

THE UNIVERSAL MISSION ...
FOUR CENTURIES
TOWARD HARMONY



*"... preserve the civilization
and culture of the
individual races and
prudently harmonize them
with Catholic teachings."*

POPE JOHN XXIII

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JESUIT

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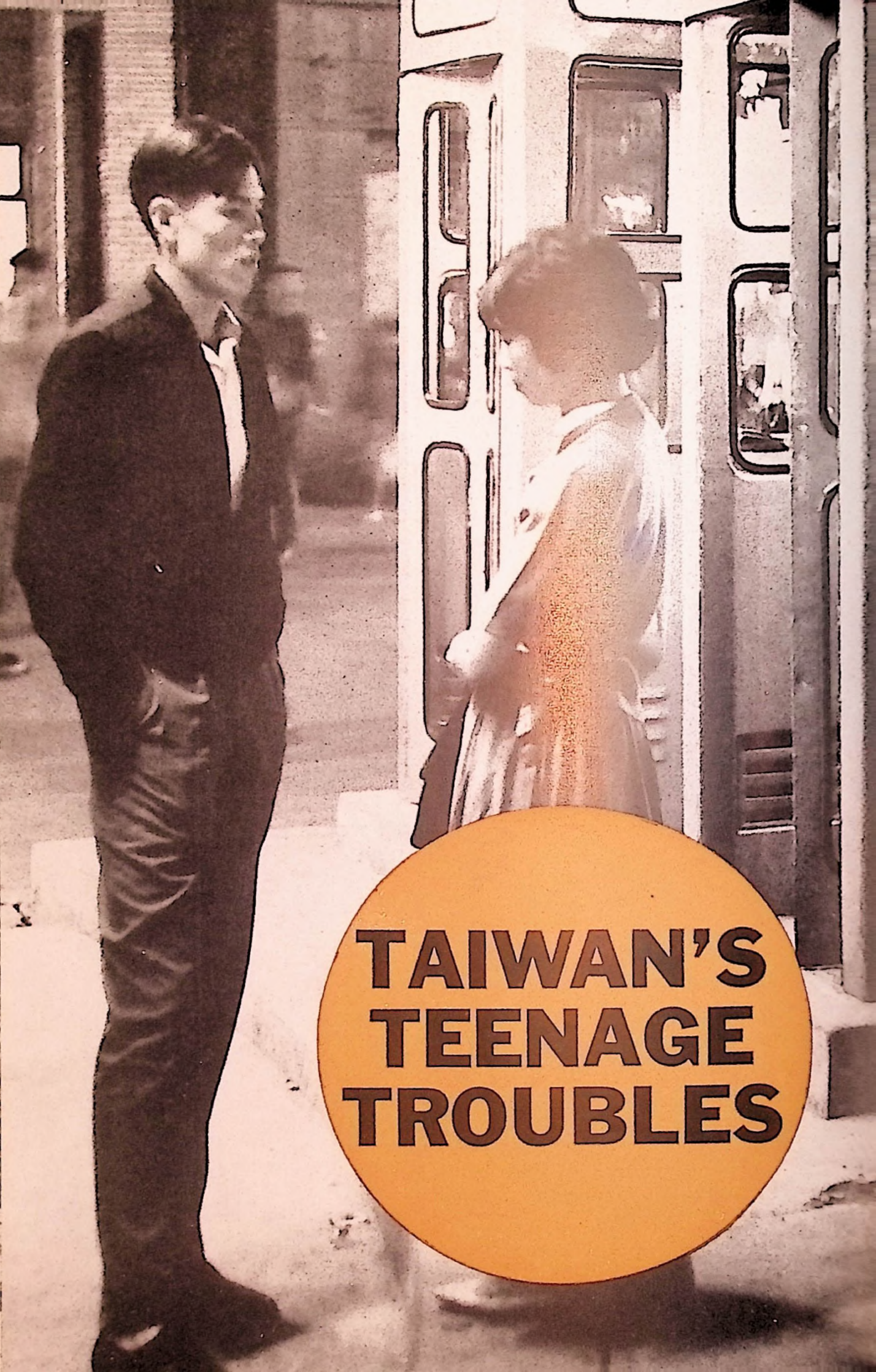
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There's reason to wonder when a strange American turns a funny looking box in your direction in Nepal. This year marks the tenth anniversary of the American Jesuits in the Forbidden Kingdom and the royal presence of the King and Queen at graduation showed their approval.



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**TAIWAN'S
TEENAGE
TROUBLES**

A veteran missionary and educator reveals

*that the difficulties which the youngsters
must face have the same origin the world over*

ALBERT R. O'HARA S.J.

FREE CHINA HAS its own version of the juvenile delinquent which is popularly called "Tai Bao," a short form for "Taiwan Toughie," and his fair counterpart is called "Tai Mei" a "Taiwan Moll" or "Taiwan Little Sister." In some points they resemble their American prototypes and in others there is found a distinct local flavor. "Tai Baos" favor the high-roached, long, heavily greased hair with ducktail, loud-colored, form-fitting clothes but for Taiwanese no socks and high wooden clogs; Chinese from the mainland favor the "dandy-type" of suit and suede leather shoes. The "Taiwan Little Sisters" go in for skin-tight Hollywood pants, ponytail or tousled hairdo, leather jackets (sometimes a Mandarin padded jacket) and nail-sharp high heels. Their habitat is the pool hall, coffee shop (Japanese style), the theatre district and tea shops.

Another juvenile delinquent characteristic is the gang formation which once again smacks of Chinese flavor for they call themselves by such names as the "Eighteen Tigers," the "Long Wind," the "Four Seas," the "Big Seven of Chung-cheng" (Street), the "Ten Heroes of the Bamboo Forest" and the "Union of Skeletons." Their crimes cover gang fighting with knives and iron pipes, molesting girls and women, theft, robbery, assault, homicide, dope addiction and fraud.

Newspapers use startling statistics to depict the rapid rise of juvenile delinquency in Taiwan for they say that in 1949, the year when the mainland Chinese came here in large numbers, the police listed only 460 offenses for juveniles; by 1953 the figure had sky-

rocketed to 1,922. In 1954 it rose again to 2,414 and by 1956 the police counted 5,874 juvenile crimes. However, these startling statistics give a wrong impression for many crimes reported were for youths 18, 19 and 20 years of age who in American sociological circles are not considered juveniles. Furthermore, there was neither much interest nor care in reporting crimes of juveniles until the influx of Chinese mainlanders brought greater police regulation and collection of social data. However, it is true that the mass migration of Chinese from the mainland overcrowded the cities of Taiwan, broke up the homes, overtaxed the schools and triggered a movement of Taiwanese youth from the country to the city; all of this, of course, aggravated youth problems.

The most important factor found within the "Tai Bao" and the "Tai Mei" themselves is the same as in other parts of the world, namely, emotional upset coming from broken homes, bad homes, or no home. A social survey here in Taipei has shown that most broken homes in Taiwan are from the death of one or both of the parents while only a small per cent came from divorce, desertion or other causes. Dr. Chiang Monlin, Head of the Joint Commission of Rural Rehabilitation, stated very frankly that he considered the main cause of the increase of juvenile crime to be the lack of authority and training in the home.

One of the greatest causes of trouble seems to be the one pointed out by Dr. Chiang. For centuries the Chinese family has been a well organized and tightly knit unit; its organization and unity were largely due to the system of Confucian ethics which inculcated respect for au-

thority and loyalty to the family by word and example both in the home and the schools. Today the teaching of Confucian ethics, or any ethics, has largely been dropped from both home and school training; on the other hand Christianity, either Catholicism or Protestantism, has not been sufficiently widespread to greatly affect the conduct of youth.

What is most needed is teaching by the family, the schools and all agencies possible, both by word and example, of

ethical principles and conduct. Since many of the delinquents were unable to gain admittance to school, educational opportunities should be provided for an education-hungry youth. Badly needed are creative writers of good literature, radio plays, short stories, etc. in which will be presented good principles, admirable characters, inspiring heroes for a youth which is not bad, but like in all other countries, needs sympathy, love, guidance, inspiration and someone to look up to.

