

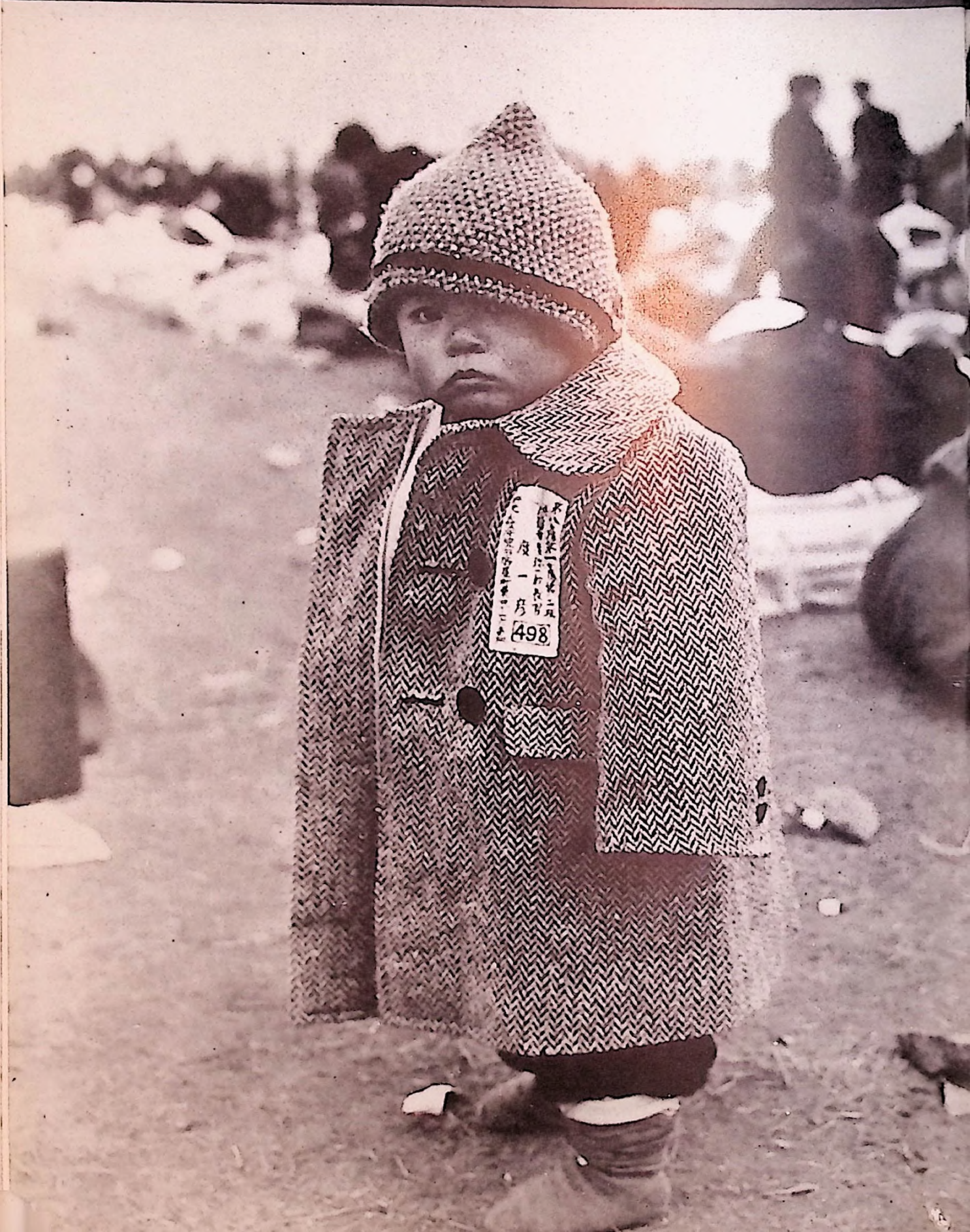


NAGASAKI:
OUT OF THE
ASHES: A
NEW FLAME
OF FAITH

JM

JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuit



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

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 - Chile - Peru

September 1960, Vol. 34, No. 7

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Well-tagged and somewhat tired of being pushed around in this mystifying world, this young Japanese (left) is a symbol of the unrest which fills the Orient. He has been repatriated from Korea and has yet to know a normal life. (U.S. Army photo)



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Demonstration by women of Kerala during Liberation Struggle is broken up by police with staves. The women played a prominent part in the campaign to oust the Communists from power a year ago. This South India State has been a real testing ground in the attempt by the Reds to gain control of all India and all eyes are on Kerala.

JULY 31ST (which is the Feast of St. Ignatius) will be celebrated with much joy this year by the people of Kerala. That date marks the first anniversary of this small South Indian State's victory over Communism. The people have reason to celebrate. The victory came only after forty-nine days of bitter and bloody struggle during which many persons lost their lives and many others were injured and maimed for life.

The Liberation Struggle, as it is called in Kerala, began, as is well known, as a protest against Communist efforts to take over the private schools, most of which are run by the Catholic Church. It ended with the Communists being swept from power by a mighty mass upsurge. But the joy of the coming anniversary celebration will be tempered by the sobering thought that the struggle of last year was only a prelude to the more difficult struggle which must now be waged against the poverty and inhuman conditions of life which weigh down the State's sixteen million people. The forty-

three per cent of the votes which the Communists polled in the election of last February are a grim and constant reminder that the five short years before the next election is to be held will almost certainly be democracy's last chance.

The new Government which took office in February is fully aware of the urgent need for economic progress if Communism is to be rooted out of Kerala. It is still too early to tell how successful the new Government will be in dealing with the long-standing and very stubborn problems of the State, but it is working hard and is off to a good start. The price of food has been brought down by various measures, extensive plans for slum clearance are being formulated, and distribution of family-sized rubber plantations has begun.

A thorough survey of the State's industrial potential has just been launched. Several fishing harbors are under construction, one of them complete with a boat-building yard to provide fishermen, who represent one of Kerala's most im-

An on-the-scene report from the Indian state
whose people liberated themselves from the yoke
of Communism just one battle-packed year ago

Kerala Struggles On

JAMES J. BERNA S.J.

portant industries, with mechanized boats in place of the primitive canoes and catamarans on which they depend at present. Most important of all, perhaps, several new technical schools will soon be opened. Unemployment is Kerala's greatest problem. Technical training will give the State's young men the skills needed to find jobs in industry, if not in Kerala (where industries are few) at least in other parts of India where the demand for skilled labor is great.

A new urgency in the Church's social apostolate is also evident in Kerala. In many dioceses programs are under way for establishment of cooperative societies, and cottage industries which will relieve seasonal and chronic unemployment. Several dioceses are establishing technical schools, or "multi-purpose high schools" which will give technical training. Of the Church's new social programs in Kerala the most promising is the project for the fishermen which is being organized by Monsignor Pereira, Auxiliary Bishop of Trivandrum, Kerala's capital city. The Diocese of Trivandrum includes forty coastal villages in which live over one hundred thousand Catholic fishermen and their families. It was these

courageous fishermen, as reported in JESUIT MISSIONS for May, 1960, who more than any other single group were responsible for the success of the Liberation Struggle. And it was Bishop Pereira who led them in the struggle. For weeks, while the struggle was in preparation, he toured the coastal villages organizing the young men into groups of ten, each with its captain, and each village with its district captain. When the struggle began these groups acted as flying squads, ready at a moment's notice to occupy and protect schools, picket Government offices or stage mass demonstrations. When Prime Minister Nehru visited Kerala early in the struggle he was greeted at the airport by fifty thousand fisherwomen and the five-mile stretch of road into the city was lined solid with fishermen and others who took courage from their example. This was a turning point in the campaign since it convinced Nehru that the movement was a genuine mass uprising, not a minor agitation.

Now with financial help from the German Bishops' "Campaign Against Hunger and Disease in the World" and technical assistance from the Jesuit Social Institute in Poona, the Bishop is attempt-

Ringside seat is provided this young Indian by his father's shoulder. Both seem deeply interested in the proceedings but not too happy about them. The struggle originally began when the Communists tried to take over the private schools, most of them Catholic.

ing to give his people a new life free of degrading poverty which they have known for centuries. The program involves three main phases. First, it is necessary to provide the fishermen with nylon nets in place of the traditional cotton nets they use at present. The change will improve the catches of fish greatly, as has already been demonstrated in the area, for several reasons. Nylon is much stronger than cotton, with the result that nets last longer and the "big ones" do not break out and get away. It is also less visible in the water than cotton. Even more important, nylon nets are much lighter when wet than cotton nets. As a result they can be handled by four-man crews in place of the twenty or more who handle present nets, which means a much higher income for each fisherman. Nets are being provided by the Bishop through cooperative societies on the basis of one net to four family heads.

