

JESUIT MISSIONS

JULY-AUGUST 1962

*Christian art
in mission
lands*



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JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

Baghdad - Ceylon - Alaska - Belize - Japan - Burma - China - Caroline Islands
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Little girl—big broom (left). In the country districts of Formosa work begins at an early age for the little ones. All hands are needed. The prospect is not always a pleasing one as the expression on the face of this little girl indicates.



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In the new world now emerging, artists are needed who see history, time, nature and their own struggles woven into a meaningful God-given pattern.

CHRISTIAN ART IN MISSION



THOMAS J. M. BURKE S.J.

LANDS

THIS SPRING nine different art galleries in New York City cooperated in a unique retrospective showing of the works of Picasso. Smartly dressed crowds, lightly salted with beatniks, filled the galleries.

A reporter checked the varying reactions of the man in the street to the exhibit. A taxi driver, Erwin Mandell, thought he might visit the exhibit if he didn't change his mind and go to the race track. Picasso, after all, he states is a pace setter for the rest of them. But the shy cabbie critic added that he "didn't get a real feeling from him as you do from Rembrandt."

Many people, I suppose, are curious but unimpressed by much of modern art. They are more curious about what it is that some people apparently see in it that makes them either do it or buy it. For themselves many would just as well go out for a drive or stay at home to watch Ben Casey triumph again.

Much of our art is strange, divorced from ordinary people. Curious technical achievement and often harmless, colorful trifles are peddled as profound expressions of the human spirit. These leave many quite cold. This is true even in the area of religious art

Some eight centuries ago St. Bernard

■ (Left) From Bali comes this Indonesian statue of Our Lady with the Infant. European influences are blended with local feeling.



■ Typical of the art of India is this statuette of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

had something to say about the carving and decorations in the cloister of his own order. They didn't impress him. "What are these fantastic monsters doing in the cloister?" he said. "Why place here these creatures, half-beast, half-man or these spotted tigers?"

Many of these decorations which were at that time touted as having symbolic meaning were in fact simple copies of designs found in Persian fabrics or Arabian carpets. No wonder the great mystic, St. Bernard, almost sounds like a modern man in the street looking at the Guggenheim Museum or the newest "artistic" church. After St. Bernard's time, Medieval art in Europe reached its



The Church he said can discern in artistic forms whether new or old that which should be purified to fit human dignity. Her attention is universal, concerned with the human resources of all people.

He encouraged the artists to combine their efforts to develop the cultural resources of a people or a race, with a deep sympathetic collaboration with the sound efforts made by other parts of the world, so that the spiritual achievements and bonds of unity of the whole human family might be increased.

Although the Church is concerned with salvation of man, Pope John said that she is ready, "full of a youth continually renewed by the breath of the Spirit, to recognize, to welcome, and even to vitalize whatever is a credit to the human mind

- (Left) A Japanese madonna and child.
- (Below) An Indonesian Sacred Heart.

greatest glory. Artisans and artists of the 13th Century translated into stone and glass and song and movement the common vision of Christian men who saw the history, time, nature, their own struggles woven into a meaningful and profound pattern under God.

Though the great Christian unity of the Middle Age is gone, the Church is still interested in the contributions that the arts can give in expressing basic and religious values. On April 1st, 1959, only a few months after assuming office, Pope John in a talk to the Second Convention of Negro Writers and Artists meeting in Rome under the auspices of the African Cultural Society said that "wherever the true values of art and thought are able to enrich the human family, the Church is willing to back such spiritual work."



and heart on other shores of the world than this Mediterranean basin which was the providential cradle of Christianity." The Church is not identified with any culture; her arms stretch wide to the whole world.

The emerging countries of the world have one potential advantage when it comes to developing sound art and even Christian art. In many of these countries at present there is no great gap between artisans, artists and the general community. Converts in these countries, unfortunately often feel that they must abandon their traditional cultural forms of artistic expression. Such is not necessarily the case as Pope John has pointed out.

The great men of the missions have shown an intense respect for the local modalities of a civilization, the local custom and differences of temperament, excepting only that which would falsify the message of Christ.

The need for indigenous art which can aid the spreading and understanding of Christ's message to all men is very great in most mission countries. Monsignor Jerome Malenfast, O.F.M. Cap. wrote in *Rhythmes du Monde* a few years ago that "true indigenous Christian art is in India, as in all missionary countries, as yet only a feeble seedling just beginning to bear its first flowers. Certainly we can have great hope for it, but up to the present, it has not had time to develop."

Local art, soundly, intelligently and patiently used, can communicate to a community the truths of Christianity, and make Christianity truly at home, one of the family and not just a possibly attractive foreigner.

Curiously the non-Catholic historian Arnold Toynbee has expressed the hope that this can be accomplished. Writing in *The World and the West* of the early Jesuits' work in China and India he says:

■ Chinese lady artist, Miss Sun To-Tse (actually Mrs. Hsu, and mother of two high school boys). Miss Sun is professor in the Normal University in Taipei. Photo by Father Foley.





■ (Left) An artist of Java finishing a statue of Our Lady.

■ (Below) A view of the Iraqi-style chapel tower of Baghdad College.

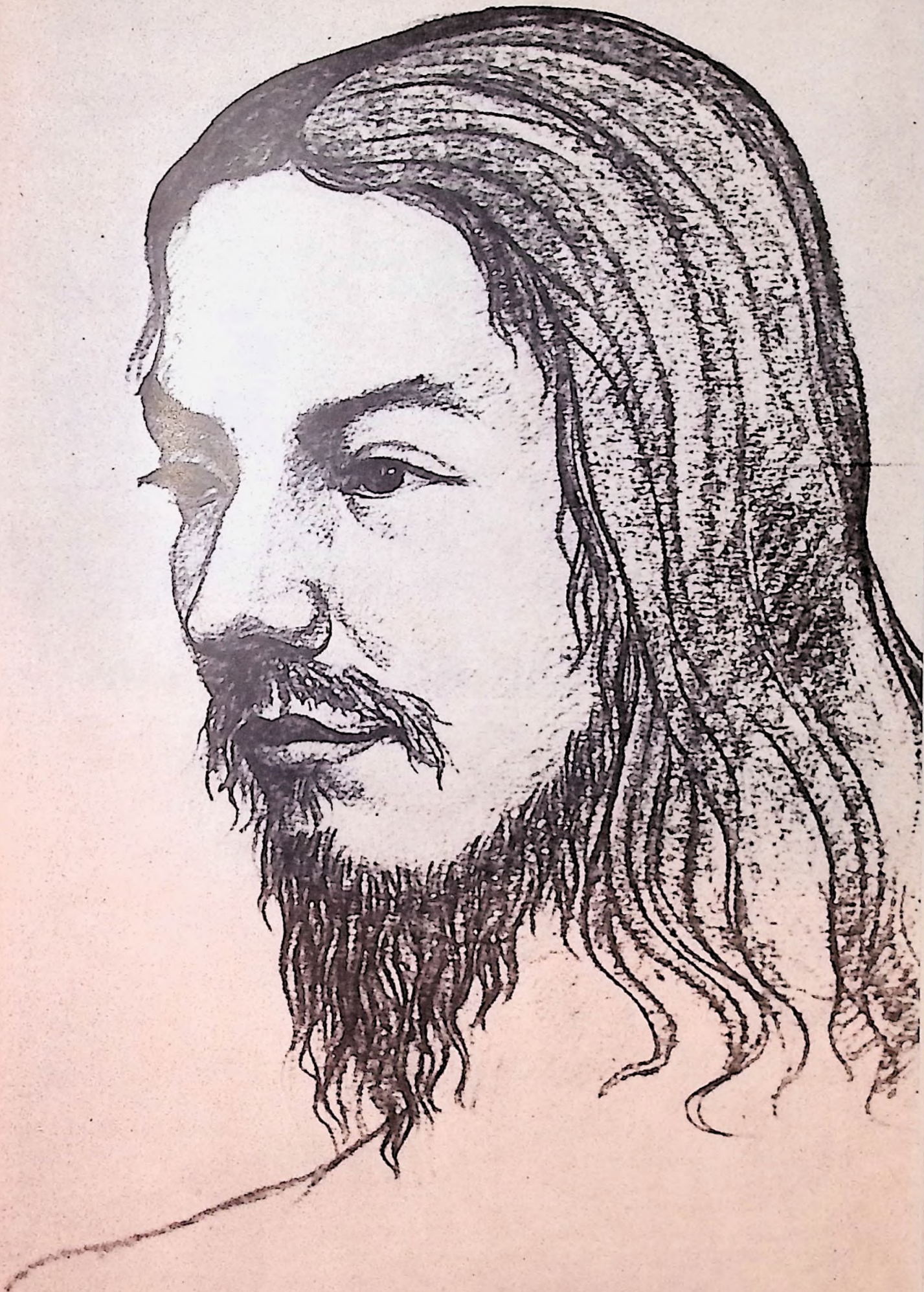
■ (Right) A Chinese Christ, the work of Chou-Fang-Pai, very much admired.