There's a lot of fun even in preparing catechists for a lesson in teaching as Father Dowd shows in Hsinchu. His Young Worker Center is a strong roadblock to juvenile straying.



WEEKEND IN OCOTE



The mountains of Honduras provide a variety of entertainment plus a lot of worry and need of understanding

PAUL E. VAN VLEET

THERE IS A BRIEF note in my diary: "Weekend in Ocote." Really couldn't be much briefer but there was no need to write more, for I shall never forget the details. My weekend is a story of efficiency, confusion, and Divine Providence.

Efficiency? Well, that is the American trademark. It is part of the air we breathe, it is a virtue or vice which taints us all to some degree, and stays with us no matter where we go. It even exerts its influence in the Missions.

For instance, take a simple thing like a village visit. You know, it just doesn't happen that one day the missionary swings out of his hammock in the morning and decides to hit for the hills. No, it is a bit more complicated than that. First, letters must be written and sent to the Alcalde, Mayordomo, school teacher and all other important persons of the village, informing them of the intended visit. Some of these letters are purely a matter of courtesy, but others have a very definite and important purpose, such as arranging for room and board (even missionaries have to eat), arranging for Mass, as most of the villages have no church or chapel, and in general giving everyone



The welcoming band has a kind of downbeat look to it but its sincerity was sufficient to make Father Van Vleet stop and take a picture of the Honduras villagers greeting him.

a fair warning so that *padrinos* can be contacted for Baptisms; veils made for First Communion and so forth.

So although this letter writing may take some of the simplicity and spontaneity out of the village visit, it is basically an efficient system. But a "green" missionary can insert confusion and goof up the most efficient system. I am a "green" missionary. Oh, the letters were all sent to the proper authorities; they knew when I was to arrive. The system took care of that. They should expect me on the Friday banana train.

Now the passenger coach on the banana train is a sort of freight car with windows through which people visit, buy lottery tickets, food and clothing at every stop. And there are many stops. Functionally, the coach is a diner, for everyone is constantly eating—mangoes, ba-

nanas, fish enchiladas, etc. A fascinating sight without a doubt, but on this trip I found myself distracted by the fear of missing my stop, for I had never been to Ocote, and naturally the train has no conductor calling out the stops. Everyone is supposed to know where he is going. However, my fellow passengers, between bites and gulps, assured me that they would inform me when we arrived.

And we did arrive. The puffing, swaying train ground to a stop and then shuddered a bit, as one by one the cars rested from their swaying motion. Immediately the passengers dove for the windows to resume the usual whistle stop conversations and commerce, while I carefully stepped over the luggage and little children which cluttered the aisle, and prepared to meet the welcoming committee of Ocote.

With a blast of steam, another shudder

ran through the train as the Friday banana train began to move off with its swaying motion. And then it was gone. And gone too, in a miraculous disappearing act, was the crowd of lottery sellers, mango merchants, and idle curious that had descended upon the train. I began to sense that panicky feeling of having gotten off the train at the wrong place.

A little girl passing by assured me that this was Ocote, so I informed her that I was the Padre, and asked her to take me to the school. I felt like a man from Mars saying, "Take me to your leader."

A group of children materialized out of the thin air and taking my bag and Mass kit, started off in procession to the school, about a half mile up from the tracks. We made a loud and sweaty entrance into the school compound. Out came the teacher to see what was the cause of the disturbance; so in my best Spanish I said, "Well, here I am."

Have you noticed that school teachers have a way of looking at you, no matter who you are, so that you feel like a dunce? That was the look and the feeling I got in response to my eloquent greeting. Somehow things weren't materializing quite like I had imagined.

"Yes, this was the Ocote school. No, no one had received a letter from me informing them of my intended visit."

But the system *is* efficient. I had carbon copies of my letters, and I produced these documents to prove that I had played the game according to all the rules. Someone *must* have received my letters.

It was noon, and I was hot and hungry, and, by George, I was determined to stay and make the best of the situation. So the school teacher and I began to make plans and arrangements for Mass, catechism classes, room and board . . . when a group of horsemen rode up to the school. It was the welcoming committee looking for the missing Padre.

It seems that geographically Ocote

stretches from the train tracks to the hills, but politically there is a barbed wire fence—the wire curtain—that separates Ocote Campo from Aldea. The welcoming committee from Ocote Aldea was a bit late in meeting the train, and I had strayed into Ocote Campo. And the mounted *señores* had my letters to prove that I belonged to them and not to the Campo people. So off I went with them.

One of my first duties at Ocote Aldea was to take care of the Baptisms. The *Padrinos* were waiting to give me the vital statistics which are required for the Baptismal register. Each *Padrino* proudly brings a slip of paper which usually contains most of the needed information. The Padre asks the questions: child's name, date and place of birth, etc., and the *Padrino*, prompted by his crib sheet, gives the answers.

Heads up is very much in order when one is following the traditional way of portering.





Attentive audience must make the author feel good but we can't help wondering if this is a photo taken in the right Ocote. Feminine wiles might still be working for a holiday.

Having noted all the needed information, I announced that Baptisms would be at 3:30 in the afternoon. The *Padrinos* left to prepare for the ceremony. Then for some strange reason—Divine Providence—I read over the register which I had just finished. A fact which had made no impression when I wrote it down five minutes earlier now hit home like a knife in my heart. One of the children scheduled to be baptized was only *five* days old.

In many countries this fact wouldn't shock anyone, but I was familiar enough with my Honduran people to know that something was wrong. The Hondurans do not usually present their children for Baptism until the child can almost walk to the church by itself, for various reasons. So when I became aware of the fact, pushed by Divine Providence, that there was a *baby* to be baptized, I knew that there was only one reason. The baby was dying.

I grabbed my baptismal kit and dashed through the village asking for directions to the house of the infant. Naturally it had to be one of the more remote houses in Ocote. I came puffing up to the house only to find that the Baptismal party had already left for the church. Back along the maze of paths I raced, praying to the

child's guardian angel to keep the baby alive until I could find it and baptize it.

We arrived at the church together. Immediately I began the Baptismal ceremonies, reading the ritual with one eye on the child who was breathing a lot harder than I, and one hand on the Baptismal water.

I raced through the prayers and exercises a bit faster than the ritualists would like, and then, with a sigh of relief, I came to the pouring of water and worked the miracle of regeneration. The race was over. The victory was ours.

The few prayers which follow the pouring of water, I said in a calm voice. There was no hurry now, the child was safe. A half hour later the child was with God. I breathed a prayer of thanks to her guardian angel.

Yes, we have our system, more or less efficient, to help us accomplish the most with the least; but Divine Providence is behind it all, gently, and at times roughly, pushing us to get us to the right place at the right time to accomplish the work which He has entrusted to our hands.

"Weekend in Ocote." That's all that my diary records, but it sure was a weekend to remember.



THE EMPTY ISLES

Yesterday's cannon which once roared against buccaneers is quiet under Fr. Osborne's touch.

*Time has forgotten the little islands of the
Caribbean where once the guns of gold boomed*

THE TURKS AND CAICOS Islands in the Caribbean are geographically part of the Bahamas. However, in the give and take of the centuries they have ended up as dependencies of Jamaica. It is not difficult to see why they are not classed

as prizes to be fought for. The largest one, Grand Turk, is only about ten miles long and the lack of vegetation gives it an empty look. A few shrubs and Casuarina trees which seem about ready to give up the ghost enhance the desolation.

For some time now Bishop John McEleney S.J. of Kingston has been concerned with the welfare of the few Catholics on these tiny islands. Whenever it is possible, a priest is sent to care for them, and most of the time it has been Father Francis Osborne S.J., who took the photos on these pages. It is not an easy trip to make for the Turks lie beyond the Windward Passage at the end of the Bahamas chain.

