

JESUIT MISSIONS

APRIL 1961



SIoux JUBILEE
Diamond Anniversary of St. Francis' Mission

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National Magazine of the American Je



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

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Philippine Legion of Honor Award is presented to Father J. Edward Haggerty S.J., the famed "Guerilla Padre" in Mindanao during World War II. The West Virginia-born priest has spent over a quarter of a century laboring for the Filipino people.



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75 Years in the Dakotas

JOSEPH S. KAROL S.J.

● St. Francis Mission

What other people in history have risen so fast from a way of life bordering on the primitive to civilization?

ST. FRANCIS MISSION, St. Francis, South Dakota, began its seventy-fifth year of service last fall by enrolling a record four hundred and twenty-one students in the mission school. There are three hundred and nineteen students in the grades and one hundred and two in the high school. Of this number, three hundred and seventy-five are boarders.

Clarence Walking Eagle blends the old with the new, the headdress and the Christian smile.



This marks a tremendous growth since 1885, when the first Jesuit missionaries arrived on the Rosebud Reservation at the invitation of Chiefs Big Turkey, Left Hand Bull, and other leaders of the Rosebud Sioux, to begin work at St. Francis Mission. It soon became a center of spiritual, educational, and agricultural activity serving the Indian and white population of south central South Dakota and north central Nebraska.

It was in the fall of 1885 that the first building of St. Francis Mission was erected—with a capacity of 50 boys and girls. It was made possible through the generosity of Miss Drexel, the founder of the Congregation of Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. The name of St. Francis (of Assisi) was chosen in memory of her dead father, a Philadelphia banker.

It was on Jan. 1, 1886 that Father John Jutz S.J., and Brother Nunlist S.J., took possession of St. Francis Mission as it was then, and the Sisters of St. Francis of Stella Niagara (near Buffalo), N.Y., took over the duties of management and education of the girls.

But the activities of the mission are not confined entirely to the education of

This was for all men, white and red, black and yellow, explains veteran Father Parry.

the boys and girls who attend school here. The priests also look after the spiritual welfare of the Indian and white people of the area. Eight priests are in charge of 23 mission stations, doing missionary work among the Indians in the area. There are also seven Jesuit Brothers at the Mission and ten Franciscan Sisters.

Father Pates, the personable superintendent here, is just 40 years old. He was ordained in 1950, coming to St. Francis as its superintendent in 1957. Father Pates, a native of St. Paul, Minn., served as chaplain at Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kans., an Indian vocational institute, and later taught at Regis College and Marquette.

"We try to provide our students with a well-rounded education," Father Pates said. "We emphasize the academic work, but we also realize the need for vocational courses." He explained that boys are given training in carpentry, auto mechanics, farm machinery mechanics, electricity, plumbing and woodworking. Girls are given intensive training in secretarial work and in home economics. "We are very proud," the young mission superintendent said, "to see so many of our girls working in offices at the Rosebud agency and in other offices."

Close to 90 per cent of the students are from South Dakota and it is estimated that close to 50 per cent of those enrolled are fullblooded Indian boys and girls. Other states represented are Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and North Dakota.

Fires have plagued the school in its 75 years of history, with all of the original building being destroyed at one time or the other. It was through the efforts of the late Brother Hartman, along with Indian labor, that the buildings of the campus here were rebuilt.

"They're poured concrete buildings." Father Pates explained. "Except for some modernization and repair, they've stood



the test very well. We hope to have our new gymnasium completed by next spring," he added. The new gym building will serve not only for athletics and a physical educational program, but will likewise be a center of many mission and community activities.

But it takes a lot of money to run this extensive operation. For example, over 1200 meals are served each day. It takes about 60 pounds of meat each meal, it requires 150 loaves of bread, some 30



Blackrobe of today, Eugene Merz S.J., teaches Rosary to Ben Black Bear. Agnes Swimmer (above) reveals the attractiveness of the Sioux.

gallons of milk a day, about eight and a half pounds of butter per meal and some three bushels and a half of potatoes. There's also the giant fuel bill.

"Without benefactors and people interested in our work here, this mission could not have continued for 75 years," Father Pates added.

A center of attraction for visitors is the beautiful Indian museum started by Father Eugene Buechel, who served the mission for 50 years before his death in 1955. Although the cold wind pelted down with sleet, hundreds of Indians and whites from miles around came to St. Francis to attend funeral rites for Father Buechel in the church he had built. As the crowd left the church and turned east, they passed a small, one room, cream-colored building of concrete block. It is a memorial to Father Buechel's love of the Sioux—a museum of Sioux artifacts that is perhaps one of the best in the country.

In its trim interior are 1,500 items once

used by the Sioux—utensils, clothing, cradles, games, pipes, saddles, bows and arrows, war bonnets, and many others all neatly arranged in natural groupings and identified by card. Father Buechel finished the work of furnishing the museum shortly before he died.

In one of the cabinets are a bow and a scalp-bedecked war shirt that belonged to Crazy Horse. But Father Buechel was not too great an admirer of the Sioux leader. He preferred Red Cloud because of the chief's work for peace and for Christianity and because he had been Red Cloud's friend and spiritual guide in the last years of the chief's life.

While Father Buechel was pastor of the church in Pine Ridge during 1908, Chief Red Cloud was living just east of the agency town and was one of his parishioners. When the chief died in 1909, his pastor conducted the funeral and burial at Holy Rosary Mission. It was a lonely ceremony, Father Buechel later recalled. Only 12 Indian police and the



Linda Eagle Deer makes a suitable offering to the Little Flower. The late Father Buechel (right) several years ago interviewed in the Lakota dialect two old women who were born before St. Francis Mission was started.



Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters from the mission attended the burial.

Perhaps it was the death of Red Cloud that started the missionary on his Sioux collection. The passing of the great chief may have shown him that the old Sioux culture would pass away, too, and that its memory should be preserved. So, in 1912, while he was a superior at Holy Rosary Mission, he began the collection.

Through his work, language study, and artifact collecting, Father Buechel gradually so identified himself with the Sioux that he unconsciously got into the habit of saying, "We Indians would say or do that this way." It was the manner of speaking of a man who loved his adopted people and who was loved by them.

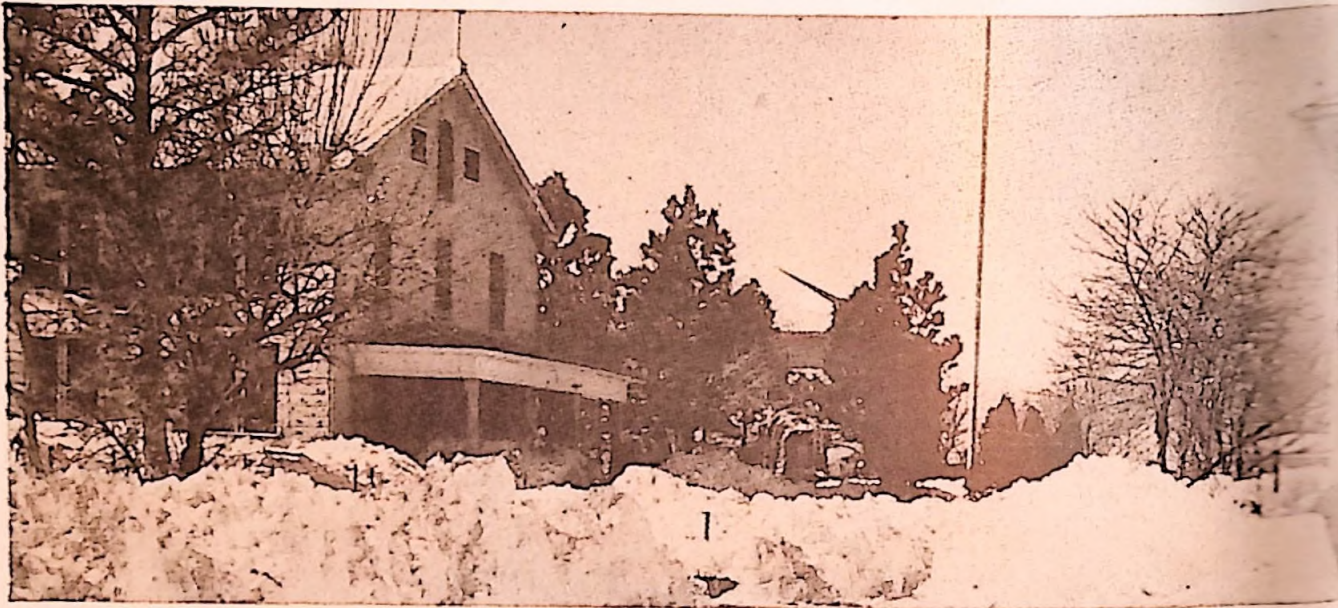
He loved the Sioux with a Christian love because he was their priest, and with a family love because he was their brother. The only time his usually calm cheerful manner changed to bristling anger was when anyone criticized the Indians, for he considered it a slur on himself.

