give five dollars to spread Catholic truth in India?

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th Street, New York 28

Truth is the greatest weapon against the Reds
and in India a missionary works to provide it

It says in the papers

FRED V. MOORE S.J.

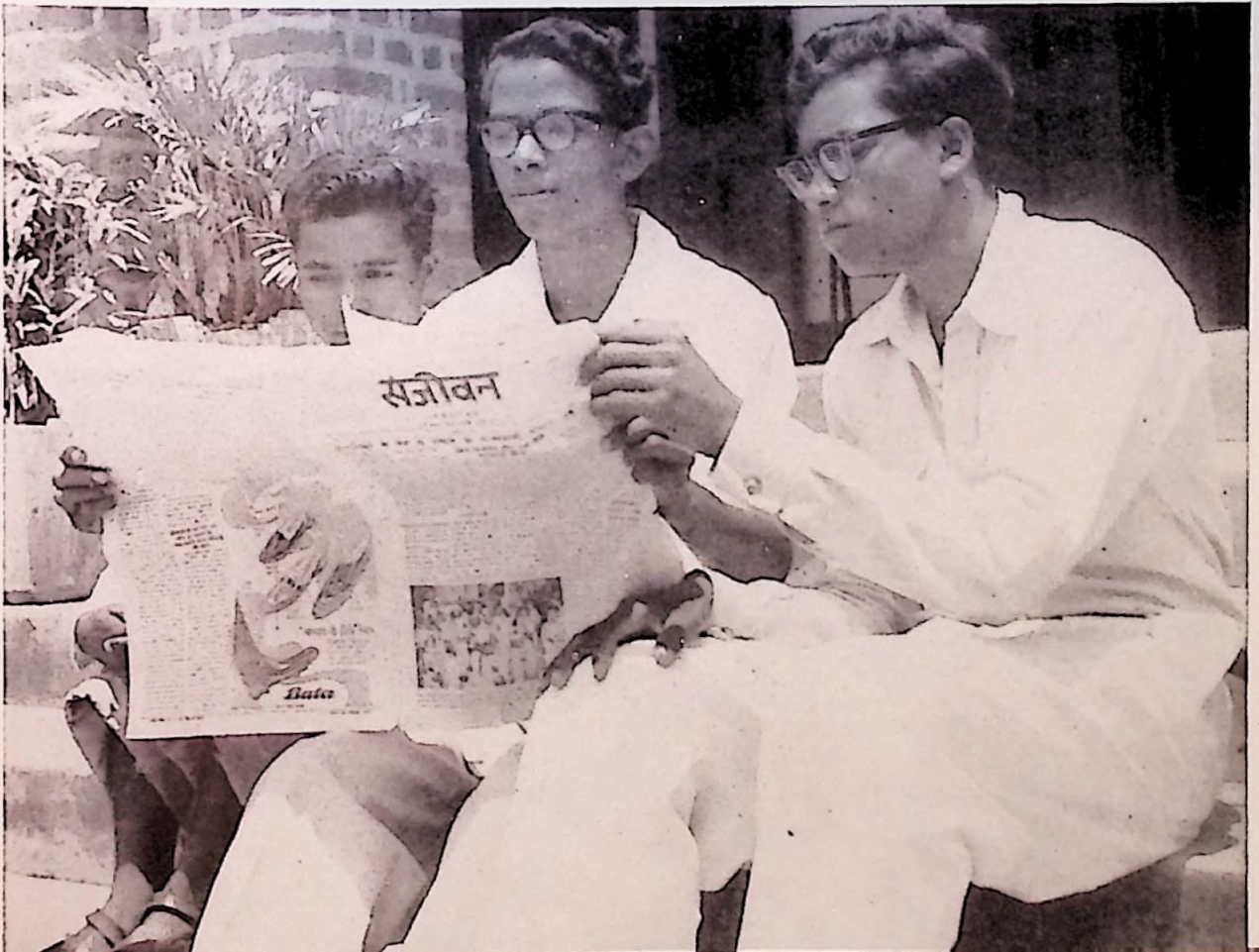
THE SCHOOL master at Gayzing is a young man with a problem. The Himalayan hamlet where he teaches is in the State of Sikkim, the Buddhist land of the Thunder Dragon, forbidden to Christian missionaries. To get to Mass he has to cross the border into India, a full day's march to Darjeeling. He can make it only once or twice a year. For the rest of the time he is out of touch with the throbbing life of the Universal Church . . . eyeless in Gayzing.

