

JESUIT MISSIONS



**RED PRESSURE
IN THE EAST**



JM

JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

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Down the stretch under the Gothic towers of Boston College
Dick Wotruba of Holy Cross breaks the tape to win another of
the ten decathlon events. His story is told on page 20 and
you will find it thought-provoking as well as heart-warming.



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JAPAN'S TEENAGE

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for November

directs our attention and prayers to Japan's youth

IT IS ONLY natural that a major war and subsequent defeat should produce stresses and strains in the social fabric of a nation—bewilderment, disillusionment, cynicism. And generally speaking, the people most affected by social unrest of this sort belong to the most impressionable, the most idealistic section of the community—youth.

When we consider the revolutionary changes that have taken place in Japan since 1945, it is not surprising that there has been a lot written in the past few years about the restlessness, the rootlessness—call it what you will—of Japanese youth today. It is certainly

appropriate that the Holy Father should call our attention to this problem in this month's missionary intention. For the problem of Japanese youth is indeed urgent and calls for a great deal of thought and prayer on our part.

The last war changed and upset the lives of millions of people, yet perhaps there is nowhere in the free world where the whole way of life has been so drastically altered as in Japan. For years before the war, the nationalist propaganda machine drummed it into the Japanese people that their country had a divine destiny to rule Asia, that the Japanese were a superior race, that the semi-



TURMOIL

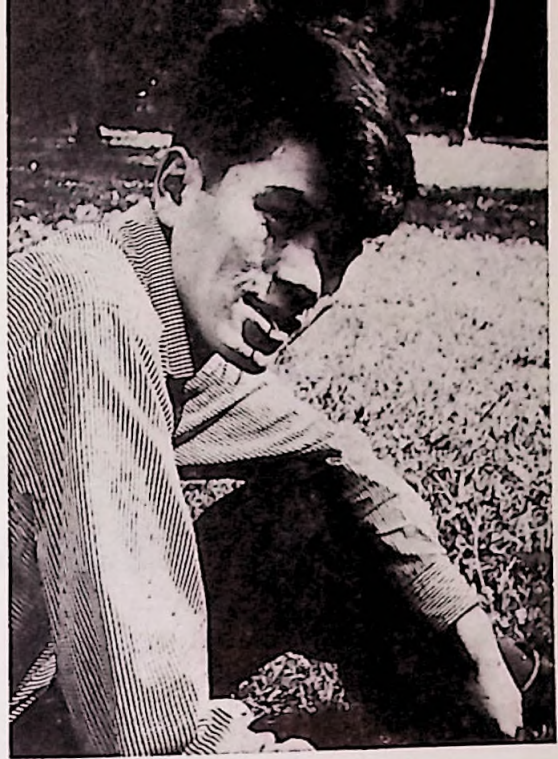
divine Emperor was a descendant of the sun goddess, Ameterasu-O-Mikami.

The defeat of 1945 shattered this illusion. For the first time in Japan's long and proud history foreign troops occupied the country; the Emperor publicly disclaimed the divine nature attributed to him; Japan lost her colonial territories; Shintoism was disestablished; Tokyo, Yokohama, Hiroshima and other great cities lay in ruins. It would be difficult to imagine greater desolation.

Since those dark days the material recovery of the nation has been astounding. Within 15 years the Japanese people have once more built up their country to a higher degree of prosperity than ever before. Yet while the number of TV sets and washing machines may be a good indication of the nation's economic state, it does not tell us anything of the nation's moral well-being.

The older Japanese, who were educated in the strict traditional way with a well defined sense of responsibility and duty, have at least some principles to fall back on. But the younger generations have no such scales of values and often lack a guiding principle which would put some order and purpose into their lives. Some time ago Nagoya University organized a poll among its students to try to find out their attitude toward life and its problems. To the

Demonstrations by Japanese students
can flare up on a moment's notice and
they indicate the inner dissatisfaction
and restlessness characteristic of
Japan's youth today. They tend even
to the left of the Communist Party.



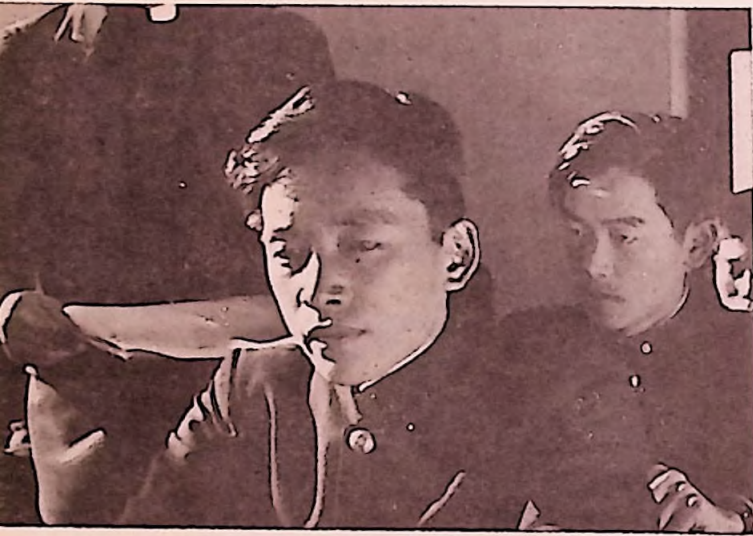
Eager to do what is right but in the dark as to knowledge and assurance of what is the right. Their questions betray their ignorance.

Festivals of a religious nature have no inner meaning for youth but they serve as an excellent outlet to let off steam in rough-house street parades.





Teenagers affect Western ways as seen in the garb of this two-some strolling down the Ginza.



Meditation before class begins is common in Japanese schools and helps the power of concentration.

question, "What is the biggest anxiety in your life?", no less than 31% replied, "Doubts regarding the reason of my existence."

Suicide statistics never make pleasant reading but they bear out the mood of doubt and anxiety all too prevalent in the post-war generation. Japan has one of the world's highest suicide rates—24.2 per 100,000; but what is even more heart-breaking is that this rate soars to 54.8 per 100,000 for the 15 to 24 age bracket. In other words, it is not T.B. nor accidents which are the most frequent causes of death among Japanese youngsters—it is suicide.

The term "religious vacuum" has been overworked in the last few years, but it does sum up pretty well the great gap that exists in the lives of so many young Japanese. And it is surely this gap that is the root cause of the restlessness among the postwar generation. God knows that young people in Japan need great faith and moral courage to overcome the many problems they face.

Small wonder, then, that the powerful Student Federation has swung sharply left in a muddled and misguided search for social stability and gives vent to its restless feelings by staging political rallies and demonstrations. Ironically enough, the president and other student officials of the federation have been expelled from the Communist Party, not for any lack of enthusiasm but for being too revolutionary. These young extremists can now boast that they are more left-wing than the official Communist Party.

One should not get the impression, of course, that all young Japanese go around with a bewildered look on their faces as if they are constantly trying to puzzle out the problems of life. They laugh, they play games, they enjoy themselves as the youth of any other country. Yet so often can the missionary find in his daily contact with them a deep-rooted anxiety which perplexes so many in their more reflective moments.

A young Japanese in his early twenties recently said moodily to the writer: "What's the point of my life? I didn't ask to be born in this world. It seems to me that the only sensible thing in life is to get as much pleasure as possible for oneself." Then, after a short pause, "And yet, I feel somehow that there must be some other reason for my existence, another purpose to life."

It is the Holy Father's missionary intention this month that we pray that the Church may fill this gap in the lives of the millions of such Japanese youths.