Father Buechel's favorite argument was that no people in history had risen so fast from a primitive life to civilization as has the Sioux. Whereas the English, Irish, German, and other European barbaric people had become civilized gradually over the centuries, and could absorb civilization in a leisurely manner, the Indians had been whirled into it. And yet in about 75 years they had moved from the stone age and had made a marvelous adaptation to modern civilization. Father Buechel had seen the change himself. In fact, during his 49 years of work for the Sioux, he had helped to bring about the change, and he was only one of many who labored for the Indians.

So as we celebrate three quarters of a century at St. Francis Mission among the Sioux let us remember a people who have passed through a crucible unrivalled in history—and the men and women of God who guided them in those trying days. It is a monument of achievement and devotion through seventy-five years.

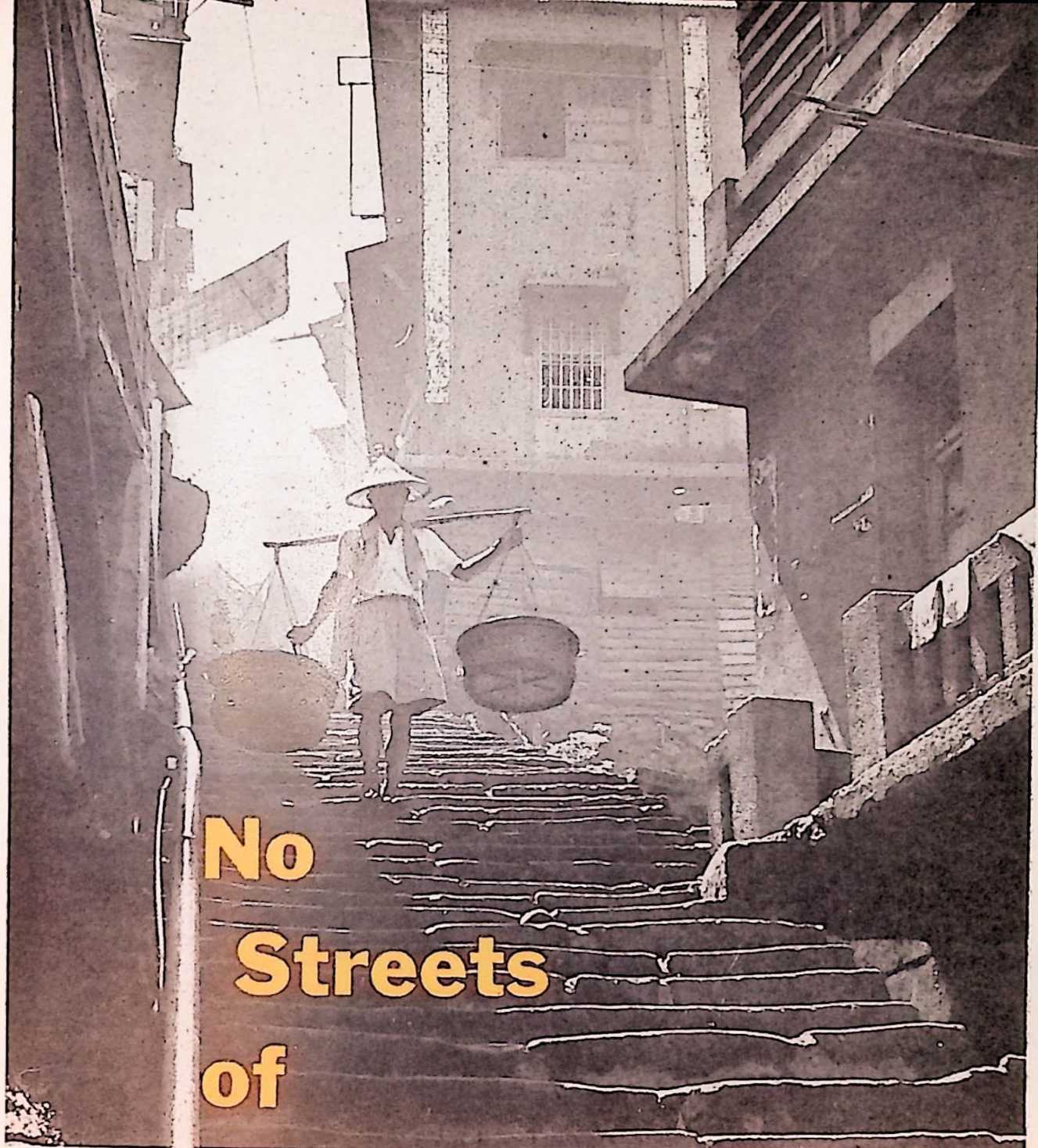


75 YEARS IN THE DAKOTAS



They look hopefully to St. Francis Mission even when the Dakota winter comes in its fury.





No Streets of

GOLD

CHIUFEN IS A TOWN OF GOLD, hung on a mountain side in northern Taiwan. But its streets are not of gold, simply because there are no streets. There are stairways laced with bamboo pipes which carry the water supply but the haphazard arrangement of the houses and shops preclude the need of streets as such.

Father Fred Foley S.J. toiled on foot (and, of course, with camera) up and down its narrow lanes on one occasion and has given us a visual record of that time. It is a phase of Formosan life that is not often recognized for we are accustomed to think of Free China's stronghold in terms of rice and other agricultural crops. But in Chiufen alone, about 10,000 people work at gold mining. It is not one of Taiwan's major industries but it is a facet of the rapidly developing industrial boom. When one remembers that the economy is fundamentally an island one, and therefore agricultural, this has added significance.



Shades of the Yukon as a miner pans free gold from sand near the seashore. Washing, sifting, and running over clay beds are various ways of collecting a small amount of the metal.

Chiufen in its lonely solitude may not make the headlines but in a way it symbolizes Taiwan as the refuge of Free China. The people must work hard and the return is not too satisfying but they are still free men and women. They do not know the oppression of the Communist regime on the mainland across the water and they can sing and laugh in their up-and-down town.