Secondly, a marketing organization has been set up to ensure a fair return to fishermen. At present most fishermen are forced to sell their fish at the seashore immediately after landing to merchants who pay very low prices. Or fish are carried to market by fishermen's wives who sometimes walk twenty miles a day, while the fish slowly spoil in the big baskets on their heads. The new marketing organization has two trucks to carry fish on ice to inland markets where they will fetch a better price.

Finally, the program includes a housing and resettlement scheme to relieve congestion in the large over-crowded villages and provide families with de-



cent homes. Along with this a social program has been launched to train village women in housekeeping, child care, health and cottage crafts which will provide better employment than fish-marketing. This ambitious program is just getting started but is full of promise for the future. It will bear careful watching and may well serve as a model and inspiration for others, and thus open the way to a better life for many people.

Interview with Chiang

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH is the most powerful force against Communism in the world today." I could not believe my ears. It was the president of the Republic of China, President Chiang Kai-shek, speaking to me in a private interview, and I asked him to confirm the quotation for publication.

"Mr. President, did I understand you to say 'the most powerful'?"

"Yes," he said simply and forcefully.

The scene was the Presidential Office Building in the center of Taipei, the capital of Free China. The occasion was an interview granted to me only a few hours before my plane took off for the United States. I had long desired to speak to the president and had applied only a short time before my departure. The actual interview far surpassed my expectations.

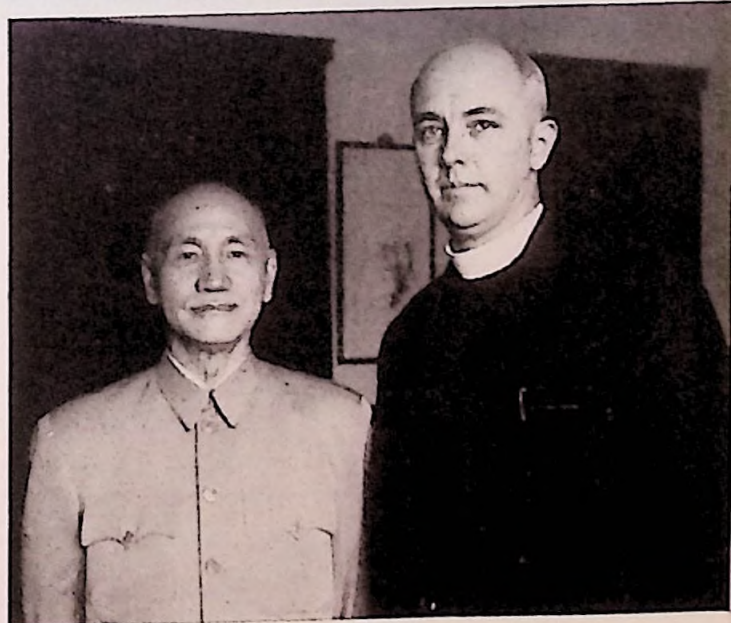
Dr. Sampson Shen of the Government Information Service accompanied me to the President's office. I was introduced to Mr. James C. H. Shen, the Government spokesman. Our brief conversation in Chinese decided Mr. Shen in favor of allowing the interview to be carried on in Chinese without the aid of an interpreter. It was at this moment that I was eternally grateful for my hard years of language studies and for at least this amount of success. At 10 A.M. on the morning of June 3rd my guides ushered me into the audience chamber. I took about three steps into the room and bowed deeply toward the figure of the president seated at a desk at the far end of the room under a picture of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. The president rose and came forward, meeting me half way. I bowed

again and shook his hand. He motioned me to a seat on the corner of a sofa while he took a nearby easy chair. Only a low coffee-table separated me from the leader of Free China. In spite of his 73 years he appeared strong and vigorous, his face full and rounded, his voice firm and determined.

The president took the lead immediately and in a few minutes had deftly extracted from me just about all of my activities in China. He was particularly interested in my work as a professor in a Chinese National University. He wanted to know my impression of student life, about my family and my purpose in returning to the United States.

A meditative pause gave me the opportunity to start the questions which I had prepared beforehand. "Mr. President, you have access to a great body of mainland intelligence. With this knowl-

President Chiang Kai-shek and Father Foley.



edge and as an acknowledged expert on Communism, what would you say about the present ability of the Communists to control the China mainland?"

The answer was short, "They can only hold out for two years." The president went on to say that the failure of the peoples' communes and the recent recourse to force, together with the basic savageness and cruelty of the regime would certainly cause some major revolt within a two-year period and that when that time came he would be ready to retake the mainland. There was no question of the president's determination.

I proposed another line of thought. "On what lines do you think the Communist expansionist strategy will proceed during the coming summer?" The president's reply was characteristic of his usual conversation, a rather condensed, telegraphic, staccato statement. "Not Vietnam, not Laos, only Quemoy." Translated and expanded this meant that it was not militarily or politically advantageous to the Communists to attack Laos or Vietnam, but that they would attempt a show of strength by action against the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu.

It was here that I proposed an objection common in certain circles in the United States, namely that these islands were only so much rock and dirt which should be given to the Communists of Red China in order to preserve the peace. The president misunderstood the opinion to be my own and the conversational floodgates were opened. He bristled and threw out a series of questions at me, "What do you think? Have you ever been there?" I hastened to make clear that the objection was not my own and that though I knew his stand that I wanted to hear his explanation of his position from his own lips. Chiang smiled and I relaxed. And with the relaxing of tension the president slipped back into his laconic style. "No Quemoy, no Taiwan; no Taiwan, no Southeast Asia; no Southeast Asia, no . . ."

The uncompleted statement was eloquent enough. Quemoy as the anchor to the Taiwan Straits was essential to the defense of Taiwan. Taiwan in turn was the key to the security of Southeast Asia. And with these countries gone the freedom of the entire South Pacific, Australia and India was in question.

I spoke with President Chiang about the ideological errors of Communism and our discussion led to the following statement, "Communism is atheistic, and as such it denies the rights of God and man; all other errors flow from this first false position."

"Then you would consider the problem to be an essentially religious one?" I asked. The reply was an unequivocal affirmative. It was at this point that the president went on to say that "The Catholic Church is the most powerful force against Communism in the world today."

I mentioned the fact that I was ordained a priest by Bishop Ignatius Kung and received the subdiaconate and diaconate from Bishop James Walsh, M.M. He shook his head sadly and rubbed his chin. "I admire those men, I admire them very much," he said. President Chiang has frequently expressed his admiration for the strong anti-Communist stand of Catholics the world over. Later an observer remarked to me that the president is deeply hurt by various Christian groups who compromise on principle and lean over backward trying to be friendly with the Communists.

My time was up. I expressed my gratitude to the president and as I said goodbye his last words had a true fatherly ring. "Study hard in Boston and remember me to your mother." Chinese admire scholars, and filial piety is a national virtue in China. President Chiang Kai-shek summed up both in his kind farewell. I turned at the door of the audience chamber and bowed deeply, the president gave me a last wave and I left the presence of one of the truly great leaders in the world today.

The Secret of Stamps

JAMES C. FLECK S.J.

A SHORT TIME ago, a young man in a black suit and Roman collar was seen trudging through the murky industrial side-streets near the Wabash railroad tracks in one of our big midwestern cities. Spotting a dusty sign revealing an establishment that bought old gold, the young cleric slipped inside and asked cautiously, "Are you the man who buys old gold teeth?"

This strange aspect of the religious life is just an every-day occurrence in



the life of the Jesuit scholastics working in the Mission Stamp Bureaus. While they concentrate on cancelled postage stamps, nothing is turned away. Recent receipts include an old bridge (dental), rock crystal rosaries, a ball of old string, a package of tin foil, and a packet of Grandma's old love letters. While the tin foil and string, or even the fifty pounds or so of last year's Christmas cards that have been sent in can't be sold, all of the other items help support our American Jesuit missionaries at work among the American Indians and across the world in a dozen places.

Grandma's love letters, interesting as they might be in themselves, are of interest to the Jesuits only to the extent of their envelopes with their valuable postage stamps. So anyone sending this particular item to a Stamp Bureau is encouraged to discreetly remove the contents before sending them in. Other valuable items are old stamp albums, collecting dust in the attic, Duck stamps from hubby's hunting license, U.S. Commemoratives, foreign, pre-cancelled, postage



World of stamps can be a fascinating one and an education in itself. But it is also an important asset in financing the missionary—and everyone can help!