Yet not altogether eyeless. For every week a postal runner plunges down

dizzy paths, wades rivers, pierces dark cathedral pine forests to bring the school master a weekly Hindi Catholic newspaper, *Sanjivan*, that opens for him a window on the Catholic world.

Sanjivan renders a similar service for thousands of migrant workers in the tea gardens of Assam and West Bengal; for Indian Catholic lumberjacks in the forests of the Andaman Islands; for Indian Catholics in the Fiji Islands of the far Pacific as for others in Guiana on the Atlantic seaboard. Catechists in Indian villages at home read *Sanjivan* to the

Truth is sought, and found, by these Indians reading *Sanjivan*, "the One Who Gives Life."



It says in the papers

unlettered country folk; Catholic Information centers in our big cities display this newspaper on their shelves. For *Sanjivan* has a unique place in the world of Catholic publications: it is the only Catholic newspaper published in the national language of India. As such it is eagerly read by India's polyglot millions at home and abroad.

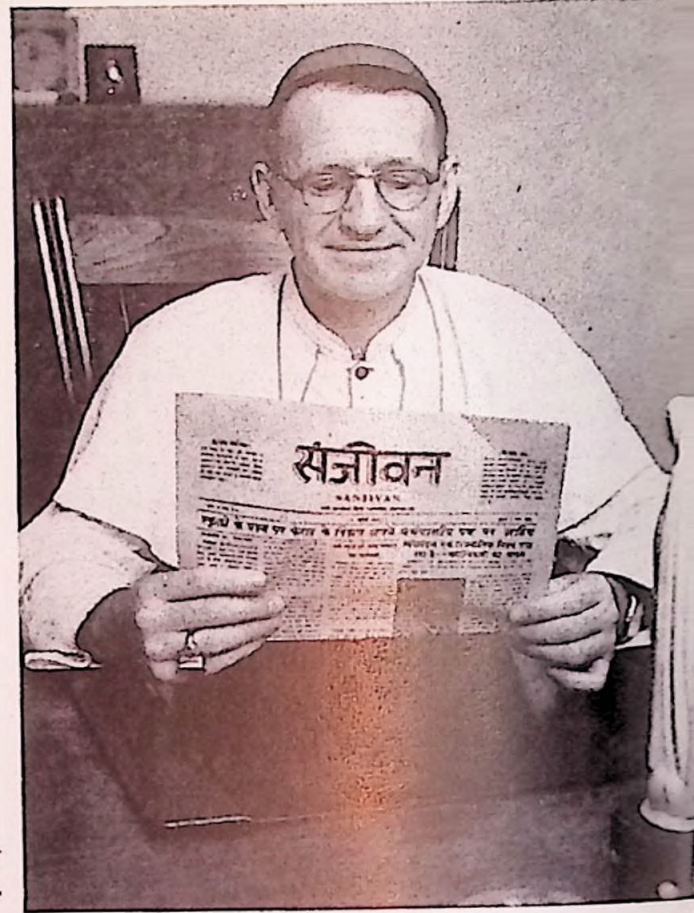
The newspaper was founded ten years ago in answer to a great need. The Church's point of view had been put forward until then by three English-language Catholic weeklies published in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, and one south Indian language journal. Hindi had just been declared the national language by the Constitution in 1958.

Episcopal approval is shown by Bishop Wildermuth S.J. who was also a founder of paper.

Literacy was increasing among the half million Hindi-speaking Catholics of the north. The time was ripe for an organ of Catholic opinion in the national language. In November 1950, with the newly defined dogma of the Assumption bannered on its front page, *Sanjivan* hit the news-stands.

Its birth was dramatic, for on the very Sunday of the first issue the lank form of its founder-editor, Father John Barrett S.J., was hauled out of the wreckage of the Patna Mission plane which he piloted. To the superstitious this would seem an ill-omen. But Father Barrett soon made it clear that he hadn't crashed in his editorial capacity. Having got his paper off the ground he has piloted it against formidable difficulties with all the zest and determination symbolized by his red hair and blue eyes.

