

October 1960

JESUIT MISSIONS



World image of the Church

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

October 1960, Vol. 34, No. 8

PAGE 2	NOWHERE A FOREIGNER.....	Clement J. Armitage S.J.
PAGE 12	FIRST 'R' IN CEYLON	Joseph H. Meyer S.J.
PAGE 14	WINDOW ON THE MISSION WORLD	
PAGE 16	1960 WORLD MISSION AWARD	
PAGE 18	BAYANIHAN	Jose Aquino S.J.
PAGE 20	PAULUS	Walter A. Cook S.J.
PAGE 24	I WAS A HUMAN TORPEDO	as told to Luis Fontes S.J.
PAGE 28	FASTEST GUN IN THE HILLS	Lawrence B. Dietrich S.J.

Staff

Editor, Calvert Alexander. Managing Editor, Clement J. Armitage.

Associate Editors, Kurt Becker, Leo Birney, Thomas J. M. Burke,
Cecil H. Chamberlain, Edward S. Dunn, Edward L. Murphy.

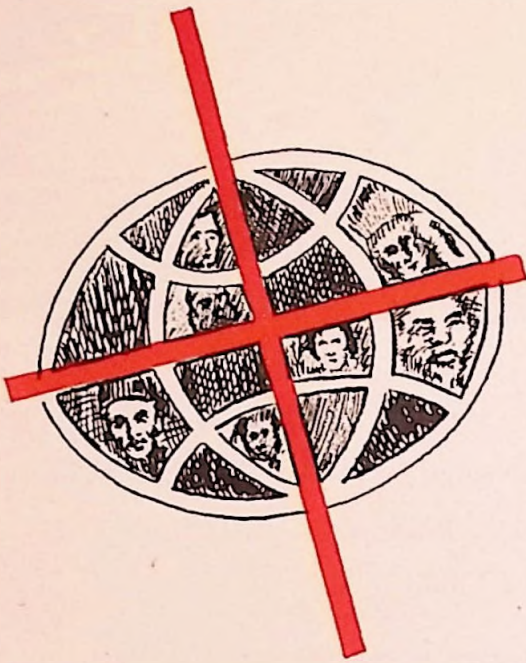
Business Editor, Coleman A. Daily.

Business Office, 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, New York.
Editorial Offices, 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, New York.

Insignis Medal of Fordham University for "extraordinary distinction in the service of God" was conferred on His Eminence Gregory Peter XV Cardinal Agagianian, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. Here His Eminence is greeted by Father Joseph Galdon S.J. of the Philippine Mission after ceremony.



JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N. Y., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Second Class Postage Paid at New York, N. Y.



Today it is most important that the world image of the Church be clear

Nowhere

THIS IS A momentous time in mission history. The political map of the world has been redrawn with quick and sharp strokes and the very rapidity of its execution has left some areas blurred. In less than fifteen years two dozen nations



a Foreigner

have become independent, some in quiet fashion, other violently. All of these new-born political entities are in Asia or Africa and we were accustomed to regard them as mission areas. In doing so, we tended, consciously or otherwise, to fit

them into a certain image—a dark, mostly unknown background into which missionaries from the West were striving to bring the light of faith. It might be well to re-examine that concept in the face of changing conditions and currents.

Continued



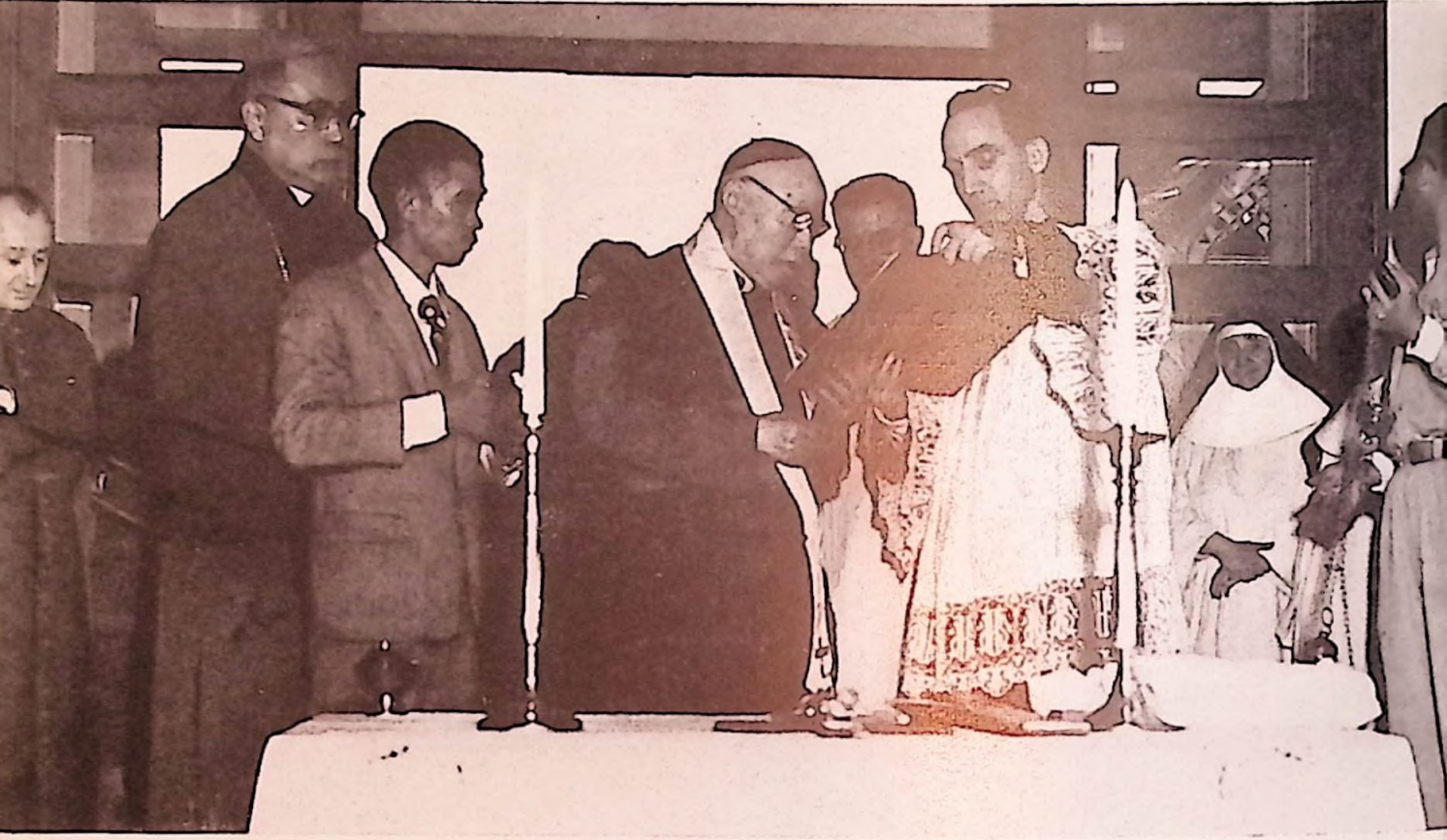
Four prelates from different countries celebrate Mass in St. Peter's Basilica during consecration ceremony. Left to right: Bishop Kilasara, Tanganyika; Bishop Dery, Ghana; Bishop Noguchi, Japan; and Bishop Busimba, the Congo.

First Negro to become a Prince of the Church is His Eminence Laurian Cardinal Rugambwa from the diocese of Rutabo in Tanganyika, Africa.



Universality and condemnation of race discrimination by the Church are demonstrated in Pope John XXIII's consecration of fourteen missionary bishops, eight of them native-born Africans.
(All photos, pp. 2-4, from Religious News)

Nowhere a Foreigner



First Chinese ever to become a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals is Thomas Cardinal Tien, exiled Archbishop of Peiping who now is the Apostolic Administrator of the Taipei Archdiocese in Formosa. Here he officiates at dedication of new Dominican school in Dah Shih.

First Filipino Prince of the Church is Rufino Cardinal Santos of Manila. Here he is presented on his return from Rome with the key to the city by Mayor Arsenio H. Lacson of Manila. Looking on is Secretary of Commerce Manuel Lim, who represented President Carlos P. Garcia of the Philippines at the welcome extended to the Cardinal at the airport by many happy and proud Filipinos.