“Instead of trying, as we have been trying since their day, to disengage a secular version of Western civilization from Christianity, the Jesuits tried to disengage Christianity from the non-Christian ingredients in Western civilization and to present Christianity to the Hindus and the Chinese not as the local religion of the West, but as a universal religion with a message for all mankind. The Jesuits stripped Christianity of its occidental and irrelevant Western accessories . . . This experiment miscarried at the first attempt through the fault of domestic feuds within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church of the day which had nothing to do with Christianity or China

or India; but considering that Christianity and China and India are still on the map, we may expect—and hope to see—the experiment again.”

The attempt is being made again today. Perhaps the small beginnings in the arts, which Monsignor Malenfasst sees, could be greatly enlarged if practicing, competent artists could be enrolled as lay missionaries to share their insight and knowledge with the artistically gifted in mission countries. Modern artists are often quick to express their social consciousness. With tact and sound motivation they might hasten the formation of a world-wide, fully expressive Christian family, of men and nations.





Exhibition of
WOOD BLOCK PRINTS

FATHER JOSEPH P. LOVE, S.J.

THE CORCORAN SCHOOL OF ART GALLERY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

March 5 - 19, 1962

AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN TOKYO

A Dudley, Massachusetts, Jesuit at Sophia U. has an exhibit of his Japanese art in a Washington, D.C. gallery

AN ANNOUNCEMENT this spring from Washington, D.C.'s famous Corcoran Gallery of Art ran as follows: "Father Joseph P. Love S.J. of Tokyo, Japan, adept in the Japanese language and a long student of Japanese culture and philosophy, is showing a group of woodblock prints which reflect his deep understanding of the Japanese way of life and art. Through the efforts of Jack Perlmutter, who became familiar with the works of Father Love in Japan, this exhibit has been brought to the Corcoran School of Art Gallery to hang there March 5-19, 1962."

The Japanese woodblock exhibit of the Jesuit artist received favorable comment from Washington's art critics who praised

his deft use of color and calligraphy, and his combination of "an oriental reticence with a fine respect for craftsmanship." The fact that the Jesuit artist, as an American, should devote his talents to Japanese art forms instead of Western ones was taken for granted as something which a missionary to Japan should do. This is the sort of reaction that Father Love or any other missionary would want.

Father Love is from Dudley, Mass., and is a graduate of Holy Cross and Boston College. Like all Jesuit missionaries to Japan he had to spend his first two years there in a language school at Yokosuka. The importance of learning the language and cultural background of the country in which one works is, as



■ Japanese woodblock art is executed by Father Love. At left he is using an awl to cut the block. (Above) He holds up a completed colored print. (Below) Time out for a snack.

all understand, an important prerequisite for the missionary. But when you are an artist, as Father Love is, other avenues of expression, in addition to language, are available in which the truths of life can be communicated. After the language school he studied under famous Japanese artists, learning the technique of Japa-

nese printmaking from Kosaka Ryuuju, carving methods from Kitaoka Fumio, and art techniques from Hagiwara Hideo. Father Love is presently on the faculty of Sophia University in Tokyo where he teaches American literature and modern poetry. He has written and published poetry, and exhibited his art in Japan.





■ Father Love at work on the colors which are put on the block in preparation for printing. His deft use of color was especially praised by the Washington, D.C. art critics.

He has a very realistic view of the present status of Japanese religious art. "The situation is not as promising as one might expect," he says, "when one knows the natural talents of the Japanese people in this field. The painting, when 'church' art, is imitative of the 'Nisei' of Raphael. Or when any attempt is made to integrate it all into a Japanese tradition, it tends to trickle down into popular doll art (not even in the fine folk-art tradition)."

On the status of Japanese religious sculpture Father Love has these observations: "Japanese sculpture is slowly breaking out of the death-grip of Rodin, and the results of a superb show of present Italian sculpture should be noticed in future years.

"I am looking forward to a group of young Catholic painters and sculptors who are still in training. They seem to have broken the shackles of a double tradition that had meant only a shell of

techniques devoid of meaning. I think that a number of them, if given a chance to get to the United States for a period of study, would profit immensely from the completely different atmosphere.

"Because Japanese post-war art seems to be something that has been evolving in the past three years to a self-awareness, and this awareness has not yet come to the Catholic artist, it is a real task to predict the future. In church art and architecture most of the buildings have been done by foreign architects attempting to adapt their work to Japanese contemporary architecture, and with some success. In Kyoto the Carmelite nuns have the finest Japanese chapel I have seen yet. The new Maryknoll churches are real prizes there also. In Tokyo, a new Paris Foreign Mission church has just gone up which is highly praised even as is our own Peace Memorial Cathedral in Hiroshima. The future seems bright."



■ Bus load of Aggie students from Xavier U. enroute to model farms in area.

BACK TO THE SOIL IN MINDANAO

Keeping the bright boys on the farm is a goal of university training, and Xavier U. leads the way.

JAMES J. O'BRIEN S.J.

PROBABLY THE two greatest plagues of developing nations are human ones—the one-way flow of bright young talent from the rural areas to the capital cities, and secondly the low social scaling given to those who work with their hands. The Philippines, which is still predominantly a nation of farmers and fishermen, is no exception.

It was a breath of fresh air, then, that greeted me this past vacation. I had the good fortune to spend a week and a half with 13 wonderful young Filipinos of the senior class of the Agricultural School of Xavier University of Northern Mindanao. Here were bright and talented young men who were truly reversing these two dangerous trends in the Land of the Morning.

Many of these Aggies, coming from well-to-do families, could have chosen an easy life behind a desk, or a "more honored" profession, or even a life of leisure, if they wanted to, but instead they were resolved to go back to, and not away from, their family farms after graduation. They had caught the spirit, and insight of their Dean and Founder, Father William Masterson S.J.—that the agricultural base of the Filipino population must be greatly invigorated before the whole economy can get stirring. And that this invigorating can best be done by the force of the example of hard work and proven success through modern methods, rather than through lofty lectures by clean-shirted visiting experts to farmers suspicious of change.

God has so marvelously endowed these islands. They can easily support five



■ Lucas Science Hall, one of the many buildings of Xavier University. Here and at experimental farms the students of the Agricultural School receive their scientific training.

times the present population of 24 million. Fertile soil and a warm and moist climate should make it the rice bowl of Asia, yet because of antiquated methods millions of tons of this staple crop are imported each year. Life expectancy is still between 45 and 50. Only one out of seven Filipino teen-agers can afford to attend school. For the other six-sevenths there is little hope of advance-

ment or of improving their lot. The Philippines is not yet the land of opportunity that Divine Providence intended it to be when He created these beautiful, rich-loamed fields and fish-teeming waters. But thank God these young men of Xavier U are making a start in the changing of things for the better. They spend the two months' vacation between third and fourth year on what

is euphemistically called a "farm practice tour." Actually it's three weeks of back-breaking toil in the hot sun of Sumilao (where they walked 12 miles round trip each Sunday for Mass) and five weeks of jolting over incredible roads to visit successful but remote farms and plantations and ranches in Davao, Cotabato, and Negros. Fortunately I missed the three weeks in Sumilao for I doubt, despite my size, that I could have kept up with these muscle-hardened and calloused hand and burnt-by-the-sun young men. But I acquired many things on the eight expeditions on which I was able to accompany them—to various piggeries, cattle ranches, fish farms, banana and abaca plantations, cacao and citrus orchards, and experimental stations.

