

JESUIT MISSIONS

*Japanese
Christian
Art*



JM

JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



**Baghdad:
Back to School**

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
Formosa - Jamaica - Jamshedpur - Korea - Patna - Philippines - Marshall Islands
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It's that time of year and the boys at Baghdad College (left) share that universal reluctance to get back to the books. The American Jesuits run more than two dozen schools in mission countries, i.e., high schools and colleges and they have a hand in many others, primary and government colleges.



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**CHRISTIAN ART
IN JAPAN**

A missionary, who is himself an artist, gives us an interesting insight into Japan's art development

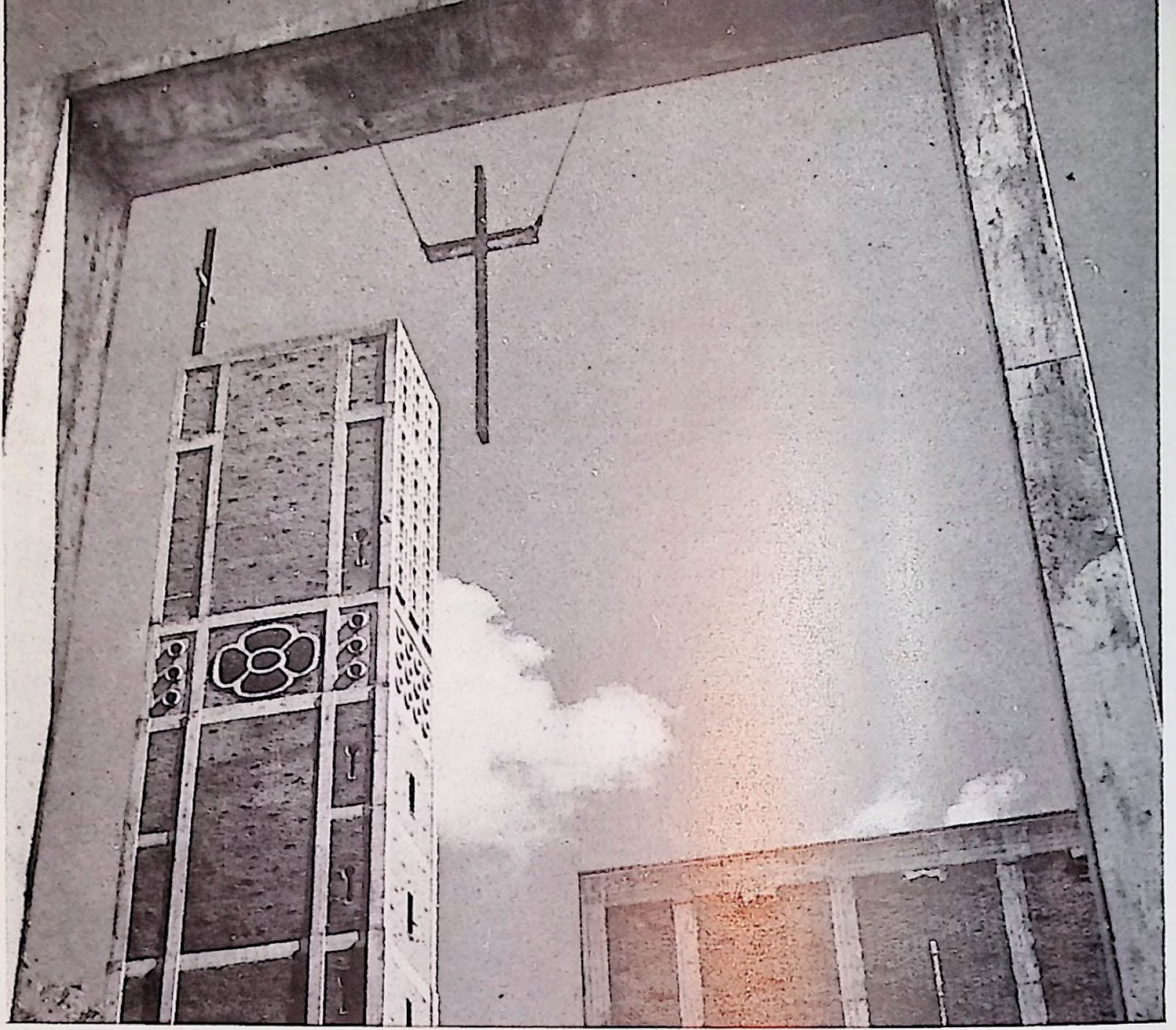
JOSEPH P. LOVE S.J.

WHEN ONE THINKS OF a culture of beauty, one naturally thinks of Japan, whose artists take hints from other peoples, making them thoroughly their own. So our idea of Japanese Christian art is influenced by our knowledge of the country's art in general. And this is exactly where we often make mistakes. So let's look into this Christian art a bit.

In the 16th and 17th centuries, the Portuguese missionaries brought with them pictures and engravings of the European Baroque, images of Christ and Our Lady, and of the lives of the saints. Japanese Christians of the time soon made copies or works "after" these usually inferior European images, the only thing Oriental in the copies being provincial crudity coming from lack of understanding. Thus the works left today are solely of historical value. But what was of importance to artists like Holusai and Okyo, leading painters of the Edo period, was the Renaissance space con-

■ Expressive of Japanese Catholicism is the recently dedicated Martyrs' Shrine (left) at Nagasaki. The architect, Professor Imai, blends European with Oriental, as does sculptor Funakoshi Sensei whose monumental sculptures (below) grace this center of Japan's Church.





■ The Peace Memorial Cathedral at Hiroshima has been ranked among the ten best architectural works in Japan. Its clean, solid construction speaks well for future Church art.

cept and chiaroscuro. This trickle of European influence became a torrent with the opening of Japan by Perry's black ships. Now there are more artists who paint "western pictures" than "Japanese pictures." Japan is internationally minded in its art, and will not be left behind.

So in the twentieth century we make a mistake when we call "Japanese Christian art" the hand-painted *kakemono* of mission calendars, and the Nativity scenes with bamboo and pine, or a red *tori-i*, where the Holy Family is portrayed as an Edo period farm household. The Japanese people have a much greater sense of the mystery of God and religious symbolism to be taken in long by sentimentality, and Christians prefer a Russian *ikon* or a Rouault stained glass reproduction to this. From the beginning,

Zen temples and gardens were severe in simplicity, leaving nothing to sentiment, and paring nature to its basic components. Its modern buildings have incorporated the ideas of le Corbusier and Harvard's Walter Gropius, but the principles of these architects were already found in Japan's ancient shrines and homes. Japan's modern painting has swung around from European realism and stridency of color to a new Oriental sense of space, and quiet, glowing color, that was here in the first place.

In Church art, the clean, solid construction of the Peace Memorial Cathedral at Hiroshima has put it in the ranks of the ten best architectural works in Japan since the war, in a poll of leading critics. The simple lines and natural wood construction of the Redemptorist church in Kamakura, Japan's 12th cen-

tury capital, led a local artist to remark, "I can enter this building and still feel that I am in Japan." Hiroshima High School has the look of a typical well-planned Japanese school, built on a hillside overlooking the Inland Sea, and its back open to a quiet, shady garden; not in riot with color as a western garden, but with shrubs, grass, trees, rocks and water, all in a natural woods setting. None of these buildings are "Japanesey," but all reflect what this country's people want in this century.

Now under construction is the shrine of the twenty-seven Martyrs of Nagasaki, built by the architect and mosaicist, Professor Imai of Tokyo's Waseda University. Although his steeples are obviously influenced by Gaudi's cathedral in Barcelona, the assymetrical plan and the use of local, natural materials, makes it a building expressive of Japanese Catholicism. It is fully in modern Japan, with its look out upon the whole world. The highly abstract mosaic wall, which one might think an importation, is made from shards of Japanese pottery—tea-cups, fire-pots, and vases—and in the colors that have entered American artistic vocabulary as "shibui." Its monumental sculpture of the martyrs is being made by Funakoshi Sensei, who takes his beginnings not from Kamakura period wood sculptures, but from Rodin and Despiau, as do most conservative Japanese sculptors. Through the collaboration of artists and architects, the modern church in Japan is finding its own expression, and showing to non-Catholics a fresh incarnation of its perennial spirit, the spirit of Christ. It reflects the faith of the new Church, and is sure to be a place of concourse of Catholic Japan.

This same spirit has been brought to a wide non-Catholic audience, by the graphic work of Francois Nakayama, young artist of 63 years, whose vital calligraphic color etchings of the past few years have brought him into the board

