

JESUIT MISSIONS



HIS STAR IN THE EAST



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JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

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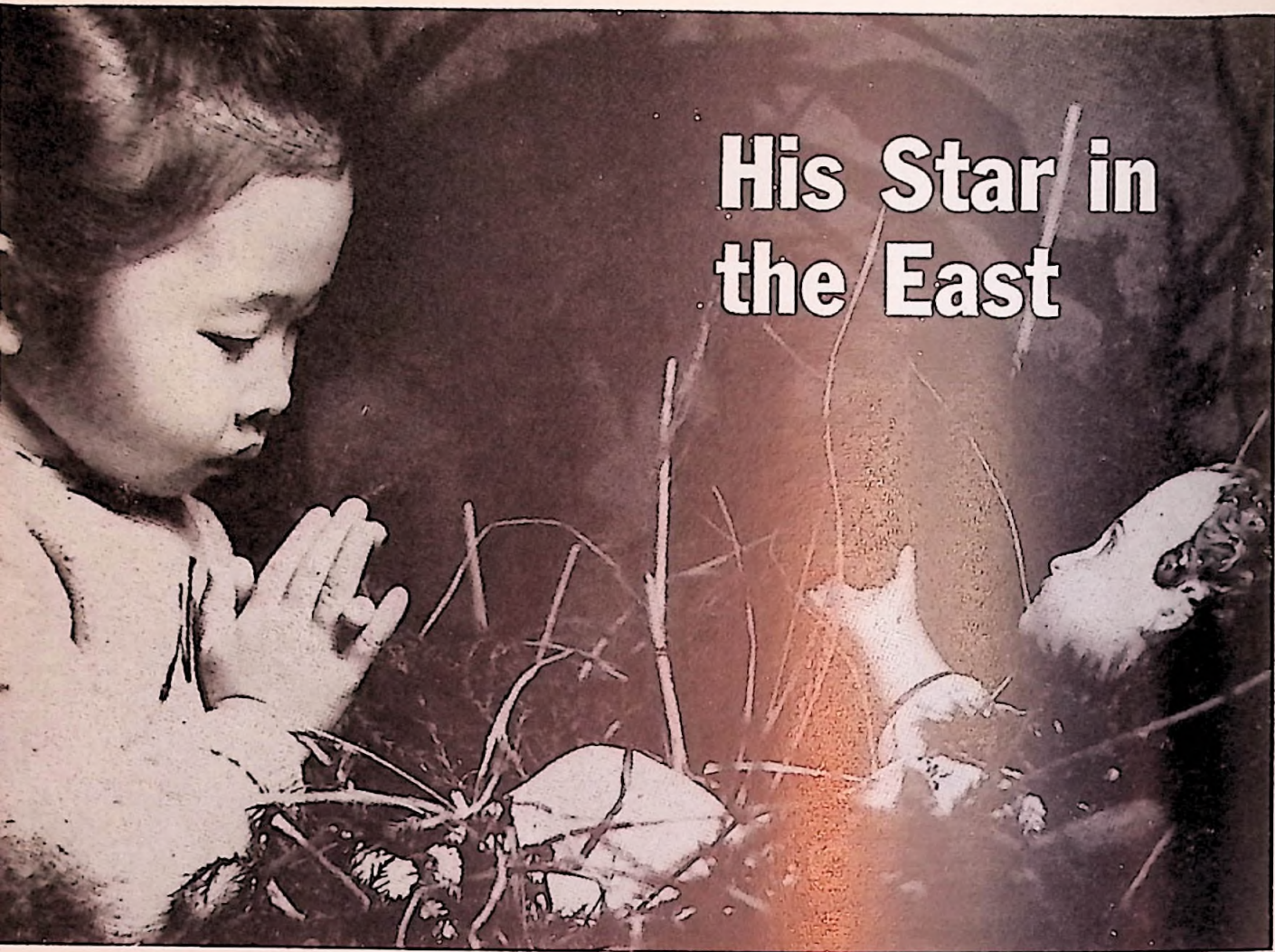
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Gladly in the rain a Japanese youngster awaits the coming of the Christmas party which the Sodalists of Rokko Jesuit High in Kobe put on every year for the poverty-stricken ragpickers who reside near the Muko River where it approaches Osaka. The story is told in more detail on pages 8 and 9.



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His Star in the East

CALVERT ALEXANDER S.J.

*There is a deep significance and a very modern application
to the story of the Wise Men who followed a star*

WHAT IS MOST needed in the Orient today is "a symbol" which will bring before the eyes of the millions in this vast area "the passionate concern of the Church for their welfare—for their temporal welfare as well as their spiritual betterment." Father Walter Hogan S.J., famous labor priest of the Philippines, expressed this opinion recently at an important meeting in Hong Kong of Jesuit missionaries of the Far East.

In his insistence on works for the *temporal* welfare, as well as spiritual betterment, Father Hogan has summed up an important aspect of the Church's present

day mission to the world which is not always understood. Perhaps it can be better seen against the background of that incident in the Christmas feast which relates the story of the Star in the East leading the Wise Men to the manger of Our Lord.

That star was also a *symbol*—a sign of the intense desire of the new born Redeemer that the good news of His birth should be announced to all His people, to the Gentiles as well as to Israel. To the Jewish shepherds keeping the night watches He sent angels who spoke of the Messiah, but to the pagan world in a lower stage of preparation for His coming,

just a star. Both, however, had the same effect in that they each led the shepherds and the Magi to the crib of Christ in the same posture of adoration.

The Magi story as related by St. Matthew can, of course, be considered simply as a detail which adds richness and charm to the Christmas story. But it also has a more profound meaning than this, one which extends its application beyond the simple Christmas context into the whole course of the Church's history, regulating and illuminating the relationship of the Bride of Christ with the non-Christian world to which it has a mission.

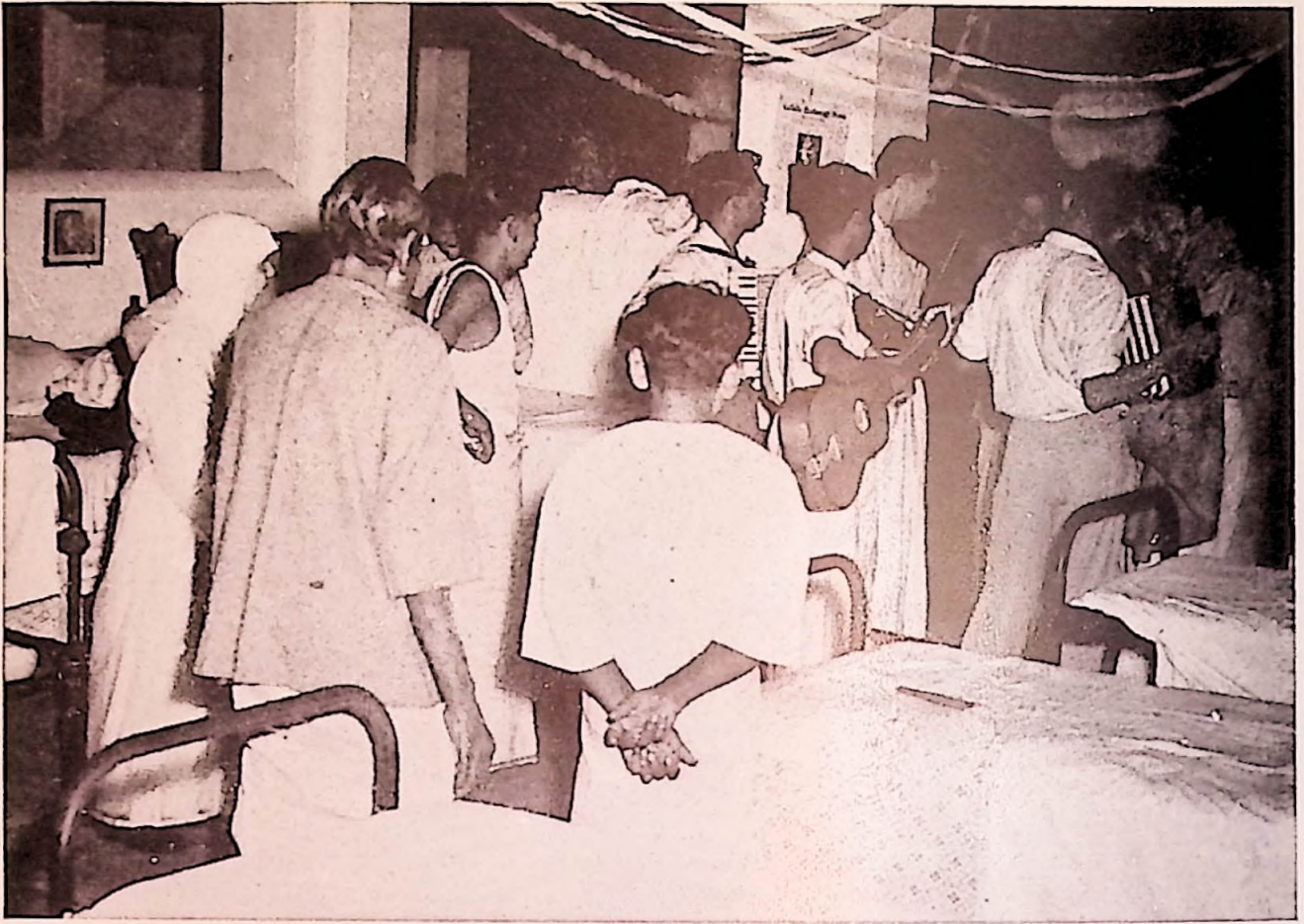
It is under this profounder and more contemporary aspect that the story of the Wise Men has had its greatest impact on our generation, and upon missionary work. This has been chiefly due to the inspired leadership of the last four Popes who have pointed out to us the many ele-



ments in modern non-Christian society, which under the direction of the Lord of history tend towards a supernatural fulfillment in the Church. These are called "convergent" movements or tendencies because they take the men of good will who follow them on a course, like that of

No greater symbol of the union of the temporal welfare and spiritual betterment can be found than in the efforts of Father Louis Dowd S.J. in Taiwan to gather together the youngsters whom circumstances force into early labor in an unhealthy climate into his Youth Center.





