

JESUIT MISSIONS

JUNE 1950



SHADOWS OVER THE SHEPHERD



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Into the harbor of Port Antonio, the once famed banana center of Jamaica in the British West Indies, steams a United Fruit vessel. Now the banana trade has fallen off and the best commodity is the isle's beauty.



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COVER. A scene along the notorious Pirate's Shore of the island of Jamaica. It was here along the northern coast that Columbus is supposed to have landed. The names of Henry Morgan, Montbars the Exterminator, John Davis and Dampier are only a few from the buccaneer days which are woven into the history of this "Gem of the Antilles."



B. Henry Miller S.J., of New Orleans, is finding the golden isle of Ceylon a little different from his expectations. But, as he points out so interestingly, even the old-timers on the mission are finding it a little different. His story on Operation Leopard will reveal a side to mission life not universally known. Born and bred in New Orleans and a graduate of Jesuit High there, he entered the Southern Province at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, in 1941. He is now stationed at St. Michael's, Batticaloa.



Father Henry Hargreaves S.J. of the Oregon Province is now stationed with **Father Paul O'Connor S.J.** on the Hooper Bay mission in Alaska. He sent us "Menu a la Igloo" from Chevak, one of the important outstations which is a story in itself. Chevak lists some 250 people, many of whom were formerly scattered over the tundra until **Father Jules Convert S.J.** rounded them up by dog team in the winter and by boat in the summer. Now they are centralized and in the care of Father Hargreaves.



OPERATION LEOPARD



Eugene Hebert S.J. used the patience learned at night on Mobile Bay.

of the Orient to our mission of Trincomalee, Ceylon, we naturally started to scout out information on the place. Obviously, the ones who would be best qualified to enlighten us would be the old-timers of the mission.

So we waited until we got here and asked the old-timers about wild animals; lions and tigers, pythons and leopards and rogue elephants and cobras. The only answer we got was a scoff. "Hah! What do you think this is, a jungle? I've been here umpteen years and the wildest thing I've seen is a monkey." So we, properly humbled, cleared our throats and changed the subject, ashamed of having been so naive.

But pardon us! This is where we have to laugh. Perhaps it is true that the only leopard they heard of in the last fifteen years was one that was shot in the wild mountains of Central India. Perhaps the only python they ever saw was back in the St. Louis Zoo. Maybe the only cobras they saw had been de venomized, and were being used by snake-charmers. But they won't be able to ask that any more. No sooner do we get here than the animals begin to reclaim the island. Well, maybe it's not quite that bad, but here are the facts on leopards that so obviously and completely contradict the statements of the old-timers. We also have a story on pythons, but that can wait.

One morning, one of the farm hands came in from our farm, about three miles away from our college in Batticaloa, with the news. Two of our calves had been killed and

WE HAD TO laugh when we got over here and compared first hand experience with second hand information. When we first got the news that we (four unsuspecting Jesuits of the Southern Province) were going to be sent twelve thousand miles into the heart

carried off by the sort of beast of the jungle that leaves leopard tracks behind it—and big ones too. In scouting around the vicinity, one of the calves was found dead in the bushes, while the other had been carried off, not dragged, for a breakfast tidbit. The tracks led to a water hole, but were lost there. Well, the nature books say that a leopard will always return to pick up his prey. The obvious thing to do was to return that night, climb a tree near the remaining calf, and wait for our friend to come back; then pump him full of lead. That was the plan, but, as usual here in the tropics, everything ran a couple of hours behind schedule. Something or other delayed Father John Lange and Brother Francis, who were to be the tree-dwellers, from getting to the scene by dark. By the time Operation Leopard was ready to go, calf number two was in another part of the forest. The leopard ran on schedule.

That set the stage for a week of experiments in leopard psychology. The first one had a poor goat tied to a stake near the scene of the crime as live bait. Of course, we didn't intend to lose a goat too, so we



had Father Lange and Father Hebert perched in nearby trees with more or less appropriate pieces of ordnance. Father Hebert was well qualified for his post. Several summer vacations at our villa at Battles Wharf on Mobile Bay have given him plenty of patience, and a predilection for spending hours of darkness on the end of our wharf waiting for a poor unsuspecting garfish to take his line. The result of both occupations was similar—usually no garfish, and this time no leopard. Live goats didn't work, nor did dead dogs, nor any other lure. But the leopard was still in the vicinity.

One night he was accused of *carrying* off a full-grown bull (Ceylon miniature size—like Shetland ponies) from a neighboring farm. He stayed around too long though, for his sins caught up with him at this stage of his career, and one morning found him being brought to town for the reward of 150 rupees that had been placed on his head. It was a rather colorless end to a colorful career, for he walked into a trap gun set by an old farmer.

We thought that was the end of Operation Leopard but the best was yet to come. Father Lange was willing to sit in trees and patiently await the night prowler, but he also had a hankering for something to show for his vigils. One night when he had to drive to Trincomalee through the jungle he hopefully took along his .22 rifle. The trip

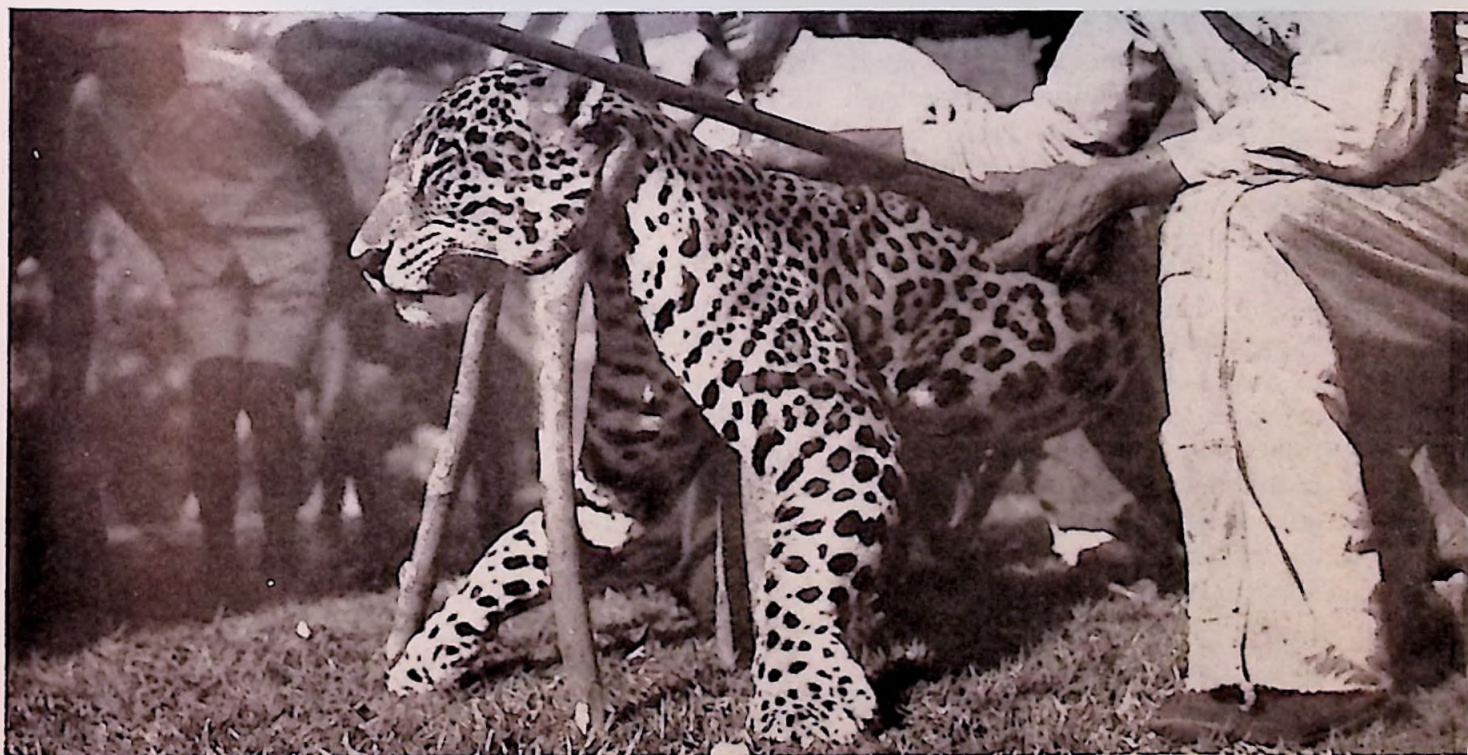
There will always be more of a crowd around when a dead leopard is being measured than there would

B. HENRY MILLER S.J.

was uneventful until he started back the next morning. The good road along the coast was still out of condition because of the monsoon rains, so he took the jungle road again. As he drove along in the van some sort of a big cat suddenly streaked across in front of him. In a flash he was out of the van and searching the bushes along the road. Unable to spot the cat, he started cautiously into the tangled jungle. Then he saw it. It was a leopard, but so well camouflaged against the background that he couldn't tell one end from the other. He carefully picked out a spot that should be the middle of the back and fired. The big cat leaped in the air. But the .22 bullet had crippled him, though not enough to keep him from crawling to another bush and again going into his camouflage act. Now Father Lange had more time to study the beast and he found something that looked like eyes in the middle of the ball of spotted fur. He shot again, and the leopard quivered and lay still.

Father Lange loaded up the van with six feet and well over a hundred pounds of leopard. That night he skinned it—and if any of the old-timers are still in a scoffing mood, we invite them down to see us soon in Batticaloa.

be before the beast is ready for measuring—especially if the first measurement is only by a .22!



A general view of Yokosuka. The Jesuit high school of Eiko can be seen at the right. To the left is the playing field which was recently made usable through the efforts of a bulldozer generously lent by the American Good Samaritans of the Naval Base of Yokosuka.

Eiko Means Hope

IF YOU LOOK DOWN ON THE FORMER Japanese naval base at Yokosuka from an airplane, you will not be aware of the tremendous change which has transformed this corner of Tokyo Bay. But if you go a little higher and look down from God's perspective you will see that where submarines, cruisers and battleships were formerly hidden behind wooded and heavily fortified promontories, there is now that peace which Our Lord promised to His disciples.

Many of the Japanese who designed and built the strong, fortresslike base, or who, as officers and sailors in the Japanese Navy, worked and lived in these buildings, now send their boys to school in these same buildings. They send them to learn from the Jesuits who cleared and rebuilt the place and founded Eiko High School in 1947, hoping to do a better job of building up the Japanese nation than was accomplished by the last generation of military leaders.