In an address delivered this year at the Golden Jubilee Convention of the Catholic Press Association, His Eminence Cardinal Agagianian, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, underlined that point. "I have been reading in many places about the "image" of the Church as it is being called, the picture of it that those outside of the Church often carry in their minds. Many people are dismayed at the distortion and the misrepresentation such an "image" has among our neighbors in different religious traditions. I am sure that this is a problem of large importance, for ignorance has been our enemy as well as enmity, and we all know how many misunderstandings have been built on misinformation. But there is another problem which must be of greater anxiety for us and it is that there are some even *within the Church* who still fail to see the

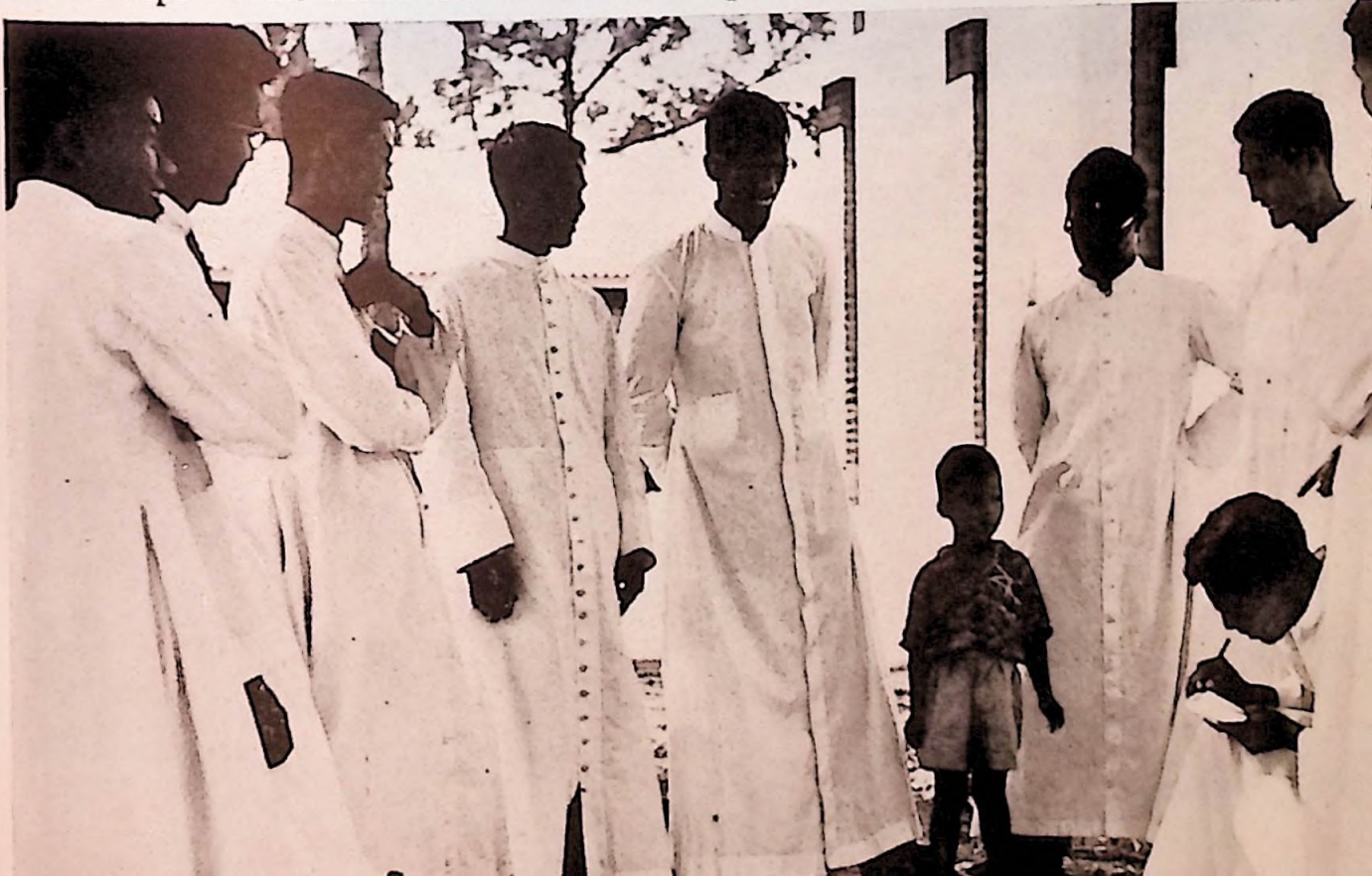
Continued



Burmese nun in Rangoon symbolizes with her lighted candle the coming of the Faith in the darkness and the joy which accompanies.



Burma's hope for the future lies in these future priests now at the Rangoon seminary.



Nowhere a Foreigner

Church herself in her true dimensions . . .”

One dimension of the Church can be accurately measured; it is world-wide. This supranationality of the Church was summed up by Pope Pius XII in his Christmas Message of 1945. “The Church is the mother of all nations and all peoples, no less than of all individuals; and precisely because she is a mother, she does not belong, nor can she belong exclusively to one people or another, or to one people more than another, for she belongs equally to all . . . Nowhere is the Church a foreigner. She lives and develops in every country of the world, and every country contributes to her life and development. In former times the life of the Church, in its visible aspect, deployed its strength preferably in the countries of Europe from which it spread out like a majestic river to what may be called the periphery of the world. Today, on the contrary, it is manifested as an exchange of life and energy between all the members of Christ’s mystical body on earth. Many countries on other continents have long since passed beyond the missionary stage in their ecclesiastical organization; they are governed by their own hierarchy and they contribute spiritually and materially to the whole Church, whereas formerly they did nothing but receive. Does not this progress

and this enrichment of the supernatural life and even of the natural life of mankind reveal the true meaning of the Church’s supranationality? . . .”

“Nowhere a foreigner.” It is a phrase that in one form or other echoes and re-echoes in the teaching of Pius XII. In one of his first Instructions, brief but significant, he tried to strip away the distorted romanticism of the missionary image with its consequent belittling of the culture and development of so-called barbarians. The international character of the Church was emphasized in the first year of his reign when, with Europe aflame with war, he consecrated twelve bishops from all over the world—Europeans whose people were fighting one another, Asiatics, the first Madagascan and the first African bishop.

His first Encyclical, the one that ordinarily sounds the keynote of a Pontiff’s intentions and future action, deals with the unity of the human race and international order. Mankind has a common origin and a common destiny and the world is a stage whereon all peoples play their varied roles in different tongues and ways, but each part blends into and fits the overall theme of the entire drama. “All who join the Church, whatever their origin or tongue, must know that they have equal rights as sons in the Lord’s

Continued



In Delhi, India, the Patna Mission Jesuits opened St. Xavier’s school at the beginning of the year. The Principal is Father Athazhparam S.J. The flourishing Indian clergy is due to education.



Outside the fold and unhappy about it. For such as these the missionary gives his life.

Nowhere a Foreigner



First Cardinal of Japan, Peter Cardinal Doi, officiates at ordination ceremony in Tokyo.

house where reign Christ's law and peace."

All through his pontificate Pope Pius XII labored to make clear to all this world portrait of the Church. By no means did he downgrade the work of the missions, rather he praised and encouraged it, but he was anxious to portray the exact way it fitted into the whole pattern. The missionary was not only one who preached and baptized and brought souls into the Church; he was the human bridge which brought one culture into contact with another. He was an internationalist, one who came not to destroy but to build. He would not begin an entirely new construction but he would build upon what he found. In some places there would not be much; in other places there would be cultures far older than his own. But even the latter could be enhanced by the missionary, for he carried with him all the riches of Christ, the one way, the complete truth, the life whose glory shall have no end.

The same theme is echoed by the pres-



Christmas in Burma, and at midnight a Burmese priest begins the Holy Sacrifice. The missionary has a perpetual Christmas for his life is one long bringing of Christ to those who do not know Him.

