

JESUIT MISSIONS

JUNE 1961



THE MISSION SCHOOL

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JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesu



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

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It's the early '60s and not only on the calendar but also
for Father Charles Eberle, veteran Jamaican missionary. But
his smile is still in good working shape (and so is he) as
he greets good friends in the poorest parish of Kingston.



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

BRIGHT SPOTS ON MANILA'S TV



A dynamic missionary is making use of the most modern means to bring the teachings of Christ to the people of the Philippines

TELEVISION IN the Philippines has its share of the violence, low comedy and general tastelessness that afflicts American television. And like their American counterparts, Filipinos also have a few voices calling for a higher level of entertainment, intelligence and morality in the wilderness of today's TV fare.

One of the most articulate of these, and certainly the most effective, is Rev. James B. Reuter S.J. from Paterson, N.J., whose efforts to bring worthwhile TV shows regularly to Philippine audiences have produced remarkable results. Using the slogan of Father James Keller of the Christopher Movement—"It is better to light one candle than to curse the

darkness"—Father Reuter is now writer, director, producer and sometimes participant for 4 television shows with 11 programs shown weekly over 2 Manila television channels. This is the positive approach, *par excellence*, to better TV.

Producing the *Family Theater* on a 13-week basis is one of the projects that has made Father Reuter something of a wizard on the Manila television scene. During Father Peyton's Rosary Crusade in the Philippines in 1959, he and Father Reuter met for the first time since 1947, when Father Reuter's television play, *Stolen Symphony*, was used on the highly successful inaugural series of the *Family Theater* in the United States. The play,



Ready to roll on a hospital scene for Manila's Family Theater are both cameras and actors.

which starred Hollywood actors Robert Ryan and Richard Widmark, was awarded the Ohio State University prize for the Best Religious Broadcast of that year.

At the request of Father Peyton, and through the good offices of the Archbishop of Manila, Rufino Cardinal Santos, Father Reuter was assigned by the Jesuit Provincial to the Philippine branch of the *Family Theater* group to work on the initial telecasting of the drama series in Manila.

Televised "live" over the Altō Broadcasting System in Manila as a public affairs program, the first show was so well received that the general manager of the U.S. Tobacco Company in Manila signed up the group for the full 13-week series under the sponsorship of the U.S. Tobacco Company.

The series is unique in that it is the only specifically religious dramatic show in the world that has a commercial sponsor. It is also the only "live" weekly dramatic program on Philippine television. The commercial success of the series has brought it to that most desired of missionary goals—a self supporting venture. In the Pauline tradition, the group pays its way while preaching the gospel.

The Father Reuter Show is another weekly product of the energetic Jesuit. On this program, Father Reuter gives popular explanations of Catholic doctrine, and proposes the Christian solution to modern problems of youth and family.

Every Sunday morning since last September, Manila audiences have been able to watch another of Father Reuter's efforts—a televised Mass. The first was of-



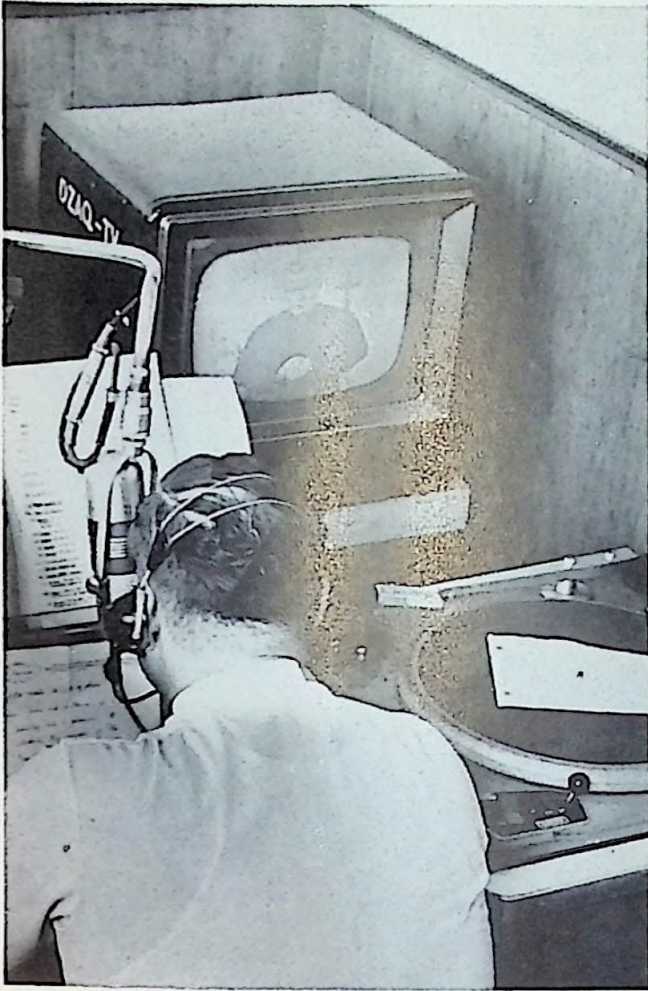
God and a Red Scooter are now on the air under the watchful eye of monitor guardian.

ferred by His Eminence, Cardinal Santos, and televised from the Manila cathedral. Succeeding programs were telecast from other churches, and celebrated by members of the Philippine hierarchy. Filipino Bishops from distant provinces travel to Manila to celebrate Mass from the television studio.

The intimacy of camera close-ups and the ability to hear the whispered words of the Consecration have a startling effect on many viewers, and the regular weekly program is a blessing to the sick and chronically bedridden. Three times during each telecast, the narrator states emphatically that the television viewing of the Mass does NOT fulfill the ordinary obligation of attendance. Even studio technicians attend Mass before going to work at the studio.

With three weekly programs running smoothly, Father Reuter had time to organize the first college instruction course to be offered on Philippine television. Arranged in cooperation with the National Science Development Board (NSDB), *TV Classroom* is modeled after *Continental Classroom* in the United States. It began in April with a six-week, 30-lesson course titled "Physics for the Atomic Age." Rev. Francis N. Glover S.J., Fulbright professor teaching at the Far Eastern University in Manila, was the instructor. Father Glover also lectures in Atomic Physics to the staff of the Philippine Atomic Energy Commission.

Each participating college gives its own credits for completion of the courses, although the examinations are supplied by the NSDB. With 50 colleges and uni-



Announcer Jack Garcia waits his turn as Father Peyton, on screen, urges prayer.



Opening prayer before show goes on air sets keynote. Nun pictured is an actual religious.

versities in the greater Manila area, the educational potential of televised instruction is tremendous. The best teachers in any subject at a particular school can be made available for the instruction of all students in the viewing area. Educational TV is only starting out in the Philippines, but Father Reuter is highly enthusiastic about its future.

Looking at his accomplishments, it is easy to see why Father Reuter is considered one of the giants of the Philippine television industry. He has come a long way from his early days in radio before World War II. With a group of young men, he produced the *Catholic Hour* radio program in pre-war Manila, broadcasting both in English and the native Tagalog. Some of the group are now successful actors who give their services to

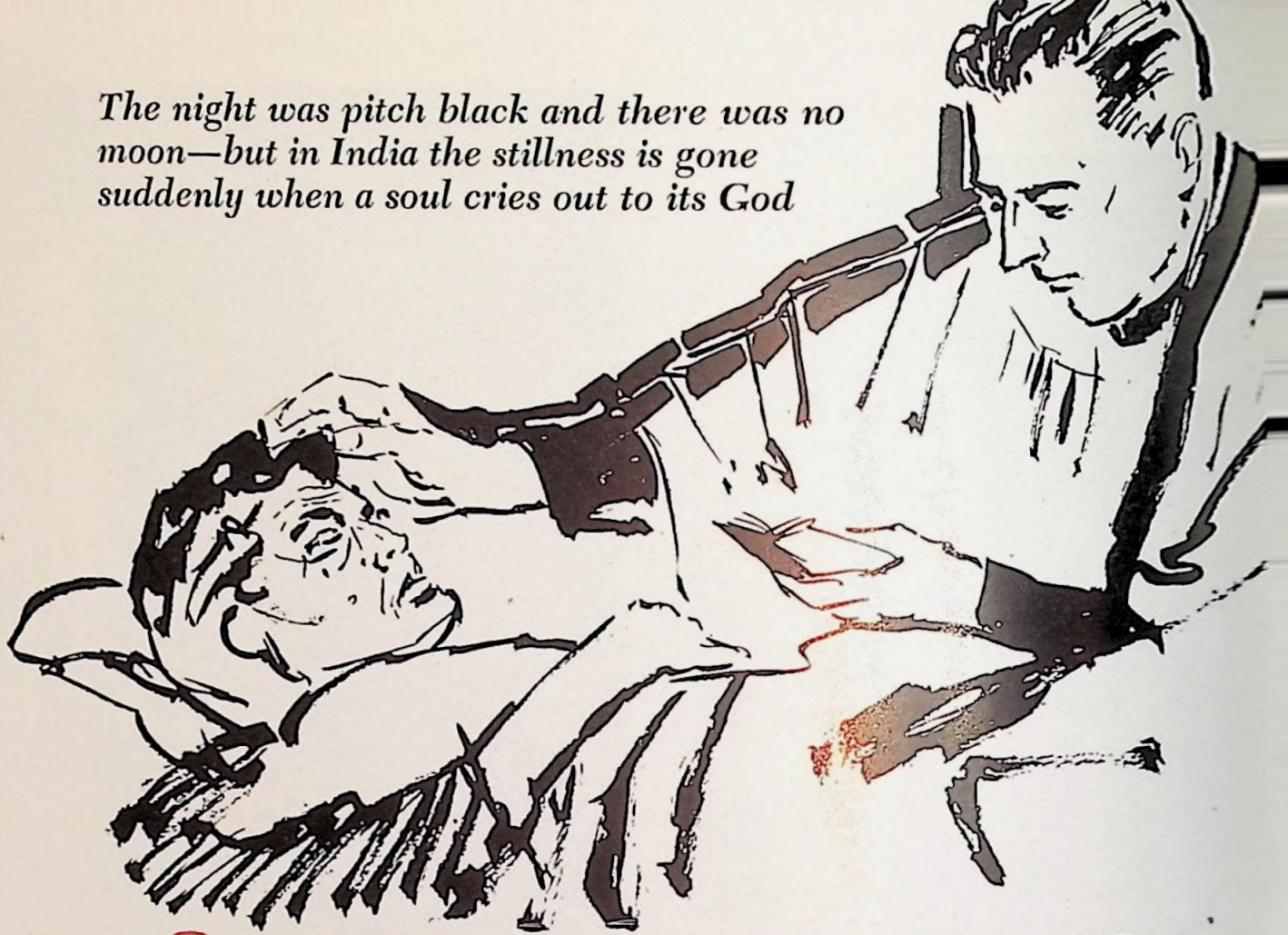
Father Reuter's TV shows.