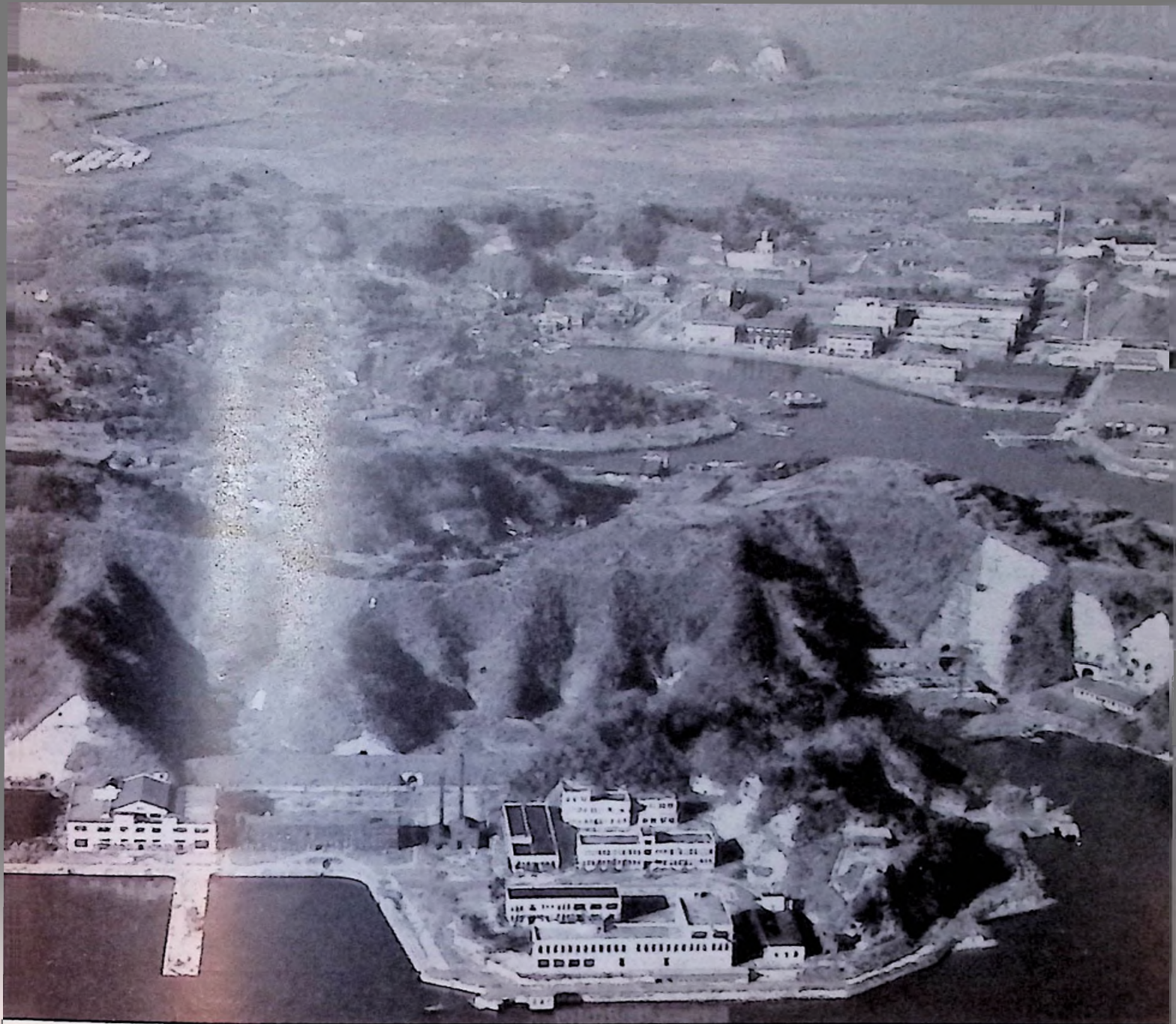
Eiko High School has in these three years acquired an excellent reputation among the Japanese population of the area. It is known as a school with the highest academic standards and the strictest discipline. Catholic education has become the guiding light for many a teacher and parent, and for whole schools in the neighborhood.

But Eiko High School is not a Catholic school in the sense that all the boys are Catholic. Of the 520 boys only 15 are Catholic "by birth," i.e., from Catholic families. All the others were pagans when they entered the school. Among the 160-200 fresh-

men every year there are not more than three or four Catholics. Most of the boys come from Buddhist or Shintoist families. But since those religions have no catechism classes of their own, nor any other method for religious instruction, neither the families nor the boys have any sincere knowledge or convictions. Some families do pray, but this is mostly a traditional formality before the family shrine.

What makes the situation really bad is the materialistic education in the grade schools. According to questionnaires in our school almost all the boys had been taught that man comes from the ape, that God is an invention of man to console the poor and the suffering. Over 60 percent of the boys thought this was true, some 20 percent positively doubted this doctrine. ("I couldn't believe that man's parents had been mon-





keys and that God doesn't exist. But I didn't know how to prove my opinion. My teacher in grade school told me that he couldn't help me, and my parents didn't know the answer either although they told me that there must be a God. So I was very sad.") Another 15 percent bluntly stated that they never thought about God, and only 5 percent believed firmly in God and considered their grade school instruction pure nonsense. This is the picture of the boys when they enter the grounds of their new school.

But it is not all dark; there are always some rays of sunlight in this "Land of the Rising Sun." The boys come to our school as pagans, materialists, and atheists. But they are not fanatics. They just don't know any better. They are proud of being Eiko boys after they have passed the "gate of hell," their name for the entrance examina-

tion. Not everyone passes. Last year 393 boys tried, but only 160 passed despite the fact that many grade schools conducted special courses for those boys who intended to try for our school. Proud of their new school, the boys are eager to live up to the high academic and moral standards of Eiko High.

Many of the boys want catechism right from the first day of school. But there are no catechism classes for the first four months. We wish to know the boys well before admitting them to catechism. In the meantime the boys have to accommodate themselves to school life. Every morning before classes start all the boys line up for a talk by the

JOHN B. STOLTE S.J.

Principal or the Prefect of Discipline. This is one means of acquainting the student body with Catholic ideas.

Then each week there is one class in social ethics which is really the Catholic doctrine about God, creation, man, the end of man, observance of the commandments, the family, the school, state, etc. Thus, before the boys start studying catechism, they have learned that there is a God, that there are many proofs for His existence, that He

years up to 80% have attended catechism class.

Since catechism is not compulsory, it is an extracurricular activity held after classes in the afternoon. This, of course, means a sacrifice of precious playtime once a week. The boys must learn the catechism by heart and are expected to explain the matter in their own words. The principle narratives of the Old Testament and the whole life of Christ are included in the final examination.



is almighty, omniscient, eternal, that the universe and man are created by God, and that only by living for God can man become happy and forever united with Him in heaven.

A third influence is the good example of the boys who are already Catholic. The freshmen are astonished when they see the older boys making their visit to the Blessed Sacrament after class or saying grace at meals. And it doesn't take them long to realize that the best boys are also Catholic.

When, therefore, after four months they see this announcement on the bulletin board: "Those who wish instructions in the Catholic religion may bring a petition written by their parents," most of the boys will bring their petition the next day. Those who have not lived up to Eiko's standards will not be admitted. During the first year more than 50% of the boys applied, and during three

Four hundred years ago St. Francis Xavier wrote the saddest sentence of his life. He loved youngsters and in Japan he was hurt badly. "The children followed me with shouts of derision." Now on the occasion of the Xavier pilgrimage Eiko boys make up for 400 years ago.

After a year or more of study and prayer the great day of baptism arrives. Of course, not all the boys who study catechism will be baptized. Faith, after all, is a grace, and unless they pray for it they do not receive it. Sometimes the fear of God helps a little. One boy, who wanted to put off his baptism for some months, was told by a friend, "If you die before baptism, you may go to hell!" So he decided that it would be safer to be baptized immediately.

In its first three years Eiko High has seen almost one-fourth of its student body baptized, and there are hopes that more than two-thirds of the boys will be converted during the next three years.

In the Year of the Tiger

TO THE CHINESE 1950 is "the Year of the Tiger." It was a year that dawned darkly and with the passing of the months the shadows have not dissipated. War is not gone from the land; the spectre of famine and starvation is drawing nearer; by June the cherry blossoms have fallen.

The mission picture is darker still. The schools and churches are closing, missionary work is restricted; the wide-reaching machinery of the Church, so carefully assembled during hundreds of years, is being choked into stillness. How many years will it take to heal the wounds inflicted in the Year of the Tiger?

Under a cherry tree in full blossom two men symbolize the unfailing optimism of the Catholic Church. In June, on the outskirts of Shanghai, Frederic Foley S.J. and John Clifford S.J. will be ordained to the priesthood. There will be others who will kneel beside them to hold out hands for consecration. At the end all will rise and lift priestly hands in blessing over them—over China in this Year of the Tiger.

There are some who will not be there on the day when a dream came true. They should have been the first to kneel before their sons and know the blessing that made all the empty years behind them worthwhile. It is part of the price God asked of them, the price that was put together out of unforgettable moments when a boy bared his heart before them. "I want to be a priest." "Today I signed up for the Jesuits." "I have asked to be sent to China." In New York and in California those moments will be lived again on a day in June, a day when the whole world is very small and only in Zikawei is anything happening. But it has always been Almighty God's way to build His kingdom out of the love of those who live close to Him.

For three years now Frederic Foley and John Clifford have lived at Zikawei, the mission compound that lies just outside the old French Concession in Shanghai. Zikawei means "the house of Mr. Zi where the waters



Frederic Foley S.J. (left) of Yonkers, New York, and John Clifford S.J. of San Francisco meet under the cherry blossoms of China. This year both of them will be ordained June 7th at Zikawei in Shanghai.

meet." There at the Jesuit theologate the new priests have prepared themselves for this day of ordination and for the days that lie ahead. They are part of that glorious tradition that has made Zikawei a byword in the history of the Church in China. Over 280 Jesuits have gone forth as priests from its century-old walls to play their part in the mission story of China. These men are part also of an older and grander tradition which is endangered in China now but can never be blotted from the earth. "I am with you all days," is a promise that men are powerless to render void.

