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MARCH 1954

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(Left) Asail on the Spanish Main. Brother Jacoby of the British Honduras Mission and his crew of Boy Scouts off to Mexico.

MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF THE 1129 MISSIONARIES
OF THE 8 AMERICAN JESUIT PROVINCES
Vol. 28, No. 2 March, 1954

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COVER. On the island of Jamaica in the British West Indies Father Louis Grenier has eighteen different jobs but he took time out to snap a picture of this Jamaican woman at work in the tomato patch.

MISSION OF THE MONTH—BRITISH HONDURAS AND THE district of Yoro in Honduras are the Central American mission fields of Jesuits of the Missouri Province. In these areas there are 48 missionaries laboring. It is a mission which suffers from attacks external and internal. The external ones come in the form of hurricanes which can level to the ground in a few minutes a mission station that took years of building. The internal difficulties arise from the advent of Protestant sects who have penetrated this area and preyed upon a people who are for the most part uneducated.

The only possible defense against the onslaughts of nature is to build mission stations which are allegedly hurricane-proof. This has been done in some areas but the financial cost has been high. The other danger can be met only through a thorough teaching of the Faith to the people. It is interesting to note that the Catholic educational system in British Honduras alone numbers 71 elementary schools and five secondary schools. These schools are a remarkable achievement on the part of the missionaries in this Caribbean area.

BEHIND THE LINES

Directly above this column is given the number of American Jesuits on mission fields. It is a large number but let us consider it in relation to the entire mission world.

That number represents just about 25% of all the missionaries, men and women, from the United States.

But our country ranks only sixth in the number of Catholic missionaries. We follow France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and Ireland in that order.

Look at it from the viewpoint of priests at home and on the missions. Ireland with its 3,200,000 Catholics has one priest on the missions for every one at home.

We with our 30,000,000 Catholics have only one missionary priest for every 22 at home!

Yet U. S. Catholics provide 63% of the financial support for the 630 mission fields throughout the world.

It is true that the Church in this country is still coming of age. But those figures on the mission world should give us food for thought.

SAFELY DRY UNDER THE VERANDA OF the Lourdes Mission rectory at Morant Bay in this southeast corner of Jamaica rests St. Bartholomew's bell together with other odds and ends stored there. In search of an odd or an end I often pause by the bell, lightly knock its hard tongue against its stiff lip and listen to its clear, vibrating tones.

As yet I have not yielded to the impulse to drag St. Bartholomew's bell out into the open and ring it loudly for me and all the inhabitants of Morant Bay to hear. Its strange note at an odd hour would alert hundreds to expect some exceptionally good tidings or some impending calamity. How would I explain my impulsiveness? By nightfall the rumor of Father's madness would have swept along the sea-coast and penetrated the hills.

Were I more practical, as missionaries are meant to be, long ago I would have given St. Bartholomew's bell to St. Francis of Assisi who has a small but tidy church at Port Morant seven miles to the east. But the thought of giving a lordly apostle's bell to a lowly confessor, very holy though he be, has irked me. Pure sentiment, I suppose.

Anyhow, St. Francis should be happy that he has his little church back after the hurricane of 1951 blew it down and in part away. All that St. Bartholomew, the chosen patron of the Yallahs district twelve miles to the west, can claim is a completely exposed concrete floor and one muted bell that once rang out in God's name and his before his church and belfry collapsed on that same black violent August night.

As I see it, St. Francis has a little church with a belfry, but no bell. Of course, there should be a bell in the belfry. Yet there is nothing unusual in a church needing a bell. Churches don't seem to mind waiting for a bell. But St. Bartholomew who has a bell has no little church with a belfry. Here is an unusual situation—a bell that needs a church, a bell that lost its church.

My problem is this. Should the churchless St. Bartholomew who has a bell be asked to sacrifice his bell to the bell-less St. Francis who has a church? Should I or should I not pitch St. Bartholomew's silent, uncomplaining bell into a truck and dispatch it to St. Francis?

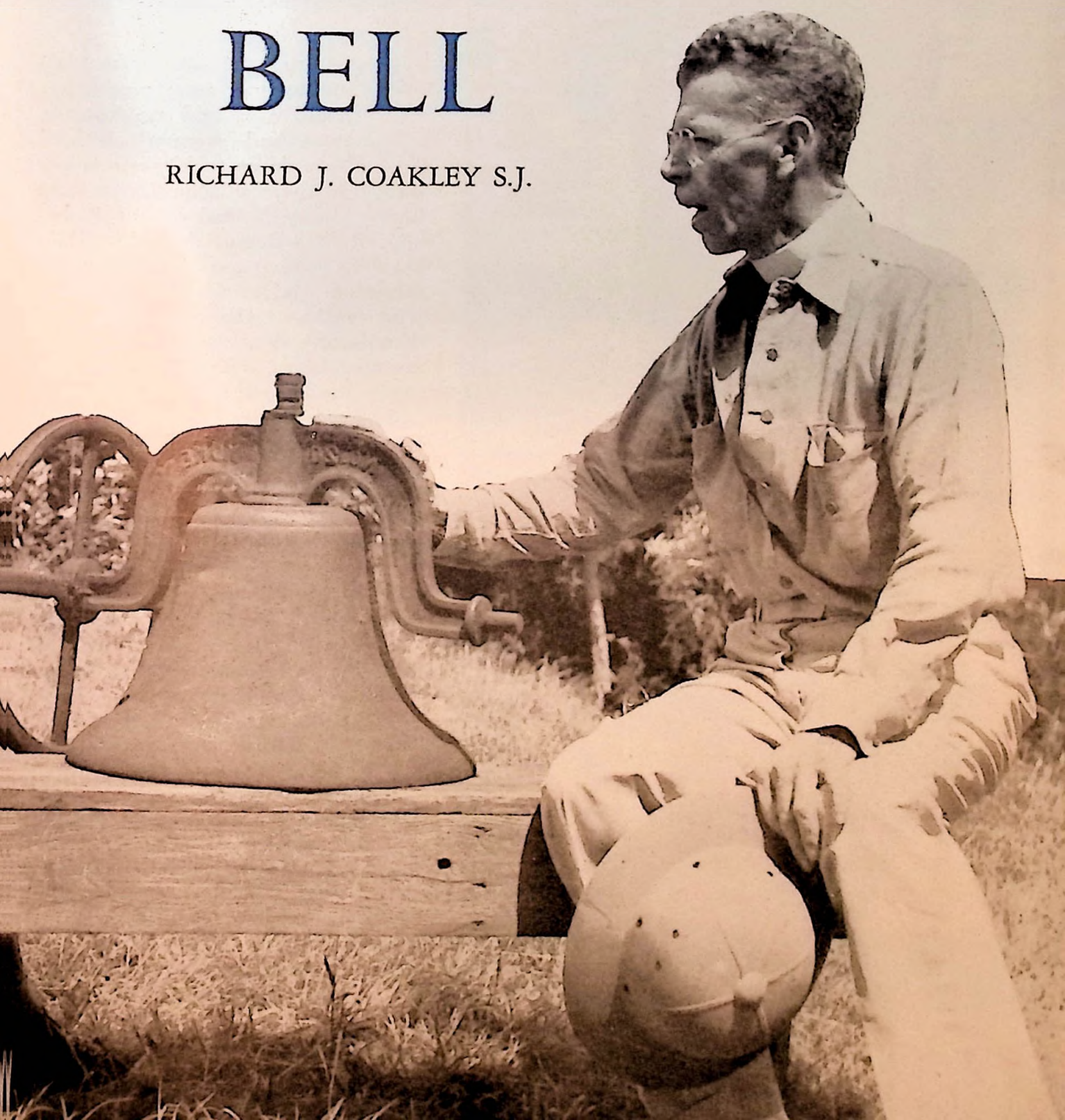
Actually I am very reluctant to give St. Francis St. Bartholomew's bell. I feel that I am being very impractical about the entire matter, that I am confused by some sentimental nonsense about depriving St. Bartholomew of his bell, his last valued possession on this Lourdes Mission. Yet of what use is St. Bartholomew's silent bell under my veranda? For all that, I think I'll keep the bell there. Maybe I won't have to give St. Bartholomew's bell to St. Francis' little church with a belfry because somebody will have given a little church with a belfry to St. Bartholomew's bell.