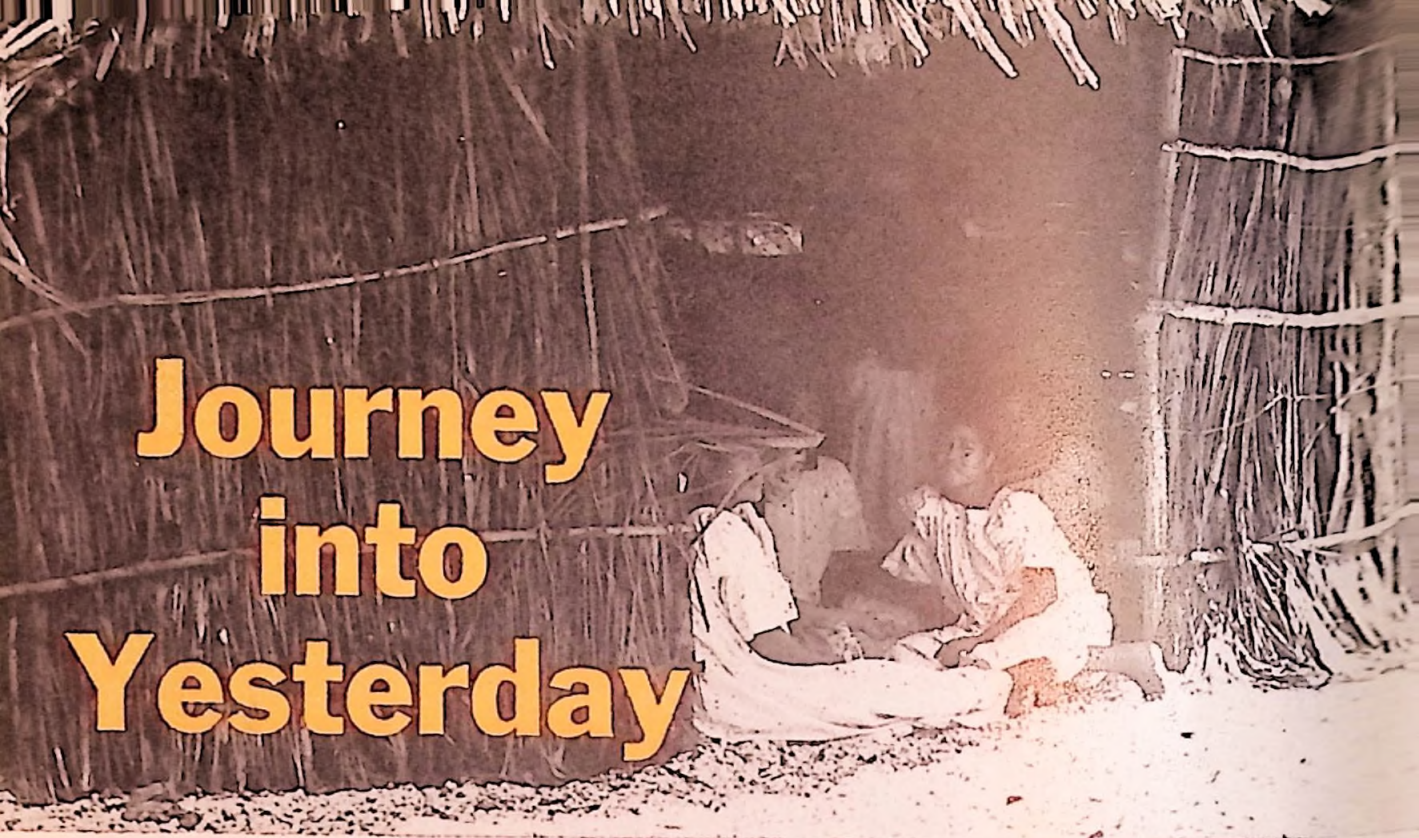
Men must work but this miner has the real smile of a free man as he goes into the mine.



And women can weep as they carry their burdens up and down the town without streets.



Sturdy legs are in order and are not hard to come by in this town with stairs for streets.

A photograph showing two individuals, possibly a man and a woman, sitting on the ground in front of a traditional thatched hut. The hut's walls are made of vertical wooden poles or bamboo, and the roof is made of thick, layered thatch. The scene is set outdoors on a sandy or dirt ground. The lighting is natural, suggesting daylight.

Journey into Yesterday

The final leg of the trip through the Western Carolines with its penetrating glimpses of another way of living

BISHOP VINCENT I. KENNALLY S.J.

THE PEOPLE HERE on Fais, mostly new Christians and in a minority, were rather restrained in their welcome, perhaps because right next to where we landed was a pagan shrine decked out with offerings. We went up the hill and well inland before we came to the little

chapel. It was the smallest and the poorest of all the island chapels. However, already a larger site had been chosen and the trees felled for a more spacious church. Certainly it will be welcome as it was like a steam bath in the small chapel when all the people crowded in.

Footnote from Father Walter:

Bishop Kennally's tour was a huge success. The weather was near perfect and the ocean was smooth as a duck-pond for most of the five weeks. We hoisted sail only twice but the Mission schooner "Star of the Sea" was never "idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." We had previously placed twenty-four drums of diesel fuel at various locations in the atolls.

As the schooner sailed from atoll to atoll, it was easy to notice that the people considered the Bishop's visit a major event in their history. And it was, indeed, a unique

occasion. It was the first time a Bishop had set foot on their soil, and it was their first opportunity to view the Bishop in pontifical robes and mitre with a staff in his hand. The people, their faces lit up with shining eyes and happy expressions, were overjoyed at his appearance and gave him a royal welcome.

Although new in the Faith, the fervor of these people, is impressive. Many go to church three times a day, every day—for morning prayer or Mass at 7:00 A.M., Rosary at sundown and night prayers in the evening. They flock to Mass and the Sacraments whenever there is an opportunity. And converts are diligent in learning the prayers and the doctrine. The Bishop had over 400

I said Mass about noon and after Mass conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on eleven candidates.

After Father Walter's Mass came what can best be described as part of his social apostolate. It was carried out on every island, but here on Fais it illustrated most clearly the need as well as the effectiveness of it in winning a hearing for the teaching of the Faith. Father Walter had brought from Ulithi cartons of goods which the people had asked him to order from mail-order houses in the States and elsewhere, perhaps six months or a year before. These are no luxury items, but as already mentioned, the trading companies which operate on the government ship are very deficient in supplying the needs of the people and the infrequent visits afford little time to place orders. Father Walter supplies that need with infinite patience. The women want strong thread which they have found is more readily woven than the vegetable fiber they use for their lava lavas. Father Walter writes letters until he has found where the best can be bought most cheaply.

Men wanted special fish hooks, Japanese style; there is no mail order book for that, so the Father draws an outline of the hook to send to Japan. They want

fish lines of different tensile strength; he takes a sample of each to be sent away to be matched. They want pots for cooking. This was one of Father Walter's most famous 'buys.' He found he could get large stainless steel pots, practically indestructible, for ten dollars each if bought in quantities. When that news got around, everybody wanted them. He invested over two thousand dollars in them, sold them all at cost and not a single purchaser reneged on payment.

The principle he works on is this. The people pay when the goods are delivered as Father does not want to take a chance on accepting money for orders and have some accident intervene that would prevent delivery with the consequent danger of being held responsible for the loss. It may take a year. The people are patient. They know the Father will be as good as his word. There is nothing in the government setup to take the place of this service. Catholics and pagans all depend on it. It is a shining example of the use of creatures to which St. Ignatius would nod approval.

All the individual orders are noted down in a book with names, amount, description. When Father Walter gets back to his base at Yap or Ulithi, he goes into the infinite details of listing the items

Confirmations for the trip. I also took a complete census and rectified 13 of 15 bad marriages. In all my territory there are now only two bad marriages, which is a good indication of the firm Faith and sincerity of the people. No Bishop could have been prouder of his flock than Bishop Kennally was during his tour of this isolated corner of his vast mission.

And no Bishop could have appeared more humble and dignified than Bishop Kennally at Fais Island. Chief Mahol, pagan head chief of the island, a huge man with a full body tattoo, was our host. At the conclusion of our visit, we passed through the coconut grove and arrived down at the

beach. There, pulled up on the sand near the edge of the shore, was a large canoe. Stout poles had been lashed across the bow and stern. Chief Mahol led Bishop Kennally to the canoe and invited him to mount it. At first hesitant, the Bishop obeyed. Then, more than a dozen stalwart, bronze-skinned men stepped forward, raised the canoe aloft, adjusted the poles to their shoulders, and waded into the sea. When the water reached their chests and the canoe was floating, the poles were removed, the men climbed aboard and paddled the canoe out to the "Star of the Sea." Chief Mahol's graciousness and thoughtfulness were typical of the warm receptions at every island.