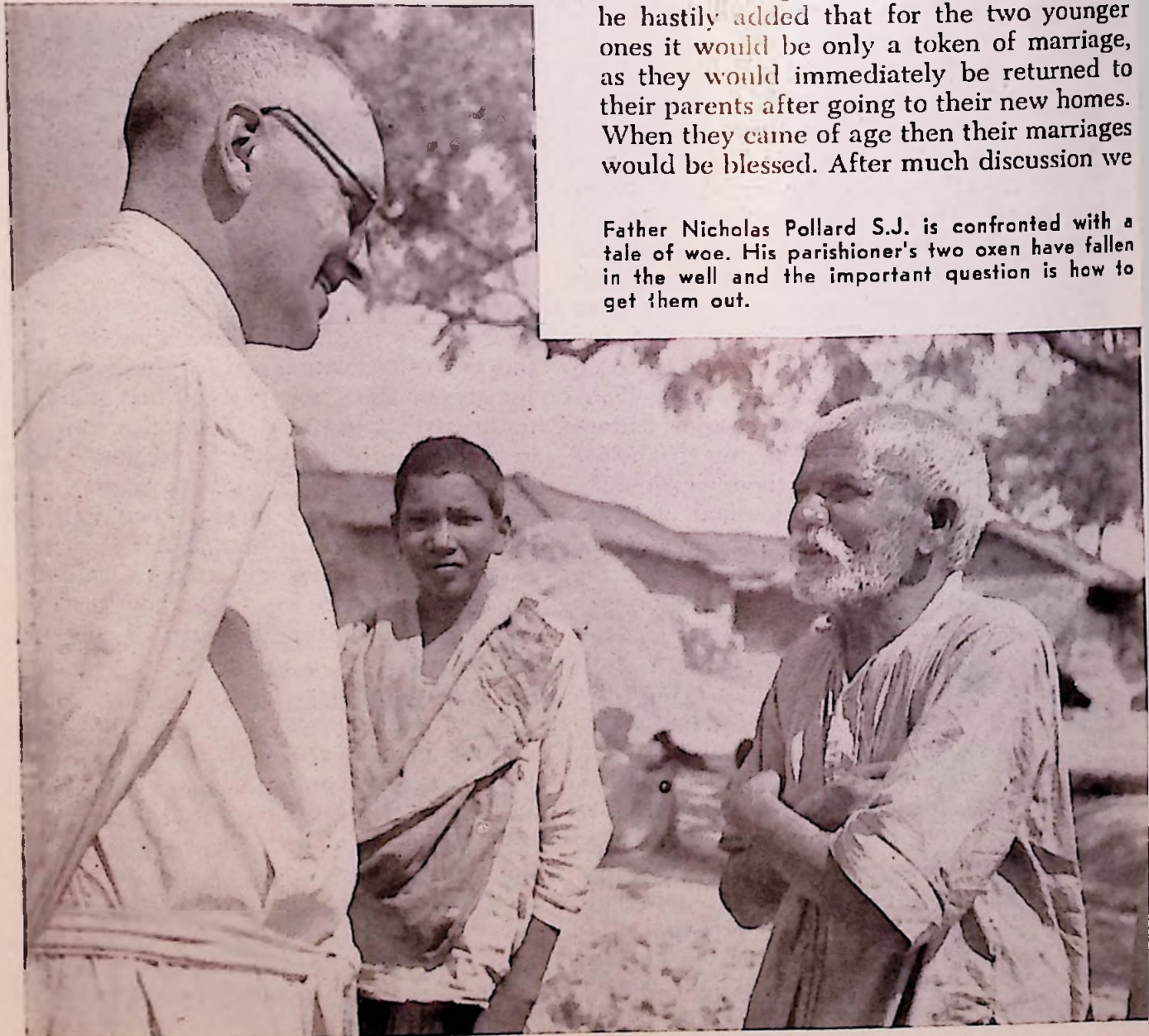
So in the "house where the waters meet" a group of men are preparing against the flood which is sweeping China. Father Clifford and Father Foley have walked different paths to meet beneath the cherry tree in blossom. The blossoms will fall soon, the flood that is trying to overwhelm them must someday ebb. These two men stand for something that is timeless, something that is symbolized in their ordination in the Year of the Tiger.

THE CHURCH IS UNIVERSAL AND SHOWS a wonderful adaptability in fitting her sacramental system into the varied social customs of different countries. India, rich in its age-old customs offers a fertile field for such adaptations, especially with regard to marriages. These thoughts came home to me with vivid reality the other day as I was cycling home after blessing a double marriage in one of my villages.

A little over five years ago I brought the inhabitants of a small village on the banks of the Ganges, some twelve miles from here, into the Church. They have shown themselves remarkably devout and faithful in the practice of their new-found faith. A little over two years ago the Ganges in high flood swallowed up their entire village and they had to retreat inland, erecting temporary thatched houses. They live from hand to mouth, so closely in fact that for many of

them if they do not work one day they will not eat that night. Now old Lawrence belonged to this latter class and he had an added problem, for he had four daughters to marry off, ranging in ages from seventeen to eight. According to custom, he would have to give a big dinner to all his caste brethren and incur a lot of other expenses for every marriage. If he were to marry them off one by one, the debts he would incur could not be repaid in a lifetime. So the other alternative was to marry them all at once, and cut his expenses to one fourth. He came over to me and explained all his difficulties, saying that he had found four prospective bridegrooms in another of my Christian villages not far from here. And he hastily added that for the two younger ones it would be only a token of marriage, as they would immediately be returned to their parents after going to their new homes. When they came of age then their marriages would be blessed. After much discussion we

Father Nicholas Pollard S.J. is confronted with a tale of woe. His parishioner's two oxen have fallen in the well and the important question is how to get them out.



is for Brides

decided that the two young ones would have to be satisfied with a betrothal and the two older ones would have a regular marriage.

On the evening that the bridal parties were to arrive at the village I cycled over and found all in festive garb, with the pots boiling merrily in the yard. We immediately summoned all, who were not too busily engaged in the preparations, to evening rosary. When we were about half through, two carts bearing the grooms' parties drew up near the village. This was the signal for the brides to start weeping and wailing, so lustily that they nearly drowned out our voices at rosary. But they dried their tears by the time we had finished and then I heard confessions. After that I wandered about chatting with the cooking staff and friends and relatives who had been invited for the big event. I went over to visit the grooms' parties who were encamped in a nearby orchard, enjoying themselves with song and dance.

At eleven o'clock the meal was ready and I was invited to eat first, and to bless the food for all. I hurried them as much as possible so that all would be finished before midnight, then retired for a little rest in the thatched hut which had been assigned as the chapel. At three o'clock I got up and sent two catechists to awaken both parties while I arranged my portable altar and got all in readiness. At four o'clock all were assembled and I blessed the unions of the two older couples, while the younger ones knelt in the second row and watched to see what they must go through when they would come of age. At the final instruction I noticed that some heads were nodding, and I admit that I was a bit bleary-eyed myself. But even in this rough setting the ritual blessing and the Nuptial Mass seemed as impressive as it would in a cathedral, and it did make a profound impression on them, most of whom were seeing a Christian marriage for the first time.

At break of day the carts were backed up into the yard, and this was again the signal for weeping and wailing, even louder than on the previous night. One of the carts had a covering fitted over it so that it re-

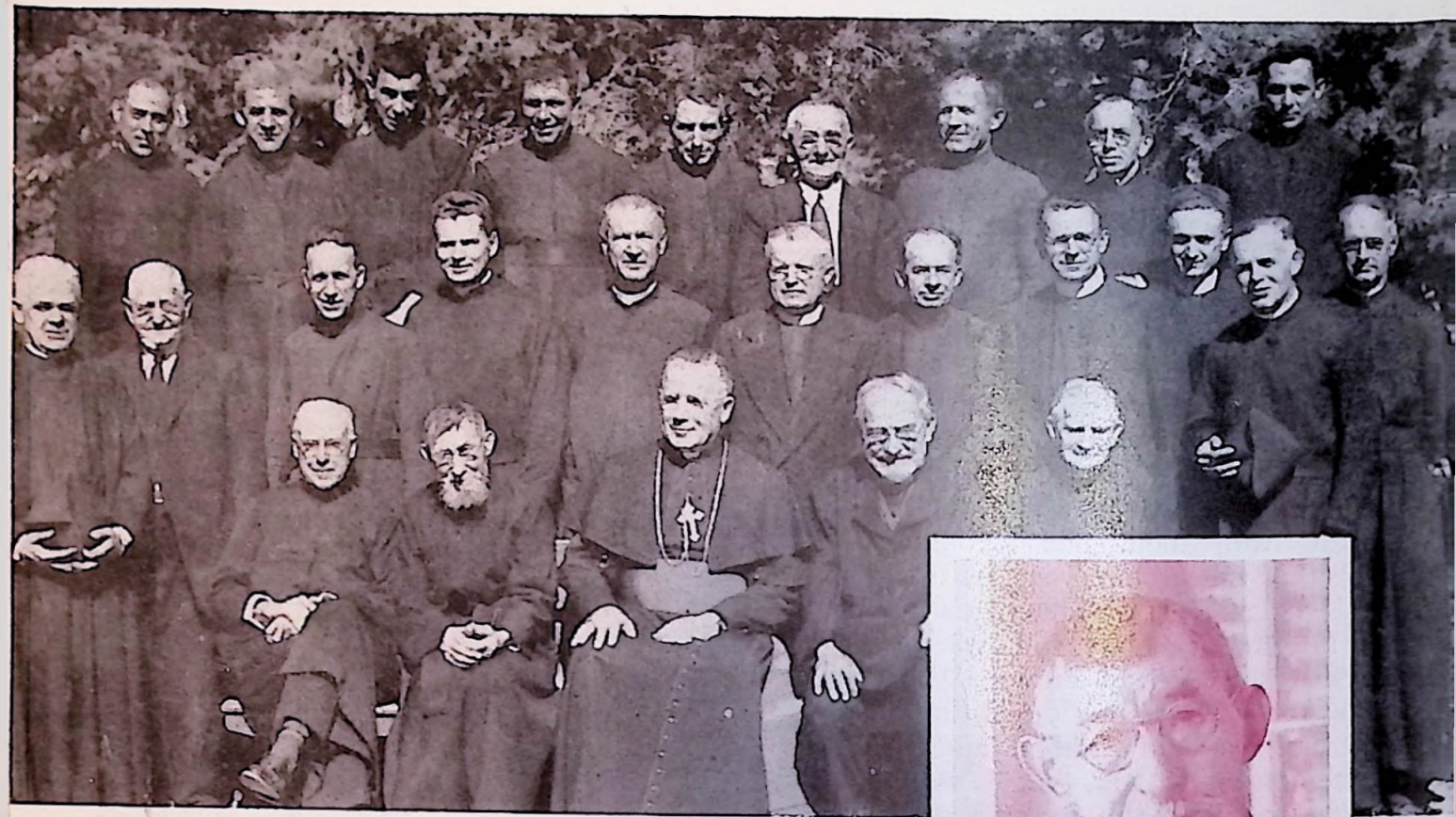


Bishop Augustine Wildermuth S.J. confirms an adult convert. There are 28,000,000 people in all his territory.

sembled a miniature prairie schooner of pioneer days. Into this the four brides were ushered one by one while the four grooms watched placidly from the sidelines. The other cart was loaded with their possessions and I for one felt considerable relief when the bullocks were hooked up and the weeping died away in the distance. One of the brothers accompanied the brides to their new home. Shortly afterward the grooms and their parties set out on foot, a happy and jovial crowd in striking contrast to their weeping spouses.