After internment by the Japanese during the war, Father Reuter returned to the United States for further study, after which he was once again assigned to the Philippines. His first encounter with television direction came in 1953 with a TV version of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in Manila. He still recalls those days as a trial and error period when almost anything was liable to happen during a telecast. Today there is a sure professional touch to his productions.

In addition to his television programs, he gives retreats at La Ignaciana, the Jesuit retreat house in Manila, and is also active in vocation work. Referring to his three fields of activity, Father Reuter remarks, "They keep me balanced."

JOHN MOHAN

The night was pitch black and there was no moon—but in India the stillness is gone suddenly when a soul cries out to its God



Summons in the Night

JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.

IT HAD BEEN a long and a hot day in India. When I finally crawled under the mosquito net of my bed on the verandah I was dog tired. Sleep! blessed sleep!

The sound reached me from far, it seemed, very far away. Footsteps—then, “Father, hey, Father.” Then there was a yellow, flickering light struggling out of a badly smoked hand lantern on the edge of the verandah. Then voices talking among themselves and—once more, “Father, hey, Father.”

“Who is there?”

“It’s us.”

Then—“Which village are you from?”

“We have come from Barudih.”

“What is it?”

“He is very sick.”

By now I was awake. I looked at my watch by the light of my flashlight. It was 1 A.M., and I noticed that I was

damp with perspiration. The night was hot, humid and very close. Lifting the mosquito net, I threw my legs over the edge of the bed and sat up.

“Who is sick?”

“We don’t know his name. He drifted into the village a week ago. He is staying at Sam’s house. Maybe he is dying. William (the catechist) sent us to call you.”

“All right, I’ll come.”

The two Santal messengers returned into the night on bicycles that sounded badly in need of oil. I hastily dressed, took the knapsack with the sick call outfit, rolled the motorcycle out of the room where I had it locked, kicked it going, and set out.

A low and heavy overcast made the night pitch black. There was no moon. Not a star was visible. The only light was from the motorcycle’s headlight, showing

the road before me. Rolling along with the night air on me was pleasant enough, but I wondered if the overcast was going to let down its pent-up deluge before I returned home.

A mile or two down the road I passed the two Santal messengers, grinding along on their oilless cycles by the meagre light from their soot blackened lantern.

In the darkness I overshot my landmarks, returned a mile or two, and turning the headlight here and there, finally found the bullock cart track leading off the road to the village.

Excepting the light cast by the headlight showing the ruddy bullock cart track before me, the whole night was black. I was alone in a world of darkness. It was impossible to make any speed on the rough track, but the village was only a mile or so from the main road, and chugging along in low gear I was soon there.

William came out to meet me when I neared his tile and adobe house, and he led me to the dying Santal. A hand lantern placed on the ground nearby cast flickering shadows and gave some light. The man was elderly; his waist cloth and

shirt were badly worn and not too clean and he was lying under the sky on a pile of straw by an old adobe wall. I had never seen him before, but one glance showed that he had reached the end of his road.

The catechist knew him and briefly told me his story. His wife dead and his children grown up and moved away, he had drifted away from his village and lived here and there with acquaintances. Now, sick and old, he had come back to the village to die.

He roused up slightly when I spoke to him, and I instructed him briefly again in the Faith that he had once known and lived and never completely given up. He was very weak, and needed extreme unction now. A large basket placed upside down on the ground served as table for the holy oils, candles and crucifix, and when I left him half an hour later he was ready for his last journey.

On the way back from the village, I once more had the night to myself. The overcast still held and there was no rain. By 3:30, I was back in bed. My day had started early. . . .

Four generations of Santals are shown here, snapped by Father Morrison on his rounds.





TYPHOON IN THE PACIFIC

William J. Walter S. J.

It was the worst storm in memory and there was nothing to break its force as it swept down on the tiny islands of the Carolines and the people who huddled around the altars of the churches.

ON THE ISLAND of Mogmog in the Caroline Islands, we waited as the worst storm in history built itself up. A typhoon is not a sudden convulsion of nature that hits unexpectedly like a flash and then passes on to allow rescue and aid to arrive minutes afterwards. It does not hit and run. It builds up gradually with heavy rains and gusts of wind until it finally becomes an irresistible force and lets you know that it is determined to destroy you. It circles round and round its defenseless victims for hours and hours relentlessly hitting and smashing, continually on the attack and continually increasing in its fury.

In the beginning the people pitted their strength against the storm, tying down, nailing down, hauling canoes far inland from the beach, packing away their most precious possessions, helping the very old and the very young to safety. Everybody was busy. As more and more people arrived at church, I found a few men to help nail boards across the windows for we had no shutters. When a house tumbled, we dashed in to help the occupants escape; when a canoe rolled over, the men rushed to it and lashed it to a tree. But the wind rose to a devilish shriek, more and more houses blew apart, trees crashed on canoes, and when our physical strength was exhausted, the destruction had only begun. Sand, stones, splinters, coconuts and tree limbs were flying through the air and human flesh and blood could do no more. Against this implacable force there was no defense but retreat to our strongest bulwark, knowing that with renewed rage and fury the typhoon winds would try to tear us out of our hiding place where we crouched like hunted animals.

As more and more houses disintegrated, the natives crowded into the church until the whole village was assembled. Some of them needed first aid but none on Mogmog were severely injured. Flying timbers or tree trunks crashed on the

church roof and tore gaping holes in three places. The waves came to the very door of the church and the water was ankle-deep inside. The Rosary was being recited almost continually. More than half the island was buried under the sea and over 200 yards of land at the east end vanished forever under the battering of the waves. Two heavy canoes were picked up by the terrific winds and crashed down on the roofs of houses. The whole village of Mogmog was destroyed. The people say there would have been many deaths if the concrete church had not been there as a refuge.

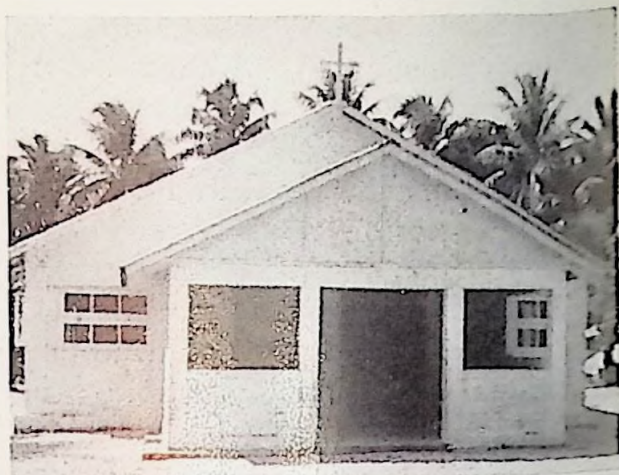
The typhoon raged all day and half the night. After midnight the wind slacked off. The people sat on the wet floor of the church with sleeping children in their arms waiting for the dawn. In the early hours, Mass was celebrated and with the first light of day the people swarmed out of the church to survey the wreck-

Sturdy enough under most conditions, no out-rigger can stand up against a typhoon's fury.





age. It was a depressing scene. Almost everything on the island had been destroyed. Scarcely a house was standing and everyone including myself was homeless. The damage to canoes and food crops was more frightening still. All the canoes had been damaged, with more than one smashed beyond repair. All the bananas and all the breadfruit trees were toppled over or reduced to stumps. The taro patches had been flooded with sea water and the taro would soon die. Worst of all, over 80 percent of the coconut trees had been destroyed. The meat of the nut is a major source of food and the ripe meat when dried is sold as copra. In prosperous times \$20 a year is the average per capita income and now even that little has disappeared. In all my twelve years in the islands, not a year has passed without typhoon damage in my atolls, but never have I seen devastation as great as this. It will be some years be-



Mogmog Church (above) may resemble your neighbor's garage but even a few inches in height above ground means safety and life itself for both youngsters and their parents.

fore the natives again have a cash income and food enough for all.