The Secret of Stamps



due, Air Mail, special delivery, and of course, anything out of the ordinary from state sales tax stamps to green, red, blue or any hue trading stamps, postal saving stamps, gold dentures, or an old pair of gold-rimmed glasses. The latest stamp that we can sell is the new Federal boat stamp that goes into use this year. If you have a boat please remember to soak off the stamp and send it to us after this year's boating season. If you have any trouble removing the stamp feel free to send the whole boat. Between the stamp and the boat we should be able to raise enough money to make

a dandy contribution to a missionary.

It is almost unbelievable the number of odd things that some people collect, and this means another way to help raise funds for the missions. Perhaps you may have some of these strange items hanging around the house: old coins and bills, confederate stamps or money, World War II Automobile Use Stamps, a Potato Stamp, Wine Stamps, foreign coins and currency left over from your last trip to the old country. As you can see, a Mission Stamp Bureau is just about the closest thing to a pawn shop that the Jesuits operate.

Weighing stamps at the St. Louis Stamp Bureau is Patrick Sharp S.J. The weighing occurs when a shipment is going to a buyer or when a school in the annual Stamp Contest sends in its entry. A fair number of buyers are overseas, which indicates the international interest in stamps. If you want to help, consult the address list on next page for nearest Jesuit Bureau.



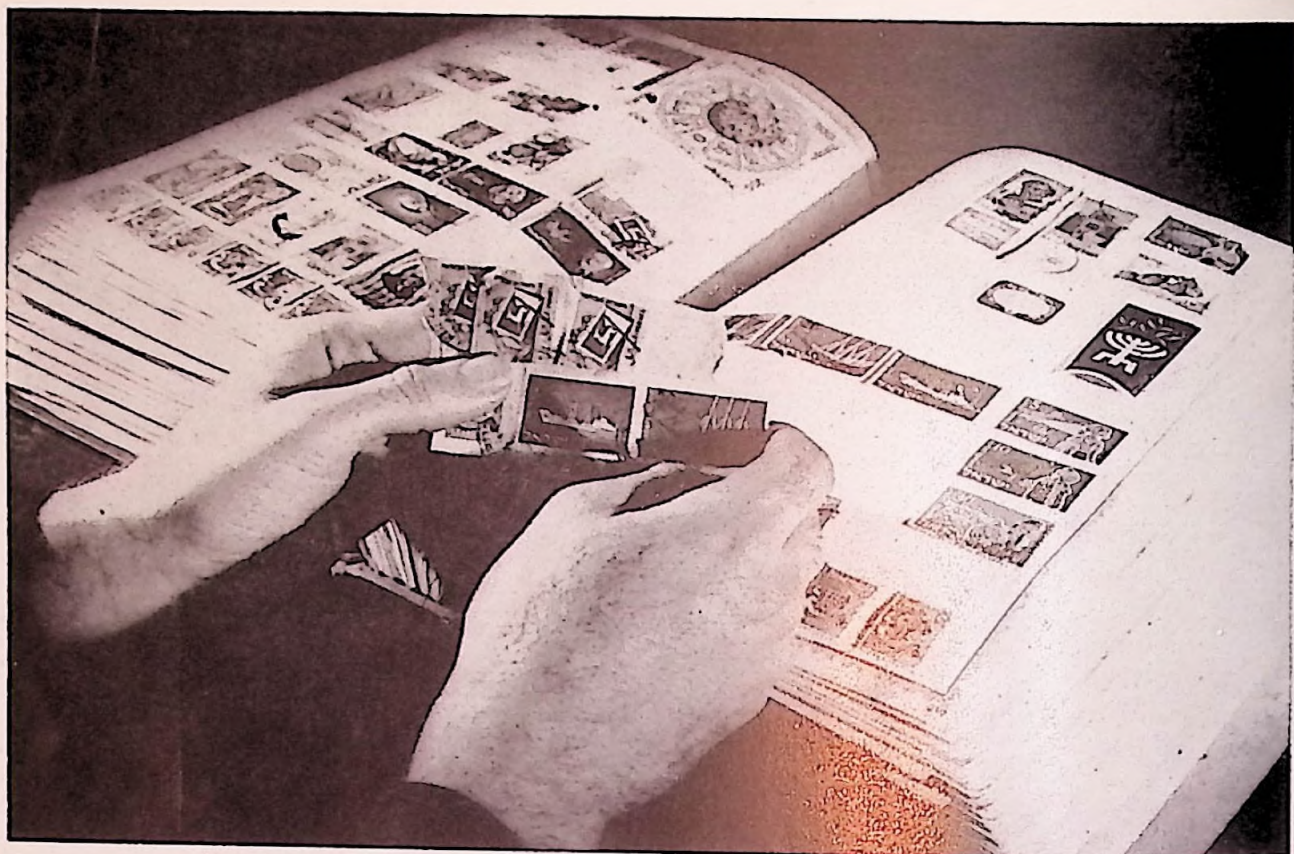
Sorting table scene where stamps are divided into U.S. Commemoratives, Air Mail and Postage Due, Pre-cancelled, Foreign and U.S. values above 5¢. This photo was taken at the Jesuit House of Studies in St. Louis. Jesuits shown are (clockwise from bottom) Patrick Sharp, Michael Morrison, Charles Gonzalez, Michael Durso and Eugene Meigher. They represent four of the eleven Jesuit Provinces in the U.S., all of whom can use stamps to help their missionaries.

A typical day of a Jesuit scholastic on the Stamp Bureau staff will find him rising from lunch or dinner, and after the customary short visit to chapel after meals, making a bee-line for the Stamp Bureau office. There, packages of stamps from high schools, grade schools and individual contributors are waiting to be acknowledged and sorted. Exotic stamps from such far-flung regions are sold individually, but the vast majority are poured into bins of various categories and sold to stamp dealers by the pound.

The average Jesuit Mission Stamp Bureau will have half a dozen or more

scholastics spending their free time answering correspondence, sorting stamps, shipping, or working on the devious promotional schemes to bring in more stamps. Every once in a while a startled voice will cry out, "Hey, look at this!"

Everyone will gather around the Scott's Stamp Catalog which will reveal whether we have uncovered a hidden treasure, a rare valuable stamp. Most of the time it's a false alarm and the colorful little stamp is dumped into the common herd of stamps at the bottom of the bin. But every once in a while fortune smiles and the missions will be



richer by a few extra and welcome dollars.

Today, most of the Stamp Bureaus find their greatest problem is getting enough stamps to keep up with the buyers' demands. Every potential source of stamps is tried and tried again. The readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* can give a big boost to our missionaries by sending in their Grandma's old love letters, postage

stamps from Zanzibar or anywhere, or if they've passed from a set of dentures to a full plate, the Stamp Bureaus will take the old gold too. We can convert into cash just about anything you've got shoved to the back of your desk or dresser or hidden away in the attic. But please, no balls of string, tin foil, or last year's Christmas cards.

Stamps Collected for Missions at:

Mission Stamp Exchange
Woodstock, Maryland

Mission Stamp Bureau
Weston College
Weston 93, Massachusetts

Ceylon Mission Stamp Bureau
Assumption Hall
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Lusaka Mission Service
4105 Avers Avenue
Chicago 18, Illinois

Mission Stamp Bureau
3700 West Pine Blvd.
St. Louis 8, Missouri

Mission Stamp Bureau
Mount St. Michael's
Spokane 28, Washington

It wasn't easy for the restless
Kuravar to give up their way
of life and its traditions

The Gypsies of Ceylon

SEVEN YEARS AGO, while traveling around my 1,200 square-mile parish, I met wandering bands of people known as the Kuravar. Noted throughout India and Ceylon as snake-charming, sticky-fingered gypsies, they are direct descendants of the famous Robber Tribe of South India whose profession was, quite frankly, thievery. Fortunately, in their transit over the Palk Strait to Ceylon, they lost their "professional" touch. A physically attractive people, the men are tall and lithe; the women, gentle and beautiful, and adorned with trinkets in the universal fashion of gypsies.

They are called "walking fools" because they consider it beneath their dignity to own or use carts. Roaming the country in bands, they carry their provisions wrapped in a long cloth and slung conveniently over their shoulders. When meat is scarce they can be seen in groups of about fifteen men with one gun, two spears and some thirty dogs, heading for the jungle to hunt pig, elk or deer. Hungry people aren't fussy.

When I became interested in these people, the first thing I wanted to do

Snake charmer with author, gypsy charmer.