MICHAEL COOPER S.J.

CHILE

THE EVER-TREMBLING LAND

An eyewitness account by a missionary of a terrific earthquake

JOSEPH P. O'NEIL S.J.



Osorno volcano is always a grim reminder for Maryland Province Jesuits.

UNTIL RECENTLY to most Americans Chile was "one of those places in South America." Then last May, with a devastating series of earthquakes, Chile and its southern cities were on every television screen in America. Our town, Osorno, was one of those so featured. It had the dubious distinction of lying square in the center of the earthquake belt. For the six of us, the first American Jesuit community in South America, the quake was both a baptism of fire and an introduction to a constant in Chilean history.

Earthquakes are not new to Chile. From the time of the Spanish Conquistadores to our own, practically every

generation of Chileans has felt the effects of a major earthquake. So far in this century—we still have forty years to go—there have been four major quakes.

In 1906 the city of Valparaiso, Chile's major port, was destroyed in a manner similar to the destruction of San Francisco, California, in April of the same year. In 1929, 2,000 people were killed by a quake that hit Talca, a city in central Chile. Ten years later another quake ruined Chillán, also in central Chile. Last May a fourth series of quakes, the most widespread in recorded history, hit nine major cities in the south of Chile. As one of my friends remarked, "Without quakes, this wouldn't be Chile."

Though Chileans have to live with earthquakes, they have never gotten used to them. An earthquake is the most sinister of natural disasters. It comes most frequently at night and gives no warning. In a hurricane, a flood or a fire, Nature runs up her own distress signals. Smoke, heavy rain or dark clouds give you some fair warning. The earthquake is not quite so polite. The best you can hope for is a few seconds before your house begins to fall.

Some earthquakes, like a drummer working up to a crescendo, start as a gentle tattoo and build up to a teeth-rattling shock. With other quakes the full force of the shock comes as suddenly as a flash of lightning. The second type is, by far, the most dangerous. It gives no time of grace, no previous seconds to get clear of falling walls and debris. Such was the earthquake of 1939 which, coming in the dead of night, killed 20,000 people in Chillán.

God dealt more kindly with us. Saturday, May 21, the day before we were hit, the city of Concepcion 300 miles to the north was rocked by a major

quake. Strong tremors shook us in Osorno all day Saturday. But we saw nothing to worry about. Never before had two major quakes hit the same general area at the same time.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. That afternoon at three, as we sat relaxing after a game of pinochle, a shock hit us like the blow of a fist against a cardboard box. Then just as suddenly it stopped. We looked at one another.

"When the next one comes, I'm getting out." That thought was in each of our minds as we watched the recreation-room chandelier swing crazily above us. We did not have long to wait. Ten minutes later it hit again. This time it did not stop. We raced downstairs to get out to the small patio in back. Father Henry, the Rector, lost his footing on the wildly swaying staircase and tumbled half-way down. As the last out, he missed by seconds possible injury or death in the shaking house.

White-faced, we looked to the roof above us and watched four huge cement chimney pots roll off and smash within ten feet of us. Ten feet was as far away



"For five minutes the roar of the earthquake went on and then gradually died away. The area around us was a shambles . . ."

"One wall of the house began to shake apart in great pieces . . . big sheets of zinc roofing buckled like playing cards . . . 1500 people died . . ."



as we could get. A brick wall behind us had fallen and blocked any possible escape. As the Rector was giving us general absolution, one of the walls of the house began to shake apart in great pieces, crashing through the roof of the house next door. The big sheets of zinc roofing buckled like playing cards and water from broken pipes streamed down the sides.

Next to me our cook was on her knees crying hysterically, for it seemed the ground would never stop rolling. For five minutes the roar of the earthquake went on and then gradually died away. The area around us was a shambles. It took only five minutes to undo the work of years.

Once the ground stopped shaking, Father Nugent and Father Haske set out for San José hospital to give the last rites to the injured and dying. Here and there along the street white-faced groups of people talked in hushed tones. All stayed in the middle of the road for fear that another shock would bring more debris down on them.

As the two priests reached the center

of town, a frightened young mother ran past them crying, "My baby, my baby." She headed toward the corner where a theatrical of children had been trapped during the quake. They were to see more of these children at San José.

They found the hospital in a state of semi-panic. Water bottles, glasses, instruments and medicine were strewn over the floor. Patients, unable to get out of bed during the quake, were nearly hysterical with fear. But no one stopped to comfort them. The doctors and nurses hurried back and forth, too busy with the cargo the ambulances were bringing in.

A nurse showed Father Haske the morgue, a little shed behind the hospital. There he gave conditional absolution to the dead just brought in. Four of them were small children. They were among those watching the Sunday afternoon cowboy picture when the quake hit. As they were scrambling out of the theatre, a huge concrete marquee collapsed on top of them. They were barely recognizable. Then the two priests, having done all they could, returned.



"Heat, electricity and water were cut off and life became a little more primitive than usual . . . Close to a hundred million dollars will be needed to repair the economy . . ."

That night, like Jews at the Passover, we ate by candlelight with overcoats on, ready for flight. We had no idea how much internal damage the house had suffered. One wall had partially collapsed and long cracks had appeared in another. We were not willing to chance whether it would stand up under the strong after-shocks that were sure to follow. So we elected to sleep outside that night.

Being in the Southern Hemisphere, May in Chile is like November in the States. So, wrapped in blankets, we huddled around a fire built in a yard away from the house. We brought a couple of chairs, a mattress and a packing case to sleep on. It was not comfortable but it was safe. Strong after-shocks hit that night but the next morning the house was still standing.

Heat, electricity and water were cut off and life became a little more primitive than usual. Our one modern convenience was a portable radio. It was our only source of news. For oddly enough, even though we were in the

middle of the quake, we had no idea of its dimensions nor the extent of the damage it had caused.

Gradually from the news reports and our own travels to the different cities affected, a picture of the extent of the human and physical destruction began to emerge. The death toll, though terrible, was not as bad as expected. Some 1,500 people lost their lives. Another 75,000 are homeless and will have to go through the rigors of winter protected by the rudest of shelter.

Close to a hundred million dollars will be needed to repair the economy of the South. Even in the United States that is a sizable sum. For Chile, a country with a one-track railroad and no completely paved road to link even the central portion of the country, a hundred million is a staggering loss.

But life must go on. The Chilean people are beginning to rebuild what was destroyed. They will build even more strongly to meet the next quake that will almost inevitably hit this ever-trembling land.



"But life must go on. The Chilean people are beginning to rebuild what was destroyed. They will build even more strongly to meet the next quake that will inevitably hit this ever-trembling land."



IN MEMORIAM: FATHER KURT BECKER S.J.

FATHER BECKER was the first of the *Jesuit Missions* staff to be called to his eternal reward. He died in August at Plattsburg, N.Y., from a heart condition which had plagued him for some years. He was only 45 years old and had been on our staff since 1953.

Despite his physical condition he had a major part in publishing JM. A man of varied artistic talents, he was our art director and layout head. This year the Catholic Press Association awarded to *Jesuit Missions* the first prize in typography and layout among mission magazines. Father Becker was the one responsible for gaining that award.

Besides his work on the magazine he also found time to write articles for various other magazines, such as *America* and *The Catholic World*. He was the author of *I Met a Traveler*, an ac-

count of a Jesuit's imprisonment by the Chinese Communists, and *Countdown*, a science fiction book for boys.