But the people were not overwhelmed by desolation and despair. Although it was still raining heavily the work of salvage began. First, paths were cut through the fallen trees and debris. Each family then searched through the twisted jumble of wreckage for house posts, roof beams, boards, sticks and whatever else might be of use. Building materials have always been extremely scarce on these small islands and many house posts and roof beams are made of driftwood logs. So everything, even the smallest scrap, was put in neat piles.

There were so few trees to give shade that the chiefs decreed that clothing might be worn on the upper part of the body. Soon the men began rebuilding the houses while the women and children collected the debris into piles for burning. Coconuts were gathered into heaps to be conserved for food. After two days, the sea water in the taro patches, which had reached chest-height during the storm, had subsided and the women waded knee-deep in the water digging up the tubers. These, too, would be conserved, some for food and the rest for replanting.

Since the people were without homes, the church became a hotel. The people

unrolled their sleeping mats at night and slept in rows on the floors. I slept on the floor of the sanctuary. Early next morning, the sleeping mats were rolled up and placed in piles while the congregation attended Mass. Each evening, the women continued working by moonlight plaiting palm fronds into thatch. One by one, as the houses were rebuilt, the families moved out. In a month I was the only one left. The church will continue to be my home until such time as I can buy the cement and other materials to build myself a house.

I had been worried about the other islands and three days after the typhoon, when the sea had calmed sufficiently to launch a canoe, I set out. It was the same sad story on every island.

At Azor, the people fled to the church when the waves swept completely over their island. Only the church was above water. Mothers carrying infants waded waist-deep through the sea-water; old Chief Hailang and the other old people were carried by the men, and at length, all the people of the island were huddled together in the church. But the sea continued to rise, creeping up the front steps and flooding the floor. The people re-



Long was the night for those who huddled together in fear as the storm beat down.

reated up the sanctuary steps and crowded around the altar, three steps above the flood. In fear and anguish they cried out the prayers of the Rosary. As if in

Flimsy structures like these do not last long when the wind comes howling in from the ocean.



answer to their prayers, the sea rose no higher. After awhile, the waters began to subside and after midnight the winds began to abate. All night long the people stood huddled together around the altar, the only sanctuary, in every sense of the word, on the entire island.

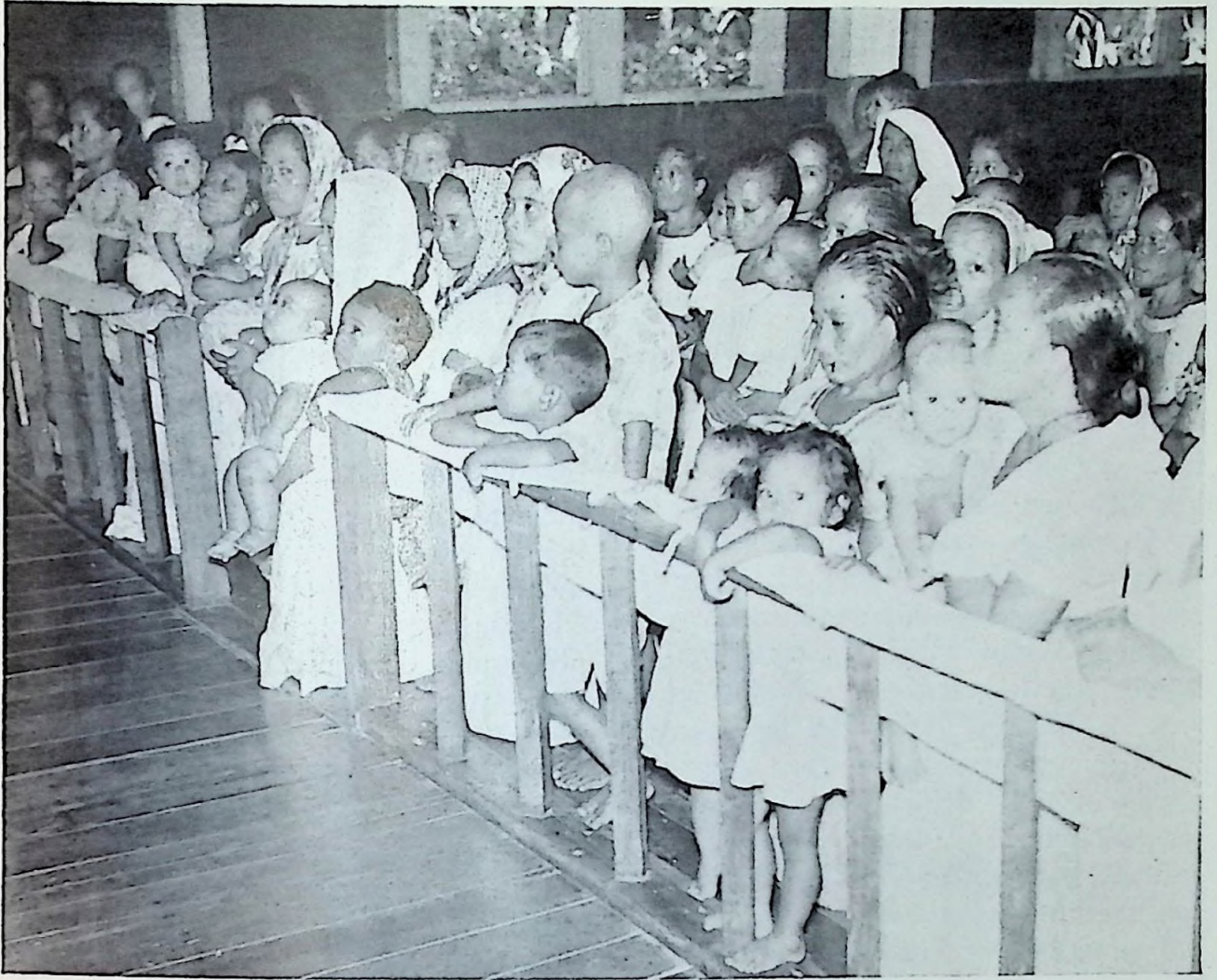
In 1950 when the church was being built, I had not noticed that the site was the highest land of the island—barely two feet above the surroundings. The floor had been built two feet above ground level and, that all the people might conveniently watch the priest at the altar, the sanctuary had been raised a few steps higher than the floor. Little did I realize at the time, that the combination of these slight elevations would mean the

saving of lives. Not a single life was lost. Indeed, it was the hand of God that had guided us in the building of that church ten years before.

At Falalap Island, the cataclysmic force of the tremendous wind and waves had left the village in ruins. The village with its concrete church stood about fifteen feet above sea level back about 200 yards from the water's edge. Wave after wave swept canoes, trees and houses with them. Whole houses were floated off their foundations and smashed against houses further inland. One of the first waves bashed in the walls of a house and the roof crashed down on the inmates. Mothers rushed out with their little children and perched them in trees while

Of this world's goods the islanders never had much and the typhoon has left them devastated with their crops gone and fish their only subsistence but they still are strong in their faith.





Sanctuary safety is sought, and found, by the islanders whose homes were destroyed. No one will ever know how many lives were saved by the foresight of those who built strong chapels.

they rushed back to help search for survivors. A man pinned under the wreckage was released with their combined help. A girl of twelve, oldest of the children, was brought out with a gash on her head and cuts and abrasions on her back, chest, and arms. Still others escaped with only minor injuries. But two little boys, Migel and Paulus, perished in the ruins. The women's club-house was lifted off its foundations and crashed against the church. A heavy 20-foot boat was swept a hundred yards up the beach, tossed over the 15-foot embankment and dumped on the church doorstep.

Fassarai, Lotho and all the other islands did not escape on this day of terror and disaster. Great waves piled over the beaches and swept over the islands. The shore lines were swept clean of canoes,

canoe houses, men's and women's club-houses. Hundred of thousands of tons of sand and stone were stripped from the shores so that nothing now remains but the bare rock shelf. Many of the small islands were denuded of all vegetation and became sand bars. The gigantic waves slashed and tore huge chunks off the larger islands so that their shape and size were changed.

The utter ruthlessness of the storm did not break the morale of the people. They did not succumb to panic or despair. In the presence of a disaster so overwhelming, their magnificent courage fills one with awe and admiration. This courage will be further tested during the lean years ahead while they wait with hungry eyes for new trees to grow and new crops to mature. Please pray for my people!