First of all I acquired reams of notes for my class next year in Socio-Economics at Ateneo de Naga. Secondly and much more important I had the joyful experience of spending many pleasant hours with such fine young men. They were all so genuine, and idealistic to the core, and filled with the sincere desire to help their fellow Filipinos on the road to economic security and better living. Their

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cheerfulness and good humor and happy hearts, shown while bouncing over the practically non-existent roads of Davao, and their warm friendliness and hospitality to this tag-along Jesuit will long be remembered. More important again—they possess the scientific know how, along with the self-sacrificing character needed to be true agricultural and social missionaries to their people. Next year after graduation they will begin their work, and if I'm not mistaken, the next few years will witness a change in this Land of the Morning, so that some day soon it will also be called, as another once was called, a Golden Land of Opportunity. God's blessing on them, their work and the school that produced them!

■ Fr. William Masterson S.J. (at bat) is the Dean and founder of Xavier Agricultural school. A native of Brooklyn, Father Masterson was formerly President of the Ateneo de Manila U.



Window on the Mission

THE CHURCH'S FREEDOM

ETERNAL VIGILANCE is the price of liberty!" This advice has come down to us from one of the founding fathers of the American republic. The Catholic Church knows the truth of this warning from the days of her birth. She must be free if she is to do the work given to her by her Divine Founder to "teach all nations."

The Church must be free from any internal pressure that would limit her saving work to those of one race or nation. Such internal problems the Church can settle when the Holy Father exercises his authority as Vicar of Christ. He may choose to call all Bishops to meet with him in an Ecumenical Council or, more often, examine the question, ask for advice and decide.

The external pressures that hamper the liberty of the Church cause many more difficulties. We know from her long history how, at various times, kings and other rulers have tried to restrict the Church's activities, to limit the scope of her interests, to hinder her approach to

peoples, her own and those she has not yet brought to Christ.

In today's world, the rights of the Church to exist, to express herself and to spread herself are often unrecognized where they are not denied and trod under foot. In those nations where Communism has taken over, to destroy the Church is part of the plan to destroy anyone who preaches freedom. In other countries, oppression is no less real though less apparent. Missionaries are denied entry visas. Catholic schools are impeded or confiscated. Bishops, priests, brothers and sisters, even those of local birth, are expelled. The list of the shackles that hinder the rights of the Church in just about all the countries of the missionary world would be a long one.

It is difficult to understand the reaction of the leaders of these new nations. In many of them the desire for freedom from colonial powers has grown in the same years that saw the Church become established and grow to maturity. Many of their leaders owe to the Church's missionaries their education and their introduction to the liberating ideals of Christian freedom. It is clearly wrong that a young nation should feel itself menaced by a Church which bases her activity on a spiritual plane. She desires her effect on the temporal plane only to strengthen the natural course of civil society.

The Church is not foreign anywhere nor is she a colonial power. If the mis-



COVER. A modern artist from India, Angela Trindade is the author of this conception of Our Lady and her Son which designer Phil Franznick has adapted for the cover design. Religious art in India is ancient and highly developed including Catholic art, too.



sionaries who brought the Church to the "colony" were from the colonizing country in so many areas of the world, this is not true everywhere. Then, too, it should be plain from the Church's history how eager the Church is to put the guidance of her activities into the hands of local priests and Bishops. The day is not far off when she will be as African and Asian as she has been European and American in the past.

Our Lord once said: "The truth shall make you free." The freedom which the Church demands for herself and for her sons can only make individuals and institutions more free. Simply out of self-interest, the nation should accept the Church's freedom to work and teach. Her religious and moral doctrines will make better citizens in this world, though the Church is more interested in their place in the next world. The social doctrine of the Church, recently recalled in the Encyclical "Mater et Magistra," provides a ground-plan for a better temporal order, though her concern is more for the spiritual.

As Catholics we are conscious that we sometimes suffer injustice here in "the land of the free." Let us be concerned for the freedom of the Church and her peoples everywhere. To this end, we beg your prayers for the mission intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for the month of August: that the Church be able to fulfill effectively her office of teacher in missionary lands. It is an intention which is of supreme importance in these crucial times when the forces of evil are rampant.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

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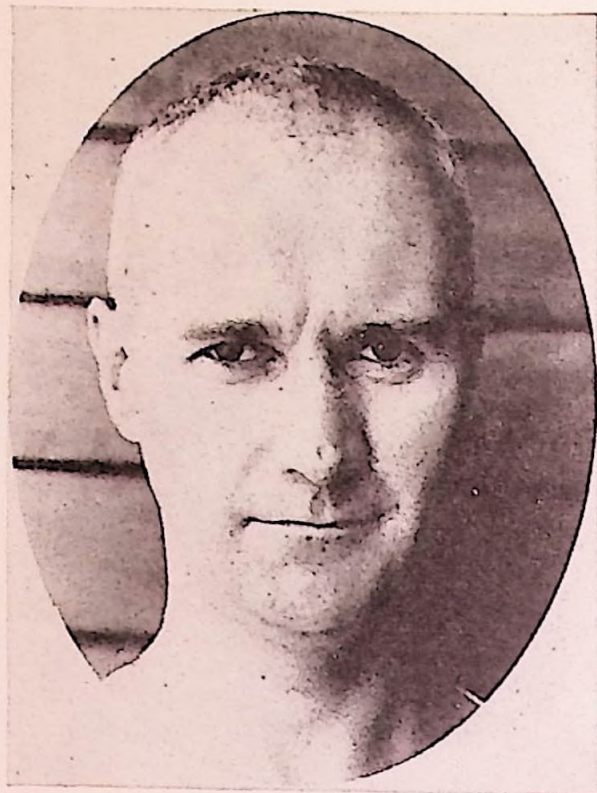
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When a double catastrophe strikes a missionary the experts usually say "he will never go back" to the mission. Here are two of many exceptions.



SO THEY NEVER COME BACK?

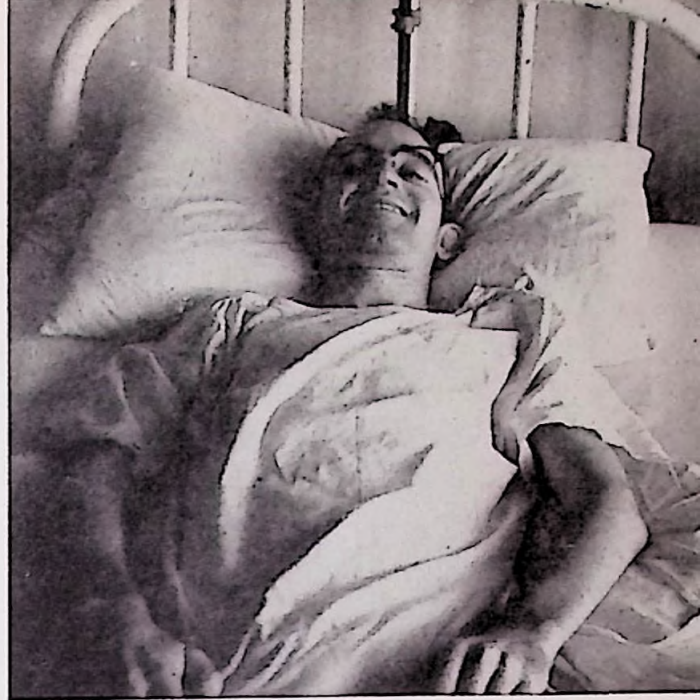
MISSIONARIES ARE subject to two types of catastrophes. The first is general in nature and affects all the missionary personnel in a broad area, such as the Communist take-over of China. The second is personal, like an incapacitating illness which suddenly strikes an individual, or years of imprisonment which in their harshness have the same effect.

