

JESUIT MISSIONS

SEPTEMBER 1950



TYPHOON IN THE PACIFIC



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COVER. Will this Filipino youth be the Huk or the hope of tomorrow? Some families in the Islands have one son in the Huks and another in the government forces which are trying to destroy the Communistic rebels.

(Left) The Lungwa Pagoda and temple in South China. This picture was taken by Father Fred Foley, S.J. a few months ago. This type of temple architecture is more extreme and flamboyant than the Pekinese type.



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One missionary boards ship and sets out in the face of a contrary wind because there are men and women scattered across the wide Pacific who need Christ. He outlives a typhoon although his vessel is only a frail outrigger. Another missionary tries desperately to ford a flooded creek because he is racing against time—and he goes quietly home to eternity. One pounds the sweltering pavements of Baghdad on what might seem to be a futile errand. In India another has desk work while one of his fellow missionaries deals in scorpions and snakes. Cooperatives, Holy Name rallies, school exams, bush riding—there are a hundred things that make up a missionary's life. There is only one least common denominator for all missionaries—they have loved Jesus Christ unto all things.



John J. Dahlheimer S.J. is a member of the Missouri Province who has been assigned to the China mission. At the present time he is stationed at the Chinese language school outside of Manila in the Philippines where the younger missionaries are awaiting the dawn of a new day for China. In this issue he describes the heartwarming reception the people of Los Banos tendered a young Chinese priest on the occasion of his first solemn Mass. Perhaps the author is thinking of his own first Mass which will also be in exile.



Three Nights

IN A TYPHOON



WILLIAM E. RIVELY S.J.

“THREE NIGHTS AT THE OUTSIDE.” Thus spake Jonas. He was not the prophet of old who took a free ride in a whale, but this Jonas was a Micronesian sailor from Punlop island. He was answering my question: “How far to Ulul?” Distance between islands is measured by the number of nights it takes a canoe to sail between them. I was very anxious to get to Ulul because you see I am a kind of nomad pastor of some 28 small islands, scattered by the delightfully variant Hand of God north, south and west of Truk in the Caroline Islands.

Three nights seemed to me like a long time to spend in a 24-foot sailing canoe—and I said so. “Well, it’s a bad wind blowing at us from right on top of Ulul, and there’s not much chance of its improving for some months, so if you’re going, you might just as well go now.” I confess that I had a presentiment of ill fortune right up to the time of sailing, but not being a superstitious

A coral atoll in the middle of the wide Pacific may not appear too attractive on ordinary occasions but it does when you have outlived a typhoon.

man (I most certainly am now) we hoisted sail and set course right into that spanking northeast wind. Three nights won’t be so very bad, I thought.

Well, as you know, three nights are separated by three days, and each one seemed longer than the former, but on the fourth morning we all looked hopefully into the north for sight of land. Those 360 degrees of beautiful blue sea with a backdrop of dazzling white cumulus clouds, unbroken by any speck of land, was a little embarrassing to the skipper, Jonas. But he doggedly continued to tack into that unmerciful wind. All day we scanned the horizon. No land. Then, towards evening the wind shifted from northeast to due west—and a strong wind it was. So strong in fact that there was nothing to do but let it carry us whither it would. At first Jonas trimmed sail and tried to follow, but it soon became apparent to everyone—even me—that this was no ordinary westerly wind. It was the

Noto. That word strikes terror into the heart of every Micronesian sailor—and the open sea is no place to be when it decides to blow. By nightfall we were at its mercy.

The crew removed mast and booms from their sockets, stripped the sail cloth from them, spread the booms across the canoe in the form of a V, so that they lay across the outrigger. Then, grabbing every piece of line they had, they secured the outrigger as best they could. Because, I might add, the most important part of an outrigger canoe is the outrigger. Once that is severed from the hull, you have not a boat, but a hollowed-out breadfruit log which rolls and pitches just like any log will do in water. This done, they got busy with their bailing routine. How those waves got so big in such short order, I'll never know—but I felt like a mouse on the greased skids of a roller-coaster. And, suddenly, the sailing canoe seemed awfully small and fragile. Oh, well, thought I, a wind like this will blow itself out in a few hours and maybe we can stay afloat that long anyhow. But all night she blew, and she blew all next day too. And that night, and next day, and next night. God, in His all merciful Providence, saw fit to hold our fragile craft together for three interminable nights, while I fervently prepared to meet my Maker. But when the evening of the fourth day approached, and after my 108th (or 109th) rosary, the *Noto* began to let up. We had survived—thanks to God and His Mother—but where were we? No one wanted to ask that question right then—so we passed a peaceful night in slumber.

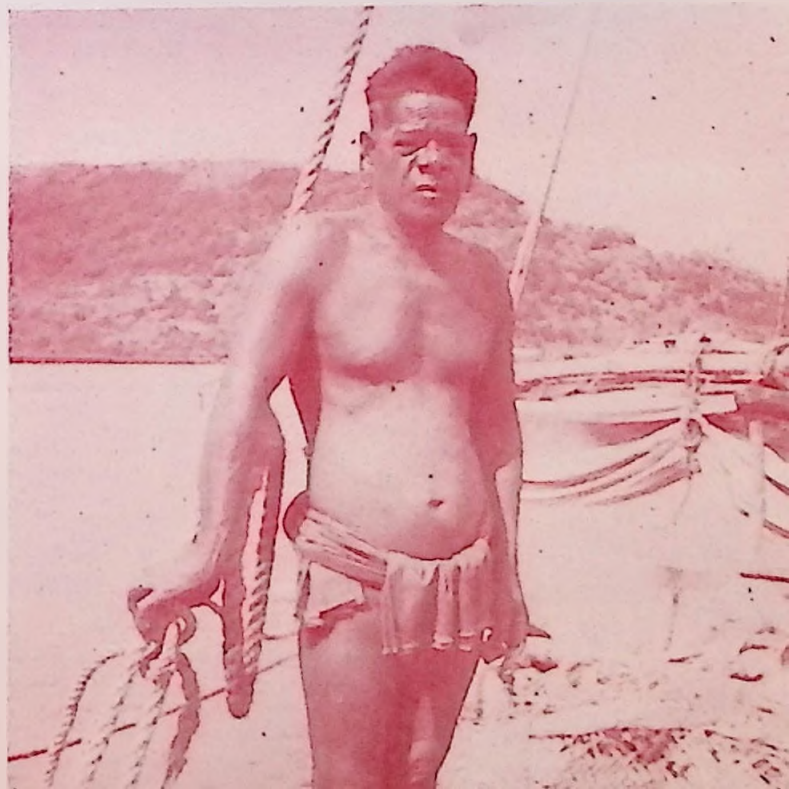
Next day, we looked at the horizon. Lots of sea and lots of sky—but nary a bit of land. It was anybody's guess in what direction the closest land lay. Jonas figured the *Noto* had blown us 100 miles. So we started looking for Truk. Five hours sailing east—no land. Five hours south—no land. Three hours north—still no land. Our food had given out some time ago, so we took time off to fish. In less than one hour, there were between 300 and 400 fish in the hull of that canoe. It all happened so fast I can't tell you how it happened, but they used harpoons, hooks and line, and bare hands. Believe it or not, all I know is, there were plenty of fish in the hull of that canoe, and they weren't there an hour ago. Menas started a fire with his flint and coconut husks make beautiful coals. In short order I was served the most delici-

ous broiled fish I have ever eaten. Then I knew I was still alive. In the sheer elation of eating that fish I almost forgot that here we were drifting about in that big, big Pacific ocean, with no idea where we were, not even a desert island in sight, and all of us very much undecided what to do.

It's funny what thoughts will come into your mind at a time like that. I wondered how long it would be before the Jesuits of the New York Province would start offering the prescribed two Masses for one of their deceased brethren! The thought of Father Ciszek came to mind. He was reported missing, even dead, for about three years, before it finally became official for us to offer the suffrages for him! What would those three years of Purgatory be like?

I was aroused from my gloom however, by the voice of Jonas. He had made his decision. Peering out over the waves, he pointed his gnarled forefinger towards the northeast. "There are islands up there, let's go." So I too got busy with my map, War Map III published by Socony Vacuum, and made my guess. I figured a northeasterly course would bring us up on East Fayeu. Just a guess of course, but I was stunned by the credulity of my sailors. All that night we skimmed along on the wings of a southeasterly wind, and I was roused from sleep by a tremendous thump on the canoe and a thunderous shout from Jonas: "Fanu Oooooo!" Land ho! Sure enough there was

Jonas, the captain of the outrigger, whose prophecy of three days lacked the verity of the Bible Jonas.



a flat patch of gray on the horizon, and I'm sure no sight in this world will ever be more beautiful to me. When we got a little closer, Marcus informed me that it was—East Faye! Of all the little paradises scattered around the area, we had to pick this little rock with no people and very little vegetation! But it was beautiful that day.

Getting over the coral head was a major crisis in itself, but compared to what we had just been through it seemed easy. We approached the terrific surf and watched those waves crashing on the coral and then backing away leaving bare a small cliff of coral, white, blue, azure, pink and green. So beautiful, but so wicked and so sharp. Menas tied a line about his waist, put on his sea goggles and went over the side. I held my breath as he went over the reef with a big wave, and finally reappeared on the other side, tugging at the rope. We drew closer to the reef and the coral presented an almost hypnotic beauty, ever drawing us closer to those jagged needles of multi-colored rock. Finally with a great wave, and all paddling furiously, over we went. We made it—it seemed we couldn't die now.

I stepped ashore and found myself staggering like a drunkard. Eight days of just sitting and not much eating had made my legs like rubber. But for a desert island, this little bit of rock and sand yielded a mighty feast; coconuts, turtles, land lobsters, sea gulls and their eggs. It was a feast for

The outrigger with its stalwart crew is the ordinary means of transport between the scattered islands. This is the crew with whom Father Rively set sail.

a king—and we all felt like kings, believe me.

Now that we knew where we were, our problems were solved. I had given up the idea of reaching Ulul—it was too far away now and the wind was against us, so I decided to head for Truk, about 90 miles southeast. The wind obliged and off we went, skimming across the sea all night long. I stretched out on the platform opposite the outrigger and watched the prow splitting the waves and casting a stream of phosphorus along the water under me. The moon contributed its part to a typical enchanting evening in Micronesia. How marvellous, I thought, that God's nature can one day be so terrifying, and then another day, so enchanting.

We raised the island of Pis on the edge of the Truk lagoon early next morning. I went ashore and got an enthusiastic welcome from the inhabitants, all Catholics and members of the parish of Tunnuk on Moen. They had not had the priest for four months, due to unfavorable winds, and so I would stay for at least two days, administering to their spiritual needs. Then, twenty miles across the lagoon to Moen. Father Kennally, Superior of the Mission, was surprised at my early return from the western islands. He was more surprised to learn that I had been in the open sea all during Typhoon *Allyn*.

I am now about to board the USS *Metomkin*, a Navy AKL for a quick observation of the storm damage to my poor flock on Puluwat and points west. Let's hope that we don't run into another typhoon!