The lepers of Ceylon are not forgotten at Christmas and in their colony at Mantivu they are brought together for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and for the distribution of gifts.

the Magi, which leads to the Church and Christ in whom all history has its fulfillment.

Pius XII saw and pointed out this tendency on the wide stage of the globe in the drive of modern man to achieve a consciousness of world community. Speaking of what he calls the ascending curve of scientific, social, technical progress which characterizes our time, and makes for a more widely diffused measure of well-being and culture on a global scale, he asserted, "In Our opinion no other era since the advent of Christ has been so decisive regarding the development of man as this one of yours. For the first time men are aware not only of their increasing interdependence, but also of their marvelous unity. This means that humanity will become more and more inclined to recognize that it is the Mystical Body of Christ. As a result the necessity of a Christian solution for the many prob-

lems which hold the world in anguish will be more obvious to honest men."

Pope John XXIII has been even more explicit in developing this same theme, specifying the modern tendencies in sociology, economics, politics and science which converge on the parallel progress of the Church. He insists that Christians must participate in these movements, must institute programs which not only *show* the concern of the Church for the legitimate aspirations of men, but which guide them to completion in the fullness of a higher life.

Missionary work today precisely because of the importance the Popes have attached to these works—social, cultural, charitable and educational—has, as Andre Retif S.J. points out, assumed the character of an Epiphany, a showing to the non-Christian world of our day what the Star of Bethlehem manifested at the beginning of the Christian era.

Angels Have Problems

It's not easy to be an angel in the face of duties and distractions

It was Christmas in Taiwan and Fathers Fred Foley and Alden Stevenson could not resist bringing their cameras into action. The pictures on this and the following pages show how difficult it is to measure up to angelic standards. There are lots of things for an angel to do and no sooner have they got the thing down pat when along comes some distraction which may ruin everything. But their whole hearts are in it and we say, "God bless them!" What would Christmas be without them?

Don't look now but I think something broke.



The solid earth feels good to angelic feet.



Center of attention is not the same for all.



It belongs to the world and the manger in Bethlehem finds a warm response in the heart of everyone. A Child is born, a Son is given to us, and the night is filled with gladness.



Angels can dream, can't they? No wonder that the Chinese express the abstract idea of peace by the characters of a woman with a roof over her head. And although these dream houses are not of the most modern type of architecture they still serve to express the heart of a girl



Christmas crib in Fr. Dowd's Youth Center Chapel in Hsinchu on the island of Taiwan.



This is the moment for a little girl in Formosa as it was once for a girl in Nazareth.



His star in the East is still a guiding light for all who sincerely seek the Way, the Truth and the Life. For this was not a symbol which shone in the sky for a brief while and then disappeared but it has been the beacon of all Christian history and those who sit in darkness.



Gladly in the Rain

ROBERT P. FLYNN S.J.

“**T**HE BOYS OF Rokko and the Santa in Black have come!” So shouted the children of the ragpickers of the Muko River near Osaka. For my Sodalists and myself from the Rokko Jesuit High in Kobe were there again with a truck-load of Christmas cheer.

The big preparations, begun a few weeks before, came to a climax on Christmas Eve, when pairs of Sodalists waited at three strategic stations to gather the 1,000 special Christmas *o-bentô* (rice lunches) brought by the other students. From then till midnight Mass the boys work to wrap them properly, fill some 600 bags with candy and cookies, sort out the magazines and old clothes, and pack it all into boxes for an early get-away.

Their object is the poor who live in makeshift shacks along the Muko River,

some 10 miles from the school. These good people make their living on the rags, old paper, cans and scrap they manage to hunt up in the course of an early-dawn-to-late-dusk day—a rough life, rich only in a rugged sort of camaraderie. With the connivance of the authorities, they have clustered in clapboard shanties on the emergency levee of the river. Free from taxes, but not from danger—and a year ago, a freak combination of flood rains and a typhoon that backed the tide of the Inland Sea into the river washed away their homes.

It is to these that the “Santa in Black” and his boys have been coming at Christmas the last three years. The material aid the boys bring is “no great shakes,” but the sign of fraternal interest and the helping hand are gestures that reach the

Heart. Last year the gesture was doubly appreciated. For a cold downpour that started at 4:00, Christmas morning, and went on without let-up would seem to warrant their not coming. But right on schedule they came, the Santa in Black and some 40 boys, with everything but their spirits dampened.

They distributed from shanty-home to shanty-home; lunches, clothes, candy, comic books, magazines. From past experience they know that these poor have a pride of their own. So they use a St. Vincent de Paul-like touch: coming to a home, they bow politely and say, "Merry Christmas! Are there any children at home? It's Christmas and so we just want to give them a little Christmas present." Then, whether there are children or not, those there all receive something; as the boys ostensibly come for the children, the adults take no offense and are very glad to receive. The boys also leave behind an attractive Christmas pamphlet to do their "preaching" for them.

For the boys of Rokko it is a wonderful training in social awareness and Christlike charity. And for Christ's poor of Muko River it is almost their sole contact with Christ at Christmas.



Young and old gladly wait in the rain for the Christmas coming of the Rokko Sodalists.



the IGOROTS REJOICE



The world is far away from this scene in the Filipino hills where an Igorot girl adores.

They live out their days in the back regions of the Philippines but they still reverence and enjoy Christmas

IN THE PHILIPPINES Father Joseph Krahl S.J. often leaves his quiet desk of Professor of Church History for the Jesuits of the Far Eastern Province and heads out of Baguio for his ministry among the Igorots. These latter are of Malayan origin and are the descendants of the early, if not the very first, invaders of the Philippines from Malay. They have a reputation for being naturally truthful and honest and under the American rule they gave up their head-hunting practice.

Father Krahl usually heads for the tiny village of Tuba which is a gathering place for the Nabaloi Igorots. (Usually outsiders lump six groups or "tribes" under the name of Igorots because of the diversity of language and customs.) Last Christmas he found that the people had already arranged for the celebration. There was a crib, Igorot style, with the Holy Family in an Igorot hut. The Infant was suspended in a basket, the customary practice among them. The children took



The touch of the Igorot and their ways of life can be seen in this typical crib scene.

a great deal of delight in giving the Holy Babe an occasional swing in the basket, something they would do without a thought for their own tiny brother or sister.

After sunset on Christmas Eve the Igorots gathered in the village chapel and sang Christmas hymns until midnight. Then Midnight Mass followed and again the melody of the carols filled the clear mountain air. Their music and expression of it is often their own. For instance, two women who knew no English sang a

badio in their own Ibaloy tongue. This is a kind of loose poetry which the Igorots, especially the old, usually recite at all their celebrations. It is a praise of the virtues, with the prayer that their children and grandchildren may be imbued with them. Each "verse" is then repeated by the others present.

So in the mountains of the Philippines the coming of the Christ Child and the whole story of the Redemption is enacted again in their own way by the Igorots—and in it they rejoice.

Music fills the night as the Igorots gather shortly after sunset and sing Christmas carols until Midnight Mass and "that hour when Thy Almighty Word leaped down from heaven."





Many helping hands are ready to assist St. Anthony as long as water is in abundance.

St. Anthony and his Watering Can

CLAUDE R. DALY S.J.

*It's hard to please everybody,
and that includes Ceylonese*

ST. ANTHONY was introduced to Ceylon by the Portuguese Franciscans in the early 1500's, and he is the most widely known saint in Ceylon. People of all sorts, including Buddhists, Moslems, and Hindus ask for favors; and they get them, too, and come back to give thanks.

The first parish church in Batticaloa was dedicated to St. Anthony before 1750; and when the new church was

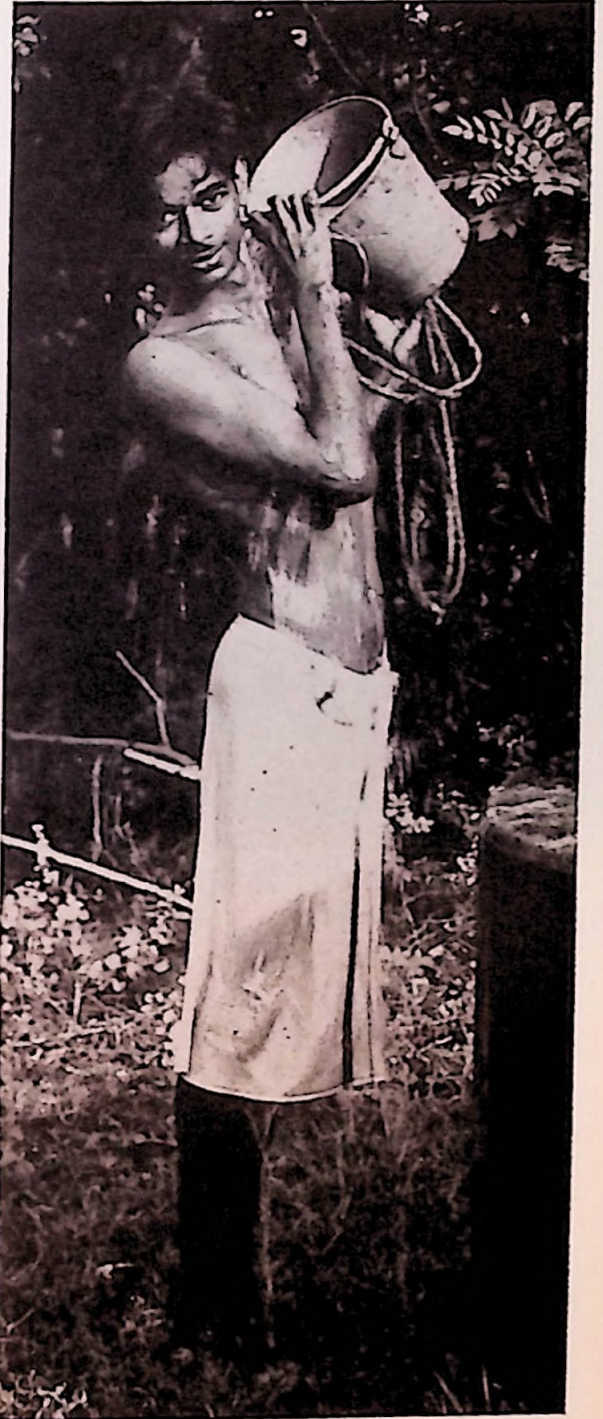
built early this century, and dedicated to Our Lady, the people insisted the old church be retained, and it was. The Trincomalee cathedral has a substation at China Bay, dedicated to St. Anthony. Muthur parish church is St. Anthony's, and when there was question of building a substation in that parish, about nine miles away from the parish church, the people had to be persuaded a long time before they agreed that there cannot be two churches in the same parish with the same patron; they wanted St. Anthony for the substation also. Fr. Cook has a St. Anthony's Church in Pottuvil; and now that Sorikalmunai is building a chapel, that also is for St. Anthony.