Giant lizard is admired by Father Cook and Kuravars. Appetizing, isn't it?

was to convince them that they would be better off in giving up their nomadic way of life. Cattle breeding and goat herding more or less necessitated their roving about from one grazing area to another. In easy-going Ceylon they were not molested by the Government, but the people in some areas complained of chewed-up crops and broken fences. When I tried to make these Kuravar good citizens of Ceylon, the local District Revenue Officer asked me first to settle them somewhere permanently. The gypsies agreed, and soon chose an elevated spot well hidden in the jungle where they have been living faithfully and frugally ever since.

Their village, Aligambai ("Elephant

Village" in Singalese) is made up of simply constructed thatched huts. Six sturdy posts are erected and tied together by cross sticks. The whole is then covered with palm leaves. These huts are two-storey affairs, with the ground floor reserved for the goats, and the upper storey for the people. All cooking is done outside.

For three years I tried to dig a well for the village, but after spending 1400 Rupees, I ended with a hole thirty-three feet deep and no water. The nearest source is a mile away, and the women develop remarkable grace as they balance as many as four jars on their heads without spilling a drop of the precious water. Since the village is situated on a plateau, there is no real problem during the rainy season. One simply digs a hole and gathers the accumulated rain water.

Having settled my gypsies in Aligambai, I naturally thought of giving them the benefits of religion. Periodically I'd bring Sisters from Kalmunai and they would teach the people as only Sisters can. During six years of this occasional

basic instruction, I was hesitant to baptize any of the people since I did not know their true disposition in the matter. Although their contacts with Hinduism were meagre, I asked myself continually if they would be able to remain faithful to Christianity and its demands.

Finally, in March 1959, I began to build a school-church out of cement blocks, and managed to finish it off with a tile roof in August. Limited funds made it a simple structure with only half-walls and a roof, but it is a palace in comparison with the rest of the vil-

Business end of traditional spee
of the gypsy Kuravar is given kee
appraisal by the veteran missionary

lage. I hired Jovan, my catechist from Tirukovil, to teach the Kuravar the fundamentals of schooling. No one in the tribe, not even the head man, knew anything of books and papers. They are easily led because of their childlike acceptance of any knowledge. Before long about sixty children, under the tutelage of Jovan, were bawling out prayers, spelling and sums, all to the astonishment and pride of their elders.

Education is not even considered by the older generation which begins at the age of fourteen. When I urged one of the young ladies to learn to read, she answered naively, "Father, it is too late. This brain won't absorb anything for lack of use." She was not yet twenty years old.

In baseball, coaches farm out prospective stars. Here in Ceylon I'm trying my first intellectual farming out. As the new year approached, I told Jovan to select the six brightest boys and girls for study at Kalmunai Convent and the Brothers' College. My plan is to farm them out, so to speak, and bring them back to Aligambai in three years to teach the villagers Christian manners and cus-

toms. Jovan made the selection, and more important, he successfully reassured the parents who feared that their children might be contaminated by contact with civilization.

Last January the entire village turned out to witness the baptism of the six young people who were to leave shortly for school. They were the first Kuravar to be baptized, and since there were no Catholics in the village, we had to import Godparents from another town. Just before the ceremony, I celebrated a "first" of my own. Every barber in the nearby town has refused to cut the hair of any of the Kuravar because they consider them to be "low caste." I administered the haircuts, and shortly thereafter the first six Kuravar in Ceylon were received into the Church.

My six young gypsy Catholics are now safely installed in the two boarding schools in Kalmunai. They study hard, and seem happy despite the homesickness which follows the visits of relatives. We look forward to the time when six young men and women will return to Aligambai to teach their people the Christian way by their own good example.



Window on the Mission

Let's Try Love

THE DIFFERENCES of the races are clearly according to God's design for the human race. Pope Pius XII in his very first Encyclical on the Unity of Human Society took note of these differences, acknowledging the legitimate pride that races and nations take in their accomplishments, qualities and characteristics. Diversity is meant to be an enrichment of the human family. It is not of itself an enemy to the essential unity of that family. But differences so often have been made the reasons for divisions. When differences and diversity are used as justification for racial or national feelings of superiority, then the use made of difference violates God's will for His creatures. Then the evil of pride enters into relations with others and begets race hatred, contempt for others, indifference to their needs, creating chasms between peoples. Surely our generation should be sick of the effects of such racial and national divisions: slaughter, oppression, insult, humiliation, injustice which disgrace the pages of the history of this supposedly enlightened age.

Colonial empires did not do much to

foster the truth of the essential equality of different races. These empires are fast disappearing in Asia and Africa, leaving in their wake a backwash of racial hostility and sharpened nationalism which are directed against the peoples of Europe and America. The situation is made worse by the deliberate effort of Communism to aggravate these feelings in order to turn the peoples of Asia and Africa against the people of the free countries and to draw them in to the vortex of a universal atheistic materialism. Such a condition inevitably affects the life and work of the Church in those continents. In turning against Europeans and Americans, the people also turn against the missionaries in many places. They are driven out of China. They are restricted in other places. Foreseeing such possibilities the Church has been working hard to develop rapidly the hierarchy, clergy and religious in mission lands. This takes time. But nobody can tell what will happen during the next ten years in Asia and Africa. Racial hatred and violence are already advanced. Will they destroy even the spiritual bonds that unite Catholics all over the world? Will they divide local Catholics from all others by setting up national Churches, as is being done in China? Who can tell?

To forestall such a sorrowful event, the Pope has urged us to pray for the strengthening of the bonds of Christian love. This may seem to be a very weak



COVER. On the Hill of the Martyrs in Nagasaki a shrine is being built which has tremendous significance. The story is told on page 27. Rarely has an event that took only a few moments of time effected such a tremendous change in the spirit of an entire people. Design by artist Phil Franznick.

weapon to use against the forces of growing hatred and hostility which so quickly resort to violence. But what other weapon is there in the Christian armament? Satan is the real divider of the human family and he is the one who favors hatred which so devours him and his followers. He is the only one who profits from hatred, if one may call sin and spiritual death profit. Satan was conquered by God's love in the gift of His Beloved Son to us and Our Lord's constant cry to us was that we should love one another as He has loved us. To this day Christian love alone has the power to conquer this hell-fostered hatred that so menaces the human family. Politics and economics and development programs are not the whole answer—too often they have been used to divide people. Hatred is a sickness of the soul; it calls for a spiritual remedy.

Christian love can be strengthened by resisting every stirring of racial or national hostility in our own hearts. It can be strengthened by condemning such feelings expressed by others. It can be strengthened by consciousness of the teachings of our faith—everyone of us is the product of the omnipotent love of God and all of us are the object of God's mercy and love in Christ, Our Lord. It can be strengthened by enclosing in our intercession before God all the members of the human race to whom Christ became brother, when He became man and a member of the race of Adam. We must pray that Asians and Africans will see this love at work among them in the efforts of the Church. In this very serious crisis, let's try love for a change, since everything else has been tried without much success. Love is strong as death.