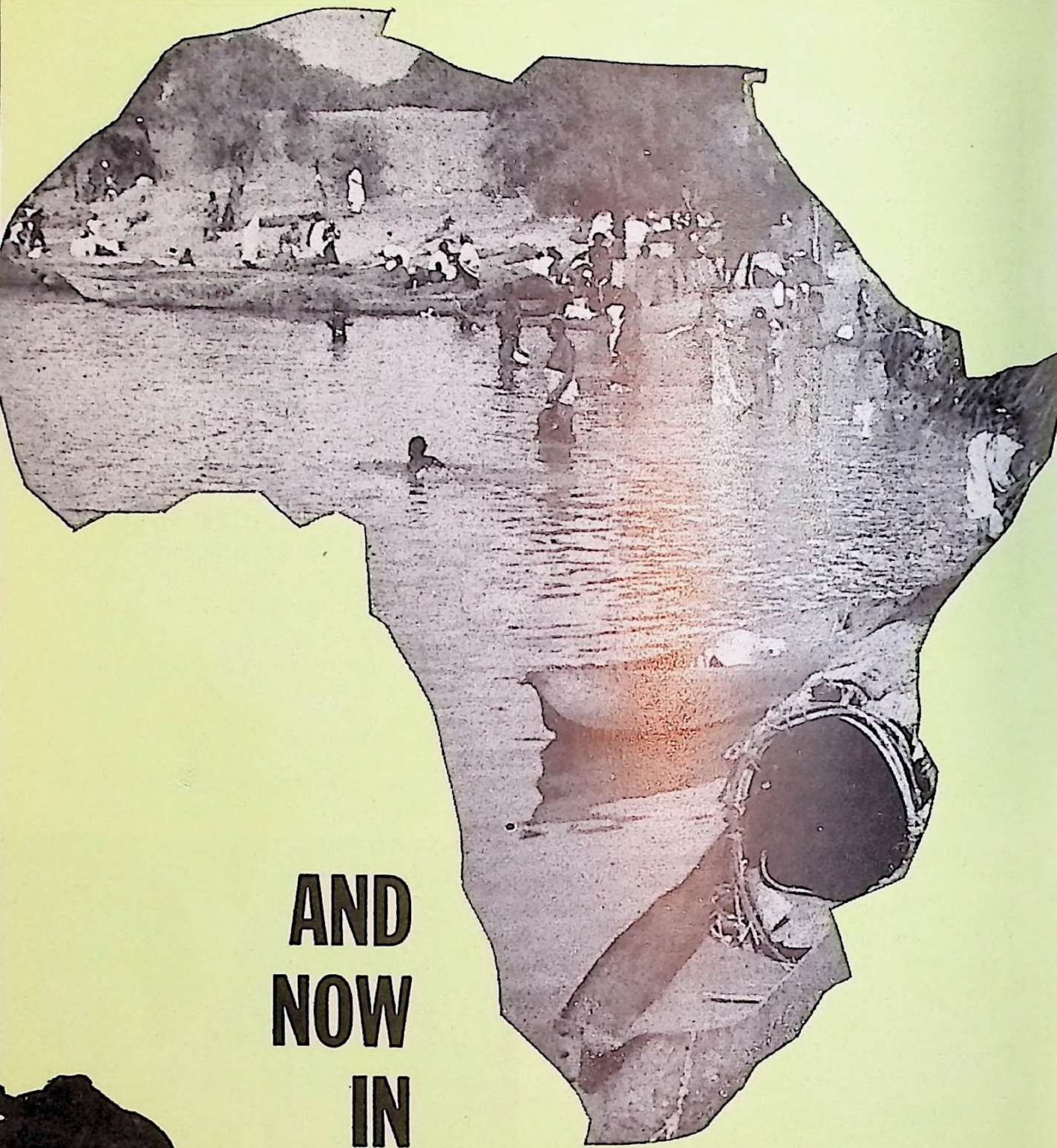
of directors of the Japan Print Association. His work has been completely religious in inspiration, and in a group of which he is the sole Catholic, it has gained for him deep professional respect.

In such a mission country as Japan, where artistic culture is of such exacting standards, it will be works like these that bring the public to realize that Christianity can also be Japanese, losing none of its message. The ultimate judgment of its value lies in the hands of the Japanese themselves. It is for the missionary to recognize an incarnation that is not of his making, and bless it with the blessing of Christ, who said, "All things are yours, and you are Christ's."

What is true of Japan is also true for the whole mission world. This century has seen the rise of a great new field of art. It is a human thing, the natural expression of man himself and we must strive to lift it to a supernatural level.

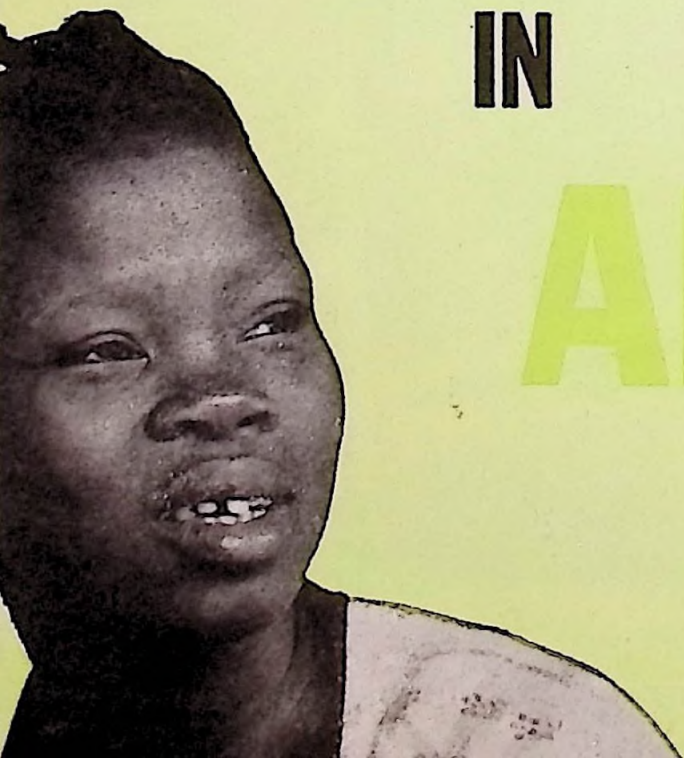
■ The Jesuit High School at Hiroshima, on a hillside overlooking the Inland Sea of Japan.

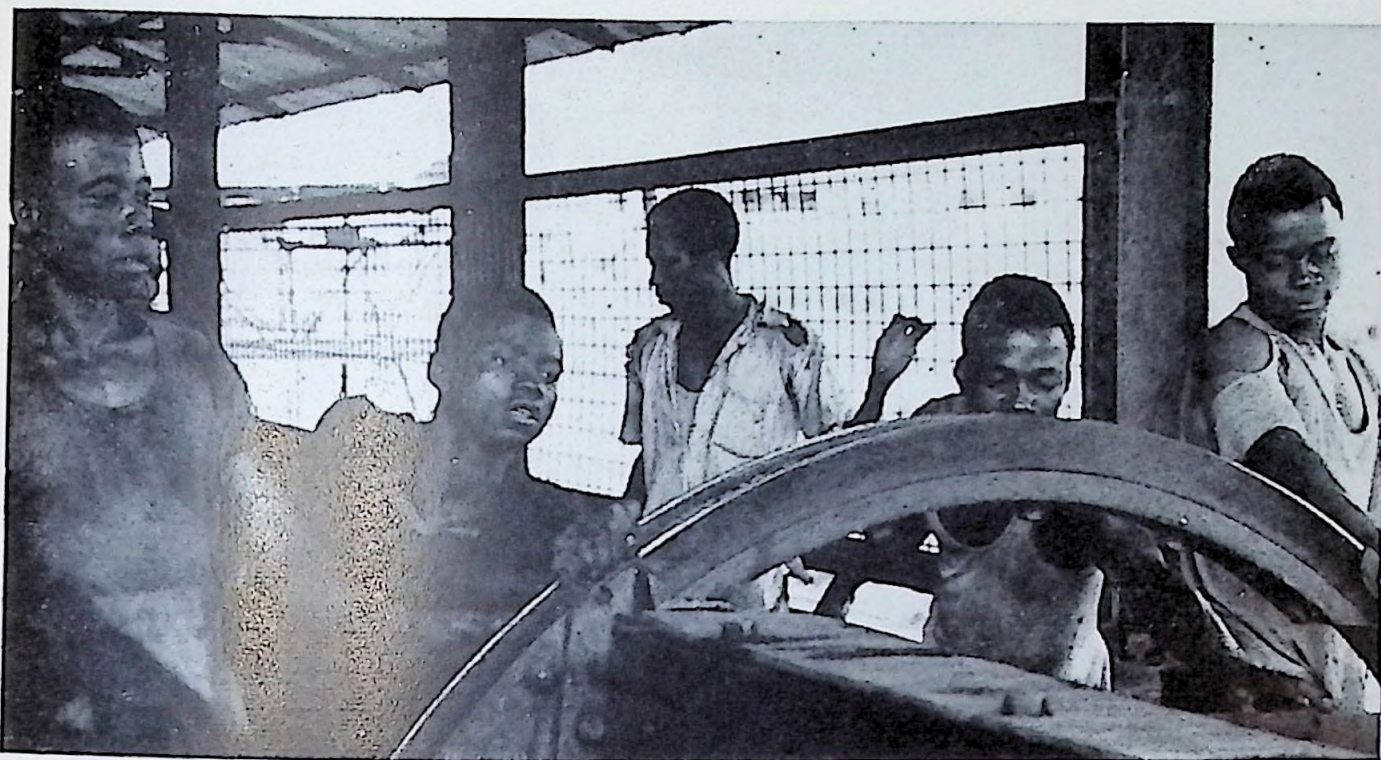




**AND
NOW
IN**

AFRICA





■ Nigeria's economy was geared, until recently, almost exclusively to export crops. New programs, such as this colliery represents, have shifted that emphasis. (United Nations photo)

*For the first time the American Jesuits are moving into
Africa and into the missions assigned by the Holy See*

A YEAR AGO, a new name was added to the list of places where American Jesuits are missionaries, the list which you find on the opening page of **JESUIT MISSIONS**. The name, Africa, was added rather quietly because the American Jesuit missionary work there began on a small scale.

Two American Jesuit priests went to Africa last year. Father Louis Haven S.J., of Oregon, was assigned to work with the Polish Jesuits in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia. Father Joseph Sommers S.J., of Michigan, on the basis of his long experience in Sodality work, was asked to set up a central office for the Sodalities in all of southern Africa.