What do the less than 7,000 inhabitants of these islands depend on for sustenance? The economy is built around the salt industry, a business that has been carried on for centuries despite harass-

ment from the French, Spanish and others. Most goods must be imported, for only on the Caicos can the people grow their own produce. Naturally enough, fishing is important and there is a thriving shell industry.

One of the outstanding things is the high rate of literacy in these out-of-the-way isles. Every child of fourteen can read and write, which is rather exceptional for this area of the world. But one shadow is the prevalence of superstitions, probably brought in from contacts with Haiti and its voodooism. Let us hope that Father Osborne and his successors bring new life to these empty isles.

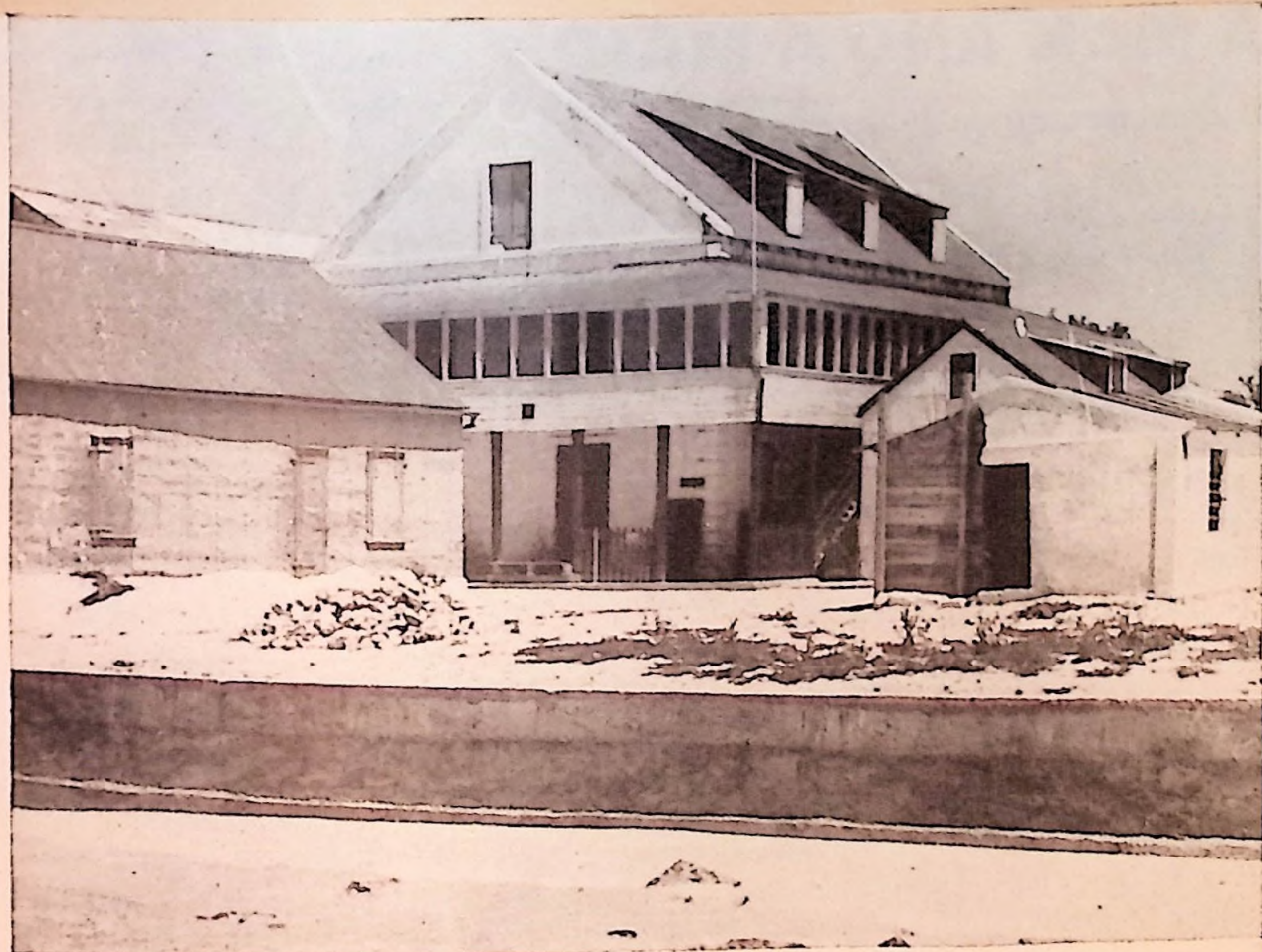
Town of Grand Turk as seen across the empty land from the edge of the water catchment.

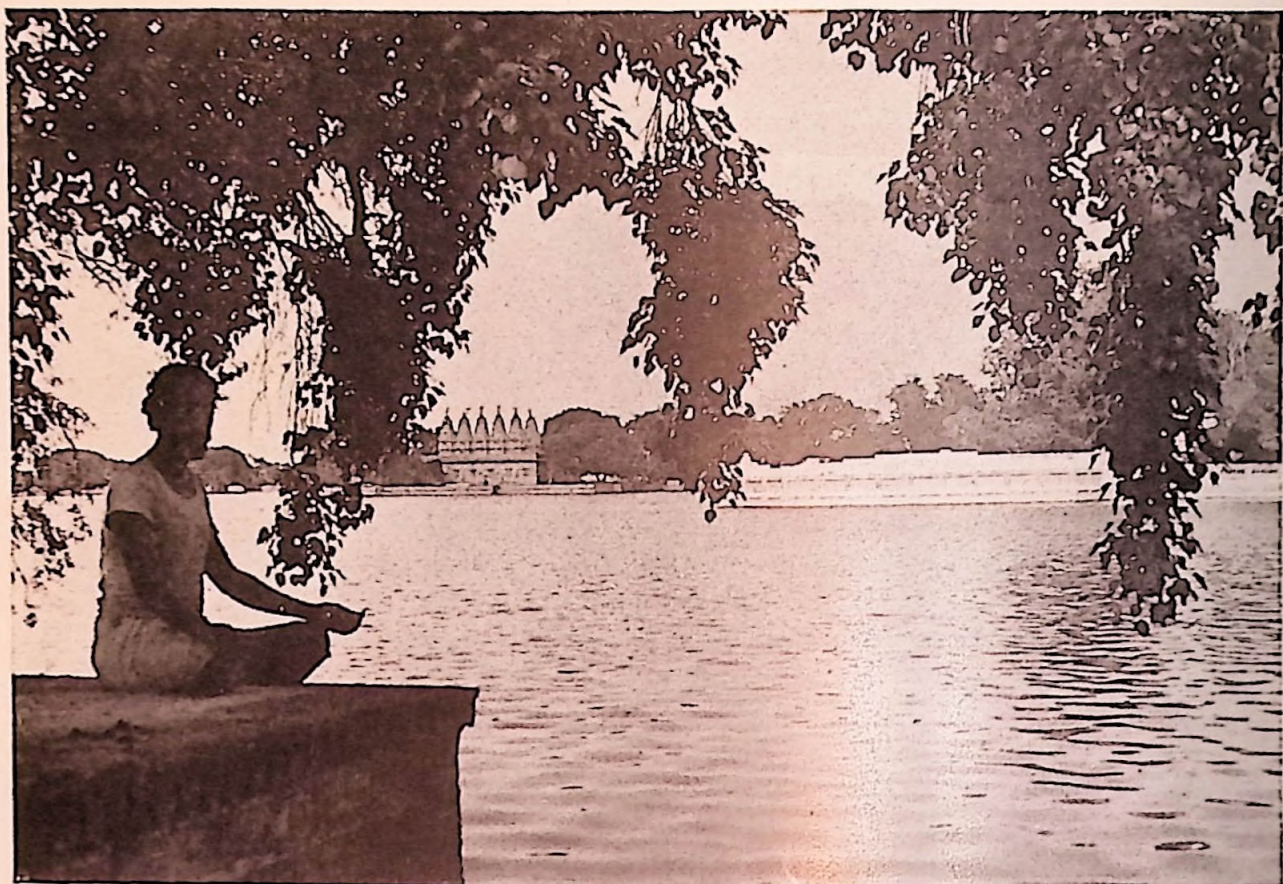




Young gun swingers of Grand Turk reveal the eternal fascination of a cannon of long ago.