Father Richard Coakley of Morant Bay in Jamaica explains his problem of St. Bartholomew's bell to one of his helpers.

When a pastor hasn't even a church can you blame him for wanting to keep the little left him after a hurricane?

Bartholomew's BELL

RICHARD J. COAKLEY S.J.



When winter closes in on Alaska peculiar things can happen as the bleak fight for existence is carried on.

EVEN

JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

As the alarm clock broke into my warm dream world, my frigid nose told me that the temperature had dropped. It had! All the way down to fifty-one below zero! But it was still Sunday at Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, and it behooved myself and the fifty "little boys" to go to Mass. So amid much shivering and a few "chattering" wise cracks at the two "fire boys" who hadn't done so well with the morning blaze, everyone was finally ready for church.

There is never any loitering on the way to church in that temperature. As the boys began to file in, I heard a snicker or two at the head of the line. I made a mental note to bring that up later in the day. And then I hit it! In fact I almost broke three of my fingers. There was no holy water in the font . . . it was now "holy ice!"

Although loneliness, frustration and discouragement are far harder on the missionaries of the North than cold will ever be, yet it is the low temperatures and the hardships which accompany them that impress the people of more temperate clime.

Say, for instance, that your church is overheated (which doesn't happen very often). You tell Michael Seluk to open a window. He obtains a long pole and walks to the church window . . . then he reaches far above the glass and opens a tiny "trap

THE ICE *is Holy*

door" about four by four inches. In that temperature and in a frame building, that is more than enough window!

Now it's late afternoon. One of the smaller boys with a huge axe walks up to a large block of wood. You smile at the incongruity of the situation. Yet the little fellow brings the axe over and "crack," the block is split. This pint-sized "Samson" would spend from here to eternity splitting that same log in warm weather but the mercury rides so low in the thermometer, it is no trick at all to split this "grained ice."

As the cold weather settles down you are faced with the problem of keeping no less than forty stoves(and very hungry ones) filled with fuel. And as you pile on the wood you begin to see the frost growing . . . but on the inside of your windows, door jambs and every tiny crack. This little white forest keeps growing and soon becomes a rather chilly ornament. The big boys added to its charm one year by making designs with a hot iron in the two inches of frost on the windows and succeeded in breaking two windows.

Then there are a few chores that you must accomplish without gloves; turning a small key, adjusting a motor part or snapping a picture. One of the fathers froze two fingers during the short time he was fumbling with a lock. And there is always the race of wood versus cold . . . the race often being too close for comfort. It is usually at this time that the colds and "flu" come in to make a nightmare of existence. I keep remembering that if anyone takes a turn to the serious that there is no doctor for hundreds of miles. Or the water line may decide to freeze and Sister has to melt snow for all purposes (at the same time trying to cook on a kerosene stove for 200 people).

These are the occasions that make it easier to understand how grateful the missionaries are for your help. The far North was described by the Holy Father as being the most difficult mission in the world. It may perhaps remain that, but at least you can help these men and women carry on more easily and more successfully. Christ awaits the conquering of this land for His Kingdom—please include that intention in your daily prayers.

Father Poole with one of his happy charges and one of her happy charges at Holy Cross Mission, the largest of the Alaska stations.

CORA Comes a Calling

JOHN J. DAHLHEIMER S.J.

The "inside" story of a typhoon in the Philippines is graphically described at the very time the storm is raging

CORA IS NOT A LADY. RIGHT NOW, AS I write this, she is raging up and down our yard here in Baguio in the northern Philippines. She has been battering at the door with a very unladylike eagerness to gain entrance and conduct a personal interview. In the short time since her arrival in Baguio she has literally set the entire town on its ear.

I do not know what whimsey led the Weather Bureau to catalogue the Pacific typhoons by feminine names. It could be that some cynical observer in the Bureau once watched the progress of a mean old howler and tagged it with the name of his mother-in-law. Whatever the explanation, the custom still holds of giving feminine names in alphabetical order to typhoons. We have already gone through one series from Abigail to Zenobia this year so Cora is the third of the second series of howlers.

Two days before she struck Baguio Cora was reported off Legaspi near the whiplike tail of Luzon that projects out into the Pacific. She was moving fast—and so were the barometers! They kept dropping, dropping, and when Cora arrived they stood a good ten points beyond the hand limit. They were "steady" now because they couldn't go any further.

What does one do when a typhoon is reported? He reaches for a bar of soap. The prudent man always keeps an extra bar in reserve for such an emergency. For he knows that when a typhoon is in the area there won't be any sun for some time. This means that the washwoman won't be coming to take the week's laundry down to the nearest stream, there to dump it in and then proceed to beat it vigorously with a wooden paddle. The thoroughly limp but exquisitely clean clothes are then spread out in the sun to dry—with the hope that no carabao or horse will consume the week's crop of socks and T-shirts. But during a typhoon there'll be no washing except what one does himself. So one bar of soap is put aside and labeled "For Typhoons Only."

So Cora came raging in, up the Lingayen coast to "the slot," the valley leading from Baguio to the sea. Under her fury the tough and rangy cogan grass and the Philippine sunflower, which ordinarily only dynamite will displace, were pressed flat and left leafless—something I had never seen before.

What happened next can best be described by bringing a whirling electric fan progressively closer to one's face. The nose will receive the meat-grinder treatment first and then the face. Mirador, two hundred feet above Baguio, is the nose and the city is the face. The anemometer of the Manila Observatory registered 85 miles an hour before the mast was ripped up by the roots. Minutes later the chimney of Bellarmine College's kitchen went sailing away into the howling confusion. The only calm note was the remark of the Spanish brother who is the cook. "No matter. Lunch is already prepared."

The glass door of the Observatory was blown to pieces; the garage doors, unhinged by the battering of the wind, flapped like the pages of a carelessly abandoned book. Windows cracked under the pressure. Rain drove in through every crack and crevice. A ninety-foot tower used for gravity-pouring of cement for a building under construction collapsed unheard in the din. Electricity went off some time ago.

The open passage between our living rooms and the dining room resembles the deck of a heavily-laden freighter coasting off Los Angeles in October. Lighter members of the community are helpless when they try to cross that passage. The wind plasters them against the wall and they look with envy at my 240 pounds.

Walls have collapsed and roads, paths and stairs are running torrents. It has been necessary to remove the Blessed Sacrament from the chapel. The buffeting of the wind sends shock waves through the building and its constant shaking has brought very decided symptoms of sea-sickness to many of us.

And that reminds me. I better close now. I wish Cora would go away. Cora is no lady.

For those who remember

Everyone loves a thoughtful person—and Our Lord does, too. He showed that on the first Easter morning when He rewarded in a special way the holy women whose thoughtfulness had brought them to His tomb before daylight. They wanted to do whatever they could for Him—and He repaid them even before He appeared to the men who were to be the builders of His kingdom.

It is a thoughtful person who remembers that the building of that kingdom will go on long after he or she has passed to an eternal reward. Time will come to an end for that person but there will be no end of time for Christ's kingdom.

Even after death the thoughtful person can continue to aid that greatest of all earthly works. By remembering the missions in your will you can still help to spread the glory of God in this world.

It is not a pleasant task to draw up one's will. But the thoughtful person does it—and the task is made easier by the remembrance that your thoughtfulness now of the missions will mean that the work of God will be aided even after you are gone. Our legal title:

JESUIT MISSIONS, INC.
962 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.

The Nepali women of the Darjeeling hill country possess the virtues for a fighting apostolate

A Sisterly HAND

FRANCIS J. FARRELL S.J.

This young Nepali worker from one of the famous tea plantations near Darjeeling in northeastern India is typical of the courageous people who have given the famed and heroic Gurkha Regiments to the British Army in the days of empire.

NEPALI WOMEN, IN THEIR HOMES ARE what their menfolk, the renowned Gurkhas, are in battle, resourceful and aggressive. But they do need training and leadership to bring out their qualities. Could they once be shown horizons beyond the poverty which hems them in, what apostles among their own would they become.