Open to the breezes is this Caroline Island home visited by Fathers McGowan and Fahey.

and sending away for them. You can imagine what a time-consuming task that is, but it is truly a part of the apostolate. It will result on Fais, as elsewhere, in bringing chiefs first to a friendly attitude, as all this is good for their people, and then with time and prayer, to inquiry into the motives which animate the Father, and finally to a request for instruction. We met the head chief, a pagan, who was very friendly and had presents of island

Thanks to Brother Raymond Whalen S.J., who was both captain and navigator, the trip was without mishap from beginning to end. Many a sleepless night he spent steering the schooner through these treacherous seas dotted with reefs and hidden shoals.

But shortly after the Bishop left us, we were hit with the worst typhoon of my experience. The old men say there's nothing like it since the typhoon of 1907. The whole village on Mogmog Island is destroyed. As the houses began going, the people crowded into the church until the whole population was assembled. Every hour on the hour we prayed the Rosary.

tobacco and woven baskets. Then back over the dangerous surf to the *Star* without mishap and we were off. The direct course to Yap took us through Ulithi so we made the over-night run back to Azor.

I said Mass ashore there in the morning and Father Walter went over to Falalap for a last minute check on his mail. In the afternoon we headed for the north pass out of the Ulithi lagoon which took us past Mogmog. It was a rather rough night as we were heading right into wind and seas from the southwest. Morning, however, revealed the hills of Yap dead ahead, a welcome sight, after the low coral islands which were all we had seen since leaving Truk.

One real exciting event marked the morning. As we moved slowly into the lee of Yap, we sighted the *Gunnersknot*, hull down on the horizon, which we judged was bound from Koror to Guam. This freighter, commanded by Captain O'Neill, was familiar as it makes a trip about once in six weeks through the Carolines and Marshalls. What was our surprise as we watched, to see her change course and come up behind us until we were abeam. She blew her whistle and slowed down until up on her bridge we could see Captain O'Neill and beside him. Father Gerald Cuddy S.J., Xavier High School professor who had left Truk shortly after the *Star of the Sea* set out. He was bound for

The waves came to the very door of the church and the water was ankle-deep inside. Two heavy canoes were picked up by the terrific winds and crashed down on the roofs of houses. Flying timbers and tree trunks smacked through the roof in three places. Thank God we built in concrete. The people say many lives were saved because of the church. There was no panic, not even among the women and children. No one was killed but there were minor injuries. My storage building was completely destroyed and because of the continuing strong winds and heavy rains little will be salvaged. But we escaped with our lives and are very thankful.



At Faraulap Bishop Kennally is ferried into the lagoon by small boat with outboard motor.

Guam and Honolulu for summer school work. They shouted down to us through megaphones and we waved and shouted back. It was a happy *ave atque vale* just at the end of our long journey.

It seemed to take an interminable length of time to get around the long southern reef of Yap but we finally reached the pass into the quiet harbor. We made a perfect approach to the landing where at 2.00 P.M. ready hands grasped our lines and brought us safely in. We had been five weeks out of Truk. Father John F. X. Condon, Father Bailey, the Maryknoll Sisters from the school together with a crowd of welcoming natives were waiting. I was happy to offer a fervent Mass of Thanksgiving in honor of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, that evening in the mission church at Yap.

As a kind of anti-climax, we had one more visit to make to Ngulu, an island about 65 miles southwest of Yap. But it was important, as the people of this isolated island had been hard hit by a typhoon in December 1959 and Father Walter had been unable to visit them since. When we arrived early in the morning, the welcome repaid the bad weather and rough seas. These people are akin to Yapese in language and style of housing. Even their church is built on a raised stone platform and set off by a fine coral pebble "yard," spotlessly clean.

The story of our gala reception at Yap that took place the evening we returned from Ngulu must wait a separate telling. I had often visited Yap by plane or ship in former years and there had always been a cordial welcome. But for *this* visit of their Bishop, they had been preparing for months. This time he would come all the way by sea and in his own sailing ship. That made the difference! Never any place, had I ever seen anything so colorful, so carefully prepared, so artistically presented, as the banquet and dances that the people of Yap presented that night.

But—another time—let this little account of the voyage through these islands of the Pacific prompt a prayer to Our Lady that she may keep them in her care for her Divine Son—that these people and their missionary may be blessed with His love and His grace.

Hand weaving on looms is practiced throughout the islands and many women are experts.





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Carefully Father Tom investigated the time element. Yes, at the moment these men had died the mukluks had stopped swinging! In some strange way, as more and more recent studies are showing, simple and primitive people have their own mental telepathy. It makes one speculate on man's dormant powers.

Father Rothenfuss has spent a half century in Ceylon. He has a world of stories and experiences but it is a rare occasion when he can be brought to divulge any of them. But one recently came to light, an episode that dates back to the days of the First World War.

On his way to Sorikalmunai for Christmas Masses, he and his bullock cart driver got caught in a hole in the flooded road. The bulls could not budge the cart out of the mud. After every possible effort had been made, without avail, they resigned themselves to spending the night in the cart.

Just then a man came along and the driver asked him to help them out. The stranger took the reins, threw them over the heads of the bulls and they, with only half an effort, followed the man to high ground. Not a word did the stranger utter. He gave back the reins and went off along the ridge of the rice field.

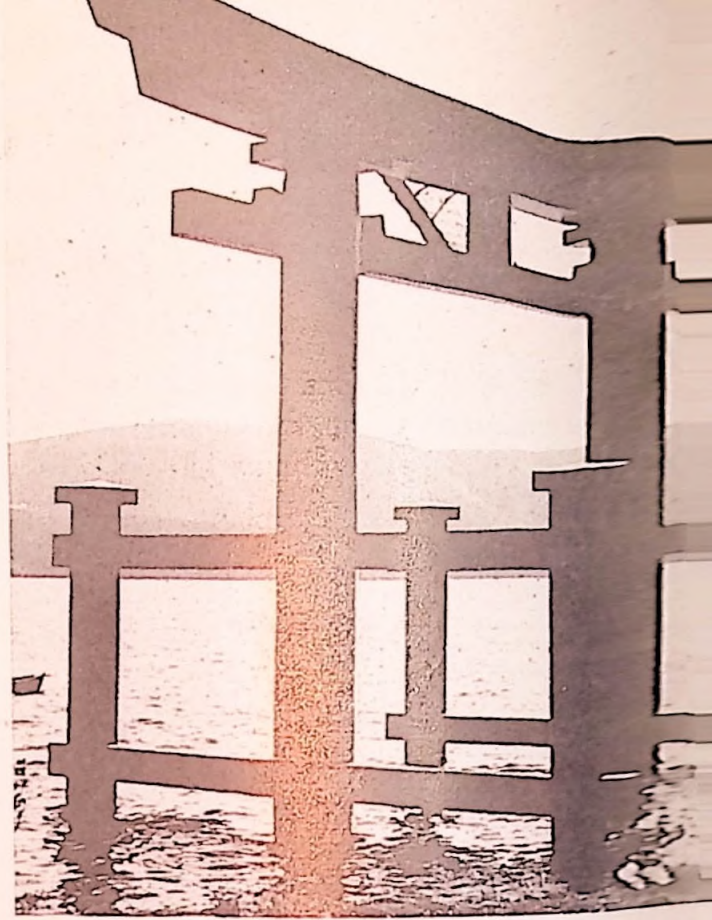
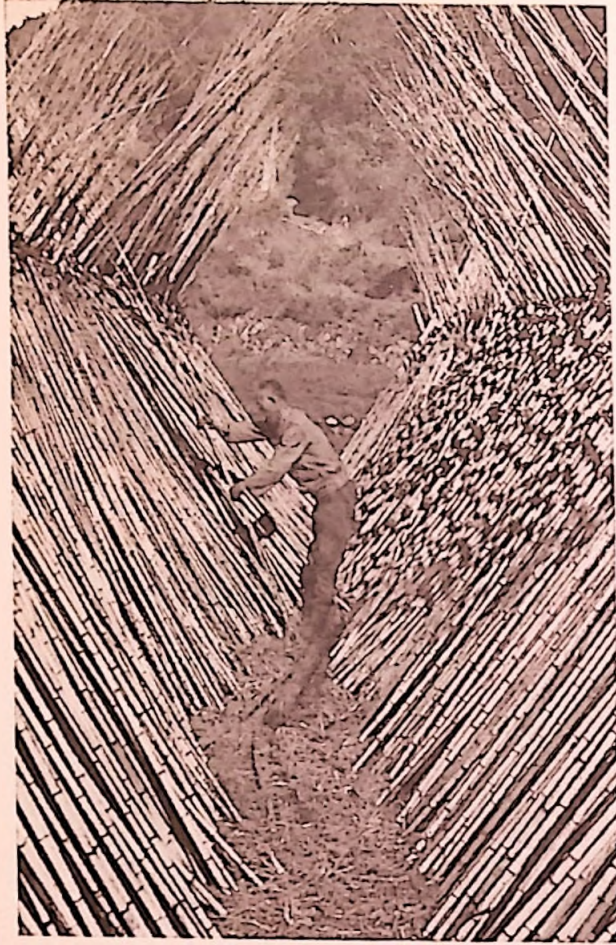
The driver knew everyone within a day's journey but had never seen this man before. And Father Rothenfuss shrugs and says, "I have always puzzled over it, too."