Father Becker was born in Venezuela in 1915. He attended Regis High School in New York City and entered the Society of Jesus in 1937. After studying philosophy and theology at Woodstock College, he was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Francis P. Keough of Baltimore in 1951. Two years later, after completing his ascetical studies, he joined the staff of *Jesuit Missions*.

He will be sorely missed at the House on 78th Street and we do not expect to find a man of his talents again. To his mother and sister we extend our deepest sympathy for the loss they have suffered in the passing of this beloved priest. May he be happy forever with the God for whose greater glory he ever toiled!



St. Ignatius Loyola

1960 DEPARTURES

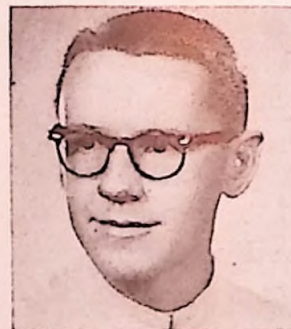
*New faces in the ranks of Loyola's
legion as another group of American
Jesuits go forth to mission posts*



Lawrence E. Barry
American Indians



Robert E. Beckman
Peru



Franklyn J. Bergen
Iraq



Joseph F. Brennan
Jamaica



Leo P. Cachet
Patna, India



Denis R. Como
Iraq



Thomas H. Connolly
Philippine Islands



James J. Costello
British Honduras



Martin P. Coyne
Patna, India



William J. Currie
Japan



Neil F. Decker
Iraq



George A. De Napoli
Iraq



Thomas S. Donovan
British Honduras



Edward T. Dowling
Philippine Islands



Leo A. Doyle
British Honduras



Brian S. Duffy
Jamaica



James English
Jamshedpur, India



Francis N. Glover
Philippine Islands



Kenneth J. Hezel
Caroline-Marshall Islands



Alfred J. Hicks
Iraq



Thomas J. Hogan
American Indians



Kenneth J. Hughes
Jamaica



Stanley J. Joyce
Philippine Islands



Asterio S. Katigbak
Philippine Islands



Edmund F. Kelly
Iraq



Pablo B. Lalic
Philippine Islands



Donald L. Larkin
Jamaica*



William J. Larkin
Iraq



Francis R. Leiker
Honduras



Jose H. Llana
Philippine Islands



Jose M. Matan
Philippine Islands



John J. McCarthy
Iraq



Joseph P. McCarthy
Philippine Islands



William J. McGarrey
Caroline-Marshall Islands



James L. McShane
Honduras



Richard W. Moodey
Nepal



Benjamin R. Morin
Peru



Thomas P. Murphy
Philippine Islands



John F. O'Shea
British Honduras



Thomas S. Palmeri
Philippine Islands



John J. Phelan
Philippine Islands



Philip A. Rafferty
Japan



Daniel G. Ross
Formosa



William J. Schmitt
Philippine Islands



William M. Sullivan
Philippine Islands



Robert L. Thomas
Lebanon



Thomas F. Tobin
Patna, India



William L. Tome
Jamshedpur, India



Paul Van Vleet
Honduras



Donald M. Vega
Puerto Rico



James P. Walsh
British Honduras



Frank C. Webster
Philippine Islands

Not Pictured

To Alaska

Robert M. Bickford
Michael B. Collins
Michael J. Kaniecki
William Loyens

To Burma

Rufus P. Roberts

To Jamaica

J. Maurice Feres
Philip J. Welch

To Japan

Robert E. Chiesa

To Formosa

Everett J. Mibach

To Peru

Aloysius Tomas

To Indonesia

Barrett A. Corrigan

To Korea

John E. Bernbrock

John P. Daly

John V. Daly

Thomas K. Pak

Norbert J. Tracy

To the Philippines

Natale Giacobbi

To the American Indians

Bernard F. Corse

Salvatore Gentle

John J. Lynch

Paul I. Manhart

John C. Murray

Gerald I. Myers

Benjamin Trautman

To Puerto Rico

Francisco Carreras

Jose A. Fontanez

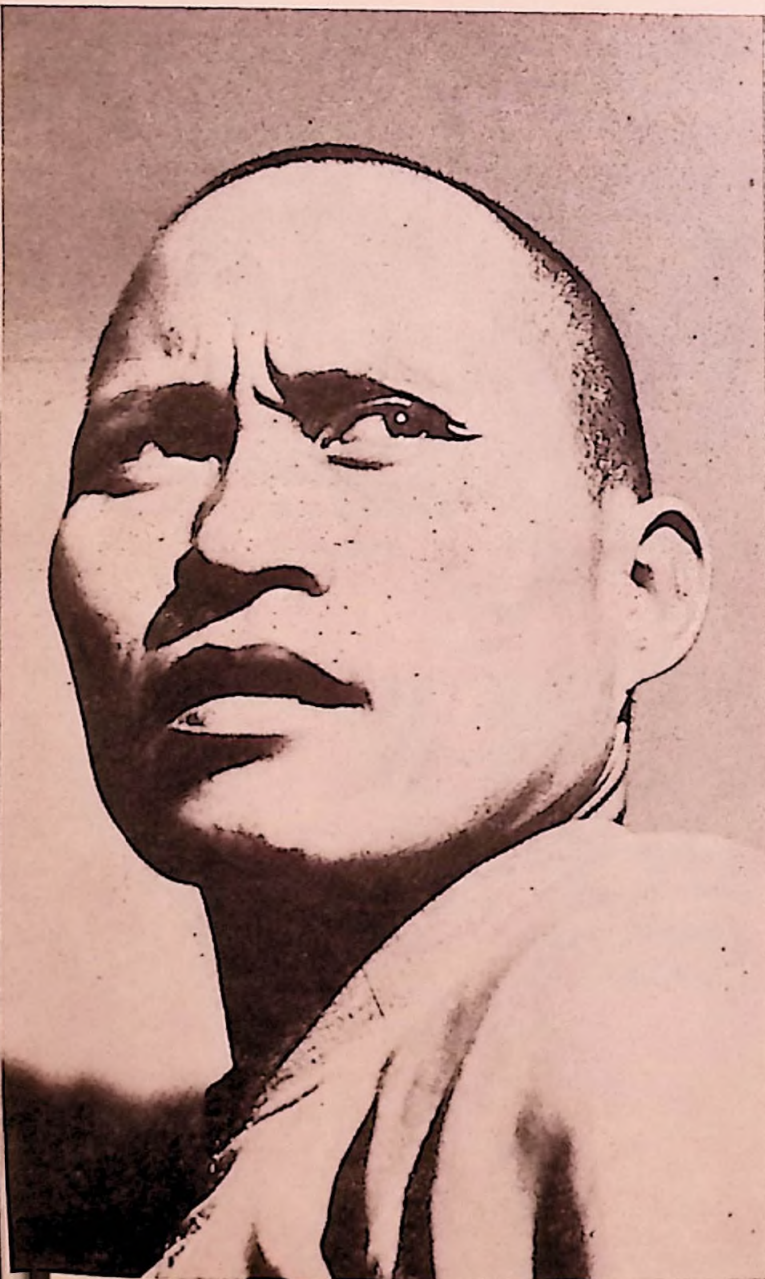
John J. Paret

Robert A. White



PEOPLE IN

The nations bordering Red China are watching anxiously every Communist move on the mainland



IT IS AN UNEASY, fearful world which rims the Buddha-shaped torso of Red China. Korea, Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, the countries of Southeast Asia through Burma and Nepal—all are watching with wary eyes every single move of the Communists in China. There is talk of a war that is inevitable, and they will be the first to suffer because they are the closest. Every whisper and rumor that creeps through the Bamboo Curtain is carefully examined and sifted.