Recently, four sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny spent a month on St. Mary's Hill, near Kurseong, and did as much as four devoted, dedicated women could do to give aim and purpose to the lives of the 200 or more Nepali women of the village. The sisters motored over from Kalimpong, 40 miles away, where the trade route from Tibet enters India.

They were led by Sister Eugene, a hardy, vigorous, kindly old Swiss lady, who at the age of 65 or thereabouts had resolutely started in on the Nepali alphabet. The Tamil language, which she had spent 16 years in learning, was utterly useless here in the hills. Sister Philomena, an Irish sister, whose acquaintance with Nepalis and the Nepali language went back only two months, undertook the cooking and the housecleaning. The remaining two, Sisters Margaret and Magdalene, the only two Nepali sisters in the entire Hill country, were to be the backbone of the catechetical instruction classes and the house-to-house visiting.

The sisters attended Mass in the village church of St. John Berchmans. Their work with the girls started at 9:00 each morning. Classes were rather informal. The girls were divided into three groups and each of the three sisters poured catechism into her group until interest began to flag. That was the signal for knitting, sewing, needlework to begin.

The early part of the afternoon was reserved for the older girls and the married women who could take time out at that time. One woman had no one to baby-sit for her, so she brought all four youngsters along with her each day; one in a basket on her back, one in her arms and the other two tagging along behind. The same program was followed as in the morning—a strenuous session of catechism and then the breaking up into groups for sewing and knitting.

Before the 5:30 session, the sisters usually managed to visit a few families in the area. One result was that several pairs of women who had been "feuding" were induced to live in peace together. The 5:30 session was for those older girls and married women who worked during the day.

It was this evening session, more than anything else, which showed the sterling qualities, the eagerness to learn more about their religion, the depth of the faith among these Hill women. Night after night they came, when their grass-cutting and their carrying of loads and their digging and wood-cutting were finished for the day, and listened intently for a full hour to the truths of their faith. It was the first time they had heard their religion proposed to them by one of their own, by one who thought along the same lines, used the same idiom, could parry and thrust and banter as well or better than themselves.

The sisters' visit started as an experiment and proved to be a triumph. The display of mufflers, baby hats, booties, blouses, skirts, doilies, etc., on the last day of the month's visit, showed what Nepali girls and women can do with proper instruction. Walking about the village, one still sees even very little girls plying their needles steadily. Still more heartening is the increased attendance at daily Mass. Benediction is packed. And when all due allowance has been made for youthful enthusiasm, the number of girls who are determined to be sisters "in a year or so," point up the fact that idealism and enthusiasm for the things of God is as natural to the Nepali soul as for any other cause.

On February 14th, after a full month, the sisters returned to Kalimpong for their regular duties in the classroom. Before going they were garlanded and addressed and lauded and thanked. The older women had collected a purse of coins as a send-off gift. The talk was all of "next year." The more thoughtful spoke of the sisters coming next year, but for good.

With sisters permanently in the village, not only would the parish have in them vigorous apostles for the work of conversion, but the village women would almost certainly shake off their provincialism and become apostolic-minded. In Burma and more recently in Malaya the Gurkhas have proved themselves first-rate fighters. Their women too are fighters. A dozen of their womenfolk, once sold on the lay apostolate, would be a force to be reckoned with in the Hills. And to get the women folk of the Hills solidly behind the work of the Church —only the sisters can do it.

NEW STRENGTH *in Singapore*

JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.

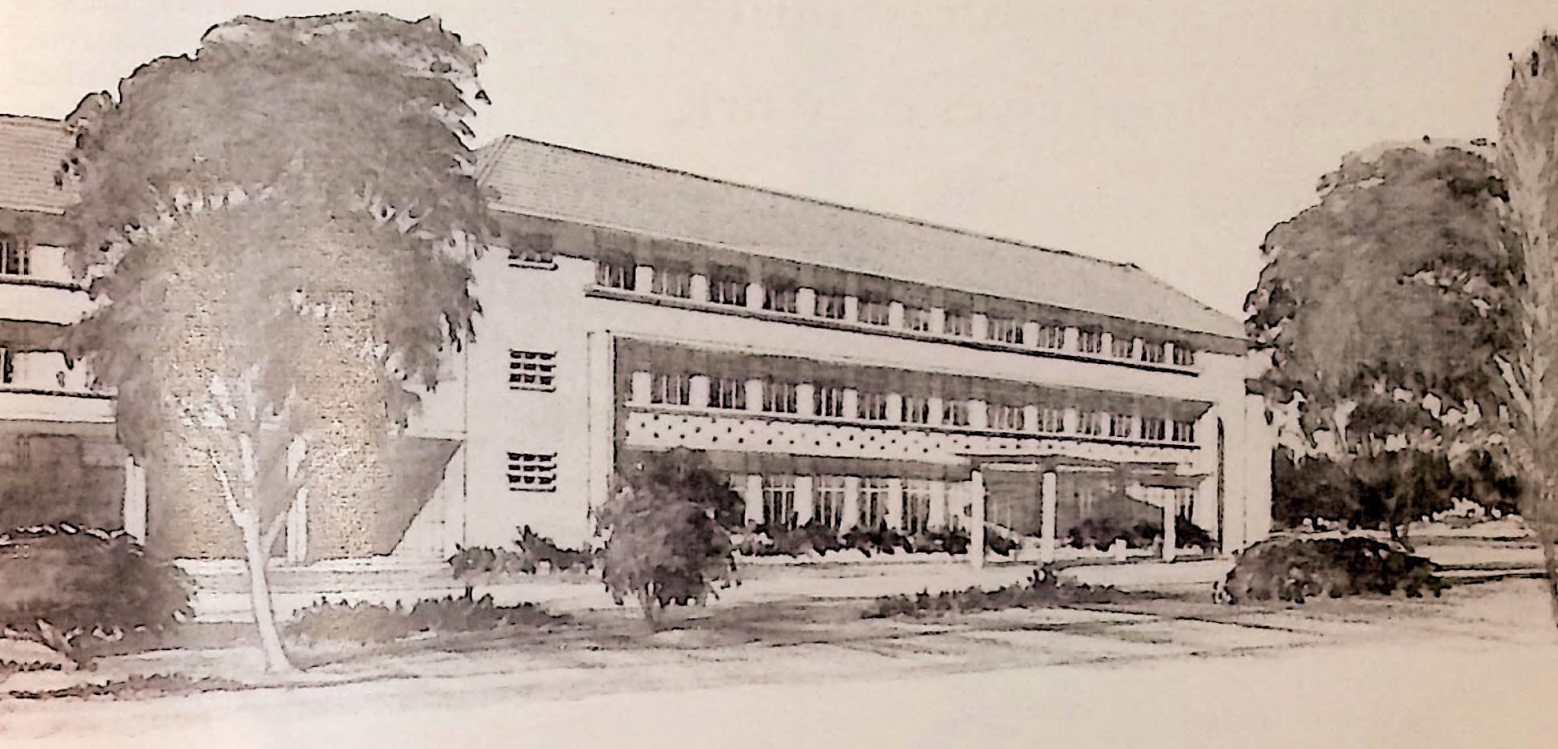
Father Patrick Joy S.J. of the Irish Province and a famous figure in Hong Kong for years is the present Superior of the Singapore Jesuits.

SINGAPORE AND THE BRITISH EAST INDIA Company! Visions of the outpost of Empire; of Indian rajahs, Lord Clive and the Black Hole of Calcutta; of Edmund Burke and the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

"Jesuits Take Over Former East India Company Holdings." That headline would make many a ghost stir restlessly and go wailing through the night. It is true—but only in a small way. Four acres on an elevation in Singapore's Bungalow Area were recently purchased for our new Jesuit hostel for students.

The title deed for the property carries with it the memories of Sir Stamford Raffles' negotiations with the Sultan of Johore in 1819 for the cession of Singapore Island and the subsequent occupation by the British East India Company. It reads, "This piece of land forms part of the largest piece of land comprised in the East India Company's grant No. 60, together with the full and free right and liberty in common with the owners or occupiers of adjoining lands to pass, repass with or without horses, cattle and carts, carriages, motor cars or other vehicles at all times and for all purposes by day and by night over and along the reserve for road colored brown on the said plan leading to King's Road."

