


APRIL 1960

JESUIT MISSIONS



*Japan:
Youth in
Transition*





JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

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- Alaska**
- Belize**
- Japan**
- Burma**
- China**
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April 1960, Vol. 34, No. 3

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Japanese Lantern Festival (left) is one of the more picturesque celebrations in the Land of the Rising Sun. But the visitor to Japan is struck by the clash of the traditional Eastern and the modern Western modes of life. And danger lies in the complete abandonment of tradition with a subsequent rootless modernization.

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Two Jesuit missionaries study the youth of Japan

and discern in their modern restlessness a real

BLUEPRINT



Phoenix, symbol of the new Japan, rises high above the erstwhile ashes of Hiroshima city.

IN A BROADCASTED interview between Japan's Minister of Education, Toh Matsunaga, and Tokyo primary and junior high school children, one of the most controversial questions in the education of post-war Japan arose. The questions asked by the boys were sharp and revealing. "Minister Matsunaga, do you believe that the character of children in the post-war years has improved?"

"You have improved considerably," said Mr. Matsunaga. "You express your opinions freely and have the ability to judge things."

But the Minister was unable to give a satisfactory answer when he was asked further, "Then, how are you attempting to place further stress on moral education?" Today there is a pressing need for a code of moral values to be taught

in the schools. Of the three thousand persons polled in the public opinion survey on the education system of Japan conducted by the Council of Cabinet Ministers, sixty-two per cent were in favor of including moral education in the school curriculum because they believed the younger generation had "degenerated." On the other hand some were opposed to the introduction of moral training on the ground that it might be a revival of the prewar militaristic ethics.

But let the Japanese boys speak for themselves. In the answers of ten thousand senior high school boys from two hundred schools across the country to an opinion poll question, "What is your biggest worry now?" a tremendous spiritual vacuum was revealed. The answers cover the fields of studies, character and ideals. Summing up the inner problems of these boys are the following worries: "Lack of self-confidence," "a weak will," "lack of anything to believe in," "the ills of society," "lack of a friend to confide in."

A letter of a pagan boy to a Catholic missionary shows clearly the yearning of the Japanese soul. "Up till now I have had the idea that happiness consisted in always doing my own will, eating pleasant things, and enjoying a healthy

Demonstration is staged by Students Federation (the *Zengakuren*) outside the Ministry of Education. The occasion was the Government's announcement to rate the efficiency of teachers in the public school

FOR TROUBLE

body. But I see now that, although one takes a materialistic view of life, there always remains a certain dissatisfaction.

"But as you said, if one does not overcome this dissatisfaction, there is no way to real happiness. More earnestly day after day I am thinking of the true religion and praying to find the way to it. I am worrying about it because I feel unable to reach it by myself . . . About God, I cannot help thinking that there is a God, but this is very puzzling.

"Please, teach me how to overcome this foolish skepticism and to be a

perfect Christian. Please, I beg you."

Japan is again in the vanguard of Far East civilization and, because of its industrial advances, a long desired target of Communism. In sharp contrast, Christ is not yet known by the Japanese. A spiritual crusade of help and prayers is needed to support the works of the Catholic Church, mainly by higher educational institutions, proving that Faith and Science go together, now that the winds of raw materialism threaten to sweep over the Land of the Rising Sun.

MANUEL GUILLEN S.J.



BLUEPRINT FOR TROUBLE

There was a time, they say, when the Japanese student body was considered the best behaved in the world. The students, from primary school to university, respected the authority of their teachers; the teachers in turn respected their superiors who ultimately received their authority from the Emperor, the father of the Japanese nation.

The war and subsequent defeat changed many things in Japan, both for better and for worse, and the former feeling of family unity has largely disappeared.



Democracy has taken its place but all too many people are only willing to make use of the privileges of democracy and forget its responsibilities.

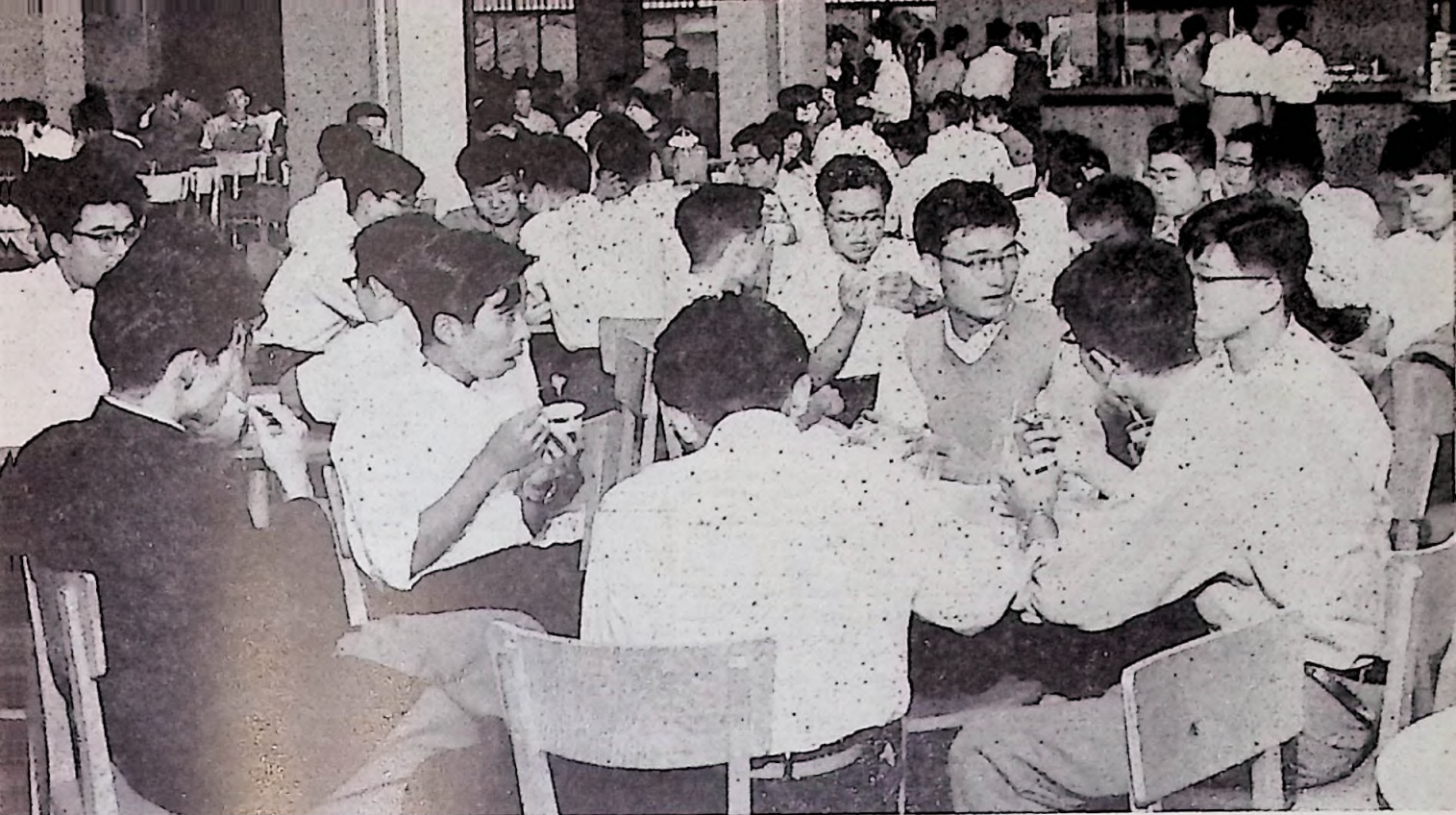
Whatever the causes may be, the world of education in Japan today presents a disquieting picture. "20,000 Students Demonstrate at US Embassy" headlined Tokyo newspapers last year at the height of the anti-nuclear tests campaign. (It is worthwhile noting that the students were too busy studying to demonstrate outside the Soviet Embassy at the time of the Russian tests.) "Students Picket Govt. Building," "Police Arrest 3 Students for Obstruction," "Students' Snake-March Jams Up Tokyo Traffic"—all these and other headlines are such familiar reading that they no longer attract much attention.