April Mission Intention

"The zealous fostering of vocations to the Foreign Missions among Catholics."

Distinctive Japanese decoration is this *tori* (right) at Lake Ashi in Hakone National Park.

Fishing poles are a way of life in populous Japan and are used for food and not for fun.



Nippon Patterns

You know it's important but it means more realizing these orphans are in bread line.



*Japan is a land of contrasts, of East absorbing the West, of
yesterday struggling with today, of prosperity and soul hunger*

JOHN S. FORSTER S.J.

IN THE ORIENT, new things and old are interwoven so inveterately one never grows tired gazing there. Sudden and unprovided changes sweep over you and you feel the tenseness in the atmosphere. Crises like the Korean war or the Diet riots break out suddenly and though they leave a lasting mark, soon pass into the oblivion of history. We are poised between East and West, and moved with a deep desire for freedom and a very real fear of war and atomic retaliation.

When I first came to Japan, Tokyo was a burnt out forest of gaunt smoke stacks. Now its center is a large ultra-modern city with buildings comparing favorably with those of any new city in the world, and its outskirts an enormous village housing the millions of the world's largest city. The rage and misery of war's end have disappeared and the people as a whole are well-clothed and have something in the dinner pail. Still, all the grown-ups and the teenagers remember those unhappy far off things and are really worried when comrade Khrushchev rattles his rockets.

Well, here we are in the stream of things and feel the pulsation of life. I am not sure what will interest you most, but shall try to put together a few random thoughts and impressions.

Nagoya. It was during World War II that I first became aware of this city's existence. At the time I was teaching at Gonzaga in Spokane. There was a headline in the papers: "Iwata Iron Works Bombed in Nagoya." By a coincidence I had two very fine nisei boys in class. They were the Iwata brothers. In a recent trip to Nagoya, that headline and those two brothers flashed again on the screen of memory. I wonder where they are now.

Like all Japanese industrial cities, Nagoya was almost completely burnt out during the war. It was slower than Tokyo in making a come-back, but in the last three years has had a real boom. The streets have been widened and straightened, many into boulevards. It sports a civic center with laid out lawns, shrubbery and playing fountains. The new TV tower is the second highest in Japan. It has a race track and a civic stadium. Besides being considerably smaller (only 1½ million), it differs in other ways too from Tokyo. As indicated above, the capital is an enormous village with a large beautiful city in its center, whereas Nagoya's pretentious new buildings sprawl all over town, side by side with humble dwellings and even shacks that are only gradually being moved to the outskirts.

If Tokyo is the New York and Osaka the Chicago of Japan, then Nagoya is its Detroit. The famous Toyota Motor Factories are located here. It is the birthplace of the "Toyopetto." A former name of one of the American cars "the whipper" took the fancy of a Nagoya manufacturer, so his brain child was named the Toyopet. A baby Volkswagon, called the "Subaru" has appeared on the market along with the three-wheeler delivery wagon. It is the smallest four-wheel car I have ever seen. The wheels including tire are hardly more than 12 inches in diameter. It has a little "Evinrude"-like motor in the trunk and is said to get fabulous mileage out of a gallon of gas. But you must not urge it along too fast, or allow it near a chuck hole. Riding in it almost gives you the feeling of sitting on the highway, and when you see one of those enormous diesel jobs coming towards you, you feel like ducking under

its chassis, but had better not, the clearance isn't quite enough, you would be a squashed mosquito. And speaking of vehicles, their trucks and buses compare with the best in the world. Most of them are made for the big companies and they have only one aim, serviceability. The car, however, is not on the whole as good as the foreign ones. That is, those that are not for export. Perhaps, because the aim is immediate profit. For instance, most of them have only two doors. When

More than half the arable land is used for growing rice, the chief food of the country.



they want a door for the back seat, they might even make a three-door car. I suppose it is to save the extra ten dollars or so for a fourth door.

But let us continue our journey back to the East Capital, called Tokyo. The autumn sun is pleasant and the hills to our left (north) rise tier upon tier in vivid green. Behind them black clouds have piled up over Mt. Fuji, which we cannot see but know is covered with snow. The railroad of the coastline runs through the adjacent farmland and town and every now and then skirts the sand beaches. A brisk breeze was blowing from the southeast and the face of the ocean showed whitecaps far out to where strips of clouds reached down to the skyline. From there on our imagination roamed over the bent world to where the Pacific washes the shores of Seattle and San Francisco. The towns we passed through showed a measure of prosperity. A strange modern growth, a leafless wood of TV antennae had sprung up over the rooftops of the houses.

The rice crop in the field was in varying process of harvest. The plants which looked much like sheaves of barley were hung by the heels to dry in the sun. Stout bamboo poles, some three inches in diameter and ten yards in length were laid on tripods made from bamboo of lesser diameter. Stretches of these looked like a rail fence. Over these, the rice sheaves hung ears downward. In some farms we could see them threshing the rice with small gas-driven machines about the size of a fanning mill.

The next time you order tea on the diner, ask for green tea, instead of orange pekoe. Shizuoka (Quiet Hills) is the heart of the Japanese tea industry. The hills here are dark green with the tea plants. These grow to a height of about three feet and are kept trimmed round like holly bushes. In this region, we crossed the Dragon River which makes quite a show of strength as it leaps down the



Patterns in salt as salt sand is dried out on shores of Inland Sea before separation.

mountains, but seems to lose all its energy in the sand banks nearing the seashore. We crossed it at a point where two great man-made dykes marked its two shores, over an old-fashioned steel bridge of 15 spans. At this time the walls looked like a waste of labor. But the people respect "ole man dragon river" because a mere typhoon can stir its wrath. Then it sometimes bursts its banks and carries death and ruin into the rice plains beyond. Literally centuries of labor have gone into those river walls, and beautiful cut stone monuments they make to man's struggle against the elements.