The hostel will be run in connection with the Teachers' Training College (Government normal school), in which there are roughly 1,500 students. Some 500 of these are from the Federation, mostly with no relatives in Singapore, and have to seek accommodations for themselves in the overcrowded city. Some of them put up at poor lodging houses, three or four persons crowded into a room; others in quite filthy accommodations or in localities where good parents would not like to have their children seen. When they can find exactly what they want, the price is usually far too high for their purse. Often they are trying to do their homework in hotels where it is noisy till midnight, with the click of mahjong



Now nearing completion, the new Jesuit hospital in Singapore will appear like this. It will be for students from Federated States.

pieces, the blaring of radios or dance orchestras. In other words, housing is their principal worry.

The public announcement of the new hostel was greeted with enthusiasm by many, but a student interviewed by a reporter from one of the big Singapore dailies said, "I wonder who the lucky 80 chaps are going to be, particularly as more than 500 students here are from the Federation." The danger lies rather in the charge of favoritism in the selection of those admitted. In this hostel, as in all our educational institutions in the East, we do not limit ourselves to Catholics, but accept students of all races and religions.

Tenders were sent out in August, and 23 different construction companies handed in their bids for the new building. There was a difference of $150,000 (Straits) between the highest and the lowest bids for the building. But the wide margin is explained by a local custom according to which a company that has been asked to bid complies, but sends in an impossibly high sum, which means that, because of other contracts on hand, it has no serious desire for this one.

Among the serious bidders the difference between the highest and the lowest was only $50,000 (Straits), or some $16,000 U. S. Because of the lower labor rates here, our building will cost perhaps only a third of what it would cost in the States.

The architect for the new $350,000 (Straits) building is a Mr. C. Y. Koh, one of the best architects in Singapore and an "old boy," or alumnus, of the Christian Brothers. Though not a Catholic, he is very loyal to his Alma Mater, has put up a number of excellent schools for the Brothers, including a magnificent million dollar one in Penang—St. Xavier's, which was destroyed by B28's in 1945.

The hostel is now near completion and is expected to be a center for lectures as well as a residence, and should be a powerful instrument for counteracting Communist danger in the schools of Malaya.

It was hardly more than a name in British Honduras until a priest who thrives on work transformed it into a happy, bustling village

SAN PEDRO COLUMBIA JUST WASN'T the kind of place you expected ever to amount to anything. It was at the end of the wrong branch of the Toledo Road. You made your choice at "Mile Seventeen." Either you climbed four miles to the busy little Mopan Maya San Antonio, or you dipped off to the right into the Columbia River basin and came eventually to San Pedro.

It was little more than a bend in the road and then the road was gone. There were a few unsubstantial looking houses scattered around, and

SAN

down near the river was a muddy opening in the bush where the big "cats" of the mahogany operation had churned their way out of town and the chicleros' mules had tramped off through the morass that remained. San Pedro was the last place where the wood cutters and chicleros got drunk before disappearing into the jungle for several months; the first place where they would get drunk on their way back.

There was a little mission school there where a faithful Carib teacher taught the Kekchi children to read and write—which he knew they would seldom do—and the fundamentals of their faith—which he hoped

Father William Ulrich S.J. is the man who brought a new spirit to San Pedro village.

PEDRO *Awakens*

JOHN T. WHITE S.J.

they would practice in spite of the bad example all about them. The place was as much a decaying ruin and only a trifle less deserted than hoary old Lubantuum overgrown with jungle on the other side of the river.

The few families who lived in San Pedro were a mixture of Kekchi and Maya. On my first visit there I didn't see one healthy looking person much less an energetic one. It was easy to find an idle dory to cross the river; difficult to find anyone to paddle it back.

Then several important things happened to shape up a hopeful future for desolate San Pedro. Father William Ulrich, one of the most capable and energetic men on the mission, was assigned to the district. He could and would put material resources to the best possible use. Father Omar Sullivan succeeded in getting supplementary feeding aid for the school children of the Colony. Finally, the big logging machines clattered through San Pedro for the last time to move off to another site, and the chicle business fell apart. The Indians were left to themselves and their milpas.

Last week I returned to San Pedro after four and a half years. What a difference those years had made! Just before reaching the village I had to open a neat wire gate. It was there to keep the village hogs near home. There was a great deal of traffic on the road, but this time the travellers were from Santa Teresa on their way to their new reservation just across the river from San Pedro. They had come to stay and they were heavily laden with the things of Mayan housekeeping.

Where the road rounds the last bend that is San Pedro, there was a large stone school with a poilite roof and just beyond it, a new stone church—the most beautiful, I believe, in British Honduras. A group of energetic intelligent men were there mixing cement and tuckpointing the stone walls. The cement was from the United States, the stone from the hillsides around Lubantuum.

Before I could unpack my things for the evening services, a typical little Kekchi couple came into the school. The husband, Martin Tresh, was dressed in simple neat white shirt and trousers, but his lovely young wife, Secundina, wore her colorful native costume—a beautifully embroidered camisa and the long skirt peculiar to her

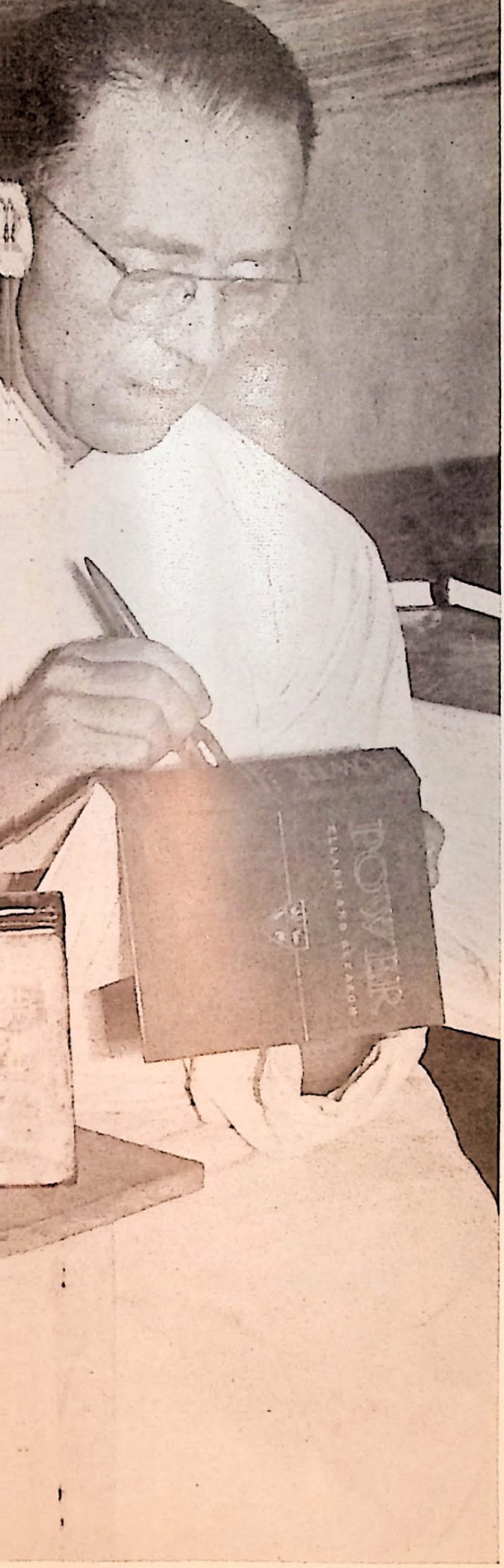
particular village gracefully swinging along just above the ground. Her carefully groomed hair peeked out from under a soft mantilla that was drawn back just enough on one side to reveal delicate drop earrings and a brilliant beaded necklace. In her arms was a bright little baby buried in a mass of soft white. It was a baptism, the first for the young "Madrina" and "Padrino."