The war talk emanating from Peiping may be a smoke screen to distract attention from troubles within China itself or it may be a political gambit to offset some Soviet move. But the peoples whose countries are so close to the sagging yet muscular belly of Red China cannot relax. Too much is at stake; peace, freedom, their very existence. So they wait, and watch, and the constant tension eats at their hearts as the pressure of the Red shadow increases.

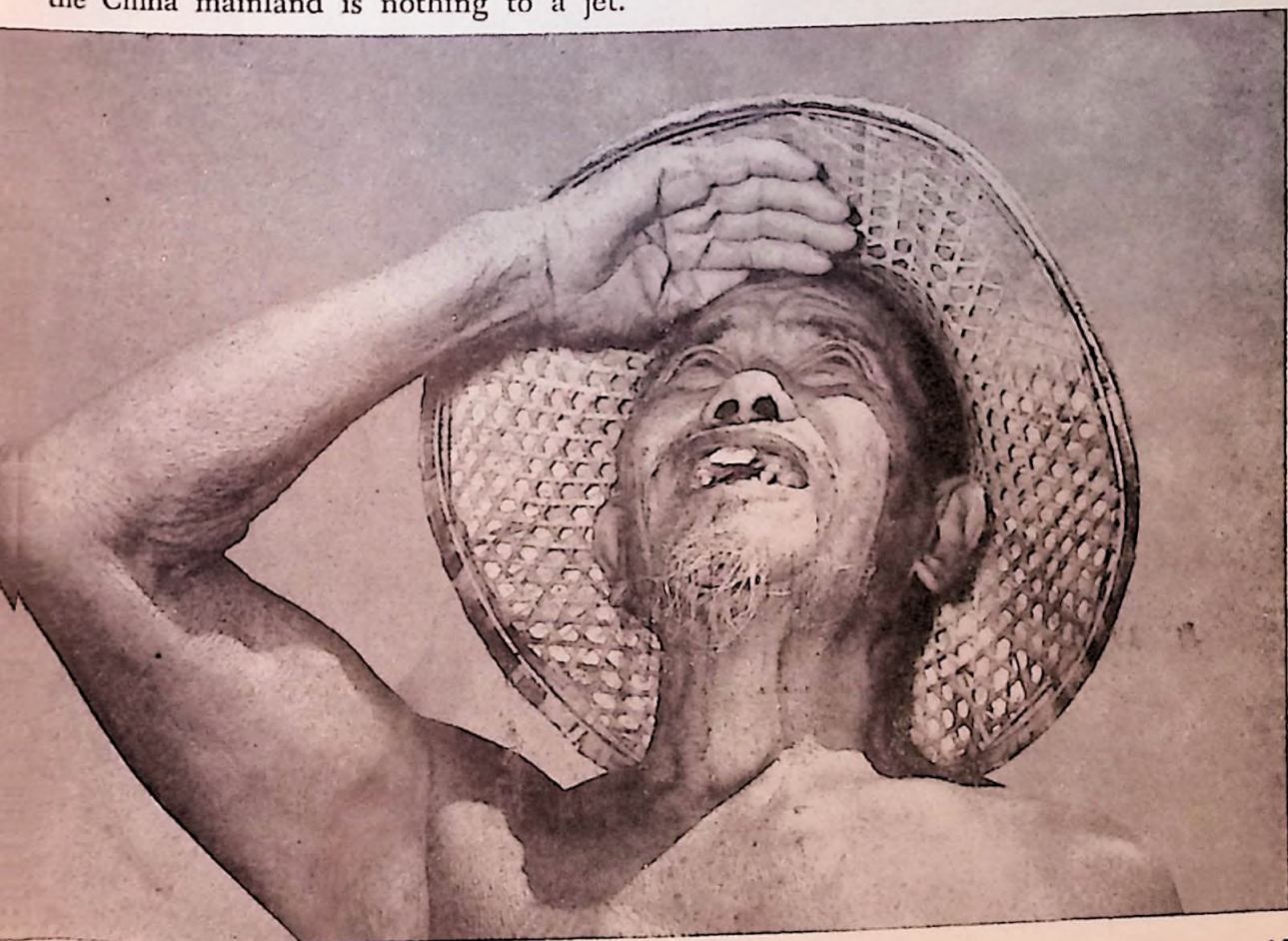
Hualien in Taiwan is a remote mountain district but this aboriginal of the Bunun tribe is aware of the Red Shadow.