When either of these happen, the missionaries affected may have to leave their mission temporarily. But they usually return. When both of them strike the same individual or individuals the experts usually say "they will never go back."

The two men whose before-and-after pictures appear on these pages are exceptions to this general rule. Father John Clifford S.J. (above) was an old China hand when the Communists began their take-over in 1947. He was a leader in the Catholic resistance to the Reds, but the good fight was lost and he was involved in the general catastrophe to the entire mission which followed. But a more personal disaster was reserved for him and other missionaries. The Reds did not let him leave China, but threw him into prison where for three years he was given "the works." The effects of this or-

deal on Father Clifford can be seen from the picture (left, above) taken after his release from prison. Was he broken? Did he ever go back? The picture at the right shows him today in Taiwan where he lectures in the National University and is involved in a whirlwind of activities for the free Chinese, including that of writing a book on the techniques of Communist brainwashing to be published soon in this country.

Robert Ronald S.J. is a slightly different version of the same sort of story. He prepared for the Chinese mission in California and was sent while still a scholastic to Taiwan. A short time after his arrival he was stricken by paralytic polio and flown back to the United States. During the long months in various hospitals, including Warm Springs, Georgia, the day finally arrived when he was able to operate in a wheel chair and out of it



with elaborate braces. Did he go back? He did. The pictures on this page show him during his illness in the United States before he returned, and today in Taiwan riding with Father Louis Dowd S.J., an adventure in itself.



THE "OLD MAN" OF MANER

The heart of a boy is a mysterious thing but with time and patience its secret treasures can be brought to light

IN EVERY AREA of the world, the Church is composed of many generations, the very young, the young, the learning adults, the proficient adults, and the old. But in a place where the Church is small and just beginning, greater than ordinary hope is placed in the young and in the very young. It is here that the interest of the missionary tends to reside.

The wall of Maner mission runs alongside the main road from Patna, India to Arrah for the short distance of about forty yards. In the middle of it is a gate wide enough for a car and a half. Leading straight into the compound from the gate is a level, khaki-colored, dusty road.

On this sunny afternoon in April, Peter had taken up his position of protest in the middle of that road, halfway between the gate and the bungalow. He went out and lay there as if dead. He did not stir or speak, but waited silently for a car to come and run him over, or for a man to come and have pity on him.

Luckily for Peter, the man came first. I did more than have pity on him; I wondered exceedingly. I had seen strange sights during my short stay in India, but this was the first time that my arrival in a mission station had been greeted by an as-if dead boy lying in the middle of the compound road.

My brows knit with perplexity as I

approached this tiny, crumpled bit of humanity lying along in the dust under a dry and tropical sun. I knew immediately that he was not dead or even seriously injured. For if he had been, there would have been a crowd. There is always a crowd in India. But here there was not only no crowd, there was not even a single witness of his state.

Peter did not move a muscle as I came up to him. But when I stooped down to look at him more closely, I saw that his eyes remained on me until he saw me looking at him. Then he turned his gaze away and looked dully ahead. When I lifted him up, he hung limp in my hands and let his feet drag loosely on the ground. He seemed determined to resist any effort to make him part of society again, to mingle with men or do anything they wanted.

He wasn't much of a load, so I picked him up and carried him to the verandah of the house. There Father Tony Grollig filled me in on the background of Peter's behavior.

First of all, Peter hadn't wanted to come to the mission school with his elder brother Paul, so that made him unhappy from the start. Secondly, he had dysentery. Thirdly, Paul was a pretty tough customer and often disciplined Peter with a couple of slaps. Peter was such

MICHAEL H. DUCEY S.J.



■ It took a long time but the smile finally came. Peter was no longer the “old man of Maner.”

a silent and sour little chap that the other boys soon dubbed him *burha*, which in Hindi means *the old man*.

Peter's only way of fighting back was to go on strike and refuse to do anything. And so he did. He refused to take the vitamin pills Father gave him. He refused to go to the pump and wash. He refused to talk, to look at anybody even, and went out to lie in the middle of the road until the end of the world arrived.

While Peter was lying out in the road, Father Grollig was explaining to Paul that the Christian way is to love one's little brother and to try to take care of him. So at Father's behest, Paul somewhat grudgingly took the little old man from the verandah out to the pump and

washed him. But Peter still wasn't sure. A lot of experience had made him the way he was, and he wasn't going to be won over so easily.

After that incident, Peter eyed Father Grollig with cold suspicion, but he ate the pills he was given. He eyed me with suspicion too, but he did the work I gave him. He never spoke to me, but he obeyed. He rarely even looked at me, but he cooperated. His look was always that same sullen stare which I thought a six-year-old incapable of.

With the eating of the vitamin pills, Peter's dysentery began to go away. He started to look healthy, and we had no more incidents. Paul learned to cooperate too. He had to be reminded now and



■ Homesickness, dysentery and loneliness can make a boy an old man. But understanding and love, plus a little cold water can make him young again. Peter still likes that cold water.

then, but he learned. He treated his little brother with kindness, and began to feel that "the Old Man" was his responsibility.

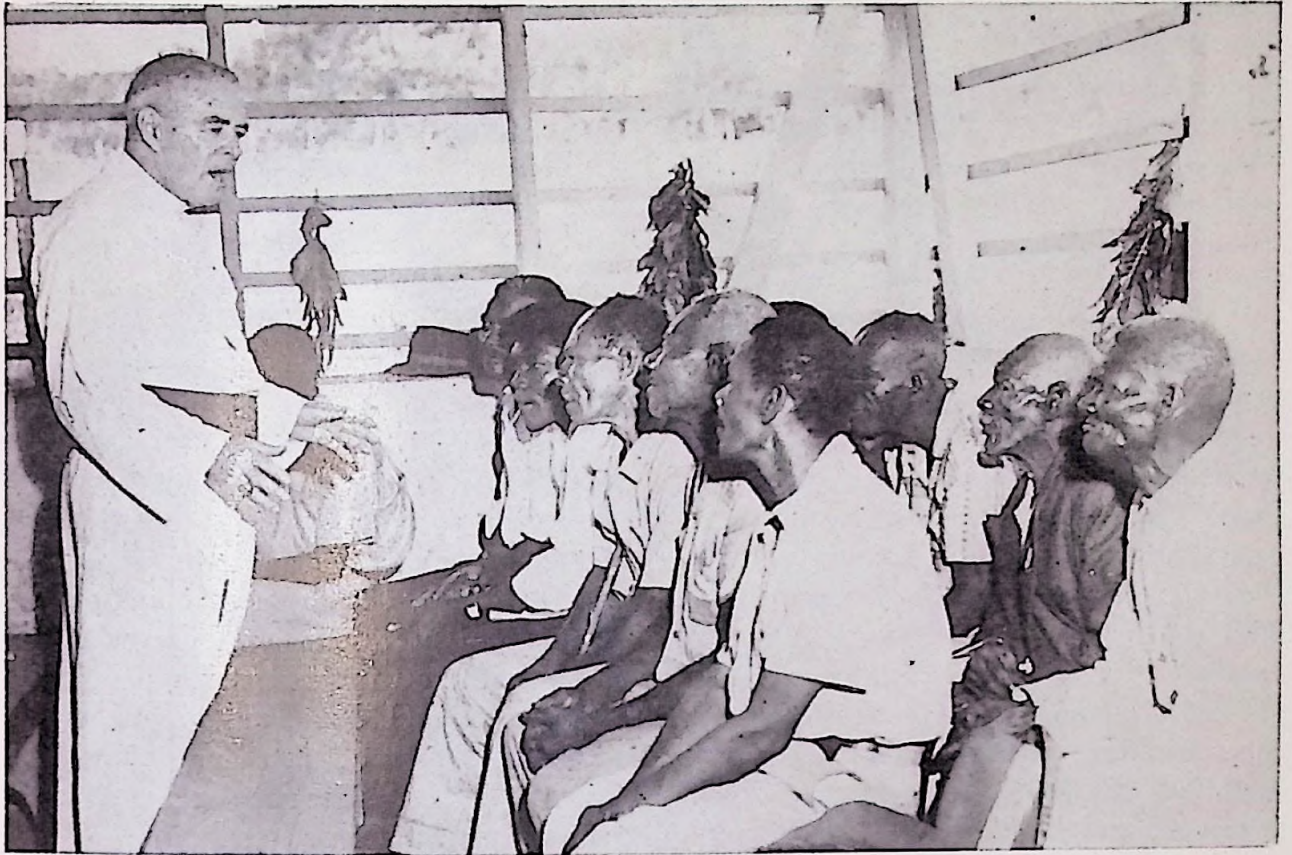
The final break in the case came with the really hot weather in May. The boys go swimming in our shallow irrigation tank, where the water is cool and clear, because it comes from deep in the earth. It soon became apparent that there was one thing which delighted Peter, and that was swimming. In spite of everything it even made him laugh.

