

JESUIT MISSIONS



JULY - AUGUST 1954

JESUIT

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(Left) In early spring the rice paddies of Japan are flooded by the melting mountain snows.

MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF THE 1129 MISSIONARIES
OF THE 8 AMERICAN JESUIT PROVINCES

Vol. 28, No. 6

July-August, 1954

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BEHIND THE LINES

In this issue you can wander all over the face of the earth from the majestic Himalayas to the remote Filipino barrios; from the frozen banks of the Yukon to the tropic Caribbean or the Ceylon coconut trees.

But it may be that this copy of JM arrives just after your vacation and wandering is the one thing you prefer least.

So instead of wandering why not do a bit of wondering? A tree grows in Baghdad, and the missionary who tells us about it sees beyond the tree to the reason for his presence in the City of the Caliphs.

Background and "the far-away places with the strange sounding names" do not provide the reason for a missionary's presence there. In most missions those things provide a good excuse for quitting.

But missionaries don't quit. Did you ever wonder why? What is it that drives a man to the ends of the earth and, very often, to the end of his rope, and yet he will not quit?

That is only one of the many questions to wonder about as you read this issue. We aren't going to give you the answer but be assured it is a divinely beautiful one.



COVER. The Japanese grandmother of a Catholic catechist at her morning prayers. A fervent Catholic herself, the elderly lady is unable to attend church but the priest brings Holy Communion twice a month.

MISSION OF THE MONTH—The territory of Alaska is divided into two ecclesiastical sections. The southern part is the Diocese of Juneau which embraces 70,800 square miles and whose parishes are strung for the most part along the Gulf of Alaska. The rest of the territory is the real mission country, 515,600 square miles which constitute the Vicariate of Alaska under Bishop Francis Gleeson S.J. Here there are sixteen mission centers staffed by 36 Jesuit missionaries.

Since 1886 when the first permanent mission was established the Jesuits have been laboring to bring Christ to the Eskimos and Indians of this northland. Called by Pope Pius XI "the most difficult foreign mission field in the world," this sprawling land stretches over an area nearly equal in size to all of the United States east of the Mississippi. To cover the great distances between mission stations the missionaries make use of plane, dogsled, boats and, where possible, of trucks. Over seventy-five Sisters of five different congregations are devoted and very necessary helpers.



MYSTERY

The dramatic story of the search for a missing missionary in Himalayan wilds.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO FATHER EDWARD WENISCH S.J. disappeared in the Himalaya mountains. Near sunset, he walked down the trail from the bungalow on Sandakphu's summit and headed towards Phalut. He was last seen two miles away, walking briskly northwards.

There was no concern among his companions of the Sandakphu expedition until it was time for the evening meal and the chaplain had not returned. Then they set out to search the rugged mountain slopes. Through the night they ranged far and wide, their voices raking every ravine and valley. But the search was fruitless.

Word was sent back to St. Mary's in Kurseong, the Jesuit theologate. The men there raced to Sandakphu, bringing equipment for the search. For days they toiled up and down mountain sides, doggedly tracing down every last detail of information, real or imaginary. They found nothing. Father Wenisch seemed to have vanished without a trace. Eventually the search was abandoned with great reluctance by his fellow Jesuits.

Then from time to time rumors began to filter through of a strange white man seen in Nepal. One newspaper reported, "Father Wenisch of Kurseong, reported missing in

the Himalayas, has been traced at Dhankutta in Eastern Nepal. He strayed into Nepal last month while attempting to climb Sandakphu, 12,000-foot Himalayan peak. He was detained by Nepalese authorities for want of identification. Father Eric Benjamin of Kurseong has left for Dhankutta with the necessary papers to bring him back."

Father Benjamin is the first Nepali diocesan priest and is widely esteemed throughout the hills. Many a weary mile has he tramped in the wake of such reports but every one of these rumors was false and shed no light on this mystery of the mountains.

Then three days ago, late at night, the Rector of St. Mary's, Father Ferdinand Timmermans, rapped quietly at my door. "We are leaving for Sandakphu as soon as possible. I will say Mass shortly after midnight."

It was a varied group of Jesuits who crowded into our Land Rover in the early morning darkness. Two Belgians who knew

face of the mountain. There was danger in every one of the tight curves and the Rover's fourth gear in low base worked overtime. No vehicle other than a jeep had ever climbed that track.

At Tonglu we left the car and its driver and shouldered our packs. Then down, down to Low Point, two thousand feet below; then on and up through Kalpokri to the 12,000-foot summit of Sandakphu. One measures distance by walking hours, not miles, in this terrain. The Chaukidar (caretaker) of the Government Bungalow on Sandakphu's top graciously allowed us the use of one room.

It would be necessary to wait overnight there for the arrival of a Pulbazar Police Officer. So we settled down and reviewed all the details of the report which had brought us to this spot on the roof of the world.