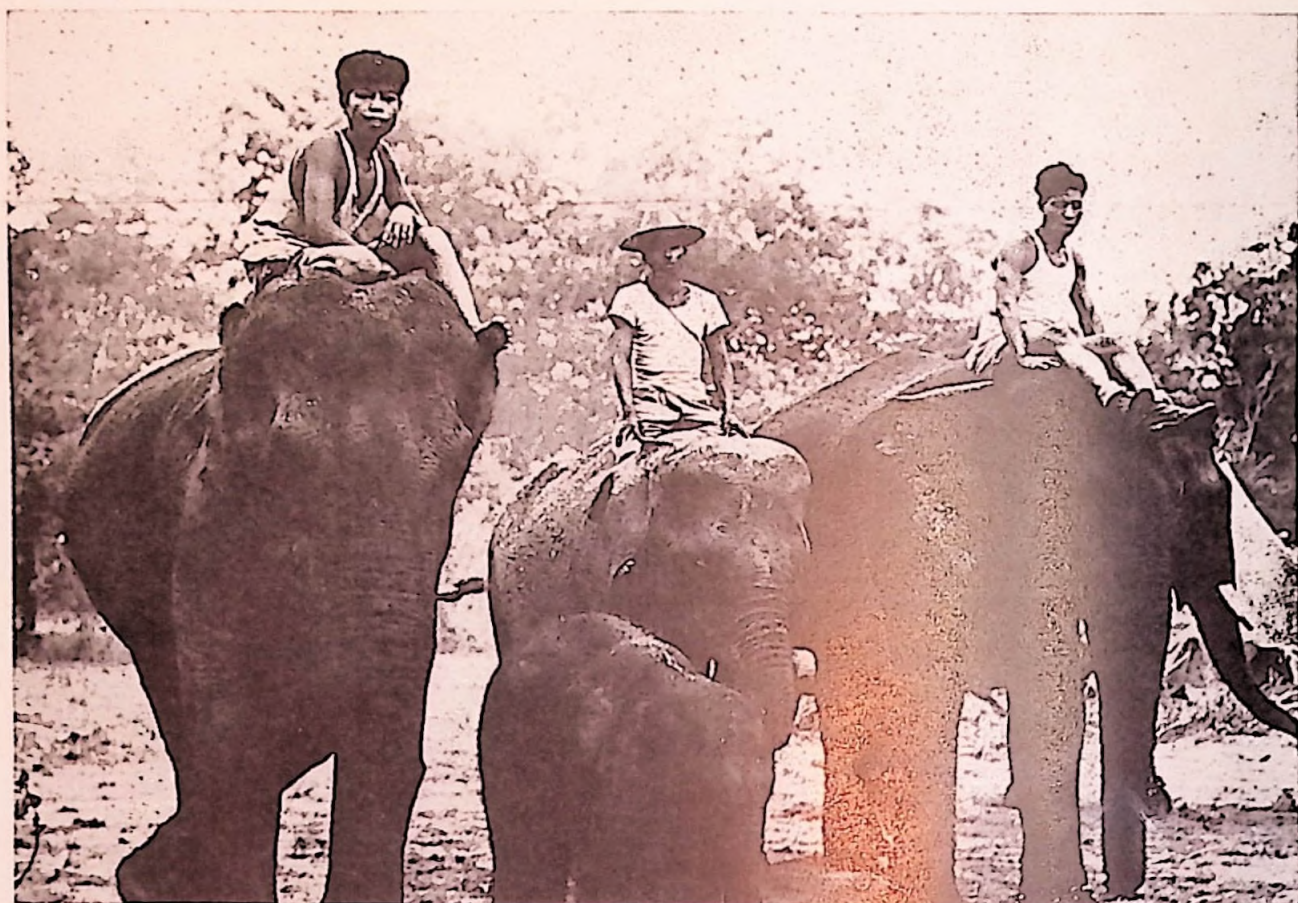
THE RED SHADOW

Malaya and this Sikh priest in a Bengalese temple realizes full well what the Communists would do to all religious rites if they should come swarming down from the North. The record in China itself speaks volumes for their attitude towards religion.



Taiwan and once this oldster scanned the skies to see if the weather would be favorable for his fishing. Now there is another reason to watch the sky for the 110 miles across the water to the China mainland is nothing to a jet.





Burma of the elephants and teak has had first-hand experience since 1948 with Communist groups in open strife with the Government forces.



Filipina grandmother has seen Spanish, American, Japanese and home rule. No Chinese need apply.

The vast majority of these people have very little in the way of worldly goods. They have grown accustomed to the few possessions and pleasures which they have. They ask only to be left alone, not to be caught up in the crushing maelstrom of Communism. They are aware that every one of their countries is overrun with Red spies and supporters and that their defenses are pitifully weak in the face of the tremendous manpower China could throw against them. They do not dream of tomorrow; they want only today and the frugal peace of the moment.

Once the poetic names for their lands had meaning—"Land of the Morning Calm"; "Formosa the beautiful"; "the Hermit Kingdom"—names which spoke of quiet, peaceful existence. Now the shadow has driven away all that, it has crept into their eyes and into their hearts, and they are alone and afraid. These are the ones whom we should remember, with sympathy and prayers.



Nepalese watch passes in the mountains for their tiny but beloved land seems next on Red list.



China symbolized by the chain which rings the lake at Wushih in Kiangsu. Inner beauty fades in the face of Red brutality.

Korean farmer does not have to be warned about the Communists. His own country has already been ravaged by them.
(UNations photo)



Window on the Mission

Can We Equal It?

RECENTLY THERE appeared an article in the *Irish Digest* by the Auxiliary Bishop of Dublin on the difficulties of the young in modern society. His very valuable observation was that young people were not given a really challenging objective in life and for that reason found life an uninteresting thing. To save youth from the hazards of a purposeless existence, he urged that the magnificent Catholic vision be offered to them which characterized their ancestors in some great periods of history.

First, when the Irish monks saved the Christianity of Europe by returning to the Continent, they went out as "Wanderers for Christ." Secondly, due to an historical event which was secretly providential, the Irish immigrants carried their Faith with them into exile all over the world. Thirdly, what is possibly little known to the present day Irish, in the last ten years 4,000 priests, brothers and sisters have left Ireland for the foreign field. If this grand vision is presented to the youth, there will be less chance of a youth problem. Youth will

one may ask just what we are offering to the young as an inspiring objective and purpose for their lives. Perhaps we can take a page from the Bishop's book and present, to our Catholic youth especially, the truly Catholic vision of a world to be brought to Christ. We could remind our young people that the Church in the United States has only just begun to enter the glorious field of the world-wide extension of the Faith. While we have ten times as many Catholics in the United States as there are in Ireland, we have a little over 5,000 American missionaries in the field. The Irish have sent 4,000 in the last ten years in addition to those already in the field. Are we capable of equalling that magnificent effort in the next ten years?

Surely, the time has come to present to our Catholic youth in America something more than a good Catholic life at home and the security of a comfortable career as the highest achievements. When so much emphasis is given to international affairs and assistance, as Catholics we would be falling far short of our proper vision if we were to limit our interest and action to the narrow boundaries of our own little national world. We shall not meet the Church's expectation of us if we do not strive to capture the wide dimensions of the Church and so of our own lives as members of the Church.

There is no doubt about the generosity of the Catholics of the United



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick sees the shadow of the Communist hammer and sickle as the weight of vast China pressing down upon the peoples who inhabit the nearby countries: Korea, Taiwan, Japan, the Philippines and the lands which lie south and southwest of the huge belly of Red China.

States in sending material aid to mission lands. It is an indication of the strength of our Faith. But there is a further test of our Faith and that is the generosity of people in giving themselves to the building up of the strength of the Church in lands where Catholicism is still in its infancy. This is the ultimate proof of the fact that the Church has come of age among us. The next twenty-five years will record a story of glory or tragedy about the Church in America. The glory will be a thrilling and enthusiastic upsurge of missionary dedication. The tragedy will be the failure to rise to the clear summons of the Lord to us to go to the ends of the earth, not merely to send material help.

This story is being written now in our homes, schools, churches; by our sermons, retreats, reading; by the ideals and goals which are being offered to our Catholic youth. Not a few, but all of us are writing that story: bishops, priests, religious, parents, teachers, writers, the youth. If there is indifference or evasion, then the preface to tragedy is being inscribed. If there is a widening of the vision of all, if there is a growing eagerness for the spread of the Church, then the first wonderful chapter of our missionary glory which we have written in the last thirty years will be supplemented by even more glorious chapters. God grant us the wisdom, love and zeal not to let down the youth of this and the next generation by failing to open to their generous hearts and their eager eyes the full meaning of their belonging to Christ and through Him to the world.

It is a vision that belongs to everyone of us in America today.



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Up and over goes Dick Wotruba of Holy Cross in one of the ten decathlon events.

A STAR SHINES IN BAGHDAD

A year given to God and the spread of His Kingdom

DICK WOTRUBA had a dream, the same dream which many another young American had in 1960. He wanted to wear the Stars and Stripes of his country in the Olympic Games. And there was a good chance that he would. In the last National Meet he had placed fourth in the Decathlon, the gruelling ten-event test which calls not only for ability but also for heart.

But it was not a dream which was all-absorbing, a single concentration that left no room for anything else. The young athlete from Butler, New Jersey, was in his senior year at Holy Cross College in Worcester and in those important months before graduation the time for dreams is limited. He worked hard, both in the classroom where he was a good student and on the playing field where he co-captained the track team. His fellow members on the team were to vote him the Sullivan Gold

Medal, the award given annually to the outstanding track man of the year.

It was during this time that he gave evidence that his dream of the Olympics was not his only one. Some time ago he had read in *Jesuit Missions* of the Baghdad College student, Sabah Jadun, who had died of a brain tumor in a strikingly manful and saintly way. Sabah had been an outstanding athlete, too, but there was far more to his story than that. He had not been afraid to proclaim his faith and to live it to the hilt. At the time of his reception into the Baghdad College Sodality he had proudly said, "This is the happiest day of my life." When he explained to his family the obligations of a Sodalist he had told them to look on him now as "a priest with a necktie." It was a story that left a deep impression on Dick Wotruba and it also turned his attention on Baghdad.