And so it goes on—student strikes, demonstrations, picketing—all organized by the powerful *Zengakuren*, the Students' League, whose officials are closely connected with Japanese Communists.

If the troubles were confined solely to the student world, the situation might be dismissed as mere youthful hotheadedness—"they'll grow out of it" would be most people's opinion. But unfortunately there is also trouble among the teachers and professors of Japan. Public school teachers recently called a strike to protest the new efficiency rating system proposed by the government; trade unionists were told to keep their children home for the day; teachers paraded through the streets of Tokyo, singing song and waving flags.

The Japan Teachers Union denounces the government as "enemies of democracy and peace" and pledges "to fight . . . against the tyrannical propertied

Outlet for this youth's restlessness is found in Sophia's Catholic Action group.



Questions of the day are eagerly discussed in the ever popular forum of the school cafeteria. The old ways of doing things are not accepted by the post-war youth.

Shinto festivals are still held but the traditional religions are fast losing their hold on the majority.

class" (surely such phrases have a familiar ring?). One professor of a leading university in Tokyo headed the Japanese delegation to the Cairo Conference and did nothing but blast "the Western imperialists."

Of course, the situation should not be exaggerated nor should it be thought that all the students and teachers are militant Communists. Far from it! The great majority of them are decent, hard-working people who do not meddle in politics. But it still remains true that there is a hard core, both among the teachers and students, who are extremists with great influence in the Teachers Union and complete control in the Students League.

MICHAEL COOPER S.J.

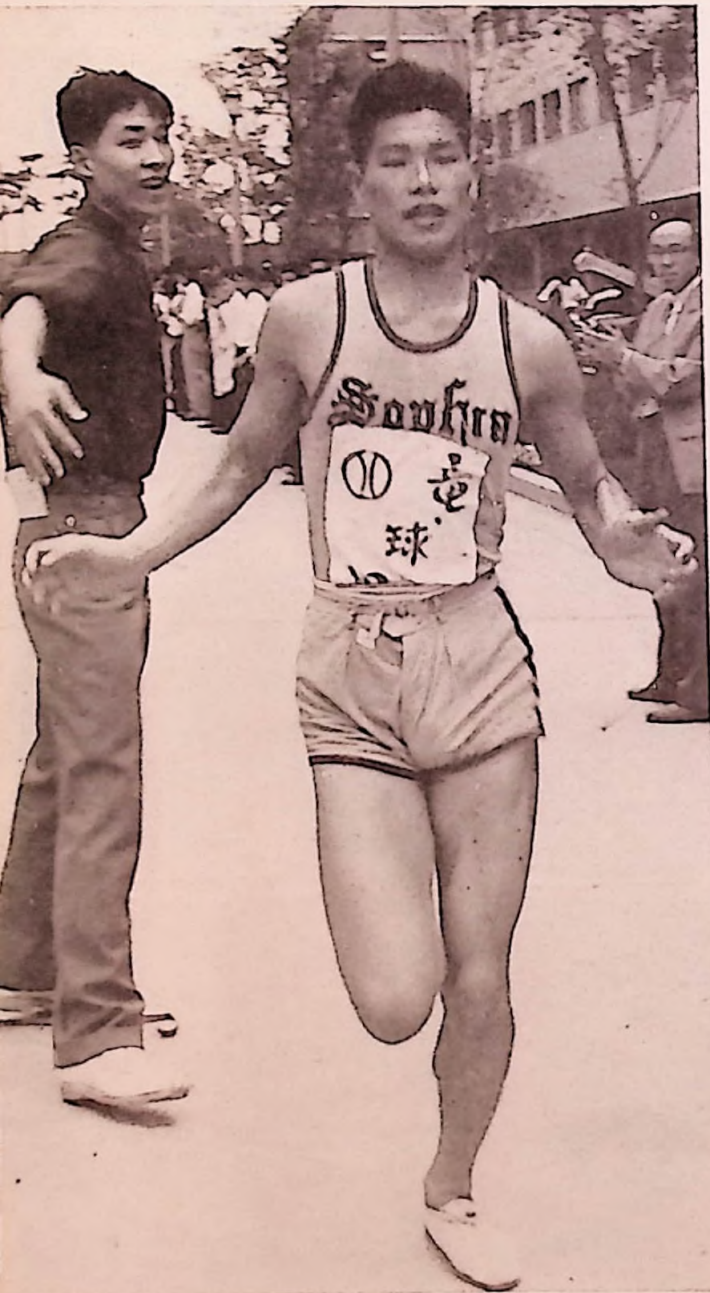
Jesuit Judo? It looks that way as Michael Cooper explains to the Sophia judo team.



The characteristics of a people are often shown in their favorite sports. A glance at the forms favored by the Japanese reveals their fondness for bodily contact and roughness. The concentration on rendering the opponent helpless can be a dangerous tendency. Judo (jiujitsu) is a regular part of a school-boy's or soldier's training. It is a system of body skills designed to control or subdue, without the use of weapons, an opponent. "No holds barred" is the customary Japanese attitude in wrestling.



Indoor sport is the attempt to break two half-inch boards with the kick of a bare foot (above). The others join elbows and try to provide a solid wall for kicker. Karate (right) is a very dangerous sport if not properly supervised. Here Yoshi Kobayashi of Sophia University leaps into the air with his extended leg at right angle to his body and at the proper angle to reach his opponent's head. This is one way to work off excess restlessness.



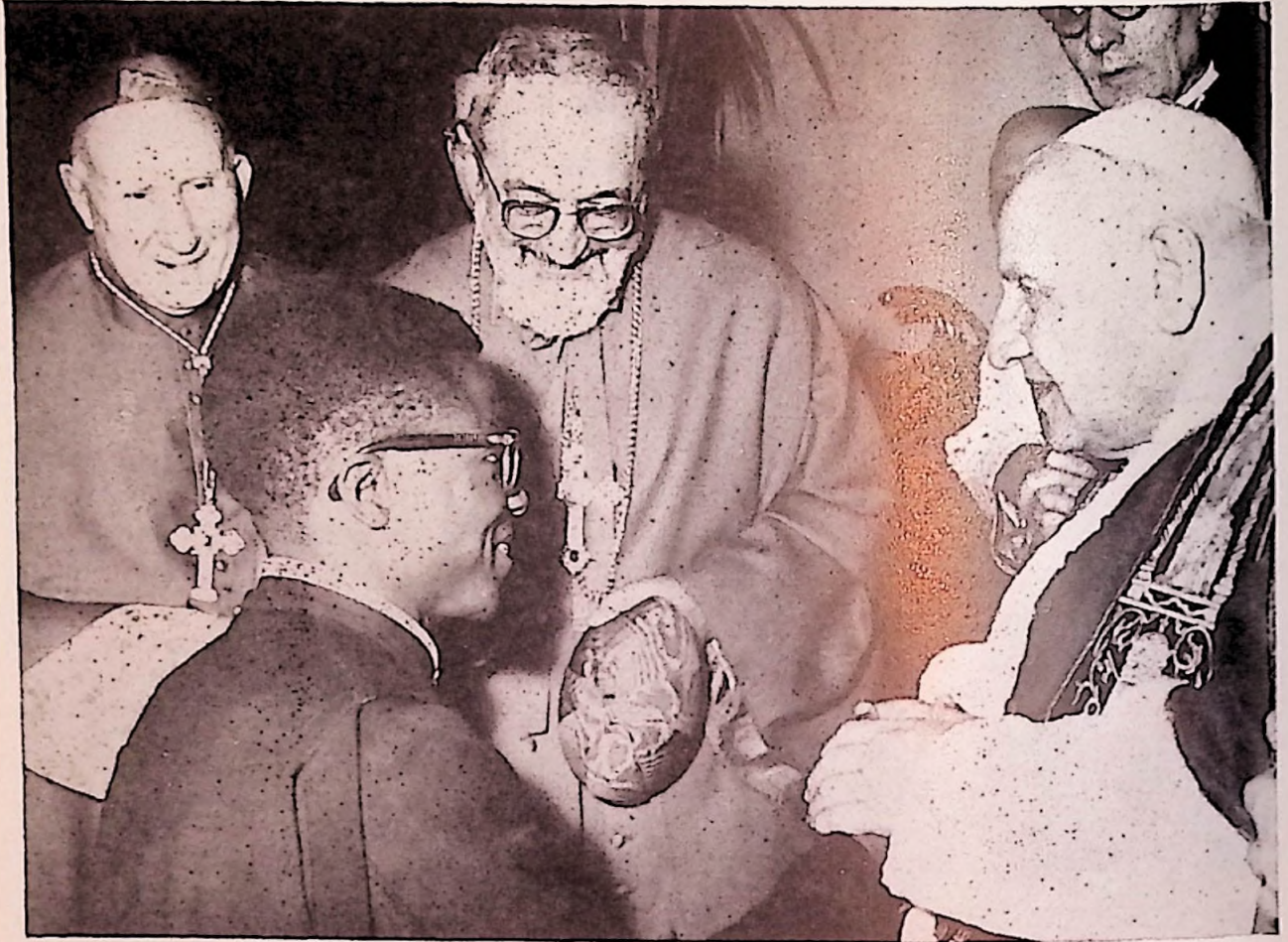
Elbowing his way through. Another form of karate is to break six or more clay tiles with one's elbow. It takes great force and is hard on the bones but Yamata Higatowa of Sophia finds that one gets used to it with practice. These are the kinds of sports which play a great part in boy's training.