Eighteen days before a jungle fire had broken out just below Sandakphu. A runner had brought the alarm to the post at Rim-bick. The Chaprasi (forest messenger) and the Babu (officer) had set out immediately

In the cemetery at St. Mary's College in Kurseong burial services are conducted for Father Wenisch by his fellow Jesuits.

in the Mountains

JAMES THWAITES S.J.

the mountains; a sturdy Italian from the Alps; a Canadian who had endeared himself to the Nepalis by his mastery of their language; Father Rector and myself. At the wheel of the car was an American Jesuit who was to perform the finest feat of driving I have ever seen.

We headed northward through Sepoydura, Sonada, Ghum; then west towards Sukia Pokri. There a Police Constable joined us with his bedding slung over his shoulder. Out of Manebhunyang we raced and zig-zagged 2,000 feet up the all but vertical





The boots, socks, camera and case, knife and watch which provided the answer to the mystery in the mountains and the final identification of the lost Jesuit missionary.

for the village of Gurtam where they gathered about 100 able-bodied men. Then all hastened to Sandakphu and along the Phalut road to the razorback ridge where the fire was raging.

Yard by yard they fought the fire down into the valley, hacking a clearing through the tangled bamboo undergrowth. For twelve days they battled the flames until their supplies ran low. By this time they had fought their way three miles down the spur to water level on the Pratap Kola river.

The Babu ordered the Chaprasi to take twenty-five coolies and try to force a way through four miles of virgin jungle to Gurtam where supplies could be replenished. This party had proceeded a laborious mile when a coolie made the discovery which had brought us racing up from St. Mary's.

The next day we started down the blind foot track which led to the semblance of a path churned up by the fire-fighters along the razorback. On one side the virgin jungle spread down the slope; on the other a black carpet of ashes unrolled as far as the eye could see with the fire still smoldering in places.

Wading ankle-deep in the soft ashes, we stumbled, shuffled and slid down the steep sides of the razorback. In an hour we had almost literally dropped four thousand feet. We were racing the sun because it would be courting trouble to be trapped by darkness in that "no man's land."

At water level we saw the remains of the fire-fighters' camp. "Now the jungle begins," said the Chaprasi as he unsheathed his *khukhuri*, a big knife one third of his own

length, and began to hack the way through thick bamboo growth. We clung precariously to the cliff face overlooking the rocky and uninviting bed of the Chari Khola River. We slithered over smooth rock faces and jumped from rock to rock in the narrow stream when the jungle barred our way.

Finally we reached the spot. No word was spoken. In silent prayer we knelt in that almost inaccessible wilderness beside a skeleton still covered by the tattered remnants of a white cassock and a gray French army coat. Heavy red boots hid the feet. Nearby lay a broken pocket watch, a weather-beaten Zeiss camera with a still-unused role of film, and a steel pocket knife. The skeleton reposed in the peaceful attitude of sleep on a thin bed of moss on the north bank of the stream. There was no doubt in any of our minds. Father Edward Wenisch had been found.

Reverently we gathered up the mortal remains of the Alsatian Jesuit who had died less than a year after his priesthood had been conferred upon him. A member of the Madura Mission, he had been a prisoner of war before coming to St. Mary's. And then, eighteen months ago, he had walked off into a Himalayan sunset to find death.

By the time we arrived back at Manebhunyang we had tramped over fifty-five miles. But Father Timmermans directed our attention to Sandakphu as we neared home. Our Lady of the Snows had let fall her white mantle. If the snow had come yesterday our search would have been impossible. But Our Lady watches over her own. Father Wenisch lies buried in consecrated ground at St. Mary's.



(Above left) Father A. R. Kuenzel

(Above) Brother John Sorisio in Montana.

(Left) Father Robert Libertini

(Below) Father William Bennett.

THIS YEAR IS A MILESTONE FOR SEVERAL American Jesuit missionaries who celebrate their jubilees. On June 29th Father William Bennett of the Missouri Province marked his 50th year as a priest. Stationed in Belize, he still makes a practice of caring for those imprisoned in jail.