Turks Island Merchandizing Company is important for everything to eat and drink is imported.





Quiet is the river and it is just the place for a man who wants to meditate or just fish. Again, it might be the best spot for a man to concoct a plot to win the heart of a maid.

A MAN AND A MAID

JAMES J. BERNA S.J.

*It was springtime in Ceylon and a girl who
was only visiting left her heart there*

HERE IN KERALA I have been extremely busy getting the new Extension Service of the Indian Social Institute organized. We are advising the German Bishops' Campaign regarding social-economic projects which they might assist and then help organize the projects for these sponsors. To give you an idea of the scope of our activities, during the past year I have drawn up projects costing over a million and a half rupees (about 350,000 dollars) which have been approved and have begun operating or are being organized. In addition to the Trivandrum Fisheries Project, which is the biggest of them, there is a Fisheries Project in Quilon, forty miles north of

Trivandrum, and a group of about six projects in Central Kerala including an agricultural improvement scheme for poor villagers, a cooperative training program, several cottage and small industry projects, etc.

Busy as I am with these various projects, all my time is not taken up with economics however. Occasionally I am consulted about more interesting problems such as the following romantic little episode. Not long ago a young girl from Trivandrum went to visit her uncle in Ceylon and while she was sitting on the front veranda one day, a very handsome young man went by. He smiled at her, whereupon she fell instantly and

hopelessly in love, although no word had passed between them. Later that day, he flings a note over the garden wall, the general drift of which is that she is the girl of his dreams and why don't they get married! (If this seems a little hasty, you must remember that boys and girls often marry partners whom they have seen for only a few minutes "for final approval" under the system of family-arranged marriages which still predominates here.) But the ogre of an uncle, whom the girl is visiting, catches her reading the note and packs her forthwith back to India, whereupon her mother brings her to see me. Knowing that I am from the wicked west where "love-matches" (as distinguished from family-arranged marriages) are the rule, she wants me to explain to the girl the evils of rushing into such alliances too hastily, which I do. But I also explain to the mother that this just might be true love and that she ought to let the girl find out more about the boy before vetoing the match completely, since she is obviously very much smitten.

Meanwhile the boy back in Ceylon has had the same idea, and a few days later, a very long (and ardent) letter arrives giving the history of his family, their social position, etc., all of which turns out to be very good. He even has a good job in a bank and belongs to the same community (caste) as the girl's family which will smooth their path considerably. In short, the faint sound of wedding bells is beginning to be heard in the distance—let us hope that they will live happily ever after, which they certainly deserve after the fairy tale beginning which this romance has had! A possible complication might be the aforementioned uncle in Ceylon who has a nephew or someone he wants the girl to marry. If he should begin throwing monkey-wrenches into the works, I shall assign all three of my field-officers to the case since once the Extension Service takes up a project, we see it through to the end. Now don't ask if that end is always successful. (In this case we shall probably advise elopement by fishing boat.)

Fishing industry on western coast of India has always been a way of life for many of the people and Father Berna of the Maryland Province has been trying to start co-operatives.



Window on the Mission

OF TABERNACLES AND TOMBS

IN MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE is the ugly tomb where lie the dead bodies of Lenin and Stalin, preserved under glass by the devices of chemistry and physics. Millions of the slaves of Communism are herded by these corpses every year. Some day soon, perhaps, the dead body of Khrushchev will be lying there. It is doubtful if any tears are shed or any love and sorrow provoked by the sight. If one's imagination were active, one might see the millions of corpses, starved to death or shot by the command of these dead heroes under glass. One might even hear in the silence the groans of the millions in prison camps who have no hope. Yet in the very sight of these dead bodies there is a hope—the miserable system they have created is as mortal as they are, even though Communism is sure that it is the wave of the future and the final glory of all human history. All the world must become Communist and its central shrine is in Moscow where the dead founders and tyrants lie.

The Church has a world vision too; she must reach the ends of the earth.

Wherever she goes, there is the tabernacle where is present the living, eternally triumphant Savior of mankind. He has said what no Communist would ever think of saying; "I and the Father are one. I am the Life. He that eats my flesh and drinks my blood has everlasting life. I am the Resurrection and the Life. I am with you all days even to the end of time." He died, too. But He rose gloriously from the dead which no Communist has ever done and He lives on in our midst in the mystery of the Holy Eucharist.

Before these tabernacles all over the world millions pass to adore, to love, to give thanks, to obtain divine strength. To these tabernacles the millions come to receive Jesus Christ, Our Lord, to be united with Him in life and love. In Him the millions are united in the mystery of the Church, His Body. This Christ of ours will come visibly into the world in glory at the end of time and human history to share with all who belong to Him the glorious mysteries of His resurrection and ascension into heaven. He will come as the Judge of all mankind, Lenin, Stalin and Khrushchev included. There will be no summit meeting. He alone will say the final words, "Come, you blessed of My Father." "Depart, you cursed."

Here are two views of history, one invented by men, the other revealed by God. The Catholic cannot sit by com-



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick sees the last four centuries of mission endeavor in the symbol of an hourglass through which pass the people of the world and the sands do not run out but become one harmonious whole in the Church.



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placently while Communism moves relentlessly across the world. We have divine certainty about our faith and our vision of the world, to be sure. But that does not mean that we can be indifferent to the spread of this new gospel of a fool's paradise and death. Our world vision, revealed by God, must not be swallowed up by the sombre world vision of Lenin and Khrushchev and others of their ilk.

The missionary Church moves patiently across the world placing the tabernacle and Christ, Our Lord, in the midst of all nations, preaching a gospel of salvation and eternal life. If we Catholics are serious about arresting the advance of godlessness, then we have to do more than talk against Communism. We have to do positive things. The most positive thing we can do is to develop in ourselves a more intense mission consciousness so that the Church will not be handicapped by us and our lack of interest, as she strives to bring the living Son of God to all the peoples of the world. Either we multiply the tabernacles across the world or the others will make the world a tomb inhabited by dead souls; it is as simple as that. It is for us to make it possible for the missionary Church to bring Christ to all nations. We have to live up to our world vision with more generosity and sacrifice than the Communists with their world vision. We should indoctrinate one another with a compelling love of the missionary Church without which there will be no stopping the forces of error and evil. What shall the world become—a tabernacle or a tomb? The decision is in our hands.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.



Deep are the Roots

It is time that we recognized the sands in the mission hourglass have run in one direction long enough and in their mingling of the last four hundred years they have set up a harmony which has a Christlike echo

Without roots today are this Palestinian mother and child who have been driven from their homeland and are forced to live in refugee camps in the Gaza strip. (UNations photo)



HISTORY HAS BEEN termed the laboratory of mankind, wherein is seen the various workings, desires and goals which have motivated human beings since time began. Certainly the hourglass of the last four centuries in mission activity reveals, in true test tube fashion, the running through, the amalgamation, the harmony that has emerged from that ceaseless flow of a hundred different sands.