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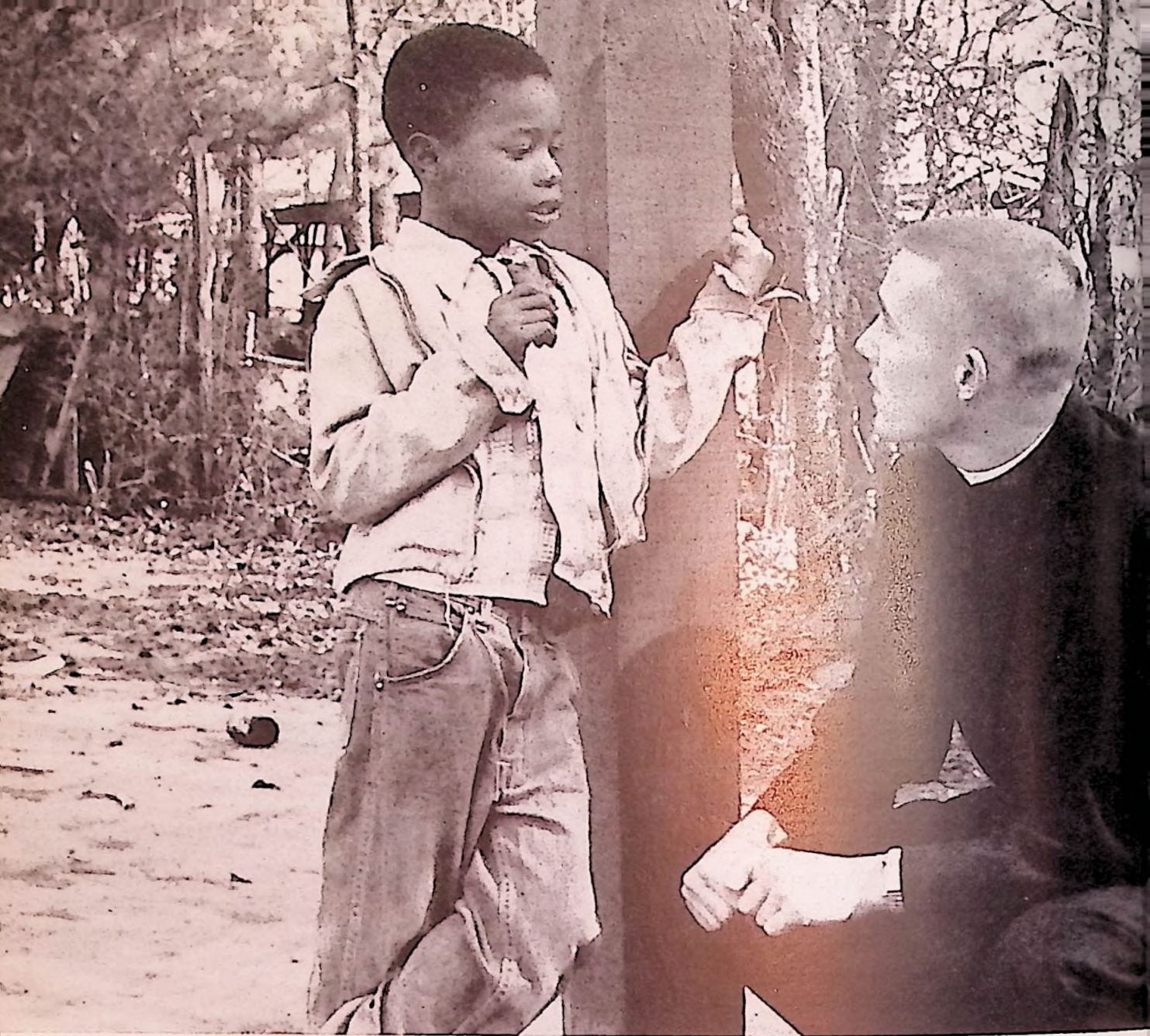
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HIS NAME was Bumble Bee and he was thirteen years old. He lived in a one-room shack without running water on the Azalea Trail in the heart of the Deep South. He had never known his father and his mother was a prostitute. He had never owned a new pair of shoes or a jacket or a coat that fit him. He never had enough to eat. No one cared what he did or where he went or how he spent his time. He was colored and no one cared about him. But the strange thing about Bumble Bee was that he cared. He rarely missed a day of school, he had a B average in his studies, and each Sunday morning he climbed out of bed early to go to church—a Baptist

church. No one made him go, no one cared if he went or not.

The first time I met him he was leaning against a basketball goal smiling the smile that only he could smile. He had an old yellow and brown skull cap pulled down over his ears and his hands were stuffed into the pockets of a coat far too large for him. He glanced up at my face and then at my Roman collar.

"Is you a full Father?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I'm still studying to be a Father."

A soft smile played on his lips. "What is you then," he asked, "a Son?"

One Sunday afternoon many weeks later we invited him up to our place.



In the Deep South a moving drama
is being enacted without publicity
but with effects bound to last

Along the Azalea Trail

RICHARD A. TONRY S.J.

Problems are more easily discussed when people are on the same level and Jesuit Edward Mathie lends an attentive ear. The work of the Jesuit scholastics with the adults of Crichton has produced through the years very worthwhile results.

The younger brother of one of the seminarians had been growing like a summer weed and he had completely outgrown a new suit. He gave it to us hoping we could find someone it would fit. We looked at one another and each of us thought: Bumble Bee. It was a beautiful suit, light gray with dark stripes; it had huge brass buttons and was of an ivy-league cut. We prayed that it would fit him. When Bumble Bee saw the suit he didn't say a word, just sort of smiled and reached out his hand for it. We showed him where he could try it on and whispered a few more urgent prayers that it would fit. Bumble Bee came out and the suit fit him perfectly.

A tailor couldn't have done a better job. Then we noticed his face. It was one of those moments you remember all your life. The sheer happiness that shone from it made us feel embarrassed, ashamed that the gift of a second hand suit could cause such joy. But we are getting far ahead of ourselves; our story really begins long ago, long before Bumble Bee was born.

It begins at the Jesuit House of Studies in Mobile, Alabama. Here young Jesuits from all over the country and the world come to pursue their philosophical studies. It begins in the year 1939. For this was the year one of the young Jesuits organized catechism classes to be taught



Before and after are well illustrated by the old baseball diamond and the present one (below) which is result of the Jesuits' and boys' work.



to the few Catholic children in near-by Crichton Negro section. Every Saturday and Sunday found the young Jesuits herding children into private homes for their lessons. After the classes the kids would hurry back to their games in the streets and roads of Crichton. A few of their teachers would stay around to watch and occasionally to restore order when tempers began to flare. Very often, however, the balls the children played with were old and worn; a few good licks by some budding Hank Aaron and the game was finished. After a few such happenings the teachers, to the delight of the kids, began to appear with bulging cassock pockets and the games got better and better.

Soon a group of dedicated parents at the suggestion of a seminarian formed a civic club. Their immediate purpose was to find a place for the children to play, to get them off the street and onto a

playground. Their ultimate purpose was to better the community they lived in and help their race as much as possible. They found the land they needed but the price was 900 dollars, more than many of them earned in nine months' time. After a few months of soliciting, raffles and bazaars they had collected only 200 dollars. Then an article was written in 1952 for *JM* telling its readers of our plight. The response was immediate; one reader from India sent us the total sum needed. The land was bought, a small building was erected, and the Crichton Recreation Association had taken root and was in business.

Today the young "Fathers" are literally all over Crichton: teaching catechism,

Prayer is explained to interested youngsters by Father John Moore, Spring Hill philosophy teacher, and Francis Judge S.

visiting the sick, and coaching teams. Our athletic program is well organized and our teams are respected and feared throughout the city. For the last two years our basketball team, accustomed to our dirt courts and home-made goals, has invaded the 40,000-dollar gyms erected in two other colored sections to capture the city championship.

The seeds that our older brothers in the Society have sown we who are now in studies are beginning to reap. The children they taught and played with are now adults with their own children. These young married couples are taking a greater, a more active part in their community and their church. There is still much to be done. Our chapel is growing too small for us. We need more room, more land, desperately. Today our children play on land we borrowed and cleared ourselves. We live with the fear that someday the owner will decide to sell or build and Crichton's children will be without room to play. We need more

young dedicated workers. And most of all we need prayer—prayer that Christ's love and peace may replace the bitterness that reigns in the hearts of so many.

And—oh, yes—Bumble Bee. Bumble Bee is the star of our basketball team. He lives with his grandmother now, still rarely misses a day of school, still retains his B average, still rises early every Sunday morning and goes to church, but now, strange to say, it's to a Catholic church. He is studying to be baptized and to be an altar boy. But Bumble Bee has his problems too. Because of his environment he can't be baptized unless he attends a Catholic school. There is only one colored high school in Mobile, Most Pure Heart of Mary. Ask Bumble where he wants to go to school and he'll give you that smile and say, "Heart of Mary." But Bumble won't go there and he won't be baptized; not because of his marks or his morals but because Heart of Mary is overcrowded and poor and Bumble has no money for tuition.



Soft breezes sighing in the waving palm trees,
moonlight gilding the white combers breaking
over reefs, gentle music—all are part of a

South Sea Fantasy

JOHN T. McCARTHY S.J.

WHAT IS LIFE like in the islands of the Pacific? Just in case you've been taken in by the Hollywood approach consider the situation on Likiep the last few weeks. A Likiep boat, the Louisa, had returned from Kwajalein with three people sick with flu. In no time at all the whole island was swept by the disease. Of the entire population, only the three Sisters escaped it!

Three people died from it; two very old men and a young man who had tuberculosis. There wasn't much we could do to battle the flu; our government medical supplies had arrived a short time before—1,000 A.P.C.'s. If one averages six for a headache that meant that 600 people were allowed only 166 headaches for three months! So these were gone in a flash. The Sisters contributed about 8,000 more plus two gallons of cough medicine, a gift to them from a Navy man who had been out here seven years before. The small amount of penicillin also disappeared in a short time.