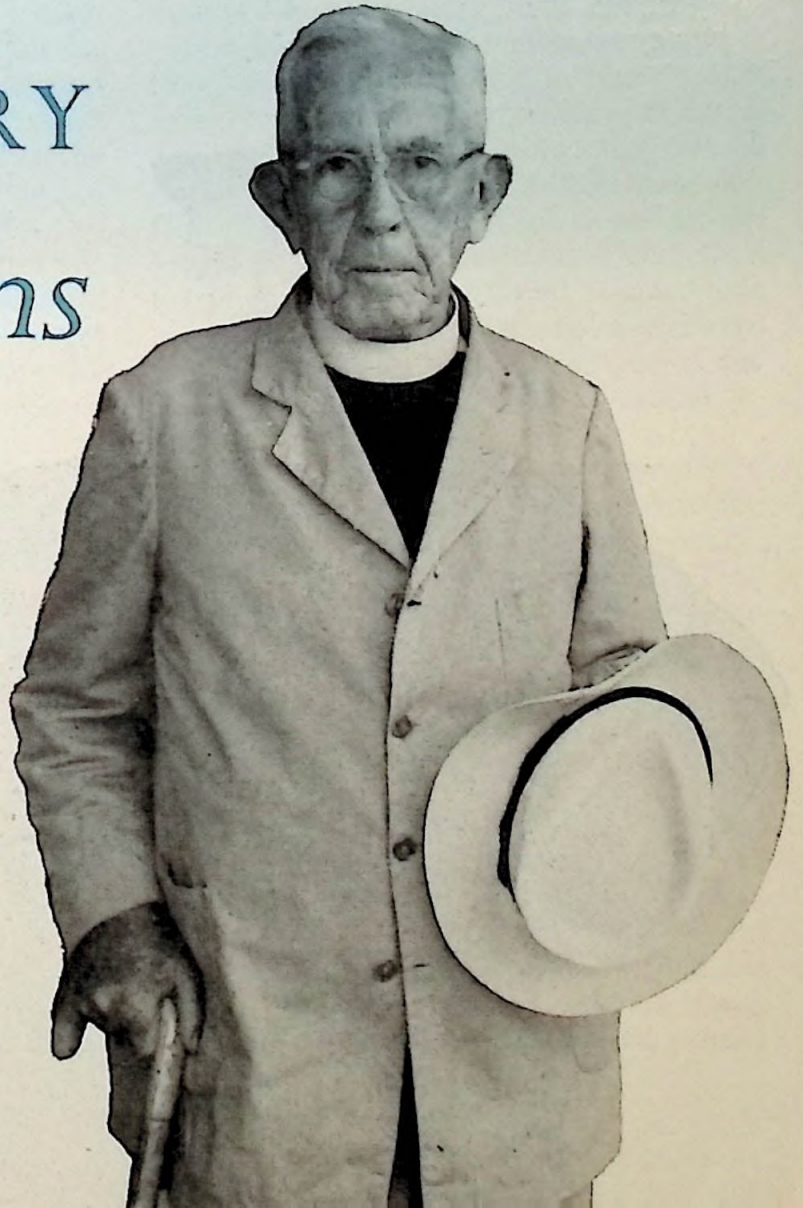
On that same mission of British Honduras Father Anthony Kuenzel will celebrate his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit on September 2nd. A missionary veteran, he is pastor of the parish at Benque Viejo.

On September 26th in El Paso, Texas, the missionary who was known for years as "the Padre of the Border" will also celebrate fifty years in the Society of Jesus. Father Robert Libertini covered many a weary mile in the mountains near Santa Fe to care for his scattered Mexican and Indian flocks.

On May 13th Brother John Sorisio had his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit at St. Ignatius Mission among the Flathead Indians in Montana. To these veterans—ad multos annos!

MISSIONARY *Jubilarians*

1904-1954





Kalskag church



Out-station altar

CURATE



Priest's house

THE KUSKOKWIM IS A RIVER IN Alaska. Although its name may sound like a miracle drug, a cough syrup, or a new type sports car, it means "our" parish to Father Norman Donohue, Mission Superior and pastor, and me, once of JM and now the recently appointed curate.

For something like four-hundred miles the Kuskokwim meanders like a tired serpent, in a general north to south direction towards the Bering Sea. There are about fifteen villages along the banks of this rambling artery, but we have churches in only four of these, namely, Bethel (our headquarters),

LAWRENCE N. HAFFIE S.J.





Aniak church

on the Kuskokwim

Aniak, Kalskag, and McGrath.

As I have said, this is "our" parish. I might add that it needs much rebuilding and repair before it will reach a respectable level of material attainment. Spiritually it is like any other mission. It needs servicing as constant and as complete as the limitations of travel, living conditions, and other circumstances will allow.

Our church here at Bethel, the main church of the parish, is much too small for the congregation, but we hope to get around to enlarging it soon. Next door is the parish house, also too small, which serves as the residence of the Mission Superior and a stopping off place for our missionaries.

A new quonset recreation hall, begun last year by Father Wood and some of the local folk, is still unfinished, but we hope to get the floor laid soon. All these buildings, by the way, are tropical quonsets, a bit unusual for this area, of course, but they are reasonably serviceable. Since there is very little wood in this town, we have to heat these buildings with oil, an expensive project but a necessary one.

To date, my travels to various villages in the parish have been mostly by air. I would like to keep a team of dogs, but I have no way of taking care of them. In the summer, perhaps, I may be able to travel by boat, that is, if I am successful in repairing the boat that Father Menager left here. Boat travel will also give me a chance to get into some of the other villages along the Kuskokwim, spots that I might not be able to visit otherwise.