Before his senior year was completed

Dick had decided to offer a year of his life to God. Many young men and women were lay missionaries, spending a certain time on mission fields without recompense. So Dick volunteered for Baghdad, and was promptly accepted.

Later in the summer he entered the Olympic Trials in California, vying with the nation's best for one of the places in the decathlon. He failed to gain a spot on the team but he was still smiling when he returned—and almost immediately he started packing for Baghdad

and a year generously given to God.

It was one of the ironies of life that Dick Wotruba was in Rome when the Olympic Games were in full swing. But where once Rome had been the goal, now it was only a stopping off place. Dreams are wonderful things but they change as one grows older and wiser. Values become clearer and the new dreams have more of substance to them, more of eternity in them.

Dick will be a very valuable asset in Baghdad. His scholastic background will

Co-captains of Holy Cross track team, Tom Henahan (left) who entered Maryknoll this past summer, and Dick Wotruba.



enable him to step into the classroom as a regular teacher and with his unusual athletic ability he will be able to coach any of the sports so common and so popular at Baghdad College. And he will find, in short order, that a large percentage of the New England Jesuits on the faculty are still fighting the Holy Cross-Boston College wars. He may even wince when the students break into the school song, as they will a thousand times and more, which has been set to the music of the Boston College High song.

But one thing is very sure—Dick Wotruba will never regret the year he is giving to God. It may be a hard year, a more lonely one than he would know at home. It's difficult to move into a different pattern of life and fit in immediately. The Oriental boy is not quite the same as an American youngster, and that will call for a little adjusting on the part of the newcomer. But all these various differences will serve to emphasize the brightness of this gift to God. Another star shines in Baghdad.

All over the mission world young men and women are laboring beside the missionaries. The lay missionary movement, especially in the United States, has caught on tremendously fast. It may be that the idealism it calls for lies close to the top of the American heart. The generosity so characteristic of our people, known the world over on occasion after occasion, does not peter out when it is a question of giving to God. The Holy Father in his Encyclical "Principes Pastorum" stressed that part which the laity should play in spreading the Kingdom of God. He quoted Pope Pius XII on that occasion: "Catholicity is the essential note of the true Church; this is so to such an extent that a Christian is not truly faithful and devoted to the Church if he is not equally attached to her universality, desiring that she take root and flourish in all the earth."

To Dick Wotruba and to all who are giving time and energy on mission fields, thank you and God bless you!

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



Farewell is said at Idlewild Airport by Father Joseph P. Connell, Jesuit Superior of the Baghdad Mission. But he and Dick will soon be together again on the Tigris banks.

**CHAPELS
LIKE THIS**

**Are
Needed**



FOR FATHER NEWELL'S



**Mission
in
Honduras**

YOU CAN NAME ONE

Father needs 14 more chapels. The cost of an adobe chapel is \$500; one built of walls plastered with mud and white-washed costs \$250. Father will gladly allow any donor to choose the name for a chapel.

Jesuit Missions

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CHINA'S FIRST LADY TODAY

A glimpse of Madame Chiang Kai-shek and her present routine

RATHER THAN SAY the years have been kind to China's First Lady I would say that she has risen from reversals, sufferings and trials more womanly, more graceful and more spiritual than before. Recently I was one of a group of Americans invited to the Presidential Mansion at Shihlin for afternoon tea. Although during the last fifteen to twenty years I have visited off and on over business with Madame Chiang Kai-shek, yet I was almost as much impressed as the others when she greeted us in the spacious reception room. Grace, beauty and charm radiated from every action and word as she welcomed each guest with warmth and interest.

For each there was a remark or question of special interest to that person. Madame Chiang turned to me and said, "Father O'Hara, today we shall see the new dining hall that I have built for the war orphans from the kind donations of Cardinal Spellman." Before leaving for the orphanage, Madame Chiang asked her husband, the President of China, to come in and meet us all. With great dignity yet touching simplicity, the President was introduced to each of us in a most gracious manner by his talented wife. As I was the only one in the party who could speak to him in Chinese, I was favored by a little chat with him.

Our visit to the orphanage showed us

work that is now typical of China's First Lady's occupations. Formerly, in the anti-Japanese War, she was most active in social life, the war effort and politics. For this she was criticized by many. Her speeches were stocked with a breadth and depth of learning that was breathtaking and an elegance of thought and word that was hard to imitate. Now her oratorical ability is usually put to explaining meditation to prayer groups that she has formed to pray for China and her people. Each week she gathers top government persons of both sexes at her headquarters for these prayer sessions that bring faith and peace. An American Catholic friend was talking to her one day on praying for peace and asked her if she knew of the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi for peace. She answered, "Please come here and look at the altar where we will pray." She opened the folding doors of the long reception room, where her weekly prayer gatherings are held, and there carved on the front of the altar was the prayer of St. Francis for peace.

Her "Women's Anti-aggression League" Headquarters is largely occupied with a nursery for working mothers' children, distribution of relief clothes and other articles, etc. She has gathered together the wives of government officials and leading women for such volunteer work and she herself sets a heroic example.



First Lady of China, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, visits Cardinal Spellman Hall with the author. Father O'Hara spent many years on the mainland before being forced to transfer his work to Taiwan.



Orphans at Hwa Hsing orphanage are on their best behavior when Madame Kai-shek drops in with some American visitors on one of her regular rounds.

The orphanage for the "Warphans" which we visited has become a model for such work. It was first set up to care for the orphans left by the soldiers who died in the fighting at Ta Chen islands and then was extended to the orphans of other military men.

It was with great pride and gratitude that Madame Chiang led us through the spacious and spotlessly clean dining hall that she had built with the donations of Cardinal Spellman. The children chanted the "Our Father" in Chinese before their meal (as the orphanage is non-denominational) and all the visitors were touched by the genuine reverence and piety of the children during the prayer. A large marble plaque with an

inscription carved in both English and Chinese testifies to the gratitude of the First Lady and the orphans for this kind and useful gift of the American Cardinal.

Madame Chiang has devoted her efforts to the recovery of the Mainland by prayer and not by political means. In reply to a letter in which I wrote of offering Mass for the President and herself, she first expressed her gratitude and then wrote, "But please, Father, pray daily for our poor people who are suffering so much under the cruel yoke of Communism and the breakup of their beloved homes, so dear to the heart of a Chinese, by the Commune system."

ALBERT R. O'HARA S.J.



Living gold is piled up by salmon fishermen on the same Yukon of gold rush days.

THE MIGHTY "YUKE"

It is the life blood of Alaska and its people

JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

IN THE VAST stretches of the Alaskan wilderness, one of the missionary's best friends is the Yukon, Alaska's longest river. Originating in the Yukon Territory in Canada, it flows northwest to the Arctic Circle at Fort Yukon and then southwest across all of Alaska to the Bering Sea. Fifteen-hundred miles of twisting and turning from its source to the ocean, the mighty Yuke is one of the world's most famous rivers.

Did I say, "friend of the missionaries"? That's for sure! Dogsled Highway 99 in winter trips from station to station; Mission Canal for summer boating expeditions; Idlewild Airport for

winter flying with skis and summer flying on floats—the Yukon provides all.

While not a beautiful river because of the amount of mud it carries to the sea, the "mighty Yuke" has its quiet peaceful summer days which are a real joy to the priest in his boat. But it also has its days of fury when an upriver wind churns up waves as high as house-tops. These stormy days have driven more than one Father to an uninviting, mosquito-ridden bank, to slap away the hours until the waves are reduced to the weight class of his boat.