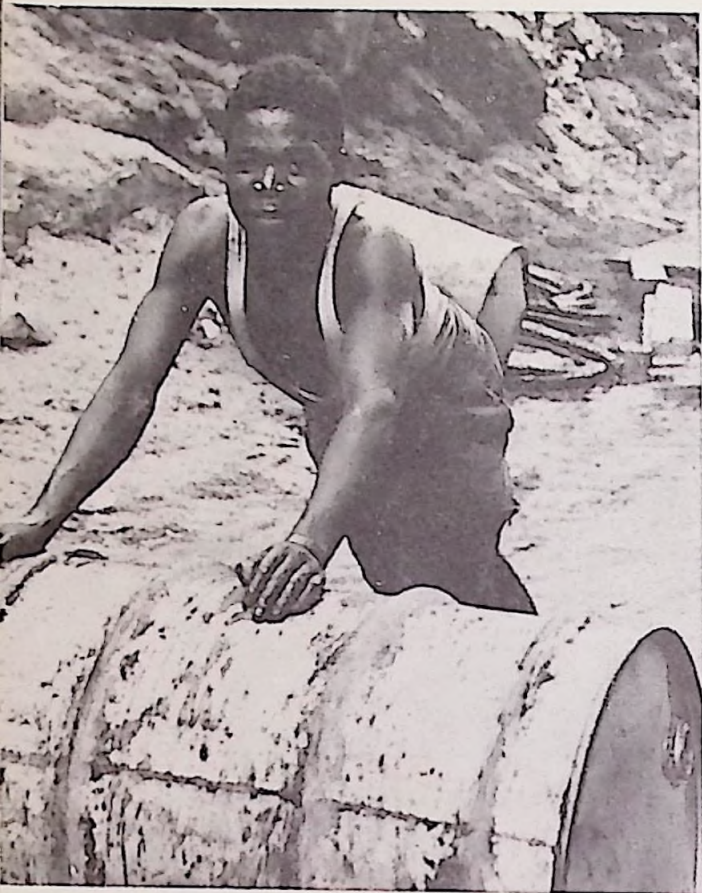
Now, more American Jesuits are on their way to Africa. Priests and scholastics from the Oregon Province will expand the work begun by Father Haven in Northern Rhodesia. Two priests and a

Brother of the New York Province will begin an apostolate among the university students in Lagos, Nigeria.

Jesuit interest in Africa is not new, of course. When St. Francis Xavier set sail from Portugal in 1542, India was the first mission field of the newly-founded Jesuit Order. But, soon after, in 1547 Jesuits arrived in Morocco and the Congo and, three years later, in Angola and Guinea. Thus began the Jesuit Mission activity on Africa's western shore.

By 1600, almost 100 Jesuits had died in Africa in various violent deaths that were reputed martyrdom. All the African mission work came to an end with the expulsion of the Jesuits from Portuguese colonial territory in the 1760's and the suppression of the Society in 1773.

The Jesuits returned to the missions after their restoration in 1814; to Africa in 1840. In 1862, there were 177 Jesuits



■ One of the largest dams is under construction in the Kariba Gorge, Rhodesia. (UN)

there and in 1940, there were 500, almost all of them from European Provinces.

In the post-war years, the number has jumped to almost 1,200 in ten areas of Africa. A large part of this increase has come from the added personnel supplied by the Provinces of those countries long interested in Africa. New help has come from Provinces newly-assigned to help supply the means that are needed if any great part of Africa is to be Catholic as well as independent.

A large part, also, of the increase in the number of Jesuits in Africa has come from the Africans who are Jesuits. The years of patient toil in the villages and in the classrooms now see their fruit, African Jesuits to take over from the missionaries the apostolate among their own.

There are two African Provinces of the Society in Africa, one, of Central Africa based on the Congo and the other on Madagascar. Each has over 300 Jesuits.

Northern Rhodesia, one area of Africa where the American Jesuits will work, has long been the scene of Jesuit activity. The Zambesi Mission was announced in 1879 and volunteers were called for from all the Jesuit Provinces. The climate, the difficult terrain of the trackless jungle, and disease took their toll of the generous pioneers. But they blazed a trail inland for their successors into all of what is now Northern and Southern Rhodesia. In 1912, the northern area was assigned to the Polish Jesuits. More recently, Irish Jesuits have also gone there.

It is in the important work of the minor seminary for the Lusaka archdiocese that the Oregon Jesuits will begin their work in Rhodesia. Later, as their numbers increase, they will find their way into other phases of the apostolate.

Nigeria, the scene of the new mission of the New York Jesuits, is the largest in population of the new African nations. The Church there has been the particular care of Holy Ghost Fathers and of the Society for African Missions. By far, the largest number of mission priests have come from Ireland. Hence, the pleasant surprise for us when we meet a Nigerian speaking English with a brogue.

The public and mission schools have prepared their students well enough for university studies so that the next educational thrust is at this level. Now, besides the three new universities that serve each of the regions of Nigeria, a national university will be started this year at Lagos.

At first, two Jesuits assigned to Nigeria will teach in the new university. They are Father Joseph Schuh S.J., professor of biology at St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N.J., and Father Joseph McKenna S.J., professor of political science at Fordham University. Brother John G. Dewender S.J. will care for their temporal needs in the new residence.

We ask your prayers for the success of these two new ventures.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.



■ Father Banks (above, left) confers with Father Cote. Below, Father Guay in action.

Two Men From Laconia

JOSEPH L. RYAN S.J.

PICTURESQUE LACONIA may not be the largest city in New Hampshire but there is one thing at least which makes it unique—two of its sons are Jesuits and both of them are in Baghdad. Furthermore, they both have important roles in the smooth functioning of Al-Hikma University. Fathers Leo Guay and Robert



■ Father Cote and Father Fred Kelly study blueprints for the new library building. It is now beyond that stage and is a reality.



Cote have specialized in entirely different fields and, no matter how the ancient Athenians might have felt about it, we would like to see more Laconians around.

Literally speaking, Father Guay knows Baghdad College and Al-Hikma from the ground up, for he has been the chief architect of the graceful buildings which have flowered on both campuses in the last dozen years. This talent was nurtured on the side, for his formal studies were directed towards his Doctorate in Chemistry. But he still found time to master engineering, architecture, astronomy and meteorology. Yet these never kept

him chained to the scholar's desk for he is one of the best known and most popular figures in the neighborhood, especially among the youngsters. Long ago he mastered the sign language of the deaf mutes and now he can even preach, in Arabic no less, in this style!

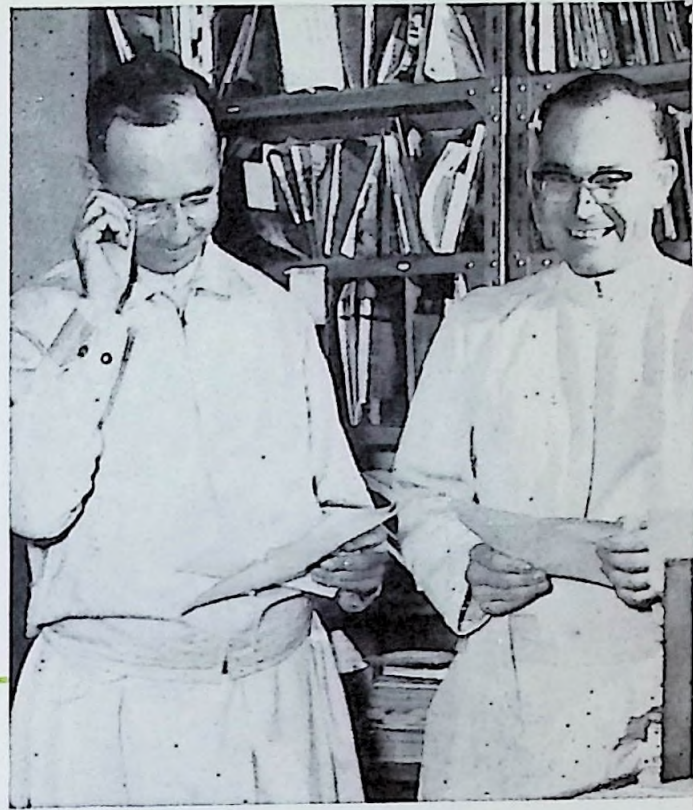
Before Father Cote arrived on the scene with his degree in Library Science from Columbia we had been somewhat complacent about the 10,000 volumes lining our library shelves. We were soon shocked out of that state by Father Cote. Although he had practically nothing to work with he set out to build a library

that would be the ornament and glory of Al-Hikma and of the Church in Iraq. Now, thanks to his Herculean efforts, we have a new library building plus a tremendous increase in volumes and a highly valued collection donated by a scholarly Armenian Catholic gentleman, Yacub Serkis, on the history, geography and monuments of Iraq. And still the books pour in!

There must be something in the heady air of New Hampshire but whatever it is we heartily say, "Long live Laconia!"

■ When the Al-Hikma Rector has that happy look then the librarian can afford to relax.

■ It's not a cookout but Fr. Guay explaining things in the Engineering Materials lab.



Visitors' Day at Fort Augusta Prison

KENNETH J. HUGHES S.J.



SATURDAY MORNING IN Jamaica, sunny and warm like any Saturday morning, but it is also first Saturday of the month and that means a trip to the prison at Fort Augusta. Eight a.m.—Father William McHale S.J., a golden jubilarian in the Society and a missionary for thirty-five years in Jamaica, and I pack the Mass kit and then drive off in Father's old blue Consul. Down the back city streets, down to the waterfront where the high red-bricked walls of the General Penitentiary stand. Wooden doors, then iron bars swing open and we pass into the dusty prison yard. It is early yet. A few prisoners sit talking in shady corners, others line up for a work detail, some just stand watching. Now we walk past the fort-like prison cells, small, dark, and poorly ventilated, until we go through the further gate to the water-front.

At the water's edge a quiet beauty pervades. The early sun twinkles on the soft morning water; below, silvery minnows flick through underwater reeds; a low-hulled fishing canoe slides along. At the quay stands the old *Portia*, an ancient fishing smack, which rides daily between the "G.P." and Fort Augusta, another prison at the end of Kingston Harbor. Soon her crew of prisoners load on the bread, the superintendent arrives, the engine starts, and the trip begins.