I was riding on the pillion of Father Lorio's motor scooter one day when something came loose and fell down. Father Lorio stopped and started looking at the ground 50 to 100 feet behind where the scooter was parked. I said a prayer to St. Anthony and looked also. Among the gravel I noticed a piece of metal about as big as the tip of my finger and picked it up. Father Lorio looked at it, and recognized it—just what they were looking for. (It was a connection from the gear shift cable). So we both said a prayer to St. Anthony.

People in Sorikalmunai ask St. Anthony to get them the weather they want. Once during a drought they organized a procession, carrying the statue, and some scoffers asked whether they thought that doll would have any effect on the weather. Starting that night it rained 10 inches in 48 hours.

During July and August the petitions for rain or against rain get confused. Those whose rice is growing want rain; but for harvesting and threshing, they want plenty of sunshine, and no rain. To make mud bricks for houses, rain is wanted; but then while the house is being built, rain would be a calamity. Growing vegetables need rain; but while pollination is going on, no rain. And everybody is praying to St. Anthony—"Rain for me

today, but none tomorrow." "No rain for the next two weeks, but then send plenty." St. Anthony has to get a watering can, and go around from compound to compound, distributing rain or withholding it according to need, like a gardener watering his flowers. I am afraid that we give him quite a bit of trouble in Ceylon. But despite our waywardness he doesn't seem to have abandoned us.



Keep hoping—and after that keep praying.

Window on the Mission

BACKWARD GLANCES

RECENTLY South Vietnam announced the issuance of a stamp commemorating the third centenary of the death of Father Alexander de Rhodes, the Jesuit who is known as "the Apostle of Cochin-China." His work in mission lands is well known but one thing which might escape our attention is his grasp of the world-wide mission situation of that time. He had tremendous success in the twenty years or so he labored in the field of the Far East before he was expelled from the country. The ordinary reaction to success is the conviction that the best method has been employed and should be followed until a definitely better one is established.

But Alexander de Rhodes had begun his missionary career at approximately the same time as the founding by Pope Gregory XV of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. This latter event had been brought about by the circumstances of the times. Protestant England and Holland were now taking over the lands once discovered and ruled by Catholic nations. Portugal was

no longer able to exercise her protectorate over the missions as she had before. The entire mission apostolate was in danger of falling apart because of a lack of centralized control. This led to the formation of the Congregation of Propaganda and a subsequent unifying of mission endeavors. So, briefly, the framework of missionary work consisted of the Holy Father overseeing the spread of the Faith in non-Christian lands; Propaganda had the duty of assigning the territories and establishing their limits; finally, some mission organization would man the field.

And what has all this to do with Alexander de Rhodes? After his expulsion from Cochin-China he returned to Europe and, knowing full well the missionary setup of those times, he tirelessly encouraged the formation and training of the Paris Missionary Society of Secular Priests. So he was instrumental in bringing a new force into the field and its record since that time speaks for itself. But this was very much of a forward step, the bringing in of a new missionary agency to assist the various Religious Orders. And it was all part of the pattern which brought into existence the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. We might well remember that in connection with the Holy Father's Mission Intention for December: "that the saving light of the Gospel may reach the farthest parts of the earth under the guidance of the Congregation 'de Propaganda Fidei.'"



COVER. His star in the East is a symbol but the Babe in the arms of His Mother means far more to all of us. Bethlehem was not a one-time affair but something for everywhere and every day. Design by Phil Franznick.



UNDER PRESSURE

The story of St. Anthony and the part he plays in the life of the Ceylonese, as recounted on pages 12 and 13, reminds us of another story about the author, Father Claude Daly. He has a pressure cooker, complete with instructions, but the latter are in English while the former can operate in any language. As the cook is weak in English, he usually brings both the food to be cooked and the book of instructions to Father Daly who tells him the proper temperature for that item.

One day, while Father was saying his breviary in the compound, he saw the cook heading for him. The book of instructions was plainly in evidence but Father Daly merely waved the cook back towards the kitchen. The recipe book features steak and kidney pudding, pheasants and Brussels sprouts and the like. But it says nothing about cooking a lizard four feet long!

The danger of getting lost in the Ceylon jungle is not remote so the eating habits of monkeys are watched. One missionary found a pack of them gleefully feeding on puffed rice! So you never can tell.

All our Jesuit missionaries and the Editors of *Jesuit Missions* gratefully pray that your Christmas and the coming year may be a most happy and blessed one.

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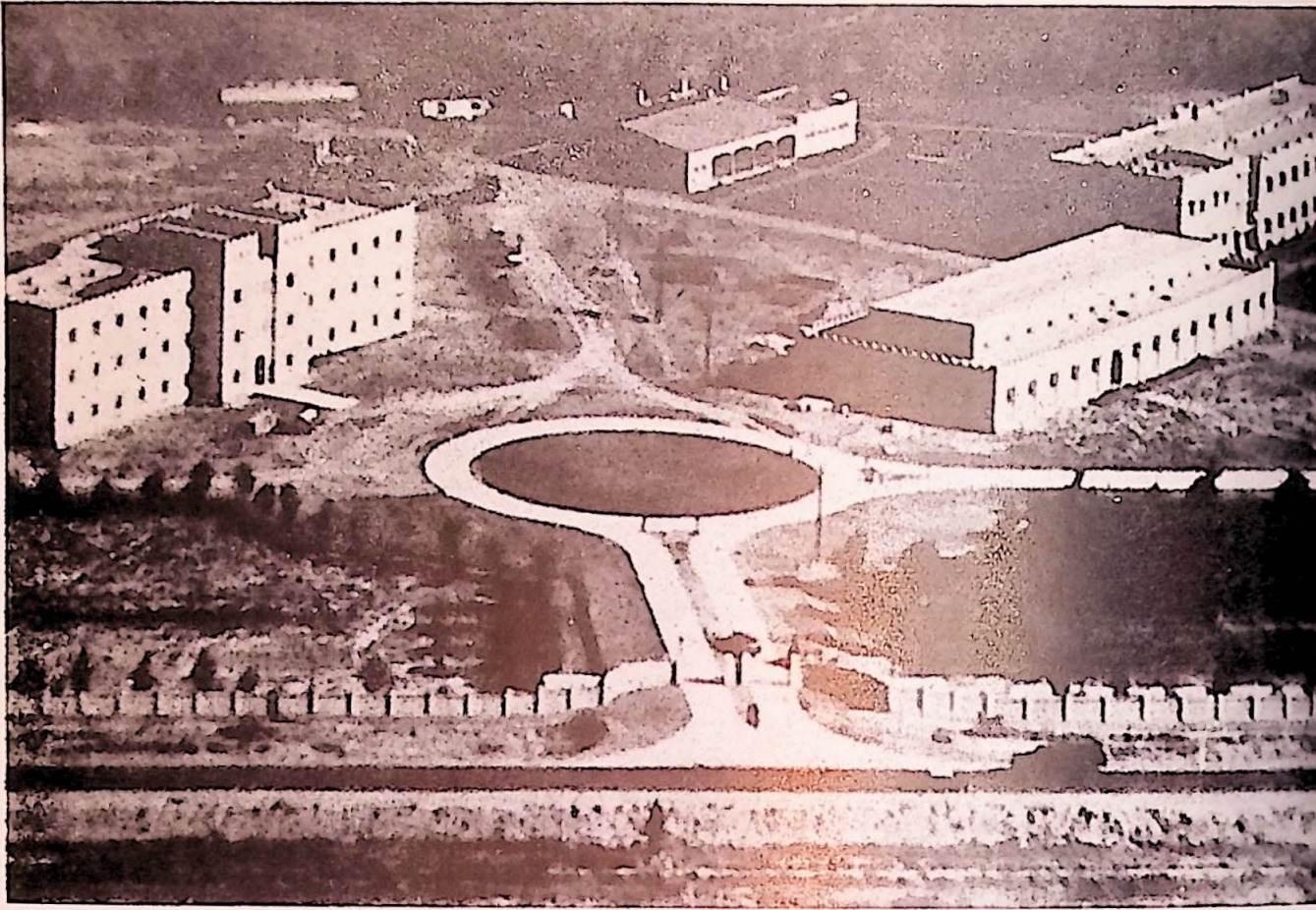
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Al-Hikma University is only a few years old but it shows how swiftly the desert retreats.

The Desert Blooms

Only a short while ago this was the playground of the gazelle and the home of the Bedouin but now it has been transformed into a humming, modern college

ONLY FIVE fast years have passed since we began building Al-Hikma University in the Zafaraniya district south of the city of Baghdad. At that time we literally started with nothing, for the land was desert and we were practically the only inhabitants. Looking to the south, we had an almost unbroken view but lest the romantic dream of a Baghdad long ago let us hasten to say that we could spot two distant beer factories on the Tigris River.

Now all that is changing fast. First of all, to the north of us a housing proj-

ect for a thousand families was begun. (Again, if romantic had his or her way, the plans would probably have called for a Thousand and One units.) Then to the south of us the members of a teaching association started building separate houses. So you have been warned. The ground floor is pretty well occupied around here by now so if you have any plans of being neighborly you better move fast. And we wonder if Al-Hikma must shoulder the blame for the rush of recent construction in this area.