But why all this weeping and wailing at a marriage? It is the custom, founded, so they say, on the fact that in this way the girls show love for their parents and the home which they are leaving. These were poor people and their customary ceremonials were of the simplest. There will have to be adaptations made on both sides, but as the Church becomes well established here, the rich Indian customs will weave a beautiful pattern about the sacred ceremonies of Mother Church.

NICHOLAS J. POLLARD S.J.



Brother "Mike" is Bishop McCarty's right hand man on his jubilee.

BROTHER "MIKE" *Never Grew Old*

DAVID W. BREHM S.J.



He was a man who never grew old and the Indians loved him. Is there a better epitaph?

NOT MANY MONTHS AGO I WATCHED a stoop-shouldered old man shuffle back to his pew from the Communion rail in the little church at Holy Rosary Indian Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Although his back was bent, and his hair and beard were thin and gray, his face was radiant with a quiet, child-like joy. He was in communion with the Master for Whose love he had served the Indians so diligently and cheerfully for fifty-three years.

Now at long last he has been called to his reward. On March 11th Brother Francis Michalowski died. Brother "Mike" as he was affectionately known to all, from the tiniest grade school tot to the thousands of grown-up Sioux who had received their education at Holy Rosary—represented to me the unending missionary effort of my Society and of the Church, an effort impregnated with the spirit of youth which seeks the rebirth of souls in Christ.

For over half a century, Brother "Mike" had given his share of the fuel to this ever-burning lamp which is fed by the oil of generous and cheerful self-sacrifice.

Born in a little West Prussian village near Danzig in the time of Kaiser Wilhelm, Otto von Bismarck, and the Polish Corridor dispute, Francis Michalowski came to America when he was fourteen years old. He and his family settled in Buffalo, New York, the headquarters of the German Province's old Buffalo Mission. Perhaps he received his inspiration from some of the missionaries he saw there. At any rate, he was accepted as a Postulant in the Society of Jesus six years after his arrival in this country, made his noviceship at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, and in 1896 endured the discomforts of travel in those days to come to Holy Rosary Mission, then established only eight years on the Pine Ridge Reservation.

In any mission, but especially in an infant

mission, the work to be done is endless and infinitely diverse. Consequently, upon Brother "Mike's" arrival, he performed the role of jack-of-all-trades, from the hobby of watch repairing to the duties of blacksmith, plumber, engineer, and laundryman. Even up to a few weeks before he died you could have found him three days a week faithfully attending his post in the boiler room of the laundry.

When asked whether he had ever had any trouble with quick-tempered Indians, Brother "Mike" would shake his head and say, "No, I've always gotten along well with them. I had to spank one or two little boys once for throwing stones at the windmill, but otherwise, I've had no trouble." If his smile of welcome to the Indians throughout the years was anything like the one he gave me on my arrival at Holy Rosary last summer—and there is no reason to think that it was otherwise—it is not difficult to understand why he was so beloved by them.

Late one night Brother "Mike" had an attack. Everybody, including Brother himself, thought the end had come. The Last Sacraments were administered. Hearing of it only after a late Mass the next morning, I asked worriedly, "How is Brother "Mike" this morning?" "Oh, all right, I guess," said one of the Fathers, nodding in the direction of the kitchen sink. I looked around. There stood Brother "Mike," placidly wiping the breakfast dishes as usual.

Brother had the real missionary spirit, the spirit that must be doing something for others with a smile on the lips, the spirit of youth which must forge ahead, that looks eagerly for the birth and growth of life and light in souls. His shoulders may have become bowed from years of unending toil, his hair gray, and his voice feeble, yet, Brother "Mike" never grew old. He was always eager to do what he could for his brethren in Christ and for the Indians.

Last summer, the year Brother "Mike" celebrated his Sixtieth Jubilee in the Society, fifty-three of which were spent here on the Reservation, the Theologians from St. Mary's who worked at Rosary during their vacation arranged a banquet in Brother's honor. He was praised for his long years of labor in laudatory speeches by everyone from Father Rector on down. Brother's only comment was, "I don't see that I've done anything."

Brother "Mike" was alone in that opinion.

Come, follow me

THE GOSPEL FOR THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI contains Christ's pledge of everlasting life to those who seek from Him, "the living bread that has come down from heaven." It was part of His prophetic discourse on the Blessed Sacrament, pronounced in the synagogue at Capharnaum on the day after He had fed the multitude beyond Bethsaida Julias.

The Corpus Christi processions that we take part in are open declarations of the faith and love of those who live by Christ's words—"the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world."

Those words had a mixed reception at Capharnaum. Many received them with ardent belief, exalted by yesterday's experience on the grassy plain. Many others, scandalized in them, "turned back and walked no longer with Him." Yet all had seen, on the previous day close by Bethsaida Julias, in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the revelation of His power to fulfill those words. He was not speaking in empty symbols. His words were no mere parable. His meaning was starkly literal, measured to the literal minds of the peasant folk whom, in compassion, He had fed. It was precisely for that reason that the skeptical and unbelieving turned away. "How can this man give us his flesh to eat? . . . This is a hard saying."

When He sadly questioned the Twelve, "Will you also go away?", Peter answered for all who have ever worshipped the Holy Sacrament—"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of everlasting life."

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

Long ago men set this water wheel on the Euphrates in motion. Yet it will not last as long as the line set in motion by the Son of God one day beyond Caesarea Philippi, the day He said "Thou are Peter, and on this rock I will build."



Bishop of Zeugma and Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica.

ON APRIL 15TH IN BOSTON'S CATHEDRAL of the Holy Cross the Most Reverend John J. McEleney S.J. was consecrated Titular Bishop of Zeugma and Vicar Apostolic of the island of Jamaica.

Titular Bishop of Zeugma. Somewhere today along the upper reaches of the Euphrates River a shepherd may pasture his flock not far away from the dusty mounds of a forgotten city. Close by the river the pasturage runs deep and the spring floods that sweep across this narrowing in the stream have enriched the land. The bridge that once gave Zeugma its name is gone now and in the mud huts that string the

Shadows Over the

western bank men do not speak of the city that was a byword in days of old. Alexander the Great had brought it into being; Seleucus Nicator, Cassius, Justinian, all the leaders of armies knew it.

Once it was Christian. Its bishops had held a high place in the great Councils of the Church; at Nicaea, Ephesus and Chalcedon. They had played a part in putting into unforgettable words the truths that we live by today. The inhabitants of Zeugma, these people of the bridge, had strewn the seeds of their faith among the rich and turbulent caravans from the East, bound for Aleppo with their silks and spices, to return again along the road to Persia and India. The seeds were the strange tales that men would remember around their desert campfires at night, the fantastic stories of a God Who was also man, Who walked on the water, Who had given His body to be eaten.

The shepherd amid the dust-blanketed ruins of the forgotten city which vanished so long ago will idly watch the white puffs

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

of smoke which mark the passing of the Orient Express on its Baghdad-Istanbul run. A little downstream the Euphrates will turn the ancient water wheel which still serves the handful of people who till the land. Zeugma is forgotten; the shepherd has never heard its name. He does not know that Zeugma belongs to a tradition that cannot die; it will outlast that water wheel which seems to turn forever; when the Euphrates has run dry the Church that Jesus Christ established can still say to a man, "You are appointed Bishop of Zeugma."

Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica. The Bishop whose titular see is lost in the mists of antiquity will move among the shadows of the past in Jamaica, too. A short time before he set foot on the island he passed over the lost city of Port Royal. Once it had stood, even as Zeugma, for a byword. Men had boasted that there was nothing on earth which was

still be seen on a clear day. Lord Horatio Nelson, governor of the new Port Royal, sailed often over its sunken fortifications and Captain Bligh of the Bounty anchored there to discharge the first breadfruit trees for Jamaica.

There are other shadows, too; reflections of the hell ships of long ago, the slave ships of Africa and the vessels which Cromwell had packed with thousands of Irish boys and girls, sold into labor on the sugar plantations. There is the shadow of the blackout of the Catholic Church in Jamaica for 150 years when men swore that Popery was driven forever from the island. There still hover the shadows of poverty, of ignorance, of disaster from hurricane and earthquakes.

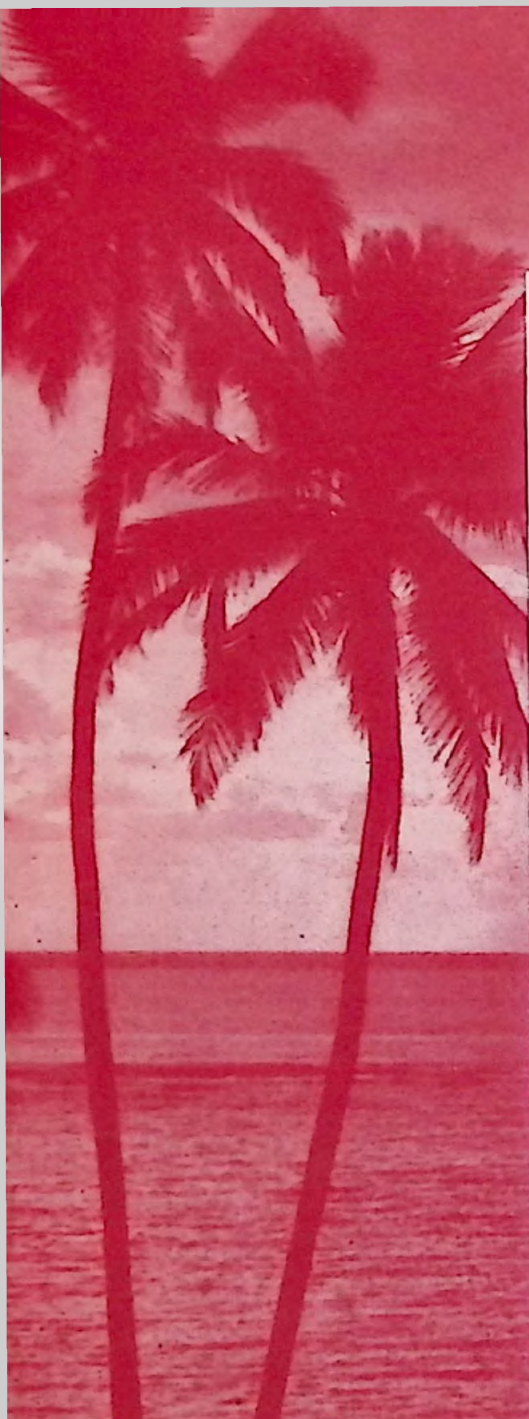
The dusty mounds of Zeugma and the sunken city of Port Royal cry out that there is nothing that lasts; that for all things there is an end. That is a lie. There is one thing that has no end and a man in Kingston will rise in the morning to don the episcopal vestments which testify to that lasting line which began with Peter the Apostle. It is a thing more constant than a water wheel on the Euphrates, ceaselessly turning through the centuries; it outlives all the cities of the past and future. It is the Church Christ founded; it is the unbroken tradition that the Son of God backed with His promise. On a Caribbean isle the Titular Bishop of Zeugma and the Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica stands witness to the faith that does not die, to the Light which conquers all shadows.