We move along the docks past many ships, big black freighters from Hamburg, London, and Yokohama, the sleek white *Jamaica Planter* or *Jamaica Producer*, the ferry-like lumber and cement boats from the Turks Islands, and lastly the Grace Lines stately *Santa Rosa* or *Santa Paula*. Now the *Portia* draws farther from shore but still close enough to notice that the beauty of the round green hills of southwestern St. Andrew is marred by the thousands of zinc roofs and driftwood hovels which stretch out on the plain below. This is the Foreshore Road, where, in the shadow of smokestacks and oil tanks, live the most destitute people of Jamaica.

As we cut across the harbor now there is not much to see: a few fishing boats, an occasional shark, and a flock of pelicans huddled on a buoy. Usually the fishermen give us a friendly wave or hold up their early morning catch. For



them it will be a long day in the hot sun to earn enough for their supper.

By now the *Portia* is beginning to swing towards the Fort Augusta pier. The fort, low and gray, with her cannons still pointing out to sea, was once a bastion against raiders and buccaneers. Now it houses one hundred and fifty prisoners in low cool buildings. Despite the gentle breeze which sweeps across the peninsula and the splashing of the waves against the old fort's walls, this treeless and sandy prison is barren and desolate looking.

After docking, we enter a low tunnel and head for the chapel at the end of the yard. This chapel, once a magazine chamber, became the burial place for yellow fever victims and now is used as a Catholic chapel. In this damp room about thirty prisoners sit on benches waiting for Father McHale to hear confessions and say Mass. Every month Father goes through the same ritual:

"Do you want a high Mass or low?"

And the answer is always the same: "High Mass, Father."

Then as we recite the prayers at the foot of the altar, the prison choir—that is, all the men—start to sing the Mass. The Latin sounds strange at times and the Gregorian chant has a definite Calypso beat, but the volume and enthusiasm make up for any defects and make the stone walls echo back these hymns.

After Mass, Father McHale gives a short sermon to the men and then speaks with them individually, discussing their problems or just finding out last week's cricket score. Then we start home again.

On the way to Fort Augusta I sometimes wonder if it is worth all the time to make this trip. On the way back, as the noon-day winds slap waves against the boat and we bounce along in an even rhythm, as I think of the Mass, of the enthusiasm of those few prisoners, of their obvious joy to see us come, when I realize that "to visit the imprisoned" means so much more to those who are so completely cut off from everyone by walls and sea, then I know that it is certainly worthwhile and I know that when the next first Saturday comes I will make the trip again.

Window on the Mission

PERSONAL POSTSCRIPT

From Chicago businessman Frank M. Covey, Jr.: Some months ago *Jesuit Missions* ran a story on the death of Father Louis Taelman entitled, "A Friend Is Gone." That story covered some of the events in the long and colorful life of Father Taelman. This recollection is a small and personal postscript to that story.

I met Father Taelman for the first and only time in August of 1954. It was at St. Ignatius, Montana during the Centennial of the Founding of the Mission. Father Taelman was then 88 years old. He came up to us, my parents, sister and myself, in the mission church and explained its frescoes to us. We talked for only a half-hour and parted, but we corresponded on occasion from then until his death.

Father Taelman's hand was clear and very firm—even to the end, and his letters were always a joy to receive. The following is an excerpt from a 1958 letter that sums up, for me, his life:

"My Diamond Jubilee was surely a wonderful event, spiritually and socially. And now, with increased graces and blessings, I gladly keep up my priest-

ly ministry, both in our Indian Hospital as Chaplain and in our large beautiful church as Assistant Pastor. I am indeed suffering from arthritis; but in my 92nd year, I am too young to be kept down. I love my Indians. Fifty-eight years of my sixty years of Priesthood I have spent with the Indians; of these, 15 years with the Crow Indians in Eastern Montana, 16 years with the Spokanes and Colvilles in Eastern Washington and 27 years with the Flatheads here in Western Montana. If I live till the 27th of next September, I'll complete 73 years in our Society of Jesus. I am the oldest Jesuit in the Northwest, between Alaska and Mexico."

His Indians and his fellow Jesuits are not alone in losing a friend, but as he always concluded his letters, "Let our friendship, true and lasting, bring us both to Heaven!"

BAGHDAD REPORT

Al-Hikma University of Baghdad held its Third Annual Commencement on Saturday, June 9, at 7:30 p.m. The ceremonies took place on the University Campus on the South Porch of the Library before an audience of about 1400.

His Excellency Major General Abdul Karim Qasim, Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces arrived with his entourage and was met by His Excellency, Brigadier Ismail Arif, Minister of Education and Acting Minis-



COVER. While searching for a design to tie in with Father Love's cover story, artist Phil Franznick found his solution in the pages of the Liturgical Arts magazine. With their kind permission he made use of the Japanese Madonna to set his theme.



ter of Guidance, Very Rev. John J. Williams S.J., Superior of the Jesuits in Iraq, Rev. John P. Banks S.J., President of Al-Hikma University, Rev. Joseph L. Ryan S.J., Dean, and Rev. Richard J. McCarthy S.J., Commencement Speaker. The Prime Minister was received in the Faculty Lounge of the Business Administration Building for a short time and then joined the academic procession for the ceremonies.

Attending the ceremonies was a gathering composed of heads of religious communities in Iraq, representatives of Baghdad University and of its various colleges, members of the Ministry of Education and of other ministries, representatives of diplomatic cultural missions, and relatives and friends of the graduates and friends of the University.

After the commencement address in Arabic by Rev. Richard J. McCarthy S.J., the Prime Minister gave a speech in which he congratulated the University on its development, expressed pleasure and pride at being present at the graduation and looked forward to commencement ceremonies in the future. He stressed the value of knowledge and character in the building up of the country and urged the graduates and other students to devote themselves to the welfare of society.

The account of the commencement was given headlines in various newspapers of Baghdad. The full text of the Prime Minister's speech and of Father McCarthy's address was given in both Arabic and English. On two successive evenings the Baghdad Television Station carried a film of the ceremonies.

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MISSION AT OUR BACK DOOR

EDWARD J. WELCH S.J.

The kiddos who are only six blocks away are important, too

MISSION" AND "MISSIONARY" are words that usually suggest far-off lands and men who sacrifice their lives to bring Christ's "good news" to others. A mission, however, can be as close as a six-block walk from an American sem-

inary; and a missionary can be a young man sacrificing himself in his studies for the priesthood. The Crichton mission of Mobile, Alabama, is the neighborhood mission of a hundred young Jesuit seminarians.

Every Sunday, in groups of two and three, enthusiastic young men take time out from their books, and walk the six

■ The author inspects a coming Sugar Ray. Wait until that muscle is as big as that happy smile!



blocks to Crichton to bring Christ to a community of poor Negro people. In general, the aim of the men who "take the routes" (choose a particular street to work on) is the breaking down of the fears and prejudices that most of these people have towards the Church. Several of the seminarians work their way down the streets chatting with the old men and women sitting on their porches. Others talk to the dark-eyes and bashful smiles that congregate at the street corners or sit upon the curbs and explain the "Hail Mary" to them. Some of the young Jesuits conduct formal religion classes for the children while others make valiant efforts to organize ball teams. It isn't easy to teach a child how to bat when one hand has to be kept holding up his pants. Another group of seminarians works with the adults, providing leadership and advice on how to make better recreation facilities available for children and grown-ups alike. If they fail, people must turn to the bar-rooms and alleys of the neighborhood for their fun. The devotion and labor of these men and women whose widow's mite of time and money is given at great cost is a constant source of encouragement for the young Jesuits.

Through their work, the young missionaries come face to face with the sufferings of these forgotten children: racial discrimination, unemployment, sickness, inadequate housing, moral failings. In these circumstances, loyalty to the teachings of the Church can be extremely difficult. Yet the courage and perseverance of many of these people is extraordinary. Their stories are truly those of the suffering Christ.

One of these stories is Mickey's story. The "Fathers," as the young Jesuits are appreciatively called, first met Mickey at one of their summer baseball games. He was a thin little fellow with a shirt that just couldn't seem to get buttoned straight, a beakless cap, and a slow grin.

"Hey, son," one of the Fathers called, "do you want to play?" Mickey dug his toe into the red dirt and mumbled something about not knowing how to play "too good." He ended up at third base where he caught the first line drive of the game—right in the stomach! Sitting on the ground, trying to catch his breath, he moaned: "Ah knows now ah don't play none too good."

Mickey doesn't remember his father too well; he was quite young when his mother and the six children were deserted. Since then his mother has supported the entire family on a housemaid's wages. Somehow she has managed to keep her family together and raise them in the Church. About a year ago Mickey's mother learned that she was dying of cancer. Her oldest boy was in the major seminary, her youngest boy and her three girls had been given scholarships to Catholic schools. Only Mickey was left. It wasn't that no one wanted him; it was simply that he wasn't too smart. The Sisters realized they couldn't give him the kind of vocational training he was suited for, so Mickey was in a non-Catholic school and Mickey was his mother's only worry.

He had gotten in with the wrong companions and began to run with a gang. Somehow, somewhere, he had even acquired a zip gun. This grieved his mother deeply. She wanted her son to grow up a strong Catholic. If he was not to be a leader, at least he must be an intelligent follower. She asked the "Fathers" for help. They looked around for a vocational training school for Mickey. Realizing the terrific odds that Catholic schools for Negroes struggle against, they knew that a scholarship was out of the question. Finally, a school was found. The tuition was \$460.00 a year, and the young Jesuits were relieved to learn that the fee included everything: books, tuition, room and board. So Mickey again found himself in a Catholic school.



■ Outdoor classrooms are very much in order and Edward Mathie S.J. conducts an impromptu session in catechism. Both the youngsters and the grown-ups appreciate deeply the interest and the assistance of the seminarians from the Jesuit House of Studies in Mobile.