Window on the Mission

CHANGE AND CHALLENGE

Cliches, for all their triteness, have a way of stating bald facts clearly and succinctly. One such phrase, used often today for fast-rising, underdeveloped nations, is "the sleeping giant is awakening." To few nations can this trite but true saying be applied with greater accuracy than India, that complex, ancient land so spangled with contradictions yet with so irresistible a lure. India is multiple a giant; the largest country, population-wise, in the free world. Her land mass is enormous; her history spans a great sweep of time, fading back to dawn, where myth and fable mingle with scarcely remembered facts. In comparison, the histories of civilized Europe are but yesterday; that of America of but a few hours. Her mixture of peoples are myriad, and this mingling of different peoples and castes appears in many ways: clothing, food, customs, dances, dialects. The Bengali and the Tamilian, the Maharastrian and the Malayalay are all as distinct as the Englishman, the Frenchman and the Italian.

Thus with this vastness and complexity, India can surely be called a giant.

And she has been a sleeping one. Over the centuries great men of her past, Hindu and Moslem, have made bids to unite her, to forge her into something one, but they have never completely succeeded. But that dream, impossible as it seemed, actually did come to pass. India did become one; she attained a unity in freedom, despite all the obstacles, in defiance of all the gloomy predictions. Thirteen years have passed since that memorable day, and the awakening during that time has stirred the land from end to end.

Take a map of North India and compare it with one of, say, twenty years ago. Names that hardly existed on previous maps are now written in capitals. Where there was only jungle or scrub bush land there are now industrial complexes that rival, in some cases surpass, much that is in Europe. Just glance at the area within a circle embracing roughly southern Bihar, West Bengal, Madhya Pradesh and Orissa. First there is Jamshedpur in Bihar, heart of the great Tata steel industry and dean of the industrial belt both by reason of age (over fifty years old) and output (close to two million tons). Within the confines of this city throb factories turning out all kinds of metal products. The same is true in other cities, and in the coal belt of Bokaro and in the hydroelectric projects now being constructed. These and other centers are steam-shovelling into the past the placid, dreamy farm life of the thousands

JESUIT MISSIONS



COVER. Mission schools are the best answer to the problem of forming solid Catholics who possess staying power. And a young American Jesuit in the Philippines knows that more is learned in meetings like this. Design by artist Phil Franznick.

of peasants of these areas. And here precisely comes the human problem.

People by the thousands who have been living in the simplest of fashion, eking out their living from a reluctant soil with primitive tools, are now being caught up in the maelstrom of industrialization. The demand for labor is insatiable and the small farmer of yesterday is becoming the urban proletarian of today. The slow tempo of village life, so strictly governed by laws of caste, by immemorial custom and taboo, is being uprooted and swept aside. Industrial labor, the great leveller, is shattering the bonds of caste and the restrictions of the past. The Hindu and the Moslem, the Catholic and the Animist, live side by side in mining and factory towns, work together and recreate together in cinemas, parks, etc.

Keeping pace with the rush towards modernization is the increase in education. More and more are going on to colleges, and Europe and America are hosts to hundreds of eager, bright Indian students. For these latter, the cold hard facts of science and technology are effecting what the industrial shift is doing to the masses: crumbling the old ways, exploding the tenets on which they have been raised, destroying ancient beliefs and loosening old ties.

In a word, the awakening of the sleeping giant is levelling and melting down the past. Now all is in the crucible; the new form has not yet appeared and we know not what it shall be. But never before has there been such a time for action on the part of the Church. The greatest change which India has ever known brings the greatest challenge.

Anthony P. Roberts S.J.
Jamshedpur, India



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**THIS
IS THE
BIG
THING**

*What good does it do to build on sand—or
how can you have a flourishing Church if you
have not laid foundations which are permanent?*

YOU ARE A MISSIONARY and one day the Bishop or Mission Superior says to you, "We've never had a priest in such and such a district, and we need one there very badly. Will you move in there and see what you can do?"

It sounds like a question, with a yes-or-no choice, but the missionary brushes aside the applied psychology and promptly packs his things. He goes out to the designated village, finds some kind of living quarters, then figures out what his next move should be. Outside, the villagers are going about their customary tasks, curious about this stranger but indifferent to the impact he wants to make on them.

He has something to give to them, something of eternal value, but it has to be packaged in an acceptable way. The way things are done back home is not always the best one, for it may clash with local tradition or customs. We have all heard of the failure of the Westerner in a business enterprise in China because he used white in his furnishings, not knowing that this is the symbolic color of mourning in that land. So the missionary gazes out at the people entrusted to him and sooner or later he asks the all important question: "What particular group will respond the best, the quickest, and in the most lasting way?"

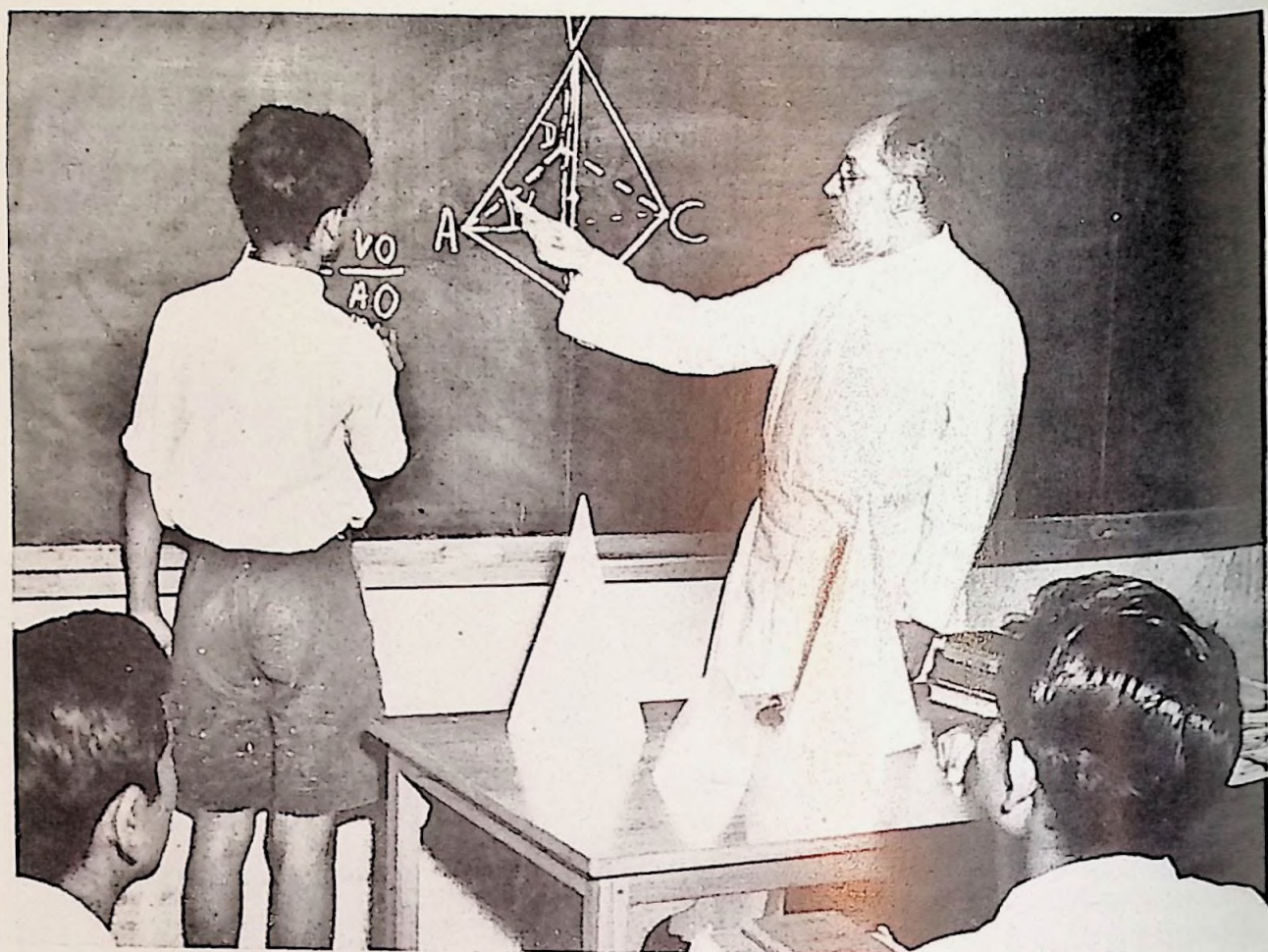
It is a question that many different people, with different aims, have asked through the centuries. And they have all come to the same answer, whether they want to enslave or enrich. "Capture the young and you capture the future." That is an easy answer to grasp, so easy that some of its ramifications are not fully pursued and so not thoroughly understood. Part of that lack of understanding may be traced to the fact that our pursuit of all the facets of this truth brings us at some time to familiar ground—and our interest begins to lag when we run into something familiar.