Winner in the annual ten-mile cross country run around the Emperor's palace grounds is Yamura Kawahiro, captain of the Sophia team. The Japanese concentration on detail is exemplified in their intensive training for the marathon runs which are so popular throughout the Land of the Rising Sun.



Fact and figures are the first step towards a

true understanding of the missionaries' problems



Pope John XXIII greets African student at Pontifical University of the Propagation of the Faith in Rome. Cardinals Fumasoni-Biondi and Agagianian look on. (Religious News Service photo)

AT TIMES so much is made of the difficulties in mission lands—and they are great—that one can lose sight of the fact that the Church is really growing on the mission field. The most consoling and inspiring growth is the constant increase in the number of Asian and African bishops and priests. A few of the latest statistics show the reasons for joy and encouragement. From 1918 to 1959 the number of priests has increased from 1009 to 7364. Since 1950 the number of bishops has grown from 35 to 89. In 1950 there were 33 Asian bishops and 2 African bishops. In June, 1959 there were 66 Asian bishops and 23 African

bishops. In Africa alone the number of priests grew more than twentyfold, from 90 to 1811, in forty years.

Missionaries may rightly wonder at times about the people in the home countries who are forever telling them what to do and how to do it, if they really want to succeed. They are reminded, too, of the mistakes that have been made as well as of their failures. Some people at home seem to be enlightened with unique insights which missionaries cannot get and which are going to solve all the problems of the missionary Church. At times, these home-fashioned insights are pure imagination.

The Church is Growing

For instance, the missionaries are told that they must completely divest themselves of all vestiges of their American or European cultures and become completely identified with their people. In the first place, that is practically impossible. In the second place, it ignores the fact that the Church in the last nineteen centuries has learned very much which is not purely western and which she should offer to all peoples.

Again, it is said that Islam can be brought to the Faith, and it would seem soon, by devotion to Our Lady, because she, as well as her Son, is mentioned with reverence in the Koran. Missionaries are told that they could convert India, for instance, much more rapidly, if they were poorer and holier. There are so many recommendations given to the missionaries that sometimes one wonders if they know anything. This does not mean that the missionary should not constantly strive to perfect himself and his work. Everybody has to do that, missionary or not.

One of the standards which Our Lord left us is: "By their fruits you shall know them." One of the accurate gauges of missionary success is the growth in local vocations to the priesthood and religious life. The Church of the future depends on them and the future of the Church in the missions is more and more promising, because God has rewarded the labors of missionaries by this growth. We should rejoice with all missionaries in the reward of constantly increasing vocations in the mission countries themselves. Who would have thought in 1880, when we first reached the depths of what was called the Dark Continent, Africa, that eighty years later there would be

so many African priests and bishops?

Where did they come from? Who is responsible for that growth? The men and women who labored to bring that about are practically nameless today, except with God. It is a part of the cross which they accepted willingly, joyfully.

We have much to praise God for and one feels sure that God would not resent some of that praise spilling over to our missionaries, since they are to share with the Triumphant Lord the successes of His Kingdom among men. Because the triumphs of the Mystical Body of Christ anywhere in the world are our triumphs, too, as members of that Body, we should be joyful over these advances.

Surely the above numbers are a solid reason for joy, though some might think them not very spectacular. Often the least spectacular works are the most important. Our missionaries are constructing a secure foundation for the Church of tomorrow in Asia and Africa.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.



Crucifixes are given to over 500 missionaries by His Holiness at a departure ceremony held in St. Peter's, Rome. (RNS photo)

There's noise and music and a difference in
activities which gives everyone an outlet

Ceylon Merry-go-round

CEYLON IS NOT always the quiet paradise which its many romantic names might suggest. For one thing the people are of different races and religions and recent events have shown that likes and dislikes are not vented in the most peaceable way possible. But even a solemn occasion can produce a suitable outburst of noise.

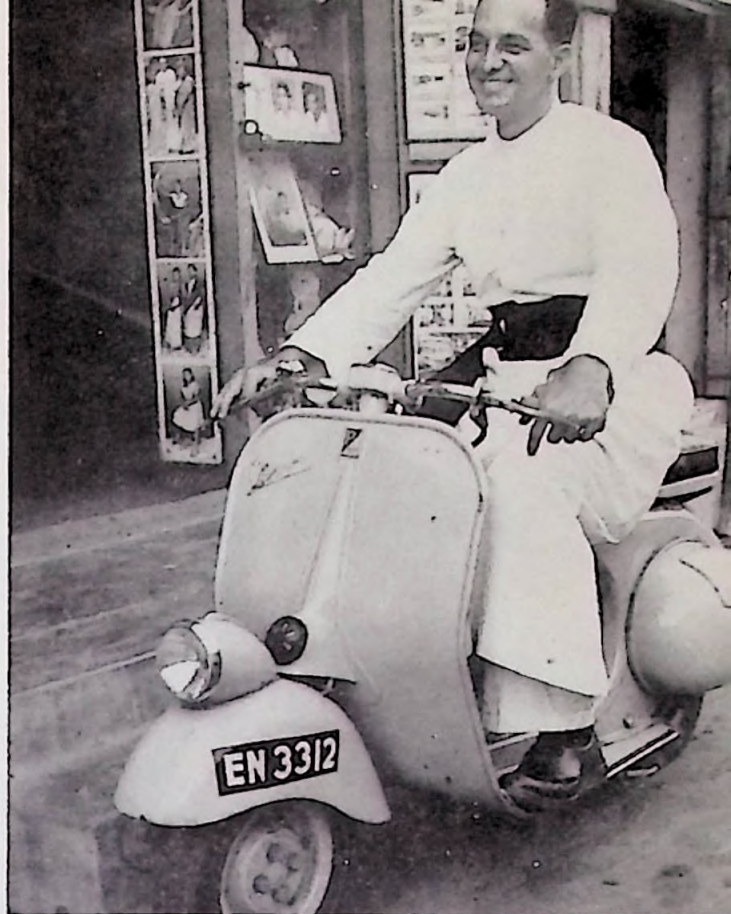
Father Claude Daly S.J. found that out recently when his parish at Sorikal-munai held its 150th Anniversary. There

are customs and rituals which must be faithfully observed on these occasions, such as the "ransoming" of a child, the blessing of the "congee," etc. It is a time for gaiety—and who ever enjoyed a good time quietly?

So what if it was a merry-go-round for a while? Underneath it all is the clear realization that these people have kept their faith for a century and a half. They have all the reason in the world, and in heaven, to celebrate.



Ready to ride in search of more pictures for JESUIT MISSIONS is our ace cameraman in Ceylon, Father Alfonse del Marmol S.J. That smile could mean that he has just left a new batch of negatives at the Rajah Studio or it might be pride in his Vespa scooter which generous JM readers provided for him. (If he was a mean man, which he is not, he might be gloating over the fact that in a minute no one in town will be asleep.)