Under the guidance of the priests and nuns who run the school, Mickey responded well. His grades improved; he was learning a trade that would provide him with a means of earning an honest livelihood; and he was a member of the junior baseball team. Most important, he had the opportunity to practice his faith regularly and without ridicule.

Mickey is no longer his mother's worry. In her last letter to us, she remarked:

"I have no worries now and even my pain seems to be better. Often I have

little to offer for you and the souls in Purgatory. But I have plenty of time to pray and I pray for you and your studies. In fact I pray for the whole Order (Jesuit) and priests and nuns all over the world."

But now the "Fathers" have a worry. There is no more money to send Mickey back to school. Mickey will look for a job this summer to earn tuition. But Mickey is fourteen and a Negro, and he lives in the heart of the deep South.

We wonder—and we pray.

■ Don't start swinging for the fences yet, advises Richard Tonry S.J. And the youngster below is playing it safe.



SEPTEMBER MISSION INTENTION

DURING THE MONTH of September our Holy Father, Pope John XXIII, bids us pray for "the Mission Church of Silence." The Mission Intention is "that all in Missionary territory who are suffering for the faith of Christ and obedience to the Church may unflinchingly endure persecution." It is an intention which reflects the deep concern of the Pontiff for those faithful who are cut off from all contact with the Holy See and, because of their faith, are walking shoulder to shoulder with Christ up the Way of the Cross to Calvary itself.

To us they are nameless, faceless figures, people in lands which are distant and strange to us, yet Almighty God has chosen them, in this particular era, for the supreme test. He asks of them now what He may never ask of us during our lifetimes. That might give us something to think about, even as we pray.

In China, in North Vietnam and in North Korea the persecution goes on, with its whittling away of the weak and the breaking of the staunch. At the beginning of the Communist domination in 1949 there were more than three million Catholics in China. It is impossible to say how many of these still remain. The Church as a social body no longer exists for the bishops and priests have been removed from all contact with the faithful. It did not happen by accident but by a very carefully arranged plan on the part of the Communists. They deliberately set out to sever all ties with the Holy See and the Church outside of China. Every possible device has been used to

break the bonds of obedience to the Church. By brute force the "National Church" was founded and the legitimate leaders of the faithful were dispersed or jailed.

The fate of the 70,000 Catholics in North Korea before the war is almost completely unknown and the same is true of the 600,000 Catholics who remained in North Vietnam after the partition in 1956. At that time some 600,000 other Catholics fled southward to escape the Communist domination.

So the "Missionary Church in chains" suffers alone. There is no link with the rest of the Catholic world or with the Holy See. There is only repression, persecution, torture, death. Yet it was in such a climate that the early Church was born and grew to manhood, the marks of Christ's passion clear to be seen. We of the West have reason to pause and compare the likeness between the "Church of Silence" and the Church of the early ages with Stephen pleading for his murderers' forgiveness, with Paul laughing in the face of great Diana of the Ephesians, with Lawrence jesting on his fiery couch. It was their blood which gave life to the primitive Church; their blood and the blood of thousands of others on the red-stained sands of the Roman arenas.

Now in our own day those who are bound to us in a special way must face the same hatred that has come writhing out of the same Hell. The "Church of Silence" is made up of flesh and blood, of persons whose sufferings may mean our own salvation. They must not be faceless, nameless to us. They are our brothers, and it is a humbling thought that Almighty God chose them instead of us for the supreme test. Again, if they should weaken and not persevere, would it possibly be due to our failure to win for them by our prayers the tremendous graces they need? Let us be very mindful of our suffering brothers this month.



JUNGLE NEIGHBORS

The Indian night is pitch-black and a man must never let down his guard

CORNELIUS L. CURTIN S.J.

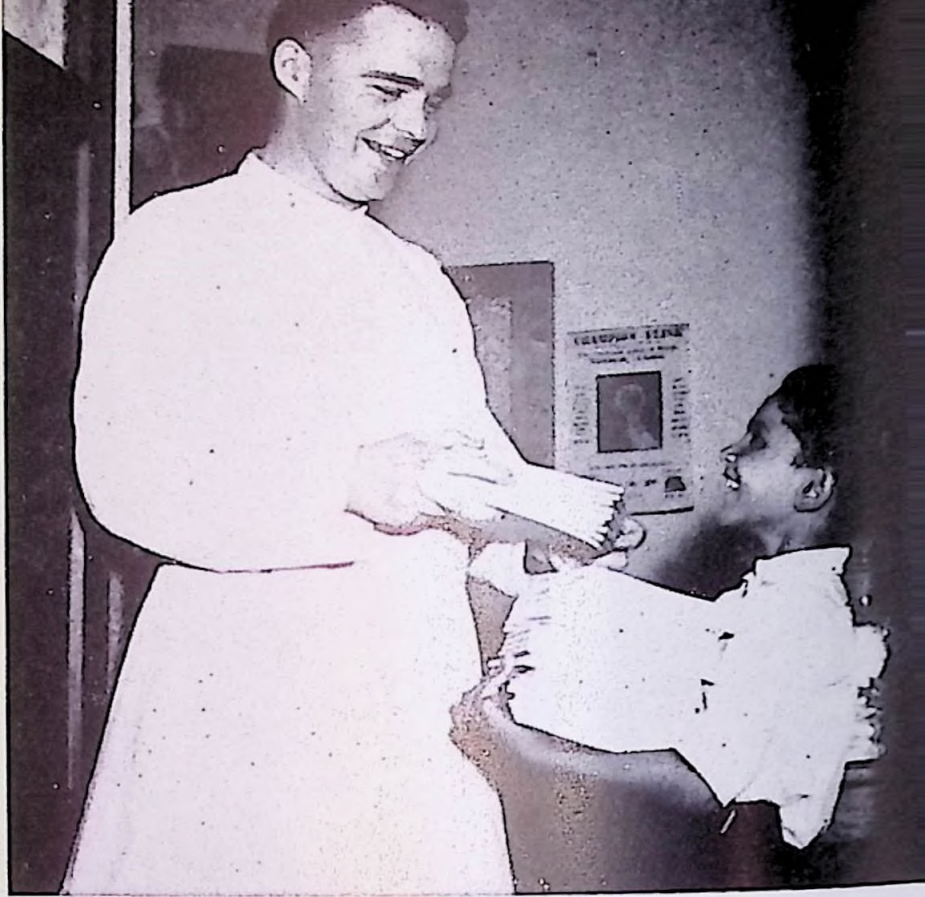
THE NEW MOON IS CLEAR in the blue heavens these nights and it was even clearer Saturday night, and in a splendid position. It was hanging out over the rippling lake to the west, and it dropped a ribbon of light across the dark water. Against the bright moonrays the inky black silhouettes of the tall palmyra, and short date palms stood still as if enjoying the sight, with only an occasional rustle of applause.

And it was Saturday night that I had the thought of my unfinished sermon on my mind, but was for the moment agreeably engaged with a friend who had come to say that he was deputed to buy books for a library, and that he thought

so much of our Catholic Hindi Book Club selections that he would like to purchase several of them. "Tommy," my faithful cur dog, was curled up at my feet, and my friend and I discussed the details of payment.

But then Tommy suddenly jumped up, which he seldom does for anything except food. He quickly slipped out of my room and was barking madly at something near the doorpost. I stood up and leaned over to look and saw the snake. He was curled up and striking out at Tommy. I turned to get the long bamboo which I kept for such emergencies, only to remember that I had given it to hold up my friend's mosquito net in the next room, for he was staying the night. I had to be satisfied with a three-foot slat that

■ Father Cornelius Curtin dispenses some literature to an eager parishioner. These are the kind of neighbors preferred.



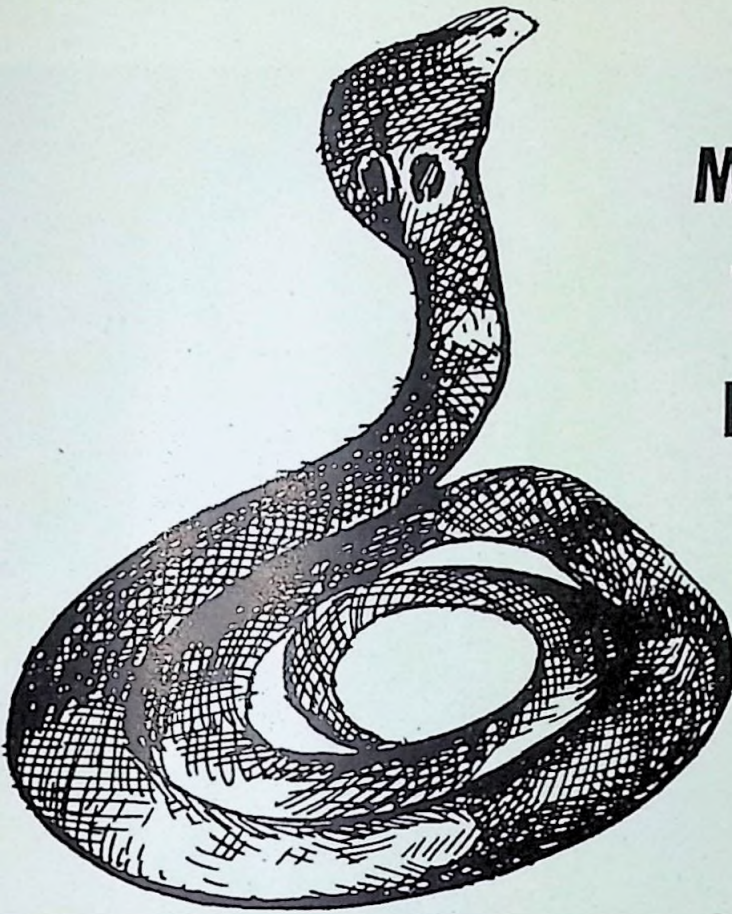
had only recently fallen out of the gate. Tommy had tired him out and so I was able to land the short stick on the snake's back, and now with a broken back he could not move much. Even in the moonlight we could see that he was brown with yellow bands, a krait. A dose of his poison makes a man a corpse in an hour. He is slower of movement than the cobra, but more deadly.