We know that schools are important,



KKK in Far East. Father Kenneth Killoren heads Sogang College, new venture in Korea.

that it is by means of schools we will train the young, but when we try to fit schools into our idealized picture of the missions something falls flat. Schools are so common to us that they spoil our mission picture: the priest hacking his way through the jungle with a tiger crouched behind every tree or the nun with the clear eyes walking unafraid into the hospital ward for incurables. There is no ideal nobler than the man or woman who walks the far and lonely paths for the sake of Christ; only God can bestow a fitting reward on those whose lives have been so unselfishly His; these are the best on earth, as we will discover in heaven. But we must remember that their lives are also crammed with common things, even as our own, and the



Pay attention and it all comes out right, is claim of Father Pinto at Jaipur in India.

brush of brown reality is needed to depict the true mission picture just as much as the ones which fill in the romantic hues on the mission canvas.

Our Holy Father Pope John XXIII underlines the importance of mission schools in his Mission Intention for the month of June. He asks us to pray for three aspects of this work: grasping the importance of the school; the necessity of training true Christians in it; and the need of Catholic teachers to see that this job is well done. It is a triangle whose three sides are composed of the missionary, the student and the teacher. Take away any one of those sides and the whole structure loses its essential nature.

This is the big thing, the building of an educational edifice which in time will give form to the whole way of life among the surrounding people. As the Pope has pointed out in his Mission En-

cyclical, "Princeps Pastorum": "In new Christian communities, it is hardly enough to convert men to the Catholic religion and to number them, after they have been baptized, among the members of the Church. It is absolutely necessary to make them capable, through adequate education and Christian formation, of assuming their responsibility . . . for the welfare of the Church and for her growth . . . The profession of faith is not merely a thing that pertains to statistics; it must, above all, create a new man, and it must give supernatural force to all his actions by inspiring, directing and moderating them . . ."

When we stop to analyze the whole procedure of the missionary then we realize how he must put the emphasis on schools. He can get along without a church building; many a missionary will testify to that. But he does need a school if his efforts are to have any last-

ing fruit. Otherwise, where will he get the priests and nuns who must carry on his work, for no one is more aware than today's missionary that he is working on borrowed time? Where will the real Catholic leaders of the community come from, unless there are Catholic schools with inspiring Catholic teachers? From where will the Church derive its life except from roots well watered?

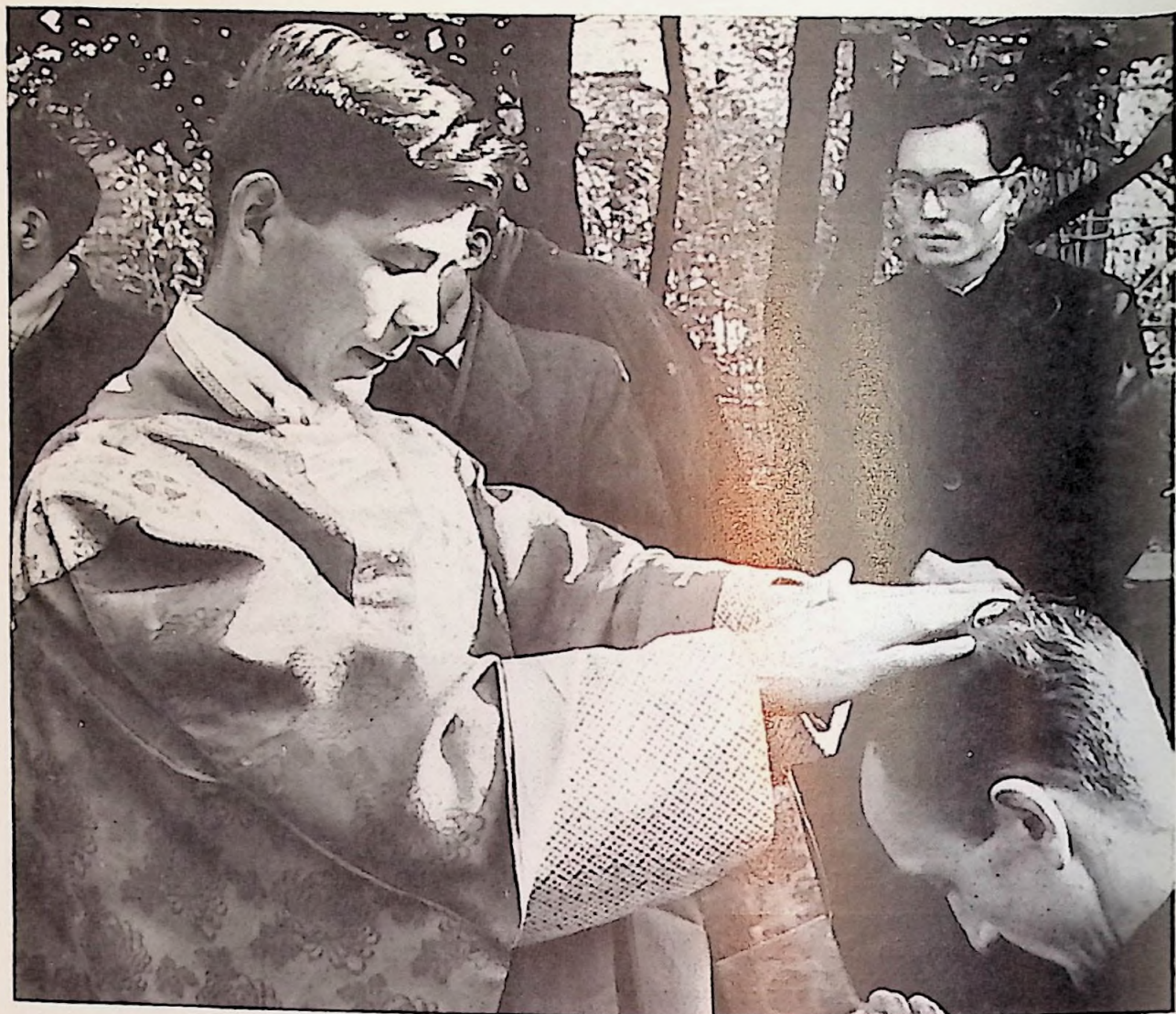
So let us take very much to heart the June Mission Intention. Let us realize that the missionary is out there to build the Church. Teaching and baptism are the first steps only, the original breakthrough. Then comes the important job, setting up an educational system which will have far reaching effects, in every possible field—home, society, business, government, clergy.

It can be a dull job, a drab one, this running of schools on mission fields. But let us remember that it is the most important one—it is the big one.

Crying need of youth in Central and South America is good education of the right kind.

Typically modern and yet blending with the architecture of the country is the chapel of St. John's College at Belize, British Honduras.





NIPPON'S SECOND SPRING

SOME 90 YEARS AGO, the descendants of the 17th century Japanese Christians were discovered in and around Nagasaki. Deprived of their priests and all outside help, a dozen generations of these catacomb Catholics had secretly clung to the Faith.

Their discovery brought down on them a renewed persecution and many were

First blessing of newly ordained priest is imparted by Father Yamane after Tokyo ordination.

MICHAEL COOPER S.J.

The story of vocations in Japan is a strange one but fascinating. It is especially eye-opening when seen in proportion to other lands.

banished to remote parts of the country. Among these exiles was a devout woman who steadfastly refused to give up her religion. Despite the many hardships she had to suffer, she obstinately continued to profess Christianity—the religion of her forefathers, the Nagasaki martyrs.

And now look at the fruits of her “obstinacy.” Her grandson, Very Rev. Dom-

inic Noguchi, was recently consecrated as the first Bishop of Hiroshima; his brother, Father Joachim, is a Trappist monk in northern Japan; another brother, Father Clarence, is a Franciscan; a younger sister, Sister Anna, is superior of a Tokyo convent. And all because a Christian woman in the last century remained true to her faith. . . .

Which country in the Catholic world has the largest number of priests and sisters? A reference book shows us that the United States, followed closely by Italy, tops the list. Let's alter the question a bit. Which country, in proportion to its Catholic population, has the largest number of priests and nuns? The United States? No. Italy? Spain? Ireland? No. You could go on guessing for half an hour before hitting on the right answer. Surprisingly enough, non-Christian Japan has proportionately the most vocations.

Although there are only about a quarter of a million Catholics in Japan, over 400 Japanese priests labor in various parts of the country and 470 seminarians are at present studying for the priesthood. Japanese sisters are even more numerous. No less than 3,560 of them do invaluable apostolic work in convents, hospitals and schools, while 1,900 novices are preparing to take religious vows.

If you add up the number of Japanese priests, sisters, brothers and seminarians you find that the total comes to over 2 percent of the Catholic population. In other words, out of every hundred Catholics, two or three are serving God as priests or members of religious orders. This is three times higher than the rate of vocations in the United States, and Japanese Catholics can be justly proud of their fine record.

Not all vocations are from Catholic Nagasaki. Many Japanese priests are converts and do not come from Catholic homes. Their conversion and studies for the priesthood often bring down many blessings on their non-Christian families.

Take, for example, the case of a seminarian who was ordained a few years ago in Tokyo. His first act after the ordination ceremony was to baptize his father and mother; the next day, they received their first Holy Communion at their son's first Holy Mass.

The steady increase in the number of Japanese priests and Sisters is a most heartening sign of Catholic vitality in Japan. After all, missionaries are only supposed to provide help until the local clergy is firmly established and has enough priests to run the Church. Then it is the turn of the local clergy to send out its own missionaries to other countries where they are needed.