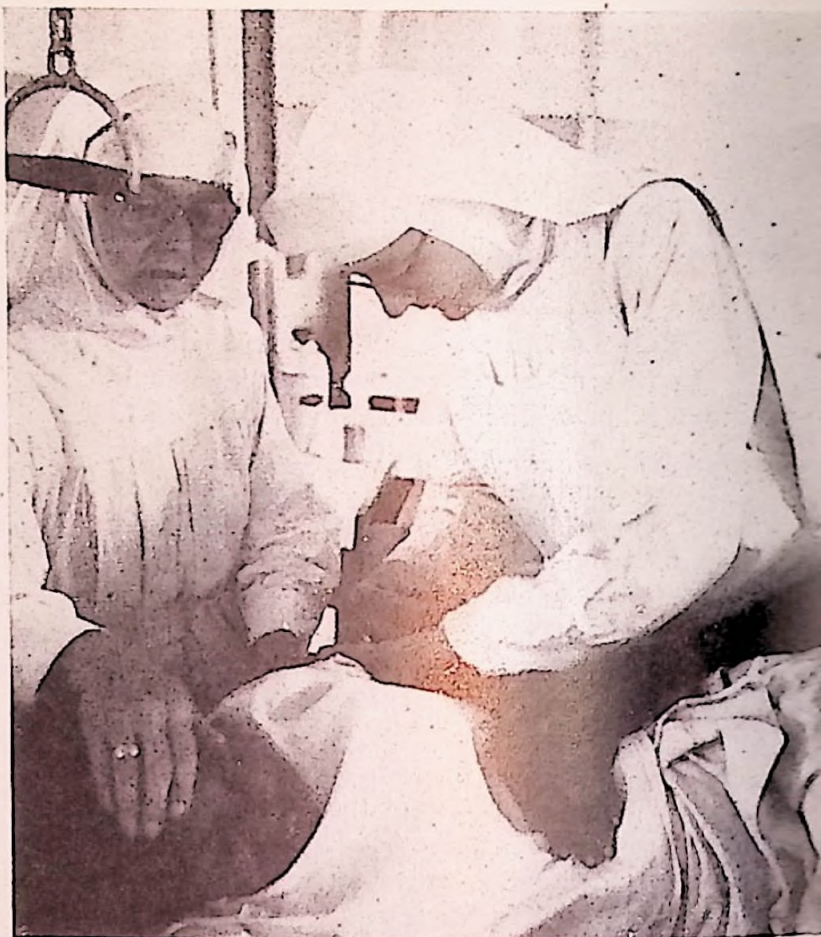
Blessing the "congee" is one of the customs in Ceylon during a feast. The "congee" is boiled sweet rice that is customarily distributed in thanksgiving for favors received. Father Claude Daly S.J. presides at the ritual which is part of the celebration of the 150th anniversary of his parish at Sorikalmunai, south of Batticaloa on the eastern coast of Ceylon. Father Daly claims they never had it better in his native Texas!



Strike up the band! What would a celebration be if there was no music? So the trumpets and drums are wheeled out and off we go. And the chances are that it will be a long night, for the people are not wealthy and chances to celebrate are few and far between. But how many of JM's readers can boast that the parish in which they live is 150 years old? This anniversary speaks of outstanding steadfastness to the Faith.

Ceylon Merry-go-round

Hurry call was sent out to Sisters at Leper Home when race riots caused Sinhalese nurses to flee Government hospital in Tamil area. Here Mother Superior from Mantivu comforts patient in Batticaloa. Only three nurses remained in hospital. Another unquiet phase of the Ceylon merry-go-round.



Ransoming of child at "auction" is an old custom in Sorikalmunai. It is a familiar ritual in parts of Europe also and reminds all of our own Redemption by Our Lord. The teachings of the Catholic faith are more deeply impressed by these outward symbols which everyone can readily understand. And, of course, it gives the baby a loud part to play in the chorus of sound, something most babies do well.

Only at the very end did the hunter
discover his most important mistake

Hey, that's a TIGER!

DANIEL T. RICE S.J.

THE JUNGLES of India are filled with various types of cats, all the way from tigers and leopards down to bobcats and just ordinary cats which have gone wild. Here, around Chakai in Patna, these fast-moving, steel-muscled cats do a great deal of damage to the domestic animals of the people. Cows, goats, calves and especially village dogs are easy prey for them. Success makes them bold, and they will even break into the side of a house where people are sleeping in order to seize a dog or cat. Then they will drag their catch a short way into the jungle and eat it whole. The people have only axes, bows and arrows, and with such futile weapons they can only stand by helplessly at such a time.

Recently at Mariam Pahari, where I have been starting a new settlement, I visited a sick man. I was told that

My answer was an honest one. "Well, I'm not too interested in killing a panther. I'm afraid of those blessed things. I will finally get myself killed because they are dangerous, and this particular one has been killing so much around here that he may be a man killer by now." So I did not commit myself to anything but went back to where I was working, about a mile away, at another new settlement.

When night came I decided to visit the sick man again. I took a shotgun, as I always do when walking in the jungle. In my pocket I put two heavy cartridges, LG (for large game) shells, and in the gun itself I put another LG in the left barrel and in the right barrel a No. 4 rabbit shot or BBs. That last shell was for any possible rabbit which might show up and provide my supper.

Nimrod of the Patna Mission in India is Father Dan Rice but far more importantly he is a fine missionary among the Santals.

the night before a panther had broken through the side wall of his house, grabbed a dog from beside the bed of the sick man and dragged it into the jungle. The people made enough noise to disturb the panther at his feast and the big cat had slunk away. Now they asked me to try to kill the beast.



Hey, That's a TIGER!

After my visit to the sick man I found several of his neighbors waiting outside. "Father, we have built a little tree hut about 25 yards from the carcass of the dog which the panther killed. Will you sit in it and see if he comes back?"

I agreed and we went into the jungle where the dead dog was lying in the midst of thorns and briars, with vines all around. What was my surprise to find that the "tree hut" was right on the ground! But it was too late to turn back so two boys with axes joined me in it.

It got dark, the real dark of the jungle. One of the boys had asthma and was breathing very heavily. This got on my nerves, for I was well aware of what the consequences could be, and soon my imagination was working overtime—and I was afraid. Then at about ten o'clock, with a slight wind blowing in the pitch dark, the boy coughed a couple of times. That was enough for me and I sent him scurrying home.

Then it got very, very quiet, as quiet as death in that little place, and the pitch dark seemed hemming us in. We strained our ears but we could hear nothing, no crunching of bones, not a

sound, just like death. Finally, about 11:30, the boy said to me, "Father, this is useless. That panther is not coming tonight. We might as well go home."

But after sitting there for almost five hours I was reluctant to leave. I suggested we wait a little longer. So we did, and it was just as dark and just as quiet as before. Finally I said, "We might as well go. But very, very quietly!"

I took up my flashlight and, just to be sure, flashed it through the little aperture on the side of the grass house. About thirty yards away, and coming right at us, was this panther, huge eyes shining like headlights in the night! "Here he is! He's come!" I whispered to the boy.

I heard him breathe tensely, "Shoot it! Shoot it!"

But as the big cat moved again in the tricky light my heart suddenly stood still. "Hey! That's a tiger!" I gasped. All at once I remembered that two or three weeks ago there had been mention of a tiger in the vicinity. Now it was so close, and its eyes were so huge. "If I shoot that thing, he'll come in and kill us both," I thought.

My gun was lying across my lap, not even at the ready. Very quietly I eased it into position through a hole in the

April Mission Intention

During the month of April the Holy Father asks us to pray "that Catholics will be able to act efficaciously against the dangers of a harmful press in the missions." From the earliest days the missionaries made use of the printed word to spread knowledge of the Faith. As the famous Father Ricci claimed, "China will be converted to Christ more by writings than by the spoken word." He based this on the great influence of the teachers and learned men of China who preferred to make their own investigations through the medium of the written word.

Today the other side of the coin is only too apparent. Misleading and even false doctrine is being spread widely through the writings of Communists and Protestants. They are utilizing modern means to the utmost in their efforts to win followers. Foremost among these means is the printing press. That same method is the best means for the Catholic missionary also. But the importance of a Catholic press must be realized too by all the members of the Church. The missionary cannot do it alone; he needs the backing and prayers of all Catholics to spread the truth of Christ.

side of the grass house. Then I beamed the light carefully over the top of the barrel. Twenty yards away, down by the dog carcass, eyes were shining, big eyes. I pulled the trigger.