One day he didn't see me coming towards the tank. I caught him red-handed as it were, in the very act of laughing. When he saw me looking at him, he stopped short for a second, as if I had caught him in some very naughty deed. But he enjoyed the cool water too

much. He couldn't keep up "the Old Man" act. He let me watch him laugh, and let me laugh with him.

After that I had something on Peter. When I smiled at him he had to smile back, because he knew that I knew he was capable of it. His sullen days were over. He began to act as small boys should.

Peter was six then. Now he is seven, and no longer the old man of Maner. When he gets hurt he cries, of course. But he gets over his tears and smiles again. And he talks. Sometimes at great length. Sometimes he is quite quotable, as small boys can be. In the school he more than keeps up with his class. In fine, he gives prospect of someday becoming a well-rounded Catholic adult and a credit to the Church in India.



■ Citizens of Barry & Lloyds listen with rapt attention to instruction in the faith. The catechist is the Bishop of Jamaica, John J. McEleney S.J. who is no ordinary catechist.

Barry & Lloyds, Ltd.

(Very)

CHARLES J. EBERLE S.J.

BARRY AND LLOYDS (place names are unusual in Jamaica) lies about 12 miles northwest of Spanish Town which is about 12 miles from Kingston. It is a very depressed district, and to help the area, the Jamaica Government established a land settlement out there.

A Catholic gentleman from Kingston, Mr. Ransford Hamilton, bought a piece of land nearby for a country house. The climate is cool, and it is a quiet spot after the heat and noise of Kingston. He

A Catholic layman of Jamaica wanted a weekend haven for himself and family but found there also a real mission

built a little cottage and began to go there weekends and holidays with his family.

He had not been there long when he realized the destitution of the people about him. He applied to the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Kingston for some flour, cornmeal and powdered milk. These are U.S. surplus foods which the St. Vincent de Paul Society allocates. He brought these out on his own truck and supervised the distribution himself.

Not content with helping in a material way, he also wished to help the area

spiritually. So he asked Father Mallette, then at St. Anne's, to come out and see what he could do for their souls. Interesting enough Father Mallette found one Catholic man in the area, whom I had instructed and received into the church many years ago when I was at Holy Cross Church.

It was impossible for Father Mallette to go out every Sunday and so he went to St. George's College and found three lads there from Spanish Town. These boys were quite enthusiastic about going to Barry and Lloyds on Sunday, to teach catechism and conduct a service.

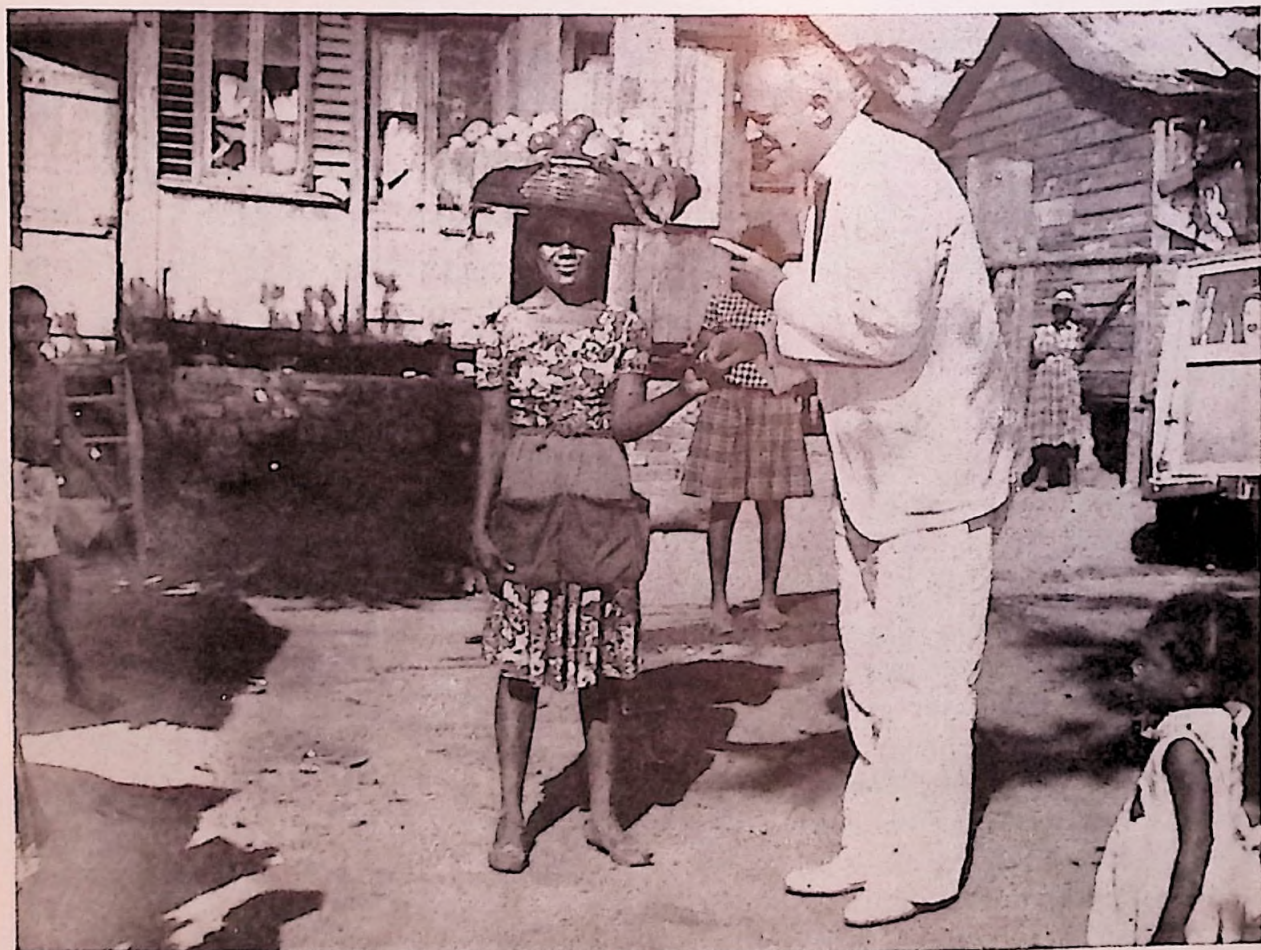
As the area is very poor, Father Mallette suggested to our Bishop that the mission be called after St. Vincent de Paul, the friend of the poor. Meantime Mr. Hamilton purchased three acres of land and gave it to the Diocese. He had it cleared and bulldozed. It is a beauti-

ful site, and commands a view of Old Harbour Bay.

A short while ago Bishop McEleney himself came out and offered Mass for the people, and gave them instruction in catechism. There are about 150 in attendance. About four are Catholics and the rest are under instruction, all this being due to a good Catholic layman.

Jamaica has many similar "roads to Jericho." A man goes out into the countryside for a well-earned rest and stumbles upon a situation which does not allow him to enjoy that rest. So he sets about to remedy the situation. No one will ever know exactly how much appreciation and gratitude he will stir up in hearts withered by poverty and neglect. But the Gospel does not tell us either of the feelings of the "man who fell among thieves." Yet we know a good Samaritan has stopped to help.