View of Port Royal as it is today. The old city, destroyed in the earthquake of 1692, lies beneath the waters in foreground. From right to left can be seen the old fort, the parade grounds and the barracks.

SHEPHERD

closer to hell than Port Royal. Fast sloops had sailed out of its harbor with the skull and crossbones ready for the mast. They came rollicking back with the booty of the Spanish Main. They gave to Port Royal a name for depravity and iniquity which was not washed away in the earthquake of 1692 when the city on the reef slid out into the deep water and disappeared. For well over a century afterward ships would cast anchor among the submerged houses that could

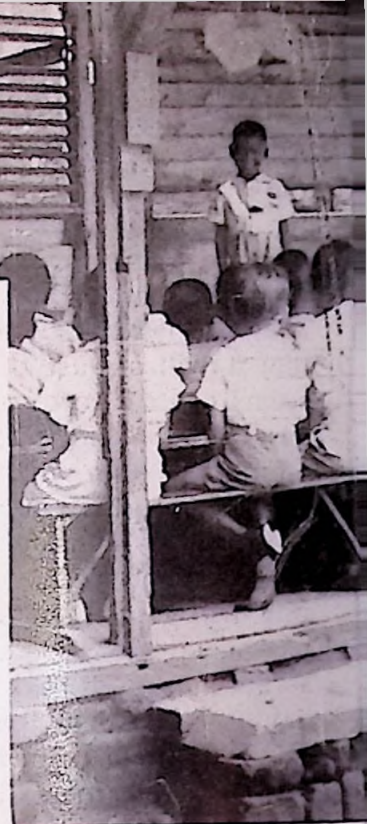




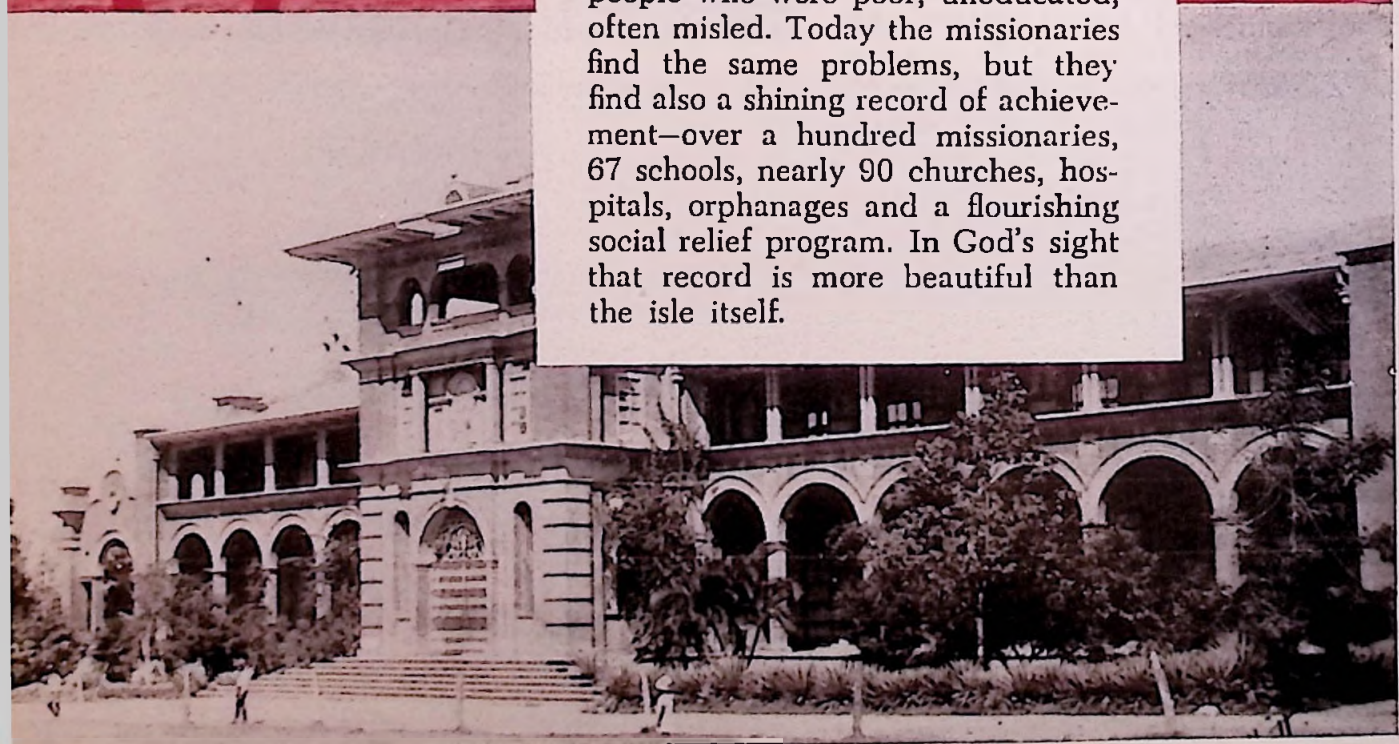
Jamaica

This island in the Caribbean is a little smaller than Connecticut and is rapidly becoming a tourist's paradise. Near the coast a continuous panorama of mountain and sea, while inland, range upon range of hills with spaces between narrow and precipitous, thick-grown with plant life, unfold themselves to the eye. Coconut palms tower above the twisted pimento trees. Clumps of bamboo hang festooned above the mountain torrents. Hillsides display rows of banana cultivation and the long canoe-shaped leaves of this fruit wave a constant greeting. Jamaica may appear to the tourist as the ideal tropical isle to which one longs to escape and there live out his dreams.

But to the missionary this golden setting has been the background of a long and weary battle. One hundred and fifty years ago there was a handful of priests, trying to reach a people who were poor, uneducated, often misled. Today the missionaries find the same problems, but they find also a shining record of achievement—over a hundred missionaries, 67 schools, nearly 90 churches, hospitals, orphanages and a flourishing social relief program. In God's sight that record is more beautiful than the isle itself.



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St. George's College in Kingston celebrated the centennial of Jesuit education two months ago.



This Catholic school with its tropical landscaping is not out in the bush but in the city of Kingston. (Below) There is no road to this village at Mount Joseph. The missionary on horseback. (Bottom) One of the missionaries with her happy charges who staff the famed Alpha orphanage.



The Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in the city of Kingston. Father Robert Burke S.J. with some of his Alpha children.



Father Jules Convert S.J. is a typical Alaskan missionary ready for the trail. For many years now he has travelled the tundra and he knows most of its tricks. If he didn't, there would be one missionary less.



MENU *a la Igloo*

A WELCOME SUN, LIKE A PILLAR OF FIRE, pointed the way across this flat, hard-packed, snow-flaming tundra. As we slid along the well-used trail, the early spring snow winked and glittered like a layer of crushed diamonds on a ruffled sheet. Alaska is not perpetual blizzard and deep drifts. It is often calm out here by the Bering Sea, with blue sky and silver sun. But don't be fooled! The temperature, like that Sunday morning, can be a brisk 20 degrees below.

Just out of Keyaluvik, we hurtled by two small boys who were trying to drive four little pups hitched by rope to a box sled. The pups shied aside, fearful, like fawns frightened by the 20th Century Limited, as our malemutes with teeth bared, tongues lolling, strained forward to catch a sled up ahead.

Last fall wild geese teemed in this land. Now, no signs of geese, duck or animals—though at times the dogs show interest in the trail of a white or red fox. But the fox keep out of sight. Only the sleds are gliding on the tundra, and when a distant sled and dogs slide into profile they look like a row of animated hyphens in front of a right angle.

After several hours, hills rounded by ages of hurricane, rain and melting snow, began to lump against the sky. Not long after that the dogs picked up speed as we spied two

houses with acrials. They looked like match boxes between toothpicks.

There's no better feeling after hours on the tundra than to enter a heated house. After shedding our parkas, saying hello, getting the sleeping bag, Mass kit and things from the sled, it was time to eat. This was the first time I had witnessed a native family at dinner and I watched curiously.

The wife spread a cloth about the size of a dish towel on the middle of the floor. Then a big basin of frozen black fish was placed on it, along with a pan of yellow seal oil. After graces, the five men went at it. They sat, or knelt on one knee, in a circle around the fish, and dipped the frozen fish—about the size of large sardines—in the oil, and ate all but head and tail.

They topped this off with poke fish, salmon caught last summer and preserved in oil, then washed their hands and faces. I imagined this was the end, since they now sat against the wall.

Meanwhile I had eaten mush and dried salmon, since Andrew and company figured that a *cheechako* was not yet ready to handle these icy delicacies. I had agreed, having tried to dent these frigid little creatures, frozen into grotesque postures and



gazing at you like dreamy gargoyles.

The women and children now took their quota of blackfish, and tea was served. The men resumed their places in the middle of the floor and filled their cups with steaming tea. They poured the tea in their saucers, let it cool briefly and drank—from the saucers.

My use of a cup must have appeared frightfully boorish at that meal, I'm sure, but the saucer technique is just one more of those native refinements on the agenda of things to be learned.

They ate bread baked in a frying pan. Instead of butter, they spread lard on the thin bread, or simply dipped it in sugar. Once more the men retired to their places against the wall, sitting on bed or baggage, while the women and children took their turn at tea and bread.

These houses do not have large tables, nor the number of chairs nor the cups and spoons to take care of many guests at one time.

I went to the igloo next door to baptize a baby. The father's last name is Charley, and they wanted the baby named . . . well . . . if you go to Punok sometime you may meet a boy who is really not stuttering when he says he is Charles Charley.

At 7:30 that evening everybody in the village piled into Andrew's house where we said the rosary and I told them about Lent and the love of the God Who died for them. Confession followed and so to bed . . . I thought. No, they wanted us to eat boiled blackfish! Andrew was going to serve me mush again but I demurred; would just as soon try the blackfish, I said. His wife took me at my word by filling a large dish with these stewed darlings, black but not beautiful.