Then came the shocking news that the boat making the usual government field trip with food and medicines had bypassed Likiep and returned to Majuro. So our food situation was desperate. We called off school, moved Mass to later

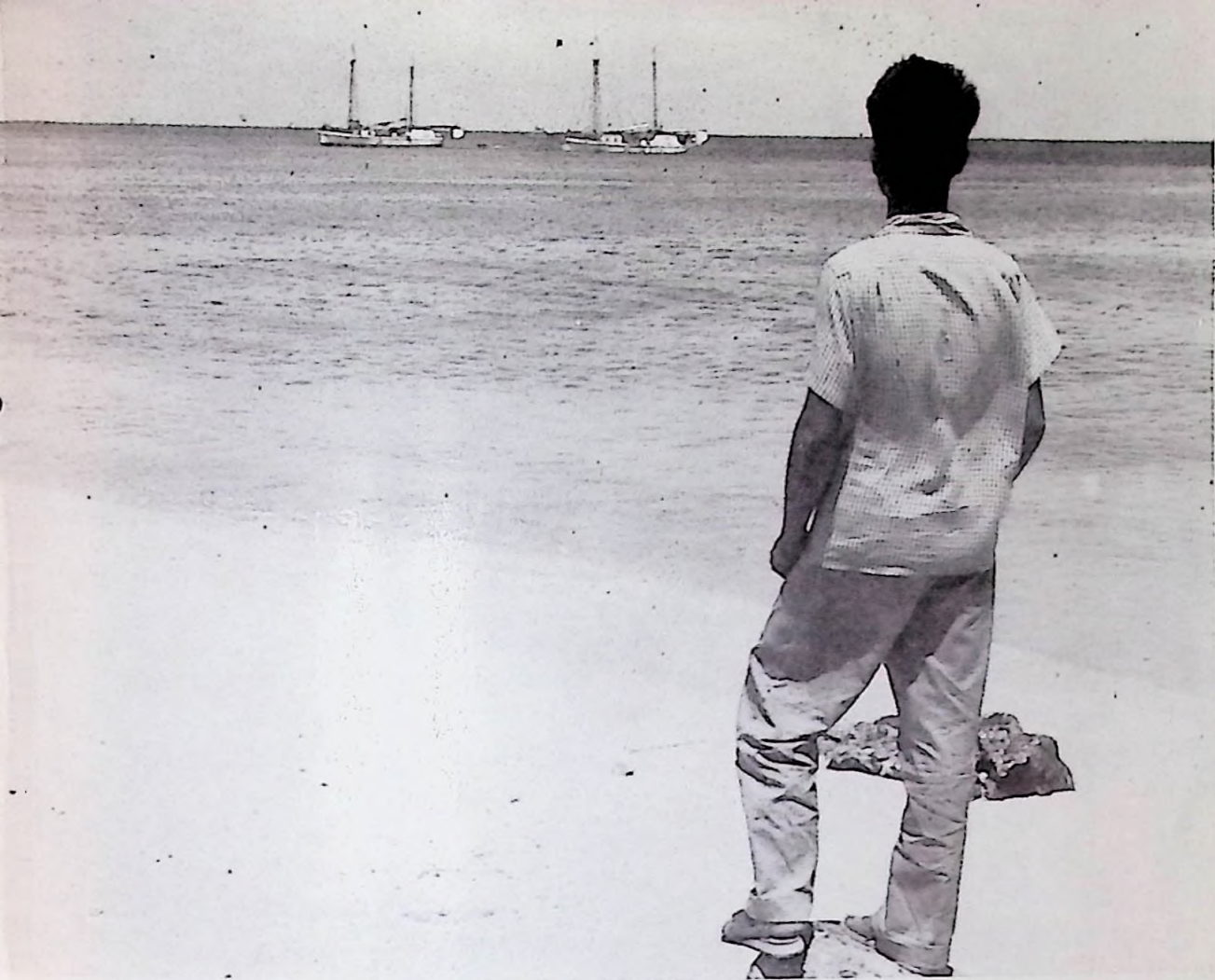
Watching the sea is second nature to the islanders of the Pacific. Ships with their precious cargo are a necessity and if they bypass an island it may mean months before another vessel will bring needed supplies

in the morning, and sent my ship, the Bobola, on fishing trips and to other islands for whatever food could be found.

These trips brought in about 210 bags of *eu*, the coagulated milk of the coconut just after it has sprouted. It is a sweet, spongy mass, about as nourishing as the cotton candy they sell at Coney Island. This provided enough food for about 500 people from ten days to two weeks. One trip of the Bobola brought back a large number of lobsters which helped stretch things out for another week or so.

Then the Secretary of the Navy dropped in. We had known of his coming but the program we had planned was canceled for the boys and girls were too weak for any strenuous dancing. His visit was a pleasant one but not as pleasant as we would have liked to make it. And we were still anxiously waiting for the Louisa to return from Kwajalein with supplies of food and medicine.

Then three days later a plane came



in with Doctor Sheppy, the medical man on Kwajalein (and a magnificent doctor) and brought as a gift from the Navy men in Air Operations, Kwajalein, 500 pounds of rice and 500 pounds of flour. I felt proud of them—it is the American way. This treasure was divided equally among the people and it meant a lot, especially to the large families.

Two days later the *Louisa* finally arrived. It was a Sunday but I told the people at Mass that everyone physically able should help the off-loading of the food. Out here we deal in fundamentals and the most important one is to keep body and soul together.

So we weathered that particular situation but it was one that is bound to return. It has been announced that copra collections will cease soon. Copra is the means of exchange; it brings in the money for the essentials. Now the small ships which sail from island to island to collect the copra will no longer make the rounds. Ten years ago a Department

of the Interior representative asked me, "If there were no ships, could the people live?" At that time I wasn't sure of the answer; today I am. They cannot live without ships.

Besides, the population of all the islands is increasing and where 250 people might have been able to exist before, the 500 there today cannot. Even if there were enough capital to buy flour and rice for a three-month period the climate will not allow their preservation for that long. To lead decent, normal lives the people need more ships or more frequent field trips. As it stands now, few of them are far from vitamin deficiency. Beriberi is always around the corner because of lack of proper diet.

So when you start dreaming of life on a South Sea isle be sure to include a lot of practical things that don't seem to belong in the fantasy—things as simple as food and strength. Otherwise there's not much sense to just a "tall ship and a star to steer her by."

He has known Communist jails and he lives
under constant Red bombardment but this
veteran missionary will not desert his post

Chaplain of Quemoy

HEADLINES are being made, and he is there, but the headlines do not mention him. He moves behind them, a quiet, genial missionary, and while the waves of history break around him he watches over his people, over the flock he has shepherded so long in the Name of the Master.

Father Joseph Bernard Druetto, O.F.M., served on the China mainland for years. Back in 1951 he was imprisoned by the Chinese Communists as an American

spy, with all the other customary charges of imperialism, etc. When he was released, gaunt and haggard, he quietly returned to his job of serving Christ.

The mainland was closed to him so he took up his station on Quemoy, the cluster of islands which has now grown used to the blistering barrage of shells on odd-numbered days of the month. There he serves as chaplain to the Catholics in the Army and as pastor to the people entrusted to his care.