In The Line of Duty

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

THE RUBBER PONCHO WAS HEAVY on his shoulders as he halted his horse on the rise above the flooded creek. For three weeks it had been raining steadily and even the usually dry watercourses were now raging torrents. There was danger in every one of these creeks—he had already crossed several of them on his return from this sick call at Chalmeca, deep in the Honduras bush. But time was running out; he must be in Yoro tonight in order to catch the morning plane. For he was to begin the annual retreat to the sisters at Tegucigalpa on the following evening. He must hurry. So Father Al Smith headed his tired horse down toward the creek that held danger—that today held death.

Aloysius Smith had been born in Jamestown, N. Y. 49 years ago. At the age of 18 he had entered the Society of Jesus at the novitiate in Florissant, Missouri. Seven years later he was teaching at St. John's College in Belize. After his ordination in 1932 he returned to British Honduras and was stationed at Corozal. Then after his last year of ascetical training at Cleveland in 1936 his fluent knowledge of Spanish led to his appointment among the Spanish-Americans of Trinidad, Colorado.

Father Al Smith was a man who felt his priesthood sensitively, deeply. He would never have been happy in the classroom. He wanted to be among the people; he wanted to be a priest before he was anything else. For five years he was assistant pastor at Prairie du Chien in Wisconsin before the need of chaplains in the armed services led him to volunteer for the Army in 1942. Then after four years of service he was mustered out. He asked to go back to the missions and was sent to Honduras. He had labored there four years until one day, in the line of duty, he rode down the bank towards a flooded creek.

His body was found a mile and a half from the crossing. The rubber poncho hadn't given him too much chance against

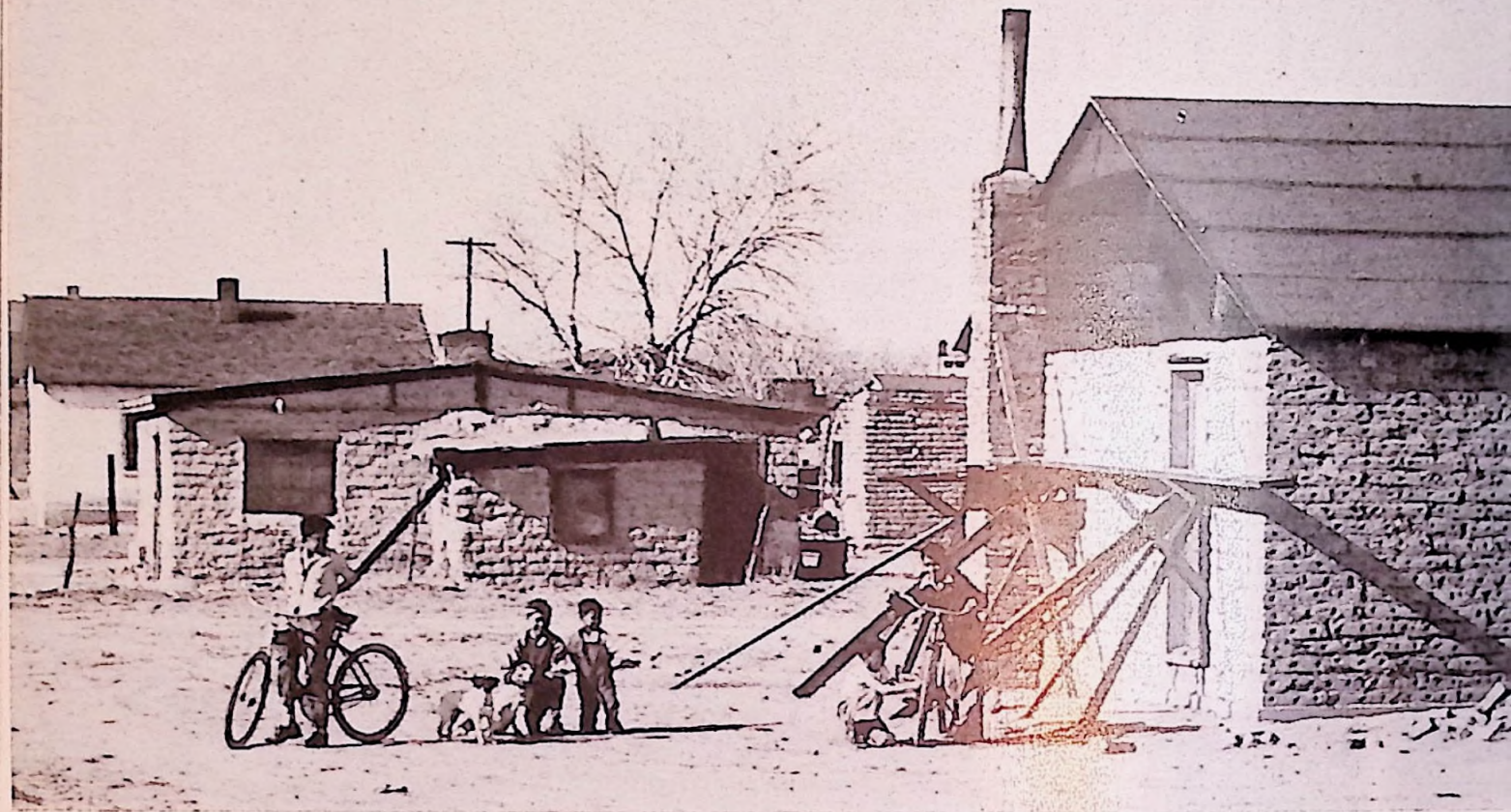


Father Aloysius Smith S.J. of the Missouri Province and the mission of Yoro in Honduras who met his death while trying to ford a flooded creek in the line of duty. It was the way he would want to go.

the raging waters. He had been carried across several grassy enclosures used for grazing animals. It was typical of Al Smith that when he must have sensed the danger he cut the saddle straps and gave his horse a chance to survive. When he was found his face still wore that composed, intent look so characteristic of him when listening or thinking.

It was the kind of death that Al Smith, the soldier, would have chosen. For three years he had been pastor at St. Anthony's Church in Minas de Oro and this was the feastday of St. Anthony. But most of all, death came in the line of duty. It was the only way Al would have wanted it.

Beneath The Spanish Peaks



LIKE THOUSANDS OF HIS FELLOW Spanish-Americans, Manuel Monchaco followed the trail of the Conquistadores across Raton Pass from New Mexico twenty-five years ago to work in the Colorado sugar beet fields. The work was hard and the pay poor—especially when one remembers that all seven Monchacos had to work for that single pay check. The beaverboard house on the beet ranch was built for a Colorado july, but the Monchacos had to work until November. Then cold weather drove them into Denver or Pueblo.

After several years in the beet harvest, they settled among a group of their fellow Spanish-Americans on Toledo Heights, a hillside near Pueblo, the industrial center of the state. A quiet, unromantic city on the plains, Pueblo has as a backdrop the mighty Rockies. Pike's Peak dominates the country northwest of the town. To the southwest towers the jagged sierra of Sangre de Cristo. Since the city has large steel mills, Manuel hoped to find year-round employment.

WILLIAM B. FAHERTY S.J.

He built a one-story home of adobe bricks, and paid one dollar a month rental for the land. Between 1937 and 1945 no one came for the money. Then word spread that a new owner intended to collect over ten thousand dollars ground rent. Of course, the squatters could not afford the money.

Like the vast majority of their fellow Spanish-Americans, these men were Catholics. They appealed to the two-year-old credit union at Mount Carmel Jesuit Parish. After careful study of the case, the credit union advanced four thousand dollars to purchase the property rights. When each squatter paid off his share of the loan, he was given clear title to his home.

This is but one of the many stories of the benefits brought to the people of Mount Carmel parish by its credit union—benefits that have resulted in a greater loyalty of the people to their Church. Already three hundred and thirteen families have been helped in the purchasing of their homes.

"It is the policy of the Church to be interested in the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of the individual," Father Charles Murray S.J., of Mount Carmel Parish, has often insisted, and Father

These are typical homes, one-story of adobe bricks, which the Mount Carmel Credit Union of Toledo Heights in Colorado financed for the Spanish-Americans there. Over three hundred families now own their own homes.

is not interested in making his people millionaires. He knows, however, that a certain amount of economic security is necessary for solid family life.

Among the Spanish-Americans of Colorado, this is especially true. They have a traditional love for the Church as an institution. What they need is an improved social status that can come only with educational and economic improvement. The Spanish-American needs above all to see that the Church is interested in his social welfare.

Priests in the Spanish-American parishes of Colorado have seen in the credit union movements a cornerstone for the social betterment of the people.

Colorado has a smaller Spanish-American population than other states of the Southwest, especially Texas and California where the population is over a million. Colorado has only 120,000 Spanish-Americans yet about one-half of the Catholic children are Spanish. Even when poor in every other way, these families are rich in children.

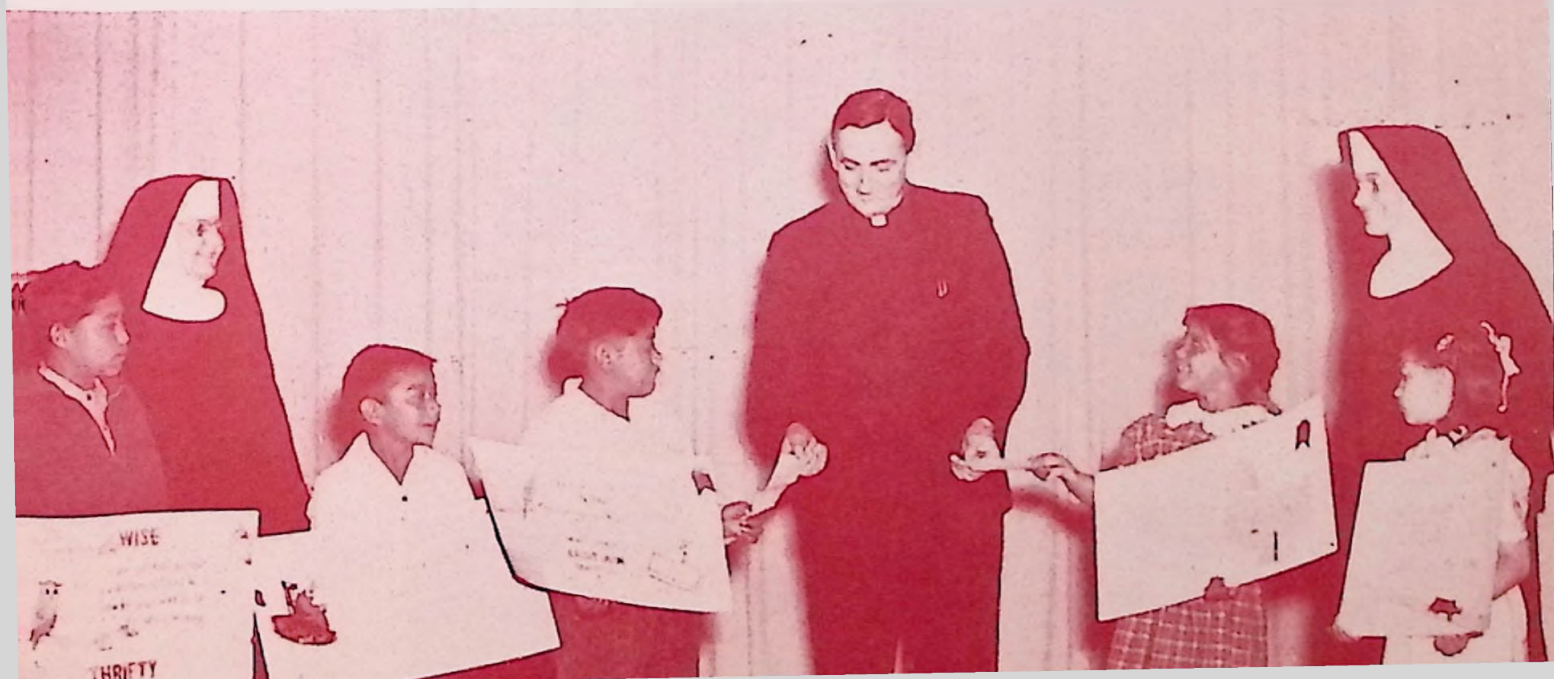
This makes doubly important the credit union work among the 238 children at St. Joseph's, the parish school. Not content with developing interest among the adults, Father Murray and Richard Lagerman, the very able credit union manager, have started a thrift club among the children.