Sanjivan is put to bed every Wednesday in Patna and is available all over



India at church doors on the following Sunday morning. For the equivalent of one cent in American money, the readers get six or eight pages of Indian and world Catholic news contributed by NCWC, Washington, and Fides, Rome, aided by sixteen Indian correspondents. The editor supplies editorial opinion on topical issues, and a digest of world news. The number of features crowded into these pages is remarkable—a serialized Catholic novel; "No Secret is Safe" by Father Mark Tinnien M.M. about the Communist take-over in China; a Women's column by an Indian convert; a Question Box; a column of spiritual advice by St. Francis de Sales; and a Children's Corner by Aunt Mary (who thinly disguises a baritone voice and size 14 shoes).

Two big national issues have aroused a crusading spirit in the newspaper in the decade since its foundation: the anti-

missionary Niyogi Report on Christian activities in central India, and the assault on the Catholic schools by the Communist government in south India. For the first time Hindi-speaking Catholics were kept abreast of events and informed of the Church's rights and difficulties. Interest in these struggles ran high and the Catholics of northern India lent their support to the victims of the anti-Catholic forces.

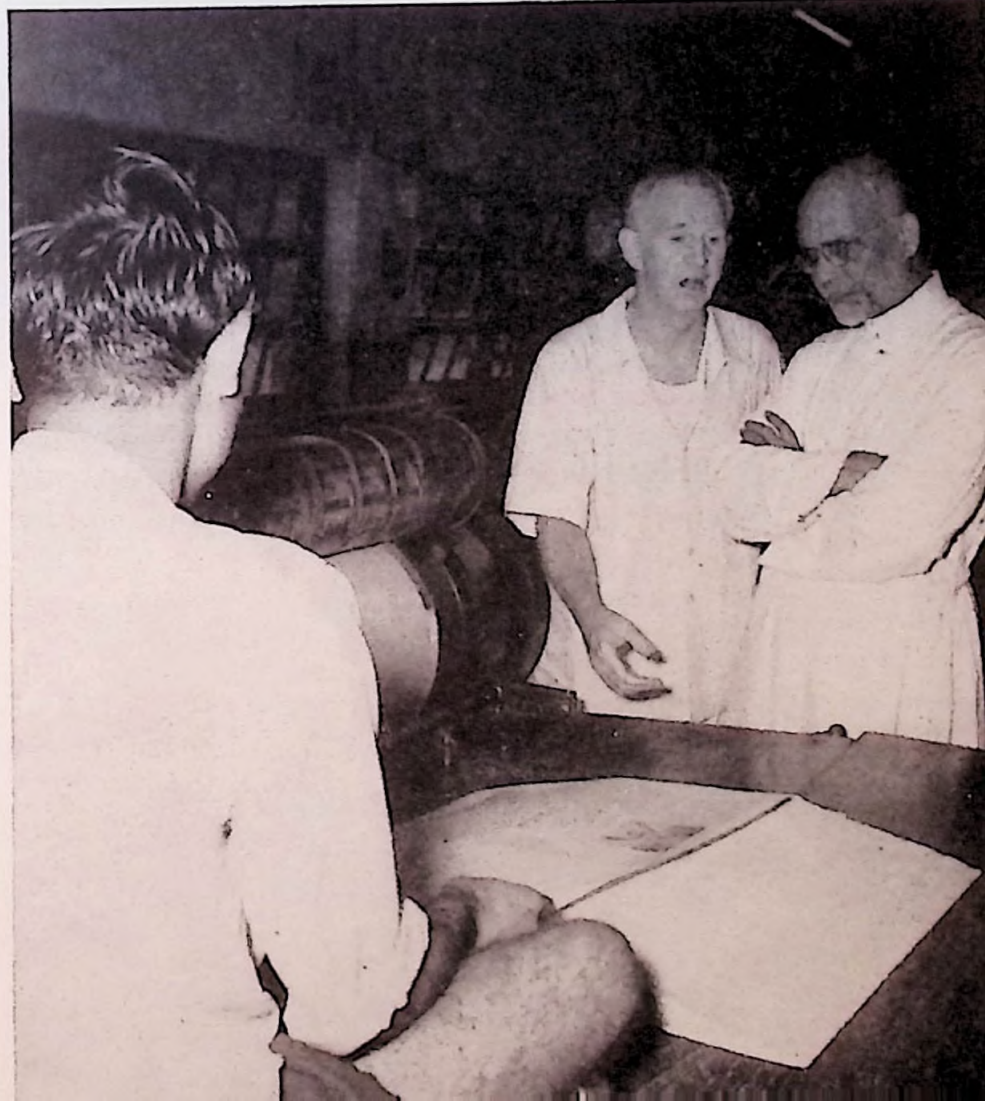
A decade devoted to building up *Sanjivan* has left Father Barrett decidedly greyer, but still a young-looking 51. A veteran missionary of 22 years in India, he has today the same enthusiasm, the same quick-fire habit of speech, that he must have had as a fresh-faced youngster in the Christian Brothers school at far-off Syracuse, and later at St. Ignatius High School, Chicago, when his ambition was already formed to be a journalist and editor.