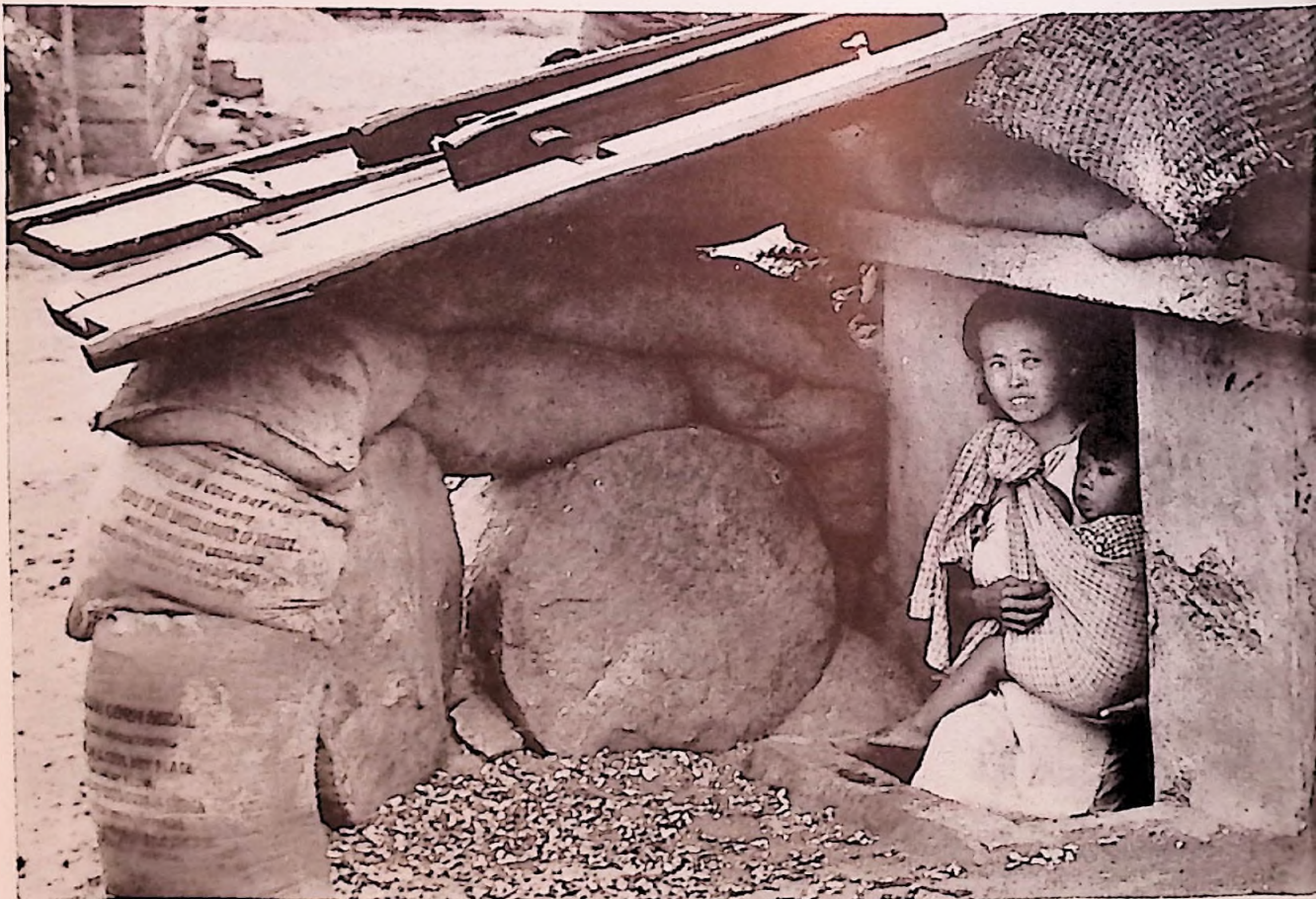
Time out aboard an LCM enroute to another island. Father Druetto and M/Sgt Marks chat together as Nationalist crew members try to understand

Twinkle in Father's eye reveals his pleasure at CARE packages sent from U.S. Mr. Liu Chen Kai (right) also shares the chaplain's feelings.

Puppy love won't take long to blossom with this kind of care from the Chaplain of Quemoy. The pup was one of ten born in the American Hostel. (All U.S. Army Photos on these pages.)



Chaplain of Quemoy



Action is the keynote on the islands which are so close to the mainland. Quemoy is well fortified and the constant Communist barrages are answered in kind. But it is by no means easy to live in such an atmosphere where death ever lurks.

A breath of air is very much in order at the moment. It's an even-numbered day so the chances are there'll be no shelling until tomorrow. And those bombardments certainly cut in on a man's playtime.



Well-sandbagged against the Red guns is this Quemoy home but it is not a palace exactly and family life has not got full scope when people must live under such conditions. But they all agree it's better than Communism.

The day is long and a man can grow weary but as long as he wears a cross on his collar then he will carry the cross which the Master has given him.



Graduation

Al-Hikma University in Baghdad held its first graduation exercises this year. A noteworthy feature of the event was the presence of Iraq's Leader, Prime Minister Abdul-Karim Qassim, who presented the diplomas to the first graduates of the American Jesuit school. In photo below are (l. to r.) the Prime Minister, the Military Governor of Baghdad, Father Joseph Ryan S.J., Dean, and Father Richard McCarthy S.J., delivering in Arabic the main address. (School seal at right.)



From the Ashes...

JOSE ESCALADA S.J.



ONE OF THE MOST sacred spots in the whole of the vast Orient is a hill in the center of the industrial city of Nagasaki in southern Japan. It is not a large hill but it is truly a beautiful one, hanging like a balcony against a mountain backdrop from which the whole of the city and the harbor can be seen.

On this hill in 1597 were crucified the first 26 martyrs of the church in Japan; here also were martyred 848 Japanese Catholics whose names are known, as well as several thousand others who are nameless, in that series of persecutions throughout Japan in which it is estimated that 200,000 gave up their lives for the Faith.

It has always been a dream of the Church in Japan to purchase the hill and to convert it into a shrine that would stand as a symbol of the antiquity of the

Faith in Japan, its permanence, and the sacrifice and suffering in which it was born and by which it would grow into the future. This, due to political conditions, was not possible up to World War II and its dramatic end.

Then on August 9, 1945 an American bomber flying high in the cloud-filled sky dropped an atom bomb aimed straight at the Holy Hill because it was the center of the city. Wind from the sea, however, caused the bomb to miss the target and it exploded directly over the valley of Urakami, the most Catholic part of the Nagasaki, killing 12,000 Catholic descendants of the Martyrs. This was a staggering loss for the Church (20% of the Catholics of Japan at that time) but the bomb brought about the end of the war and also a new spirit.

One of the many expressions of this



Clay models of the 26 Japanese martyrs are fashioned (below) by Professor Funakoshi from ancient etching. The Nagasaki shrine will have a tremendous influence on the impressionable people.



new spirit was the offer made recently by the non-Christian Mayor of Nagasaki, in the name of the city, to give the hill of Tateyama to the Church on the condition that it would be developed as a shrine to the Martyrs. Archbishop Yamaguchi of Nagasaki gratefully accepted the offer and asked the Jesuits to undertake the work of building the shrine.

Some of the leading architects and artists of Japan are now working upon the design of the three buildings which will constitute the shrine. The first will be a monument to the Martyrs consisting of an outside altar with statues of the Martyrs on which Mass can be said facing

a spacious park where several thousand worshippers can gather. The second will be a hall containing relics of the Martyrs and meeting rooms for instructions of converts, and the third will be an interior chapel and priests' residence.

As far as the Church in Japan is concerned a tender sentiment towards the first Martyrs is not the only motive behind the building of the shrine. There is also an important apostolic angle. More than 500,000 visitors from all over Japan come to Nagasaki every year. Most of these will visit the shrine and will come in contact with a heroic example of the Church's suffering. Japanese logic is

based more on concrete arguments of the heart than those of the mind. They tend to feel that it must be a true faith for which 200,000 men and women offered up their lives. Therefore in the shrine, itself, and especially in the hall of the Martyrs every effort will be made to reproduce vividly the scenes of the Martyrdom. It will be like a living museum of the faith.

These apostolic possibilities are further lightened by the expressed reason behind the desire of the city of Nagasaki to give the hill to the Church to be developed as a shrine. The non-Christian Mayor of Nagasaki asserted that the people of Japan need to have held up before them the heroic example of men and women like the Martyrs of Nagasaki who were willing to suffer torture and death for their religious convictions. The two atom bombs which fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 did something to the soul of the Japanese. Humiliating defeat followed and a loss of faith in the virtues of Shintoism and Buddhism on which the ethics of the nation were based. This