■ Father Charles J. Eberle stops to chat with a parishioner at St. Anne's Parish, Kingston. His assistant, Father Mallette, was the first to bring spiritual aid to Barry & Lloyds.





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PEOPLE HAVE TO HEAR about the Church before they become interested in it. The big problem in the Orient is how to reach the millions there who have never heard of Christ or His Church. Television, which has already arrived in some Oriental countries and is rapidly developing in others, presents an unusual opportunity of multiplying our missionaries by multiplying their contacts with people through the television screen.

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Funds are urgently needed to train Chinese technicians to operate the television equipment which is already on hand.

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Please send \$5, \$10 or whatever you can give to:

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■ Ando (left) and his wife dressed up to receive visitors in the dingy shack in Tokyo.

Ando Meets the Cardinal

*Poverty and suffering result in an encounter with Christ
that brings joy and sanctity to a Tokyo rag-picker*

GEORGE NEWLAND S.J.

YOU DON'T MEET MEN like Ando very often nowadays. For he is a cripple—but one who does not want to be healed; he's poor too, terribly poor—but he doesn't want money. Ando is a man planted and rooted in the Faith with a strength which makes you think of the story of Job in his conviction of the goodness and mercy of God. And in the sea of squalor of a Tokyo tenement of lightless huts and refuse heaps, his Faith rises, soars toward the heavens as a real

anchor of security—even for his non-Christian friends.

Ando-san, you see, is a rag-picker in a poor district in Tokyo. Well, really, he isn't the one who picks the rags, but he used to. His wife supports both of them now—as she has for the last twelve years—ever since Ando-san got a mysterious glandular disease and his legs shrivelled up so he could not walk and his heart enlarged so much that any day he might die very suddenly. Pitiful? Not at all—at least if you ask Ando about it.

“Why should I want to change any-

thing?" he grinned, "If it hadn't been for this disease I never would have become a Catholic, never known Christ or His Mother." And his wife, a tiny frail woman with hands permanently blackened like a chimney sweep, her fingers cracked from sorting metal and rags all day, agrees completely. For she, too, through an "accident," became a Catholic.

It's so hard to tell only *part* of a good story when the whole thing is an anthology of God's grace woven into the lives of two simple Christians. There is the story of Ando's conversion in the hospital; his efforts to instruct his wife—but frustrated, for she was too tired each day from pulling the trash wagon to stay awake to hear his catechism. That is, until she was hit by a taxicab while pulling the cart and then had time in the hospital to listen to the story of her own salvation through Christ Our Lord.

There is also much to be told of Ando's work with the children of the community—even though he is a shut-in, and I guess a story that will never be told but one we might all some day know—is of his interminable hours of prayer to God and Our Lady as he squats in his one room hut warming his fingers over a tiny charcoal fire as he muses over the needs and wants of his fellow Christians. Well, anyway, we can tell part of the story; the tale of how Ando's generosity brought them their only earthly wish: to see His Eminence, Cardinal Peter Doi, the only Cardinal of Japan.

Winters are cold in Tokyo and fuel is expensive. Of course, it is even more expensive if your total income is on a day-wage basis of about 85 cents a day. That's what Ando and his wife live on in their black corrugated tin shack perched on the bank of a slow running, mucky drainage canal in north Tokyo. Their house is only part of a "village" of about 40 families squeezed in between warehouses and sheds piled with scrap paper and odd pieces of metal and wire.

Carts, used for hauling and gathering the day's findings from the trashheaps of factories, jam the small open spaces among the clusters of leaky tin shacks. This "village" is not much different than those which shelter over 16,000 rag-picker families in Tokyo, but because Ando-san is there, this "village" is a little different.

The reason we went to visit Ando that winter day in January was to talk about the apostolate. Usually we go around the villages bringing a bit of milk or clothing for the families, visiting the sick and generally trying to help out as we can, but this day was different. For Ando wanted to start his own apostolate, for the Faith. We decided that the best thing would be a lending library for the children. Maybe it will develop into something for the adults as well—at least if Ando has anything to do with it. He's not a man to keep his Faith to himself. Now, I don't mean that he tries to push other people into Christianity—he knows that Faith is a true gift, not a push—it's just that he has so much inner conviction and sincerity of speech, sooner or later people are drawn to talk about serious things. Perhaps, that is what helped make his Faith so firm.

Let me give you a couple of examples of the Faith I mean. Since the end of the war, the "new-religions," as they are called, have been increasing in number and strength. They are, for the most part, faith-healing religions which promise the happiness of this world: health, honor and money. Because Ando-san is the man of character whose influence is felt wherever he is, naturally he is proselytized often and long. Tucked into a heavy woolen bathrobe and a padded jacket, his shrunken legs twisted under his thin body and bony fingers feeling for the heat rising from the charcoal fire-pot we shared, Ando explained to us how he deals with these would-be persuaders.

"Ando, don't be foolish. If you join

our group we will send the healer to you and you will become well," one group kept urging him. Finally, to put an end to the harangue, Ando answers with his own simple heart's message—sparing the roundabout niceties of the Japanese language and customary double talk.

"My dear man, perhaps you will never know what I have received from Christ. I cannot therefore explain. But I can tell you that I do not even wish to be healed. I wish only to be with Christ, and that will probably be soon . . . only He knows. Now, in my present condition, in some little way, I can return His kindness. If I were healed and healthy, I am not sure what kind of a man I would be toward Him."

With such an answer, what is there to be said?