His work in *Sanjivan* isn't over yet.

Father Barrett now plans an 8-12 page *Sanjivan*, with its own all-India professional news service. He hopes to raise *Sanjivan's* standard to a point where it can syndicate Indian Catholic news to the secular newspapers. He wants to build up circulation until it will attract national advertisers, and the revenue will finance further improvements. And he's red-headed enough to take on this task with confidence in the tough decade that lies ahead.

All over India there are eager young men—in factories, tea plantations, on railroads, in offices—ready to stand up with him, proud to have a Catholic weekly newspaper in their own national language. All over India there are growing Catholic communities, or isolated individuals like the school master at Gayzing, waiting for a bigger, better *Sanjivan*, "the One Who Gives Life."

Where and how of the *Sanjivan* Press is explained by Father Barrett to Father Jerome D'Souza S.J., Assistant to the Jesuit General for India and East Asia. There is no need to explain the why for Father D'Souza, formerly Indian Delegate to the United Nations, is well aware of the value of *Sanjivan*.



DURING most of its 70-plus years of existence the Alaska Mission personnel consisted of priests, nuns and brothers. There were never enough of them to man all the areas of our vast new state; their forces had to be deployed in the most strategic manner possible. So there would be a concentration in a few places which would be headquarters for a school and for the surrounding area with its outstations.

hearts reached out to help. These are the lay missionaries who volunteered to spend a year or more on this mission field, teaching, nursing, helping in whatever way they possibly could.

Who are they and where did they come from? We cannot name them all because of space but let us touch upon three now at St. Mary's. Bill Kelly was born in Jersey City and grew up in Patchogue, Long Island. After college,

Alaska is a new state and there is a new
brightness to it because some selfless
men and women have injected a new life

The real Northern Lights

Individual missionaries would try to cover the more remote places—and in Alaska that means most of the territory—so that the scattered Eskimos and Indians in those regions would at least receive the Sacraments from time to time.

Under the circumstances of limited personnel and resources there didn't seem to be much hope for expansion on any great scale—until a few years ago. Then, suddenly, a new brilliance lit up the northern sky and young hands and

he taught Civics, English and Psychology at Port Jefferson High School. Then he heard of Alaska's need . . .

Patricia Sanford came from Memphis and graduated from Agnes Scott College in Georgia. She became a convert three years ago and on a trip to Alaska with her sister and brother-in-law met Father Whelan in Anchorage. While doing volunteer secretary work for him she happened to mention the lack of opportunity for a lay person to help in



the work of the Church. Now she is at St. Mary's . . .

Monica Smith is a New York City girl who was educated by the Ursulines from grade school until her graduation from the College of New Rochelle. She plans to go into medical research after her time for God at St. Mary's . . .

What were their first reactions to the limitless expanse of the Northland? Patricia Sanford flew into Bethel and

that such a modern plant could operate out here in the middle of nowhere!"

How do they feel now? Bill Kelly: "I find Alaska exciting, interesting and purposeful. The people possess a simplicity that I haven't found anywhere and are endowed with many virtues."

Monica Smith: "Once you know the children you can't help loving them. What these people have up here—simplicity and happiness—is rare outside."



First lay missionaries at St. Mary's are Bill Kelly of Long Island, Monica Smith of New York and Patricia Sanford of Memphis. And the Northland has plenty of room for others!