One of my first projects here was to attempt to build living quarters on the back of

the church at Aniak. I say "attempt" because my knowledge of carpentry is hardly great enough to be called meager. Pounding nails and sawing boards is something foreign to my constitution. I am not joking when I say that I thought, several times, that I was paralyzed. Although I had hoped to do a like repair job at Kalskag I was almost happy to learn that the lumber had frozen, thus postponing the undertaking until Spring.

Speaking of frozen lumber reminds me that I must have forgotten just how cold it can get up here. Our temperatures at Bethel are usually around 40 below; they are 50 below and lower at Aniak and Kalskag; McGrath features a "special" of around 60 below a good part of the time. Thank God, for my sleeping bag, as well as the Arctic togs that some of the other missionaries gave me. Please let me know when and if the Jesuits ever adopt a fur-lined cassock as standard garb!

It's a long trek from Madison Avenue in New York to Bethel on the Kuskokwim, much longer than an end-to-end measurement of this far-flung parish. But in New York or Bethel, in Seattle or McGrath, our job is the same, the God-given privilege of ministering to souls redeemed by the blood of Our Saviour. It's a job with consolations, too, like the blessed thrill that I felt when the people of Aniak, with tears in their eyes, said to me, "Father, we knew you would come for Christmas."

Such appreciation for the services of a priest are a heart-warming inspiration in a land of frost and snow. Please pray that this "Curate of the Kuskokwim" will do his part to help these humble and devoted people.



Woman working on one of India's new dams.



The "new look" among India's college girls.

This girl seems a bit suspicious of things.



WOMEN

New

ONCE THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE women of India moved only in the background. They had a definite role to play but it was very much of a minor one. Education was for the few and the rigid barriers of the caste system restricted much of their activity.

Today in the new India most of the old way of life has undergone a complete change. The so-called Untouchables and Aborigines have been rehabilitated; child marriage is now frowned upon; the fatalistic concept which regarded poverty, disease and sickness as evils impossible to avoid has been abandoned and replaced by a vigorous assault on these age-old social problems.

With independence and the setting up of a democratic government the status



The right weight is now a school problem.



Scientists are needed in the India of today.

in the India

of women was raised to its proper level. It will take time, naturally enough, before such a radical change can penetrate to all classes and all parts of the country. But a strong beginning has been made and India's girls are being trained in subjects hitherto closed to them. Physics, chemistry, political science, education in all its branches, medicine and law—all these are open to them now.

One thing this new status will undoubtedly bring is an increase in vocations to the sisters. India needs them, too.





Century among

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ON THE 24TH of September, St. Ignace Mission in Montana was established on its present site. Originally begun ten years before by the famous Father Peter De Smet on the bank of the Pend d'Oreille river opposite the present town of Cusick in Washington, it was moved at the request of the Indians (Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenais) to the spot it now occupies. Its first building, a log cabin, still stands across the road.