It was another Saturday night that I had an even closer meeting with a cobra. The hot, humid weather had not helped to make me very alert, but still as I came along to my room my eye caught a movement down near my door. For some reason I had happily kept far from the wall as I came along. And as I made this reflection, the cobra slipped under my door. I had to move quickly, otherwise he would stow away under a cabinet or in some corner and I might not find him till morning. Since both flashlight and bamboo were inside, pushing the door open and seeing my path clear, I hurried in to get them. The cobra was hiding behind the door and when the flash beam fell on him he spired up and

spread his hood. Probably dazzled by the light, he did not do much else, and the bamboo fell on him.

The beautiful tropical bush and hillcock of Darbhanga mission with its bordering lake makes it one of the prettiest missions in Patna diocese. And it is, of course, with just such a tropical setting that snakes are associated.

I can remember that it was a little before St. Patrick's Day last year that I was taking a round of the chapel and house to check the doors. It was a very dark night and though I had my flashlight, the snakeless winter months had made me careless in using it. Walking next to a pile of dry leaves, I heard a rustling in them which I thought was from a toad. However, I was wrong for those leaves were only a temporary hiding place for something which had been right in my path till my noisy sandals warned it. I found that the supposed toad was none other than a toad-hunting krait, and it was now right on the path in front of me. St. Patrick got a heartfelt "thank you," if only for warning me to use my flashlight more carefully.



The Menace That Lurks at Night

Snakes have a way of sneaking up on unsuspecting people that can make the skin crawl on the most courageous. In India particularly, the snake is a constant danger to life because of poor lighting facilities. Unless one is equipped with a flashlight or oil lamp, the chances are he will step near or on a poisonous cobra or krait. A bite means death within minutes.

Father Cornelius L. Curtin, stationed in Darbhanga, India, has been struggling to get the funds for electricity for one of his out missions—his largest. So far—no luck. Since he has had several near misses with these slithering creatures every effort is being made to get the needed electricity. Perhaps you wanted to help our missions in some small way but are undecided. Why not a contribution to ease Father Curtin's dilemma?

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

Please accept my gift of \$..... towards the \$200 needed for electricity for Father Curtin.

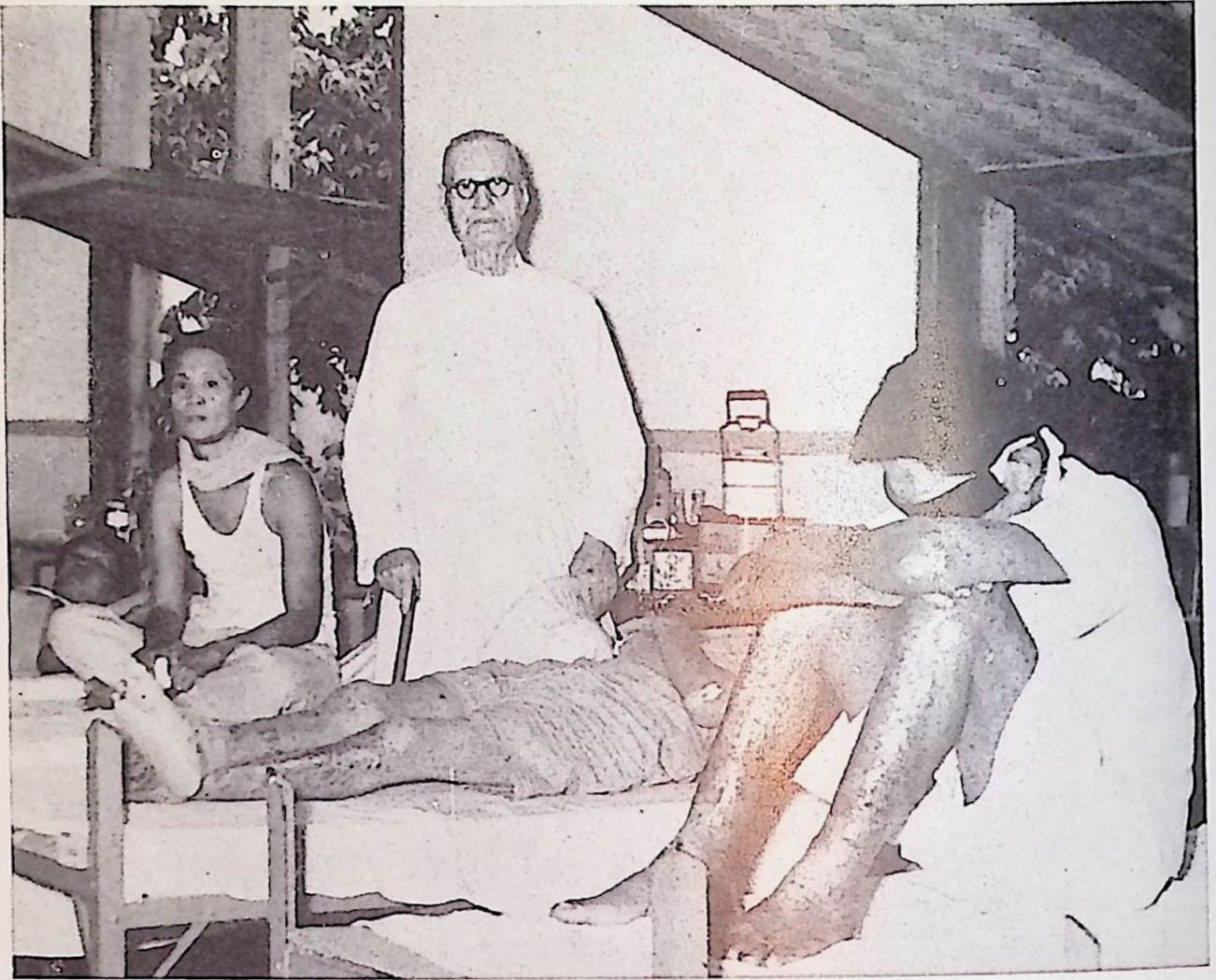
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City _____

Zone _____

State _____



■ The 94-year-old veteran missionary, Father Joachim Vilallonga, in the men's ward on what was once known as the "dread isle of Culion" before the Christ-bearers brought consolation.

Priest of Culion's Lepers

He has planned out his eternity and he can do that without worry, for his record is a shining one

JAMES B. REUTER S.J.

JOAQUIN V. VILALLONGA S.J., Jesuit priest now working at the Culion leper colony in the Philippines, entered the Society of Jesus 77 years ago on November 5, 1885. He was then 17 years old. Now he is 94, and working away quite steadily—chaplain in the hospital, confessor, preacher, social worker, builder, planner, spiritual Father to his little flock on the tiny island of Culion.

Father Vilallonga began to teach at the Ateneo de Manila in 1892. In 1898, when Dewey was shelling Manila, the young Father Vilallonga stood on the roof of the old Ateneo in Intramuros watching the American battleships in the bay. His mind, today, is clearer than the minds of most young men. He remembers Admiral Montojo, with his long moustaches, coming to confession at San Ignacio the night before the battle. The Fathers spoke to him at the door, as he

was leaving, asking if the Spanish Fleet had any chance of victory. The Admiral shook his head and said: "No chance. It is a mere formality."

Father Vilallonga was in the house when Jose Rizal was imprisoned at Fort Santiago. The priests who visited Rizal in prison came home to San Ignacio each evening, telling the others at recreation what had happened, asking prayers for their former student Pepe. Father Vilallonga did not go out of the house on the day that Rizal was shot, though Rizal looked at the towers of the school as he passed by, saying: "I spent many happy years there."

Father Vilallonga, today, remembers his old students of the Ateneo—his Romans and Carthaginians. The Romans were the resident students; the Carthaginians were the day scholars. In those days the A.B. students took both Latin and Greek, and the philosophy course was taught in Latin. Father Vilallonga can recite long passages of Virgil and Cicero, by heart. He says: "But I am weak in Greek," and then recites for 20 minutes, in Greek, from Demosthenes' De Corona.



■ The children have their own ward on Culion but not all there have leprosy.

In February of 1959 Father Vilallonga attended the centennial banquet of the Ateneo de Manila. In August he received the Magsaysay Award for Public Service.

■ A nurse feeds a patient in the women's ward. The disease first attacks the extremities, the fingers and toes and, in advanced cases, the patient may lose these and eventually go blind.



His history in the Philippines is colorful. He taught philosophy, physics and mathematics from 1892 to 1898, as a scholastic. After finishing theology in Spain and in the United States, where one of his friends was President Theodore Roosevelt, he came back to Manila in 1905. After five years he became Rector of the Ateneo, in 1910. From 1917 to 1919 he was superior of the Davao Mission. In 1920 he became Rector of the Seminary College of Vigan, and in 1921 Superior of the Philippine Mission.

In December of 1926 he was recalled to Spain, to become Provincial of the Province of Aragon, but he came back to the Philippines in 1929 as Apostolic Visitor to the whole country. In 1930 he was the Apostolic Visitor of the Bombay and Poona Missions in India. Then for 17 years he worked in India, first as Superior of the Bombay Mission and then as Ecclesiastical and Regular Superior of the Ahmedabad Mission.

In June of 1949, being then 81 years old, he returned to the Philippines, to die. Of all the places in the world he chose the Philippines as his last resting place, and in particular the island of

Culion, which he has loved since he was a young man. Always orderly, always prepared for every event long before it happens, he made arrangements as far back as 1949 for his burial. It will be in the cemetery of the lepers, without a coffin, on the hillside, across the lagoon from the little church of Culion.