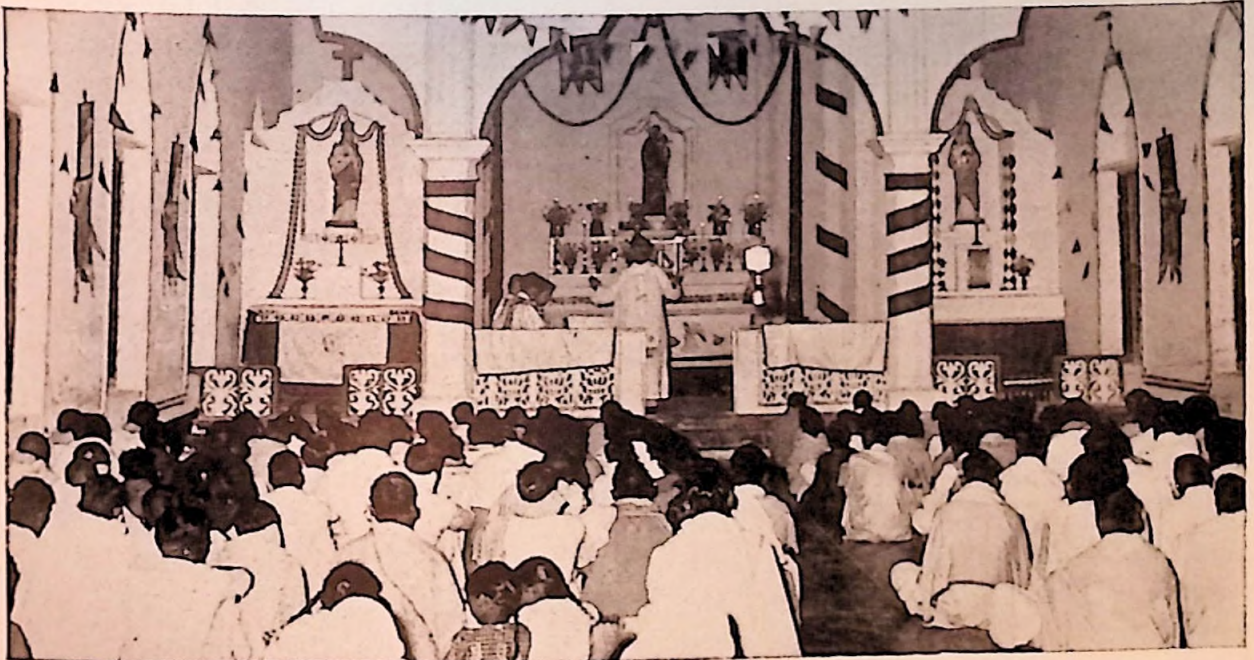
Four hundred years ago a new missionary spirit revitalized the Church and the explorations and colonization of those days opened up new and broader avenues for the expansion of the Faith. In 1561 Xavier had been dead less than ten years; all over the Far East the distinctive garb of the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Jesuits and others was becoming a familiar sight. This was the year that a king in South Africa was baptized—and less than two months later the priest who baptized him was martyred. In a single village in Brazil over 900 people were baptized; the reductions in Paraguay were in full swing; Virginia, Florida, Maine and Canada had missionaries at this time. It is interesting to note that today's new

nations of Africa, Angola, Congo and others, had already been evangelized in 1561. The new missionary movement was well under way.

But it was a movement in one direction only, necessarily so at the time, yet that first surge outwards from Europe served to build up an idea of mission activity which lingers on even in our own day. Every hourglass of its very nature must in time become a two-way street. The sands cannot run in one direction forever; sooner or later the glass must be turned and the flow in the opposite direction begun.

Only today, under the repeated urgings of the Popes, are we becoming aware of that give-and-take nature of missionary work. The present Pontiff, John XXIII, underlines that idea when he proposes to our thoughts and prayers during the month of September the intention "That those who proclaim the Gospel message may preserve the civilization and culture of the individual races and prudently harmonize them with Catholic teaching." To Christianize the world does not mean to Europeanize or Westernize it. Rather the key word in the Pope's Mission In-

A score of differences in customs, architecture, etc. might be noted by the eye of a Westerner but it still remains true that in this chapel in India the world is at home.





Universality of Church is emphasized in the Catholic Life Exhibit in Taiwan. This portrayal of the Church brought over 4500 requests for instruction during the island tour.

tion is "harmonize." The delicate fingers of time must mold the sands flowing through them into one harmonious whole. "Here is no more Jew or Gentile, no more circumcised and uncircumcised, no one is barbarian or Scythian, slave or free; there is nothing but Christ in any of us." (Col. III, 11) All the diverse elements which enter the top of the hour-glass become one in time, the Universal Church embracing all races and all ways of life.

We must get away from the idea that there is a home Church and a mission Church; both are one and every nation and people contribute to the Church's well being. The last few Popes have stressed that idea of exchange in both life and energy whereas once the flow of those forces was from Europe outwards. Now the Church is no longer likened to a river with tributaries heading in different directions to various parts of the world; it is the ceaseless ebb and flow

of the tide along the shores of eternity, each wave bearing with it something of the old and something new.

It is not necessary that each and every human being on this earth be enrolled in the ranks of the Church. Our Lord's command on teaching envisaged a universal Church in the sense that all regions of the world would hear His message at some time or another. But in speaking of the universality we must not look upon the spreading of the Gospel as a thin veneer which covers the earth. There is depth to it also; which is what Pope John means when he bids us pray that the heralds of the Gospel build upon what they find already established. The roots must be deep and it is the nature of a root to be the stream of life. So the Church takes its roots in the men and women who are its members, its guides and the guided, its clergy and laity.

We all know that there is a legitimate pride of race and that no people has the



Harmony reigns at University College of the West Indies when Cardinal Cushing visits it with Bishop McEleney (center) during His Eminence's stay in Jamaica for Cathedral Jubilee.

right to destroy the peculiar traits which characterize another race, just as long as they are not evil. For the last four centuries the Popes and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith have, time and again, reminded the missionary of his duty in this regard. He is the bridge, not one who uproots and begins with an entirely new planting.

When this missionary surge of the last four centuries was just getting under way the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith felt constrained to admonish those in the field, "What is more absurd than that France, Spain, Italy or any other part of Europe be brought into China?" The big thing was the Faith, which knows no national or racial limitations, no more than the Cross on Calvary was endured for a single group.

The late Pope Pius XII taught, "The Catholic Church does not despise or reject pagan teachings but she rather completes and perfects them with Christian

wisdom . . . in a certain manner she has consecrated the customs and ancient traditions." And the present Pope summed up the depth of the Church's universality in his Encyclical "Princeps Pastorum": "She does not identify herself with any particular culture, not even with the Occidental culture to which her history is so closely bound. Her mission belongs to another order, to the order of the religious salvation of man . . ."

Deep are the roots, but we must remember that they are nourished by every race and people on the earth. Once the triumphs came one by one, but they trickled through the hourglass of the ages and became one homogeneous glory. The sands run out and the hourglass is turned and all the world is a home. For home is where one's roots are and Christ is the Church and the Church is everywhere, in the glory of its many-colored spectrum formed by all peoples and races.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



We are Seventy...

*The little ones come—and some of them do not stay
for long—but it is a home and it is filled with
the kind of love that is not of this world alone*

ROBERT E. LUDWIG S.J.

WHEN THE MISSIONARIES in Patna Mission think of Rampur, they are reminded of tigers, leopards, deer and even rhinoceros, ever since the night several years ago when one of these last visited our compound. As a matter of fact, we are only about thirty miles from the Shikar area where Queen Elizabeth and party were recently taken for a hunt by the Maharaja of Nepal. Given the pen of Jim Corbett, I could narrate stirring accounts of the Dumotanr Tiger, the Bheri Tigress, the Phikna Thoree Tiger, the Jesauli Panther, and many an interesting personal experience with leopards, bears, wild boars and snakes.

However, in an effort to bring Rampur Mission into proper perspective, I could speak of our crowded school, or of the good work done by the Sisters in our

medicine Dispensary, or of the lively Faith of our people, but for the present, I wish to concentrate on the orphanage.

Shortly after the arrival of the Indian Sacred Heart Sisters in Rampur in 1953, the first orphan—a tiny two-month-old tot—was brought to the mission. Since then 70 children ranging from a few days to five years of age, have been brought, usually when the lone surviving parent or guardian could not take care of them. Typical was the case of the father of one of the babies, who told me, when he brought his three-week-old daughter (the mother had died shortly after giving birth), “If you do not take her, I will throw her in the jungle.”