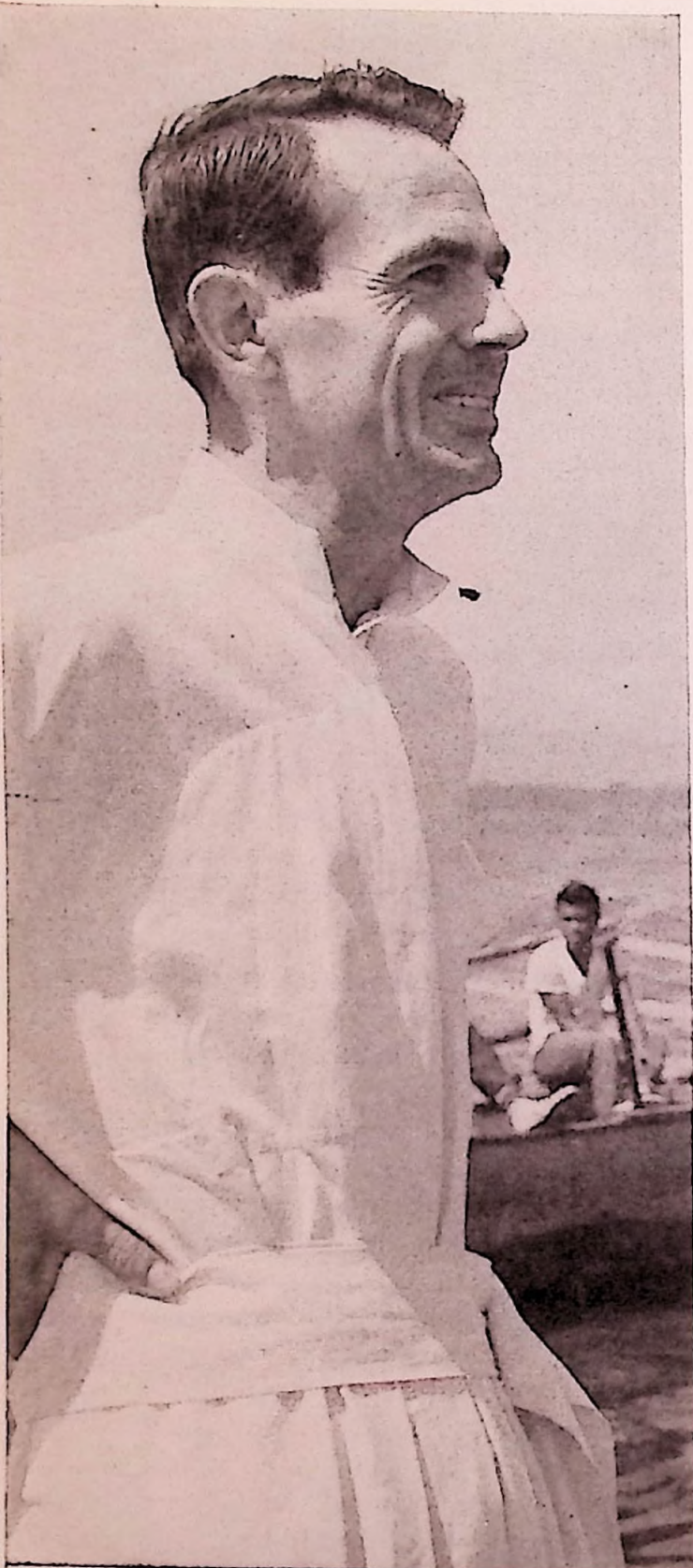
wondered, "Have I come five thousand miles for this?" She boarded the bush plane there with a feeling of relief but as she approached the mountains near St. Mary's she felt the butterflies in her stomach. "Perhaps I have bitten off just a little bit too much . . ."

Monica Smith felt the same way. To her Bethel seemed like the end of the world. But St. Mary's: "Then from the middle of nowhere, the Mission appeared, nestling on the banks of the Andreafski. It was almost unbelievable

There are lay missionaries also in Holy Cross, Copper Valley and Dillingham. At the last named place Father George Endal reports: "None of our seven teachers look forward to leaving us this year . . . We are extremely fortunate in having two who are interested in the teen-agers' problems. So much so, the public dance hall has closed on Saturday nights because the teen-agers prefer to attend ours! . . . Our plan to have some children placed under the care of young couples as foster parents looks promising. Two of our lay teachers, Rose Marie Stanton and James Bieker, plan to marry soon and are willing to take responsibility of some children. And another recently married couple are coming to do the same."

St. Mary's Mission on the lower Yukon, "in the middle of nowhere," has long been a center of education and love for the young of Alaska.