According to the Holy Father's missionary encyclical, issued in 1959, one of the most vital tasks in any missionary territory is the training of the local clergy. This is precisely what the Jesuits on the staff of Tokyo Seminary are doing. Teach-

Entering chapel to be ordained to diaconate is Wakito Kayaba with the symbolic candle.





Richest fruits of early persecution were the martyrs who gave their lives at Nagasaki.

ing philosophy and theology to seminarians may not sound very exciting work and does not often hit the headlines of missionary magazines. But these missionary-professors are taking an active part in building up the Church in Japan. They will be instrumental in the conversion of the thousands of non-Christians who, sometime in the future, will be drawn to the Faith by the preaching of the Japanese students now studying for the priesthood.

A hundred years ago missionaries were allowed to reenter Japan. The once flourishing Church, founded by St. Francis

Xavier, had been practically wiped out by a ghastly persecution. The returning missionaries realized that they would have to start from the beginning again. They laid the foundations of the revived mission well.

Today, Japanese Catholics have their own hierarchy, with Cardinal Peter Doi, the first Japanese cardinal, at its head. We can rejoice to see the growing number of Japanese priests and sisters laboring for the conversion of their country. The courage of the Nagasaki Christians 90 years ago was not in vain. It has brought a second spring to Japan.

Today's harvest is ready as young Japanese about to be ordained priests lie prostrate.



AS IF REACHING OUT TO HEAVEN



... A SENSE OF SACRIFICIAL AWE is the feeling conveyed by the architectural design of the shrine honoring the twenty-six Japanese Martyrs of Nagasaki. Devout Catholics, they refused to de-

nounce their Faith and in the final chapter met death on the cross.

The items below are necessary so that this shrine may reach completion. Won't you give part or all of any one item?

SOME ITEMS NECESSARY FOR THE WORK IN NAGASAKI IN HONOR OF THE JAPANESE MARTYRS:

5 stained-glass windows, total	\$1,500
2 big mosaics, each	\$2,000
3 small mosaics, each	\$700
Marble baptismal font	from \$500 to \$850
Statue of St. Paul Miki carved in wood	from \$500 to \$600
Picture of Our Lady in relief ("Fumie": large reproduction of the picture of Our Lady on which the persecuted Christians were obliged to stamp to prove their apostasy)	\$1,200
5 glass cabinets for exhibition purposes, each	\$100
1 altar for the relics of the Martyrs	from \$1,000 to \$1,200

IN THE RESIDENCE:

7 rooms for the Fathers each	
building	\$1,000
furniture	\$100
Library: 10 tables, each	\$30
10 book-cases	\$40

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

I wish to donate \$..... towards

Name _____

Address _____

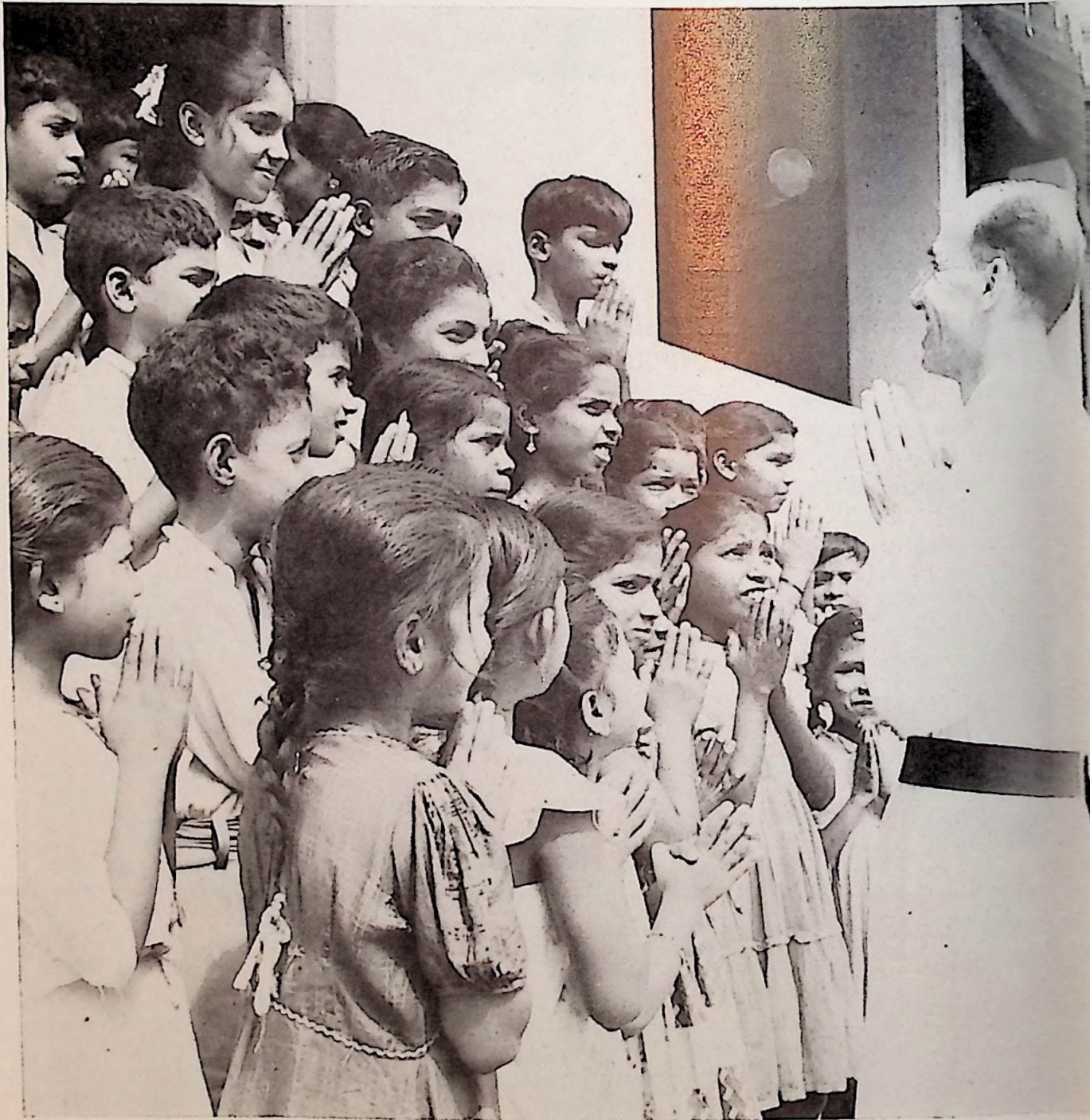
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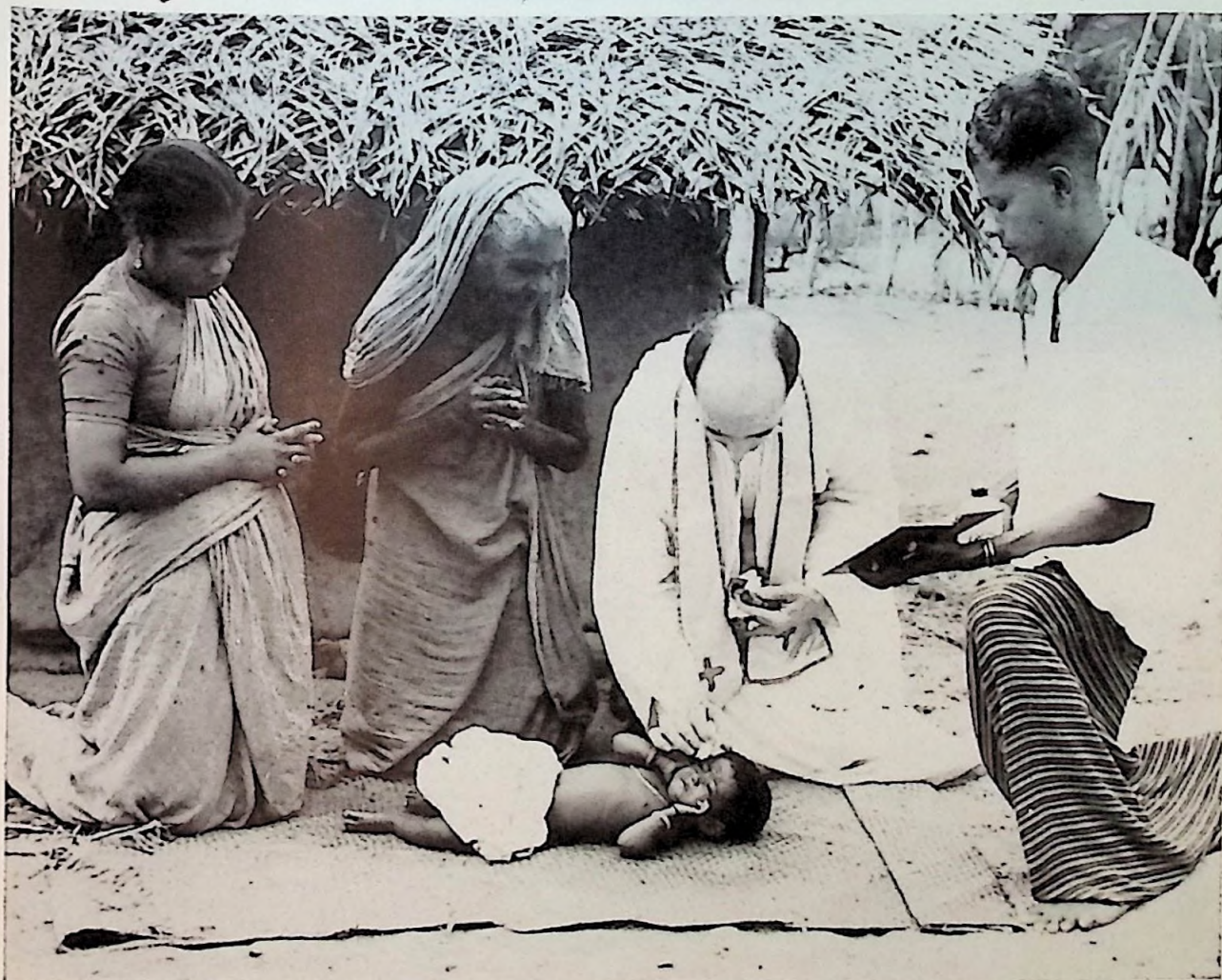
Pennsylvania and Ceylon may not appear to have too much in common but if you are not too busy at the moment then we extend to you an invitation to cross the various seas and to experience