Of course, we ourselves have been up



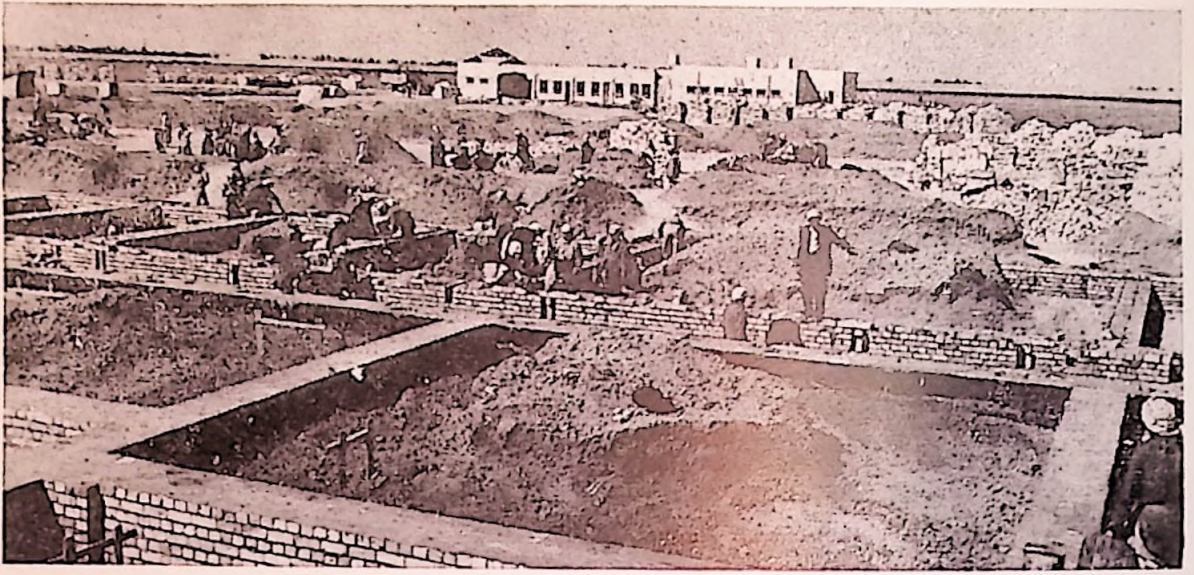
Bulletin board at Al-Hikma is as popular as in any college the world over.

to the ears in construction and if we have to blame anyone then the finger points directly (and proudly) at Father Leo Guay. He has been architect, engineer, chief overseer, etc., for the little city he has carved out of the wilderness. We pass over in haughty silence the mundane mention of the money he has saved us by acting in all these capacities and we point out that the man may plot out building after building and still not get in a rut. For instance, the Gulbenkian Science building is constructed in Arab style while the Cardinal Spellman Residence has an Assyrian motif. The Library is Babylonian and the Business building is again Arab. There are a half dozen other construction pieces which are for the most part functional.

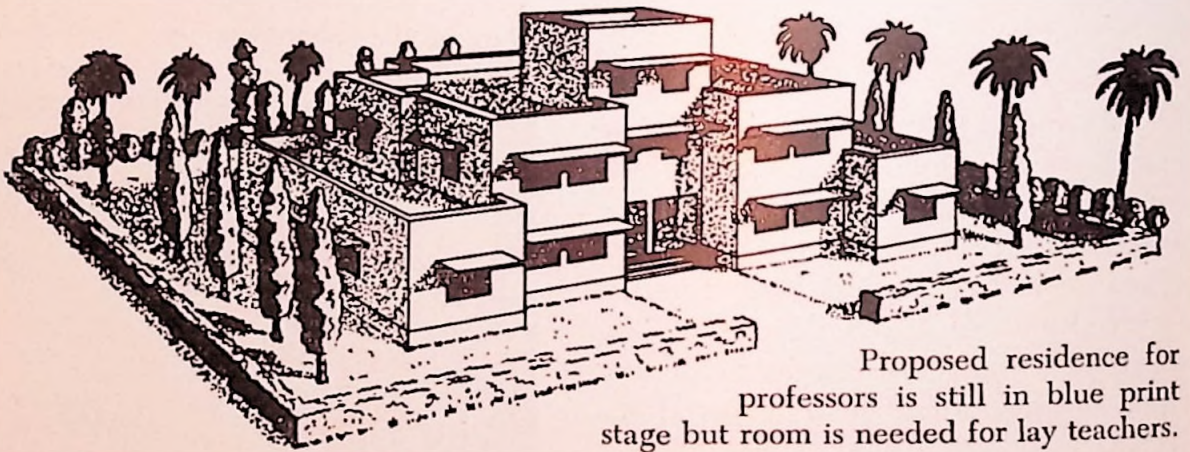
We have only been running classes on the campus here for the last two years (we opened the University on Baghdad College grounds north of the city) and as we swung into our third year here we

Map of the moon warrants close study in these days when it is becoming a world target.





Barrenness gives way before the onslaught of the builders of Al-Hikma in Baghdad.



Proposed residence for professors is still in blue print stage but room is needed for lay teachers.

have close to a thousand students enrolled since the beginning of school. Sometimes, when the sun is especially hot, we consider the fact that we draw a thousand people into the desert every day with the lure of a school and so we ponder the theory of using the same bait to populate outer space. But sooner or later the sun goes down and we return to the realities.

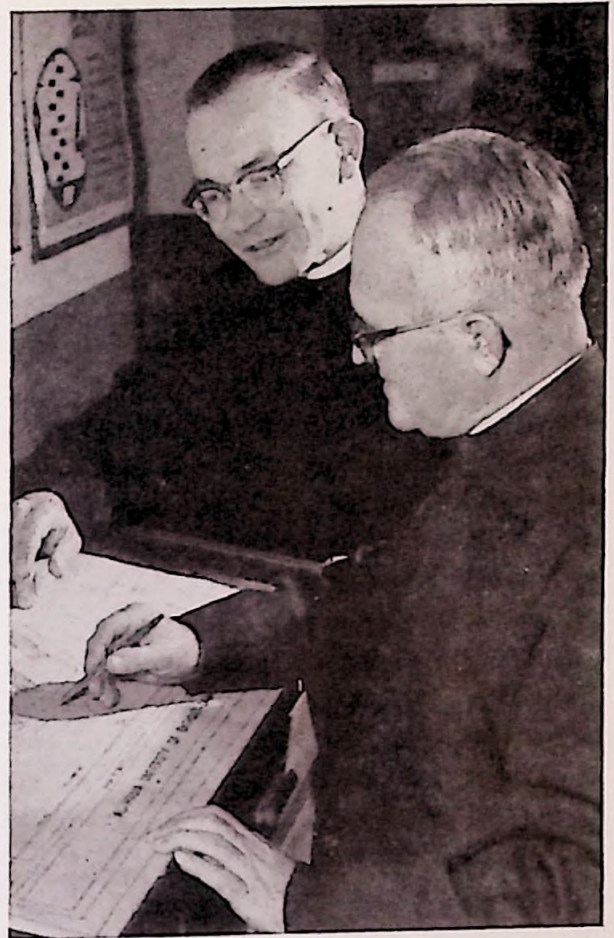
Perhaps you would be interested in a few of those down to earth realities.

What do we eat? The three available meats are beef, chicken and lamb—and their prices rise in the same order. The beef, we hasten to say, comes from water buffalos whose appearance on the hoof is slightly more discouraging than on the table. Special stores carry imported frozen bacon, the price of which makes it a real treat on Christmas or Easter morning. And we might make a few friends back home if we mention the popularity of Pepsi Cola, Coca Cola and Chiclets. The

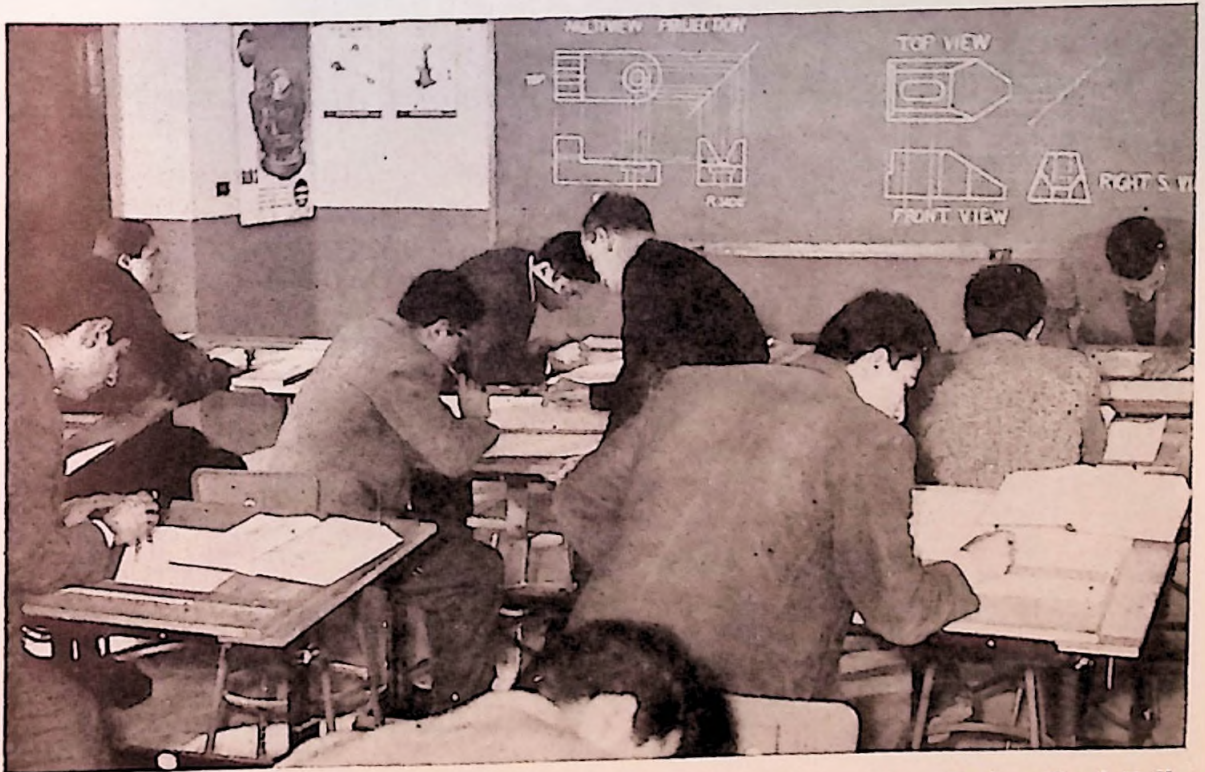
detergent Tide is one of the three stable items carried by Baghdad-style Variety stores, the other two being cigarettes and soft drinks. The makers of Lux have also opened a factory here.