When you see the emaciated condition of most of these children upon arrival at the mission, you wonder how any of them have ever managed to survive. The secret is soon evident when you observe the

loving, motherly care bestowed on them by the Sisters and particularly Sister Canisia, who is in charge of this Department. The newly acquired tyke is given a bath, its sores or particular type of disease is treated, and then it is clothed in clothes which have been so generously supplied by many a wonderful home missionary. I am sure that if other home-missionaries could see the joy that lights up in Sister Canisia's eyes when given a bundle of used-clothes, many another person would take the trouble to send cast-off frocks, pants, shirts, anything wearable. (°Packed in a 1 cubic foot, cardboard box and marked, "Gift package—used clothes, no value.")

Mothers know what self-sacrifice and devotion is required to take care of one baby at a time. Multiply this by about eight or more babies and about 30 youngsters between 3 and 10 years of age, and you will have some idea of Sister's task. Feeding, clothing, washing, medical attention are all very demanding on time and energy. Fortunately, the older children from 7 to 10 can now help with some of these tasks. Each one of the older children has his or her babu to look after, and they take pride in their respective charges. In spite of the best care and medical treatment, thirty of the tots have already gone to that reward to which we all look forward.

A soul is saved as Father Ludwig baptizes a dying child in his mission at Rampur. These are the moments when a priest and nun know that their days of sacrifice are worthwhile.



Each one takes a bit of Sister's heart. Cornelia, a five-year-old, was the latest. It was evident for some time that Cornelia, stricken with T.B., had not long to live. She would sit quietly on her cot all day and smile at anyone who came near. The children would ask her if she wanted to go to heaven and she would nod her head and say, "Yes," thus giving evidence that the Sisters were even more intent on preparing the souls of their little charges. As soon as they are able to speak, they lisp the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Heaven becomes a reality where Our Lord, Mary, Joseph, the Saints, and all the youngsters who have gone before, are waiting to welcome them. When asked how many or-

phans there are, they too say, like Wordsworth's children, "We are seventy; thirty are with our Mother Mary, and forty of us are still with Sister Canisia."

There is no doubt that Mary can find room for the thirty children with her, but it is not so easy for Sister Canisia and the forty children with her. The two temporary rooms at their disposal are packed, and every evening in the litany of things and people for whom the orphans pray, you can hear a recurring petition, "St. Joseph, please help Father get coal to bake bricks for our home."

Rampur may be a desolate spot in the jungle but it is bright with children's laughter and warm with love.

Whose babu are you? and the question needs no answer. The older children at the Rampur orphanage quickly learn to aid the Sisters in caring for, and loving, the younger orphans.





**“Saint Joseph,
please help
Father get
coal to bake
bricks for
our home”**

SHORTLY AFTER the arrival of the Indian Sacred Heart Sisters in Rampur, India in 1953, the first orphan, a tiny 2-month-old tot, was brought in. Since then, 70 children ranging from a few days old to 5 years of age have entered. Most of them were desperately ill and needed medical care immediately.

In some of these cases, there was a lone surviving parent who would not or could not care for the child. Typical was the case of one father who said, “If you don’t take her, I will throw her in the jungle!”

When you see the emaciated condition of some of these infants, you wonder

how they ever survived at all. The Sisters were given temporary quarters consisting of 2 rooms where at least 70 children are housed and cared for. These conditions make it almost impossible to properly care for these wretched, sickly infants. Among the Sisters, there is a constant desire for larger quarters for themselves and their charges.

Their one big dream is an orphanage equipped to care for these pitiful children who want so much to live and worship God.

Won’t you help make this dream a reality by your contribution? These children have nowhere to turn except to you.

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

Dear Fathers: Please accept my contribution of \$_____ so that an orphanage can be started for needy children.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Traditional dance rehearsal is held on Ponape in anticipation of visit. (UNations photo)

Shadows of the Past

RICHARD J. HOAR S.J.

In the Caroline Islands of the Pacific the old superstitions and ways of thinking linger on—and the missionary seeks the answer

EACH MONTH, I have made trips to the villages along the western coast of Babeldaob. It is there that I am closest to the people and their problems and hopes and joys. I wish that I could give you an insight into the people, for they have a natural dignity coupled with a sophistication that is rather unique—at least in my experience. Their traditions and customs are so different from ours that I feel that I am only just beginning to get to know them. Let me tell you a few stories . . .

One day I was coming home here from Ollei in a native boat with four other adults and a few children. The wife of the owner of the boat was holding the baby of a young mother who was making a trip with us. The baby became restless and the mother asked the other woman for it. The older woman simply ignored the mother and began to croon to the baby. Again and again the mother asked for her baby. Finally I asked the older woman why she would not give the baby back to her mother. She replied that

the young lady did not know how to take care of her child. I knew that this was not true—but the younger woman had no power to get her own baby back from the older woman.

One day in Mengellang a young girl told me that she no longer wanted to be a Catholic. I asked why. She said that some day she would get married and that her parents would take her babies; and that they are Protestants, and would raise the babies as Protestants; so it was better for her to become a Protestant now rather than a bad Catholic later!

In Ngardmau my former altar boy still refuses to marry his wife. They have only been together for two years now and have one baby. Why not? He is afraid that some day he will want to leave her, or she will want to leave him. Hence he is afraid to be married in Church now lest he find himself living in sin later on with someone else. By his logic—and that of all Palau—it is better to live in sin now.

In Aimalik last month I had just finished reading the marriage exhortation and putting the question to the groom. As I began to ask the question of the bride-to-be, she slumped to the floor in a dead faint. She had made up her mind to go ahead with the marriage—but the realization that this would be forever was just too much for her. After the Mass she sufficiently revived to say "I will."

These stories could be multiplied easily. But the point of them is to try to show that family life here is something that you would not recognize. Here the unit is not the father, mother, and children. Rather it is a much larger unit in which the real parents do not matter much. Children are born and "adopted" in pretty much the way we would give away puppies. And in some cases with about the same amount of feeling. The problems that this introduces for Christian living are obvious. As soon as they are old enough to have children, some of

our young Catholics find themselves unable to go to the Sacraments. After a few years of living that way, they do not much care if they ever go again.

This strange form of married and family life is only one of many serious problems that the people here are facing. They are working toward some degree of independence. Their exportable resources are very limited, and their personal experience in cooperative economic ventures even more limited. It will take a long time, but I do believe that the culture is changing and will some day be more favorable to a true Christian atmosphere. But the shadow of the past still hovers over us.

Mother and child have not the same relationship as is customary in Western world.



Alaska is a cold country but there are people there whose hearts are wonderfully warm and who give without stint

"OPERATION TONSILS"

EDMUND A. ANABLE S.J.

THE STORY BEGINS, so far as St. Marys on the Lower Yukon is concerned, a couple of years ago, when Father Rene Astruc, a Jesuit missionary, stationed at the mouth of the Yukon river, at St. Michael, on the Bering Sea, had to go to Anchorage to consult a doctor for his eyes, or his throat. Because a certain Doctor Milo Fritz was quite eminent in his work, Father Astruc went to him for his treatment. Doctor Fritz is not the ordinary M.D. one would expect to meet

Tied securely, daughter of Anijah makes it easier when he is on a long trek.



in such a far-away section of the world as Alaska. He has a string of letters after his name which would rival the alphabet agencies so prevalent during the Roosevelt administration. If it concerns eyes or ears or throat, Doctor Fritz has it!

Along with his interests as a specialist, he is a very enthusiastic individual, and his curiosity, especially about the native peoples of Alaska and their eye, ear and throat difficulties, led him to ask innumerable questions of Father Astruc, while he was treating him. And the answers he received to his questions began to build up within him an idea that was to have a tremendous effect upon the youngsters of St. Marys.