Any one of the ten Jesuit priests who work along the Yukon can tell you what

as a vital part the river plays in his work for Christ and souls. From its muddy summer waters come the King salmon (sometimes weighing more than a hundred pounds), the Eskimos' favorite dish, and also the only fish on the Yukon with a price on its head.

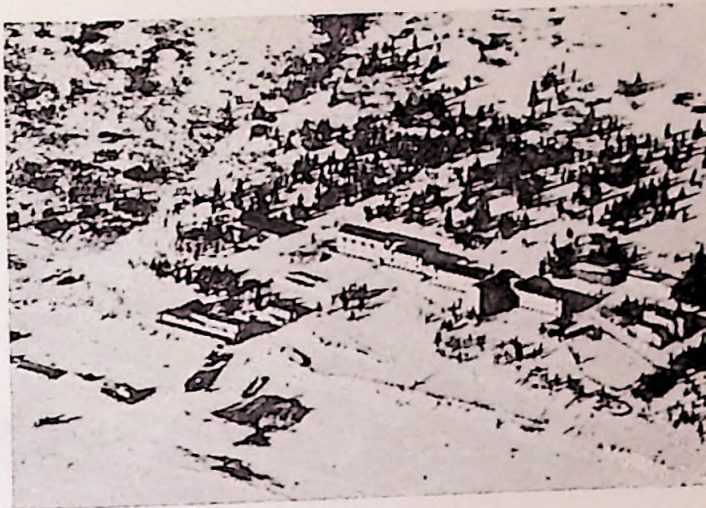
As the fur catch has been poor lately, the fish catch is the only solid boost to the river economy. When the King run has dwindled, the other items on the menu start upstream—pinks and silvers, in their turn. Some of these are cut, dried and smoked for human consumption, but most are for dog food.

Into this long muddy stream, smaller rivers pour crystal clear waters. But the "Yuke" is unperturbed by their taunts of "unclean" and within seconds of their entry into her brown waves, they are as muddy as she is.

I now live at St. Mary's Mission on the Andreafsky River, a tributary of the Yukon. As we go by boat on the ten-minute trip to the Yukon, we see the change from clear to just plain dirty water, but are able to forgive the "mighty Yuke" for many reasons.

On this river the barges of the Northern Commercial Company, in two trips, deliver all our supplies for the next twelve months. The Yukon is our canal for barge and boat which bring our 300 cords of fuel twenty miles to the banks of St. Mary's Mission. It is also our waterway for the commercial fuel barges that bring the necessary but very expensive gas and oil.

Now you know what I mean in calling the "mighty Yuke" a real friend. Filling our fish wheels and nets, carrying our necessities to us, and carrying us to the people, the Yukon has seen the whole history of Christianity in Alaska. From the first days of exploration for mission sites by Bishop Seghers and the Jesuit Fathers, to the Jesuits laboring on its banks today, the Yukon River is a silent witness of the development of America's biggest state.



From the air the famous mission of St. Mary's appears lost in the wilderness and mountain backdrop.



Picnics are another thing the mighty "Yuke" provides—with lots of pesky mosquitoes also thrown in.

Good catch means a lot to fishermen on the Yukon for the salmon is the only fish purchased by the canneries.



OF NAMES AND NICKNAMES

*Filipino names are not the result of
chance but have real meaning in them*

FRANCISCO MALLARI S.J.

FILIPINO NAMES often puzzle foreigners. They sometimes call Filipino names quaint. Luckily, most Filipinos, if not all, can explain and present reasons for their own names and nicknames.

Ever since the bright waters lapping the shining shores of the Philippines washed the feet of Spanish conquistadores; ever since every nook and cranny of the islands echoed with the evangelizing voices of Spanish Padres, Filipino parents have taken to the Catholic practice of giving the name of some saint to a baby at baptism. The Spanish

Gloria is certainly living up to her name when she dons her fancy headdress and then flashes her winningest smile.



Padres have taught the Filipinos that the patron saint would act as his namesake's guide and protector and inspiration in this earthly life. This spiritual teaching easily struck roots among the Filipinos, a people naturally and traditionally pliant to the teachings of the Church. So at every birth since then, they have turned to the Church calendar of names. The old tongue-twisting, native names which often come in a mouthful of consonants and vowels, like Ibn Batnikayad and Tangakad Tungadtik, gave way to the Christian Iberian names of Antonio, Estanislao, Francisco, Raymundo, and the like. In the rural areas, Antonios abound, in honor of St. Antony of Padua through whose intercession lost carabaos, cows and household articles have been found. Isidros are plentiful, too, in commemoration of the husbandman, St. Isidore, a generous intercessor for bountiful harvests.

The last war triggered a new tendency that swept through remote villages and towns. A couple brought a week-old baby for baptism.

"What's his name?" asked the Padre.
"Evacuito, Padre."

"There is no such a name in the calendar. Where did you dig it up?"



Guitaro might best fit this youngster at the moment—unless he is the Moon Mullins type who resents “Banjo eyes!”

“Well, he was born during the *evacuation*.” The accommodating Padre accepted the explanation.

The first batch of planes that raided Japanese installations in the Philippines was carrier-based Grumman Hellcats. Before one of the many raids, guerrilla grapevine passed the word around that Grumman planes would come in for the kill. Since then, every American plane has been a Grumman to the poor simple rural folks. And because the planes drove the enemy away, there is now a hallowed niche for the Grumman in



Tirso is personality plus, according to Father Vin Cullen whom he assists—but what do you guess his name means?

Umbrella undoubtedly, but called Ella for short. No need for a smile for she already has umbrella for that rainy day.





Candido of the Ateneo de Manila and a look at that open countenance and frank eyes concludes it was a good choice.

every farmer's heart, so much so, that one farmer called his boy, Grumman.

The Filipino's instinctive attraction towards novel and foreign things has in some way allowed the race for the conquest of space to lend a helping hand in naming one baby girl, through an inadvertent store clerk. A villager came to town to buy some linen for his newborn baby girl. The clerk wrapped the purchase in a local paper headlined, "Russian Sputnik Orbits." The girl was readily named Orbita, a novelty in rural nomenclature. Sputnik was probably rejected for lack of a feminine lilt to it.

A father who whiles away the noon hour under shady bending bamboo trees, reading vernacular translations of classical novels, has sons and daughters answering to the names, Carlomagno (Charlemagne), Roldan (Roland), Oliveros (Oliver), Fleriza, and Zorayda.

It is only fitting that a people so devoted to Our Lady should remember and honor her not only by imitating her virtues but also by using her titles for baptismal names. My relatives and friends named Concepcion, Consolacion, Lourdes, and Purificacion confirm this.

Some doting parents desperately in need of names with nice meanings and sweet sounds sometimes coin or pick words to serve their purpose, like Luzviminda, an amalgamation of the first syllables of the three names of the three main islands of Luzon, Visayas, and Mindanao; like Marivic, a concoction from Maria and Victoria; Fe (Faith), Esperanza (Hope), and Caridad (Charity). It is not surprising, therefore, to hear of an American soldier in the last war who exclaimed after receiving a free gift of fresh native fruits from a generous lady, "Oh, gee, this is very generous of you. What's your name?"