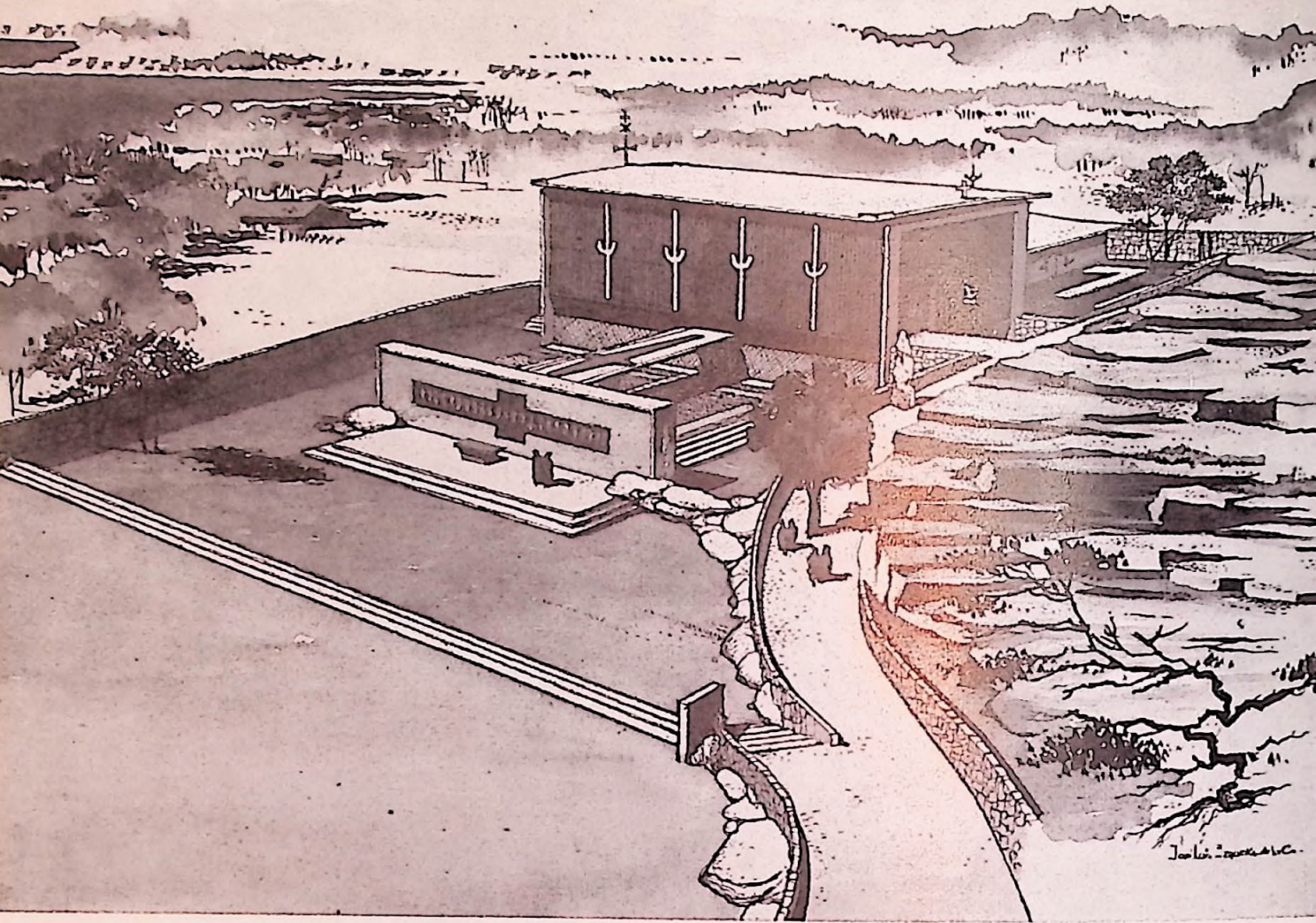
spiritual vacuum has to be filled. Communism is making its most elaborate and urgent effort to take advantage of the spiritual crisis, and has made great progress especially among university students and others of the younger generation.

In the years that have followed the War Japan has recovered and surpassed its former material and commercial strength, but it is still searching for a firm spiritual foundation to carry it forward in the years to come. Christianity as symbolized in the courageous faith of its own Japanese Martyrs can supply this.

In this light the shrine of the Martyrs at Nagasaki takes on much larger dimensions. The leaders of the Church in Japan know that the \$275,000 needed to construct the shrine could well be expended on schools, churches and social work institutions, but they feel also that the example of the Martyrs of Nagasaki, in the dramatized form that the shrine will provide, will have an influence on their entire work far exceeding any individual project of perhaps more immediate urgency.

Mayor of Nagasaki visits Sophia University to discuss shrine plans. At left is Jesuit Superior, Father Arrupe, and at right is the Rector of Sophia University, Father Luhmer.





From the Ashes—

The Nagasaki Martyrs' Shrine, described in the preceding pages, is a marvelous instrument for the Church and the Faith in Japan.—

It will cost a fortune—Would you have \$250,000—yes, that's right, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—you can spare for this?

If not—send something, anyway.

\$5—\$10—Whatever you can afford to

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, New York

Letter Edged in Gold

Short Hills, New Jersey
May 26, 1960

Dear Father McHale,

We read of your need of a new Church in Jesuit magazine. Fired with ambition, we started out right away to find a means to earn money. For a straight hour on a beastly hot day, we worked in my mother's garden. Not earning money quickly enough, we decided to put on a play. Rehearsals were set, and we practised feverishly and soon were ready to set a date, and needless to say, everyone was extremely nervous. To drown our anxiety, we plunged into such tasks as making the refreshments, making tickets, setting up the chairs, and fixing the props. Finally the curtain went up. In spite of a few hysterical mistakes, everyone enjoyed the show, and the fruit of our labors was great. We still are earning money for your Church, and hope to send you more regularly.

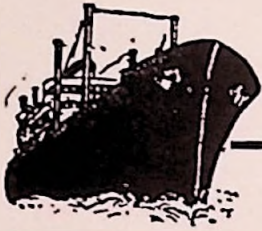
My sister and I have been to Jamaica -- not Kingston, but Montego Bay. Do you suppose you could write us a letter. Our memories of the island have grown dim. Perhaps one of your young parishioners might like to correspond. If so, I am writing our ages down.

We want to be special friends of yours. Perhaps, someday we might meet. If you write us frequently and tell us what your needs are, we could easily set up a campaign and help you out, for we want to be your Helping Hand Club. So please do write us and have some children write us, too. Thank you.

Your loving children of the
Helping Hand Club

Sara Cole, President + Secretary, Age 13
Mary Ashley Cole, Age 12
Elizabeth Cole, Age 7
Charlotte Startshorne, age 8
BoB MCHUGH, AGE 8
Betty MCHUGH, AGE 6
Billy Tracy, Age 7
Maryla Cole, age 1

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The desire of Bumble Bee (whose story is told on page 16) and other boys in the South to become Catholics cannot be fulfilled unless they attend Catholic schools. A year's tuition amounts to about \$50. Could you give a small part of that sum for so important a cause? We will gladly forward it to the interested Jesuits who help these boys.

In Seoul, Korea, the Sogang College of the Wisconsin Jesuits is only a few months underway. They need a number of things for furnishing their chapel: vestments, altar linens, surplices, etc. The list is so varied that Father Killoren would welcome a gift of any size.

Back to school is the cry in September and from all over the mission world we have appeals for various school needs. Sometimes people forget that without the school the parish would wither away. A few samples of requests received:

Father Fox in Alaska needs textbooks;

At Truk in the Caroline Islands books and second-hand scientific equipment;

Father Sullivan's Infant Centre in Jamaica lacks benches, blackboards and the teachers lack salaries;

A second-hand typewriter for Ceylon;

Father Bittner in the Philippines is trying to piece together a high school and Father Jackmauh in Jamaica has to move the Spanish Town high school and start from scratch.

There are other requests and there are no gifts which we would appreciate more than those for "Education on the Missions." It is the biggest expense.

A church in ruins is the situation which Father F. X. Mayer must face in Vakarai, Ceylon. His Catholics still use the half-century-old edifice but rebuilding is a must. Most of the reconstruction must be done by Father himself and he would appreciate any size gift for this purpose.

A candle is lit every Saturday night in Buxar, Patna Mission, before Our Lady's niche with the prayer that Father Burke will receive sufficient help for the beautiful church he plans in honor of the Mother of God. It will cost between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars but there may be a few JM readers who could reduce that sum by substantial gifts for so worthy a cause.

Educated Catholics are the answer to Communism everywhere but especially in Latin America. Father Robert McCormack in British Honduras is striving desperately to maintain Xavier College at Corozal. He is well aware of the Communist influence in nearby Guatemala and is doing his utmost to combat it. But he needs help to keep his young school going. Could you help him with \$1, \$5, or more?

Golden letters like the one on the preceding page mean a lot to a missionary. Have you any ideas for your own Helping Hand Club? We would be very glad to forward any gift to your favorite missionary or the mission of your choice.

Jesuit Missions
211 East 87th St.
New York 28, N.Y.



A helping hand—

Father Godfrey Cook (see page 11) shown helping a Kuravar child in Ceylon, needs a helping hand, too, in order to finish his Church.—Statues—altars, pews, tabernacles—everything—

Won't you help—

Send \$5—\$10—\$500—whatever you can, to

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, New York

Question:

Would you like to help the Missions?



I'll do *anything* - - -

It isn't hard. Read the coupon below, and you can see how easy it is, actually.

If you don't subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS, put your own name and address down. If you do, how about sending a subscription to someone else? It only costs \$1.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Tear out coupon, and send it, with \$1 to

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