Less than a year later over a thousand

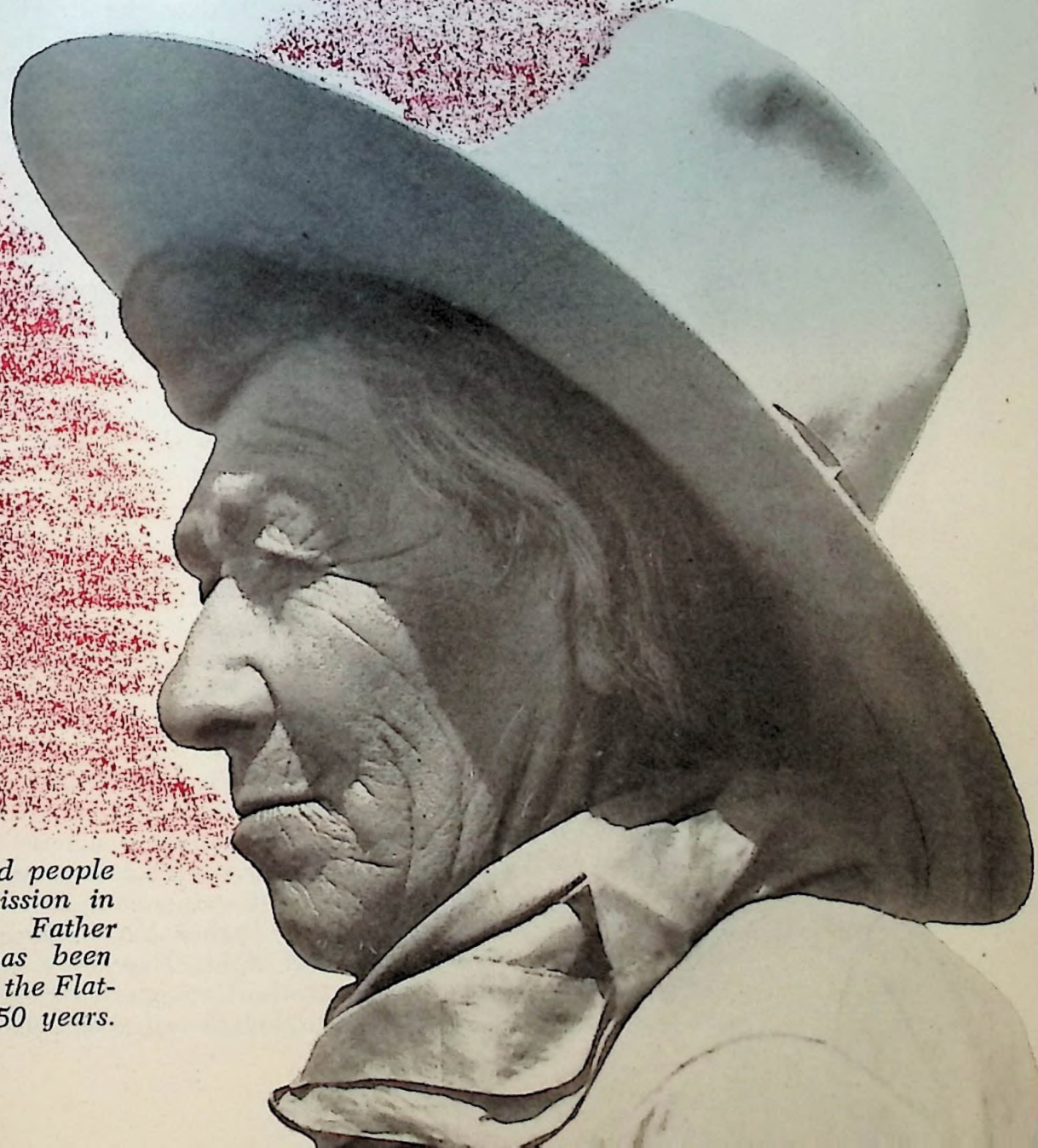
Indians of different tribes had made their permanent homes nearby. At the great Council at Hell Gate that year a famous treaty was drawn up between the U. S. Government and the Indians whereby the original Flathead reservation was set aside for the exclusive use of the Indians. To the Jesuits was entrusted the duty of educating them.

For a century that work has been carried on in the face of tremendous difficulties. St. Ignace Mission is a monument to the selfless devotion of Fathers and Sisters.

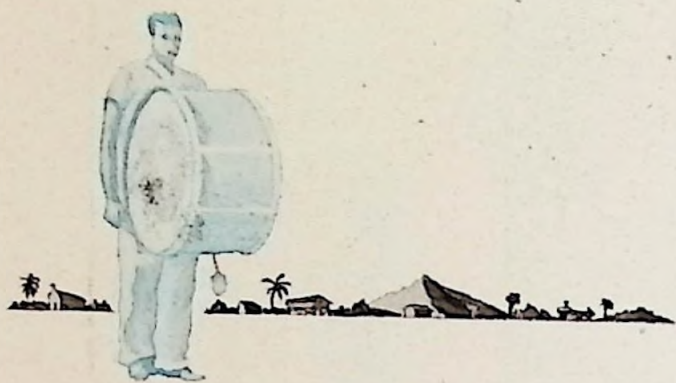




the FLATHEADS



(Above) Places and people of St. Ignatius Mission in Montana. (Left) Father Louis Taelman has been with the Indians of the Flathead Reservation 50 years.



DRUMS

THE UNBROKEN STILLNESS OF CATAGGAMAN'S SIESTA hour was suddenly shattered by a long shrill whistle blast, followed by two short ones. The Filipino bamboo groves which had echoed sounds no stronger than the call of orioles, and the occasional cackle of chickens, were suddenly reverberating with the sound of twenty bugles and twelve drums. Old men and women hurriedly dashed to their windows. Children, wide-eyed and scantily clad, rushed to the street. A long line of little children, bearing placards with the names of their different Catechetical Centers were marching gaily to the tune of the bugles, and the martial music of the band. This spectacle had never happened in this quiet and remote barrio in years. What was it all about?

Cataggaman, an over-populated barrio of Tuguegarao, Cagayan, was earmarked by energetic Msgr. Alejandro Olalia, D.D., Bishop of Tuguegarao, as target number one for this year's religious instructions. Of its 6,000 inhabitants, only 2,000 called themselves Catholics. An Aglipayan "bishop," a "priest," and a seminary were indicative of the vigor of Aglipayanism in the locality. An American Methodist pastor with his active wife also put in their bid for stray sheep by distributing candy and clothing in return for attendance at their Sunday School.

Gay and portly Father Vicente Catral, priest-in-charge, who cycled to the place in between class periods at the San Jacinto Seminary, had made his presence felt when he took up the work left by his predecessor, Msgr. Ricardo Jamias of Ilagan, Isabella, about seven years ago. But work among the teeming youngsters of the barrio had to be intensified to beat the opposition.