MISSION MOMENTS

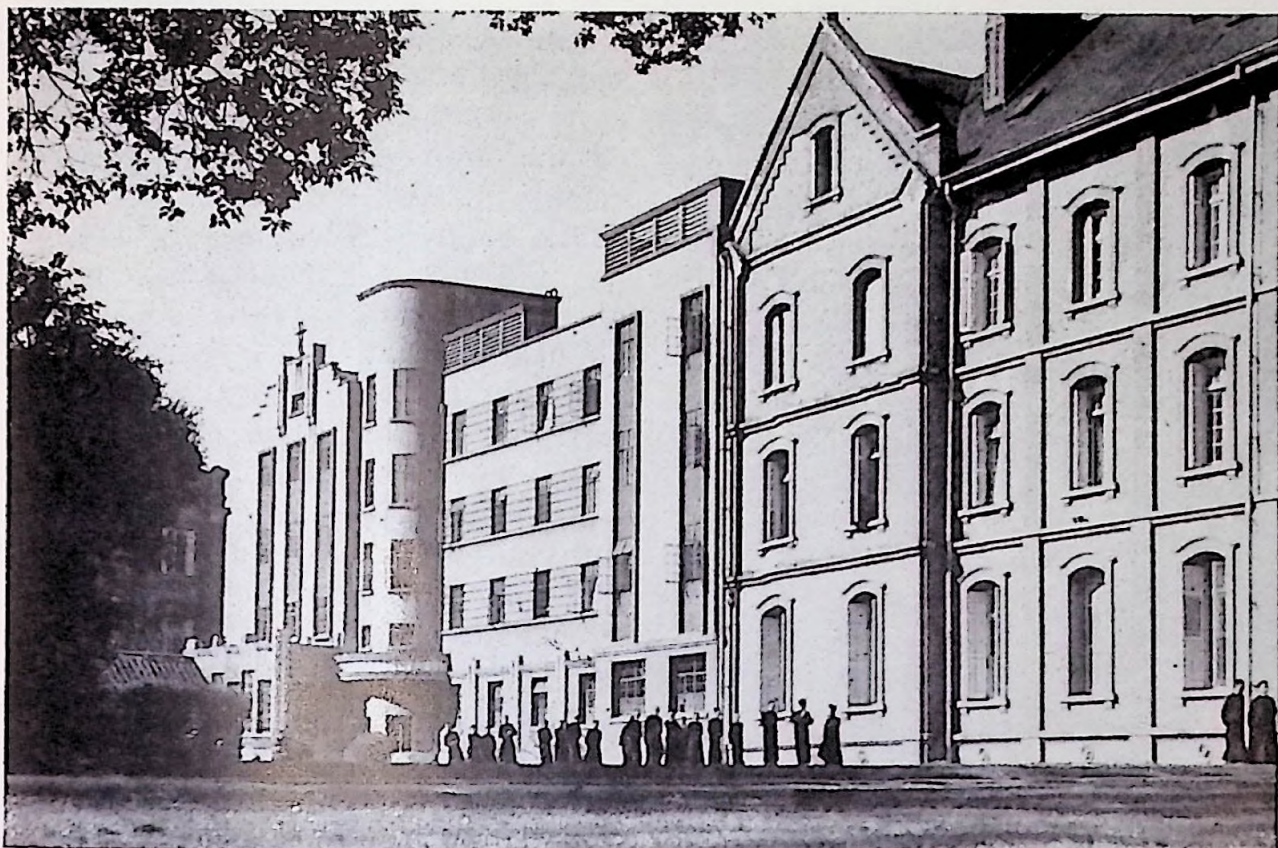


"Ferocious lion" is the translation of Father Ferruccio Leoni's name but it shows only in his tremendous activity for God.

IN THE PHILLIPINES Father Joseph Stoffel reports that he and Father Cerutti joined Father Leoni at Maramag for a spaghetti dinner: "The high school boy who cooks for Father Leoni didn't quite get the idea of what an Italian spaghetti dinner is. He prepared exactly three meat balls and cooked up something labeled 'spaghetti sauce,' but blissfully forgot to cook the spaghetti. Poor Father Leoni, an excitable and intensely dedicated person of the absent-minded professor type, is gaunt and haggard looking, a prey to his own abstraction and the neglect of the irresponsible boys in his household.

"As a result he lives in a state of perpetual distraction and chaos. The churchbell is rung at whatever time Father thinks of telling the boy to ring it and mealtime is whenever Father thinks of telling the boy to prepare something to eat. I don't think Father is conscious of what he eats, for it consists almost invariably of boiled rice and fried pork fat, which is usually cold by the time he thinks of getting around to eating it. Breakfast is apt to be the cold leftovers of supper, guarded by an encrusted sugar bowl and salt shaker, both empty.