I snapped the light out. Then we waited about five minutes, although it seemed like a hundred. Would he come charging into this fool hut that had been built right on the ground? Was that sound the quick pad of feet before his dreadful spring? Couldn't he smell the fear that was in us?

I broke the gun open and put in another shell. Now I had only three shells left. Then I turned the light on again. In its sudden brilliance I saw the white of his stomach shining. I had evidently staggered him, but I didn't know exactly where he had been hit. I aimed carefully, just below the shoulder, and squeezed the trigger again. Immediately I snapped off the light. Another five minutes, interminable in its dragging. I had only two shells left when I switched on the light once more. The patch of white still showed—and in the same place! So I put another shot into his stomach, feeling for the first time that we might be on the winning side. Then we waited again in the darkness, this time for over ten minutes, for this is the advice of the hunters wise in the ways of the big cats. When the time was up we crept out of the grass house and headed quickly for the village.

The people of the village had all been waiting with axes and spears, bow and arrows. I suggested that we go back and get our trophy but they all demurred. "Not tonight," they said. But I kept after them and they finally consented to enter the jungle with me. We crept back very carefully to the area of the grass house, for I was extremely conscious that I had only one shell left.

The tiger was lying there, right beside the dead dog. His eyes were glazing now. I touched him on the head with

the end of the shotgun and he didn't move a muscle. "He's dead!" I announced, and there was more relief than triumph in my voice.

We carried the dead tiger down to the village and of course everybody had to see it, to touch the fangs and the fierce head on him. This thing had been a real killer in the neighborhood and now the people were happy. I myself felt real good about it—until I examined the dead beast closely and it suddenly dawned on me that I had made a big blunder! When I had fired the first shot I had forgotten that the heavy shell was not in the right barrel. My first blast had been with the rabbit shot! It had hit the tiger right between the eyes, right on the top of the forehead. The little pellets imbedded against his skull were mute evidence of that. But that shot had staggered him, and my second shot, with the large game shell, had torn into his shoulder and shattered it. But it was only the second shot which had killed him, not the first.

Well, I have sent the beautiful pelt down to South India for preserving and in due time it may well find its way to my old Ohio home. But all of a sudden I have lost my taste for rabbits. From now on I give up on the BBs and I intend to walk the jungle with large game shells only in my gun.





With body and dreams shattered, he

that the Chinese

Wheelch

XAVIER LAY wasted and dying on the island of Sancian, gazing at the distant blurred ridges of mainland China. His tear-dimmed eyes looked longingly towards the land he had burnt out his life trying to reach, but was never to enter. Deeply disappointed, but obedient to the end, he received his final orders—"Home!"

Just last year, on another wind-swept island off the coast of China, a young American missionary still studying for the priesthood felt his exhausted ninety-five pounds being unceremoniously fork-lifted onto an army medical plane. He too—disappointed but obedient—had humbly received his orders—"Home." As the plane taxied down the Formosan runway, Bob Ronald S.J., almost completely paralyzed with polio at twenty-six, strained through misty eyes for a few last fleeting glimpses at the beloved land of his dreams.

The plane bumped gently over air pockets into a cruising altitude while Bob, cradled in a stretcher, fought sleep trying to recall what had happened during those vague days of pain that already seemed so remote and distant; the sudden leaden pain in his head and back . . . the collapsing of his legs . . . the frantic ninety-mile truck-ride to

Smiling Bob Ronald S.J. exhibits the courage of a man who is crippled in body and in activity but steadfastly refuses to quit.

ame home to learn anew

JOHN J. DEENEY S.J.

ord for "tomorrow" is truly "bright day"

air Missionary

Taipei . . . the distinct recollection of the Protestant nurses praying over him throughout the night . . . the brush with death on his birthday . . . and finally, the awful realization of his utter helplessness. Could he . . . would he be ordained? Was it possible that after hardly a year's time on the China Mission to test his zeal, he must spend the rest of his life on his back?

But there was a brighter side and the many letters of comfort and hope he received from fellow-missionaries all over the world wouldn't let him forget it. Most consoling of all were the letters he received from his many Chinese friends. He thought of Peng Wang, the boy he had taught English; the Chinese youngster said so much so simply: "We never know what God thinks is good for us. We are too little. All we see is the outside of it. Don't worry, we all are praying for you. I prayed for you during Forty Hours devotion and hope you get well very soon. Our people over here need you so bad. They want to know more about Our Lord. They need your instructions. God bless you. I will keep on praying. God love you always."

Bob smiled as he thought of an American counterpart to Peng Wang's letter from a high school freshman. With

typical adolescent assurance, he had written: "My name is Jack Cusack. I have written to you before. I told you that I would offer a triduum of Masses for you. Well, I did. They say God gives the hardest trials to the best men. God has given you a great trial, so you must be one of his best men. Now I want to tell you that I will offer as many Masses as I can for you. I also hope that you took my advice and looked, and will keep on looking, upon all your suffering as a gift of God."

Then there was the thoughtful note from one of the Protestant missionaries who sailed part-way to Formosa with him: "News of your illness was a great shock. Certainly we know your great faith in God helps you to trust all to Him. It is our prayer that you may steadily return to normal health and strength. Certainly your ability to comfort and help others will have been strengthened. May you find comfort from Deuteronomy 33:27."



Therapy is more than physical and a former polio victim, now a therapist at Warm Springs, offers an understanding hand to Bob Ronald.

Wheelchair Missionary



First steps are mighty important ones for a man who feared he might never walk again.



Typing practice is essential for strengthening the finger muscles of a polio victim.

But all that was a year ago. Today Bob is at the Polio Foundation in Warm Springs, Georgia. There, he is receiving excellent care and has made such rapid progress that he has almost convinced the doctors he will be able to return to the China Mission even if it has to be in a wheelchair.

When I visited Bob on his first "anniversary" with polio, I was happy to find the same smile that has always been such an indelible part of his character. Bob's cheerful face fitted in quite naturally with the southern hospitality that surrounds the polio foundation. As a matter of fact, the optimistic spirit of the place is catching, and more than one visitor has gone away feeling he has been helped more than he has helped others. Friendly, sincerely interested therapists (some of them former polio patients), efficient service, and encourag-

ing fellow patients make life at Warm Springs a happy and homey one. Ample recreational facilities and a fully planned day leave little time for self-pity. I heard not a single complaint or murmur during my entire stay.

Bob is rarely found in his room. He is ready to roll at 8 A.M. for a whole day full of therapy, with each portion of the day mapped out for pool-exercise (90° F. mineral water piped right from the ground), stretching on the mat ("If it doesn't hurt we're not doing it right!"), walking practice, more stretching, typing practice (to strengthen the fingers), and so on. The evenings are left free but Bob is usually scooting hither and yon, visiting other patients, teaching catechism to the children, and what not.

Painful, but as a still-smiling Bob asserts: "If it doesn't hurt we're not doing it right."