Nowhere a Foreigner

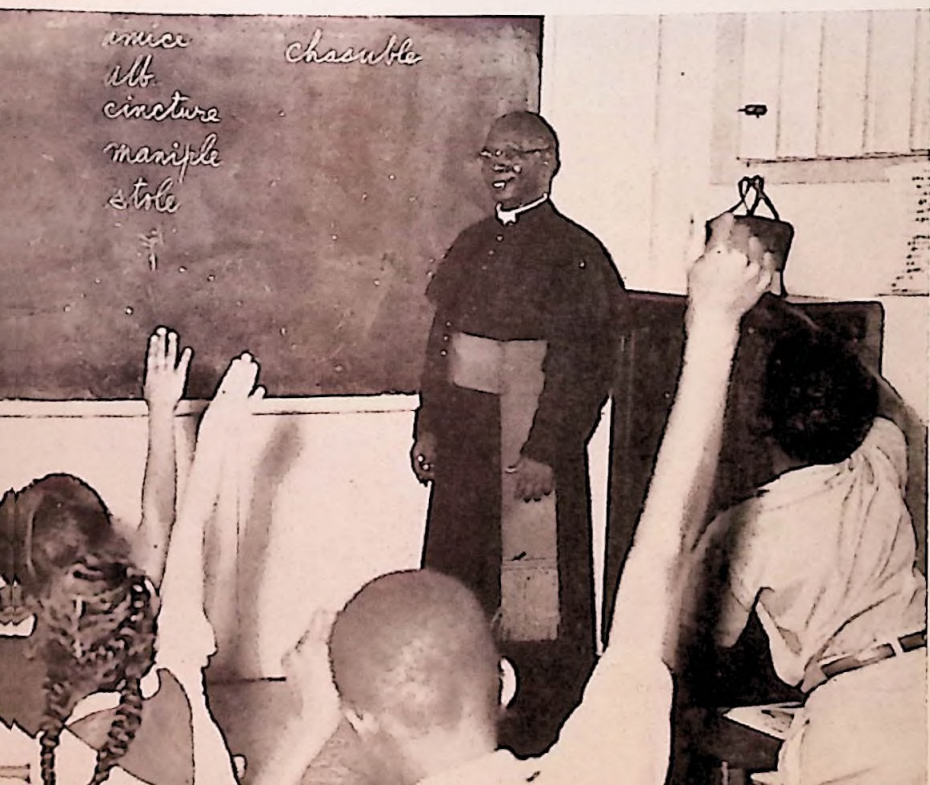
ent Pontiff, Pope John XXIII, in his mission encyclical, "Princeps Pastorum." It is not the missionary, it is the fruits of his efforts which are of paramount importance. The Holy Father sketches the rapid growth of native bishops and priests in mission lands during the times of Pius XI and Pius XII. He urges an increase, points out in detail what must be done, and he calls for a zealous, active laity who have a definite part to play. This is what the missionary is working for, a Church that belongs to a people just as closely as Christ belongs to them.

It is significant that Pope John mentions by name only one missionary, and gives him as an example for all. The man is Father Matteo Ricci, the first Jesuit to penetrate China and who died there exactly 350 years ago. He had gone into a country that was deliberately isolationist and suspicious of all foreigners. Studying the hierarchical social structure and the psychology of the people, he, together with his Jesuit Superior, Fa-

Continued

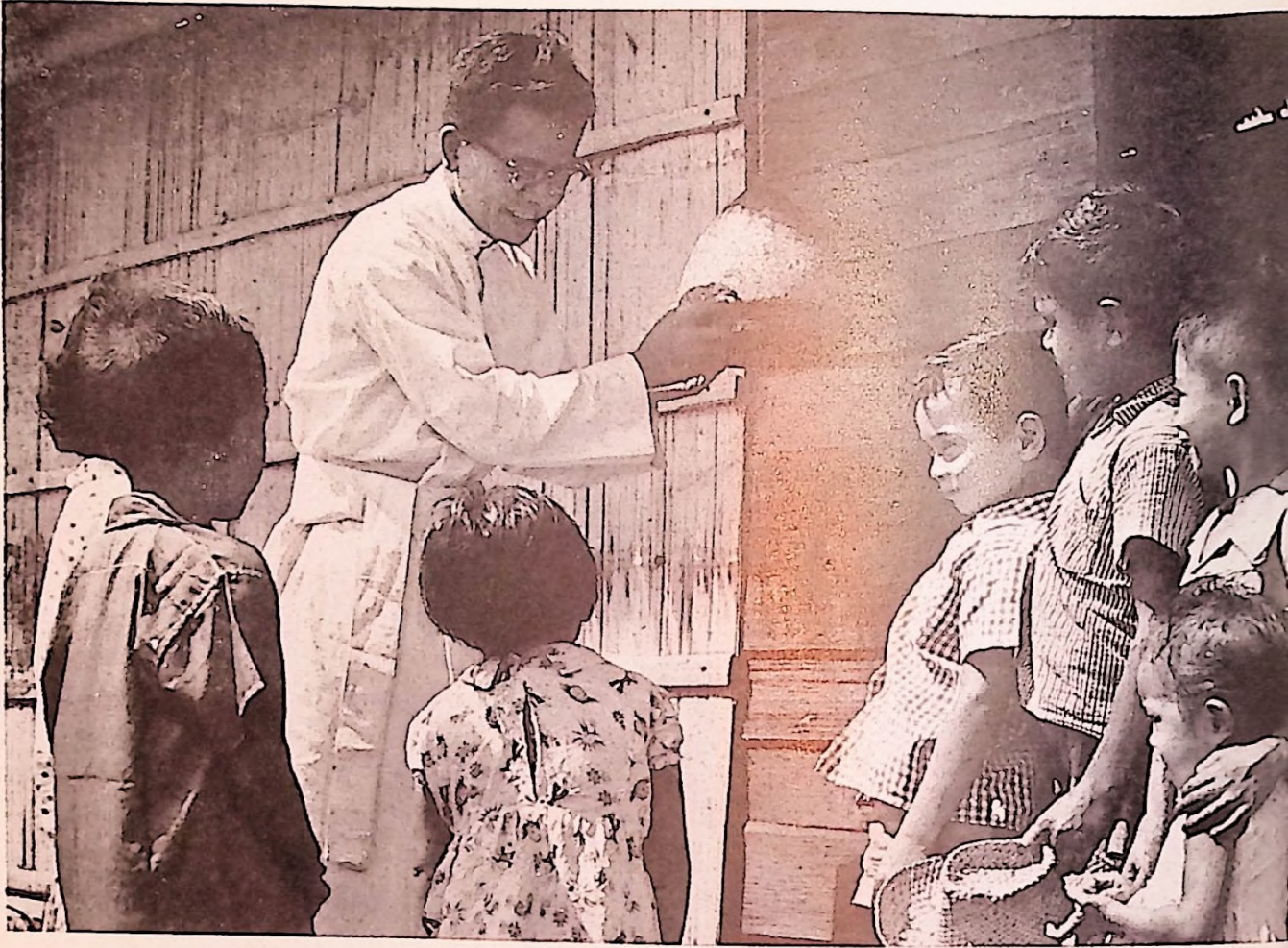


In Ceylon Father Aloysius Mary S.J. of the Trincomalee Mission imparts his blessings.



In Jamaica the first of a now rapidly developing local clergy is Monsignor Gladstone Wilson, who is getting a fine response from his pupils as he teaches them the Sacrifice of the Mass and the various things which pertain to it. The Cathedral staff are now all Jamaicans.

Nowhere a Foreigner



ther Alexander Valignano, mapped out the broad lines of a strategy that aimed not primarily at conversions but at securing for the Church a position of respect and stability that would allow later apostles to preach the Word in peace. For twenty-eight years he labored among the intellectual leaders, his position at the Imperial Court an umbrella of protection for the other missionaries. Truly, on his deathbed, he could say to them, "I have left you an open door."

This classic missionary was one who understood that mission work was not a spiritual activity alone. Besides the supernatural aspect, there was a human side to it, which might be termed its civilizing value. This was what Pope Pius XII strove to impress upon the faithful, a world image of the Church embracing all

nations and all nations embracing a Church which truly belonged to them.

It is the image which all of us should have clearly imprinted in our minds. In the ideal order the missionary is trying to work himself out of a job by so establishing a local Church that he himself will no longer be needed. But the missionary era is by no means at an end. A glance at the Church's population in Asia and Africa will prove there is a long road ahead. But all of us belong on that particular road, not the missionary only. For we are the Church, and the missions are the immense outward breathing of the whole Church, and that means the participation of each and every one of us until, in every sense of the phrase, "the Church is nowhere a foreigner." It is important to see that image clearly.

Ring the bell as Father Alingal S.J. in the Philippines does and you're not alone.

Beat the band and in the rugged Filipino terrain it could easily turn to rock'n'roll during the traditional wedding procession.

Laughter comes easily to one who lives close to Christ and this Burmese cleric exemplifies the aim of all missionaries: to build the Church and place it in local hands, to fill the hearts of all with heavenly joy.





First "R"

THE CEYLONESE love to read. Those who can, do; those who can't, get read to. In some of the villages there is still a fair amount of illiteracy, so it is quite commonplace to see a group of men comfortably hunkered in front of a village shop while one of them, who has gone to school somewhere for a few years, reads aloud in a singsong chant. He covers the entire paper: headlines, news, the classified section, and all the ads. And chances are that his whole audience will persevere with him right to the end.

In buses and trains, despite the crowds, the jostling, and the noise, you will always find your avid readers—and not just comic book addicts or westerner fiends. Such books as: "The Fundamentals of Accounting" or "Legal Phases of Engineering," which would surely frighten most people even in a classroom, are not uncommon as traveling companions of many a young Ceylonese student.

In the seminary, also, there is a great deal of interest in the written word. No time is more exciting for the seminarians than when a parcel of books arrives from the States for the library. There are lots of empty spaces yet, but it is growing nicely. One kind benefactor from Newport has stocked a whole shelf for us with the most up-to-date books. She has been sending us one bi-monthly for the past four years. As the seminarians read

Instant reading is the vogue in Ceylon and the time between sandwich and shower valuable.

in Ceylon

they are reminded by a small notice in each book who the donor is, for whom they should say a prayer of gratitude.