Using my fingers, the proper utensils at this juncture, I tried teething some of the meat from the ribs. At least this was better than bending a bicuspid on a chunk of ice masquerading as a fish. But Leo laughed at this procedure.

"How do you eat these things?" I queried. The men smiled.

"We eat them whole, except for the head and bones. Spit out the bones."

I tried it. Not so bad, but can't confess I licked the platter clean. I also tried their seal oil on fish. This oil was old, previously used in a poke to preserve salmon. That lugubrious, liquid had a taste that was not

of this world, and it certainly isn't used at the heavenly banquets, so you can draw your own conclusion. To see the men dip their fingers in it and consume the rancid drops with evident relish made me wonder whether they were just trying hard to impress me. But no, they really like it. And taste aside, these native foods are much better than our starches and sugars for producing energy to stand off the bitter cold. But the *menu a la igloo* takes a bit of learning.

(Above) A fishing expedition is successful as can be seen from its cargo of white whale. (Below) Father Hargreaves presides over a hunting and fishing picnic.



Hindus IN SOUTH AMERICA

G. WILSON-BROWNE S.J.

DID YOU KNOW THAT THERE WERE HINDUS in South America? Yes, I mean real Hindus from India. Where? Down in sweltering British Guiana, a mere seven degrees north of the Equator, which suits the dusky immigrants from India far better than the English Jesuits who labor there.

They are descendants of immigrants from India who came over to work in Guiana after the abolition of slavery in the last century. By 1917 over 200,000 had come. They came under contract as indentured labor. After they had fulfilled their contract and earned sufficient money, many returned to their native land to see the waters of the Ganges once more; but enough remained to make them the largest racial group in the country. They are called "East Indians" to distinguish them from the South American Indians of the interior.

At Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, you board the Berbice Express. This might be a jolt after you've ridden the Twentieth Century Express, but it enables you to see the countryside. After four hours and about 30 stops the train will have succeeded in covering nearly 80 miles, until breathless and groaning, it halts at the Berbice River, as there is no bridge. Across the chocolate-colored waters of the estuary the neat white houses and the twin bell towers of the Catholic Church of New Amsterdam can be seen.

You will be met at the ferry by Father C. Byrne S.J., the parish priest of Port Mourant, and the last Catholic priest until you reach the Courantyne River, 50 miles away, which separates Dutch from British Guiana. If his car is not in bits, you will soon be bumping along the coastal "road"



An attractive Hindu girl who is a long way from her ancestral land of India. She is one of the many Hindus now in British Guiana in South America. Father Wilson-Browne, an English Jesuit, tells their story.

through the largest concentration of East Indians in Guiana. About 80,000 live along the Berbice coast.

Here the people live, dress and chatter endlessly very much the same as they do in India. Women in Indian dress with filigree jewelry, ear and nose decorations, bangles on arms and ankles throng the congested crowded market places. Children seem to be everywhere, running and laughing in the road and pouring out of the overcrowded village schools.

Most of these people still cling to some form of their old religion, either Hindu or Mohammedan. The Mohammedans still practice their religion carefully and most villages have a small, neat and well-kept mosque that is well attended during the religious months.

The Hindus, on the other hand, have lost very much of their old religion. Coming from different parts of India, their grandparents have handed down confused and conflicting remnants of the many different Hindu sects.

The pandits still exercise a certain amount

of respect, but being often engaged in money lending and commerce they naturally tend to lose their spiritual influence.

Occasionally a travelling pandit of some repute commands a large audience, but his teaching is far above the heads of the large crowds that come to listen out of curiosity, and has little lasting effect. The tendency of some of the pandits to introduce Christian prayers and ceremonies into their worship indicates the sterility of their religion once it is separated from the historic traditions and material heritage of Indian life.

One pandit, who was about to build a temple up the Canje River, wished to purchase Holy Oils and to learn how to "make holy water." Meeting with no success, he repaired to the Catholic church at New Amsterdam, hoping to be initiated into the secret of consecrating bread! The local sadhu at Port Mourant occasionally prays with great ceremony in the Catholic church, unrolling his cowskin in the sanctuary and sitting cross-legged with his forehead on the ground for hours at a time. Unfortunately he is rather deaf and does not understand much English. But he is a sincere and holy man, often sitting for weeks in a hole on the roadside.

The Hindus in Guiana do not seem very interested in the Christian sects unless some immediate material benefit is to be expected. Catholicism with its ceremonies, sacraments, high spiritual ideals and, above all, celibate clergy, seems to attract them more. They recognize and appreciate the value of monasticism and celibacy and know that their own religion has produced high examples of this in the history of their country.

The numbers that one can instruct and

receive into the Church with the assurance that they have been adequately instructed is of course limited by time and distance. The Jesuit priest stationed at Port Mourant has three churches to look after, spread over a thickly populated fifty miles of coast, and a fourth church a hundred miles up the Courantyne at Siparuta. To have even a small number coming twice a week can become a difficult matter with the ordinary parish business of these churches. Classes or the use of catechists is not very satisfactory. Those who have been to a high school have a thorough knowledge of the four gospels before they approach the priest and are more enquiring than the average English convert. Any sort of Catholic books or pamphlets will be read and devoured by these eager converts.

The missionary here is clearly faced with a great and important task. He needs your help, your interest, and your prayers, to say nothing of material assistance. Pray especially for vocations—that young men from the East Indian race may be called to the priesthood. Both mentally and physically these descendents of Hindus are as well equipped as any American or English vocation. A Catholic East Indian priest will have a great following. We must give them ordained priests, consecrated to God and to a life of prayer and selfless work.

So when you don't know what to pray about, ask Our Lord to send help to the Hindus of the Berbice coast.

A view of the main street of one of the Hindu villages in British Guiana. Away from the atmosphere of India these people tend to fall away from their Hinduism.



THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

JUNE: Sanctification of the Native Clergy

WHEN I WAS A JESUIT NOVICE the Master of Novices told an interesting anecdote of Pope Pius XI. He related that when the Director of the Apostleship of Prayer presented His Holiness with the monthly mission intentions for the ensuing year that he might approve and bless them, our Holy Father read them over slowly, paused at one that read "Prayers for More Priests," crossed out the word *more* and inserted *holier*.

If holiness is necessary for priests in Christian countries, it is not less necessary for the native clergy. They are laboring in territories where the Church is still in its infancy, where Catholicism is only a few generations old, and where ordained sons of the soil are working among a people who in great part are still practicing the pagan customs of their ancestors, and where not infrequently the Christians mingle pagan customs with Catholic practices.

It should cause no wonder then that Pope Pius XI wrote as follows to the hierarchy on the progress of the mission apostolate: "You must strive to fashion and form them (i.e., the native seminarians in mission lands) in that sanctity becoming their priestly life, and to such spirit of the apostolate joined to zeal for their own brethren, as to render them ready even to lay down their lives for the members of their own tribe and nation." How true these words of 1926 are of the Communist infested territories of Asia today! Korea, China, Indo-China and Thailand all need saintly shepherds of souls today.

In his encyclical on the priesthood the same Pontiff enumerated priestly virtues. They were sacrificial service, chasteness of life, aloofness from worldly allurements, intense love and zeal for souls, faithful obedience and soundness of doctrine. In June 1948 when Pope Pius XII dedicated the new Seminary for Native Clergy in

Rome he made it clear that those same virtues must be the hallmark of the Church's native clergy.

What St. Paul feared for himself, priests the world over fear for themselves, namely, that leading others on to sanctification they themselves become mere tinkling cymbals. There is always grave danger that immersion in parochial duties will cause priests to neglect their own sanctification. Against this misdirected zeal Pope Pius XI pointed a warning finger: "It would be a grave error fraught with many dangers should a priest, carried on by false zeal, neglect his own sanctification and become over-immersed in external works, however holy, of the priestly ministry. Thereby he would run a double risk. In the first place he endangers his own eternal salvation. . . . In the second place he might lose, if not divine grace, certainly that unction of the Holy Spirit which gives such a marvelous force and efficacy to the external apostolate."

In the Philippines and Pacific Islands where a lone priest has the care of thousands of souls scattered over hundreds of square miles of territory; in Africa where the faith is growing so rapidly in some missions, and priests are so encumbered with the care of their Christian flocks that little or no time can be devoted to the still pagan tribes, the truth of this statement has become all too clear.

Personal sanctity of life is especially needed for native priests to enable them to keep their spiritual balance in the face of extreme nationalism. This exaggerated patriotism is sweeping many of the colonies in Africa, Asia and the Islands in their desire for freedom or in their recently attained independence. Many grave problems face these people and without saintly priests to direct them aright much harm can befall the Church in these lands.

A. G. Schirmann S.J.



THE BISHOP

Wears a Cross

THE Bishop wears as a sign of his office a large cross upon his breast and a larger one on his soul, the responsibility for the salvation of his people. Bishop John J. McEleney S.J., newly consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, B.W.I., administers twenty-two parishes with sixty-nine substations, forty-four elementary schools, eighteen secondary schools, two orphanages, thirty-two credit unions. He must care for 83,000 Catholic souls and work for the conversion of 1,206,000 non-Catholics. A giant's task because scarcely a parish is self-supporting. Can you encourage him now with a generous share of your prayers and donations?



Coat of arms
for Bishop
McEleney.





Very Reverend Walter J. Ballou S.J., Superior of the Jamaica (B.W.I.) Mission, is still remembered in Medford, Massachusetts, as one of the city's all-time greats in baseball and hockey. A second Jack Barry was lost to the diamond when the young star left Holy Cross College for the Jesuit novitiate in 1918. Ordained at Weston in 1931, he was appointed to Jamaica in 1935 after a year's study in England.

Father Ballou has previously served at St. George's College in Kingston as teacher, head master and rector. Education seems to be a family tradition. One of his brothers is a high school principal and another is a Franciscan friar and professor of Sacred Scripture. Two sisters are Franciscan nuns who, we fondly hope, offer some of the merit of their classroom toil for their Jesuit brother and the mission field where he directs the work of 69 Jesuits of the New England Province.

The old competitive flame has long since turned to the fire of apostolic zeal, which finds ample scope in directing the island's Catholic school system, numerous chaplaincies, the flourishing Co-operatives and Credit Unions, and some 22 resident missions with 69 dependent stations.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

LAUGH-LIT LIVES

The work of missions is one of the most serious jobs on earth. But there is one thing the missionary doesn't take too seriously, and that is himself. A man without a sense of humor would be lost on the missions. Laughter is the best cure for loneliness; it is the pause that refreshes when the job is particularly tough. And there is nothing more heartfelt and cheery than the laughter of men who are on God's side and know they cannot lose.