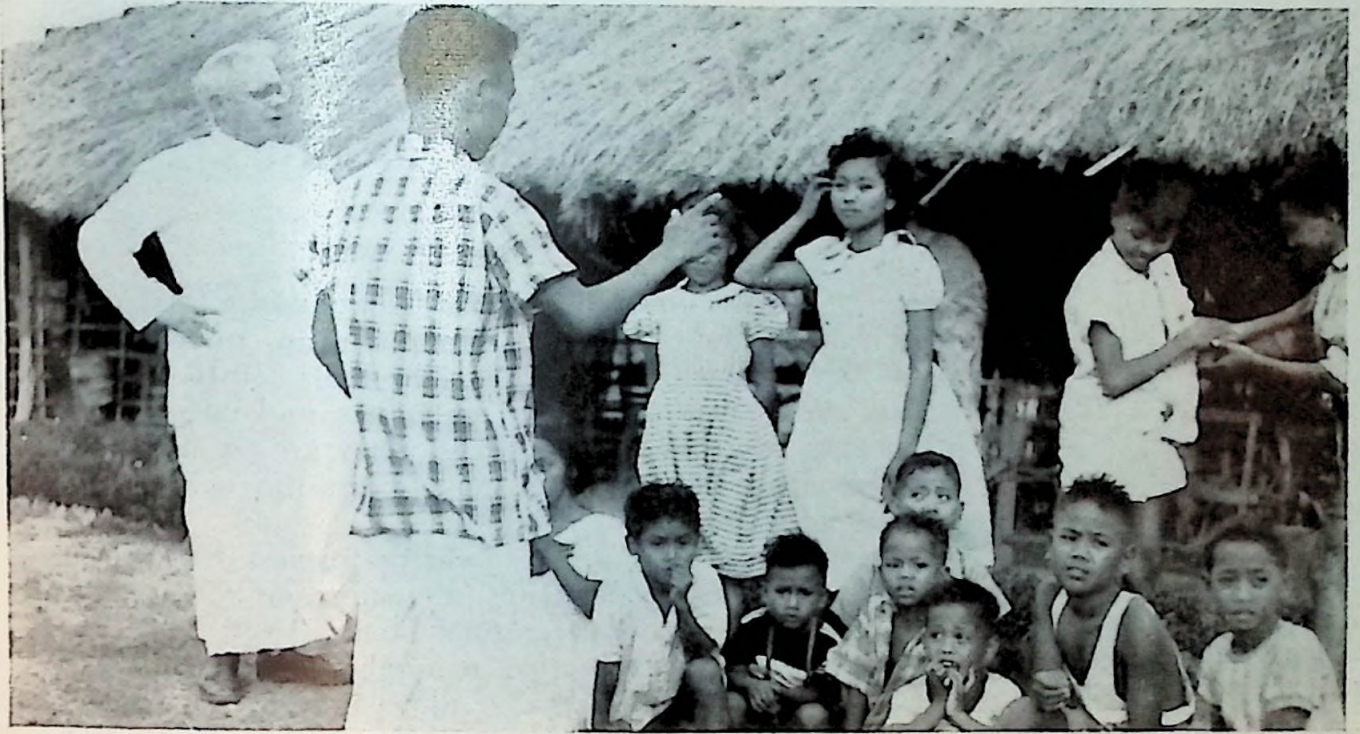
Accordingly, one clear morning, sixty-six Senior Socialists of the Ateneo, led by Father Catral himself, trekked down the three kilometer dirt road to Cataggaman. "Get every child on the benches the next day for catechism!" he told them. That day, nine centers were established all over Cataggaman.

Two weeks later, Father Austin Dowd's College Socialists took up the fight. They piled into a jeep and motored down to the Cataggaman Elementary School. So for six months, religious instructions were given to



TEODORO A. LLAMSON S.J.

along the Cattagaman



Father Austin Dowd looks on as catechist of Ateneo de Tuguegarao instructs the children.

the children of Cataggaman on Sundays and Thursdays. To the eternal credit of the Sodalists, they were on their posts every Sunday and Thursday, whether it be under a tobacco shed, a mango tree, or in the barren ricefield.

Sometimes, attendance dwindled so low that classes consisted of four or five little tots. There was always something that stood in the way—a barrio wedding, a baptismal party or a dance.

But there was one consistent cause of the dearth in attendance—the American Methodist pastor and his instructors. They would come earlier than the Sodalists, and by offers of candy and clothing, lure the children to their Sunday School. When the Sodalists learned of this trick, they decided to beat the group at their own game. They distributed candies themselves, the next day, and

in double quantity.

Finally, the day came when the children were ready for First Communion. About two hundred children, all in white, received Communion in the morning. Father Thomas Reilly S.J. preached the sermon in the Cataggaman church, which bulged to the seams with parents and friends.