"Such a regimen of chaos and confusion would drive an ordinary person crazy, but it seems to fit Father's temperament perfectly. He dashes around to his barrios at furious speeds on a motorcycle (once smashing both the motorcycle and his collar-bone when a car got in his way), has built up enrollment in his parish high school to unprecedented numbers, is now preoccupied with building a new school building, and for all his gaunt appearance seems incapable of exhausting either his energy or enthusiasm."



Zi Ka Wei is more than a building and a tradition now; it is a monument to heroic fidelity.

Memories

Zi Ka Wei in Shanghai was the location of a Jesuit Center in China. The Observatory was famous all over the world for its studies in seismology, meteorology, magnetism and the determinations of fundamental longitudes.

Now Zi Ka Wei is used as a forced indoctrination center for priests and sisters by the Communists. Six of the Chinese Jesuits who were held under

house arrests in their Zi Ka Wei residence were imprisoned in April of 1959. For a whole year 300 sisters were held in concentration camp there. The fame of Zi Ka Wei now is no longer in the field of the sciences. Its present fame rests on the heroism of the priests and sisters who refuse to take the road to apostasy from the faith. Zi Ka Wei still holds its memories of greatness, of yesterday and today.

A Reminder

No doubt you are well aware that the Federal Income Tax is about due. But may we remind you that deductions permitted to some charitable organizations may run up to thirty per cent of your adjusted gross income? JESUIT MISSIONS is one of these organizations. May this reminder be of help to you in preparing your '59 returns. We are most grateful for your help to us during that time.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 East 87th St., New York 28

Mission Moments



Bishop John McEleney S.J. of Kingston, Jamaica, recounts an incident that is apropos of World Refugee Year but even more a reflection of the Christ-bearers. "Driving out one hot afternoon to the chancery, I had Stephen give a lift to a very young mother carrying in her arms a very young baby.

They were going off our route and we drove them down Mountain View Avenue beyond Deanery Road beyond several stops they thought were theirs until we reached their turn. Their lane seemed to stop at a low parapet but actually swung around it along a winding dusty passage which ran on and on by low underbrush and small trees. I was thinking no cars ever passed there when a small truck went by. Eventually we stopped at a half sheltered, half cleared, half clad village, to judge from its appearance. There is nothing else to the episode of that afternoon's excursion into a remote village thirteen miles out except to add that the sign at the turn of this village lane, as we noted on leaving, was 'Friendship Road.'

"We have not wealth to give, nor much to soften the hardships people endure in many quarters—what with so much evidence of scant diet, clothing and widespread unemployment. Yet we can give something. It's our greeting. It's our warmth of interest. It's our friendship. With today's technical and scientific progress, social justice is, I maintain, within the grasp of our good will." It is a lesson that well fits the life of everyone of us, in some way or another. Let us remember it.

Kindness under fire might sum up the story of Lin Ch'in-fang, a crippled girl of Matsu, the much-bombarded island off the coast of China. As an eight-month-old baby she was struck by infantile paralysis which nearly took her life and left her hopelessly crippled. That was eighteen years ago and her life held little joy until a short time ago.

Then the Nationalist Chinese forces moved in to Matsu and close on their heels came Father John Dahlheimer S.J. as chaplain. Lin's story became known and one of the army officers contacted Father Dahlheimer. The latter, with an American doctor, visited her and ar-



ranged to have her transferred to a Taiwan hospital for examination.

But Lin's affliction had progressed too far and her legs were already hardened. So at her own request she returned to Matsu, where she had suddenly found a purpose in life. She has the use of her hands, and she has worked diligently with them on behalf of the soldiers who have befriended her. She knits sweaters, mends clothes, and does a dozen things for the Matsu defenders in her gratitude for their kindness. Her story mirrors true humanity.

Father Harry Mallette plays the "numbers game" in his parish in Kingston, Jamaica. "My visits in the parish of St. Anne brought me one day face to face with East Road and some of the roads in the parish. Numbers are almost no help in finding a particular address. They merely identify a place, but they will never lead you to it. You have to be directed to a particular yard by some other means than by an orderly arrangement of numbered yards. Suspecting this beforehand, I thought I was wise not to venture into East Road's jumble without first making inquiries. 'Do you know where 7B East Road is?' I asked the girl who answers the door at the Rectory."