The letters we receive here in New York from the men in the field are lined with laughs and even when they treat of the serious side of the work you can catch the overtone of a smile, of the grin that accompanies a rough trip or a near disaster.

So **Robert Dressman S.J.** of the Chicago Province reports. "Here at the Japanese language school we study how to speak as well as to read the Japanese and Chinese characters of the written language. But real practice in speaking comes from talking with the Japanese wherever you happen to meet them. Following out this sound procedure, I began by approaching a workman who was repairing one of the roads. I gave him the usual opening, 'Nani o shimasu ka?' only to have him stare at me with uncomprehending eyes. I tried something else, but got the same stare. Only after a couple of attempts did it finally dawn on me. Out of eighty million people in Japan I had picked a deaf-mute!"

Then in Tokyo **Norbert Tracy S.J.** of the Missouri Province spotted a couple of signs which can comfort the Americans studying Japanese. A tailor shop on the second floor announces at the entrance: "Ladies have fits upstairs" while an advertisement on the wall of a warehouse has the simple but startling statement: "Cows retailed."

CHINESE CHARADES

At the Chinese language school in the Philippines **Robert Cunningham S.J.** of the California Province is also having his difficulties. "Professor Chen, our Chinese teacher, does not speak one word of English. However, we are generally able to put over our ideas to him by acting or drawings. Once or twice we failed utterly. The day after we saw "Hamlet" at the Ateneo de Manila four of us decided to tell him about it. Somehow nothing clicked. Finally we boiled the whole thing down to "an Englishman (foreigner) who wrote plays about the year 1600." Suddenly he beamed, and with great satisfaction said, 'Oh, Marco Polo!' We let it go at that."

BAGHDAD'S BOSTON IRISH

Father Thomas Kelly S.J. is one of the Boston Irish who make B. C. on the Tigris such a merry and lovable place. Although Father Kelly is not exactly known as a man of few words he has refused to offer anything except the bare facts of this story. "The other night I heard two of the

scholastics (of whom we are so proud) arguing at the Mass board as to who would serve a 5:30 Mass in the morning. That 5:30 is misleading; the Masses begin before that, so one has to rush. But **Father McDonough** was insisting he would serve it while **Father O'Kane** was equally adamant on the same score. I went off to my room feeling very proud of the generosity and self sacrifice of our younger men. An hour later I returned to see who had won the argument and found my own name down to serve the Mass!"

One of our favorite missionaries is **Father Leo Shea S.J.** of Lawrence, Massachusetts, who spends his time in Baghdad trying to make life easier for others. He is the nearest thing we have to the famed spirit of Eastern hospitality. But **Father Edward Madaras S.J.**, Superior of the mission, reports that Father Shea's reputation suffered a momentary lapse recently. "The gates leading into our private garden were painted the other day and we decided it would be the proper time to emphasize the privacy with new signs. So Father Shea took the matter in hand and bought two signs, one in English and one in Arabic. He gave them to the carpenter with explicit directions about the garden gate. Now Father Shea is trying to explain to the community just how the sign which read 'No Admission' got on the front door of the residence."

Father Joseph Connell S.J. thought he had a finger on the millenium one day. "The traffic situation in Baghdad is not a far cry from the one in New York. The new Cromer busses, huge red vehicles, add color, sparkle and a mead of service to Main Street. There is always a crowd at every bus stop and you risk life, limb and dignity if you enter into competition with them. But owing to the overflow of passengers there is always a taxi trailing a bus and

the driver will deliver you to the terminal for the price of a bus ticket. If you want adventure just ride in one of these taxis! The driver cruises in and out of the traffic at the curb, seeking more fares and never taking his eyes off the sidewalk, even when he rams his way back into the middle of the street. But the other day while I was in one of these taxis I saw a sight that shook me to the bottom of my soul. As the traffic streamed in and out of the North Gate square with horns blasting and drivers yelling choice Arabic phrases at pedestrians there was a tremendous screeching of brakes and a big Fiat bus halted right in the middle of the square. Then came the unbelievable part. The driver waved the right of way to a pedestrian. And the pedestrian actually refused the courtesy! They then exchanged benign smiles and the Fiat moved on while I wondered how long the white-coated attendants would take to catch up with the driver. When the pedestrian came a little closer the mystery was solved. To me he was an old friend, Jaafar Hussaini; but to the driver of the Fiat he was the chief inspector of the bus system!"

GEM FROM GOMOH

Father John Blanchard S.J. of the Chicago Province is still trying to live down his first venture into the Hindi language. He has been attending the language school at Gomoh and his first Hindi class opened with the sentence: "Mera nam Fahder So-an-so hai"—my name is Father So-and-so. Somewhere along the line Father Blanchard had picked up the nickname "Bobo" so he decided that a more informal introduction would be appreciated by the children. As a result he introduced himself to the youngsters as Father Bo. The name was welcomed with enthusiasm, with heartwarming laughs and giggles. Father Blanchard felt there was



They were valiant women, those holy souls who administered to Christ and the Apostles, first in Galilee, later in Judea and across the seas wherever the gospel was preached. Saint Paul's indebtedness to them is clearly inscribed in his Epistles. Our missionary sisters of today are women in that same tradition of selfless devotion and unbounded love for the things of Christ.

Jamaica is wonderfully blessed in its missionary sisters. The Fathers would be woefully handicapped if there were no Franciscan Sisters with their Academies for girls, no Mercy Sisters with their gay orphanage and industrial school at Alpha, no Dominican Sisters to nurse in the hospital, no Marist Sisters to give hope and smiling care to the lepers at Spanish Town.

The inspiration they have given to Jamaican womanhood is evident in the flourishing native congregation of the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Help, popularly known in their parish schools as the "Blue Nuns". Converts are the first and hopeful flowering of a mission field. But native vocations are the mature fruit of a faith deeply rooted, and an assurance of its perennial vitality.



Robert Dressman S.J. from Covington, Kentucky, speaks Japanese with a southern accent.

something to this Hindi after all. In the next class he discovered that in *gaonwari* "bo" means stink! Now he announces himself as Father John.

THE AMERICAN WAY

There are few things more welcome to a man in a strange country than meeting with a fellow American. The two may be as far apart geographically as New York and San Francisco, without a mutual friend in the entire world, but there is still a bond that outlasts all social, economic or geographical barriers. **Father Richard Schuchert S.J.** of the Chicago Province and now in Yokosuka points out something that may not be included in any official report, so we pass it on. "Over the feast days I met some fine American families at the Miho Air Base. There is, for example, Colonel Mullen, USAF, the commanding officer. I had dinner at his home with Mrs. Mullen and their three children. The Colonel, a Holy Cross graduate, made a Jesuit visitor doubly welcome in his home. To observe him in operation is to learn what great good a man with straight ideas can do when in a responsible position with the Occupation. The morale of the Base is really high. The

Japanese people, too, like Colonel Mullen because he deals with them justly, humanely and kindly. The American women at the Base are organized to do a lot of welfare work as, for example, supporting the Japanese sisters' orphanage in Yonago. When I left the Base the Mayor of Yonago had made plans to pay the Colonel an official visit of gratitude. All this is in contrast to the odd ideas and evil influence of other Occupation authorities, like the big economist who in an official report told the Japanese that if they expect to get enough to eat they would have to surrender their God-given right to raise a family of normal size!"

Another little incident is typical of the American way of doing

things. **Father John Stolte S.J.**, who wrote the article in this issue on Eiko high school, writes: "Just a few days ago I received the news that the Catholics among the American Navy personnel at the Base in Yokosuka took up a collection for the needy and talented boys at Eiko. They handed the result to **Father Voss S.J.**, the principal. So the tuition for 30 students for 1950 is the gift of these Americans. The boys were invited to the Naval Base where Admiral Decker USN introduced the boys to the officers who had paid their tuition. Needless to say, it made a tremendous impression on these boys. Again, through the same kindness and cooperation of the Americans it

PHILIPPINE UNREST

Father Paul Finster S.J., Vice-rector of the Ateneo de San Pablo in the Philippines, has been right in the midst of the recent trouble stirred up by communistic elements in the islands. "If a boy offers me, as prefect of discipline, an excuse which I have not heard before it is thereby acceptable and valid. The other morning Anthony Torres, a third year student, presented himself at my desk asking to be excused from wearing the customary school uniform. His excuse was, 'I was lying on the floor of the bus and when I got up I was all dirty.' It was a new excuse but I knew only too well that it was true.

"Torres lives in the neighboring town and he had taken the afternoon bus from San Pablo after school had been dismissed. When the loaded bus reached the edge of San

Pablo a gang of dissidents opened fire on it. Torres promptly slid to the floor. When he got up, four of his companions were dead. Several others had been injured. A half hour later the local constabulary, the equivalent of our State Police, arrived at the scene although their barracks are only a five minute drive away.

"Thus the state of 'peace and order' has really been one of 'fear and turmoil.' Yesterday's newspaper spoke of some 75,000 dissidents roaming about the hills north of Manila. This was an official estimate. If these dissidents are able to secure more arms they will be a real threat to the government. Here in this area some 60 miles south of Manila conditions are the same. At the end of March we had several attacks on San Pablo.

was possible to rebuild and furnish a beautiful auditorium and gymnasium out of one of the concrete buildings. Finally, our ball field is now playable thanks to a bulldozer from the Base."

ROUND THE HORN

Down in British Honduras Father Robert McCormack S.J. of the Missouri Province is back in Corozal after a round of his missions.

"While on one round of the missions I got such a sunburn that skin from hands and face caked off in chunks. I made the tedious trip in a rotting little dory that was equipped with three rice sacks for sails and an empty milk tin that was used constantly to



Father Leo Shea S.J., the popular provider of all temporal necessities for the New England Jesuits in Baghdad, consults with faithful Daniel.



Father Paul Finster S.J., Vice-rector of the Ateneo de San Pablo.

"It is an unhappy and dangerous situation and there is no remedy in sight. The government is weak; its law enforcement agencies are slight. Torres the student, sliding from his seat to the floor of the bus is only a symbol for thousands of others who live in constant fear."

bail the water that bubbled in through the pin-worm holes. The mariner of that vessel, a black man named MacKelly was the jolliest Irishman I ever met; and perfectly content with his state, his poverty, his eight children. One afternoon while battling my way through swarming mosquitoes from Shipstern to Fireburn, I stepped into a nest of red ants. If you've never done that, you've really missed an experience; one that you may quite comfortably forego.