Martin smiled pleasantly and nodded to Secundina. He was new in San Pedro and could speak neither Spanish nor English. It was Secundina who very formally and in simple, clear English informed me that they would like to have a baptism. I don't believe I have ever seen a nicer little married couple, and seldom have I enjoyed a baptism more.

Secundina held the baby and, of course, answered the questions since Martin could not understand. From time to time she would modestly question him in his own dialect and he would answer. Then she would turn her big soft eyes back to me and seriously assure me that Martin answered with her.

No wonder these little people are so loved. When they are left to themselves in their villages, they are polite, energetic, virtuous people, quick to learn and beautifully devout. They have been Catholics for many generations and politely but firmly reject any offer of puzzled Protestants who periodically come to free them from the charm of the saints and the sacraments which they cherish as their richest heritage.

It is scarcely credible, but the fine stone church of San Pedro has cost only three thousand dollars and another thousand should complete it. Father Ulrich was architect and general contractor as well as head carpenter. A stone mason had to be hired and cement, sand, lumber for the roof, and poilite were bought and laboriously transported to the site. The stone was hauled from the shadows of pagan old Lubantuum and carried across the river in dories by the happy little men whose hope had been revived by the zeal of Father Ulrich and the generosity of the Catholics in the United States. They contributed the labor too. As contributions that are really investments in the Kingdom of Christ come in, Father Ulrich and his Kekchis will finish their beautiful church which is, of course, the heart of San Pedro Columbia, the source of its new vitality, and revived hope.



Like a STRONG CITY

Catholics the world over are asked by the Pope to pray during March for vocations to the missionary Brothers, and missionaries rejoice knowing that "a brother helped by a brother is like a strong city"...

In Formosa, Brother James Finnegan works to protect the books from mold.

Brother Robert Griffin studies Chinese in the Philippines, against The Day.

QUIETLY, WITHOUT FANFARE, WITHOUT APPLAUSE, the Brothers toil alongside the missionary priests. Their responsibilities are great, their tasks as varied as their locations and their place of origin. And the value of their work is incalculable. As one Father put it: "Alone I am only one man: with a Brother I am three."

From all parts of the country they come, and

Brother Everard Booth checks linen in Ceylon.

Brother Parnoff S.J. takes a rare holiday with Professor George Abbosh of Baghdad College.

In Holy Cross, Alaska, Brother Francis Fox is regarded a tower of strength.

in generous answer to a Divine invitation to the Religious life. Indeed, generosity is the keynote of their lives, and probably the answer to their almost fantastic versatility. For a Brother seems ready, at the drop of a word, to take on anything, from running a troop of Boy Scouts expertly enough to receive a Royal Citation, as Brother Jacoby did in Belize, British Honduras, to supervising the erection of building and entertaining Sheikhs, as Brother Parnoff does in Baghdad. Everywhere they are the missionary Priest's right hand, everywhere Jesuit missionaries hope and pray that superiors may be able soon to spare them a Brother. Only trouble is: there aren't enough of them.

Bro. Anthony LeBel is sacristan in Kingston.

Bro. John Jacoby is famous in Belize.

In St. Francis Indian Mission Brother Wilson C. Wright directs repairs on local conveyance.

It may never be the national game but Iraqis enthuse over baseball.

KAISI *at the bat*

NEIL F. DECKER S.J.

PENNANT FEVER IS IN THE BAGHDAD AIR. Back in the States the major league baseball teams are only beginning spring training but here on the banks of the Tigris the season is approaching its climax. The date palms which fringe the playing field are suffering from the extra-base blasts and the air is filled with cries of "Slide, Fathallah, slide!"

Baseball is no longer an American monopoly. It is true that most of the boys here in Iraq never heard of it before coming to Baghdad College and very, very few had ever played it. It has been interesting to watch how quickly they catch on to the game.

We have a regular league for third, fourth and fifth high; another one for second, and finally one for the youngsters of first high. The older boys have played the game before, so the few days before the opening of the league games are for them merely a "spring training" period. Watching some of the older boys play, you would think you were watching a typical group of American boys playing a game that they had learned almost as soon as they began to walk. You have to stop to remember that these boys but a few short years ago when they first came to Baghdad College had to be taught how to hold the bat, catch a ball, run the bases and all the other intricacies of the game. Yet by the time many of these boys reach fifth high they can play the game as well as any average high school boy in America.

The games of the upper classes are really a pleasure to watch. All the boys know just what they should do, and do not need much coaching. We have a few boys like

Ara and Murad who can really hit the ball and as a result are the "Ted Williams" and "Joe DiMaggio" for the younger boys. It is really a thrill to watch one of these powerful hitters come up to the plate with the score tied and clout the ball almost over the date trees out in right field. Yet the boys who get the biggest thrill out of the game and at the same time provide the greatest amount of laughter are the newcomers to Baghdad College—the boys of first high.

When these boys come to our school on the first day of class and read the signs on the bulletin boards they look with blank faces at a strange sign that reads: "Baseball . . . Practice Games today . . . 5A vs. 5B." With the very meager knowledge of English that they have most of them wonder just what this word baseball means. To satisfy their curiosity they come to the field during the lunch period to see what it is all about. The sight that meets their eyes is quite amazing. They hear the other boys cheering madly as one of their classmates runs across the plate for a score. They watch with a look of questioning bewilderment as one of the powerful fifth high boys pounds the ball out of reach of the outfielders.

Each day after school these youngsters meet me as I come out of the school, and in voices high pitched with excitement ask, "Abouna, I make team?", "Father, I putcher?" They really want to learn to play baseball. These games are filled with humor and excitement. The boys have to be taught how to hold the bat, hit the ball, run the bases, field the ball, and all of the other essentials of the game. At first there are errors galore. There are times when I have had to turn my back on the plate and laugh to myself at some of the antics the boys perform.

Many days of practice are completed before the time for the first high league to show their mettle comes. By this time many of the boys know the rudiments of the game and are ready for all opposition. All the boys in each class come to the field to encourage their heroes even when they are losing by a very large margin. Of course the size of the score does not mean too much in these games. I have seen a team get as many as ten runs in one inning to come from behind and win a game. The boys play with all their hearts and they are really disappointed when the dreaded bell sounds calling them to their afternoon classes. The game is finished, bats, gloves and balls are put in the baskets, but tomorrow is another day with another game.

It is a pleasure to work with these youngsters and help them to learn the game. The boys themselves are very willing to learn and never give up trying. Once the boys leave the school they have not the facilities for games that they have here at the College. You do not see the grassy fields in every neighborhood that you see in the States. These boys have only the dark and dirty streets on which to play. Even on holidays many of the boys will come to the school and ask one of the Fathers for the baseball and bat. Then they will spend the morning having their fun away from the crowded city streets. The boys have to be taught to be charitable and fair in their playing. By our example and patient teaching on the ball field we hope, with the grace of God, to instill into their young hearts those virtues which will make them better citizens of their country and imitators of Jesus Christ.

Neil Decker S.J. explains the technique required to get the most out of a baseball bat to a group of eager Baghdad College freshmen.

Charles Lenaghan S.J. is finally off to Patna, assisted by Raymond Baumhart S.J.