"Where family life is strong today," remarks Father Murray, "there the Church will be strong tomorrow." The Mount Carmel Credit Union is making sure that family life flourishes among the Spanish-Americans in the shadow of the Spanish peaks.

Father Charles Murray S.J. and the sisters teaching at the Mount Carmel parish school inculcate early in life the principles which the adults appreciate.

Ordinas, Th.M. and Father Joseph Haller S.J., two other sponsors of credit unions in the region, heartily agree. "If we help the individual economically, we give him an opportunity to develop spiritually and socially and thus become a better Christian and citizen."

Missionary work cannot be confined to teaching catechism, visiting the sick and administering the sacraments. To set up a Christian society, the modern missionary must build not only religiously, but also socially and economically. The missionary



IN HIS OFFICE IN PATNA, INDIA, Father Henry I. Westropp S.J., works full speed all day long. He writes about 40 letters a day to people all over the world. During his days as a missionary in Patna, this grand old man of the missions has established stations at Arrah, Buxar, Peru, Gajhi, Barni, Bahr and many other places.

It is interesting to note that Father Westropp has been quite ill since his earliest days in the Society. He has only one lung.

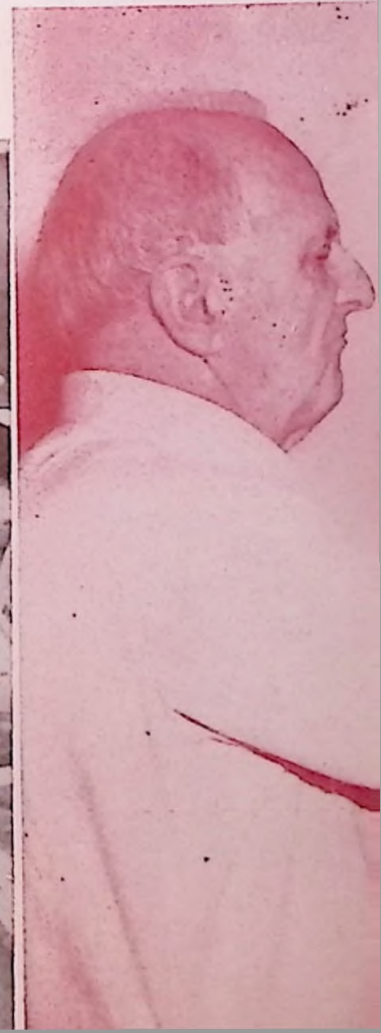
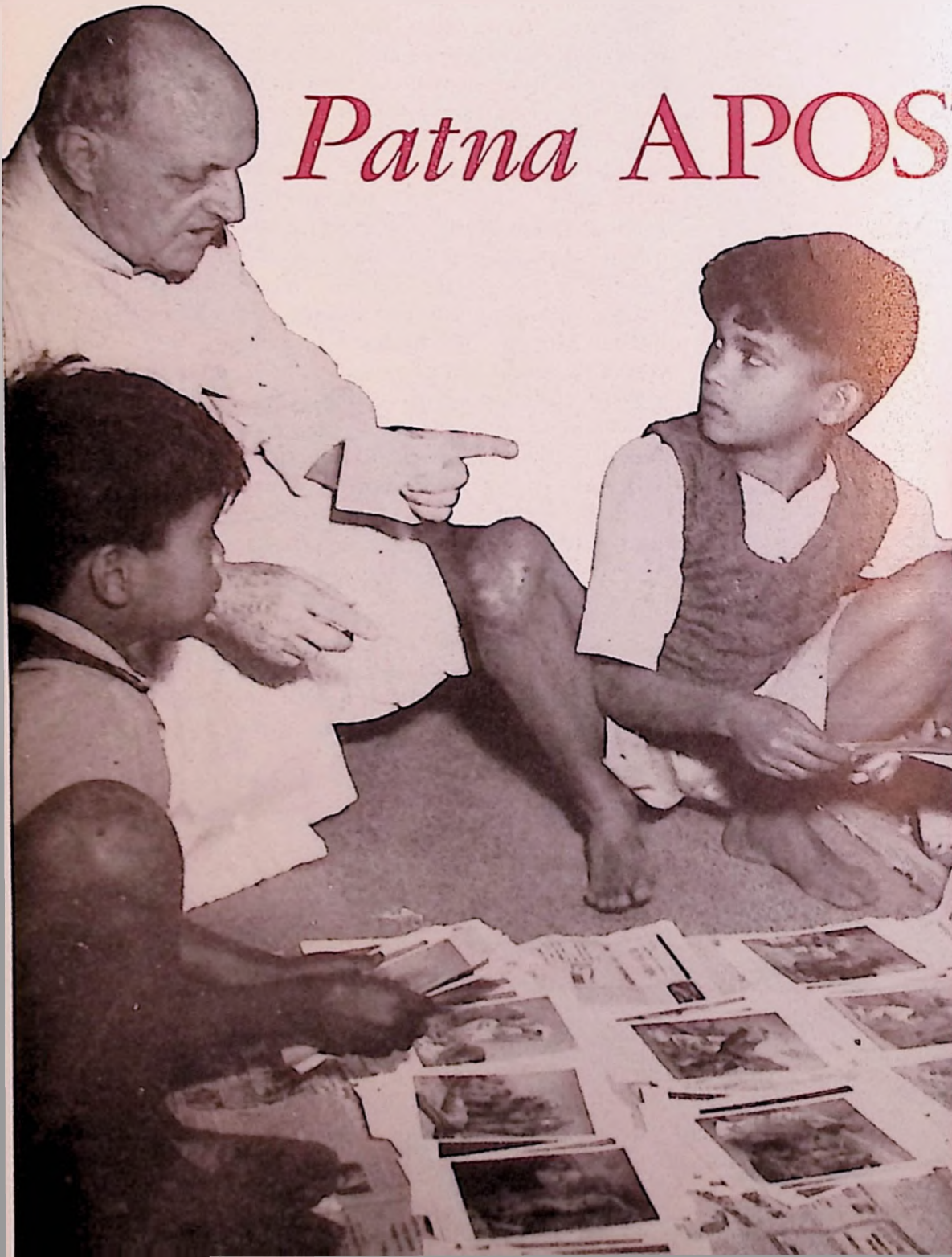
When he first arrived at Patna, Father Westropp began to realize what a prominent part literature plays in Christianizing

the people of a whole country, and he began his work on a Catholic Book Crusade.

About 5,000 books, 10,000 pamphlets, 10,000 magazines and papers pass through his little office every year. One of his services is to supply Indian missionaries who are unable to build up their own small libraries at their mission stations.

Father Calvert Alexander, Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, once found one of Father Westropp's Missionary Art Calendars in an Arab Sheik's tent in the Syrian desert. For these reasons Father Westropp, after more than 30 years, is increasingly enthusiastic over his literary propaganda program.

Patna APOSTLE





Father Henry Westropp S.J. in the midst of his varied activities. For almost a quarter of a century he has labored among the depressed classes of India. He once said, "The depressed classes here are very sadly neglected and little interest has been shown in them. There are over 5,000,000 of them in this diocese. I believe I can do my best work among the untouchables and the depressed classes." Before going to India Father Westropp spent ten years among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota. The latter remember him so vividly that each year they take up a collection to help him in his Catholic Literature Campaign.

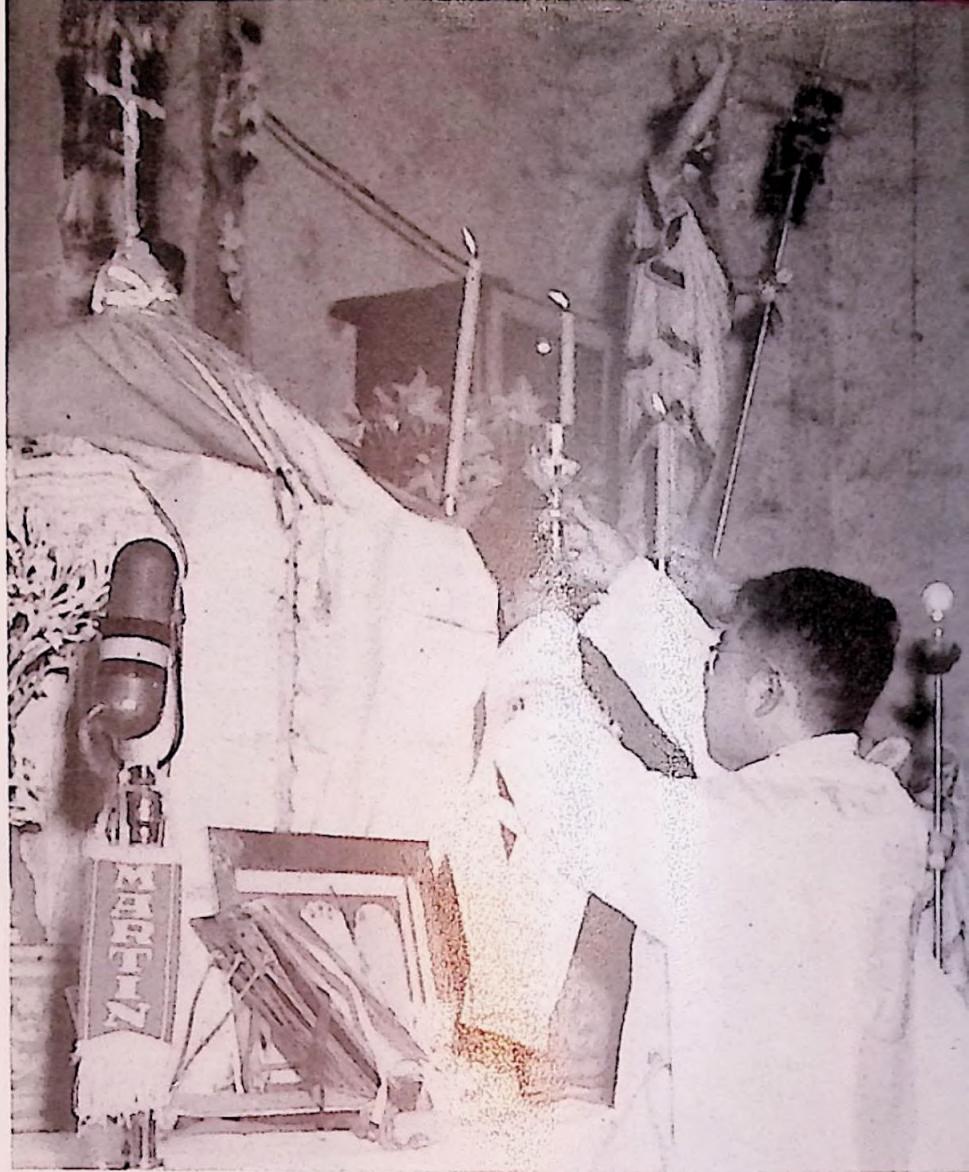
(Patna M. S. Photos)



FIRST MASS *in Exile*

JOHN J.
DAHLHEIMER S.J.