The seminarians read Tamil, Sinhalese and English. They read while waiting for a shower, when a cricket match gets uninteresting, or when the sun gets too hot for physical exercise. Most of all they like to be read to, and English is their favorite. With such eagerness, it is not surprising that they pick up a new language in a very short time. Most seminarians come to us completely innocent of the smallest English word. In three

months they can generally understand whatever is said to them. In six months time, with due allowance for the vagaries of English grammar, they can speak quite intelligently.

In the six dioceses of Ceylon there are roughly 350 priests. All of these speak English. The majority are fluent in Tamil and Sinhalese as well. For such a little island, Ceylon is full of languages. So a good priest has to be full of them, too. Well, Bacon said "Reading maketh a full man," so our seminarians are reading themselves to capacity.

Line by line the finger of a seminarian traces out the mysteries of the newspaper for an eager learner. This is one of the more popular ways of learning for it provides information as well as know-how. But no paper can match the zest of "The Trinco Mail," the newsletter which Father Meyer also edits for friends and Jesuits back home in the New Orleans Province.



Window on the Mission

More Strong Right Arms

To illustrate graphically what sacrifices may be necessary at times to cling to God and His love, Our Lord reminded us that if our right arm scandalizes us, it were better to cut it off rather than run the danger of separation from God forever. The right arm and hand are wonderful instruments for our service. We count so much on their power to do things. But we take them for granted and little appreciate them until we see someone who has no hands or arms.

For the spread of the Church in mission lands one might truly consider the local catechists as the right arm of the missionaries. They are a special kind of people. At home we generally do not understand their importance. We think of generous men and women who conducted the Sunday Catechism classes for us in our youth. As important as they were in teaching us our faith and preparing us for the Sacraments, the catechist in mission lands is much more important.

Most frequently his work is full time. Sometimes he accompanies the mission-

ary in his apostolic journeys, catechizing the people, preparing them for the Sacraments, arranging for baptism, First Communion and marriage. In other instances he remains in the villages as the guide of Catholic life in those places where the missionary priests come to visit for a few days only once a month or every two or three months. He teaches the faith to the people, teaches prayers, organizes the devotional life of the village. His knowledge of his people is invaluable to the missionary on his visits. As one of the people he understands them better than the missionary, and their deepest feelings and attitudes which they might not reveal to the missionary. The well-trained catechist often can explain the faith to the people better than the missionary who must speak in a language which is not his own but which is the mother tongue of the catechist.

The mission which has a trained staff of catechists is able to spread the faith and its influence much further than the missions which lack catechists. Furthermore, they are a guarantee that instruction in the Faith and Catholic practice is continued when the missionary is not present. Only God knows the number of conversions for which catechists are responsible and how they have held their people to the Faith.

Because many catechists dedicate their whole lives to this apostolic work, they have to be supported in their material



Cover. This is artist Phil Franznick's concept of the world image of the Church. It is all-embracing, for all peoples and all time, reaching into eternity like the Cross upon which Christ died that all men might be redeemed and enter into their heritage.

needs by the mission. That is as it should be. When you see in a mission magazine that it costs so much to take care of a catechist for a month or a year—and it is surprisingly small—remember that you are caring for the right arms of the missionaries. Without them his apostolate would be very difficult in many places and often less effective. As strong right arms, missionaries have no desire to cut off their catechists. We are asked to pray for the increase in number and quality of catechists and this is indeed a worthy object of prayer.

Many of us readily contribute to the education of seminarians in mission lands, to the building of churches and chapels, to the maintenance of schools and hospitals. If their role is properly understood, we see that the catechist is a most valuable person on the missions. He often chooses the living stones, souls, with which are built the living temple of God, as St. Paul called the Church. All other works would be sorely handicapped unless we had these living stones for the temple of God which is the Church.

We are supposed to pray the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into his harvest. Often we interpret this to mean vocations to the priesthood. We should not limit our intercession. Catechists are valuable auxiliaries and harvesters for the Lord. As such they should be the object of our missionary intercession. May the Lord give to our missionaries many more inspired and dedicated catechists.

We hope, too, that you will read the article entitled "Paulus" on page 20. It is an example taken from real life of what a catechist means to a missionary.



AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

ALASKA

Rev. Paul C. O'Connor S.J.
P. O. Box 4408
Portland 8, Ore.

BRITISH HONDURAS, YORO AND U. S. INDIANS

Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Mo.

CEYLON AND HOME MISSIONS

Rev. Daniel W. Partridge S.J.
701 Pere Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans 12, La.

CHINA AND FORMOSA

Rev. William J. Klement S.J.
284 Stanyan Street
San Francisco 18, Cal.

INDIA AND PERU

Rev. Joseph Lane S.J.
1114 South May St.
Chicago 7, Ill.

INDIA AND BURMA

Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.
Baltimore 2, Md.

IRAQ AND JAMAICA

Rev. Thomas McDermott S.J.
1106 Boylston St.
Boston 15, Mass.

KOREA AND U. S. INDIANS

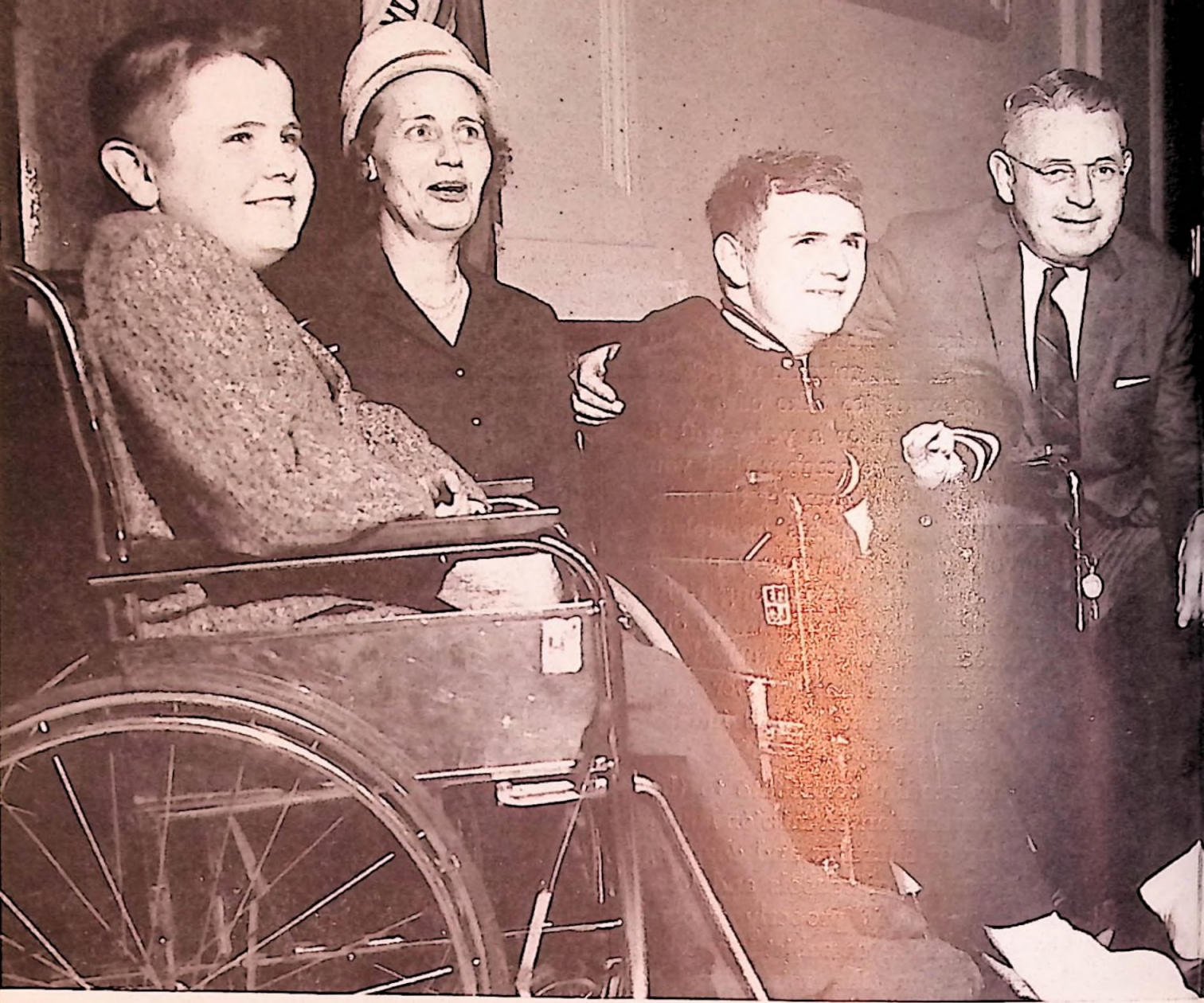
Rev. Charles F. Mullen S.J.
3723 North Oakland
Milwaukee 11, Wis.

PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

Rev. Joseph J. Walter S.J.
39 East 83rd St.
New York 28, N.Y.

U.S. INDIANS OF NORTHWEST

Rev. Will A. Keating S.J.
P. O. Box 4408
Portland 8, Oregon



Preparation for the Sacrifice of the Mass consists of each one placing his offering in the chalice. Occasion was a Day of Prayer for the Handicapped at Holy Cross Church, Worcester. Here David selects the chalice being held by Father [Name obscured]

1960

Worldmission Award

THE CHARLES J. CROWLEY family of Hingham, Massachusetts, are the recipients of the fourth annual Worldmission Award, bestowed on the lay person who during the past year has been outstanding in devotion to the missions. His Excellency Bishop Fulton J. Sheen presented the award at the Washington meeting of the Mission Secretariat this September. Mrs. Crowley told the story of Jay and David, victims of muscular dystrophy who offer their pain for the missions in JM for September, 1958.

Suffering seems far away at the moment but David, Mrs. Crowley, Jay and Mr. Crowley (l. to r.) have lived with it for a long time. But they accepted the cross as an honor and the parents as well as the boys have striven to share their understanding with all.

Mass con-
sist in the
ollection
college in
ost for
Bran S.J.

Summit conference is held between David and Bishop Flanagan of Worcester. The latter celebrated the Mass and also preached on the Holy Cross Day of Recollection for the handicapped. Listening in is one of the Holy Cross Sodality members who acted as companions for each one of the handicapped. It was a day that will be remembered on both sides.



A Filipino dance is an expression of a way of
life, of a spirit characteristic of a people

Bayanihan

JOSE AQUINO S.J.

NOT LONG AGO the Filipino dance group, the Bayanihan, performed in New York. Their cracking castanets, modest but dazzling dresses and lilting harmonies with bamboo, bells and gongs brought the distant East to busy western America. And America paused to watch and applaud.

Back in the islands, Bayanihan is more than just dancing. As one paper put it: Bayanihan, not the dance but the way of life, an ancient Filipino custom, the getting together of the people of a town or barrio to help one of them, whether to harvest his crop, or move his house, fence his home or pay his funeral ex-

Lunchtime and the boiled corn grits, salt and water are also a part of Bayanihan and the way of life. Father Gregory Horgan S.J. looks tempted by his student's fare—the veteran missionary may be remembering his days of internment during World War II and how sumptuous this luncheon would have appeared then. Father Horgan is from the one and only Bronx.



His combo—rectory, study, bedroom, office, medical cabinet—at Imbatug. Don't be misled by that corn meal sack—Father is not hoarding supplies; that is his pillow case!



penses, his way to the grave. The dances express the Bayanihan spirit, happy and good. All nations have this communal spirit. But this communal spirit becomes distinctly Filipino, sweet and innocent, in the Bayanihan.

But in the missions in the islands, Bayanihan is more than a way of life for a missionary. It is life itself, sometimes a roof over the Father's head. This mission parish of Imbatug was born a year ago in the group of islands that those young dancers call home. Formerly it was a lowly town. Any town without its own church, its fiesta, its own "parcho" is a lowly town indeed. The government politicians called it a town in their records but for other people it was just a "visita," a mission station.

Now, however, people were coming in, settlers from the more crowded provinces in the north. So the Archbishop of Cagayan, James Hayes S.J., decided to make Imbatug a full-grown town. He sent in Father Horgan to start a parish.

As Father Horgan walked the dirt roads of Imbatug, he noticed new nipa houses where yesterday he saw nothing but banana stalks. Now the bananas were gone and a young wife was sweeping the floor while a baby held on tenaciously to its mother. The nipa house was new. Once he watched a nipa house grow from bamboo poles, nipa palms for the roof, coconut trunks, into a sturdy, livable and pleasant house. And that in one day. The houses were not a one-room affair but quite elaborate with two rooms,

a separate dining room, a kitchen and a porch to boot. The omnipresent outhouse was also done, with a bamboo bridge connecting it to the main house. That way its facilities were available to the family even when a week of rain has churned the dusty earth into a sea of muddy dough.

Why not have a rectory like these homes? Hints here and a suggestion there, a promise and more ideas the next few days. Soon, one sunny day, the Bayanihan spirit was raising up another nipa house. The carpenters turned out en masse to repeat their feat of a-house-a-day chore. Watching them work (or rather talk and sing) can very easily make a wreck of the sanest man. Talking and giggling drowned any noise of the hammer or saw. But Father Horgan kept to his unruffled ways. He knew his people. He went away for some breakfast.

Sure enough, by noon time, the men were weaving in the nipa palms for the roofing of another thatched-roofed house. At three an emergency powwow sent an elderly carpenter to Father Horgan telling him that bamboo supplies were running low. An under-calculation by someone. Could they borrow thirty pesos from the Father so they could buy the bamboo for the porch? The townspeople had paid for the materials but, "not enough, Father," the carpenter said.

Father Horgan lent them thirty pesos and by sundown the Father had his nipa rectory. Bayanihan—a dancing troupe, a way of life, a roof for a missionary.

How important is your right arm to you? A priest
reveals how heavily and entirely he relies on his

PAULUS

WALTER A. COOK S.J.

I AM NOW in Bandgaon, the garden spot of the Jamshedpur Mission in India, with its rolling hills, wide rivers and green forests. I am back with old friends, like Paulus. You washed the Christmas dishes with him when he was a trainee in 1954. Now he is the head catechist of your new parish.

With the rains gone, it is time for touring. Paulus is quite important to

you now. Guide, guardian, servant, book of knowledge, interpreter, bottle washer, —he is all these and more: your constant companion in the jungle. As you walk the weary miles to your next village chapel, he revives your drooping spirits with his fascinating chatter:

“There is the singara-ara, the purple tree orchid. We eat the leaves as spinach in May, and the flowers in

Audience reaction in one of the villages of Jamshedpur Mission is favorable to catechist.



October." (Madam, will you have your corsage boiled or fried?)

"That is the yellow ocho bird singing. When he serenades you on the road to a friend's house, it means your friend is preparing rice-beer for your arrival." (You've heard this bird sing, I am sure.)

"The elephant slid down this bank, Father. Those are his tracks through the rice field. When? About three days ago." (I prefer to see elephants only in the zoo.)

On arrival at the village, Paulus disappears. The villagers sing their welcome, wash your hands, garland you with wild flowers, and lead you to their church. Paulus already has a fire going, and the water on for tea: the rice is in the pot and the curry is brewing. In the evening he explains the sacrament of confession, and leads night prayers. He sends out for straw to put under his mat, helps arrange the mosquito netting near the altar, then takes up his nightly vigil near the door with the local catechist.

At dawn Paulus sounds the bell, and as the hills and forests echo with its clanging, the people stream in for Mass. A village boy serves, while Paulus leads the prayers and songs, interspersed with simple explanations of the age-old rites:

"Water has little value, but wine is of great value. Nevertheless a drop of water is offered in the chalice with the wine. Our offering is small and worthless, but that of Jesus is great. Our offering is one with His."

Line them up for communion, count the hosts, seat them for the Father's talk, help them with their thanksgiving, usher them out. Pray for family and village, for church and country. In all things he is considered the right hand of the Father, and his word is law.

"O right hand of the Father, tell him of our trouble . . ."



Interest is keen enough to forget his pick.



Humor strikes a happy chord.



Sincerity etches their faces.

Paulus briefs the villagers, "Stay at home until we get there. Father wants to see all of you, and will bless your homes." We go. Paulus helps with the census, determines who's who, settles quarrels, supports with village stories the arguments of the Father that this marriage should be straightened, this convert instructed, that child sent off to school. And when the people offer their little gifts: an egg, a chicken, two doves,

some rice or local grains, it is Paulus who takes their offerings from your hands, packs them up, and sends them back to the bungalow at the center.

Then home again after two weeks in the jungle, like Paul the Apostle. Our Paulus will never get rich on \$9.00 a month, nor did his namesake at tent-making. But this is his life work, his chosen vocation, and he is happy. "Woe to me if I do not preach the gospel . . . !"



Churching of two young Indian mothers in Jamshedpur is arranged with priest by catechist.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for October is "That catechists in the missions will increase in number and in quality." In his Mission Encyclical Pope John XXIII stated: "In the long history of the Catholic Missions they have proved themselves to be indispensable auxiliaries. They have always been the right arm of the workers of the Lord and they have participated and alleviated their work to the extent that Our Predecessors were able to consider their recruitment and careful training among 'the most important matters for the diffusion of the Gospel . . . and the most outstanding example of the lay apostolate.'"