Friday usually brings a problem for although the Baghdadis don't eat meat in the same quantity as Americans yet they usually flavor every dish with it. There is a delicious fish from the Tigris, like a small cod, but it is beyond the price range of the middle-class family. So a sample Friday night meal for Catholics might consist in tomatoes or string beans, rice and curry sauce, with watermelon for dessert. A big melon costs forty cents in the suburbs and fifty cents in town.

Iraq is a growing country, as one view of Al-Hikma would testify, and it has its problems but in no way are they as difficult as in India or Egypt. Iraq has a tremendous potential, with two large rivers and good soil, and we look into the future of both school and country with a glowing optimism. If the barren desert is apt to bloom so readily why can't Al-Hikma University?

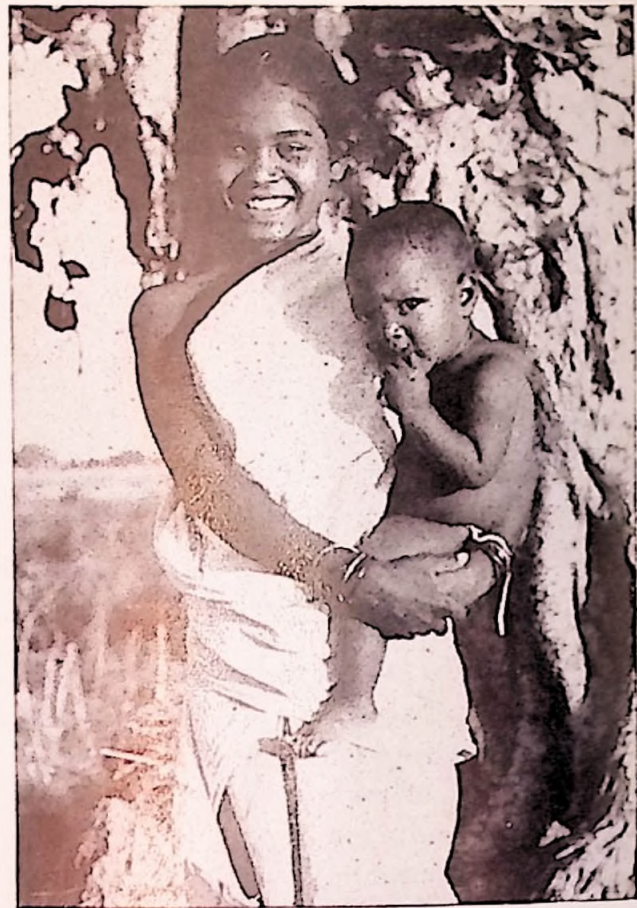


Consultation on next project by Father Banks, Rector, and Father Guay, architect.



Engineering and Business are the chief courses at Al-Hikma. Here Father Fred Kelly supervises a science class before he takes time to whip his basketball team into shape.

The Santalis are usually regarded as one of the aboriginal tribes of India. The tattooed girl (below) proves that many of the old customs are still in vogue. The tattoo is a sign of beauty among the people of the East.



Their First Christmas

It was a strange path they followed before they found Bethlehem

JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.



Father Morrison has a way with youngsters and his Santalis love their own missionary.

BIRGAON IS AN attractive Santal village lying remote in the jungle at the base of a rocky hill. Its neat houses of adobe and thatch are scattered along both sides of a winding road. On high land near the houses, fields for corn and pulse have been cleared, and the lower lands have been dug and terraced to make productive rice fields that provide the villagers with their main source of food.

Harma and his young wife Churnki had settled in Birgaon not long after their marriage. Clearing the jungle, they had made fields and here they had raised four boys and one girl. Fortune smiled on them, and they took a reasonable pride in the little farm that gave them a fair living, and in their attractive children, the eldest of whom were now able to herd the family's cattle.

Then misfortune struck this happy family. Harma went down with a severe fever. It did not yield to the simple jungle remedies that the village people knew and in a few days he was dead.

When the brief period of mourning that Churnki allowed herself was passed, she took stock of the situation and faced the future bravely. She could work; her eldest sons would soon be able to plough and carry on in their father's stead. Though the next few years might be difficult, still they could manage.

But misfortune struck again. A mysterious disease affected the cattle of the village. Many sickened; a few died. Without draught animals, farming would be impossible and the people were in a panic.

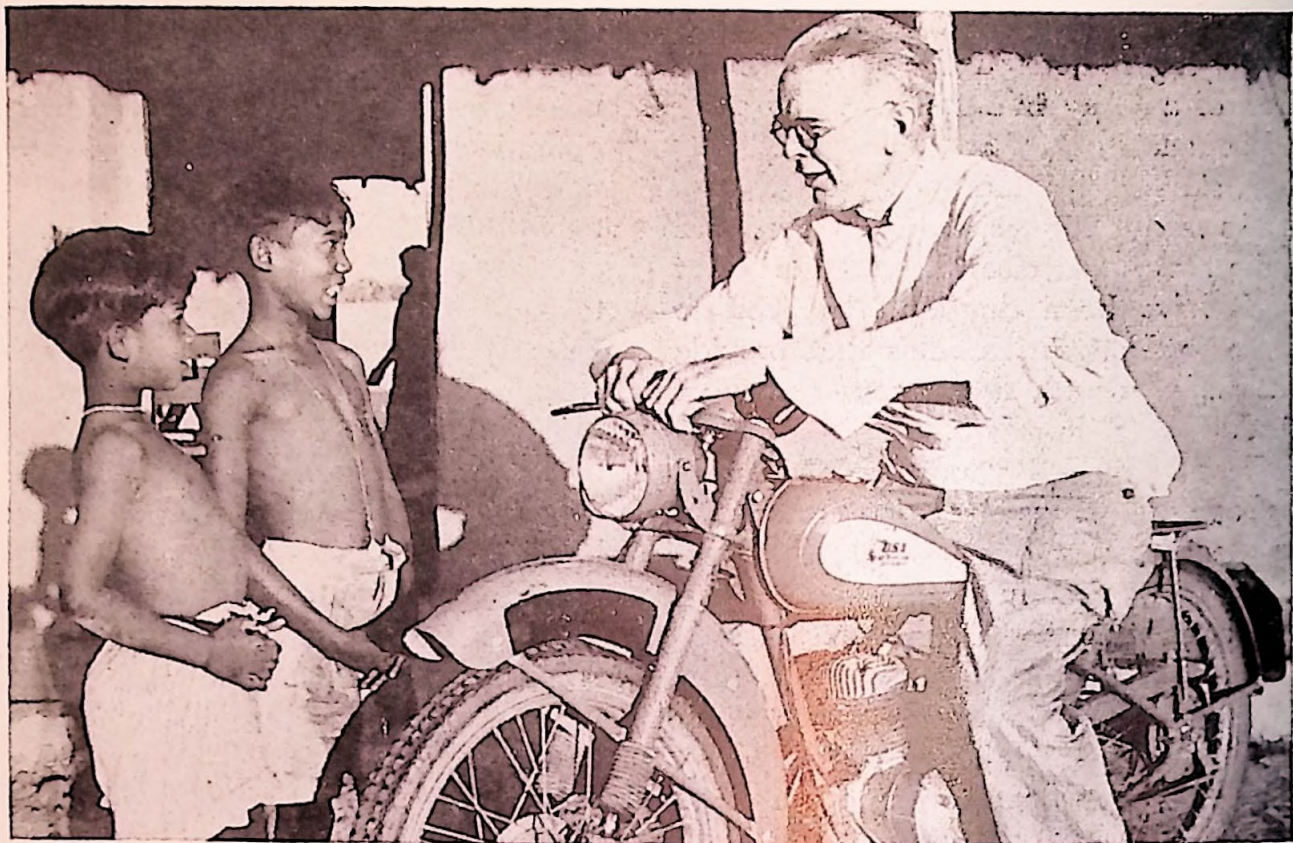
Now Santals are animists. They believe in one good God, but since He is good, they know He will not harm them, so they ignore Him. On the other hand, there is the Devil and the many spirits who according to Santal belief dwell in the streams, caves, rocks and trees of their jungle home. And the Santal religion, based on fear, consists largely in placating the Devil and these spirits.

Santals also believe in witches. And some of their women folk do try to obtain power from the Evil One. How many such people actually obtain any occult power, it is difficult to say. But some attempt it, and Santals have a mortal dread of witches and their power to cause harm to their enemies.

So when the cattle of Birgaon sickened and died, and the Santals could find no ready cause for it, they first of all tried to appease the Devil. The village priest climbed the nearby hill to a huge black boulder brooding sombrely over the peaceful village beneath it and there at its base he sacrificed a cock. But this failed to stop the cattle pest.

Soon word was whispered about among the men folk of Birgaon that a witch was causing the trouble. They knew what to do. Some miles away there lived a sorcerer or witch doctor, and a delegation was sent from the village to consult him. This wily old scoundrel, who made a comfortable living by preying on the ignorance and superstition of his fellows, asked a few pertinent questions to discover whom he might safely castigate as a witch. His black heart, steeped in malice, felt not the slightest tremor at deliberately plotting the destruction of an innocent and defenseless woman. He extracted a fat fee from his visitors, went through a nonsensical performance with a sal leaf and some queendee oil, called "following the oil," and then declared that Harma's widow, Churnki, was the witch who by some invisible means was causing the death of the cattle of Birgaon. The delegation accepted his verdict as true, and satisfied, they returned home.

A few days later, Churnki went off as usual to the rice fields, some distance from her house where she worked for a fairly well-to-do Santal. For part of the way, the path led through thick jungle. That evening, her day's work finished, she set out for her home. But she never reached her house. No one ever saw her again. She simply vanished. No,



Appreciative audience is enjoyed by author as he takes a brief halt on his rounds of the villages. The roads are hard on the motorcycle (and the rider) in the back areas.

a wild animal had not killed her. There would have been some traces of the tragedy. Churnki disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed her. But the sorcerer knew, and several men folk of the village knew.

Not long afterwards my predecessor here at Chakai, getting wind of what had happened, visited Birgaon and made prudent inquiries. But he ran up against a stone wall of silence. No one knew anything. And meanwhile, deprived of both father and mother, the five children were in want. The little work that the eldest did as shepherd boy was not enough to maintain them all, and no one in the village wanted extra mouths to feed. So Father brought them into his little boarding school, though their support meant a further strain on his slender resources.