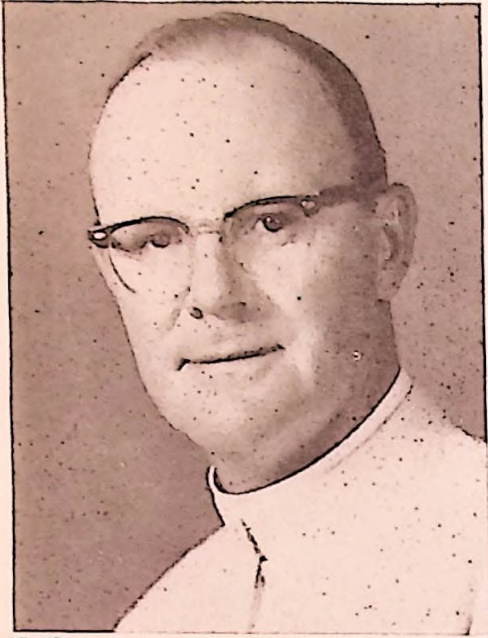
We left the country of rice and tea behind us and plunged through the Tana Tunnel, the longest in Japan. We again emerged into the sunlight at The Warm Sea (Atami) a health resort clinging to the mountains at a point where they dip into the sea. The railroad picks its way precariously from ledge to ledge, looks down at the sea spray below, looks up



Soul hunger can grip one as strongly as the hunger of body and both can beget deep fear.

at the gold green orange ridges above, and after ten or fifteen miles of this, comes out on the plain of Odawara. From here we rushed through the rain that we had seen building up behind Mt. Fuji when we were on the other side of it.

In the sunlit pathway beneath my window stands a child of maybe nine summers. I wish you could see her or that I could send you a color photo of her in her pink dress, with her brown wistful eyes looking into far mysteries beyond; with her black hair cut back, as you must have seen it in pictures of Japanese children. Now she is gone again and I cannot help thinking of Tokyo's teeming millions, of whom she is one little representative. They all seem to look with brown wonder-waiting eyes up and beyond. You can almost see the hunger in their hearts for someone who will understand and love them; for the only One, though they know it not, Who is able to fill their human hearts.



Father O'Shea worked among the American Indians before getting stuck in the mud of Central America.



My Name is **MUD**

JOHN F. O'SHEA S.J.

The common touch is never lacking when a missionary along the coast of British Honduras sets out to do his job

MY FIELD LIES SOUTH OF BELIZE in British Honduras, along the coastal settlements near Stann Creek where every river mouth and sandbar has its cluster of tiny houses. The country is low and swampy, covered by heavy vegetation and numerous lagoons. On various occasions I have come to grips with the land—and it is like wrestling with a greased python.

Places like Hopkins, Seine Bight, Placentia and Monkey River (well named, by the way) can be reached only by boat. Sittee River and Mullens River can be visited by jeep when the river is low enough to ford; otherwise only by boat. And that's where the human equation which is the weakness of all computing machines enters in. I make the decision whether or not the jeep can make it. And am I fallible!

On one trip I made to Mullens River, about nine miles up the coast from Stann Creek, I got stuck in the mud with my jeep. I struggled for an hour to get free but that mud was in strict control. As it was getting dark, I put my Mass kit on my back and started walking through the swamp. That laddie who wrote the song about pursuing



Boats galore but they stay close to Belize where the business in freighting is brisk.

Chloe through the dismal swampland had never spent much time in the Mullens River mud. At times the mud and swamp were above my knees. It took me three hours to get through and when I reached the settlement I just kept on walking—right into the sea where I vainly tried to remove through washing the mud, leeches and other slimy things. The job was far from successful.

The next morning my clothes were still wet and my shoes so soggy that I said Mass barefooted. I promised myself that from now on a boat was very much in order on any trip to Mullens River. So when it came time to prepare the children for the Bishop's coming and Confirmation I put my promise on the line.

Captain Martin has a small freighter which plies between Stann Creek and Belize so he readily consented to help

me over the nine miles to Mullens River. So on Thursday he put me off in a dug-out canoe abreast of the settlement, promising to pick me up on Sunday on his return from Belize. I remembered the jeep and the mud and smiled smugly to myself. That was to be my last smile for a long, long time.

But on Saturday word came that Captain Martin was freighting and would not be returning to Stann Creek. For the life of me, I couldn't find a lighter or dory which would be heading southward. All were Belize-bound with farm produce. One captain suggested I ride along to Belize and catch the regular passenger vessel back to Stann Creek. Unthinkingly, I promptly agreed.

The rain postponed our departure a day; then we started out in the face of northerly winds and as a result were only



Carib woman prepares dinner. There are a good number of Caribs around Stann Creek.

two miles from Mullens River after four hours. So the captain hove to for the night but the pitching and tossing of the craft were contagious and my stomach began to do the same. So back to Mullens River (I'm getting to know that place) and a morrow's departure with the promise that we would be in Belize by noon. So I decided to fast and say Mass there.

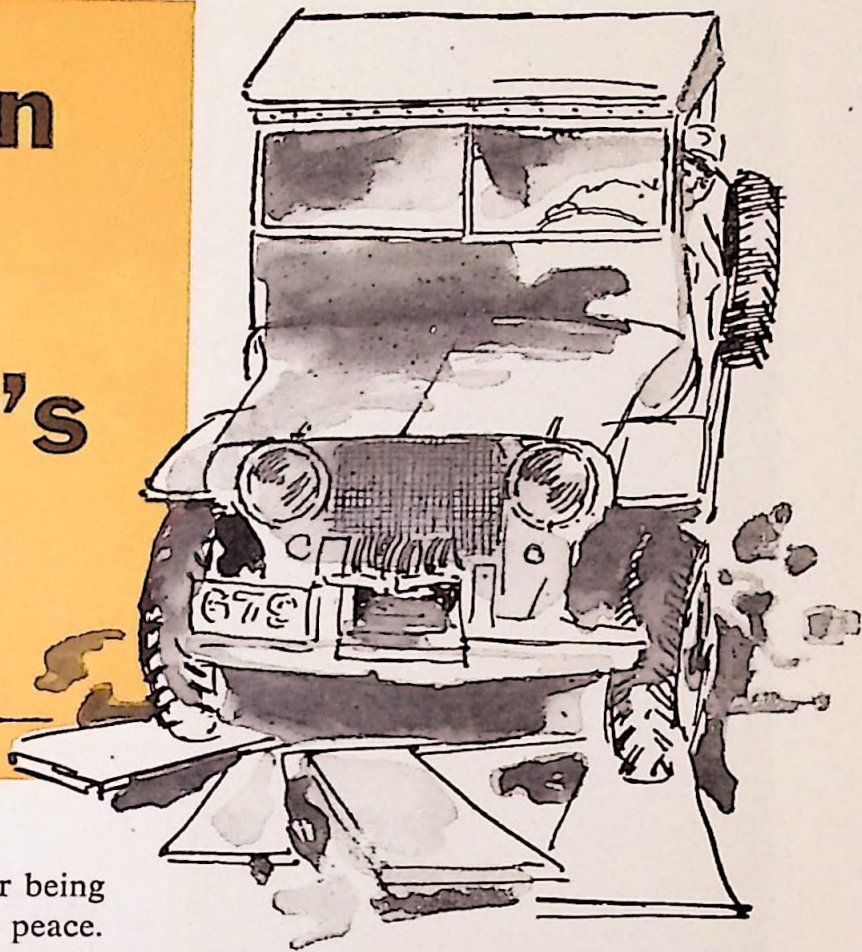
We arrived, thanks to the northerlies, at 5:15 p.m.—too late for Mass, too late to catch the ship to Stann Creek, just too late all over the place. A day or so later Father Ruoff drove in and I managed to ride back to Stann Creek with him along the Humming Bird Highway (the lad who named that certainly had imagination). So in order to travel nine miles by sea I had to go 120 miles!