... a good catechist

is the missionary's interpreter, friend, guide,
assistant, and good right hand...



he is NOT a lackey, valet, or personal slave...
To a missionary like Father Walter Cook of India,
Paulus (did you read his story, p. 20?) is invaluable, a treasure.

Help the missionaries by helping them support catechists.

Send \$5, \$10, or a monthly sum (\$20) for this purpose to

Jesuit Missions

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

Sacrifice comes in various forms and only in
the light of truth can the highest be seen

I was a human torpedo



IN DECEMBER of 1941 I was in my second year of studies at the University of Tokyo. The onset of the war in the Pacific saw thousands of students eager to serve the Emperor. Swept along on the surging wave of patriotism, I enlisted in the Submarine Corps of the Imperial Japanese Navy.

As the months went by it became increasingly difficult to produce arms and ammunition. One of the more unorthodox plans for greater accuracy in sinking enemy vessels was the creation of a

Human Torpedo Squadron. Under this suicide plan, volunteers guided a torpedo to its target, and were themselves destroyed in the explosion which damaged or sank the ship.

At this time I believed with all my heart in the divinity of the Emperor. To die for him was the supreme glory of the Japanese fighting man. To sacrifice one's life in the Imperial service was undoubted assurance of an eternal reward. It seemed quite natural for me to volunteer for the manned torpedoes.

Ready for any sacrifice asked.

Daily we heard the names of comrades who died gloriously



Many long months of training followed. Daily we heard the names of comrades who had died gloriously for the Emperor, and each time I felt an indescribable thrill. At the end of training there was more awaiting, and at times it seemed that my chance would never come.

Early one morning I was awakened by the screaming siren, and heard my name called to take part in that day's operation. Just before climbing into the cockpit, I splashed cold water on my face to insure complete consciousness in what I thought would be my last moments on earth.

Dreaming along the shores of the Japanese Submarine Base in the days after Pearl Harbor.

At this time I believed with all my heart in the divinity of the Emperor . . . To sacrifice one's life in the Imperial Service was assurance of an eternal reward . . .

I sat at the controls and waited for the signal to move out. The minutes dragged by like a succession of eternities. Suddenly the siren wailed again, and from my earphones I heard the order to return immediately to the dock. Pilots from the other torpedoes started heading back and I joined them. Bewilderment showed clearly on their faces.

It was only a few minutes later, on that morning of August 15, 1945, that we heard of Japan's unconditional sur-

render. Many of the men with me burst into tears of sorrow and disbelief. Some never recovered from the pain of that terrible moment and later took their own lives.

A short time after, we stood and listened to the Emperor declare over the radio in his own voice that he was not divine. This denial of his heavenly origin and attributes was almost more than I could bear. Lost in my thoughts, I wandered through the ruins of the city, unconsciously picking my way through the debris. My most frightening nightmares were nothing compared with the crushing loneliness and fear that I felt in my heart.

I don't know how long I wandered aimlessly through the streets. My first moment of awareness came when I heard the laughter of a group of children who were leaving the remains of a bombed-out building. The knowledge that anyone could laugh happily in such circumstances piqued my curiosity. After much hesitation, I approached the ruined building and entered.

The first words I heard were, "Jesus Christ, true God and true man, loved us before we came to be, and died for each one of us that we may save our souls." The place was a Catholic church, and the priest was in the middle of his sermon. I shall never forget his words. Awe-struck, I realized that I had been ready to die for a man whom I thought sincerely to be a god, when the stupendous truth was that Christians had a God who had already died for me!

I was a human torpedo

Torpedo sub, built for one man.



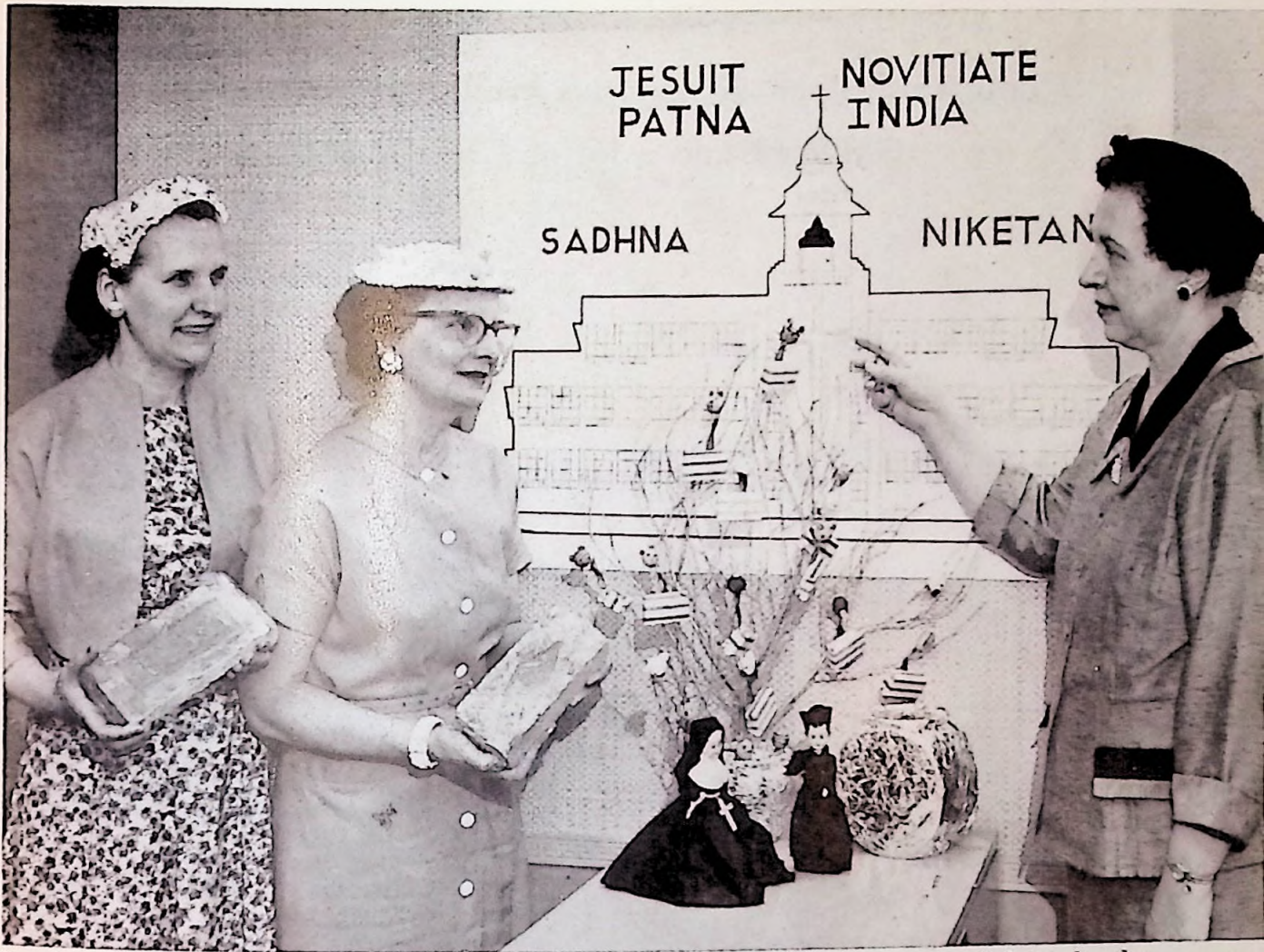
It seemed quite natural for me to volunteer for the fleet.

At the sight of Christ on the cross, my empty heart was filled and I was overwhelmed by what I now know to be the power of grace. In that long moment of discovery, I felt the reality of Christ and His love, and I knew at that same time that I would become a Christian and a priest.

Today—fifteen years later—it is my great joy to be a Catholic priest. The shattered cities of Japan are rebuilt and little children still laugh happily in the streets. My constant prayer is that one day we will be a Christian nation, worshipping the God who died for all His people. As told to LUIS R. FONTES S.J.

Priest who once was a “human torpedo” is now a Jesuit bringing Christ to his fellowmen.





Summer Festival of Cleveland's "Little Flower Mission Circle" means another helping hand for the missions. (L. to r.) Mrs. Michael Olle, Mrs. Henry Seene, Mrs. Edward Schoenbach.

Patna Powerhouse

Twenty-five years ago in Cleveland Mrs. Michael Olle organized twelve ladies into the "Little Flower Mission Circle." Since that time it has been a powerhouse, spiritually and materially, for the Patna Mission in India. When the ladies met that first time, they said their mission prayer, had a mission reading, played a game of cards, had coffee and cake, passed the hat around and then went home. In other words, they had a social for Christ's mission cause and they liked it. So the general pattern for meetings was set.