A SOMMERS' DAY IN CEYLON



FIFTEEN YEARS AGO Father Joseph Sommers S.J. sailed out of New York enroute to the Golden Isle of Ceylon. It was a somewhat different environment from his birthplace in Harrisburg, Pa., and the customs and language were not exactly similar. Of the latter he once said, "Everybody admits the study of the Tamil language is difficult, but there comes a time when it no longer seems difficult, it seems impossible." And this from a man who was weaned on Pennsylvania Dutch and received his first Jesuit training in the Deep South of Louisiana! So we are inclined to accept his statement with just a grain of salt or, if you prefer, with a handful of hominy grits or a dash of curry. But at any rate Father Sommers has been hieing himself up and down the thin eastern coast of Ceylon for a fair number of years now and he has, with good reason, formed one unshakable conclusion—this Pearl of the Indian Ocean may be a tropical isle but there is always far too much to do to allow yourself to settle down into the famed "pace of the tropics." He has filled many jobs along the way in both the educational field and the parish one. He was Rector of St. Michael's College in Batticaloa for a period of seven years and also served as pastor in St. John de Britto's parish at Kallar where his less than 700 Catholics were sadly outnumbered by the 15,000 Hindus in the same district. But Father Sommers has not worn out his welcome, as can be readily seen from the photos on these pages. Trincomalee is not Harrisburg but there are still a lot of wonderful people in both places. Ask Father Sommers

Hardest moment of Fr. Sommers' busy day is anointing of dying baby and comforting mother.



The situation in Ceylon at the present moment is not a bright one for the Church. The government has taken over the schools and is doing the same to newspapers and periodicals. Private schools are allowed to exist but under stringent conditions. One of these last is the fact that none of them may charge tuition, which puts a heavy burden on organizations fighting to stay alive even under ordinary circumstances. So it is difficult to say exactly what the future in Ceylon will be for the Church.

The numbers of Catholics in the country make up about seven and a half percent of the total population. The Jesuits of the New Orleans Province, who staff the Trincomalee Mission on the eastern shore of the island, number 55. In their care they have St. Michael's College in Batticaloa and St. Joseph's Col-

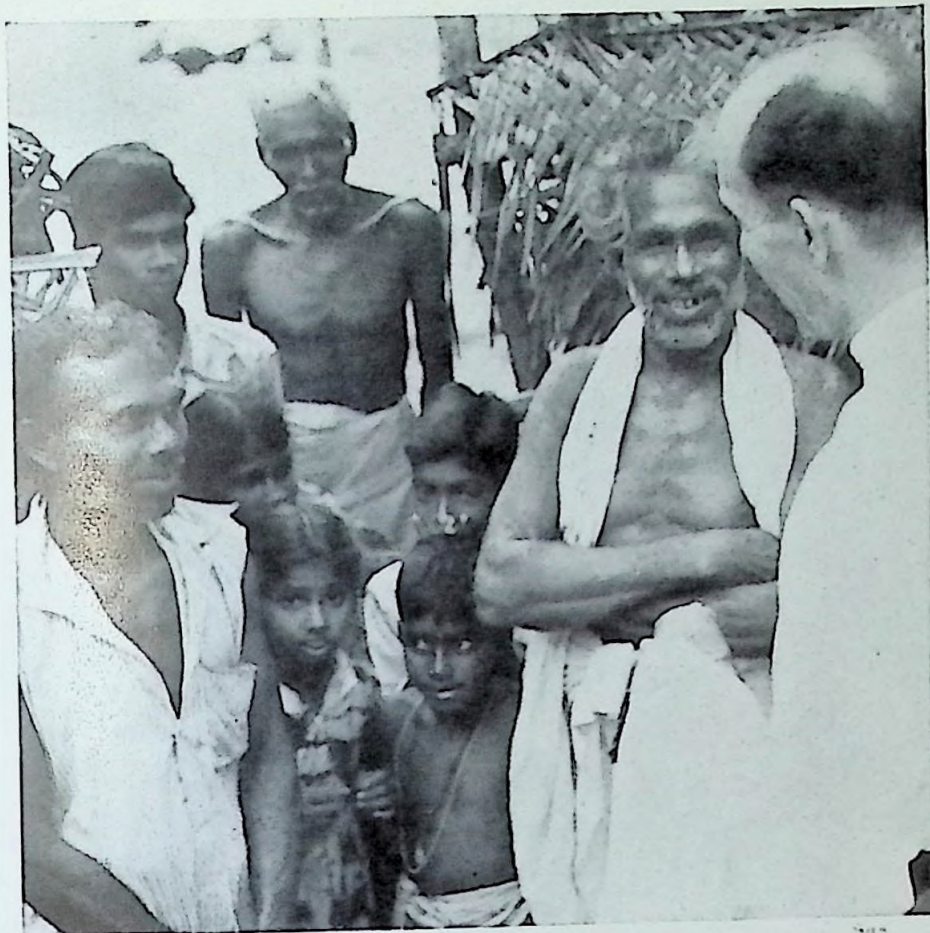
lege in Trincomalee. Besides these, they maintain parishes, mostly along the coast where the greater part of the people live, plus a Minor Seminary, Retreat House, etc. Over twenty diocesan priests assist them in their various works, while the nuns, as always, are on hand in different groups to carry out the jobs most of us would run away from. As a matter of fact, in the whole of Ceylon, women religious total four times the number of men.

But a missionary hasn't time to gaze into the crystal ball of the future; he always has too much to do. So Father Sommers and his fellow workers will continue to make their rounds, comforting, exhorting, and forever bringing the sweet fragrance of Christ to a people poor in the goods of this world but rich in hope eternal. Pray for them all.

T'aint polite to point your finger and besides you don't scare me one single bit—I know you!



Problems are all a part of the day's work and both men and women get into the game but somehow nothing is too major and we work it out.





CONFUCIUS and the future of China

ROBERT J. RONALD S.J.

The Wise Man drew up a blueprint from his study of mankind but today they have forgotten

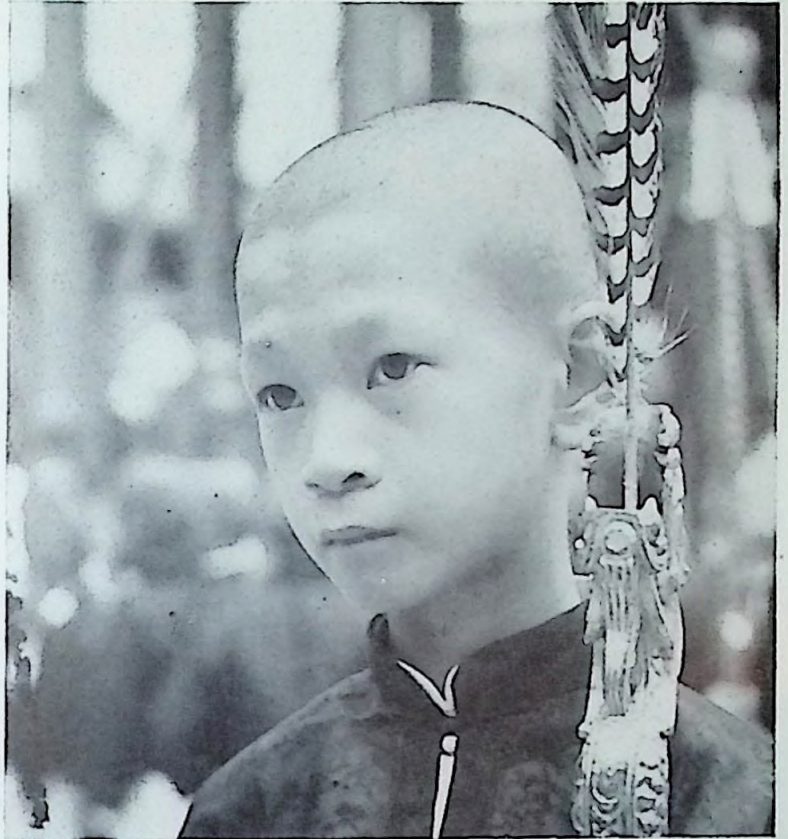
CONFUCIANISM, one of China's great treasures, played a dominant role in Chinese government and education for two thousand years. Today, however, China lies under the dominion of a philosophy totally alien to its former spirit. One of the important factors behind this change was the neglect of the founders and the propagators of the Chinese Republic to observe certain Confucian principles essential to the successful function of any lasting government. Confucius' ultimate aim was to establish a social order in which there would be universal

peace and contentment through the practice of the virtues. He believed that the key to this was the regulation of the forms of social life.