So I got a boat, with permission. I was the proud owner for about ten days—then it sunk while being towed from Belize to Stann Creek. Down with it went my Christmas gifts, my clothes, cassock and breviary. (It brings the temptation to go and mope permanently under the mangrove trees of Mullens River.) But there are 600 kiddos in those seacoast villages—so I better get myself a boat and start mudding through.

Bound for market with his net of home-grown produce is this farmer of British Honduras.



**“And then
I came
to water’s
edge...”**



The jeep has won many laurels for being a work horse in times of war and peace. It can climb steep grades, slosh through mud, sand and snow; it virtually climbs steps, if necessary. However, it *will not* cross a deep stream or river!

Our missionaries surmount many obstacles in order to reach “their” people in outlying areas but in many cases a boat is necessary to cross a swift stream. Father John O’Shea in British Honduras received a small boat for Christmas and had it

only 10 days when a storm swept in and destroyed it while it was being towed from Belize to Stann Creek.

At present, Father O’Shea is seeking means to replace his boat which costs about \$900. For many of our readers who have always wanted to do something “extra” for a missionary, here is your chance. Won’t you help—now?

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

Dear Fathers,

I would like to contribute \$..... so that Father O’Shea will be able to replace his boat that was destroyed this winter.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



J Mission moments

Face the future in Korea is the optimistic outlook of Father Kenneth Killoren S.J. (left) who guides the destinies of Sogang College in Seoul. The institution has been running for less than a year but it has already made its influence felt. It was somewhat of a shock to Korean students to come face to face with the strict Jesuit tradition in education. They weren't accustomed to the severe policies on absentees, homework, daily examinations and stiff grading standards. Already the "tough little school at Nogosan" has made its reputation even among the thirty-five and more institutions of higher learning in Seoul. It is fortunate in having at its head a man like Father Killoren who knows the Korean situation well and speaks the language fluently. A faculty of over 20 well-qualified Korean and foreign teachers aid him with the small but ever-growing student body.

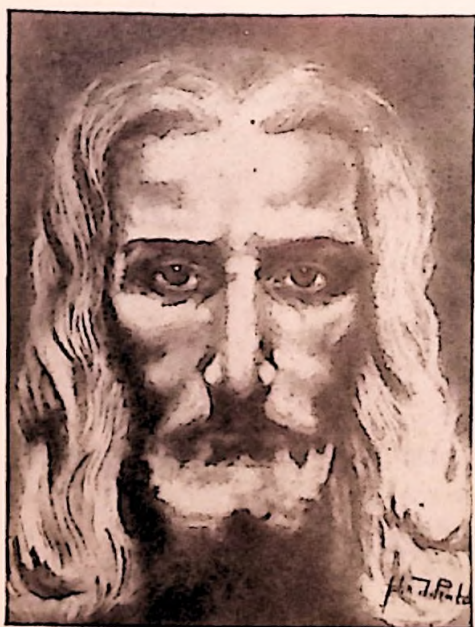
Veteran apostle of India, Father Peter Sontag S.J. (right) looks over another edition of his popular "Know Christ" Letters. For a good number of years this Patna missionary (he will be 82 years old this April) has been editing a Correspondence Course in the truths of the Faith as well as conducting the Institute for Home Study. The IHS Letters have been translated into seven languages in an effort to reach India's four hundred million people and twenty-four other countries have requested permission to publish the literature in their own tongues. Many ecclesiastical authorities have praised the work and it might be summed up best in the words of one Indian Bishop: "This means of spreading the Faith in the darkness of this vast non-Christian land has certainly been one of the greatest inspirations of Providence in India."



Mission moments



It was a big day at the Hansen Home in Spanish Town, Jamaica, when Bishop John McEleney S.J. conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on a number of the leprosy patients there. There was even time for a few words of advice—but was it medical or theological? It would depend on who gave the advice, Marist Sister (and Doctor) Thomas More or the Bishop. However, the latter looks healthy, the former holy, and both are evidently happy, as are the patients at the leprosarium in the former capital of Jamaica.



“The Way, the Truth, the Life.” This captivating picture of Our Lord is the frontispiece for the first of Father Sontag’s series of IHS Letters. The artist is John Pinto, well known throughout India for his work, and the face of the Christus is taken from the famous shroud of Turin. The IHS Letters are not a formal correspondence course, “The Way that is Life” series which Father Sontag also introduced, but rather one form of approach to this other apostolate. Primarily for non-Catholics, it also stimulates Catholics.



Burmese framework calls for joints tied with split vines. Nails are rarely used in construction.

THE KARENS OF BURMA

*A visit to the people who now live
in the rice-basket Delta of Burma*

EUGENE P. MCCREESH S.J.



THE KARENS ARE one of the five tribes of Burma, and the most Christian. Originally a hill people, they are rather short and thin on the average, very friendly when they know you, but somewhat shy otherwise. They live extremely simple lives and are mostly poor farmers. It is among these people that Christianity has made headway, a large number of them being Baptists.

But one thing mars the whole picture. They are the traditional enemies of the Burmese and I was saddened to find during my trip that much of the old animosity is still there, though beneath the surface at present. Some villages I visited showed me the graves



Father McCreesh relaxes at his desk in the Seminary run by Maryland Province Jesuits.

of their people killed by the Burmese during the early years of World War Two. The Church has always urged them to peace and forgiveness but this does not come easily.

It is also these Karens who went into rebellion against the independent Burma in 1948. Throughout the whole of the Bassein diocese there is only one village that did not suffer war damages as the Karen armies retreated before the Union forces. Strangely enough the one village, Maryland, was the center of the rebellion, the fortress-like clergy house being used by the Karen troops as their headquarters. The people of Maryland thank the Virgin Mary for protecting them. As the Union troops approached the Karen forces withdrew. When this happened the village priest—a French Father—went under the white flag of truce and persuaded the Burmese that they could enter freely and to spare the homes, which they did.

I can't recall how many villages I visited in all but I must say two things



Neck rings take care of that double chin as well as indicating Burmese beauty and wealth.

impressed me—the fertility of the soil and the poverty of the people—seeming contradiction, but let me explain. In the whole of the Delta area there are streams and rivers everywhere. All travel is by boat, as to bridge the streams would be impossible, there being so many. So actually no place is far removed from water which could be used for irrigation. Then too, during the heavy rains of the monsoons, much water could be stored for this purpose. But there is none of this being done. The people plant one crop a year, rice. The other six months the lands lay fallow. I expressed my amazement at this often but these are a simple people rooted in tradition. It will be hard even for the government to get them to change their ideas.

Often as I travelled I could see poor



Karen woodcutter starts to cut down tree for sawmill in Myitkyina. Girl at left was one of the Karens who helped to prepare altar for Mass when Father Driscoll of Baltimore was inspecting the mission.

health conditions, the bloated stomachs of the children, their sores, the high infant mortality rate; I could see also the efforts of the government to help themselves. Slowly the situation is improving. Yet despite it all, the people are so kind, and generous, strong in their faith, so happy to see the priest. Many of these villages rarely have the privilege and hence have great esteem. They line up to come and kiss the priest's hand. In one village where a priest hadn't been for years, they knelt before me.

So much in general. Let me give you a few highlights. Two persons I met were most interesting. The first, a Buddhist, the head of the port in one town with whom I travelled and discussed Buddhism. He was a Brothers' School graduate and had great esteem for the social works of the Church. But his ideal of

sanctity was that of the hermit, the true Buddhist monk, who escapes the world; hence, you can see that the whole idea of charity to others was not considered by him as a sign of holiness.

A second man I met was a recent convert from Buddhism—a rare item in this country. He had been a Communist insurgent, then a devoted Buddhist who practiced their system of meditation by making a 30-day Buddhist retreat! But doubts assailed him on what this goal of Buddhism—called Nirvana—was. He was convinced it meant annihilation. With that he contacted Christianity, moved by the good example of Catholics—and finally came into the Church. Pray, please, that there may be more like him, people who know Buddhism and yet choose the Church. We need such people in the Burmese Church.