150 Miles in Seven Years

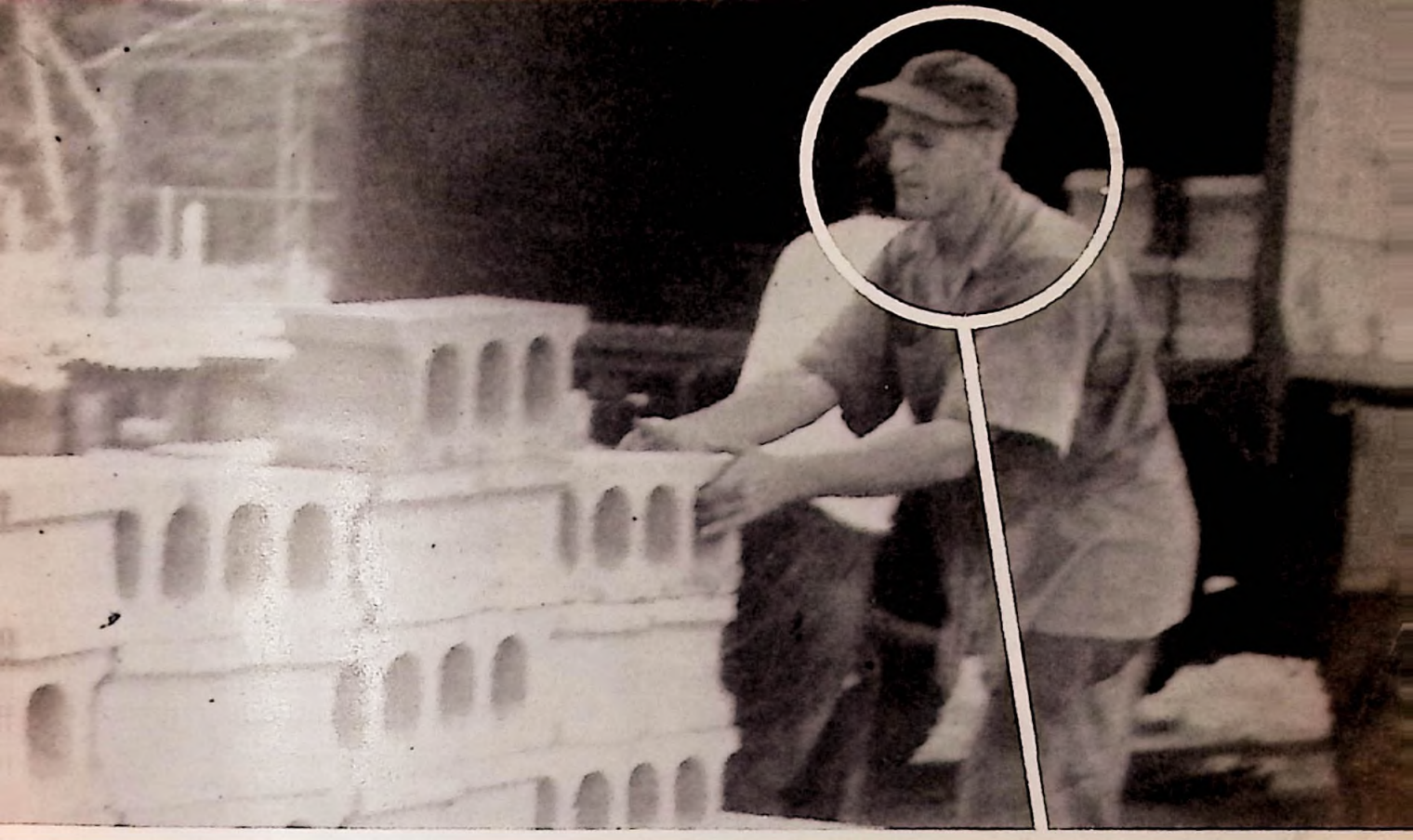
RAYMOND C. BAUMHART S.J.

THE ROUTE FROM PATNA, INDIA, TO RANCHI, India, is 150 miles long. But Charles Lenaghan S.J., traveled 22,000 miles before he completed the trip. And it took him from his 24th to his 31st birthday to do it.

In early '46, Corporal Lenaghan of the Royal Army had been, in his own terse terms, "chained to a desk for five years." Stationed at Meerut, India, for two years, he had been deeply impressed by the Jesuit missionaries from Patna. The straight-from-the-shoulder sermons and the Christ-like zeal of the late Father John Sloan S.J. especially appealed to Lenaghan's serious nature. So he determined to join the Jesuits in Patna upon his release from military service. But he was advised to get his primary training at the United States headquarters of the Jesuits who work in Patna. As a result, the Glasgow-born Irishman, once a salesman in Belfast and later an airplane-assembly worker in Coventry, came to America.

At Milford, Ohio, he spent three and a half study-filled years. Then in mid-1950, the foundation of his spiritual life completed, he rejoiced at the appearance of his name on the India-bound roster. Due in Patna in October, he would stop off briefly in Ireland to visit with his parents and six brothers and sisters. Before he sailed from New York, however, a volleyball game left him with a badly wrenched back. When he reached Ireland, doctors decided that the injury required immediate and regular treatment. So the would-be missioner's orders were changed, and the next three years were spent in Tullabeg, Ireland, studying philosophy.

On last September 10th, the now-healthy Mr. Lenaghan finally reached Ranchi, India, ready to begin the missionary life sought since 1946.



Do you know this man?

HE is the Very Rev. John W. Lange S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission of Ceylon, at work building a school.

Father Lange believes the school is so important that since he didn't have enough money to have it built, HE DECIDED TO PUT IT UP HIMSELF. The Superior of the Ceylon Mission actually mixing concrete and laying brick! But he still doesn't have enough money to finish the building and furnish it.

Won't you help?

Everything is needed: concrete blocks (20¢ each), wiring, switches, sockets, toilets ($50.00 each), desks, pews for the chapel ($20.00 each) EVERYTHING!

Father Lange thinks this project is so vital that he is building it with his own hands. Won't you lift your hands to help his?

Contributions (any size) will be gladly received at

JESUIT MISSIONS 962 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21, N. Y.

Window on the Mission World

There are "hidden men" on mission fields who are just as essential as the preacher of the Gospel

What makes a missionary happy? "Cash," you reply promptly. And not unreasonably. There is a certain satisfied gleam in the eye that comes only with the contemplation of a check. Especially when that check means a temporary truce in the endless battle with bankruptcy, which so many missionaries have to fight.

But the battle for financial stability, difficult though it be, is only a skirmish. The real war is the battle for souls, in which the missionary, soldier of Christ the King, wars against the Prince of Darkness. And it is victory in that difficult and secret war which makes a missionary happiest.

Watch him when he baptizes an adult convert. He may not shout, or dance, or clap you on the back. But I think you will be able to sense the deep and solid satisfaction, the quiet happiness, of the occasion.

The making of converts is a basic missionary work. Without converts, obviously, there is simply no Church. But many Catholics conceive a missionary to be a man who is always making converts, full-time. The real missionary, they think, is the man who lives a hard and dangerous life, constantly preaching to and instructing pagans.

Many missionaries do live that way, and for the precious work they do, there is no substitute. But are they the only *real* missionaries?

A large number of American Jesuit missionaries are engaged in works not directly connected with the making of converts. Some of them, even, may never have made a convert after years of hard labor.

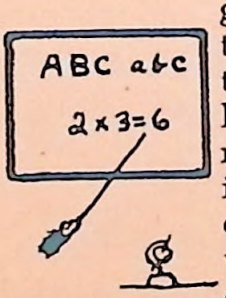
Father X, for example, has spent ten years teaching chemistry in a mission college. His old friend, Father Y, who burns with the zeal of a Xavier, has never done anything but sit at a desk and direct cooperatives and credit unions. Father Z has spent his life running a printing plant.

Are Fathers X, Y and Z *real* missionaries?

They are. They are missionaries just as much as Father A, who gives all his time and energy to preaching the gospel where it was never preached before. Why? Because all of them are engaged in the essential work of the missions, which is to establish the Church that will be able to carry on alone.

To build such a Church, one needs, besides a solid body of newly converted Christians—and that is the never-ending field of labor for the convert-maker—all the aids and helps that will allow these new children of God to become self-sustaining.

If they are poor, too poor to support themselves and the Church in decency, enter Father Y, the missionary who will teach them economic independence through cooperatives and the Church's social program. Are they uneducated, too ignorant to stand up for the rights of God in civic life, unable to offer from their ranks boys capable of entering the seminary to be their own priests? Enter Father X, who will build up a Catholic elite in his classroom.



In short, they are all missionaries, doing the work which Holy Mother Church asks of a missionary. Catholics at home should keep this in mind. Around the missionary world are thousands of dedicated missionaries, real missionaries, who are, in a sense, the "forgotten men" of the missions, simply because many of us have distorted ideas of what a real missionary is. Let us think with the Church. Let us pray for and support all the real missionaries, no matter what they do. For it is our job, too.

ASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA IND

A field WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

THE POLICE CAME BY NIGHT

The California Jesuits' residence in Hsinchu, Formosa, has plenty of guests, most of them missionaries in transit. The house was full, as usual, one night when more visitors dropped in.