In the afternoon, at around four o'clock, some five hundred children marched along the main road of Cataggaman behind the Ateneo drum and bugle corps in their gala uniforms. It ended in the open-air auditorium of Cataggaman called "Alumni Hall." Here, a brief program of dances and a Catechism Quiz Contest topped off the celebrations of the day. After the show, Father Catral heaved a big sigh and said, "Grand! Everything went as we had planned it!"

The Bells of San Antonio



JOHN J. STOCHL S.J.

THE MAYA INDIANS OF THE PICTURESQUE VILLAGE OF San Antonio in British Honduras are proud of their three ancient church bells. The bells call the people to Mass and prayer; they ring for fiestas and meetings; they announce baptisms and weddings. They are an intimate part of the village life, for they have been the village heralds almost since the village was born.

A hundred years ago these bells performed the same functions in the village of San Luis in Guatemala, but the Indians were not happy in their original home. Tired of taxes and the enforced military service, a number of the villagers decided to leave Guatemala and move into British Honduras. And so, with their possessions on their backs, their children at their heels, and their animals on leashes, a hundred of them made the two-day journey through the jungle. Eventually they settled at the site of the present San Antonio and hewed a thatch village out of the palm leaves, wood, and vines that the jungle furnished so abundantly. It was nothing like their ancient home with its fine church, but the Indians hoped to find happiness and prosperity here.

The first months were times of hardship. Sickness broke out, the crops failed, their animals died. Finally in desperation a village council was called, and the village elders unanimously decided that the cause of their troubles was the absence of their bells and the fact that the statues of their patron saints no longer looked down on their undertakings.

An expedition was planned to go back to Guatemala and retrieve the bells and statues and bring them to the new village, where the bells could call the people to church and the *santos* could see all the hardships the people were suffering. A barrel of gunpowder was purchased, and all other preparations were made in strict secrecy.

On the appointed day all the men of the village, armed with guns, axes, machetes, and the barrel of gunpowder, slipped into the jungle and headed west. They arrived early

This statue of Our Lady in San Antonio originally came from Guatemala.



the next evening shortly after the unsuspecting Guatemalans had gone to their hammocks. Half the expedition waited as a reserve force at the jungle's edge, while the raiders crept towards the church. It was a matter of a few minutes to break in the church door, snatch the bells and the *santos*, and rejoin the reserve army. They were gone before the Guatemala Indians realized what had happened.

A few days later the *santos* were able to look over the hills of San Antonio from the thatch house that served as a church, and the bells rang out to call the inhabitants to a meeting to hear about the expedition's success.

Naturally a counter-attack was to be expected, and so guards were posted day and night. A delegation was sent to the Governor of the Colony asking for help, since their neighbors across the border "for some entirely unknown reason" held them ill will and might attack.

When the attack did come, all the men were twenty miles away buying and selling provisions on the coast. The women held off the enemy until the men could be summoned. And when the men did return, they captured most of the small invading army and had them clapped into jail for illegal entry. They were not released until they promised to make no further attack.

Evidently the *santos* liked their new home, for the village began to prosper. In the course of time a large wooden church was built to house the statues, and later a permanent pastor was sent to the Indians of San Antonio.

In 1948 a disastrous fire destroyed the church and all its contents. The famous statues could not even be recognized in the debris. But the bell tower was saved, and the bells, though scorched, were uninjured. A new church of stone and cement is now under construction, and in the new edifice the historic bells that date from the year 1718 will find an honored place from which they can continue to call the people to God and bring God's blessing on San Antonio.



A typical Mayan chichero, descendant of the Indians who moved into British Honduras.

A LETTER TO June

Dear June,

Received your kind note and thank you for the same. I think I understand the timidity that you speak about in your letter. The idea of becoming a Sister to work at home does not give you pause, but you hesitate to join up with a Sisterhood dedicated to Mission work. And yet the strange part of it all is, that is the very vocation which appeals to you.

Let me call your timidity, hesitancy. Even Our Lord hesitated in the Garden before His great sacrifice so why should we be surprised when we experience the same feeling? Yet I think it is a buildup of the devil. Look at the thousands of girls your age, who now travel all over the world in the armed services, and think nothing of it or even regard it as a lark. Still the service is not for life, I admit.

I remember the encouragement I received from a curate we had at St. Joseph's church at home, Father Albert Mullin. He is dead now and it's over thirty-five years since he spoke these words to me, but they live with me still. I, too, was hesitant about the final part, ing from home and friends. When I told him I was going, he said to me, "Charlie, you will never regret the step." Thank God I haven't, and with His grace and help may I never do so. And to you, too, I repeat, "June, you will never regret the step."

Here in the parish we just had Confirmations. We had 85 children confirmed.

St. Anne's Rectory
Kingston, Jamaica

Who instructed them? Who prepared them? Who scuffled around to get them white veils, and clothes and perhaps shoes? Who did all that? The Sisters of course. And if the Sisters were not here—well I don't know what would have happened. I remember one of the fathers in Jamaica remarking once that if we did not have the Sisters we might just as well close up shop.