The icy waters of the Bering Sea claimed the life of the generous Father Paul Linszen S.J.

The Way They Die

*Death for a missionary can be a sudden thing, and it
can be lonely, but there is also eternal grandeur to it*

WITHIN THE LAST few months four men have died on American Jesuit mission fields, in Alaska, in the Caroline Islands, in British Honduras and in India. The chances are that none of these men had ever met, and they died in places far distant from each other—Kuskokwim Bay, Ponape, Benque Viego, Patna City—yet there is a common note to their passing, like a trumpet call that rings out in triumph and is suddenly stilled. It is as if Almighty God had said, "You have done enough for Me. I will not ask one single hour more of toil or pain. Come! . . ."

What picture comes to your mind when you think of a missionary dying in a far field? Is it a protracted one, like that of Francis Xavier gazing on a crucifix, praying with lips that soon will grow loose in delirium, prayers that are drawn out through Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday? Xavier had a witness all through his deathbed agony; no person on this earth will ever testify to the last words or thoughts of these four Jesuit missionaries who died alone in those corners of the world where God had sent them. Perhaps no one of them would have chosen, for himself, that particular



For over twenty years the late Father Sontag spent himself for Christ in British Honduras.

kind of death but these were men who lived for God and did not hesitate to leave their dedication entirely in His hands.

Father Paul Linssen of Holland had asked to be assigned to the Alaska Mission. His request had been granted and for the last eight years he had labored in the North. He was only 39 years of age when he left Bethel on what was to be his last trip down the Kuskokwim.

There were no witnesses and we can only guess what must have happened. But there was one moment which must have been; and that moment is the one which all who knew the rugged and handsome missionary will cherish and be proud of it. That is the moment when Paul Linssen looked across the four miles of cold and black water which separated

him from the shore and the sandbar where his boat was rapidly being beaten to pieces by the waves—and made his decision. He had divested himself of all his clothing, and of all hope, and now naked, complete in his dedication, he plunged into the swirling waters and into the arms of Everlasting Love.

Father Quirino Fernandez had spent 26 years in the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission. Originally from the Basque country of Spain, he had no equal in the language spoken on Ponape. He knew the customs of his people there and he had that rare gift of understanding fully the mentality of the islanders. For the sake of Christ, he spent himself for them.

He had seen many changes during his

quarter century in the islands. He had come with the Spanish Jesuits who replaced the German Jesuits; he lived through the occupation by the Japanese and World War II; and when the American Jesuits took over the mission he had asked to stay. But one thing had never changed—his fear of the sea.

That is the great thing about Quirino Fernandez. He was afraid; but never once did that fear loom so large that he walked out on Christ. Time and again, whenever his people needed him, he set out on waters whose treachery he knew so well. On that last day he started out across one of the worst places in Ponape, the stretch between the isle of Ros and the mangrove trees of Senwar. It is thought that a big trough opened up in back of him and the boat smashed down on a coral head, cracked open the bottom and threw him into the sea.

For two nights and two days over 500 people searched for him and some men dove for hours, until the blood was streaming from their ears. They couldn't find him, and late one afternoon Father Hugh Costigan S.J. held funeral services at sea. At the end, Callio, the Nanmarki (little king) of Sokaes, begged Father Costigan to make one more run through the pass. As they did Callio spotted an object in the deep water near the mangroves. His men dove down and tenderly wrapped the body in sheets. All through that night and the next day the people labored to build a suitable resting place for the missionary they loved, the man who had a great fear of the sea—but whose love for Christ was even greater.

In British Honduras, at Benque Viego in the steaming jungle close to the Guatemalan border, Father Gregory "Pete" Sontag arose early one recent morning. He was at his prayers when a noise behind him distracted him. A man had quietly come through the window, carrying a sharp machete, the long curved knife used for hacking in the jungle.



Father Gibbons whom Patna will sorely miss.

Pete Sontag had time only to throw up his arm in instinctive self-defense; it all happened so quickly that neither fear nor pain had time to etch themselves on his face. His prayer book was still open, he still wore his glasses, when his mutilated body was found shortly afterward. His twenty years on the mission field had ended in as many seconds.

In Patna, India, Father James Gibbons, first American Jesuit to be ordained a priest there, a crack rifle shot and an expert in legal matters, began to vest for Mass a few weeks ago. After 35 years in India the action was a familiar one, but one dear to the heart of a priest. Then he suddenly laid aside his amice and returned to his room. There was one single muffled cry, heard by Brother Nehr. Two fellow priests, Fathers Stoy and Mahoney, rushed to the room but he was already unconscious. By the time the brief anointing was finished he had gone to his reward.

Four missionaries, different as the four winds—and all at once, in His own fashion, God calls them home to an everlasting reward. This is the way they die—His way, the way they tried to live.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Diamond Jubilees are rare and the celebration at St. Francis Mission (cf. p. 2) deserves more than passing mention. It may give you new insight into the difficulties the Sioux have faced. But the Fathers and Sisters who conduct the mission have been under considerable financial strain. Could you add a further note of joy to their Jubilee with a gift of \$5, \$10, or whatever you can afford?

Drifting down the Yukon can be dangerous, especially when the drifting is not one's own choice but is due to an overage boat. Father James Plamondon has 700 miles of rivers in his parish and his boat is fifteen years old. A possible tragedy could be averted if we put together enough gifts to pay for a new boat. Would you help with \$2, \$5, \$10 or . . . ?

The Catholic Hindi paper "Sanjivan" carries terrific weight in India. In the village libraries it is in great demand. Father Barrett would like to put "Sanjivan" in every library possible. A subscription costs only one dollar—but the libraries in Bihar alone total about 12,000! Could you aid, with one or few or many subscriptions, this good work?

Two square blocks of land in Olanchito, Honduras, have been set aside by the municipality for a future church. But Father William Moore must pay for the land before he thinks of a new church. The cost of the two blocks is \$1300. Could you pay for a foot or two of this land—or even a good-sized chunk?

St. Joseph the Worker is the feast day celebrated on May 1st. At the church of that name in Golmuri, India, Father Michael Kavanagh is faced with the problem of covering his immense parish. Some of his people are over 100 miles away. We would like to provide Father with transportation so he can reach his people, who are too poor to come to him. In honor of St. Joseph would you give whatever you can afford?

From Eskimo to English is not an easy transition. Father Lawrence Haffie at St. Mary's, Alaska, would like to get a tape recorder for use in his speech classes. This would be the easiest and best means for helping the pronunciation of the Eskimo youngsters. Could you send \$2, \$5 or so?

One of the most backward mission stations in Ceylon is now the charge of Father John Lange, longtime friend of JM. He needs practically everything to fix up his place and he has been so good to us in the past that we want to do whatever we can for him. Will you help us help him with a gift of \$5, \$10, or more?

An old barracks must serve for a school in the Patna Mission district where Father Cornelius Curtin is working. Two rooms are actually without a roof. Any size donation would be most acceptable for the very necessary remodeling.

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

"We escaped with our lives . . ."

So writes Father Walter after the worst typhoon in over half a century devastated Ulithi in the Carolines. But the damage was so great that the people are reduced to eating only fish. All their other crops were destroyed, as well as their homes. They need help, and they need it in a hurry. Will you do whatever you can to aid these poor people who desperately need whatever assistance they can get? We will rush your offering to Father Walter immediately.

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Will you help put a church in —

ZAMBOANGA
GAGIL
SORILKUMUNAI
BUXAR
KUMARDHUBI
COTOBATO
SITTEE RIVER
KOYUKUK



We need over \$300,000 to answer the requests of our missionaries for churches which are direly needed throughout mission countries. We can't possibly fulfill every request but we want to do whatever is possible. Will you help build a House of the Lord in some corner of the world? Any amount would be gratefully received and sent on to our missionaries.

Jesuit Missions

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