"At 1:30 a.m. early last month, FATHER BRENNAN awoke FATHER BOURRET with this interesting announcement: 'The police are here.' Sure enough. Five of them. We were told to produce our residence certificates. One by one we tumbled out of bed, grumbling at the untimely intrusion. But the night hawkshaws were polite in the extreme and evidently embarrassed to be stirring up things at such an hour. There was no explanation for the visit, but it seems to have been part of the security measures taken during the recent visit of Vice-President Nixon. We still like Mr. Nixon."

SAILORS ARE A PATIENT LOT

Port chaplains in the bustling harbor of Trincomalee, Ceylon, are American Jesuit missionaries. FATHER CLAUDE R. DALY *S.J. tells us how hard it is to serve the sailors in an already crowded day.*

"Instructing converts among the sailors is our hardest job. They have so much time for leave, and no more; all of us have plenty of routine work to do. So it's often catch as catch can.

"Three English sailors are taking instructions at present. We can never be sure of their hours of leave, but they come when they can, and any priest who is available goes on with the lessons.

"Not an ideal situation, to be sure, but better than nothing. The sailors are patient, and I am proud to say that we have never kept them waiting more than an hour."

THE NEW SUPERIOR OF PATNA MISSION IN *India is Father Edward Mann S.J. of the Chicago Province. A graduate of Loyola Academy in Chicago, he entered the Jesuits in 1932. In 1940 he went to India where he first taught at Khrist Raja in Bettiah. After his ordination at St. Mary's in Kurseong he was assigned to the Jesuit school in Jaipur until his appointment as Superior. In his new position he will be responsible for the 165 Jesuits who man the mission along the Ganges as well as the men working in the kingdom of Nepal.*

SPOTLIGHT

This month our Spotlight turns southward to rest on FATHER HENRY SUTTI S.J. of the British Honduras Mission.

Father Sutti was the first priest to ever come out of Father Flanagan's famed Boys Town. Born in Brooklyn he went to Boys Town as an orphan. He went on to become a member of the Jesuits of the Missouri Province. After his ordination he spent several years on the Negro missions before being assigned to British Honduras.

Most of his time on the Mission was spent in Punta Gorda. There he set up the cooperatives among the Carib Indians and was largely instrumental in placing them on a self-sufficient basis.

His present mission at Corozal is the headquarters from which he and his two assistants cover both the stations along the coast and those in the interior.

Father Sutti is a man who can use help. His own background is a perfect one for a missionary. We hope that some readers of Spotlight will remember him.

THANKS FOR THE MARBLES

El Progreso, in the mission of Yoro, is a busy place, especially at Christmas. For every pastor feels that he must do a little something to make the day memorable for the children. FATHER JOHN C. MURPHY S.J. *writes to thank JM for helping out:*

"There are three fine boxes of marbles down at the Post Office and we are waiting for permission to get them out. Many thanks to JESUIT MISSIONS! With the boxes of toys we already have on hand, Christmas should be happy for the kids in our school.

"Thanks also for the twelve candlesticks and the crucifix which arrived the other day. I intend to take them out to Santa Rita this week-end and I know that the people will be pleased. Now we won't have to put the candles on plates any more when we have Benediction, nor will we be scraping wax off the new altar."

NEW HANDS FOR JAPAN

The California Jesuits plan to open, in 1955, a high school in Hiroshima, Japan. MR. ROBERT T. BECKA S.J., *writes about a beginner's difficulties with Japanese:*

"We have 16 classes a week, and the language is making a bloody entrance. All our teachers, except FATHER JOHN FORSTER S.J., are Japanese. The Language School and Eiko High School used to be a Japanese submarine base. We are members of an international community of 61 Jesuits, the largest Catholic religious group of men in Japan."

ODD JOBS FOR FATHER

If you saw an old friend calmly cutting a hole in the ceiling, you might well begin to wonder . . .

FATHER JOHN B. MURRAY S.J., pastor of Adra in the Jamshedpur mission, India, was long plagued by a leaking roof in his rectory. Despite extensive repairs, the roof kept right on leaking.

RAQ • JAMAICA • JAPAN • PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • YORC

Make The Right Move

Spring is coming and for many people that means moving time. If you intend to change your address will you please let us know in advance? We need both your old address and the new one to be sure that JM arrives safely and on time.

JESUIT MISSIONS, INC.
962 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.

So Father Murray took action. He cut a neat trapdoor in the ceiling. Now, when it rains, he climbs through, quickly patches the inevitable leak of the day, and comes down the ladder with the smile of a man who knows what he is doing.

Recently Father was called upon to do another odd job. There was a mad dog in the neighborhood and he was asked to shoot the beast. There was no danger involved, since the dog was tied and the owner gave his full approval. But Father was somewhat nervous, for his reputation was at stake before an audience of two hundred people.

Father Murray is a man who sees his job and does it. The dog is dead.

BROTHER ACT

Among our missionaries, we have two Fathers who are brothers, if you see what we mean. Father William Nicholson S.J. is in the Philippines, and his brother, Father John, is in the Caroline Islands. Father Ralph Gehring S.J. writes about the brother act.

"Father William Nicholson arrived in Manila recently and came over to San José to deliver letters to the seminarians from Ponape. He told us a lot about his brother John's work. Willie said he and Jack ate nothing but rice and pork three times a day the whole week or two of Willie's visit. Yet Jack has built a fine church and school in two places, and supports three teachers in each of the schools. Jack spends one week in one place, one week in the other. In one case he sleeps in the sacristy; in the other, in an old convento, the end of which fell down while they were both there. Willie had a pillowcase on his pillow; Jack had a T shirt pulled over his.

"Willie said Jack pulled a tooth for one of his parishioners, sewed up the split foot of another, gave injections, etc., while he was there. Now that he speaks Ponapean fluently, he teaches in both schools. In spite of everything, Jack's health is good."

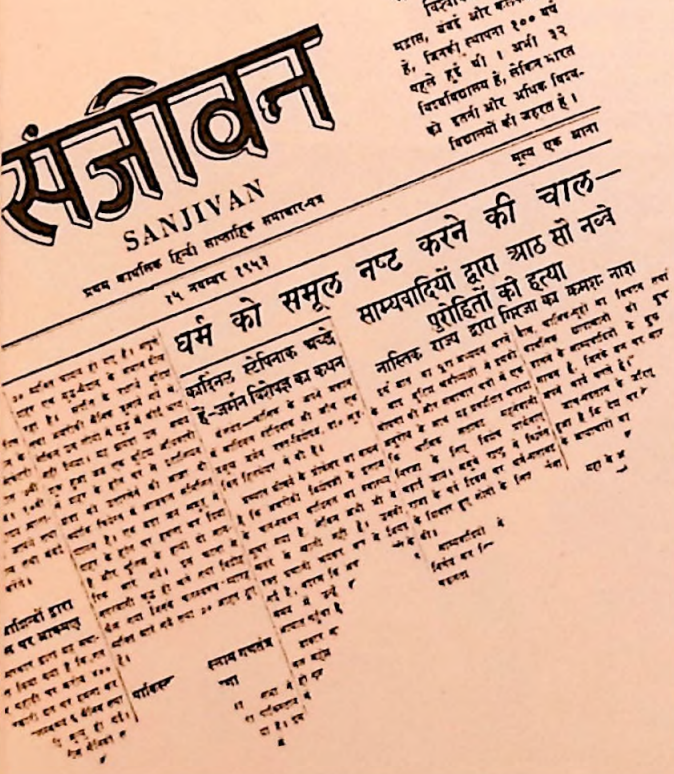
A REMINDER

As we go to press there are several American Jesuits who are still prisoners of the Chinese Communists. The place of their confinement is not known and one single request for clothes is the only word which has come from them. May we ask our readers to keep these valiant soldiers of Christ very much in mind in their prayers and sacrifices? Thank you.

Enroute from Rome to his Pacific mission Bishop Feeney finds a copy of JM *in Spain.*

Catholic Life on the FRONT PAGE

JOHN J. BARRETT S.J.