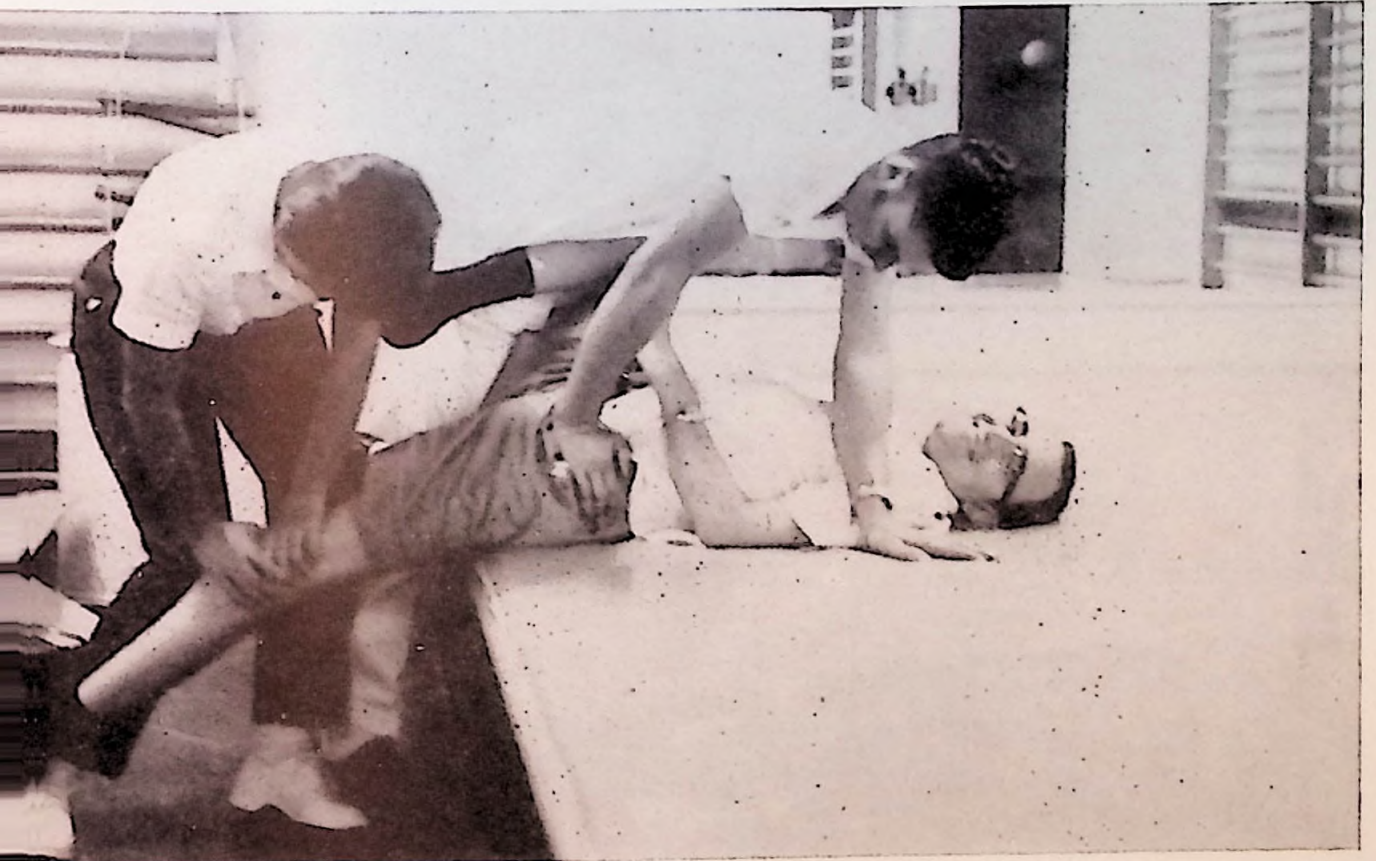
Every night the Catholics on the foundation who are free, gather together and say the Rosary—seemingly for everyone's intentions but their own.

"Preacher Bob," as he is sometimes referred to by the Bible Belt population in the area, is a tremendous inspiration to all those who come in contact with him. As one of Bob's classmates said about his fighting his way back to his feet: "He has a spirit no one can break—if Bob can't do it, it can't be done." I never felt prouder or more privileged than when I came in contact with that indomitable spirit as I helped Bob dress or carried him from wheelchair to bed.

Bob's missionary zeal has never flagged. He realizes the greatest tragedy in the world today is not suffering but the waste of suffering. Lying helpless on the cross that is his bed, he sees his prayers and sufferings as a flow of grace channeled into the hearts of his beloved Chinese now suffering so bravely on the mainland. After enjoying something of the active Xavier apostolate on

Formosa, he realistically accepts the sacrifice of entering on a less spectacular phase of mission work, a phase more characteristic of that other patron of the missions, St. Therese of the Child Jesus. Bob's superiors have said that his generous spirit of sacrifice has inspired more souls to a better life than he might ever have done in Formosa.

But Bob still dreams he is back in Formosa and often the language of the dream is Chinese. This is only natural, for much of his optimistic spirit is symbolized in that most difficult but most fascinating of languages. In this language of poetry in pictures, the literal translation of *ming'tien*, tomorrow, is "bright day." How wise, Bob muses, was the simple sage of yesterday who combined "bright" and "day" together as a symbol of the future, declaring the dogged optimism of the Chinese people, and anticipating all the hopes of mankind. For who, in the darkness of night, has not thought of the next day? And always that day is bright.





There is no such thing as a small mistake
when one is driving a dog team across the frozen
Alaska wastelands during the dark nights of winter

Death on the trail

HAROLD J. GREIF S.J.

I WAS VISITING in the tiny village of Pilot Point. Annie, a woman from Ugashik, another tiny place not far up the river, had driven a dog team to Pilot Point, shopped at the general store, visited with friends and then set out again for her home.

With Annie were her daughter of thirteen and an Eskimo named Moses. Her daughter had been in the States for six years attending a school and had returned home three months ago. During the day one of Annie's dogs had chewed and severed the towline, the rope which joins the team to the sled. Moses mended the rope with a knot. And so, at about eight o'clock in the evening Annie and Moses and the little girl began the return journey. It was very dark and cold.

Two days later a young Eskimo from Ugashik appeared in Pilot Point and asked for Annie. He told us that three of her dogs, one being the leader, had returned home the day before and that the people there thought that they had got away from Annie while she was in Pilot Point. They thought Annie was still visiting.

Everyone was in consternation. Annie had not arrived in Ugashik, and it had been almost two days since she had left. Then I learned too that Moses had returned back to Pilot Point not long after Annie and her girl had left. He said the knot he had tied had slipped

and three of the dogs had run away. He returned because there would have been too much weight for the remaining three dogs. Annie knew the country well and should have had no trouble in returning home to Ugashik.

Everyone knew what it meant to be out there on the open tundra, without shelter, for so many hours. The trail between the villages was only about ten miles in length and we were afraid to guess what must have happened. Something had to be done at once. People immediately started along the trail to Ugashik. It was easy to follow Annie's sled as the runners were wider than those on any of the other sleds there. The teacher closed school for the day and he and some of the older children joined the others. There were two planes in the village and these joined in the search for the missing women.

It took only a few hours to trace what had taken place after the lead dog with two others got loose and Moses returned to Pilot Point. Traveling on in the darkness, Annie and her daughter had broken through the ice covering a small body of water. Both were wet with icy water about up to their waists.

They went on and there was evidence that Annie was becoming ill. At Pike Lake they had tried to start a fire. Annie had taken off her stockings to dry them, it seems, but she left them lying



Author is a veteran Alaskan missionary whose present assignment is along the Yukon River.

on the ice. She must have been quite ill at this time and it seems, in crossing the lake, that she was lying on the sled with a hand hanging from one side so as to make a furrow in the snow. The daughter did not know the coun-

try well enough to find her way home, it must have been around the middle of the night and very dark, and without the leader neither would the team be reliable. Sled marks showed that the girl had driven around the lake three times. Then at the bank of the Ugashik River, where they were but a mile from home, the team went up the river in the opposite direction. The poor girl must have been very confused. Annie was found lying on her sled about six miles farther up the river. Still farther on was the girl, walking on in the hope, as she said, of reaching Pilot Point. Parts of her feet were frozen. She had asked her mother to walk too but Annie was perhaps no longer able to do so.

We buried Annie on the tundra just behind Ugashik. The coffin was of rough lumber and there were a few paper flowers. I offered Mass in the tiny living room of Annie's home; I haven't a church in Ugashik. Her husband wept bitterly. Death seems to be more sad here in Alaska, where life can be a rugged experience and people have so few of the pleasant things.

Mission Films

FROM TIME to time we are asked what mission films are available. At present there are four which may be rented by individuals or organizations for the nominal service fee of \$2.75 each. All are sound films, 16 mm., and in color.

"The Awakening" is a film of modern Japan which tells the heart-warming story of a Japanese boy in his quest for a college education in Yamaguchi, Hiroshima and Tokyo. Running time: 28 min.

"Tropical Battleground" is the story of American Jesuit missionaries in Central America and their efforts to bring Christ into the steaming jungle. The running time is 27 minutes.