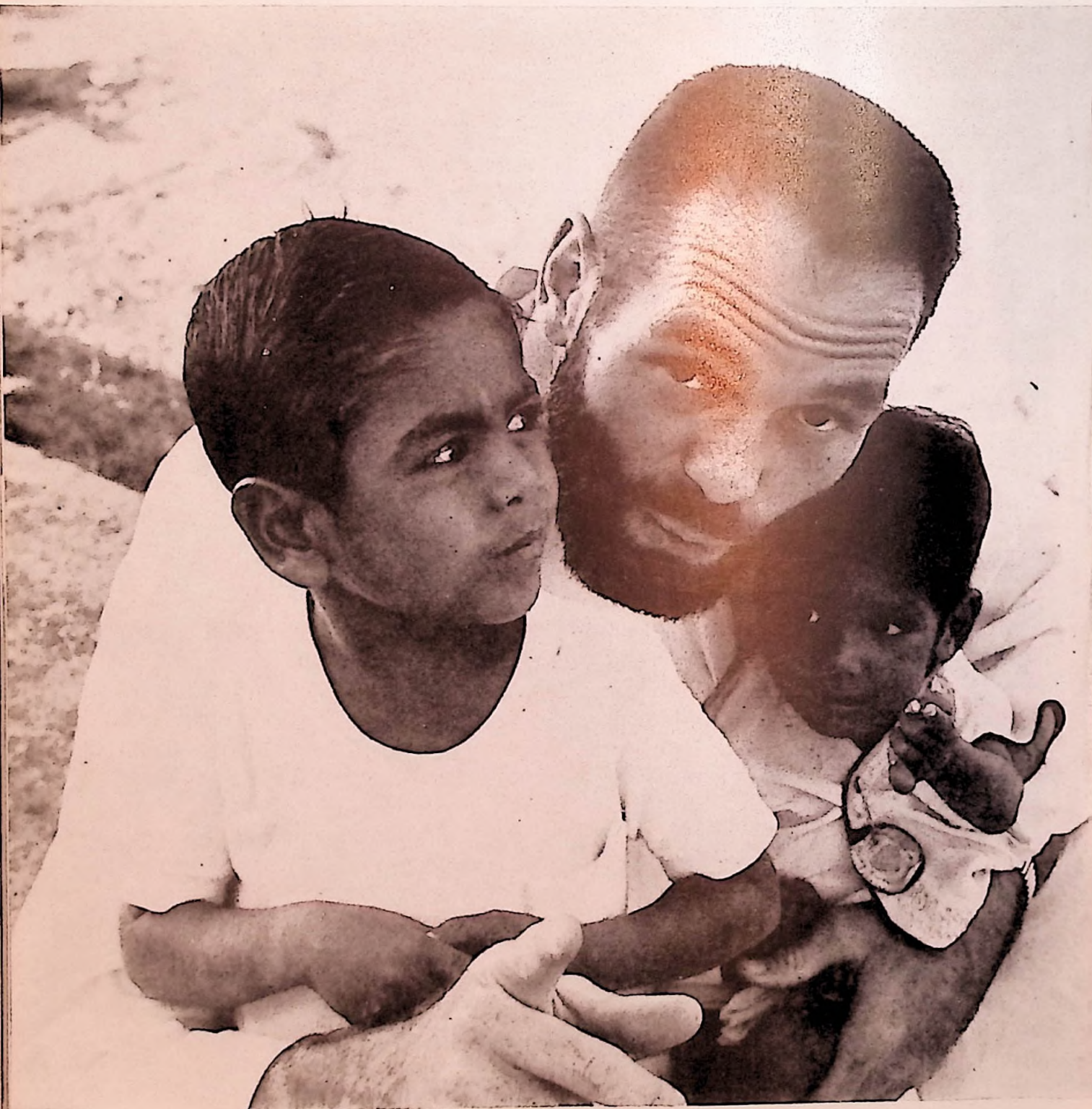
Now on the occasion of their Silver Jubilee they can point with pride to one

hundred and four other mission circles which are offshoots of that first one. These are all closely knit together and the work they have done for the mission cause is tremendous, the value incalculable.

This is a shining example of the bond that exists between the missionary and those far from the field. Everyone of us is a missionary in one sense or another and the spreading of the faith of Christ is everybody's job. May the blessing of God fall abundantly on these groups of ladies who have labored and sacrificed so much for Him and for His Kingdom on this earth!

Two Jamshedpur missionaries bring a bit of the
Old West and a lot of Christmas to the Nepalis

Fastest Gun



in the Hills

THE WORD is official—famed St. Mary's College in Kurseong will soon move down to the plains of India. Many a missionary in Ceylon and India will feel a tug at the heartstrings when that happens. A thousand memories are imbedded in those Himalayan foothills. For myself, I think my fondest ones are of last Christmas.

Despite the fact that a few Red Chinese divisions were only a mountain or two away from us here, this was one of the happiest of my eight Christmases in India. This was so because I was able to make it a happy one for some of Christ's little ones. Father Bill Kempton and I put on a rip-roaring show for the kids at an orphanage near here. Father Bill, well pillowed and white bearded, started the ball rolling with a bit of a jig before the Christmas tree. I came stamping in, camouflaged in a Nepali devil-dance mask, with horns and tail and all the trimmings. We had arranged that in the ensuing battle, Father Bill would best me by butting me with his pillowed "appendage"; well, I was semi-blind in that mask and didn't see him coming until, with one solid butt, I went flying over a bench and flat on the floor. The way those kids whooped, you would have thought the hero had

conquered the villain in a Wild West show. The grand finale brought the roof down though: I wailed like a banshee while Father Bill cut my tail off.

But the best part of the night was when old Santa and his helper hauled out that bag of presents. The little fellows just hovered about us as we took out the packages, their faces alive with eagerness, almost bursting with desire, jealously watching for the first call to open their gifts, yet never missing a word or action of old Santa, lest they be called and not hear. When at long last their names were called, electrified with impetuous curiosity, they leaped forward, and in the twinkle of an eye, with a few deft rips exposed a woolen cap and a whistle, or a pair of breeches and a cap gun, or maybe a warm sweater and a pen-knife. Whatever it was, however small and insignificant it seemed in our eyes, it was the only, the grandest present possible for those boys.

I think I must have been cap-pistoled to death a hundred times that night, and of course I had to collapse to the ground each time. Now the youngsters call me the "Cowboy Father," and whenever I meet any of them, I'm expected to draw my imaginary guns and whistle a shot their way. Why, I'm the "fastest draw in these here hills"; any day now I'm expecting a call from Hollywood.

Another light on my Christmas tree was, of all things, a day spent at the back-breaking job of planting potatoes.

orphans outside the Church of St. Joseph the Worker in Golmuri are taken in hand by Lawrence Dietrich S.J. who is now completing his theological studies at famous St. Mary's.

Fastest Gun in the Hills

It's a project we began last year to help a Sherpa and his wife, both of whom have very serious cases of TB, keep their little home and land out of the clutches of a moneylender from whom they had borrowed when they first fell sick. We went to the usurer, managed to have most of the overcharged interest dropped, and paid off some of the debt with the proceeds of the potato and corn last year, plus a few helping hands from the home front. If the harvest is good this year, and with a few more helping hands, we should polish the debt off. In the meantime, we've been teaching the 13-year-old son, Shering, some of the simpler points of scientific farming he may soon have to carry on as head of the family.

Whenever we visit this poor family, we take medicine along for the parents, powdered milk for the children. This time, as it was Christmas week, each of us pitched in some of our old clothes as a bit of present for them. My *red* Atlantic City lifeguard jacket is now being sported around by young Shering, and I do mean sported. He never had a jacket before, and big and baggy, old and faded as this one is, he's quite proud of it. Add to this his first pair of long pants and you can well imagine what his little sisters are putting up with. Pictures from old Christmas cards and a bit of candy were all we had for the younger tots, but if you could have seen the light in their poor mother's eyes, you'd understand why the word "appreciation" holds new meaning for me now. My memories of St. Mary's will be warm ones.

Nepali youngster who lives in the neighborhood of the Kurseong theologate gives the impression that one of these days he'll "call out" that American with "the quickest draw."



Mission Angles

DOG DAYS

Father Philip Boyle S.J. reports from the Bukidnon bush in the Philippines: "We once had a dog named Fernandito, who in a very ladylike way presented us with three puppies. Our other canine boarder is Bantu, a toothless old dog who first saw the light of day in Bantuanon. One day I complained to the house boy Vergilio that we had too many mouths to feed—pigs, dogs, hornbills from the forest, etc. Then I thought no more of the remark. Some time later I missed Fernandito around the place so I inquired. The house boys looked at me rather strangely and then Angelito blurted out the truth. 'You ate him last Saturday!' Then I remembered puzzling over that meal, wondering if it was goat or pork. And all the time it was my old friend Fernandito! I sent for Vergilio in a hurry."