All through the town of Los Banos the whisper had gone, "Today he must not be lonely." So a young priest, now in exile from his native China, celebrates his first Solemn Mass as a whole town rallies behind him to make this longed-for day one which will be remembered always. A new glory crowns Los Banos.



LIKE MANY ANOTHER ILL-FATED Philippine town, Los Banos, sprawling between the southernmost reaches of Laguna de Bay and the rootlike foothills that buttress Mount Maquiling, flamed into prominence during the blood-drenched months that marked the end of the war in the Islands. The liberation and destruction of the notorious concentration camp by guerrilla and airborne troops; the massacres in the college chapel of St. Theresa and the barrio of Tadluc; the execution here of General Yamashita have made this little town a watchword.

Now, five years after the war's close, because of a young priest's first mass celebrated here, the town of Los Banos deserves a brighter and more glorious fame. And those who have been sickened and discouraged by the cold war of the present need only look at the church of Los Banos and at its people to hope once again.

Atrocities following in the wake of the Red sweep over China clearly indicated the Communist program for China's priests and

seminarians—butcher them or subvert them. A regional seminary moved, under constant Communist pressure, to southern China. There it became deadly clear that only exile in the Philippines could save their future priesthood for China.

A derelict army camp was re-activated as the seminary, and it was there that the first light gleamed forth in the darkening China situation. Little more than six months after their arrival, the first four exiled Chinese seminarians were elevated to the priesthood. Yet, in the very hour of their supreme happiness there was a deep tinge of sorrow, for no friends or relatives could be with them in the seminary chapel to share it.

Father R. E. Baes, diminutive pastor of Los Banos, invited one of the new priests to celebrate his first Mass at Los Banos. The Chinese father had practically no reason to suspect anything extraordinary in the invitation. He was a total stranger in a foreign country, he had been told of his mother's death a month before his ordination, and the Communist deathgrip upon China sealed

off his father. Father's mass, he must have thought, would be a lonely joy in a strange church among strangers.

However, in Los Banos there was a three day series of explosions at the center of which was the small figure of Father Baes. Father jeeped back and forth between the town and the Agricultural College of the University of the Philippines . . . practically the entire faculty was enlisted as sponsors; the Chinese community of Los Banos rallied to the new priest; the Maids of the Blessed Sacrament decorated the church and altars. Time and resources were generously and unquestioningly given: men and women, young and old, Chinese and Filipino, did all that was humanly possible to make this first Mass of an unknown priest as fine a celebration as possible. A strange thing, perhaps, for a cold and calculating world to understand, but not at all strange for anyone who has lived any length of time among the Filipino people.

Sunday April 30, 1950 marks the beginning of Los Banos' new fame. Thanks to the people of Los Banos and their zealous pastor, a "friendless" exile, who could not even speak their language, had everything that makes the first solemn High Mass something the new priest remembers all his life. No detail was missing, the main aisle arched and ribboned in white, the little girls sprinkling flower petals, the chalice and host decorations high upon the fine Spanish altar. Nor was the distinct touch of the Spanish Philippines missing — the washing of the

priest's hands at the church entrance with perfumed water, the pouring of water into the chalice by the padrinos de agua, etc.

Some nineteen hundred years ago, people from the East offered precious gifts to another Exile, and now the people of Los Banos added to the glorious tradition. Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Kong, the padrinos de agua, presented Father with his chalice and paten; Father Baes offered Father his vestments; the Chinese and Filipino communities opened their hearts to this new priest whom they did not even know four days before.

Behind the church as Father chanted the Mass of Los Banos towered the bulk of cloud-shrouded Maquiling, grim stronghold of the dissident Hukbalahaps, declared a war zone by government troops. Twice within the past month they have raided into Los Banos. Many men must die on Maquiling, perhaps, before real peace comes to the Islands. Somehow, though dwarfed physically by the grim height, the church in which the exiled priest, surrounded by his friends, sung his first Mass, towered above the peaks that have come to symbolize the struggle in the Islands. One felt that with the spirit of Los Banos, the Philippines will one day come to even greater glory as the "Citadel of Rome in the East." The small white church at the foot of the mountain was a promise of it.

This was the first time that Los Banos ever had a first Solemn High Mass. Yet no detail was missing. Here is the distinct touch of the Spanish Philippines as the padrinos de agua, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Kong, assist at the washing of the priest's hands.



HOW'S BUSINESS?

THOMAS J. KELLY S.J.

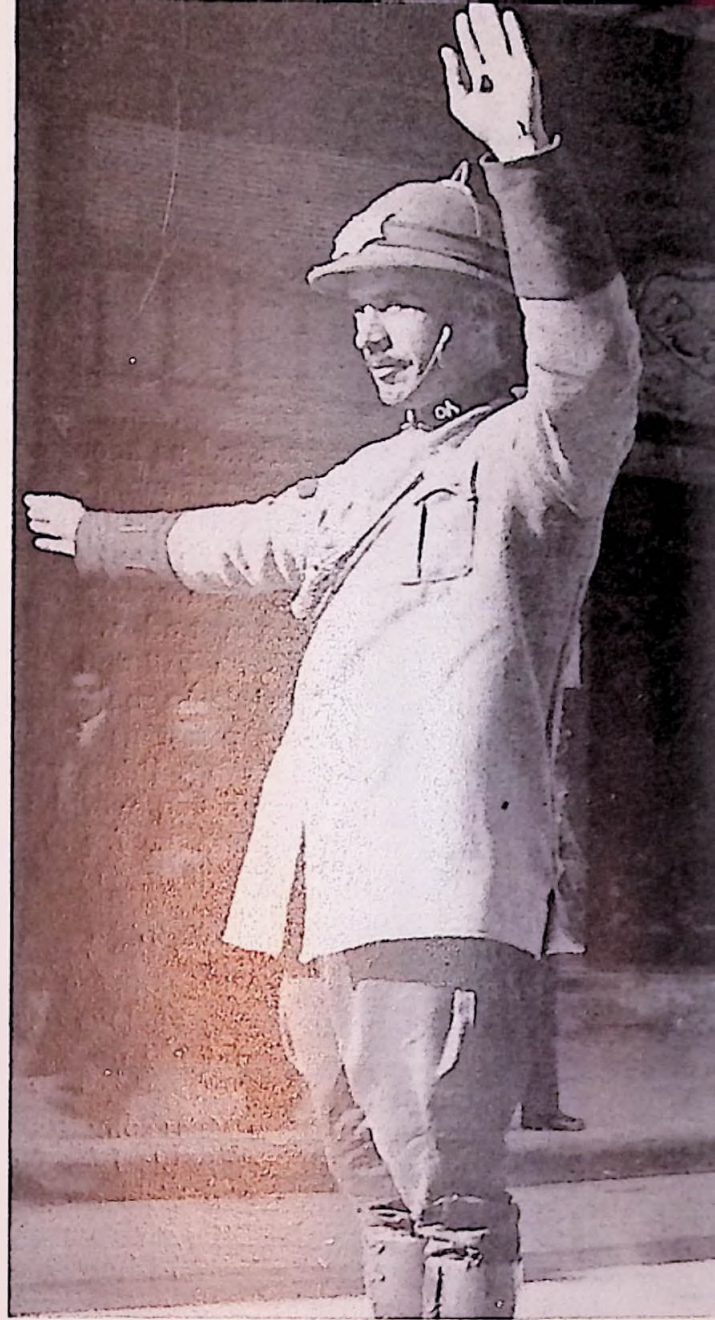
ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS of the holy men of the East was their desire to "get away from it all." Sanctity was nourished in solitude and holiness grew out of loneliness. A cave with a northern exposure, a comfortable four-foot-in-diameter column rising forty or fifty feet above the turmoil of the earth, or the heart-warming emptiness of the desert produced the majority of our early-day saints of the Eastern Church. The Jesuits of Baghdad College are beginning to appreciate such a procedure. They recognize, too, that before these ancients were holy they were wise—and they showed their wisdom by fleeing the teeming bazaars where sanctity alone is not haggled over.

There are times when you can conduct a brisk business in lonely caves among the Fathers of B.C. on the Tigris. These times mostly occur when there are dealings to be gone through with the local merchants. The quick hands of the West hopefully place their burden on the shrugged shoulders of the East. "Tomorrow?" asks the West. "Tomorrow," promises the East, thankful that no specific date has been set for the completion of the work.

"You are sure?" presses the West.

"Only Allah can be sure," smiles the East, but come and see!"

I have just finished one annual job that has many comings but few seeings. It may not strike you as the kind of work a missionary is supposed to do but it is one angle in the pattern 28 other Jesuits are weaving here in Baghdad. That job is Business Editor of *El Iraqi*, the college yearbook. This is my fourth year on the job and I must admit that things are a lot easier now than they were at that time. I was always lost in those days because the only addresses they used were: "He lives near the bridge," or



One of Baghdad's finest. But when the only directions are "Go around the corner by the cop" you can always wonder whether this is the one meant.

"Go just around the corner by the cop." I didn't know where the bridge or the cop were. But now, I know and enter a shop and say, "Well, here I am again. How's business?" The manager looks up and says, "What, so soon?" even though it's a year since last I saw him. He then signs on the dotted line and we are that much closer to paying our printing bill.

However, the unexpected always turns up to add a little spice or vinegar to life. I have in mind one famous druggist in town. With my best Sunday smile, I asked him if he wanted another ad for 1950. "For 1950?" he bellowed, "1950? Why that ad for last year was all wrong, absolutely wrong!"

"What was wrong with it?" I managed.

"Whoever heard of cod liver oil having

Vitamins A and B? Everybody knows that cod liver oil has Vitamins A and D!" He then launched into a speech on the origin, rise and final decay of cod liver oil as it appeared in last year's copy of my magazine. I assured him it would not happen again. "You bet your sweet life it won't happen again," he said with gusto. "I'm no longer agent for that company."

Of course, the whole thing was very instructive for me because I wasn't even dimly aware that there were any vitamins in cod liver oil anyway. But it gives you a sample of what you might run into. At present, he says, "Maybe I'll take an ad this year," but there is an acute accent on "Maybe."

We asked the boys once to get ads for the magazine. After six weeks in which only one ad was forthcoming, we decided that personal canvassing was necessary and that explains why I have to romp around the various establishments looking for ads. Even now I occasionally take a boy along to fill up my Arabic lapses, which are funny and frequent.