Other men might be depressed by details like this, but that is precisely why Father Vilallonga has lived so long. His mind is at peace, because his future is planned, right through to eternity. He has worked enough, on earth, to fill the lives of three men. At least three of his students have died of old age. He has calculated carefully that his next stop will be the judgment, and he does not wish to leave any loose ends on earth.

His daily life in Culion is as orderly as a railroad train. In fact, much more regular than many railroad trains. He is up at 4:00 a.m. At 4:30 he is in the chapel for meditation. At 5:30 he says Mass. He eats his meals at exactly the same hour each day, with a wonderful appetite. At 8:00 in the morning he walks down to the hospital, for confessions and consultations. He moves from bed to bed in the wards, hearing confessions, consoling, anointing.

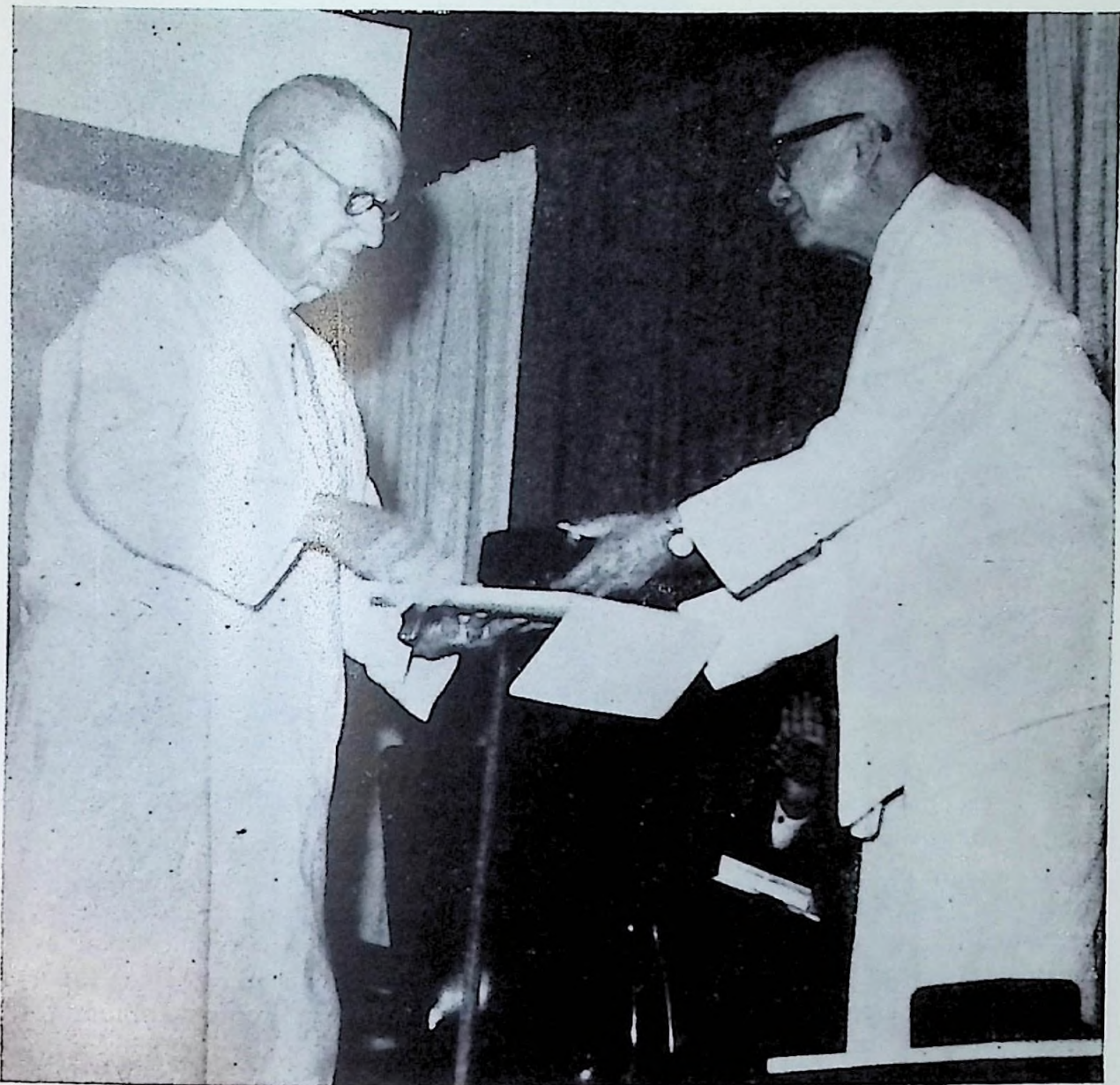
In the afternoon he does business in the convento, with the *sanos*—those who are clean. He writes his letters, consults with the doctors, reads his office. At 8:00 p.m. he goes to bed, peacefully, and as surely as the sunset. He sleeps well, and wakes automatically at four a.m.

I lived with him in this little convento on Culion for about six weeks, many years ago. He and I were the only two in the house. Our rooms were separated by a thin sawali wall. When I was leaving, in a burst of friendliness, Father Vilallonga said: "There is one thing I like very much about you."

This touched me, coming from such a grand old man. I figured that—since he had been a superior for fifty years—his

■ The days are long, the bandaging process seems to go on forever, and patience is dear.





■ At the age of 91, Father Vilallonga was honored with the Ramon Magsaysay award.

keen eye had probably detected my only virtue. I said "What is it?"

He looked at me very carefully, with his wise old eyes, and said, gravely: "What I like about you is this: you are very quiet when you sleep." It seems that there have been other guests at Culion who toss and turn, and this disturbs him.

Sometimes in the late afternoons, near sundown, the old priest goes to the little cemetery on the hillside, by the quiet lagoon, and looks at the crosses of his friends and neighbors. They are the ones who will be on his right and left, after

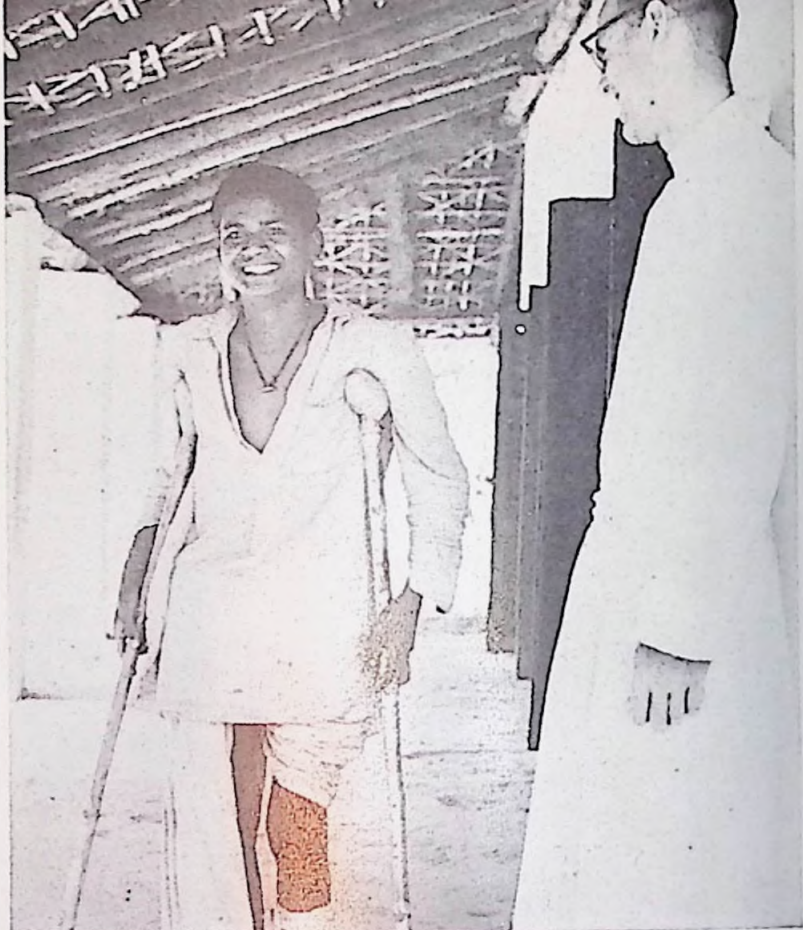
he is dead, and he knows them all well.

He walks home through the cool shadows, over the dirt paths, under the trees, stopping at the tiny shacks of the lepers to talk to his friends, his flock. Seventy-seven years in the service of God, and he will not die of any sickness. He will just wear out, like a watch.

He is not afraid of death. To him it is like the little old wooden door of the convento, which waits for him each evening when he climbs the steep steps from the path. Death is a friendly door, opening on home.

BORHAN MANJHI

JOHN J. KENEALY S.J.



MEET BORHAN MANJHI, born in India 17 years ago, a child of Adam, re-born of water and the Holy Ghost last Easter, a child of God. In December he lost his leg below the knee while quarrying stone from the granite hills near Jamalpur. A few of his companions were 500 feet up the slope digging and cutting out big rocks and rolling them down the slope to those below, who would gather them up and then hammer them into smaller pieces and gravel. Borhan was standing off to one side when this particular stone came bouncing down, but suddenly it hit a hump and broke into three pieces, one of which sailed off to the side and hit him, leaving him in a pool of blood with the lower part of his left leg hanging by a string of flesh. He was rushed to the government hospital in a quarry truck and the doctor managed to save his life, but had to amputate the leg.

Borhan is the only son of his aging parents and I've given his father some light work at a new mission station we've opened up at a place called Basauni, 11 miles west of Jamalpur. This was to save them from starvation. The stone contrac-

tors have no insurance for their casual labors, and usually give no compensation. I managed to wrestle Rs. 400 out of them by threatening them with a court case, but a good part of that had to be spent to get the boy married, as soon as he was able to move around, since the girl's parents were threatening to marry her off to someone else. The remainder of the money, Rs. 300, I've persuaded them to deposit in our little savings co-op.