Thus there were two elements in traditional Confucian doctrine, a set of truths drawn from the nature of man and of government and an elaborate group of arbitrary social practices. It is the latter element that made China so conservative. Confucius, as a professed antiquarian, thought that the ideal social patterns and culture were those of an earlier age. Hence China always looked



In honor of Confucius Free China stages ceremonies in Taiwan. At left is choir of young dancers who put in long hours of practice for their performance and, as the lad below shows, it is a serious business.



backwards. When, however, the aggressiveness of the Western powers forced the Chinese in despair to abandon their old ways, China made the mistake of forsaking as well the ultimate principles of which the traditional social actions had only been arbitrary applications.

That error must not be allowed to happen again. The abolishment of a ceremonial bow does not dispense from the obligations of obedience and respect which the bow symbolizes. Successful revolutions are not built on the corpse of the past. True change is the enlightened redirecting of former strength, not its destruction.

Confucius (551-479, B.C.) taught that knowledge of the moral order is derived from understanding the nature of man. "The superior man," said one of his early disciples, "tries to create harmony in the human heart by a rediscov-

ery of human nature." This rediscovery is one of the most elemental of principles. Moral law, though not easily comprehended or easily followed, is to be found implanted in the consciousness of every man. Sound moral life requires individual effort coupled to adequate self-knowledge. Like an archer who misses the target, man must see the cause of failure in himself. The ultimate fruit of this effort and self-knowledge is the virtue of "true manhood." This "true manhood" or *Jen* is personal goodness viewed in relation to man himself. It is summed up in the practice of the "five constant virtues": respect, magnanimity, sincerity, earnestness and kindness.

Now man is essentially social as well. That which controls the principles of the social order for him is the virtue of "proper social behavior" or *Li*. This *Li* comprises propriety, virtuous intercourse,

the fulfilment of all ritual, ceremonies and sacrifices, the keeping of all things in due order and proportion. To have true goodness without the proper observance of the rules of propriety and ceremony is inconceivable to the Confucian, because what determines proper social behavior is not the moral law in the abstract but that law as expressed through the conduct of good men concretized in the customs that arise out of collective experience.

Respect is at the heart of all the social virtues. And the true source of respect is filial piety, for family relations symbolize all human relations. "To injure the family is to injure the root." For the older Chinese filial piety means more than just a natural expression of love; it is a moral social duty, a preparation for community living and for serving the ruler of the state. In general the social virtues are stressed for their utility

Bell ringer is ready to summon bonzes for the chanting of the office in the temple.



in harmonizing the entire social structure.

It is the ruler who is charged with maintaining the balance of society. Confucius said, "The art of government consists in making things right in their places." When each man is in his place and performs his duties in conformity with the proper rules of conduct, there is peace and true happiness. In the Confucian analysis good government is the key to virtue. Establish virtue in those who are capable of ruling and virtue will ultimately be fostered in all. Ideally, then, government regulations should be exemplary rather than statutory; laws while necessary lead only to outward compliance or punishment.

One of the principal reasons why mainland China's modern experiment in democracy did not succeed was because it neglected Confucian principles, or, at least, was unable to put them into practice. A government must seek primarily the welfare of the people, not the aggrandizement of those in power. The common good calls for united effort with the cooperative restraint of selfish inclinations. There should be freedom within the law, not anarchy in the name of freedom. Nor can any reform not actually rooted in the people last. A democratic nation supposes an educated democratic people. No one, therefore, should ever attempt to achieve overnight what it took the West centuries to develop.

Besides the abandonment of the basic good principles in Confucianism, much of what happened in the unfortunate years of strife that ended with the defeat of Chinese democracy in the late forties may be partially attributed to additional factors—some of them not easy accurately to approximate. Among these causes or disposing conditions were cultural stagnation, political apathy, foreign meddling, liberal ideological confusion in the universities, etc.

Had such secondary causes not been present, and had there been more time



Ritual dance is part of ceremonies honoring the Wise Man who blueprinted Chinese morals.

for a more widespread diffusion of the true principles upon which democracy must rest, principles which Chiang Kai-Shek, despite constant thwarting circumstances, ever sought to instill, there is no telling what the subsequent history of China might have been. A realistic basis for the hopeful potentiality in Confucian principles can be seen in Free China today where crowded Formosa has been transformed into a prosperous state. Taiwan has a food surplus and a general standard of living in Asia second only to Japan.

By the same standard, the general precepts of Confucius, Communism, too, will eventually fail because it has elevated the state above the dignity of the individual and has sought to destroy the family, the very root of society. The Communists will find when their power begins to wane that they have lost popular support through their disregard of the Confucian virtues of charity, respect and restraint.

The message of Confucius, then, is a vital one. While it is especially pertinent

to China, its basic principles are applicable anywhere. Man, he says in effect, has a duty to himself to respect the laws of his nature in the development of his character and sense of shame; a duty to others to respect their goods and the dignity of their person and position; a duty to his government to respect its laws and the person of his rulers. Anyone in official position, on the other hand, has a duty to himself to remain true to the trust placed in him; a duty to the common people to respect their persons and their goods and to place their needs above personal ambition. "There is a basic rule for the sovereign: through sincerity and faithfulness he maintains his rule, and through pride and self-indulgent living he loses it." Finally, the vitality and soundness of the whole national structure depend upon and reflect the vitality and soundness of the social roots of society. And there can be no sound social body without the discipline of self-control. Sharing a common purpose demands guidance and submission.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Summons in the night (see p. 6) is not the only thing Father Morrison of Patna, India, has to worry about. His present church is far too small and he desperately needs a new structure. But this veteran missionary knows only too well what the climate of India is like and so he wants to build strongly. Could you help him with a gift for his Sacred Heart Church?

Help fulfill a dream and finish off the church which Father Cerutti has been trying to build for the last two years in the Philippines. Owing to lack of money he can only work at it in fits and starts. In our last issue Father Claver recounted Father Cerutti's difficulties and the fact that he took most of it on himself. So would you help with \$5, \$10 . . . ?

Grand Cayman is an island which belongs to Jamaica but in one way it isn't much of an island. The highest point on it is Father Harry Ball's church which still lacks a bell tower and a bell—to say nothing of the inside of the edifice. Father is the only priest in a radius of several hundred miles but he has a vast field to work in, a field of real promise. Do you think you could help him with a donation of any size?

One big expense item in Alaska is the freight costs. The rates are terrifically high so it isn't worthwhile to ship small items out for repairs. But Father Fox has a flourishing establishment at Holy Cross and he needs all sorts of odds and ends, new or repaired. Across the years he has been a very faithful friend of JM and

we would certainly love to help him. Would you . . . with a few, or many, dollars?

A tiny gasoline engine with generator would mean much to Father Murphy in Honduras. With those he could show movies while touring the back villages, a real treat for these people who have so little. Could you send a small contribution for this purpose?

All is not heaven in Ceylon, as you can gather from Father Sommers' story on page 24. The school situation is especially delicate and he must find voluntary contributors in order to keep his school going. As his Catholics are not well off this presents a mighty problem. Could you ease Father Sommers' burden with a gift of whatever you can afford?

Two processional crosses and a crucifix are needed by Father Norman Donohue in Alaska. Also, as the poor in his mission are about 98 percent of the total, he can always use clothing and bedding. We ask you to please mail directly, by parcel post, the latter items (all sizes are needed) to Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Alaska.

In Samastipur, India, Father John Meyer has a gem of a catechist, a man of tremendous moral strength and with wide influence. But Father has no place for his assistant except a battered storeroom. Will you help Father Meyer provide a small house for this man upon whom he depends so much? A gift of \$5, \$10, or any amount will be deeply appreciated. Thank you most sincerely.

IT'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

*If you were a missionary
and had only one choice—
would you build a church
or a school?*

*If there isn't any school
then there won't be a church
before long, for there
won't be any need for one.*

*In the U.S. we know what
the problem of Catholic
education is. That same
problem exists everywhere.*

*Think it over—and you
will understand why we ask
you to help us to bring
Christ to the people of
mission lands in a permanent
way—through Catholic
schools. Any gift for this
purpose will be most
gratefully received.*

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ON THE OUTSIDE, LOOKING IN...

Would you open a door for a youngster who doesn't know Christ—and needs Him badly? That's what every missionary is trying to do. Please help open a door somewhere in the mission world.

Send your donation to

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