In the States I used to be amazed at the varied stock they had in the various stores, especially in the five-and-ten. But some of these places are way ahead of them. One of our advertisers is the agent for the following items; television sets, buses, cheese, charcoal, soap, reptile skins, trailers, sweets, gunnysacks and artificial eyes! Another can produce for you right on the spot: ice, cement, scales, ghee, bitumen, dates, ammonia, and tops off the list with this modest assertion: "manufactured goods of every description." Another holds down 27 agencies. So you see we are not exactly reduced to the mere necessities of life. Those reptile skins have me stopped cold, though.

Do I hear whispers—"So that's the missionary work they are doing over there?" It is one little part of it, but it is an important one because I have been told to do it. It is a mirror of the work being done by missionaries all over the world. It is one little cog wheel in a watch and if it stops, it spoils the watch. Many things appear trifling, but when superiors want something done missionaries see God standing before them in their superiors and it is God's request. That is the thing that makes sense, that is the thing that makes life possible. Otherwise all of us would be searching for a quiet cave far away from the noisy bazaars.

Come, follow me

The gospel for the feast of Saint Matthew is the evangelist's own story of his vocation. The episode is briefly described and with a fine restraint. Yet it reveals the compelling attraction of Christ's personality on the sincere and honest mind, as it also reveals the charming humility of true sanctity.

Matthew was an honest and forthright man in a profession that harbored many rogues. In the busy port and market town of Capharnaum, fisherman and farmer were considered honorable folk, as was the merchant from the teeming bazaar. But the tax-collector enjoyed no man's good opinion. He was doing the work of the pagan overlord, the hated Roman. He was considered the "Collaborator," the "quisling" of his day.

Christ does not judge by the smearing label. He knows the hearts of men. Seeing Matthew in the customs-house and knowing his solid worth, "He said to him, Follow me. And Matthew rose from his place and followed him." Matthew himself was a keen judge of men. He had to be in his profession. In the tone of that invitation, in the alluring appeal of those eyes that searched his own, Matthew discovered something more precious than his gold.

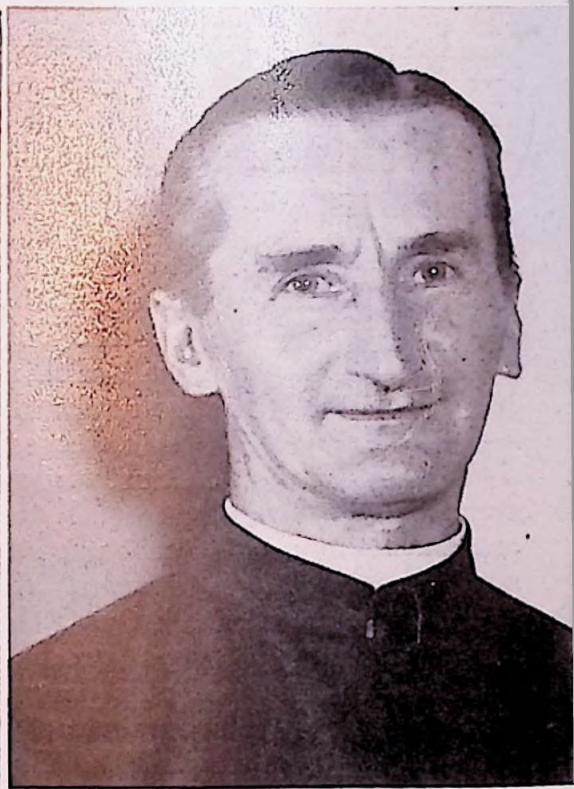
He is content to say that "he rose from his place and followed him." It is Saint Luke who tells us that Matthew "rose up, and left all things behind, and followed him." In his humility, Matthew did not think of his response as a renunciation. In his honest mind, to surrender all to the Giver of all was something less than sacrifice.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.

Caroline Marshall Islands



Some of Father William Walter's parishioners in the Carolines.
Sister Mercedes with catechists and pupils in the port area of Moen.



Father Vincent Kennally S.J., Superior

Father Thomas Feeney S.J. blesses a new boat. Brother Walter uncrates a cement mixer on Moen. The lau



and



An outrigger races for Truk before the storm breaks out. The good ship Regina calls for all hands on the island of Likiep.



Father Hernandez S.J., 26 years on Truk.

VISUALIZE A PATCH of the tropical Pacific equal in size to the United States from Los Angeles to Baltimore and from Chicago to New Orleans; dot it with 1,448 islands, islets and coral reefs containing in all less than 1,000 square miles of land-area; people it with 45,492 inhabitants mostly Micronesians; make one-third of them Catholics and you have a bird's eye view of the Caroline and Marshall Islands.

Probably sighted by Magellan, first visited by Villalobos, evangelized by Spanish Jesuits, Augustinian Recollects and German Capuchins, this mission has been entrusted to the New York Province Jesuits since 1948. Under Very Rev. Vincent I. Kennally S.J., its Apostolic Administrator, 21 Jesuit priests and 9 brothers stationed at 11 strategic centers serve 45 chapels and visit some 50 other outposts. Assisted by 9 Mercederians, 6 Maryknoll Sisters and a budding group of Ponapean religious, they conduct 9 elementary and 2 vocational schools. Two Ponapean Jesuit brothers and several students at the Apostolic School in Manila, P. I., are preparing for their future Micronesian apostolate.

IT HAD RAINED EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON for weeks, but this Sunday, the one for Jamaica's first Holy Name Rally, showed up in tropical blue fringed with a few white fluffy things that floated in a warm breeze. The police in sun helmets and white tunics had been posted for the big parade. Even two brand new motorcycle policemen with oversized sun glasses and Sam Brown belts cruised along the route of march.

This Monster Rally was the brain child of one of the Jesuit priests working in the hot, rapidly developing city of Kingston. A public demonstration of Faith—what better time

MEN *on* *the March*

PHILIP D. KIELY S.J.

than the Holy Year? Catholic men on the march. Bring in all the men to the city—men labouring in the fields way out in the country parts, men from the bush who have a little cane patch and a cow—men from Avocat and May River, mountain men who seldom, if ever, come to town. These men worship in small mission churches where ten Catholic men at Mass make a miracle. Let them all come together and feel the strength, even in a small way, of the Body of Christ on earth! Let them join forces with the men from the city, business men, merchants, wharf workers, clerks, mechanics! But who would come out and march in the "sun hot"? Nobody knew.

Anyway, preparations built on hope steamed ahead. The Pipes and Drums of the Royal Inniskillings were to lead off the parade and in the middle, if there was one,



the colorful band of boys from the Alpha Industrial School would take up the beat. A batch of Holy Name Banners and arm bands and badges were prepared. All were to convene at the beautiful Byzantine Cathedral at four o'clock.

And did they come?

From one o'clock on, truck loads of men riding on hard planks for three or four hours; others in buses, cars, bicycles and on foot poured into the Cathedral and flowed all over the grounds. One country man during the sermon nudged another who was sound asleep, "Look man, this roof tall like Heaven." With one obligingly disinterested glance the sleeper went back to his repose. Then came the parade. Soldiers from Up Park Camp were on hand to help in lining up the men on the playing field of St. George's College.

Not in the flick of an eye—not even in two flicks, but in the "hurry slowly" pace

of the tropics they were all lined up—men of various nationalities; Chinese, Syrians, real native Jamaicans, some few Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen—men of all colours without any consciousness of the same for they were all Catholics, all brothers in Christ, members of His Body Who died for all men without discrimination. As one body they marched through the streets of Kingston to Sabina Park, all out of step with the music but all in step with God.

The climax was the Candle Light Benediction. Two thousand candles, like the loaves and fishes, were not enough. They were multiplied by dividing—a mathematical miracle of charity. A huge sigh escaped from the thousands of witnesses as the night was filled with light and hearts pounded with pride as over the field spread the strong voices of thousands of men singing "Holy God, We praise Thy Name." The Holy Name pledge was made by all.

It was a grand spectacle and taught better than words the unity of the members of the Mystical Body of Christ. Jamaican Catholic men have felt the force of that slogan of the thirteen original states—"In unity there is strength"—and how much truer for them when the unity is in and with and for Christ!

(Left) The men of St. Helen's of Linstead look determined as they parade along, under the leadership of Father Ball. (Below) Father Charles Eberle and Father Raymond Sullivan lead a strong contingent.



SCORPIONS

Like Summer Nights

AUSTIN REINBOTH S.J.



Austin Reinboth S.J. has some unusual pets.

THE SHARP AGONIZING CRY OF A CHILD split the silence of the Indian night. Our table talk ceased on the instant and chairs flew backwards. A father and four sons leapt into action. Someone grabbed an oil lamp and ran out into the darkness of the portico. The rest of us were on his heels, as his voice cried out, "It's Pauline!" Then the night wind smothered the light and left us fumbling in the dark. But Pauline was still crying. It was the violent, uncontrolled crying of a girl of six, who evidently had received a great shock and was in severe pain. Her crying came from the direction of a bunch of beds beyond the portico, and her wails—"Something bit me, something bit me"—told us what had happened even before we reached her.

Pauline's mother examined the toe and discovered an ugly little puncture at the

inflamed tip. "A nasty sting of some sort," she conjectured, and her mind pounced on a scorpion for doing the dirty job. She was right. The scorpion was there all right—not far from Pauline. It was dancing around in circles from the convulsions of pain wracking its own little body, for Pauline had stepped on it on her way to bed in the open air. Vengefully, a heavy boot crushed it out of existence.

Pauline was still in pain. The smallest and worst Indian scorpion had stung her. The pain would last at least twenty-four hours, unless some remedy could be found. It occurred to me at once. It was an old neighbor's boast that he could put down a scorpion sting in two minutes. So I ran to fetch him. He came, tall, strong, old and gray. He convinced himself of the sting and then turned and asked me for a plum tree branch. I looked at him and wondered if he were going to stage a crazy comedy.

"Get me a plum tree branch," he insisted with such vigor and evident impatience that I ran off to do his bidding.

Indian plum trees are all thorny, but I braved the thorns, broke, and brought the branch he wanted. He got down on his knees, took a linen kerchief from his pocket and bound it round Pauline's ankle. There was a breathless silence and every eye took in each movement. The old man was going about his job with the deftness and weird-

ness of an Indian fakir staging superstitious stunts.

Pauline was still crying when he gripped her kerchief-bound ankle with his left hand, and then beat the ground three times with the plum branch, saying something each time. None of us caught a word. He rapidly unwound the kerchief, shook it out as if to dust something from it, and then tied it around her shin and repeated the same process of beating the ground three times, mumbling something while he held her shin. He undid the kerchief again, shook it out, and repeated the process for the third time at Pauline's knee. After he had beaten the ground with the plum branch and had opened and shaken out the kerchief, he looked up and asked Pauline, "Any pain?"

Pauline had stopped crying. She shyly admitted there was no pain, but the incredulous, lost look she gave us made us roar. The old "magician," let us call him that, felt pleased. So were we, now that Pauline was out of pain. But we were curious about a few things. Why the plum branch? What did the incantation and the triple beating of the floor mean? Our magician answered no questions, but complacently left us for his bed. He had proved his boast. But he had aroused in me an interest in scorpions.