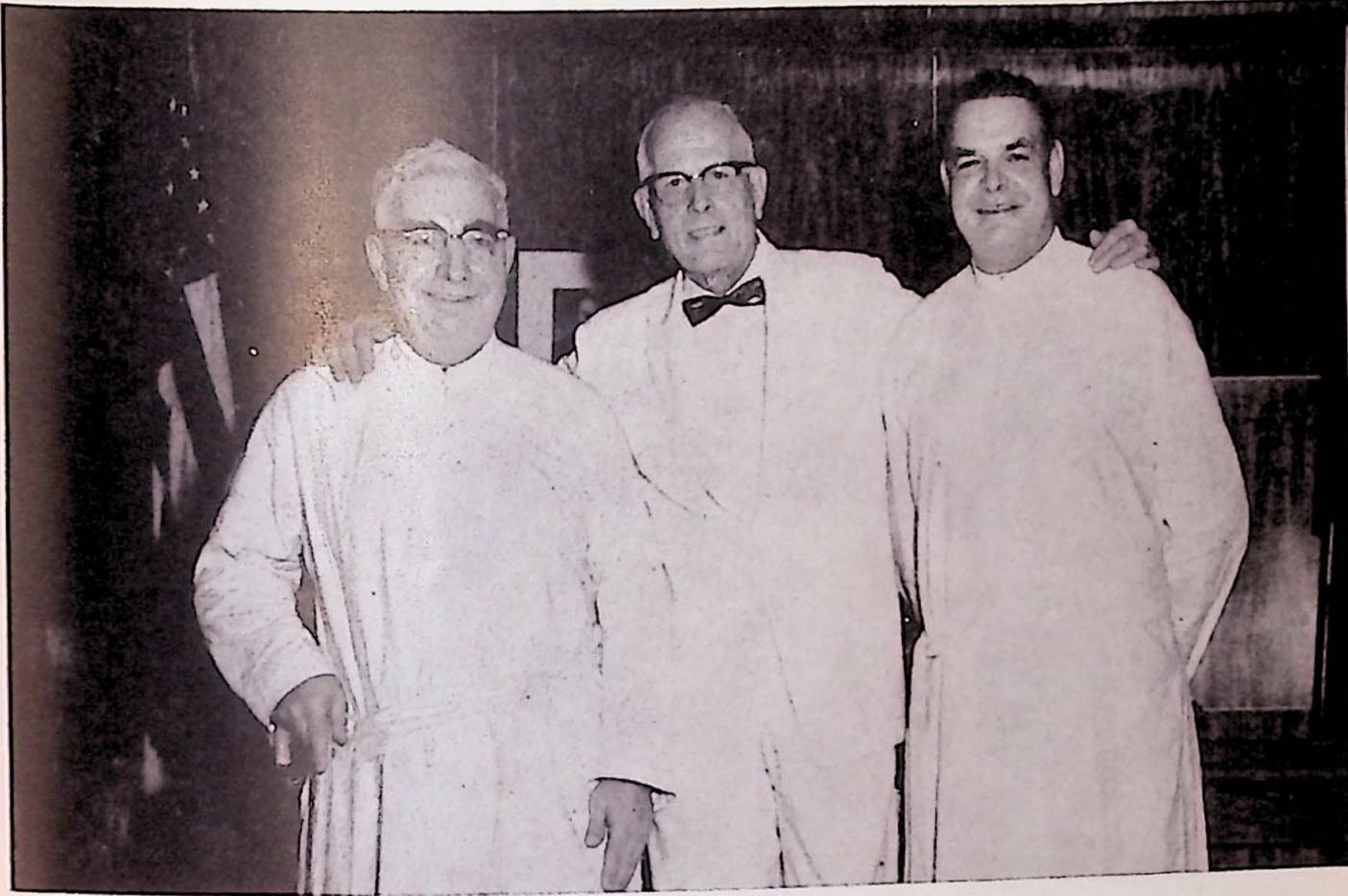
"Generosa," answered the lady, leaving the grateful soldier as grateful as ever, but no wiser than before.



Hold Up a Moment

We are now offering, for a limited time, a chance to subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS for SIX years at the ordinary five-year price—\$5.00. If you wish to enroll a friend, an attractive gift card will be sent, announcing your gift. A special Christmas card will be sent to your friend if you want to have your enrollment in the form of a Christmas gift. It makes your Christmas shopping easy.

FLASHES...



Gratitude is the keynote of Father Andrew Cervini's visit to the U.S. Veterans Association office in Manila, P.I., to thank Mr. Henry Grady Moore (center), the then Regional Office Manager, for all the magnificent help given to him. The Jesuit missionary lost a leg in World War II in the Philippines. At right is Fr. Cannon, National Sodality Director.

Hope is more than a virtue for Father John Magner S.J. (right) for he has received his appointment as Catholic Chaplain of the SS Hope I, the 15,000-ton hospital ship which sailed in late September for Southeast Asia. Staffed with American doctors, nurses and technicians, it will bring modern medical science in every form to that area. Father has spent 23 years in the East.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

All Souls' Chapel in Jhajha, India, is a mud building with a 14' by 12' room at one end which is "home" for Father Daniel Rice. It is a new mission station and its zealous pastor must start from the ground up. His plans call for \$5,000 and during this month of November we would like to make a beginning on that sum for All Souls' Chapel.

Used clothing in good condition is badly needed by the young Sioux Indians in South Dakota. Boys' and girls' underwear, socks, shirts, sweaters, etc. would be deeply appreciated. Practically anything you have could be put to good use. Please send directly to either of the Jesuit Missions in South Dakota: Father Pates at St. Francis, S.D., or Father Edwards at Holy Rosary, Pine Ridge.

A little-known picture of China's First Lady is given us by Father O'Hara on page 24. But also too little known is the work of the American Jesuits in the universities of Taiwan. Right now they are trying to establish a student center in Taipei, a valuable asset to their apostolic labors. Could you help them with a gift of \$2, \$5, or more?

The mighty Yukon of which Father Poole writes on page 26 cannot fulfill all his needs. He must "winterize" the cottage where the lay apostles live; he dreams of a deep well pump that will provide water for 300 people at St.

Mary's; he figures the expenses per month of each child in school at \$20. Could you give him a helping hand in any of these needs? A gift of any size would be most welcome.

The biggest Moslem village in Ceylon is only yards away from the church and shrine of St. Theresa which Father Clarkson is building. But his pocketbook can only cover the walls and roof; he still needs funds for altar, vestments, shrine, etc. It means a lot to see this through to completion and we beg you to do whatever you can to hasten it.

A windowless winter in Montana is not very appealing and the Indian boys and girls at St. Paul's Mission in Hays can shiver even in anticipation. The windows cost \$15 each and a good number are needed. Can you donate one?

The Cullion leper colony in the Philippines has been devastated by two typhoons. Eight out of ten mission chapels were destroyed as well as many of the tiny houses of lepers, their crops, etc. Over 5,000 people live in the colony and they are in dire straits. Even the smallest offering will mean much.

Running a model farm is difficult without water. Fathers Matthews and Dawson in India desperately need pumps, pipes, etc. for irrigation. Could you help them?

'They fought the Communists!'



In Kerala, India, the Catholic fishermen and their families battled the Reds—and won! But it is only a temporary victory unless the Catholics can consolidate their gains. To do this, the zealous Bishop Pereira is trying to set up a training center where trades other than fishing can be taught. Otherwise the same economic difficulty which gave the Communists their first foothold will still remain. Will you help these courageous people with a gift of five dollars or more?

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THE MASS is the greatest gift you can offer for your dear ones who have departed this life. During November, the Month of the Holy Souls, remember them in this most precious way. We will arrange to have a Jesuit missionary offer the Holy Sacrifice for your intentions.

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