"Bishops Reply to Katju"
"Holy Father Condemns Planned Parenthood"
"Sisters 100 Years in Patna"
India's first Catholic paper
in the Hindi language
is a powerful weapon
against Communist propaganda
as well as a vehicle
for spreading Catholic truth
and the Kingdom of God
in the new India

e:ft) Indian Catholics reading Sanjivan, e: Hindi Catholic newspaper. (Above) A iick instruction by Brother Karpinski S.J.

INDIAN CATHOLICS GET THEIR NEWS, DOMESTIC and foreign, every week in the -· Hindi Catholic newspaper published by e Jesuits in Patna. There is a rapid transrmation taking place in the national life ıcler Pandit Nehru and the Five Year ain, and the Catholic Church is keeping c:e with this change. The creation of an dlian cardinal and the elevation of four dlians to archbishoprics this year is a sign growth of the Faith in this subcontinent. The birth of this first Hindi Catholic wspaper three years ago was due to this owth and expansion. For the past twenty dl thirty years missionaries working in rthern India everywhere established vilge schools; from them the more able boys dl girls were sent to mission high schools, dl today the best students are found in the tholic colleges that have arisen in the st few years. Here are the Catholic leads of tomorrow.

Experience has shown, however, that ools are not enough. As Pope Pius XI dl, all Catholic activities are incomplete less we have a vigorous Catholic Press. e American Jesuits in Patna Mission recnized this need of a Hindi Catholic newsper to acquaint the laity with Catholic affairs and to form ideas among the Catholic leaders; so SANJIVAN was started in 1950.

The name SANJIVAN signifies "The One who gives Life." It is, therefore, a synonym for Christ, and it has actually given supernatural life to more than one non-Christian whose conversion is due to reading the paper. The Catholic readers, of course, find in it that food for mind and heart that makes them better Catholics, too.

SANJIVAN, published every Tuesday, goes out to thousands of villages where Catholics may number two or ten thousand spread out over 1,000 miles of north India. Many readers get their paper direct by mail, but the majority obtain theirs from the parish priest after Sunday Mass . . . at a cost of one anna each. For 99% of the people, this is the only newspaper they ever see.

At present SANJIVAN is a four page affair, and dreams of becoming six pages. Within their limited space it carries national and world news besides the big Catholic news of India, the United States, and other countries. Its editorials give the Catholic slant on domestic and world events and beat a steady attack on the Communist doctrines and tactics. The regular features consist of a Children's corner, letters to the Editor, biography of a saint, a Women's Column, and Religious Questions and Answers.

All of this news and entertainment the reader purchases for only one anna per copy —which means a penny to you. However, the annà is much more than a penny to the Indian Catholic. That is, the anna he spends from his pay is equal to 40¢ of your salary. It requires some courage to spend that much for a newspaper, and the fact that he makes such a sacrifice is a tremendous tribute to his zeal.

Unfortunately that sum is not sufficient to cover the cost of publication, and therein lies a great problem. Until the circulation of SANJIVAN reaches such figures as will attract advertising revenue and make it self-supporting, the Jesuit missionaries must meet the deficit from their slender resources.

Moscow thinks it worthwhile to subsidize its false propaganda in India as well as elsewhere. We think it is more than worthwhile to underwrite the Catholic press for spreading the truth and the Kingdom of God in India.

WANTED

YOU HAVE READ

That the publication of Catholic literature in India by Father Barrett can be a powerful force against Communism. As yet, the Sanjivan Press is not self-supporting. Would you please help to keep alive this great force for truth by a contribution of $1.00?

The Business of Missions

JESUIT JM MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

The press date for the March issue is two weeks after Christmas. With that thought in mind, the following is written. Despite your anxiety to select and wrap gifts for your friends, many of you found time to write to Jesuit Missions. Your generosity was an inspiration to all of us and, obviously, a tremendous help to our missionaries.

In reading your letters, I more than once asked myself the question whether I, under the same circumstances, would be willing to make such heroic sacrifices for the Christ Child. I remember well the man who, though living on a pension, sent the price of a pair of shoes. There was a non-Catholic nurse who worked overtime until she secured $50.00 so that she could help a missionary. Several parents wrote in the name of their children and enclosed the contents of a piggy bank.

During the current year, the Jesuit missionaries will bring the inestimable happiness of God to souls. As a reward, may the same blessing be granted to you and to yours.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
(Rev.) Coleman A. Daily S.J.

TOSSING AND TURNING

An uncomfortable cot can be endur for a short vacation period. You have pro ably had that experience, but you rememb how nice it was to get back to your own b and not have to worry about lumps and sa

There are Nuns and Brothers in Alas who would like to trade in their old cots f something more comfortable.

One bed—$50.00.

WANT TO BUY A KOYA?

Koya is Japanese for a wooden and m shelter that can be used as a recreati building. A good-sized building of t type can be constructed in Japan for ab $75.00.

If possible, we would like to help Fath Garcia S.J. at Yamaguchi. This mission does a grand work among the boys of t city by conducting a recreation area next his church. In fair weather the lot is fu and the boys are kept close to the churc but when it rains or snows, the boys ha to sit home or roam the streets.

Father Garcia wants to solve this proble by building a *Koya* where the boys c gather during bad weather.

Total cost—$75.00.

BISHOP McELENEY

In Jamaica there are a large number East Indians, only a small percentage whom are Catholics. Bishop McEleney h met this problem by educating in In two East Indian candidates for the prie hood who will be able to work among th own people in Jamaica.

The Bishop hopes that Jesuit Missio will be able to contact some generous p sons who would adopt these seminari and share the cost of educating these you men.

Bishop McEleney asks for $500.00 a y for this important work.

USED TOYS AND BOYS' CLOTHES

Are needed at the Indian Mission of Francis, South Dakota.

Would you keep this in mind the n time you clean house? Please send any s viceable toys and clothes to:

Rev. George M. Peiper S.J.
St. Francis Mission
St. Francis, S. Dakota

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.
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Seattle 22, Wash.

Ceylon and Home Missions
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4439 S. Carrollton Ave.
New Orleans 19, La.

China (Suchow)
Rev. Louis Bouchard S.J.
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Montreal 2, Canada

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Rev. F. W. Anderson S.J.
1106 Boylston St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

British Honduras, Yoro,
and U. S. Indians
Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

China (Nanking, Shanghai
and Yangchow)
Rev. John K. Lipman S.J.
821 Market Street,
San Francisco 3, Cal.

India (Patna) and U. S. Indians
Rev. John A. Kilian S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and
Canadian Indians
Rev. William E. Daly S.J.
403 Wellington St., West
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur)
Rev. William J. Driscoll, S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.
Baltimore 2, Md.

Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands
Rev. William T. Wood S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

If You Have FIVE FRIENDS

. . . If you have five friends and you get them to subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS, you know what will happen?

They'll thank you: because they'll receive a fine magazine. And the missionaries will rejoice, because that will be five more people who will know about their work and pray for its success.

And besides that, you will have:

1. A beautiful parchment scroll from Rome, which we will send you,

2. A share in a monthly Mass celebrated at the altar of St. Francis Xavier in Rome for all those who help the work of the missions in a special way;

3. The gratitude and prayers of the JESUIT MISSIONS staff and the missionaries,

4. The satisfaction of knowing that you are helping actively in the greatest work in the world: bringing souls to God!

AND YOU'LL FEEL *Wonderful!!!!*

JESUIT *Missions*

962 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

OH! FOR A JEEP!

FATHER NEWELL, OF YORO, IN CENTRAL AMERICA, has a faithful old donkey to carry him along the rough roads and hills and through the jungles of his mission. But the donkey is getting old. And cranky. And when the Bishop comes for confirmations, there are always moments of doubt . . .

Father would like to retire his long-eared and faithful helper, to let the patient donkey spend his last days in pleasant leisure, untroubled by anxieties about long trips and heavy burdens.

A jeep would do it. And it would make it possible for Father to get around much more comfortably. Also much more rapidly. P. S. The Bishop would like it, too.

Will you help? Any contribution for Father Newell's jeep would be gratefully accepted. Fifty cents, fifty dollars, all are welcome at JESUIT MISSIONS.

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