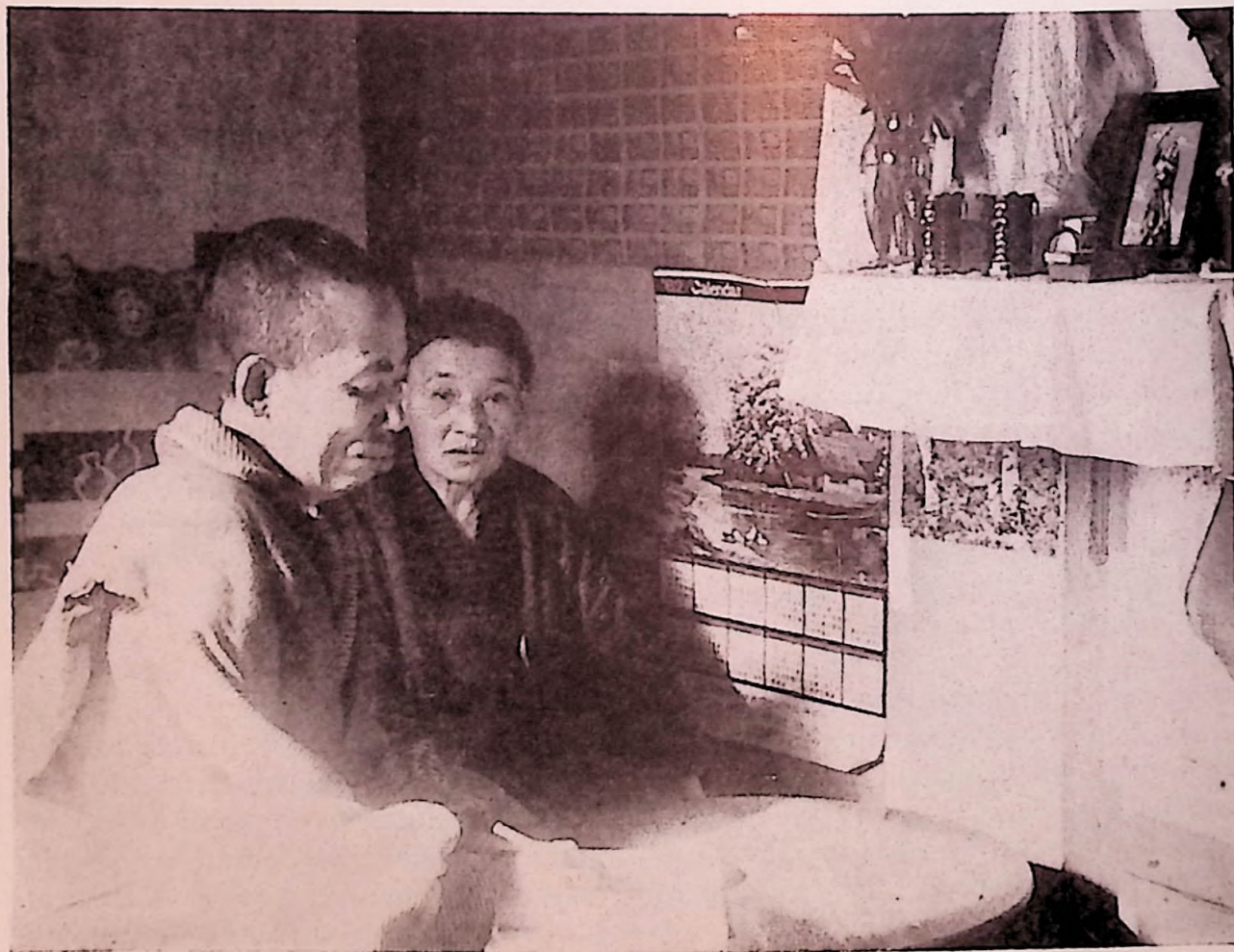
If the promise is happiness. the answer

is, "Why do you promise me what I have already?" If money is the lure, Ando asks what the money could buy. If it is comfort promised, who can answer a man who does not want comfort but, instead, tells you that comfort would take away the only thing he can offer Christ each day: his coldness, his loneliness, his pain. ". . . and what ears are there that can listen to this?"

As Ando explained his way of dealing with his proselytizers, so candidly, so simply, his tiny wife smiled across the charcoal embers and reached over to adjust the old army scarf drawn about Ando's neck.

From talk of religion and money, the conversation leaped to a new tone. With hidden excitement creeping about the edges of their voices, the old couple asked about an appropriate gift for their

■ Before a statue of Our Lady Ando works, despite the pain his disease causes him.



friend, a Jesuit scholastic, to be ordained in March. The visitors' eyes showed that their thoughts were meeting as their eyes met in a glance. On 85 cents a day, Ordination gifts are not found in department stores. Anyway, everyone knows that for spiritual events, spiritual gifts are the most appropriate. We all found instant agreement, for spiritual simplicity can find true values without confused reasonings. A spiritual bouquet written by hand in nice Japanese script, offering the sufferings and pains of the donors for the new priest's apostolate . . . such was the gift. But, equally as joyful as the giving, was the prospect of giving in person at the Ordination ceremony. For the Andos were invited to see their friend become a priest.

Ando had only left his shack on the bank of the canal six times in the past twelve years—and then usually to the hospital. In March, it would be a real outing. We toyed with the idea, tasting in advance the delights of seeing an Ordination to the priesthood for the first time, holding before ourselves and relishing the prospect of seeing a church filled with hundreds of people—all Catholics. Ando had never seen that before. And, lastly, just think, to be able to see the only Japanese Cardinal in the world, who would perform the sacred rites. The mere talk of the big occasion warmed the house and the small lines around the eyes of Mrs. Ando's delicate features bunched together as she smiled her small smile and then, like a child telling a deep secret of joy, she told us of the plan she had worked out with her husband.

The Cardinal needs a church, and for the largest city in the world it wouldn't be right if it were not a cathedral. It is like New York without St. Patrick's. The money drive, a slow process with only 280 thousand Catholics in the country, began in the Fall last year. Well now, she and Ando-san had been thinking. If they were careful, they could

save some money. A little every day . . . maybe five yen or so (about a cent and a half) and then in three years they could save up a bit more than fifteen dollars for the Cardinal's cathedral. And, of course, those difficult days, the cold of winter and the heat and dust that blows through the house from the gravel road beyond the canal in the summertime, all that they could offer up for the Cardinal, too. No child's eyes have ever held so much light on receiving a gift as the kind little eyes of Mrs. Ando at the thought of what she might be able to give.

Well, that's about all there is to the story. It isn't much, nothing special—at least on the surface. Just a crippled man and his wife, two among hundreds who watched the Ordination ceremonies. He, squatted, legs twisted beneath him, frail body bolt upright on a table in the choir loft. She, beside him, now and then adjusting his coat, giving an unneeded tug here and a brush there on his tired clothing, standing upright for three hours, watching their friend become a priest and their Cardinal performing the miracle of the Sacrament.

Oh, meeting the Cardinal? Well, to be honest, that was a "fix." Through friends, we told his Eminence of the modern "widow's mite" and how much we knew it would mean for Ando and his wife to receive his personal blessing. The kind ear of the Cardinal responded and at the end of the Ordination ceremony, as he passed out through an anteroom, he stopped to bless them, and the great Catholic thrill of their lives came to Mr. and Mrs. Ando of rag-picker village, Japan. What they said as the Cardinal stopped and leaned over his spiritual children, only those three know. You never ask a man about the depth of his Faith nor the love of his heart—especially when it shines out for others to see. And the tears in your own eyes also obscure your vision.

JOHN BARLEYCORN ON PALAU

EDWIN McMANUS S.J.



■ This looks like the beginning of a big drinking party at Palau, but it isn't. Drinks made in this fashion are not badly intoxicating until they are run through a copper-wire still.

DRINK IS A REAL PROBLEM out here at Palau in the Caroline Islands for the people simply can't handle it. I suppose the reason for that is they've never built up a tolerance for alcohol. In their old culture before the foreigners arrived there was no alcoholic liquor in Palau. I know of no other place in the world like that, for the other islands of the Trust Territory all had at least fermented coconut juice, but the Palauans never made it. Even now there is no Palauan word for liquor; they use rum or the Japanese moromi.

The Spaniards were the first foreigners

to arrive here, and after them came the Germans, but neither nation was here for a long time and neither left much of an impress on the people; certainly they never introduced liquor. After the Germans came the Japanese who took over these islands under a League of Nations Mandate that specified that alcoholic beverages would not be made available to the natives.

The Japanese government kept this law rather strictly, but individual Japanese relaxed it, especially at New Year, which is a big day for them. During the Japanese regime some Palauans learned how

to distill, and when the Americans arrived stills, complete with copper wiring were operating. They use bananas, tapioca and various other indigenous plants, but the most common, and the easiest although the most expensive, is imported sugar.

All alcoholic beverages were forbidden by the Americans until, about five or six years ago, beer was licensed. But bootlegging has been prevalent, although as I said above, the Palauans cannot handle it and when they get drunk frequently they are vicious. Since the end of World War II there have been about 30 murders in Palau, and every one of them was committed under the influence of liquor. That averages out to about two a year, in a population of about 9,000. These figures do not include people who

drowned or came to some other sudden end because of drink.

Recently the new High Commissioner decided that he didn't like discriminatory laws, i.e. permitting alcohol for the Americans but forbidding it to the Palauans, so he announced that he would permit alcohol for all, if it is desired, on a basis of local option. He has a point in being against discriminatory laws, but I wish he would have overlooked the liquor law. Most of the villages voted for whiskey and beer but with one exception the locally distilled brew was voted down. Strangely enough, the one exception was the village of the two people who drowned on the day we dedicated the new church. I don't know just what that proves, but it should prove something.

■ Father McManus S.J., an old hand in the Western Carolines, talks over the situation with a Palauan couple at Koror. John Barleycorn is not a welcome guest in this Catholic family.



BROTHER BRUNO AND THE BULL

JOHN E. MAHONEY S.J.

*Two strong wills clash in Rampur
and for one a complete victory*



DOGS AND ELEPHANTS, they say, are the most "intelligent" of irrational animals. But, in my book, a certain bull is the most "intelligent." The bull we'll name "Nundee." This Nundee roams the fields of Rampur, near the Nepal border, North Bihar, India.

Brother Bruno Karpinski S.J. of Erie, Pennsylvania, is a man of wide experience and commendable prudence. In his younger days a coal-passer on a Lake Superior grain boat, a qualified machinist, and now missionary in India, Brother Bruno is a printer-manager of Sanjivan Press, Patna, Bihar. He is also a fisherman; and he knows how to catch and hold a fish. But Nundee he found to be definitely different.