Before long, Christmas drew near and Churnki's children had their share in preparations. Many Santals came in from their villages on Christmas Eve and the little church was filled to overflowing for

Midnight Mass. The little girl and youngest boy, too small to be up at that hour, were safely asleep. The eldest boys did not know too much yet about their new religion, but in one corner of the church, lit by a few candles, was a scene that they understood. A little Babe lay peacefully on some straw in a manger. Close by were His mother and His foster father. There was no place for malice, fear and lies here; all was love and peace and truth. They also understood the shepherds who like themselves had come for the first time to worship their newly born King. These boys too were shepherds.

Many Christmases have passed and my predecessor had gone to his reward. Churnki's children are grown now, and happily married, with children of their own. All have turned out well. And this Christmas at Midnight Mass they will kneel before the Crib as they knelt on their first Christmas to thank the Babe for all that He has meant to them in all their joys and sorrows.

Are You This Helping Hand?



LAST YEAR because of the tremendous generosity of our readers, many orphans like those in this picture didn't spend a hungry Christmas. Until we pointed out this poverty and despair to our Catholic friends, Christmas to these orphans meant another day of hunger and disease. Again we appeal to you for a Christmas offering for the orphans at our missions around the world.

Can we count on your helping hand?

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

Dear Fathers,

*Please accept my Christmas offering
of \$..... for needy orphans overseas.*

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone.....

State.....

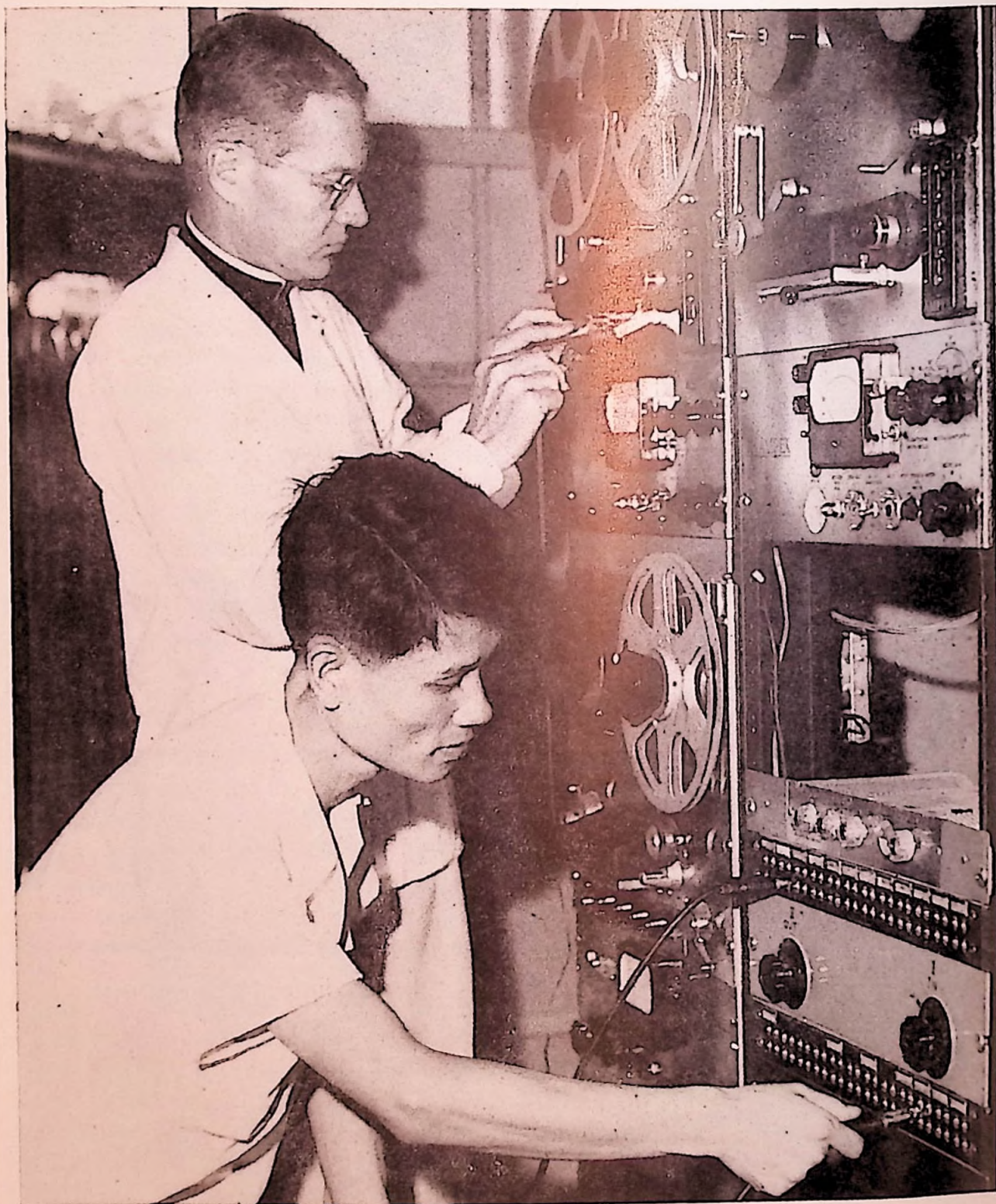
This Christmas as we gather our children in front of the Crib, please think of Our Lord's children around the globe. Let us count our many blessings and in some way share our bounties with them. Won't you use this handy coupon?

Taiwan's 5-Minute Plays

Tape recorders for drama recording session are set up by Father Bourret and T. C. Chen.

ONE OF TAIWAN'S largest stations has opened the door to an experiment unique in radio broadcasting. It presents plays, which follow the tried and proven techniques of good play writing in other respects, but are only 5 minutes long! Today, they form one of the best known and best liked programs on dozens of stations all over Taiwan.

The idea men behind these "Five Min-



ute Plays," Father Philip Bourret S.J. and Adrian Teng, the playwright-director, did not happen on this formula for a successful program entirely by chance. "Our first mistake," said Adrian Teng, "was to offer the play series to three different stations in Taipei at the same time. Who would have guessed that they would all want them so badly for their own station exclusively that our biggest problem would be to soften the disappointment of the stations who weren't going to get them?" As it turned out, that was not such a big problem and one easily solved by making several different series.

In the meantime, when it had dawned that here was a really popular program, it was easy to insist that the "5-MINUTE PLAYS" get the best hour: 7 P.M., when more people listen than at any other time. You may not know that writing a good story, complete with several scenes, suspense, action and punch, all within the tight limitation of 5 minutes, is not very easy. This is especially true when the play has to carry a moral lesson with it that is clear and pointed. The plays which began with a three times a week schedule, quickly switched to six times weekly. And from using just the Mandarin Chinese language, they are now being done in three of the Chinese dialects.

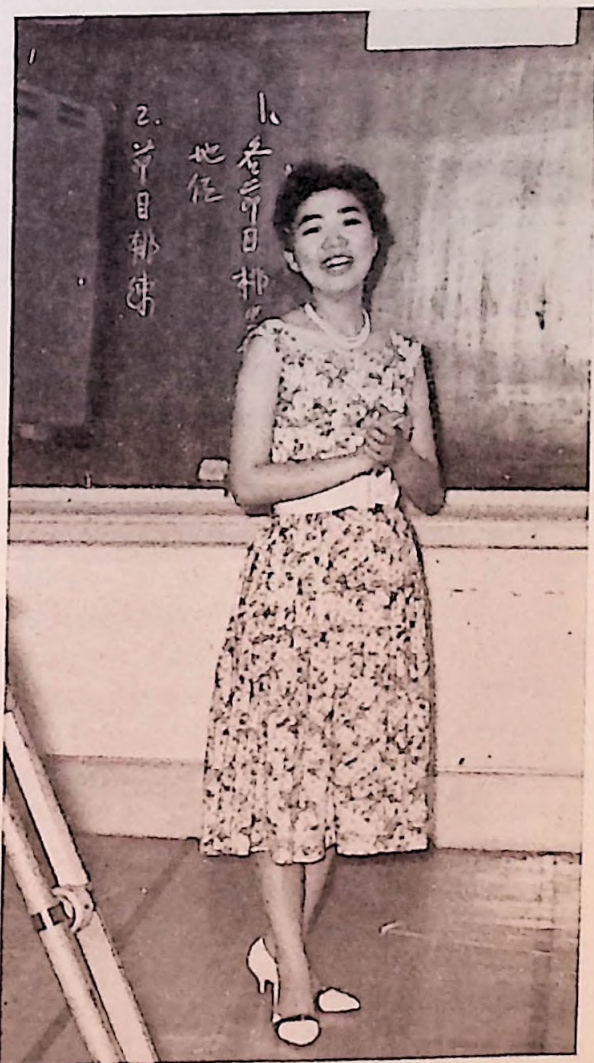
Three years ago KuangChi Program Center began its work of supplying programs with educational value and moral concepts to the stations of Taiwan. The value of this can be gauged by the audience that listens, three million people.

Without using radio, the Fathers and Sisters at work in the churches can have influence directly or indirectly on only a few percent of the population. Radio offers a medium to increase this influence to millions instead of tens of thousands. True, religious programs in the sense understood in America cannot be aired to an audience which is more than 95% non-Christian. But through well-planned educational and cultural programs, a deep influence can be had which



Five minutes for an entire play means that the rehearsal of all parts must be closely knit.

TV is coming to Taiwan and the KuangChi Program Center runs a Summer Workshop.





Doublecheck is made by engineers as "5-Minute Play" goes on the air from studio.

prepares minds and hearts to understand and seek the Word that until now they have not known.

KuangChi does its programming with more than 15 lay people who are trained to write, do the directing and acting and technical work for programs which are taped and released on 45 stations all over Taiwan. Popular now is a course called "Improve Your English" which is a daily half-hour on 28 stations, making it easily the most widely listened to educational program in Taiwan.

But KuangChi has not limited itself to radio. Today television has not yet come to Taiwan. Or perhaps we should say not permanently. Because last summer KuangChi did bring a closed circuit television demonstration, prepared by the students of a two-weeks Summer Workshop which KuangChi planned and held at the National Taiwan University. Here were trained 60 of the men and women who will carry the burden of programming for Taipei's first station which will open dur-

ing 1962. Teachers were brought in from the Philippines and Hongkong who had years of experience in TV.