For background, a day's wages for quarrying stone is about 35 to 45 cents, or Rs. 1.50 to Rs. 2.00. But the work is so grueling and so many injuries take place, that no one can stand it more than five days a week. So now I am in the market for an artificial leg. With that Borhan will walk normally again. I've seen the legs they offer: ankle action, in-step and heel springs, form fitting and made to order. With long trousers on, no one will ever know that he's lost a leg, and he'll be able to go to work again. Otherwise he's condemned to a life of inactivity or begging—hardly befitting a child of God. If I succeed, I don't know who will be happier, Borhan or myself.



■ Father James Shanahan, Provincial of the Buffalo Province, on his official Visitation of Carolines-Marshalls.



■ First Jesuit to obtain a degree in Filipino Civil Law, Joaquin G. Bernas, is shown with his mother, Mrs. Amparo Bernas, at the Commencement.

PACIFIC MOMENTS

■ Archbishop Hayes S.J. (center) greets the popular JM business Manager, Father Coleman Daily, in the Philippines during the latter's visit to our missions. Father Koller looks on.





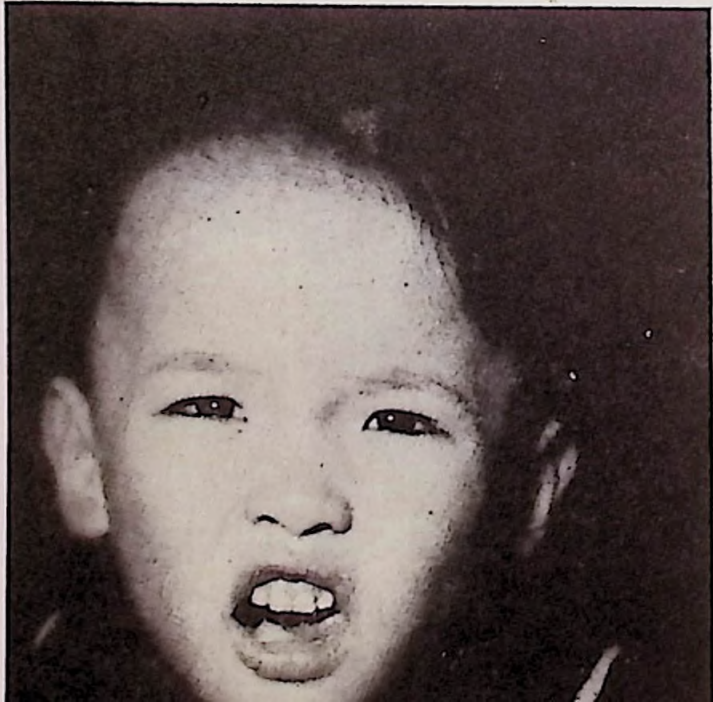
"It's nice to be back again!"



"Now what did I learn last year?"

SCHOOL'S OPEN!

"Oh no! Not so soon again!"



"There's only one way to face it!"





"Of course I'll lead my class again!"



**"I'm not too sure—
but I'm ready!"**

**"Don't bother me!
Can't hear a thing!"**



"No comment!"



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) An artificial leg is not exactly a routine request but Father Kenealy in India points out on page 28 that it means the difference between a life of begging or one of usefulness. A man's self-respect is worth \$75, we think. Could you help Father and Borhan Manjhi?

2) Votive candles are popular, as we can readily understand, among the people of Alaska who know what a long darkness means. Father Fox of Holy Cross Mission has asked for help in providing these lights for his people. One shipment, including freight charges, costs \$100. Can you help light a candle in Alaska?

3) Father McHale, chaplain at Jamaica's Fort Augusta prison, (cf. p. 12) is also pastor of Holy Name Church in Kingston's poor west side. His church is falling apart and is too small for his flock. He has land but no funds for building. Could you give \$5, \$10 or more for this veteran missionary in the tropics?

4) Catechism film strips are a tremendous help to Father John Brennan in Taiwan when he instructs his Chinese catechumens. But recently his complete set was stolen by youngsters who couldn't resist the brightly colored strips. He needs \$100 to replace them. Can you help him with a donation of any size for this essential aid in teaching the Faith?

5) In Osorno, Chile, the American Jesuits are struggling to get their mission on its feet. Their present structure was badly weakened by earthquakes and a new building is essential. They would be very

grateful for any help which you could possibly give.

6) It wasn't a sacred cow but it was highly prized and it was the gift, ten years ago, of *Jesuit Missions* readers to Father Burke in Buxar, India. Now the cow has died, after ten good years, and we would like to see Father Burke happy with another *Jesuit Missions* cow. Can you help with \$2, \$5, or . . . ?

7) An island in the Moro Gulf off Zamboanga in the Philippines is "home" for Father Argarate. He is trying to build small chapels in several of his barrio missions and he would deeply appreciate any help he might receive. The chapels would be small, neat—and inexpensive. Could you help erect a home for Our Lord in this very remote mission?

8) The heat in India can be rough but is accentuated in the print shop of the Sanjivan Press. Brother Karpinski wistfully wishes for a fan. He doesn't hope for a cool room but merely for more breathable air. And how has the heat been with you?

(Coupon attached for your convenience)

Dear Father,

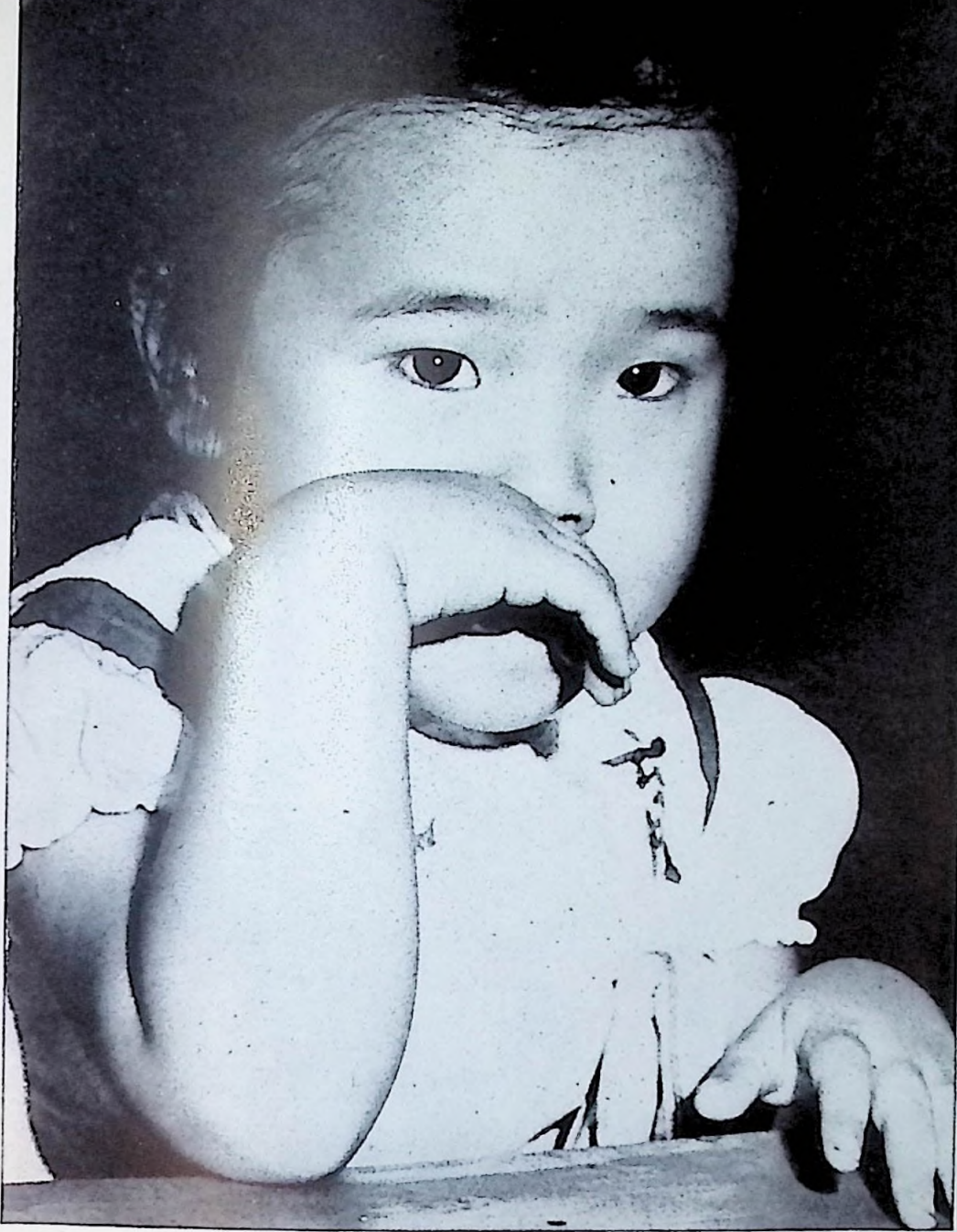
My donation is for the
item(s) above numbered _____ .

Name _____

Address _____

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



It's Worth Thinking About...

The drawing up of one's last will and testament is an act of great importance. It is done with care, with justice and charity. In one sense, it is the last step in time and it is very natural to want that step to echo in eternity. That can happen if you remember God's work, which will go on to the end of all time. We have prepared a brochure pointing out the various ways this can be done. If you are interested we will gladly send you a copy. It provides the answers for the questions most frequently asked in this connection.

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



Lone Pastor of the Low Isles

Grand Cayman Island in the Caribbean is a tiny, sea-level piece of land completely off the ordinary travel lanes. The pastor, Father Harry Ball, has no other priest for companionship. He has no nuns to help him in his spiritual efforts. The one thing he has is a heavy debt on his church. His isolation prevents him from using the ordinary ways of appeal. Could you help, with a gift of any size, to relieve his burden which he must carry all by himself in his loneliness?



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