Father William J. Walter S.J. was left stranded on Woleai in the Caroline Islands when the trading ship ran into a storm and couldn't get back to pick him up. He had no rice or canned goods, mosquito net, water-purifier and no cooking utensils. So he ate the regular fare, fish, cocoanuts, taro and breadfruit and at night he slept on the gravel floor of the church, his spare shirt over his head in a vain effort to escape the mosquitoes. Then one day the people honored him with a feast. His account: "There was no mistaking it—it was a whole dog, roasted in the underground oven. Now our modern cookbooks have pages and pages about making tasty dishes from scraps and disguising leftovers. But to the people here dog is a rare delicacy and they wouldn't think

of disguising their favorite roast. It tasted somewhat like roast pork."

PROTESTANTISM, LTD.

In Ceylon Father Crowther was making an official visit to the Convent school. A little Protestant girl, whose mother had also gone to school there, had been briefed the day before by Sister. "Every night before going to bed say three Hail Marys," Sister solemnly told her.

So the next day, in Father's presence, Sister asked the little girl, "Well, did you say your three Hail Marys?"

"No, Sister. Mama told me to tell you she knows only one. Please teach me the other two!"

PAINFUL CONVERSATION

The veteran Jamaican missionary, 74-year-old Father Francis Kempel of Lamb's River, was talking to his durable friend, 'Mas' Weel (William) of Pisgah, who is half blind and who supports himself by a sturdy staff. 'Mas' Weel was standing beside Father Kempel's car and as the conversation drew to a close he asked, "Will you open the door, Faddah?"

"Are you coming along with me, 'Mas' Weel?" questioned Father.

"No, Faddah," answered 'Mas' Weel, "my finger caught with the door."

FACTS OF LIFE

In Honduras Father Joseph Hebert S.J. was out on a long tour of his bush stations. He borrowed a donkey at one place and during their travels together he recalled that donkeys eat anything. So he offered this one a piece of newspaper. Down it went. He proffered dry leaves and they too went out of sight. Then he held out a stick. The donkey refused. Result of scientific investigation: "Good boy. He knows his limit."

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The way of life in Imbatug, as described on page 18, clearly indicates that there are many things lacking. Father Gregory Horgan in his Filipino bush mission could stand other helping hands—from the U.S. Would you like to practice your own kind of “Bayanihan” with a gift to him of \$5 or so? It would be most welcome.

In another corner of the Filipino bush Father Philip Boyle has been forced to stop building St. Michael’s Church for lack of funds. The roof is on, the floor is in and part of the walling up. But no windows or doors and no furnishings. He needs \$2,000 to complete the Linabo building. Could you help with \$2, \$5 or more?

Did your church cost more than \$500? If so, then you can appreciate the opportunity facing Father John Murphy in Honduras. The United Fruit Co. is abandoning several buildings which can be made into chapels for villages which have no church. The cost for each chapel (purchasing, transporting, rebuilding) is only \$500! A gift of any size will be appreciated but time is important in this project.

In Patna, India Father Gregory Thekel S.J. has a very personal problem. He has diabetes, must take daily insulin injections, and his health will not allow him to stand the strain of an ordinary bicycle. We know Father Gregory and his devotion to his people. So we

would like to help him get a motorcycle. It would cost \$750 in India but many small gifts would soon put this good priest on the road.

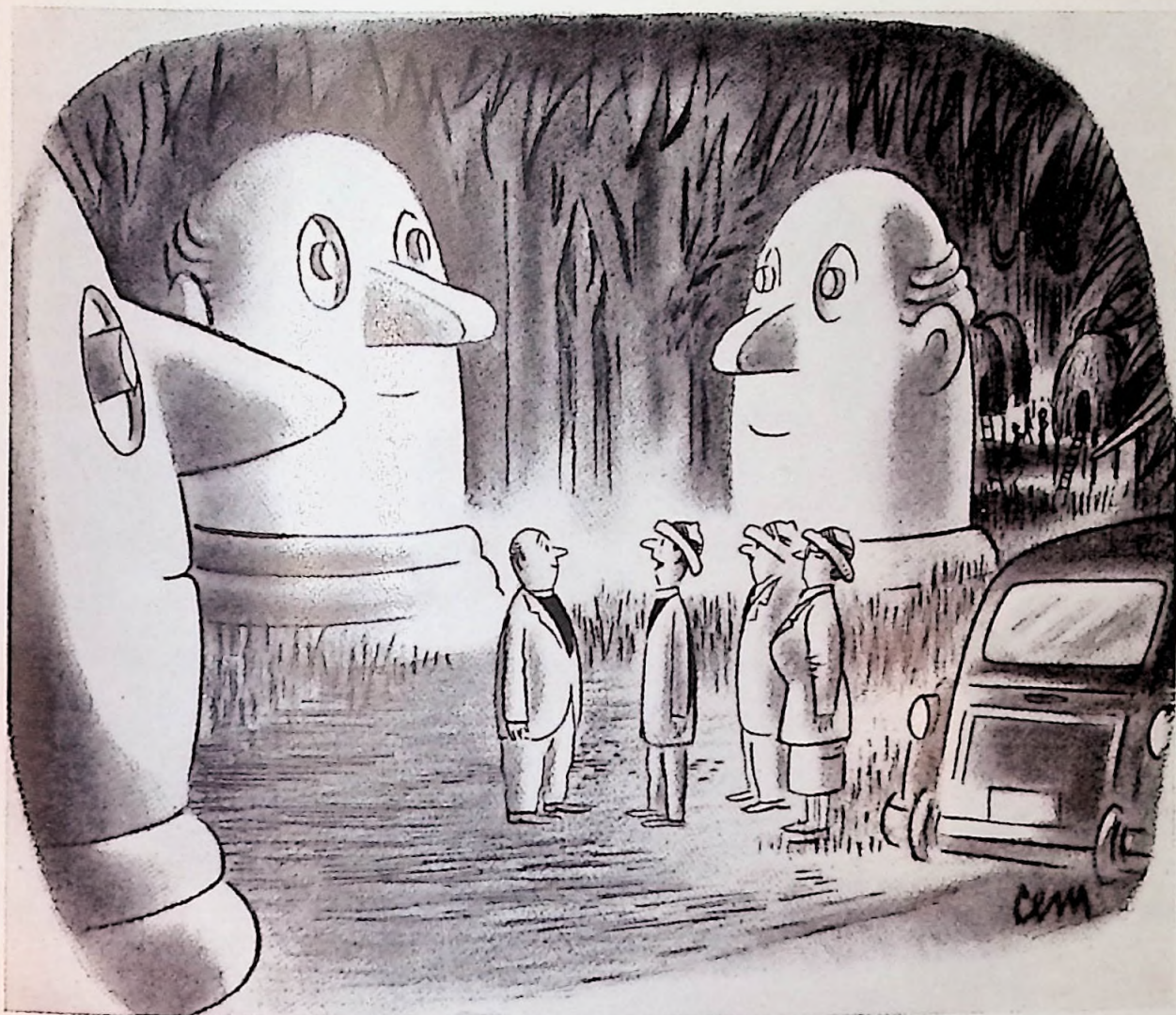
On the other hand in the same Patna Mission Father Edmund Burke has a personal problem of another nature. Rita is the first vocation from his parish to the Sacred Heart Sisters. Father must provide most of the things she needs for entering the convent. It would come to less than \$100 (what price vocation?) but Father just hasn’t got that much.

One monument to the generosity of JM readers is St. Joseph’s College in Trincomalee, Ceylon. Through your kindness this all-important institution came into being and was able to expand. But students still must be turned away because of lack of space and facilities. The more pressing needs of the moment are: 16 classrooms; 100 desks; books; microscopes and physics equipment. We would like very much to keep St. Joseph’s rolling at its best pace. Would you again, with any-sized gift, back up this most worthy enterprise?

Catholic reading material of all kinds, especially magazines, can be sent parcel post (marked “Printed Matter: Catholic Magazines”) to:

Lembaga Kader—
Djl. Raja Menteng 64
Djakarta III/14, Indonesia.

There they will do much to combat the flood of low-priced Communist literature there.



It is the opinion of the Missionary Review Board, Andrews, that you have been down here long enough.

Drawing by CEM

© 1959 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

After years in the missions, missionaries need a change. A trip home helps.

It also costs.

Send \$5—\$10—whatever you can to

Jesuit Missions

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

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23

MISSION
SUNDAY

Support Your

SOCIETY FOR THE
PROPAGATION
OF THE FAITH

Give Generously!