For Doctor Fritz, the story had begun some time before. He had taken care of so many of the youngsters brought into the Government Hospital for the Indians and Eskimos of Alaska, at Anchorage, and he had seen over and over again the pitiful condition of the eyes of so many of them. Many times the thought had occurred to him, "What of all the native youngsters in their scattered villages, spread all over this vast land, who cannot get to the hospital in Anchorage?" And the more he thought, the greater became his concern.

Mr. John Spahn was a natural for him to discuss this matter with. Mr. Spahn is an optometrist, and makes up the glasses prescribed by Doctor Fritz, and the two men had discovered a mutual interest in the eye problems of the Alaskan youngsters. In his own quiet way, Mr. Spahn became just as concerned in the problem



There's a lot of fun in life and these lads will find even more because of the selfless interest and sacrifice of Dr. Milo Fritz and John Spahn who gave St. Mary's a priceless gift.

as did his doctor friend. Each man talked it over with his wife. Each wife, thank God! became also interested. They had friends, and they spoke of their growing ideas to their friends, and gradually the little seed began to germinate and grow, and finally flowered into the forming of a little Foundation, one expressly devoted to helping the Eskimo and Indian youngsters who could not get to the larger cities for treatment.

Concentrated here at St. Marys are some 260 youngsters from all parts of the Yukon Delta and the lower Bering Coast. Born in poverty, reared in filth, it was almost certain that gathered here were many of the very youngsters the Foundation had been established to aid. Just to think of all the eyes crying for corrective lenses, needing surgery, in

many cases: the infected ears, the throats ready and waiting for all sorts of difficulties from tonsils which were a danger to the whole system!

So between Doctor Fritz and Father Poole, the Superior at St. Marys, a correspondence was started, and not long after, in the Spring of 1960, trunks and boxes and packages began to arrive at St. Marys to be followed shortly after by a little Cessna airplane, landing on the river ice in front of the Mission. Doctor Fritz and Mr. Spahn had arrived on a real errand of mercy. They were professional men. They were, and are, men who have busy practices, and it had not been easy for them to "close up shop" for a week and get away. It meant financial sacrifice and personal expense, but here they were!

Trunks, boxes and packages were opened, and all the equipment needed for a thorough examination of eyes, ears, nose and throat, were disgorged. The High School Girls' recreation room became a clinic. For one whole week, one after another, every youngster at the mission and from St. Marys village as well, passed through the clinic; each had the services of a specialist and a thorough examination which would have been quite expensive had they lived in the cities. But here, the cost was a shy Eskimo smile, and a little prayer, deep in the hearts of these kiddies who had never even heard of such charity and love of one's fellow man.

What those examinations revealed, no layman could adequately describe—youngsters who urgently needed hospitalization and serious surgery or eyes and ears in such tragic condition that a prescription for glasses or for minor surgery, such

as could be performed at the mission, were woefully inadequate. Almost half of the youngsters were in need of corrective lenses, and there Mr. Spahn stepped into the picture; measuring the broad heads, fitting frames over broad nose bridges, carefully noting it all down, so that when he was back in his Anchorage office, lenses could be ground to prescription and fitted to frames that would be strong, yet serviceable, yet not the cheap glasses of "charity."

After a week, their work completed for the time being, these two men flew away, Mr. Spahn to spend long hours over his grinding machines, Doctor Fritz to compile a medical report on each child, and recommend action to the proper medical authorities for the hospitalization and surgery for the more serious cases. During the next several months, due to the representations of the Doctor, several of the children were

Angels of mercy, John Spahn (left) and Dr. Milo Fritz say a gay "au revoir" to all at St. Marys. The little present of native art work is **only** a symbol of the gratitude of all.



brought to Anchorage, where Doctor Fritz operated.

But what happened to the multitude of recommendations for the removal of tonsils? So many of those had been found to be infected; so many of the youngsters needed to have them removed. But as the months passed by and nothing was done, the little Foundation went into executive session again!

Again the boxes, trunks and packages began to arrive, and another letter announced that Doctor Fritz and Mr. Spahn would come again, this time as a surgical team! On Palm Sunday afternoon, the little Cessna again appeared out of the grey sky and swooped down to the icy surface of the river, and was tied down.

With the assistance of many of the larger boys and girls and under the supervision of Miss Jean Lapham, our school nurse, a volunteer of a year's service on the missions, the little rooms took on the appearance of valid operating-rooms. Surgical masks and gowns, sterile drapes and towels, racks of gleaming surgical instruments and forceps by the dozens, etc. "Operation Tonsils" was scheduled for the zero hour of eight the following morning!

Mr. Spahn stood ready as anesthetist. Mother Superior hid her Ursuline habit under the anonymous folds of an operating gown, and her cherubic countenance behind a surgical mask. Sister Virginia, of the Oblates, also well disguised, but betrayed by the excited glitter of her eyes above the mask, formed another member of the operating team. Little Sister Barbara, whose black head veil contrasted as sharply with the white surrounding her, ignored the ether fumes, as she kept her head close to that of the patient, endlessly and constantly repeating in Eskimo the directions of the surgeon.

It sounds fantastic to say that in five days, seventy-one youngsters took their places upon the table and the tonsils of each were removed. And when it



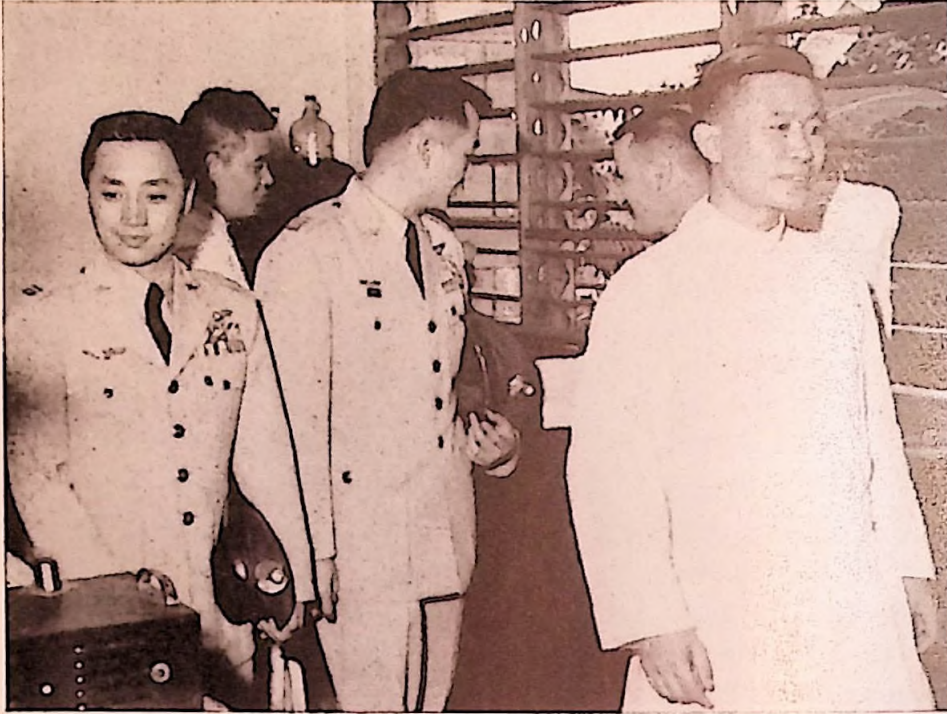
Evening falls but still Doctor Fritz keeps on working in the substitute operating-room.

was realized that every one of these youngsters was having trouble in the ears, due to the infection of the tonsils, it can be readily understood that this seemingly wholesale removal of tonsils was accomplishing much more than simple tonsilectomies.

Neither Doctor Fritz nor Mr. Spahn are Catholics. They are like the Samaritan, praised by Our Lord for his neighborliness. There was a need, and in their own way, at great personal sacrifice and expense to themselves, they did all they could, with no thought of reward.