Everything from constructing and painting the scenery to script-writing, camera work, lighting control and actual performance before the camera was done by the students. Director for the Workshop was Father James Hsu S.J., who prepared for his responsibility in the Workshop and as Director of Programs for Kuang-Chi by work done at the Ateneo TV workshop, conducted the past two years by Father James Reuter S.J. in Manila.

KuangChi must now build a studio, suitable for the educational television programming it plans for 1962 as well as for radio plays. Far more stations request programs than the limited studio facility can supply. When TV comes to Taiwan, the pattern of programming must be on a high educational, artistic and moral plane. KuangChi will have its place in preparing these programs, and thus bringing a whole people closer to Christ.



Choir rehearsal is held in preparation for the Christmas programs given over the air.

What're They Up To?

Any youngster would be inclined to wonder when he saw strange adults who still had time to smile at him as they hurried along to do the important business of God

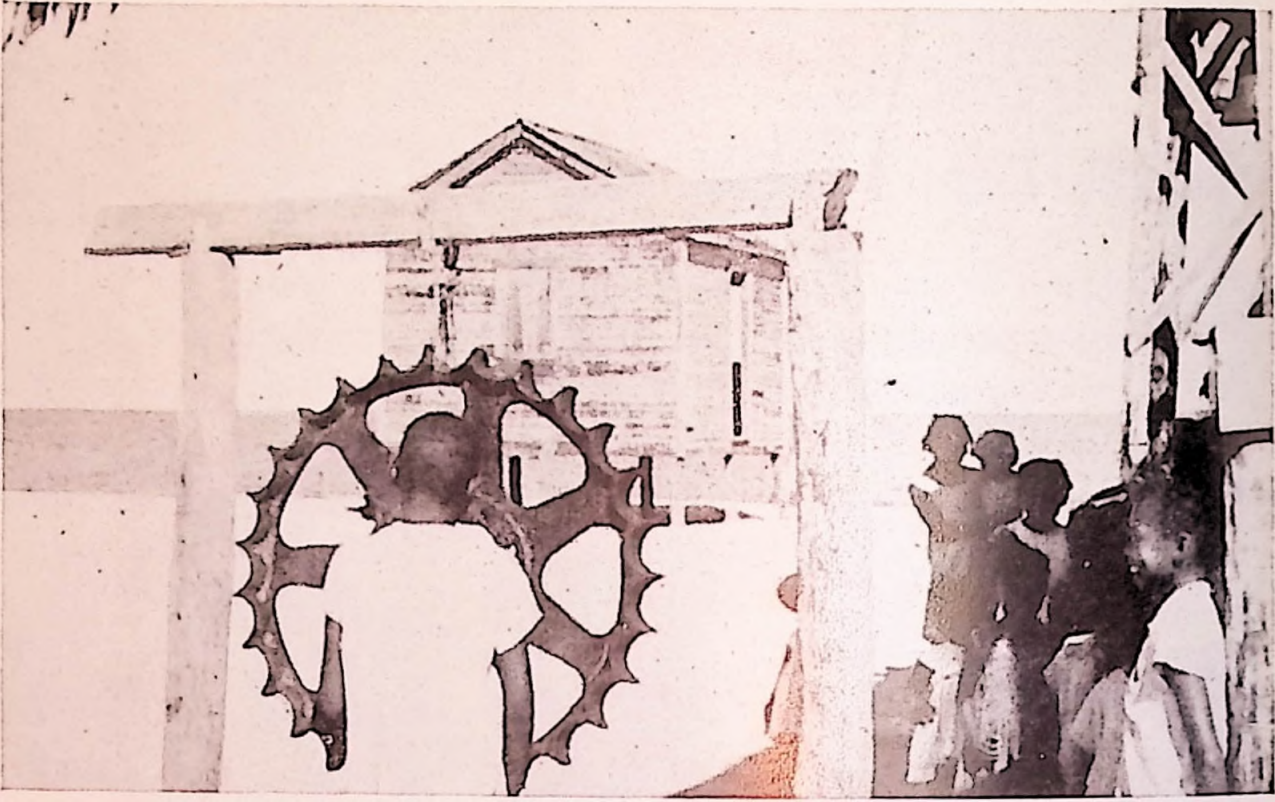


A good question no matter what side of the fence it's viewed from, says he.

MANY A YOUNGSTER would be puzzled by the men in the strange garb and the quick pace so foreign to the way of life in British Honduras. For well over half a century American Jesuits have been walking the streets of Belize or following the winding streams and paths which interlace the small colony. They have been aided in their efforts by the Sisters of Mercy from Providence, R.I., the Pallotine Sisters and the Sisters of the Holy Family.

It is a rugged mission to work because it is poor economically and is a ready prey for natural disasters, such as hurri-

canes sweeping out of the Caribbean. Most of the people have never had a sufficiency of this world's goods and any missionary who has worked among the poor knows how difficult it is to concentrate his people's attention on anything outside of the immediate day's existence. Even when some measure of success seems to be attained a sudden disaster can wipe out the achievement in a matter of minutes. For instance, it was exactly thirty years ago when Belize was almost obliterated by a hurricane, the large boarding school of St. John's College went crashing to the ground and eleven



What's he doing? It might appear that he was practicing to bring a ship into harbor safely but as a matter of fact he is ringing the school bell, made from a discarded wheel.

Jesuits and 22 boys were killed. The church and school of St. Ignatius in the same area collapsed on a throng of children and building after building of the Sisters of Mercy went down before the fury of the storm.

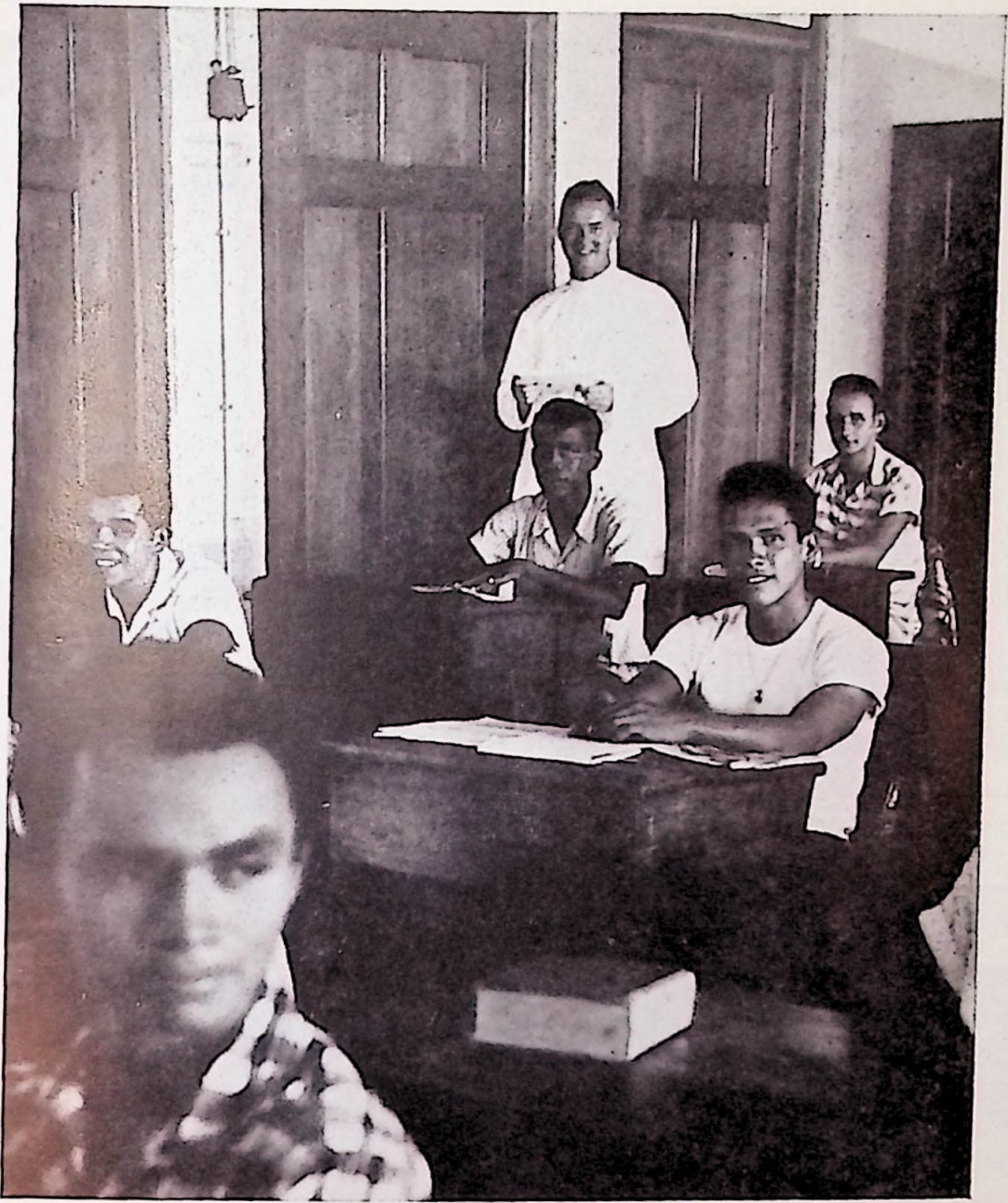
When similar disasters occur in other parts of the colony one can only marvel at the determination of the men who turn around and begin all over again. And their efforts have not been in vain. The tiny country, 180 miles long and 60



Constable watches Father Meehan in action.



Sugar cane is British Honduras attraction.



Mission Superior and Rector of St. John's College in Belize is Father Robert Raszkowski, shown here with students from all parts of Central America.

wide, is dotted with 125 churches. There are over 80 schools which care for about 12,000 students, which is roughly one-fourth of the Catholic population which in itself makes up 60% of all the people. But it is far from easy to set up an organization of such a scope in the face of the indifference and ignorance so often found among uneducated people. The preoccupation of eking out a day's living takes paramount place among many and the men and women who have toiled here for the sake of Christ know only too well what a formidable barrier it can be.

So what're they up to? The building,

under the most adverse circumstances, of the Kingdom of Christ. They are not an overwhelming force, probably not a hundred men and women all told, but they are doing the kind of job which belongs only to the dedicated. It is an unheralded work, hacked out of a backward, impoverished country, but it is a work which shows definite signs of progress. That pushing forward has been in the hard way but they can quietly point to concrete achievement, in churches, in schools, in social work. The end is by no means in sight but they have hacked out a trail, bright with labor and dedication.