"Yes, Father, but it is not easy to find. 7B is on the left hand side going up, right by a tailor shop, not far above Greenwich Road."

"The directions were perfect and I found the place easily. I made my visit and came away. Now I was looking for number seventeen. Surely, I thought to myself, it can't be too far away on the same side of the street. Whatever made me presume that all the odd numbers were on the same side of the street! I soon put that logical thought out of my head. The next number was even, and well past the desired seventeen. A kind person saw my plight and pointed out the missing yard diagonally across the street from 7B. 'Thank you very much.' The words came as calmly as they could under the circumstances. Then unable to hide my impatience any longer, I added: 'Will you please tell me why these yards are numbered in such a crazy haphazard fashion?'

"The answer was as unexpected as it was revealing. 'Is not the Government what gives the people dem these number; people capture own number.'"

"So I returned wondering whose fertile imagination had 'captured' the number 5¼ for St. Anne's Rectory."



Father Harry Mallette S.J. of Kingston, Jamaica.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

In Formosa it's the Year of the Elephant and Father Louis Dowd has plans of the same size—and importance. Many boys must go to work before high school age and what happens to them, physically and spiritually, in the "slave-labor" shops and factories is a tragedy. Father is opening a Center for these young workers but he needs a lot of help in his effort to save these poor lads. Could you help him with a gift of \$2, \$5, or more?

On Grand Cayman, the little island belonging to Jamaica, the new Church of St. Ignatius dominates the isle and is a landmark for sailors. But Father Harry Ball is concerned about the furnishings for the inside. He has a score of needs which range from \$1.75 to \$500. Can you fit your gift into that range?

In Chuhari, India, Father Felix Farrell ruefully refers to the church as the "Towerless Town Tabernacle." Newly appointed as pastor, he found construction halted owing to lack of funds. Nothing is more discouraging than to step into a new job, find it half-done, and lack the means of finishing it. Will you help Father get off to a good start? A tower of small donations, \$1, \$2, \$5, would soon cap his unfinished church.

In Ceylon a dozen of your dollars can be stretched across a whole month and care for one person. With that sum Father Cooley can really treat his orphans (he usually scrapes by on \$10) or Father Meyer can support, with the meagre \$5 monthly fee, one of his Minor Semi-

narians. Both are eminently worthy causes and if a month's backing seems high could you give a week's at \$3.00?

In the Philippines Father Joseph Stoffel (whose description of Father Leoni on p. 28 neglects to mention that he himself lives with a can opener in one hand) has plenty of needs in the back country of the Bukidnon. They run from shoe laces which last more than a week up to the equipment necessary for his famed Audio-Visual Mobile Unit which means so much for the spread of the Faith in the Filipino hinterland. Father Stoffel has always been a faithful correspondent and we would like to help him as much as we can. The best way is to provide him with a sum he can use for the immediate needs of the moment. Can you make a small contribution—\$1 or more, if possible—to this selfless missionary?

In Piru, India veteran missionary Father Bertram Ernst is badly in need of several chapels to take care of his scattered people. At present he is forced to say Mass in private houses, and in India these are too small to accommodate the number who attend. Three chapels are needed in various villages visited by this tireless priest. Each chapel would cost \$1,000—and that is far beyond Father's reach. But we would like to get at least one chapel started. Perhaps you could afford part of that \$1,000; maybe by knocking off one or two or even three of the zeros in that sum. Any donation would be most gratefully received and forwarded to Father Ernst.

Against the Philippine sky a monument to God is being reared. The readers of JESUIT MISSIONS have done much to make it possible and Father Gerard Braun S.J. thanks you with all his heart. His last letter was not a begging one; he spoke only of his gratitude. But we know from other sources that there is still much to be done—and not enough with which to do it. Will you help finish that chapel so God can have a fitting abode, day and night, in the Blessed Sacrament?

Send your contribution to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

A CHAPEL FOR CAGAYAN



Those who wonder!

They are the world's homeless, its poor, its outcasts. The terrible nakedness of their present lot, the emptiness of the future, can be understood only by those who are at hand — like the missionary.

We have a score of requests from American Jesuits all over the mission field who long to help the helpless, the poor, the almost lost. Will you back them up with a gift, no matter how large, in this work that is so dear to the Heart of Christ? Send your contribution to

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 E. 87th ST., NEW YORK 28, N. Y.