To Doctor Fritz, to Mr. Spahn; to their wives and the fellow members of their little Foundation, we say a hearty and fervent "Keyana Chuknuk"—"Thank you, from the bottom of our hearts."

FILIPINO HAILS AND FAREWELLS



Break ranks is the order of the day for the Chinese and Filipino boys at Sacred Heart School, Cebu City, when officers and fliers of Free China's air force dropped in on a goodwill tour of the Islands. Every boy loves a hero—and most real heroes like real boys. The welcome at the Chinese School in the Philippines was the warmest one the veteran fighters received during their tour and it brought tears to the eyes of these men who had fought over the Taiwan Straits.



Fortieth Anniversary in the Philippines is marked by Father Henry Irwin S.J. He was one in the first group of American Jesuits who came out to the Islands in 1921. During his many years on the mission Father Irwin has built an enviable reputation for his dramatic productions at the Ateneo de Manila. Long ago as a student at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., he had distinguished himself on the stage so it was only natural that he make use of that ability in his priestly career. About ten years ago the 69-year-old Jesuit retired from his theatrical activity and now teaches theology, Latin and English literature at the Ateneo University. He also cultivates a garden, not for want of something to do, but because of the unexpected beauties found in it.



Happy giveaway day in the Bukidnon is marked by Father Arthur Shea S.J. of Malaybalay. The primitive Manobos come down from the hills to receive help from the Bishops' Relief Committee. But we wonder how long that smile stayed with Father Shea when he shortly met Father Joseph Stoffel and both discovered that the same Manobo had touched each of them for his bus fare home!



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The housing problem is very real to Father Frank McGauley at Chakradharpur, India. In June he finally obtained three priceless nuns to take over the school and dispensary. But they are forced to live with other families until he can provide a convent. Can you help him in his predicament with a gift of any size?

It's cool in the hills of Misamis Orientalis in the Philippines but it's cooler still when there is no roof on the rectory. Father Escano would appreciate any possible help you could give him to raise the necessary \$2000.

His toughest assignment in over twenty years in India for Father Wilkinson is the training of the novice coadjutor brothers so necessary for the smooth functioning of the Patna Mission. He needs all the tools for carpentry, auto work, farming, etc. If you could send \$2, \$5, or more we could get Father off to a good start.

In Osorno, Chile Father John Henry is still trying to get going in his new post. Two lay apostles are coming to help him but he is worried about providing the \$40 per month costs for each. Could you help him with part of it?

Taiwan's youngsters (cf. p. 2) are not being entirely neglected. One project to help them is Father Dowd's Young Worker Center. For the chapel he needs vestments, missal, sanctuary light and other things. Could you aid him with any of these in his most important work?

More chapel needs for the largest parish in Jamshedpur Mission are requested by Father Matthews. A statue of Our Lady and St. Joseph, \$200 each; baptismal font, \$100; altar rail and lamp, \$100; etc. Would you care to donate any of these in memory of a loved one?

The rugged mountains of Cagayan are a hard mission field and the Fathers working there are handicapped by poor transportation. Four have no jeeps and 11 have jeeps which were war-wrecked in 1945. This is a big request but any help towards alleviating the dire need would be deeply appreciated.

In his new station in Jamshedpur, India. Father Bernard O'Leary has noticed that several necessary items are lacking in various chapels—missals, vestments, ciboria, etc. With a hundred dollars he could do wonders to fix his churches.

A Special Request. *Jesuit Missions* is in the midst of an intensive effort to obtain funds from the U.S. Government and private Foundations for our educational, social and charitable works in mission countries. We ask your interest in this new and promising work which has already been crowned with some success.

We need your prayers and also whatever contributions you can make to help us finance this operation. Donations of \$5, \$10 and \$25 or more can result in thousands of dollars in grants.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

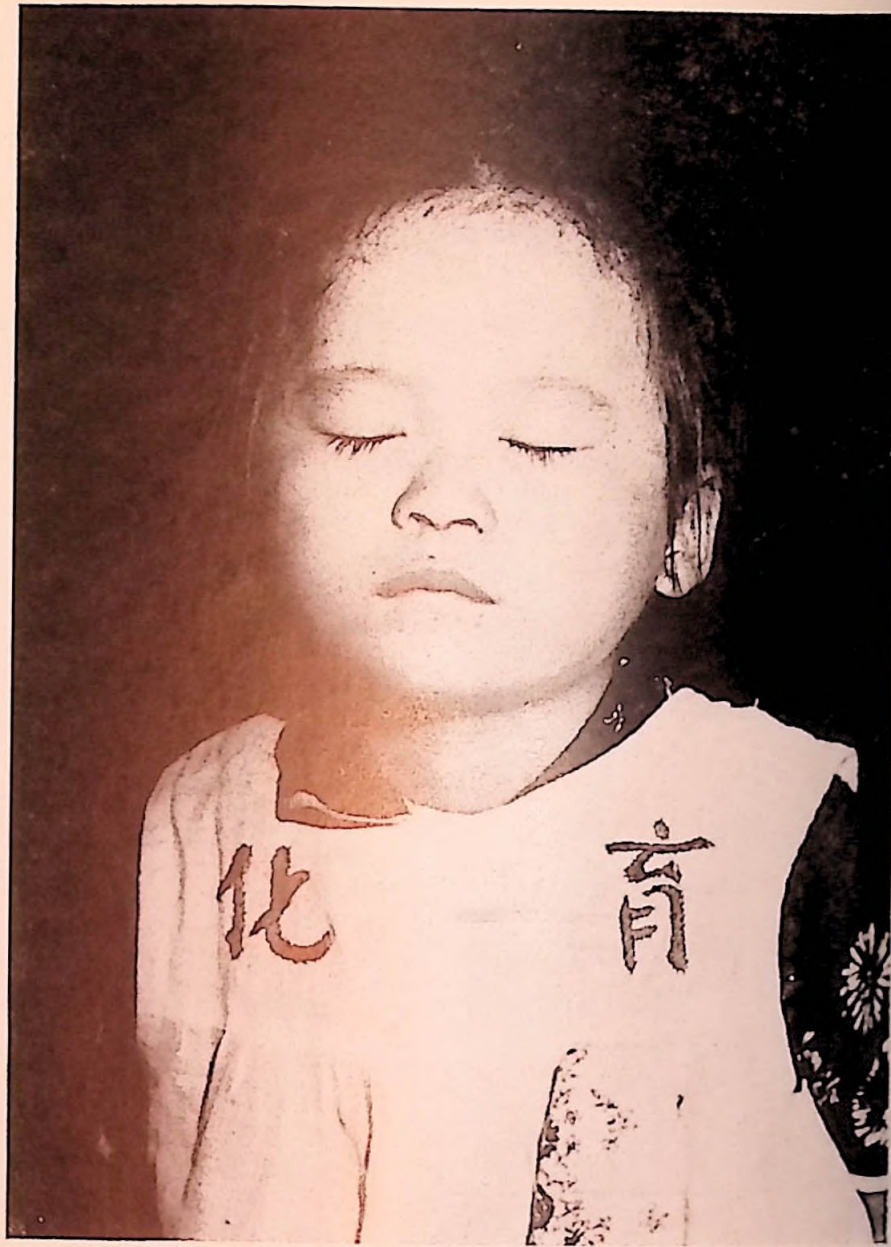
WHAT PRICE LOVE?

Tiny fists are pounding at his door—and at his heart, too—for Father John Brennan in Taiwan is desperately trying to provide room for all the little ones who come to him. Through them he can reach the older folks, but most of all right now he needs help to take care of the youngsters. Could you give him a hand in bringing Christ to these little ones on the island of Taiwan?

Jesuit Missions

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





I'm making a wish

*...and it's for you to
help our mission work*

*If more people knew about us and our missions
then we would have a chance to do even more
good. Could you enroll a couple of friends as
subscribers to JM? It's only a dollar a year.
Thank you.*

JESUIT MISSIONS

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