"The Sisters" is a 12-minute vocation

picture which is different. It presents the ideals and glorious works of the Sisters against the background of the Jesuit missions among American Indians. Eleven Congregations are represented in picture or text.

"Blackrobe" depicts the Jesuit work on the Indian reservations in South Dakota and Wyoming and the efforts of the missionaries to restore hope and confidence—with the gift of faith—to a once mighty people. Twenty minutes.

Please write directly to our central shipping office:

Jesuit Mission Films
c/o Swanks, Inc.
621 N. Skinker Blvd.
St. Louis 5, Missouri



Mass in Alaska...

is just as important as Mass in St. Peter's in Rome. The place, however, is different. In *Death on the Trail* (p. 21) Father Greif tells of having to say Mass in a dead woman's tiny room, because there is no church in Ugashik. Mass has also been celebrated in the lee of a whale-boat (see cut).

Won't you help Father Greif build a chapel?

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

Jesuit Missions

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

They are brief, but they trace the outline of the hearts of missionaries

Letters from Belize

From Father Frank Stobie S.J.:

"This particular parish job in St. Ignatius Parish, Belize, is the best thing for me. I love it. I feel that people are around all the time. People, as you know, spend a great deal of time on the streets in Belize, because of climate and cramped quarters. So I'm talking with them almost constantly on the street.

Count up the different expressions on the faces of these school children of St. Ignatius Parish in Belize and see which is in the majority, the happy or solemn. But they're all God's children.



And when I'm inside the house they are always ringing the bell.

"One little girl, five years old, came to school the other day. She was cute in her little red dress, but she was sad as she said: 'I didn't have any tea' (the way they say 'no breakfast'). I took her to the house for a muffin and milk. Sister told me the little girl clung to her the day before, asking, 'Sister, take me home with you. Mother doesn't love me and my father doesn't want me.' Kids have to fight for existence sometimes.

"Every day I am more amazed at the generosity and interest of these people, who are so poor for the most part. I am new at parish work, but the sacrifices I

see people make for the parish and for the things I ask from them, make me confident of great things for the future. There is no end to the work and the progress to be made . . .

"Father Sutti is here with me now but we could easily use one or two more priests. There are about four thousand Catholics in the parish and soon we will have to put an addition on the school—nine hundred now jam the present building. And we need another chapel farther south, where the priest's influence is sadly lacking. Then there are the thousands of poorly instructed, lax and fallen away. It makes you feel that you can never dare to take a day off."



*From Father Omer J.
Sullivan S.J.:*

"How to find time to write about our St. Vincent de Paul work and converts is a problem. All day long and sometimes at night there is a continuous stream of clients. We cannot help them all, nor give any of them all they need. Our saddest cases are those of pregnant mothers with two to five children already sleeping on the floor of some other person's shack, from which they must move with no place to go. I have had six in the last month.

"Our dry milk supply, which has been donated by the people of the United

States, through N.C.W.C. Relief (400,000 pounds yearly for ten years) finished the beginning of the year. No doubt we shall receive shipments of flour, a big help, but not a good substitute for milk, even dry milk. But we are eternally grateful for the past assistance.

"We have cards on more than 1,800 families just here in Belize, which represent over 9,000 persons. To these we give something—a box of dry milk, 5 pounds of flour, 15¢, half-a-dollar—something to each family nearly every week. With failures in corn and rice in several sections, with more unemployment than usual, things are quite rugged . . ."

Window on the Mission

Exiles Within China

CHINA IS OUTDOING Communist Russia in the mass deportation of its own people. The official line is that these people are great patriots, volunteering to leave their locale in order to contribute to the "great leap forward" in the development of the frontier provinces. No doubt some are volunteers, members of the Party and of the Communist Youth Organization. These will be the leaders and guards. Others sign up for safety's sake; their own security and that of their families will not allow them to do anything else.

Then comes the great mass, young people of both sexes, students, teachers, merchants who need reformation, all those whose ideas are suspect; and so many priests, sisters, Catholic laity who have refused to denounce the Pope. Word comes from Shanghai that one or more members of almost every Catholic family have been deported to the undeveloped provinces. An unknown number of priests and sisters have been put into these forced labor camps. The Communists pretend before the world

that they are heroes dedicated to the Party; we call them martyrs in our respect for the truth.

"Don't Fence Me In"

Several years ago Cardinal Cushing of Boston, who has such generous and deep love for the missions, remarked, "You can't put fences around charity." He meant by this that there are so many good works to be done by the Church all over the world that the generosity and charity might be stifled by attempting to restrict their exercise too rigidly. To say that all your aims should be given to one particular work and not to others would be to put fences around charity. Furthermore, such an attitude, if it become a fact, would paralyze so many essential works now undertaken by many missionary societies in the missions.

Many people are content to give to general works. Many others prefer to give to special works and to people known to them. There are so many motives for charity and so many different kinds of people who react to motives. In view of these facts, it is quite unrealistic to try to put fences around such generosity. Presumably the Cardinal thought that charity extended to many causes did not harm any cause he was sponsoring and he has been most generous in assisting missionaries and mission societies for years, while



Cover. The new era in Japan with its new and changed generation is depicted by artist Martin Gustavson in the light of the rising sun. The old adage, "Red sky in the morning; sailor, take warning" might well apply to the nation whose youth are veering from old ways.

accomplishing such grand things in his own archdiocese. When a prelate with such vast experience in charity refuses to put fences around charity, it must be presumed that he is acting wisely. The results testify to his wisdom.

Here and There

IN THE PHILIPPINES the Ateneo de Manila is establishing an Institute of Philippine Culture, of which a school of Linguistics will be an integral part. Father Frank Lynch will be the first director and Father McCarron will head the Linguistics section. The objectives of the Institute will be to make research studies of Philippine culture in its entirety and to apply the results of this research to Philippine problems.

In Alaska the Jesuit Superior, Father Hargreaves, points out to Catholic teachers the opportunities which teaching for the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Alaska offers. A teaching couple could save about \$10,000 a year. A single teacher could make about \$5,800 yearly. The government pays transportation to Alaska (and back home after two years should teachers stay that long). A brand new school in Kwiguk, an all-Catholic village, has had no teachers since September. A new school opens next fall at Alakanuk in Father Llorente's territory. Living quarters plush. Enough for two couples. Three classrooms. Catholic teachers could assist the missionaries immensely by showing the Alaskans that there are white Catholic teachers. Father Henry Hargreaves S.J. is at Immaculate Conception Church, Bethel, Alaska. If anyone is interested, please contact Father Hargreaves directly.



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As a missionary career which has few rivals

draws to a close an aged veteran looks back and gives

thanks that he was allowed to help spread God's Kingdom

...this may be my last

Father Peter Sontag has been in India since 1923. In that time he has labored ardently and well for the Kingdom of Christ. He was one of the pioneer missionaries among the Depressed Classes in the Patna area. From 1929 to 1936 he was the Superior of the Patna Mission.

He was born in Mankato, Minnesota and his first mission assignment was not to India but to Central America. However, when the Patna Mission was assigned to American Jesuits, Father Sontag was among the first to enter this new field. An expert in the Hindi language, he has published many works in that tongue. Some years ago he began the Institute for Home Study (IHS) which is a correspondence course in Catholic doctrine. It has been highly successful, as he mentions in the accompanying letter, and it is a fitting crown for this veteran missionary who has never hesitated to give his all for Christ. Remember him and his work in your prayers.

De Nobili College, Poona, India

Dear Father:

My annual report this year is being sent you from the sick room here at De Nobili College. Though I am not confined to bed, I have strict orders from the doctor, a heart specialist, to take 6 weeks of complete rest. After serving me faithfully more than 80 years, my heart has gone on a sit-down strike.