In after years I got to Jaipur, Rajputana, where I was on the staff of a boarding school for boys. There scorpions like to take a cool stroll every summer night. I was just six months at Jaipur when Kalyan, a twelve-year-old working boy, was badly stung by one and brought weeping to me. It was now my turn to spring scorpion surprises. I assured the boy I would dry his tears in two minutes. But first I had to recall what Father Kevin Angelo S.J. of Bettiah told me about putting down scorpion stings. Father Angelo had said it was a simple business. A scorpion sting affected only a man's nerves. No poison ever went

into the blood stream. In that case the pain could be made to travel down the nerves under a steady continuous pressure and worked out at any extremity of the body, through a finger or a toe.



This I now intended to do. I took hold of Kalyan's painful foot. The scorpion had stung him just below the left ankle. I pointed to the spot, pressed it, then asked him if the pain was there. He sobbed out a tearful "Yes, Father."

Keeping my hand on the painful spot, I then proceeded to mark a pencilled cross at the same place on the other ankle. That done, I worked the pressure of my hand upwards from the injured ankle to the back of Kalyan's knee. There I halted and inquired: "Now, Kalyan, where is the pain?" He pointed behind his knee to the spot where my hand was. Again, on the back of the opposite knee I made a cross with a pencil and steadily pressed up the boy's thigh to his hip and stopped again to ask where the pain was. The pain was at the hip—good! So, on the opposite hip I made a new pencil cross. From the hip I ran my hand up to Kalyan's armpit, got his answer, made my sign on the opposite side, and came down to the elbow, then to the wrist, then to the joint of the forefinger, and finally to the finger tip. "And now where is the pain?"

Kalyan, who had gradually got intrigued with the whole business, excitedly cried, "There, there, Father, at the very end of the finger."

"O. K. Kalyan, hold it! Now, I'm going to whisk the pain right out of that finger."

With a dramatic finale I counted, one, two, three, and whisked my hand away from his finger, and asked, "Now, where's the pain, little man?"

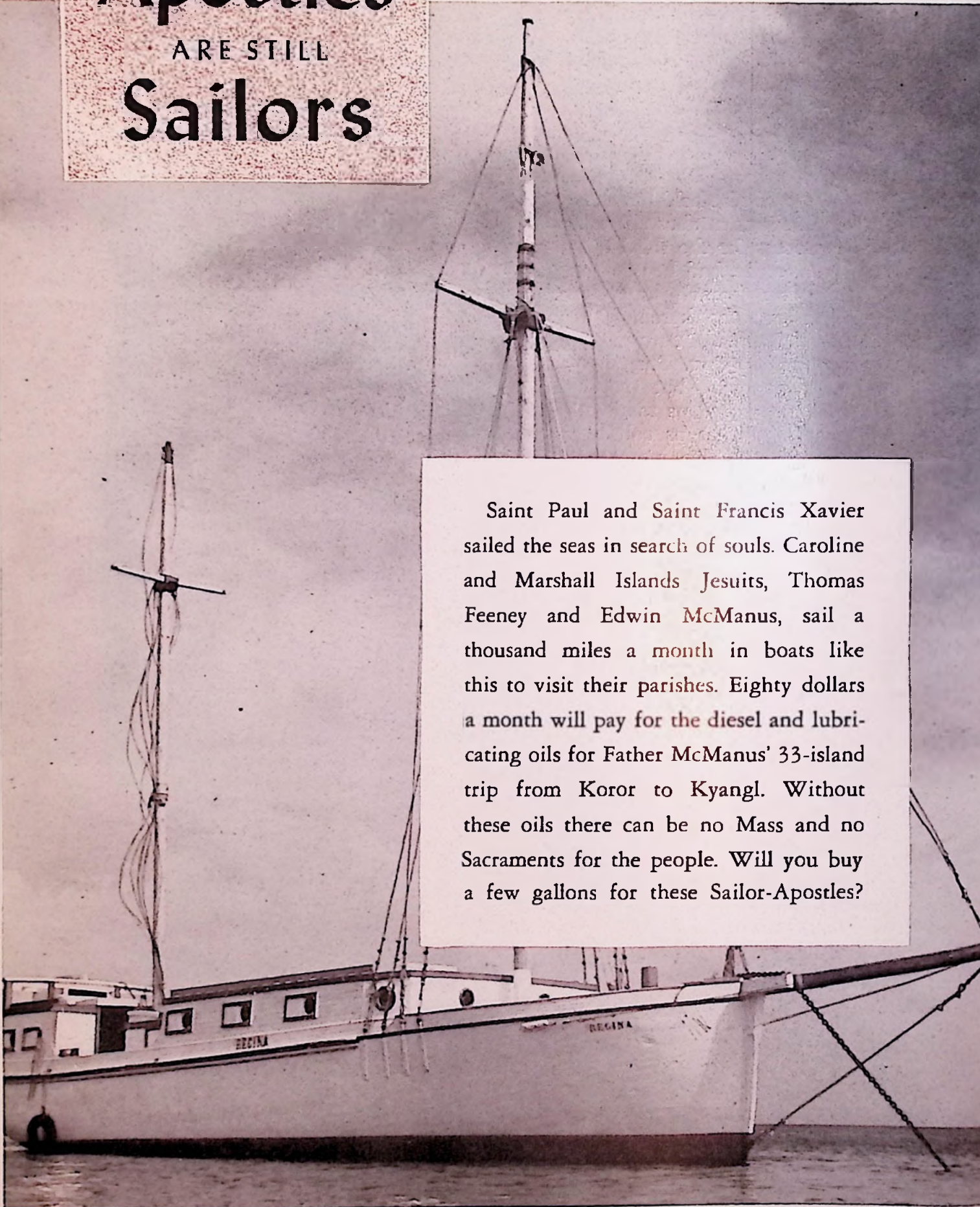
"It's gone, Father," he laughed out loud. Then all of us laughed with him.

"Good," said I. "I bet I can do that again any time, and you can do it too, in just that way!"

"But why . . ." you may ask, "why the pencil crosses on the opposite side?" My answer is, "You can just as well make them on the same side, along which you are pressing. Father John Brennan does it that way and succeeds just as well. That

crossing just fixes the patient's attention and lets him know that we are now off to the next station where we will stop and call for the pain." Really, I think the cure is more psychological than physical.

Apostles ARE STILL Sailors



Saint Paul and Saint Francis Xavier sailed the seas in search of souls. Caroline and Marshall Islands Jesuits, Thomas Feeney and Edwin McManus, sail a thousand miles a month in boats like this to visit their parishes. Eighty dollars a month will pay for the diesel and lubricating oils for Father McManus' 33-island trip from Koror to Kyangl. Without these oils there can be no Mass and no Sacraments for the people. Will you buy a few gallons for these Sailor-Apostles?

JESUIT *Missions* 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

SEPTEMBER: The Indians of Latin America

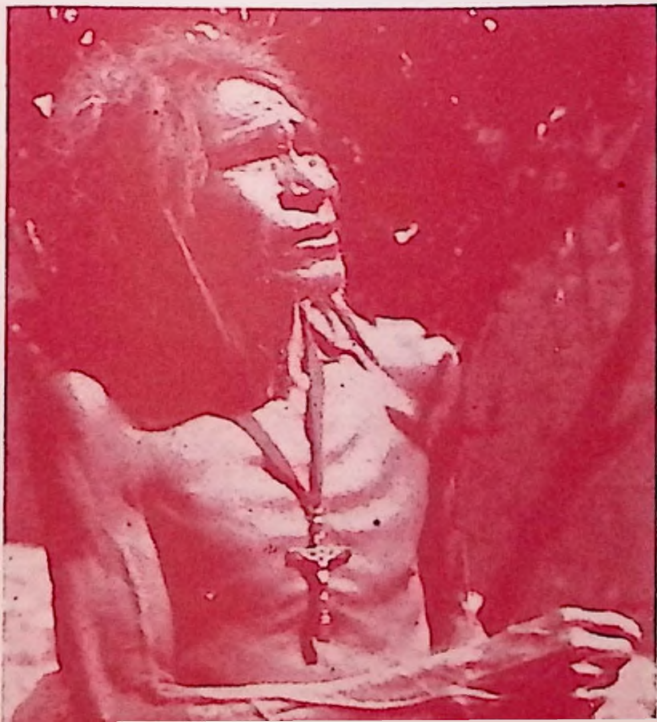
DURING SEPTEMBER THE POPE requests the Catholic world to pray for the Indians of Latin America. Two million of the 22,000,000 pure-blooded Indians of these countries dwell in 44 distinct mission territories, and less than 500,000 are believed to be still primitive pagans.

While we do not wish to slight the work of some 500 members of other religious orders and missionary societies engaged in these Latin American countries we are using this occasion to place before the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS another glimpse at the Jesuit missionary work among the Indians of Latin America.

In the rugged sierras of Mexico's Chihuahua dwell the proud Tarahumaras. First evangelized by Spanish Jesuits, they are now being taught industrial arts and agricultural know-how by Mexican Jesuits who serve them in more than 50 mission stations.

In British Honduras not all of the 35 American Jesuits have care of the Indians there, but regular mission journeys are made up and down the rivers with occasional excursions into neighboring Guatemala to keep the love of God in the hearts of Caribs, Mayans and Keckchi Indians. Indians in the

A Tarahumara Indian from the mountains of Mexico.



Departamento of Yoro, Republic of Honduras, are also entrusted to American Jesuits with mission centers at Progreso, Olanchito, Yoro and Minas de Oro.

Crossing the isthmus to the South American countries we find Spanish and Colombian Jesuits working hand in hand along the flats of the Magdalena River in the mission of Barranca Bermeja, raised only last April to the status of a Vicariate Apostolic. This is one of the few Latin American missions that rejoices in an Apostolic School for fostering Indian vocations to the priesthood.

Since 1923 Jesuits stationed in Ecuador have been working among some 4,000 Cayapa and Inter-Andean Indians of the Manabi province, and since 1945 among the Aguarunos of the Mission of San Javier de Marañon in Peru. Where the historic Paraguay Reductions once flourished a small but heroic band of Argentine Jesuits is today engaged in the noble work of reclaiming to the faith the long-neglected Paraguay Indians. In the interior of British Guiana English Jesuits are traveling the long miles of savannahs to keep the faith in the hearts of Makushis and Wapishanas and to better their economic condition.

Brazil has the inglorious reputation of having within her boundaries some of the most uncivilized and savage Indians in the world, most of whom have evaded all attempts to estimate their number. Jungle fastnesses and the Indian's innate fear of foreigners have hindered contacts between missionaries and the aboriginals, and even where first contacts have been effected further visits by the missionary proved that the Indians had retired again into their jungle hideouts. In this "Green Hell" of Brazil's Mato Grosso eleven Jesuits man the Diamantino Mission.

These missions and those of other non-Jesuit missionaries among the Indians of Latin America we recommend to the prayers of our readers this month.

Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

GOD'S HANDY MEN

One of the strange things in the mystery of God's Providence is the way He takes men of prayer and makes them men of action. A missionary goes forth to an entirely different world and he finds himself doing things he never expected to do, things which he didn't know he could do. Most of those things never get told for the simple reason that they take up too much of a man's time. **Father John Baud S.J.** at St. Peter Claver Mission in Nulato, Alaska, neatly sums up the situation when he says, "You cannot handle a hammer or a shovel during the day and then sit down at night to type out the fun or the disasters of our daily life. I would like to make Nulato better known but I can't until I get a priest or even a brother to help me. Why is there so much to do around the mission? Since May when the ice broke up on the Yukon I have been making a new wood furnace for the school. Now I am digging tons of dirt under that school to save the foundations from rotting. The dirt filtered in with the floods of other years, and it is not easy to take out. I can't depend on my Indians to do that work even if I were to pay two dollars an hour. Not having the two dollars anyway, you can guess who it is who must bend his back. Would you have him bend it again at night over a typewriter?"

Yet now and then we do catch glimpses of the many-sided life

of the missionary and the strange places and customs he encounters. **Father Daniel Corbett S.J.** of the Ateneo de Cagayan in the Philippines writes, "All year I've been tied down to the school so last Sunday was my first real



Father John Baud S.J. of the Alaskan mission with a newly baptized orphan from the home at Holy Cross and one of the older girls.

experience of a touch of missionary life. I went out to celebrate Mass in a small hillside chapel—a barrio chapel, as we call it. The floor was just the way the Lord made it, dirt, and dusty dirt at that, which billowed around your ankles as you moved about. There was plenty of sunlight and fresh air, since there were no sides to the chapel. A haphazard arrangement of tin roofing and native dried grass served as a roof.

"There was a platform built in front of the altar, but the bare ground might have been safer. The platform consisted of several planks seemingly laid across a

few cross bars. Every time I walked across the platform, or even moved a bit, I thought I was back on shipboard, weaving up and down with the rise and fall of the sea. Throughout the entire Mass a little kitten kept us company in the chapel. It came strolling in shortly after I started Mass and started preening and sunning itself on the lower step of the platform. After it decided it had sufficiently cleaned itself, it found a nice comfortable spot in the sun and dozed off for a cat nap. The servers didn't seem to find the cat in the way, and the people evidently were not surprised at it, so there it stayed until I came down to say the prayers at the foot of the altar. Then it arose majestically, stretched and slipped away. I suppose anything can happen in a mission chapel."

SITUATION FLUID

A darker note on the Philippines is given by **Father James McGinley S.J.** who recently made a trip through the Huk country. "The situation here of internal order is something with which the government cannot cope. The present policy of the Huks is the 'policy of attraction.' This means they use only peaceful means to carry on their raids, forays, etc. Well groomed young men, able to handle Spanish and two local dialects, drop into town, civilian in garb, give fine talks, point out to the people that their enemies are the same. They even 'police' a town when they come in and buy up supplies at something close to a fair price. They protect women, guard all drinking, and in general sometimes give better results as far as 'law

and order' go than does the Philippine Constabulary itself! On occasion, for instance for a Confirmation session where 4,000 were present, a 'peace' holiday was declared. Huks were in the crowd, getting their kids confirmed too, and PCs also were doing the same. But they called off things for that day!

"There definitely are Filipinos here, trained in the USSR, used to train others here, and the training is excellent. They wear their principles in a little pocket right over the heart. And they are doing a tremendous job in the 'softening up' phase of operations, as usual. The headquarters of the Huks in Mt. Arayat are better, more efficient than the headquarters of the PC. The latter boys get at most twenty pesos a month, could not possibly support a family, get poor rations and supplies, and are always using worn out American stuff. But the Huks want the government, not just reform. And present operations are only temporary. In Cagayan valley two-thirds know how serious things are, one-third does not."

TIGRIS TALENTS

The ordinary philosophy and theology textbooks, once so carefully studied by the missionary-to-be, are rather inadequate in their treatment of some of the practical problems encountered on the mission fields. Yet these problems, for instance the one of building, must be met. How to do it? **Father Edward Madaras S.J.**, Superior of the Baghdad Mission, has an answer to that which will make any builder in the States envious.

"Readers of **JESUIT MISSIONS** who may have contributed to our science building will be glad to know that their money is being stretched to the limit. For some \$50,000 we are putting up a fine building that would cost a quarter of a million back home. How



Two of the best reasons for the success of the Baghdad Collage building plan. **Father Leo Guay** doesn't appear too disturbed as **Father Edward Madaras**, Superior of the mission, points out something worthy of comment. If the workers tire then tea and cigarettes will be served.

do we do it? We dispense with architects and contractors and draughtsmen. We buy our own materials after haggling over the price, hire the men, and set to work. In all this a little experience is helpful, but if you haven't got it, you will soon get it.

"Our chief saving is in the price of labor. A good bricklayer here gets \$2.50 a day instead of the \$25 you pay in the States. And a bricklayer here will lay up to 2,000 (repeat 2,000) bricks a day, depending on the nature of the work. On work that demands care perhaps 1,000 would be the figure for a nine-hour day. Is it 500 bricks a day you get in the U.S.?"

"The average cost of our bricks is around \$10 a thousand. I believe it is \$50 in the U.S. Another big saving for us. Cement

costs us under \$25 a ton. I don't know what the U.S. price is. We are buying something over 50 tons of steel beams at less than you can get them for in America. We're paying about \$95 a ton for beams from Belgium. Our doors are being made of teakwood at considerably less than we could import them. Steel windows are coming from England at a very reasonable price. So you see that England's devaluation has helped us out also.

"The \$50,000 mentioned above does not take in the equipment or furnishings. When or how we are to get them we are leaving in the hands of good St. Joseph. It wouldn't do us any good to worry about them now, and, anyhow, we have our hands full with the building itself.

"**Father Guay**, the architect,

has been kept busy seeing that things go according to blue print. When he is not busy teaching class, you are almost sure to find him at the building using his rudimentary Arabic to the best advantage to get things clear. Fortunately, Hassoon, our chief mason, is intelligent and sympathetic. There's many a headache in the building for Father Guay before he brings it to completion, but Fathers Sheehan and Gerry, who share our present laboratory with Father Guay, are breathing down his neck all the time urging him on with the work. It is doubtful if we shall have it ready for occupancy next fall, but we'll get along somehow until it is ready."

A PROMISE TO PADRE

There is another building problem on a much smaller scale down in Honduras where **Father Francis Hogan S.J.** works out of his headquarters in Olanchito.

"My last mission trip took me up into the mountains south of us. A group of settlers are carving out little farms for themselves high up in the mountains and they wanted the blessing of God on their efforts, so they asked the priest to come and visit them. Of course I was ready to go—any place where I can do some good. I took a Fruit Co. train to a camp called Trojas III and there two men met me with a mule to carry the padre and another to carry my two bags. The men safely tied my bags to the back of a mule and the Padrecito mounted the other mule. We began our four hour trip up the sides of the mountains. In places it seemed that we were going straight up, the mountains are so very steep and rocky. We passed coffee fields, patches of cane, and other fincas of banana, chata and planten. Finally at six o'clock we arrived at the little village.

"Since it was late when we arrived, there was time only to



THE GIVER GOES HOME

A familiar and well-loved figure is gone from the streets of Belize. The passing of Brother Joseph Jankowski S.J. a month ago was felt throughout the entire mission of British Honduras. There were few missionaries so well known and respected as this quiet coadjutor brother who had spent the last 36 years of his long life on the mission field.

Brother Jankowski was 78 years old when he went home to the God Whom he had served so long and faithfully. A member of the Missouri Province, he had gone to Belize the same year in which the first World War began. When the second World War broke out Brother Jankowski was celebrating 25 years of service without having once left the shores of British Honduras. In the eleven years to follow he returned to the United States for one visit of a few months only. So in his 57 years as a Jesuit he had spent 36 of them on the missions.

The boys at St. John's College in Belize knew him affectionately as "Brother Joe" and were quick to recognize the trait that characterized his whole life. Brother Joe was a born giver. There was nothing he desired more than to be giving to others, whether the gift was an orange or a helping hand or time. He couldn't walk the streets of Belize without a crowd of children clinging to his hand or cincture. Now he is gone but two generations remember the quiet, smiling figure whose whole life was one of giving, first to God and then to God's children.

eat my supper (rice, beans, eggs, and tortilla and coffee), visit with a few people and go to bed. The people had set up a little cross on a hill overlooking their farms and near the cross they had built a little shelter. We said Mass in this shelter and practically everyone attended. After the Mass we blessed the cross, baptized three babies and gave some instructions to the children. By ten o'clock they were free to return to their huts.

"These good people are to be praised for their spirit of industry and they realize that they cannot get very far without the blessing of God on their activities. They are living on great hopes (the same spirit as the settlers who opened up the western part of the U. S.). They want the priest to come back and visit them each year. Next year they promised to have a little chapel built on the site of the Cross together with a casita for the Padre to live in during his visit. I was well received and will be more than glad to return."

SHADES OF THE PAST

There are many angles to construction work and **Robert Cunningham S.J.**, now at the Chinese Language School in Manila recently came across one worthy of recording. The Chinese seminarians have planted vegetables and trees wherever the soil permits. To shade a newly planted lot they used an old piece of canvas found in the stockade. Not being able to read English they paid no attention to the inscription painted on the material

and so were unaware of the disturbance they had caused. Written thereon in big letters: "MORGUE—DO NOT ENTER."

FADING CHARMS

Another ability the missionary must often have is that of the physician. **Father Bertram Ernst S.J.** at Piru in Bihar, India, reports, "Three of our happiest guests recently were two women and a girl who represented three generations. Their first visit here was a year ago when the girl was brought in with both her hands a putrid mass. The village doctors had poured hot oil over them in order to cure a supposed snake bite. A few applications of sulphur medicines cleared up the mess beyond my expectations and the girl's hands are as good as ever except that the cords in one are a bit drawn as a result of the heroic snake bite treatment.

"That shook their faith in charms and witch doctors. The little girl flung the charms at her grandmother who is now ashamed of her stupidity. All three had been asking for baptism for several months. So I granted their request and I hope they are done with pagan charms and superstitions. A little medicine seems to be the way that leads some of them to God."

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE

A similar episode occurred in the Philippines but its conclusion may be a little painful for some of our readers. **Father Joseph Bittner S.J.** at Catarman reluctantly relates, "Father Ralph

Lynch blew in here one morning about 9:30 a.m. Father Lynch was here only about ten minutes when they brought in a young lady covered with blood, the mother crying, 'Do something, Father.' The mother had scolded the girl, a graduate of the Catarman Public High School. So the girl took a bolo and whacked herself in the back of the head, inflicting a nice two inch wound. Father Lynch rolled up his sleeves, and I got out the medicine, a darning needle and some white thread. He managed to get two stitches in amidst a lot of screaming from the young lady. After he had washed up and lit a cigarette, he said, 'Lynch had the people in stitches ten minutes after his arrival at Catarman.'

Father Ralph Lynch of Santa Fe, Bukidnon, in the Philippines. A graduate of Xavier High in New York, he left his Fairlawn, New Jersey, home to become a Jesuit in 1928. He first went to the Philippines in 1934 and taught at the Ateneo de Manila for three years. Now he is in the mountains.