With awed love a Sioux maiden gazes at the Christmas scene where Divine Love awaits.

Christmas in

JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.

ONLY A FEW HOURS previously, in the velvet darkness of early Christmas morning, I left Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, and headed north to say Mass at one of the distant Mission chapels for the Sioux Indians who live around the rim of the Bad Lands.

I was approaching the outposts of the Bad Lands when the fingers of the dawn invaded night's domain, to win again those landmarks lost to shade. As dawn quivered on the horizon, I found myself

The opening of gifts means much to the young Sioux who have so little of this world's possessions. Ecstasy and puzzlement go hand in hand on a glorious occasion such as this.



The Bad Lands

*It is an awe-inspiring country, these Bad Lands of
the Dakotas, but their people are of good heart*

in a strange land, bewildering, exciting, sometimes terrifying and triumphant.

The forbidding ramparts of the Bad Lands leaped to the sky like battlements of Mars. They stood defiant of time, space and puny men. Cuny Table, a sprawling, table-top of flat, treeless country rose skywards like a nightmare from a prehistoric land. The flanks of this high dry mesa have been slashed and gouged by the talons of time. The gaunt, grim outposts that patrol Cuny Table are so savage, so unspoiled, so beautiful, they seem to speak out—telling man to keep a respectful distance.

The climb to the top of the mesa was intense and exciting as the last silent seconds of a Rocketdyne countdown. The explosion of primitive beauty that burst from the rim of the mesa was enough to put anyone into an orbit of delight.

As I looked down into the tremendous chasms of the Bad Lands, I felt as though I were viewing the dawn of creation—seeing for myself the utter voids of chaos from which God fashioned the world—a bewildering maze of deep abysses, stark cliffs, and twisting, snake-like canyons. Swirling patterns eroded in clay form weird shapes that could well be the awesome landscape of some distant planet.

The Sioux who crowded into the small, wooden chapel to sing “Hshepi Wakan Kin”—“Silent Night”—and to welcome the new-born Christ Child had names as picturesque as the Bad Lands. Edgar Pumpkin Seed, Philip White Rabbit, Ramona White Bear, Elizabeth Evening Star, Vienna Red Feather, Josephine Her Many Deer, Joseph Brings Plenty, Oliver Jumping Eagle, Howard Bad Milk, Dave Crazy Thunder.

Somehow Christmas took on a special meaning here in the Bad Lands. The great God whose fingers scooped out the brooding voids of tumbled space and autographed them with wind and storm was so in love with us, His brethren, that He left the great courts of heaven to come to earth and stretch out His arms in a plea for our love in return.

As I made my thanksgiving after Mass, it seemed that even the color-splashed cliffs that crowd the hush of silent miles were singing a song of jubilation to the wonderful God of Time and Space who had just come into the Bad Lands to be with those He loved on His birthday, a day constantly repeated.

Philip White Cow Killed informed me it would make the Sioux “chantewaste”—happy at heart—if I would have breakfast with them in his one-room log cabin distant the flight of a swift arrow from the chapel. The feast consisted of a bowl of black coffee, a plate of hard tack, and wasna. Wasna is a favorite Indian delicacy made from a mixture of wild cherries—including the pits—and meat pounded together. It is made in the summertime, dried, and put in bags to be kept for gala occasions.

As I looked around the cabin with its mud-chinked walls and dirt floor, I thought how like the first Christmas Day was the poverty and simplicity that is the lot of the Sioux. Like the shepherds of old, the Sioux were poor in this world's goods, but out of the abundance of their generosity they were sharing their Christmas with me. Their goodness and kindness reminded me again of the great lesson of Christmas—we are all one in Christ.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missions

Food and medicine are the only things which must be provided by the Jesuits for the patients they send to Holy Family Hospital in India. But the good nuns just can't bear the whole burden. Father Bertram Ernst has several cases which call for hospitalization but he has not the necessary means. Could you help him with a gift of \$5, \$10, or more?

The Sodalists in Taipei have been organized by Father Edward Murphy to man a mobile library with Chinese language books and magazines for hospital patients. The demand is so great that his limited funds cannot cover the expenses. Can you assist this eminently worth-while work with a gift of any amount?

In the Pacific Trust Territory Father Thomas Donohoe of Jaluit is trying desperately to build a chapel-school on one island and set up living quarters for a catechist there. It will cost \$30 just to support him for one month and about \$100 for his house. Can you help?

The month of December is Our Savior's time of coming and the little mountain town in the Philippines named in honor of the event is striving to keep its temporary church in existence. New benches are needed, the interior must be painted, the old bell tower is ready to collapse, etc. Father Sagrado would appreciate any size gift—\$2, \$5, or anything.

The school bus problem is not confined to the U.S. It is one of several difficulties

faced by Father Bernard Murray in Jamshedpur, India, in his efforts to provide education for the young. It is also one of his biggest expenses. Could you help him in his need?

A church bell is needed by Father Simon Arulappah in Ceylon. It will cost \$150 but it takes second place to his appeal for help for his poor parishioners. For only a few dollars a month he could assist one family to obtain the essentials of life. Would you be able to support a family or two for a few months when the cost is so little?

One outstanding builder in Honduras is Father John Murphy. He has constructed ten or so churches during his years on the mission. Now he admits that the toll is beginning to tell and he would love to continue his work with a badly needed second-hand cement mixer which would cost \$200. Can you help him keep the Church growing in Honduras by providing some part of his request?

Practically everything is needed by Father John Guidera at Chaibasa in India—church furnishings, a bungalow rectory, a school, etc. We can't give him all he needs but we would dearly like to see him receive something and any gift would be deeply appreciated.

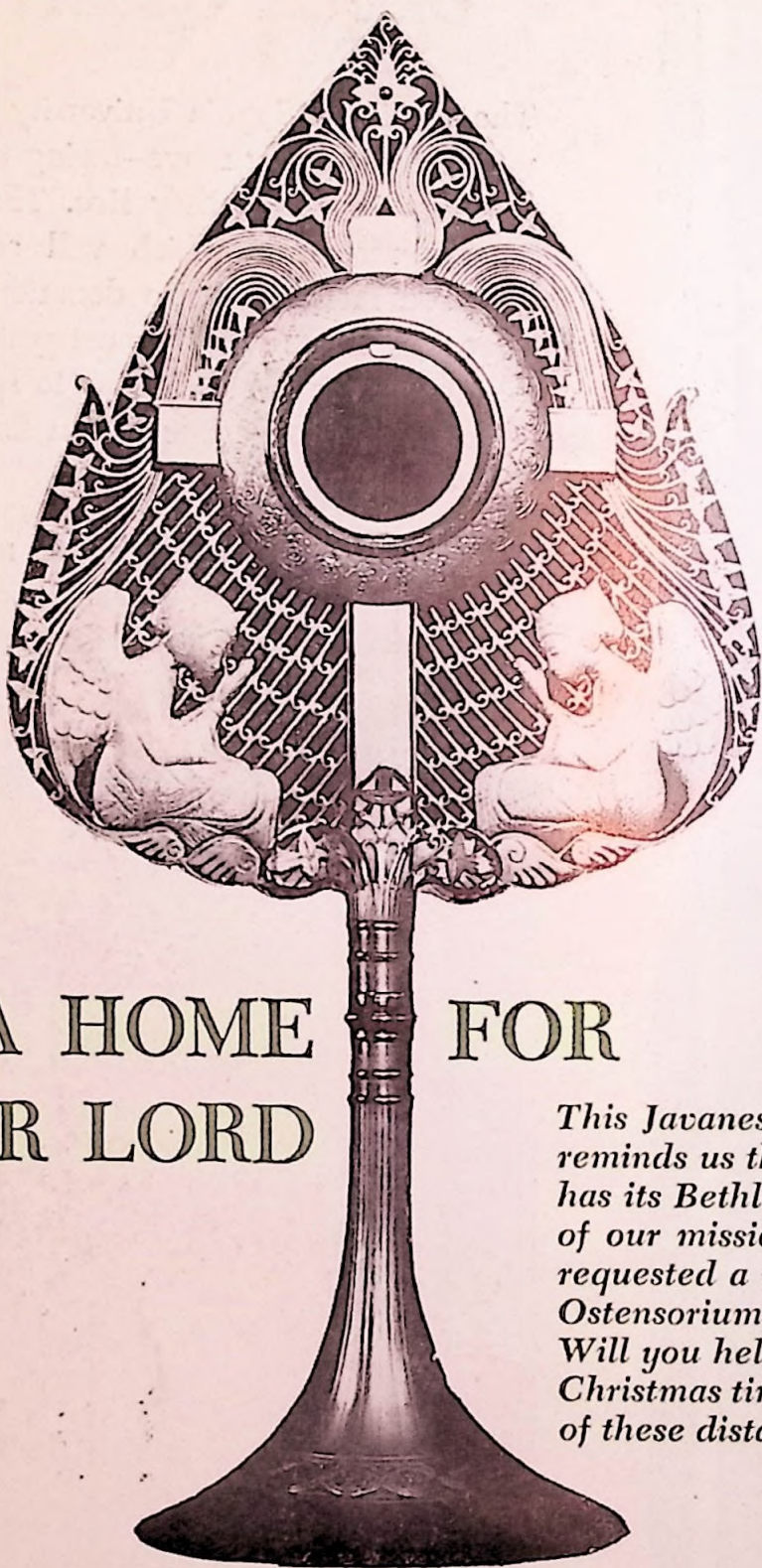
JESUIT MISSIONS
211 East 87th St.,
New York 28, N.Y.

CLOSE QUARTERS!

The Jesuits at Sophia University in Tokyo must watch their every move—owing to the cramped quarters in which they live. They badly need a new residence which will accommodate a hundred men. Any size donation for this very necessary move will be most gratefully received—and you are perfectly free to spread your gift over a period of years if you find that a more convenient way.

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





A HOME FOR
OUR LORD

This Javanese Ostensorium reminds us that every land has its Bethlehem. Many of our missionaries have requested a monstrance, an Ostensorium, a Tabernacle. Will you help during this Christmas time to furnish one of these distant Bethlehems.

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