This, then, is the story of Nundee, the Rampur bull, and Brother Bruno. Nundee, like Ferdinand, is content if only left alone. Nundee does not like flowers, but he does like rice-sprouts, maize, and sugar-cane leaves. He likes Father Ludwig's fields best of all. Nundee belongs to no one; he is the uninvited guest of

Rampur's rich fields. Father Ludwig prefers to feed his seventy orphans from the produce of his mission farm. But Nundee—non-productive vagabond—is literally taking food "out of the mouths of babes."

Your practical man might say: "Why not look up the current market price on 'baloney bulls?'" That should take care of Nundee. But Father Ludwig is a practical man too. Many people in Rampur Town and the villages round about take a very dim view of turning Nundee into baloney. Nundee must be protected from any lethal weapon. You may beat Nundee so that the S.P.C.A. might howl in protest, but Nundee has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Nundee is sacred.

Now, it happened that Brother Bruno had gone to Rampur for a few days. The quiet rustic setting there gave comfort to his soul. The calm country-side, the snow-capped Himalayas in the distance over in Nepal, the clear blue sky of a North India winter, the happy, friendly orphans, the little church and the devo-

tion of Father Ludwig's parishioners, filled his heart with peace. Brother Bruno would love to linger yet a while at Rampur. But Patna and stern duty called. The bullock-cart stood waiting. Brother Bruno was about to start on a leisurely sixteen mile, seven hour ride to the rail-head at Narkatiaganj.

Father Ludwig is a man of ideas. Why not take Nundee along? Perhaps Nundee would like a change. Too long had he been driven out of Rampur's rice fields by Father Ludwig and his neighbors.

"Splendid," said Brother Bruno. "We'll take Nundee along, and then release him near the river close to Narkatiaganj. There Nundee may roam to his heart's content, and live out his declining days in peace."

Now you have the picture: Two strong and patient bullocks, two capable drivers, a rubber-tired bullock-cart which can carry a ton and a half of sugar cane, but which, heaped with straw, makes a comfortable vehicle for Brother Bruno's journey; then, of course, Nundee, the bull, halter on his huge head, tied to the rear of the cart. Rampur bade a fond good-bye to Brother Bruno, wished him a welcome return; and gave Nundee a mere farewell.

As the peaceful procession moved over the roads, villagers smiled at Brother Bruno. They saw Nundee, understood why he was leaving, and their smile broadened as they realized that all too often they had driven Nundee from their own fields.

The bullock-cart went on for an hour and a half. Nundee did not complain except for a bit of a bullish snort now and then. Brother Bruno slept, prayed, surveyed the peaceful scene. Life was good.

The bullock-express, Rampur-Narkatiaganj, moves steadily, but it is not non-stop. The cart halted. After a brief rest, the driver clucked the signal to proceed. But Nundee refused to move. In fact he sat right down on the road. Now Nundee

is not thin; he has fed too well. No amount of coaxing by the expert drivers could bring Nundee to his feet.

Brother Bruno had an idea! Pull the beast, drag him along on the road! Surely Nundee's sense of dignity would revolt. But Nundee did not revolt; he seemed perfectly content to have his dignity thus injured. After about twenty or thirty feet of this dragging pace, the cart lurched violently. Nundee was thrown into a ditch, landed on his broad back, his four feet pointing to the sky. He moaned, he groaned, he struggled as if in the throes of his last agony.

"He will die," warned one of the drivers, "if we leave him here this way."

No one, including Brother Bruno, wanted Nundee to die. The drivers got hold of the bull. One tugged, the other pushed. Nundee showed his first signs of active cooperation in this whole affair.

"He's up!"

Brother Bruno and the drivers sighed a deep sigh of relief. Nundee would not die; the neighbors would remain friendly.

Off now to Narkatiaganj. But not Nundee! He sat on the road again. Brother Bruno had a vision of himself stranded on the platform of Narkatiaganj, while his pressmen wondered at the absent Brother Bruno.

"Remove the halter. Take off the rope," said Brother Bruno in fluent Hindi.

Just a split second after the rope and halter were removed, the noble beast, Nundee, stood up, nimbly turned about, and with his tail like a banner flying, tripped the light fantastic down the road and back to Rampur. The reluctant Bull of Rampur waved a scornful farewell to Brother Bruno.

Brother Bruno works away at the press; Nundee eats away in the fields of Rampur. And Brother Bruno knows that dogs and elephants and crows and foxes are wise and clever and cunning.

But compared to Nundee, they're all a bunch of pikers.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) **Father Donohoe**, at Jaluit, Marshall Islands, has a familiar problem. His expenses are far greater than his income. But, in addition, his people who want to support their church cannot give very much in cash until the trees they planted after the typhoon bear fruit. That will be seven years from now. Meanwhile? What help you can give will be like the rain for their trees, a provision for the future of the Church there.

2) Five dollars a month is what **Father Escano** of Claveria in the Philippines needs now to pay his catechists. And in Siwan, India, **Father Kappamootil** begs prayers that he find one. To your prayers can you add \$5 or more for either or both these needs?

3) Up in Alaska, **Father Harold Greif** is trying to finish a combined church and residence at Lovelock. In thanking you for the help you have given, he hesitates to mention how much more he needs. It is \$1,500. But a gift of any size will help him to finish the job.

4) From **Patna's Father Burke**: "A septic tank is what we need most at Buxar, especially for the Sisters. If I were able to recommend any trade to the Peace Corps, I would tell them to send a traveling plumber!" That's just like him, not to think of himself but of the Sisters. Can you help **Father Burke** to help the Sisters of Buxar, India?

5) Speaking of Sisters: **Father Newell** and his people at Minas de Oro, Honduras, have just welcomed their first

Franciscan Sisters from Milwaukee. Now they want to build a convent big enough for the present and the future. They have the land but the building will cost \$5,000 "but for that amount we will get three times the value that you do in the States." Contributions of any size will help to multiply the blessings that the Sisters bring to the missions.

6) **Father Grenier** of Annotto Bay, Jamaica, has a fast growing mission of his mission at Islington. He wants to build a chapel there but first he must buy the land, 2½ acres right in the middle of a "housing project." It will cost \$800. A gift of \$5, \$10 or more will help him.

7) **St. Joseph's Minor Seminary** at Trincomalee, Ceylon needs so many things: a bus to bring the seminarians to school, \$1,800; new pump for the three wells, \$175; 50 more chairs at \$4 each; "and a thousand things from band-aids to an ice-cream mixer and an adding machine." They don't expect to get them all at once. Which one can you help them get?

(Attached coupon for convenience.)

Dear Father,

The enclosed gift is for the item(s) above numbered _____.

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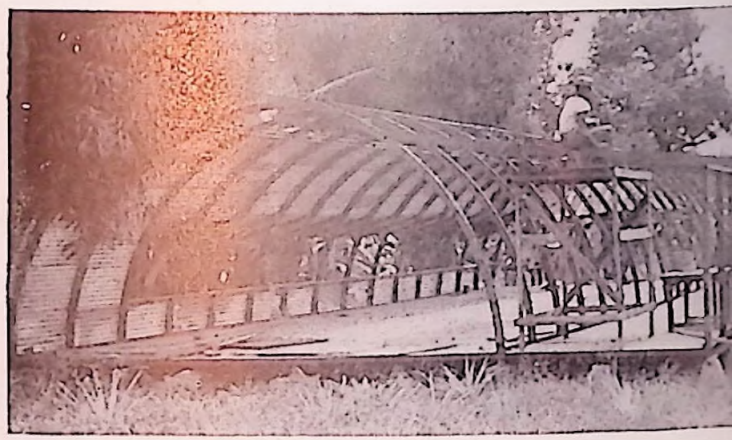
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IN THE
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On Koror in the Caroline Islands Fathers Roszel and Hoar run a mission station that is in the very heart of things. They need help—a lot of help—to keep this Pacific center in action. Most of the burden comes from the schools, a “must” for so many boys and girls. Can you keep them at their Crossroads?

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