TABERNACLE LAMPS

Holy Mother, the Church, requires that a Light constantly burn before the Blessed Sacrament in the Tabernacle. You may have the privilege of furnishing these lights on our many Mission stations in Jamaica, with an assurance that your intentions will be remembered.

Weekly: ONE DOLLAR — Yearly: 50 DOLLARS

JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 Madison Ave., New York 21.

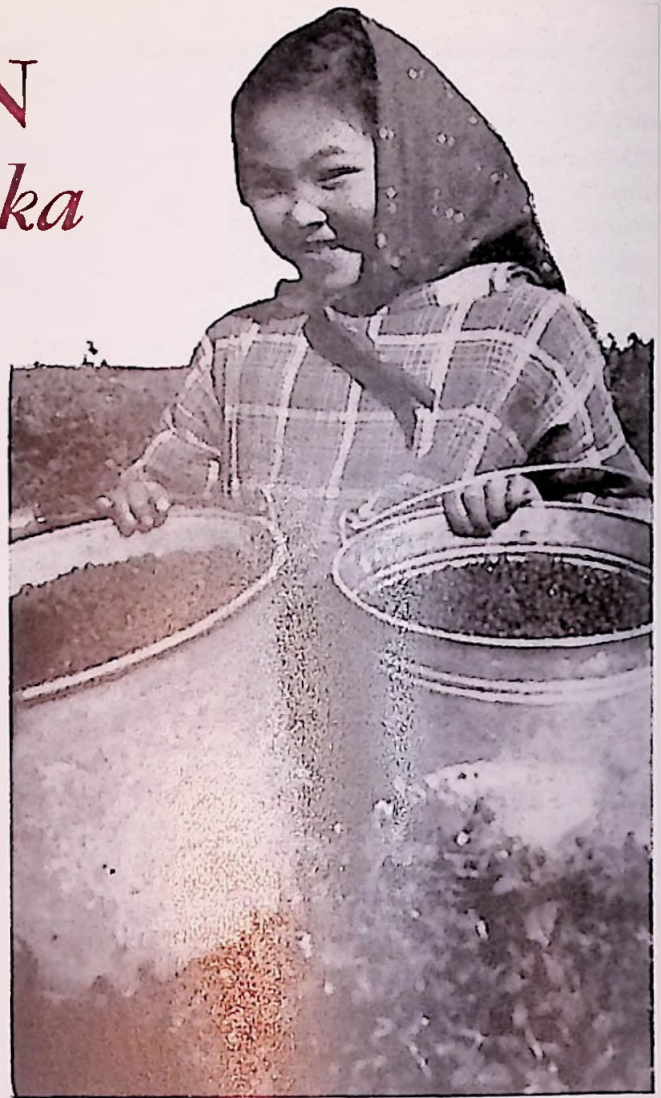
EDUCATION

For Life in Alaska

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

ANY PROGRESSIVE TEACHER IN NORTHERN Alaska realizes the inadequacy of outside text books to assist properly a teacher in the education of an Eskimo child. One of the great faults of our colonial system is the error that American textbooks can fit any child in the world. Our educators seem to forget that all regions are not geared up to the complexity of modern life as is found in the United States. The imagery that is found in such textbooks may be entirely foreign to the child in question. Now when a child cannot peg his knowledge on something that he sees in life his attention is not captivated, and the result is negligible. Much time is lost on useless explanations which simply do not interest the child and consequently are not remembered by him. Let me explain.

Children up here have never seen a train, yet they can spot the difference in planes ranging from a DC3 right down to a tiny



There are no finishing schools for the girls in Alaska for the simple reason that none are needed. The skillful canning of the king salmon is more important than the geography or history of Europe.



Stinson Station Wagon. They have no idea of a big department store with its infinite variety of mechanical appliances and modern luxuries. Their knowledge is confined to the lowly essentials as seen in a little native store. They have never tasted a banana or a cantaloupe and care little how they grow, but they can find many varieties of roots and grasses that grow on the tundra. They are bored when pictures of outside songbirds and chickens are given to them to draw. But when it comes to Alaskan fowl they can with fine precision make the marking of the Emperor goose, the speedy pintail duck, or in fact any bird that flies up here. What's more, they know and can imitate their calls and are familiar with the various names in their own language. I would like to see this feat duplicated by the teachers themselves who come to teach them. They have never seen a tuna or even the common perch, but they have feasted on a far greater variety of fish than any child in the States. What is more, they know how to catch every kind of fish.

They haven't the faintest idea of civics or history, but hygiene, when taught intelligently, fills them with delight. They know more about the human anatomy than one would be led to believe. They know this in comparison with the animals they butcher. They have the names on their finger tips of every organism and muscle of an animal. Speaking in general, I think that they are the best butchers in the world. You should see them butcher and dress in their tiny igloos a 400-pound mukluk or sea-lion. It is done quickly and efficiently. The children are ever around and on the alert where food is concerned. They pick up the fine art of skinning in no time.

The mere name of botany leaves them cold. Not a single child here has ever so much as seen a tree or the big, radiant roses that grow in the States. Still they know the quality of wood from the logs that drift on to the beach. The type of grass that is best for baskets, the type of wild vegetables that make delicious salads, the hidden storehouses of mice where eatable roots tasting like parsley are found—all this is of common knowledge and of probing interest. Incidentally, too, an Eskimo boy is an expert with a knife. He can make shavings that look like silk ravelings and one match is all that is needed to start a fire. Boy Scouts, please take notice!

Geography with its division of States and Capitals is encountered with dazed incomprehension. They have seldom traveled out of their immediate district. They are not even interested in the rest of the world, but you should take a walk with them out in what appears a dull flat tundra. They know every nook and cranny. They can find eggs with uncanny precision that a mother duck or goose has tried in vain to hide. Remarkable, too, is their knowledge of land marks. Like an aviator they instinctively pick out marks for future reference in case they get lost. On the nearby Eskinok Mountains are various groups of rocks. Over a hundred clumps have distinct names. Some are named after their appearance, while others have extensive fables based around them. It all helps in a storm as I myself found out in a blizzard when visibility was zero.

What wonder then that years are spent in a grade school with the Eskimo child never approaching anything like a grade school education! What a field there is up here for a teacher who really would make a textbook based on the needs and culture of the Eskimos themselves! Why do we insist on foisting our whole complicated system of civilization on people who have little use for it? Understanding another's viewpoint is the first principle in progressive education.

Songbirds are nice but they can't compare with an Emperor goose when it comes to eating. This youngster from Akulurak probably knows more about the wonders of nature than most American children.





The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

By the end of September, more than fifty Jesuits will leave the United States for the foreign missions.

To send forth so many missionaries involves a tremendous expense. A rather conservative estimate for the entire group would be \$25,000. The actual payment for travel is the major item but there are so many incidentals—passports, clothing, equipment for the missions. Where does the Society of Jesus secure the money to defray these expenses? The answer is from the countless small and occasionally large donations of its friends. For each missionary, the average cost is \$500.

At this time, you may not be prepared to pay for the passage of one missionary but did the thought ever occur to you to include such a sum in your will? When you are called to God a Jesuit missionary will travel the high seas to a distant land to call others to God. He will administer the same Sacraments which gave you consolation during your life and fortified you for death. At that hour, God's mercy must be great to anyone whose provident charity will be an occasion of bringing the joys of eternal life to others.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Four Exiled Communities:

In Manila and its surroundings, there are four distinct communities of the Jesuits exiled from China—a Seminary for the future diocesan priests of China; a Novitiate; a House of Philosophy; and a Language School for the future Jesuit missionaries of China. Though the four communities can share certain facilities, they must each have their own Chapel, kitchen, dormitories and classrooms.

Father William Klement, a former Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, is the Major Domo of these new communities. Any father and mother can appreciate his problems buying everything from soap to beds. In addition, Father must provide the essentials for the Chapels. Knowing the spirit of the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, Father Klement sent a detailed list of needs. They are numerous, it is true, but we are listing them, trusting that some of our readers may be able to provide a few of the items.

\$50.00 will provide a bed, bedding, desk, chair, clothes and book shelf for one student.

\$100.00 will provide each of the ten professors with his bed, etc., and also with text and reference books.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
900 Broadway,
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Ceylon and Home Missions
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762 Sherbrooke St., West,
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**Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands**
Rev. John G. Furniss, S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

\$500.00 is needed to enlarge the dining room and to purchase dishes, silverware, tables and chairs.

\$1,000.00 is needed for each of the three Chapels. Included in this amount are the following:

- \$150.00 for a wooden altar
- 150.00 for a small organ
- 35.00 for a sanctuary lamp
- 25.00 for a censer and boat
- 20.00 for a set of vestments
- 10.00 for altar linens
- 9.75 for altar cards

The amounts listed above are large. Please understand that even a very small donation will help tremendously. The Jesuits in the four communities include the following nationalities—Spanish, Italian, Canadian, Austrian, French and American. Thus, in so many different languages grateful prayers will ascend to Almighty God for you.

Holy Rosary Mission:

At Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, the Jesuit missionaries and the Franciscan Sisters have a Trade School for boys and a School of Home Economics for the girls. Both schools are expensive to operate but they are of fundamental importance to the training of the children. Father Leo A. Doyle, superior of the mission, needs tools, a sewing machine, cloth and thread. Since the prices on these articles vary, we suggest \$5.00 for the training of the Indian children.

Typewriter:

When Father Schmidt of Gaya, India, acknowledged my last letter he mentioned that the stamps had been removed from the envelope. The removal of the stamps was insignificant compared to the removal of a Royal typewriter and Father's bicycle and clothing. A few nights later, the vandals walked off with a carefully guarded supply of water pipes. Father Schmidt aptly commented that the robbers offer ample opportunity of practicing detachment.

We would like to replace the typewriter at the cost of \$65.00. A gift of \$25.00 will purchase some new clothing. If you can help Father Schmidt, send your donations to us at 962 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 21.



Caroline-Marshall MISSION NEEDS

Pictured above is the Holy Rosary convent and school in the Caroline Islands. The Nuns beg for

School Supplies

TEXT BOOKS	\$1.00	each
FIRST AID KITS	1.00	each
PENCILS	.50	dozen
PAD PAPER	.50	each
CRAYONS	.20	box
NEEDLES	.15	pack
ERASERS	.10	each
THREAD	.05	a spool

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

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IN THE *Arctic* AND IN THE *Tropics...*

The Sisters teach
the Church
of the future.



FROM Hooper Bay, Alaska to Bukidnon, Philippines, to Jamshedpur, India, these heroines of Christ are teaching the mission children to know Him. Undismayed by the perishing cold of the Arctic and the wasting heat of the tropics, they spend their strenuous lives gladly for His little ones. You know how heavy is the burden of supporting your parish schools here at home, yet you are happy to accept these financial sacrifices that your John and Bernadette may be taught by the sisters. That is why our Jesuit priests turn

confidently to you and ask your help in supporting their priceless mission sisters. Upon the work of these sisters the future of the Church in the missions depends in large measure. From their schools will come the native vocations to religious and lay Catholic life. One dollar a day will give the sisters the bare needs of their livelihood. Will you support one sister for a day, a week, a month?

JESUIT
Missions

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