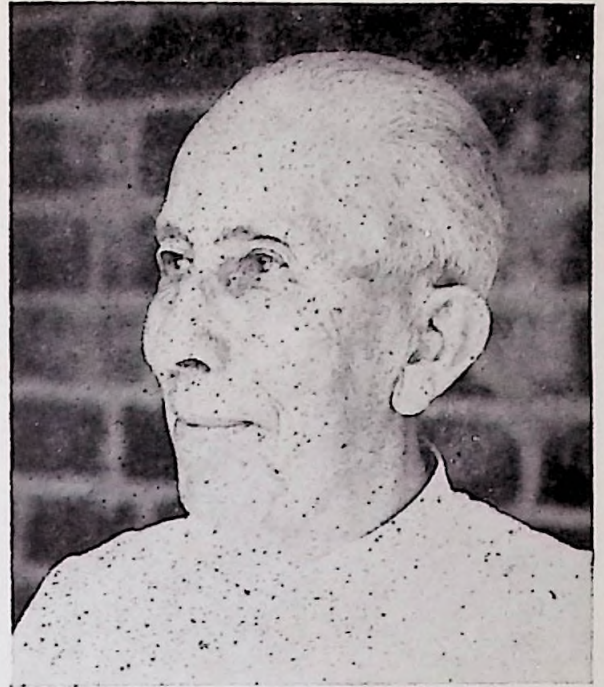
Apart from that, I am feeling O.K. and the doctor hopes to have me ready for light work after a month.

In a way this has been, as usual, a beautiful disposition of Providence. For it enables me with the help of a stenographer to do some more writing. Practically all my writing has been done while convalescing from serious illness.

I was booked to go to Patna last month for a bit of work and a celebration for my Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. But happily Providence disposed otherwise. It is good. For here in Poona the celebrations were simply wonderful. Besides the usual Jubilee celebrations here in our Jesuit Community, there was another one in Poona sponsored by the Catholic Association of Poona. Cardinal Gracias, the Archbishop of Bombay, presided over the function. These city celebrations were meant not only to honor me, but also to be a spur to the Correspondence Course movement. In eleven years I have seen more than forty IHS (Institute for Home Study) Centres, of which twenty are very active, spring up in India. These Centres have made more than 36,000 contacts with their non-Catholic neighbors, and distributed about 2,000,000 IHS lessons (high school level) and 36,000 lessons (college level). By this means we are making Christ and His message known in India. Our Instruction courses are

letter...

Genial veteran of India's mission field, Father Sontag is known personally and by his writings throughout the sub-continent. He has done a magnificent job in spreading knowledge and love of Our Lord to thousands.



now available in six of the native languages here in India, and six more in Eastern Asia—all the way from Japan down to Indonesia. Besides, the courses are under preparation to Belgium, Germany, etc.

At present I am not permitted to say Mass. Do please pray that I may again have that great privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice. And join with me, Father, to thank the dear Lord for all the wonderful blessings He has bestowed on my humble efforts to make Him known and loved in this pagan land. It has been so wonderful that it seems almost like a dream. Only heaven knows how many more souls will receive their first knowledge of the true God and Saviour through our IHS work, which I beg all of you to remember in your prayers, that it may continue to flourish as it now has for 10 years. Fortunately, Father Ted Bowling, who is taking my place, is a most capable and devoted man, and he will certainly carry on better than I can hope to do.

How strange God's ways! Recently one of our very valuable men, Father

Harry Birney S.J., only 44 years of age, the Rector of our big school in Jaipur, who was suffering just the same ailment as myself, died suddenly while engaged for a few minutes in a game with the boys. Father Birney called away in the prime of life, and I, no longer able to work, left to be nursed and served! God's ways are different than ours.

I need not remark that this may well be my last letter to you, since any little mishap may carry me off any day. So let me thank you from the very depth of my heart for all that your friendship and help in spiritual and material ways have meant for me and my work—or rather *our* work. For I have always considered all my apostolic success as much and perhaps more yours than my own. And yours is most surely a greater merit. For I have had the consolation of seeing much of the fruit of our effort, while your prayers are entirely a labour of Faith and Charity. May God love and bless you always for your devotion to IHS!

Your grateful brother in Christ,
PETER J. SONTAG S.J.



Jamaica gets a helping hand from lay missionaries (l. to r.) Richard Jodoin, Harrison Hobbes, William Arbogast, Thomas Hughes and Francis Brennan. Two are at St. George's and others at Annotto Bay.

THERE ARE a thousand streets in Trincomalee, and no doubt all of them have names, but you seldom see a street sign indicating this, and most of the streets are so short and insignificant that even the postman doesn't bother to learn their names. In Trincomalee you give and take directions by the more significant landmarks such as public buildings, outstanding trees, prominent junctions, etc. To say you saw a man "at the Post Office" simply means you saw somebody within a block or two of that place; or "at the railway station" probably means any place within view of the depot.

This particular method of designation can sometimes backfire, and the New Orleans Jesuits in Trincomalee are

chuckling over a recent example. (Of course they are not at the safe distance we are, so they are not chuckling too loud.)

Bishop Glennie and Father Vandebussche were traveling together in the Bishop's car. They were spotted by some of the seminarians who were returning from class. One of the latter promptly reported that he had seen the Bishop and Father Vandebussche.

"That's good. Where did you see them?"

"At the toddy tavern!"

Service with a smile as Bishop Glennie celebrates St. Joseph's Day at Old Folks Home. Father Vandebussche (left) also figures in the "scandalous" story told above.

The

From the Indian Ocean to the Caribbean

there are helping hands in the vineyard

whispers in the palms

The men pictured at left are giving a year to God on the Jamaica Mission and we think that you might like to know more about them. Richard Jodoin is from Marblehead, Mass. and is a graduate of Boston College. Harrison Hobbes hails from Bath, Maine where he attended Morse High School before he attended Boston College. William Arbogast comes from Alexandria, Virginia and went to

Gonzaga High before his studies at Georgetown University.

Thomas Hughes is from Belmont, Mass. and is a graduate of Belmont High School and Boston College. Francis Brennan is a native of Dorchester, Mass. and at present has been granted a year's leave of absence from his duties as Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County, Mass. All look happy under the palms.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Before it's too late can we give a helping hand to further the great work of Father Sontag in India? On page 28 you read his moving appeal "this may be my last letter . . ." We pray that it is not but we would like to give this grand missionary a concrete donation which would mean so much to him, to his work, and to his dreams. Any contribution—\$1, \$5, or \$100—will be speedily forwarded to him.

Letters from Belize (cf. p. 24) outline graphically the situation of poverty. Father Omer Sullivan mentions ruefully that the Poor Box provides just one dollar a week—and there are over 1,000 families to help! Even a small gift means a lot in such circumstances and a dollar or two is received gratefully. Could you make a small donation?

If you had a smile at Bishop Glennie's expense (see p. 30) maybe you can return the smile to him with his expenses. His new Home for the Aged, adroitly run by the Little Sisters of the Poor, has over 80 old folks. The monthly cost for each of these aged is about \$13. That's a heavy item for a slim budget. Could you lighten the load for the Bishop?

The Boat Show is over but those with an interest in it can understand Father Raymond Talbott's plea. On Kodiak Island in Alaska he needs a sturdy boat, which he has, and necessary equipment, which he hasn't. Could any boat lover give part of the \$100 he sorely needs?

Women and children first is the motto of Father Albert Klaeser in Hsinchu, Formosa. He needs materials for his Sewing School and Kindergarten—cloth, sewing machines, swings, etc. He could provide *everything* for \$500 but could you help him get *something* with a gift of \$1, \$2, \$5?

Time is important for Father Ludwig at Rampur in India. Before the next monsoon he must put a roof over his orphans and widows. The youngsters are so crowded it is difficult to walk between beds. A new building is needed but a roof for the old one is more urgent at the moment. Could your gift of a few dollars to Father Ludwig beat out the monsoon?

Troubles are routine for Father Daly in Ceylon, as you can see from page 10. But there is a certain amount of wear and tear involved and that is beginning to show on Father's cassocks. Patches are in order but tailors charge as much for patchwork as for making new clothes. The answer is a sewing machine, and right around the corner from his church is a Singer Sewing Machine shop. The price is about \$150. Could you help get Father Daly started around that corner?

Stringless gifts are very deeply appreciated. They enable us to give a speedy response to a sudden plea for help when a missionary needs assistance in a hurry.

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Convent...

In Bar Bigha, Monghyr District, Patna, India, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart are living in a “temporary” convent. You can see what it’s like. A new building with windows and a non-leaky roof is desperately needed.

A decent convent will cost \$2,000.

Can you help? \$5, \$10, whatever you can spare . . .

Send your contribution to

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