Back to the antiquated village of Shipstern after a meal of green coconuts, and to novena and singing and confessions. Then I made for my thatched little hut with its very open pole-sidings that had not been occupied by anyone but the pigs and snakes since my previous visit of over six months ago. With hammock strung and net adjusted, and eyes heavy, I was just about to blow out the candle when a lad shouted from outside: 'Watch out, Father, there's a coral snake entering your house!' Bad house guests these. What a merry chase he led us, in and out and around the poles of the house, darting at us and finally slithering up toward the roof before we did

away with him. That, of course, called for an extra Ave to the Guardian Angels.

I had hardly gotten those hammock ropes taut with my own weight when there was more bustling in the leaves of the roof. Thinking other corals may be arranging for a wake or a retribution for their dead associate, I put my flashlight on the spot. Just a couple of bats flying around up there. I shamed them into silence by ignoring them. Three days later I made the five hours' sail to Chunox deep in the dirty hole of a fishing smack. True, it's not the place you'd select for an ocean cruise if your hide wasn't raw from sunburn."

REMEMBER GOD'S WORK

There is no more important work on earth than God's work. It will go on long after we ourselves have departed this life. But we can still help that work if we have remembered the missions in our last will. Our legal title is Jesuit Missions, Inc., 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

IN OUR AMERICAN CITIES THE SIDEWALK superintendent is a common sight before any large construction work. There they stand, men of all walks of life, fascinated by the steam shovel, the cranes, the cement mixers and pourers, the rivets and riveters.

In Baghdad, that city on the far-away Tigris, building operations take place just as in any city of the world. There the New England Jesuits live and direct a secondary school for Iraqi boys. Last year another building was added to their ever-growing institution. Here was another opportunity for the Fathers to prove that they had not left behind all their native habits. For every day a group of them could be found overseeing the busy operations of the turbaned and long-robed workmen of Baghdad.

As their new residence for the boys and themselves took shape, they were not treated to the hungry scoops of the steam shovel or the shattering sounds of the air-compressor machines. No, the trenches for the walls were dug by the men with crude long-handled shovels. Then the bricks, made in the desert kilns, are laid one by one. No pouring of cement; it is made right there

A FEAST

a Floor

JOHN L. MAHONEY S.J.

beside the project and carried to the busy masons by young boys of twelve to fourteen years. Each lad is equipped with a crude metal dish-like bowl into which is placed the cement or "chemento" as they call it. Up on the heads the bowl is placed where it rides gracefully to the waiting trowels. The lads never miss. Up the ladders they climb barefoot, without losing a drop. The bricks themselves are brought to the masons in the same way, and when the walls rise, the lads toss the water-soaked

When it comes to building at Baghdad College the same methods used at the Tower of Babel are still followed—but the finished result is much more satisfactory.



bricks to the masons right-hand men. Not even the lowly wheelbarrow is called into service.

Time for the steel "I" beams, the supports for the second floor. Surely modern machinery will be yielded to at last. But no, though the beams arrive in trucks (the twentieth century has its say), still no hoists are in sight. No need for them, for off the trucks alight a goodly number of Kurds, those strong-backed men of the mountains. The beams are slid off the truck onto the backs of these men who carry them where the supervisor directs.

More masonry work and the first story is finished. As the awed American Jesuits gape at all this, they cannot help thinking: "This may be slower, but none the less sure."

Now it is time for some diplomatic negotiations. One of the workmen approaches Yusuf, our famous factotum. There follows a rapid exchange of words and flailing gestures, all of which results in the appearance of Yusuf before Father Madaras. "Father, they want a sheep, and a *cousy*."

Father knows well of whom Yusuf speaks, but since he is a stickler for detail, he questions, "Who are *they*?"

"Father, the workmen. They finish now the first half of your building. It is time to give them a sheep and a big meal."

Yusuf is correct. Custom says that on completion of first story, the workmen—all of them—are to be treated to a banquet of sheep, rice and all the trimmings.

The next day a butcher arrives with a couple of sheep on the hoof. With a quick stroke of his sharp knife life comes to an end. They are strung up between two handy trees, skinned and cleaned. Nearby, the rice and other ingredients are being prepared over a huge fire built in a shallow hole.

In due time the workers sit cross-legged on the ground round the freshly roasted sheep which are smothered in rice, curry and raisins. It is a real meal—sans forks and knives.

Soon not a grain of rice remains—nothing but broad grins on all—from the brown-eyed children to the grey-bearded masons. With renewed energy, work on the second story will begin on the morrow. And soon there will be another feast; for the same custom ordains that the workers be rewarded again when the building is completed. A feast a floor.



(Above) One floor is finished so a feast is readied. Curiously enough, the laborers seem more active now! (Below) Wait until the unions in New York hear about this custom! Fortunately, Baghdad holds to 2 floors.





The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

During June, you may know or at least read about young men who, after ten years of strenuous seminary studies, are kneeling before a bishop to receive the power to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead. As in our own country, the same provident provision must be made in China for its future priests.

With Father Edward Murphy in Nanking, China, there are two young boys, Francis and Bernard. These young lads are inspired with the desire to become priests. Father Murphy has been endeavoring to support these two boys but, under the circumstances, he hardly has enough resources to provide for himself. He estimates that it will require \$30.00 a month to support the boys.

Despite the threats of the local Communists, Francis and Bernard have been most loyal. No doubt God has great things for them to accomplish in their native land. Will you help them? You will have a part in the formation of two Chinese priests destined to offer the Precious Blood and who may, in time, unless circumstances change, shed their own blood as martyrs.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Hindi "Messenger"

Since the apparitions of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary, the Society of Jesus has had a special commission to foster devotion to the Sacred Heart. As a means of fulfilling this trust the Jesuits publish in 34 different languages a magazine entitled "Messenger of The Sacred Heart." Plans are now ready to edit a new "Messenger" in the Hindi language, the national language of the Indian Republic. Since many people who will receive the magazine are in rather poor circumstances Father Xavier S.J., the editor, fears that without the assistance of others the project will fail.

That thousands of souls might share in your knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart, will you forward a contribution to JESUIT MISSIONS for this new "Messenger"?

Small Crucifixes:

For several of our missions we have been requested to purchase small crucifixes, similar in size to those used on rosaries. No other sacramental is so reverently cherished by the natives. They are eager to wear a crucifix around their necks or carry one in their pockets. The missionaries will bless the crosses with a plenary indulgence for the hour of death so that the people can

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press the crucifix to the lips of their dying relatives and elicit from them the aspiration, "My Jesus, mercy."

For \$1.00 we can purchase one dozen of these crucifixes. Any sacrifice in responding to this appeal will be a source of spiritual comfort to the many sick and dying entrusted to the care of our missionaries.

Ice Skates!

This is hardly the season for ice skating, even in Alaska, but it is a time when you might be rummaging through your cellar or your famous third floor closet. You may find a few pairs of ice skates too small for your grown sons and daughters. Brother Parry of the St. Francis Mission in South Dakota will certainly welcome any stray pairs of skates that you may have. Next winter he will be tormented by the pleading requests of Indian boys and girls for skates. Kindly send the skates directly to Brother Parry at

St. Francis Mission
St. Francis, South Dakota.

An Ordination Gift:

Many young native priests will leave our seminaries in June for parish assignments. It is reasonably certain that soon after they are settled at their new parishes one or two intricate problems in Canon Law will be theirs to solve. At that point, they would like to have on their bookshelves a textbook and commentary on Canon Law. There is an excellent book prepared by Father Bouscaren and Father Ellis. Its price is \$8.50.

If you have a relative or friend to be ordained he will appreciate the same book.

Please send all orders to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Help for Japan:

There are still many essential items needed to complete the furnishings of the rectories and schools of the Japanese mission. The items vary from doorknobs to oil stoves and include blankets, sheets, pots, pans, knives, forks, etc.

For their Altar boys the missionaries would like to buy a dozen cassocks. If you can send \$5.00 for a cassock the priests can purchase the material and have it made in Japan. Whatever sacrifice you can make for the mission of Japan will be appreciated. All donations should be sent to JESUIT MISSIONS and we will forward them.



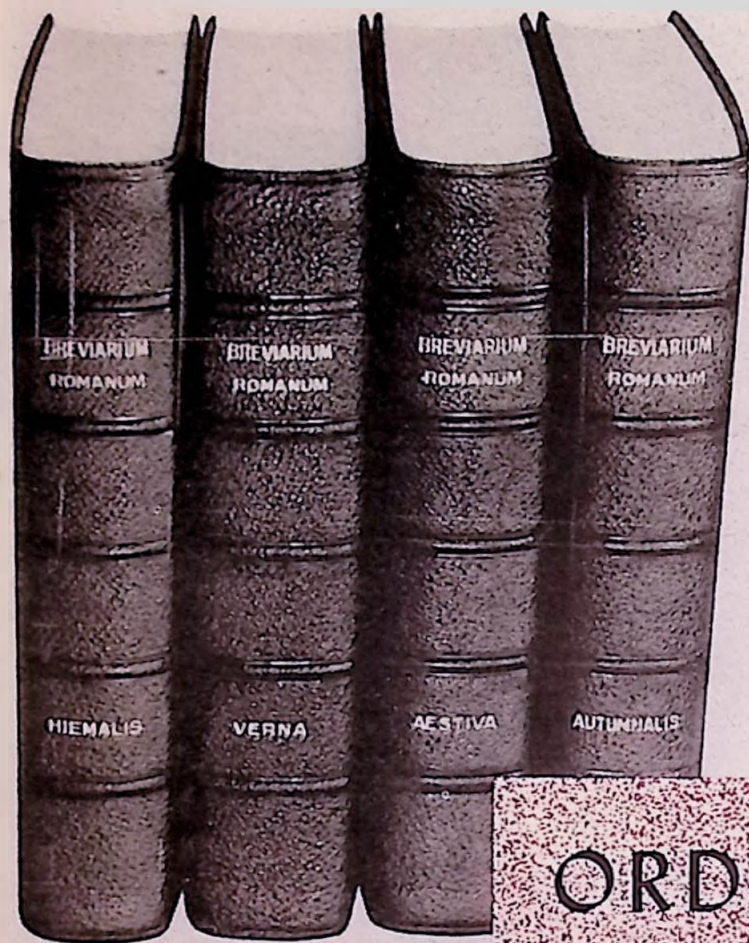
JAMAICA *Mission Needs*

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JM



Large size, black Moroccan leather.

The Roman Breviary

There are many young priests to be ordained in our missions this year—Chinese driven from home to the Philippines, others natives of Ceylon or India, most of them from poor families. Could you help supply them with Breviaries, the priest's office which he says every day? A complete set costs only \$45.00.



The Seasonal Breviary

Another deeply appreciated gift you could make is the Seasonal Breviary, containing the offices of Easter, Pentecost and Christmas. Priests find them very convenient to use during these work-crowded days. An individual volume costs \$4.50. The complete 3-volume set \$13.50.

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