Oh, dear child, do not hesitate! Be courageous like the women who went out to the tomb on Easter Sunday morning. They did not know how the stone was to be rolled back, but out they went all the same. Our Blessed Lord takes special care of those who devote themselves to His service. And why shouldn't He?

I don't mean to say life as a Missionary Sister will be all rosy. It won't be. You will have your dark days, and ups and downs, and life at times will not seem worth the living. You will feel, too, unappreciated by the simple folk for whom you are working. But what life has not its ups and downs? All lives are pretty much the same, as far as that goes, only in your life you will be working directly for Our Lord and He will be with you always.

If therefore, June, you feel sure of your calling, don't hesitate. Run with the speed of a deer to that to which God calls you. It is an invitation He is extending to you especially as He extended it to Matthew long ago with the words, "Come, follow Me." A job awaits you, that's why He is calling. Go at all costs. Go, and you will never, never regret it.

Your sincere friend,
Rev. Charles J. Eberle S.J.

*In Ceylon the cocoanut tree plays a big part
in the day-to-day needs of this tropical isle.*

The COCOANUT

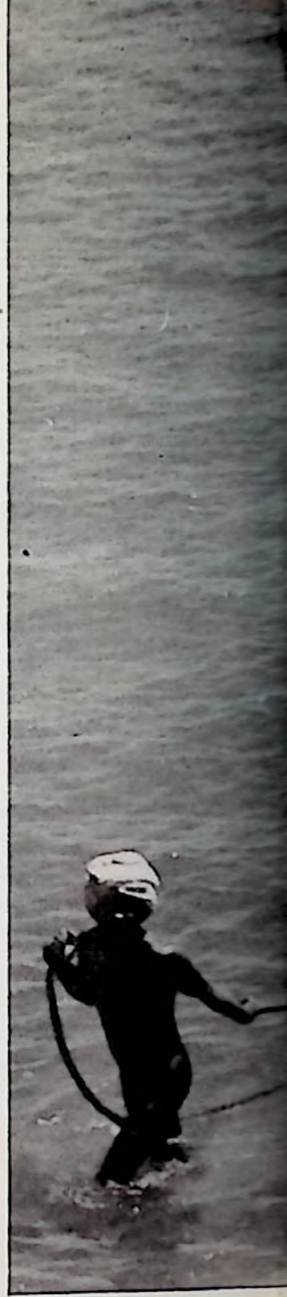




The cocoanut estates provide a source of income for many of the people in the mission of Trincomalee. The fronds are woven in basket-like fashion for the roofs of their homes or even for the entire structure. The trunk of the tree, when it has grown old and no longer produces fruit, becomes rafters for the house. From the flower that grows at the top of the tree the juice is fermented to become the potent Ceylon whiskey. Then there is the milk of the nut for beverage and the meat of the nut for curry.



A Ceylonese girl shreds the cocoanut to obtain the meat which provides one of the ingredients used in the famous curry.



"Time for a coke" means something different in Ceylon which even from Biblical times has had the reputation of being "the isle of spices."



Along one of Ceylon's many lagoons a raft of cocoanuts is towed to the processing plant.

The line forms to the right at lunchtime.



Mission Intentions



JULY: "For the Church in Angola and Mozambique."

During the month of July the Holy Father asks us to direct our attention to two different parts of Africa, both of them Portuguese possessions. Angola stretches along the Atlantic Ocean for a thousand miles south of the mouth of the Congo. Across Africa, on the Indian Ocean, lies Mozambique, largest in population of the Portuguese overseas possessions.

Today these two provinces have a combined population of nearly 10,000,000. The Catholics number 1,300,000 of that total but the Church in Angola is far more advanced than in Mozambique. Yet the situation in both countries is far better than it was a century ago when the famous explorer and Protestant missionary, Dr. Livingstone, first visited and reported on these regions. Then the missions were in ruins after the expulsion of the missionaries by Pombal, the Portuguese Prime Minister.

In the years after that the same stifling of mission work by the anti-clerical government continued and the religious persecution at home prevented not only the development but even the maintenance of existing missions.

Under the Salazar government conditions changed radically. The Church's official position is fully recognized, subsidies are granted, and the apostolate is in full swing in the six dioceses of Angola and Mozambique.

August: "That the missionary spirit may grow and flourish among the students in Latin America."

During August we are asked to pray for an intention that is of supreme importance. For the Church in Latin America is on the threshold of a new era. After decades of covert or open hindrances, even of persecution, a resurgent Catholicism is making its presence felt in most of the countries of South and Central America.

These regions constitute "one world" in many respects. Latin Europe imbedded in these geographically different sections the pivotal elements of Catholic culture which still permeate the whole thinking and life of this part of the New World. Again, they share a common language and their social and economic problems are much the same for Latin America is mainly an agricultural continent.

Today the Catholics of these countries are reaching their social maturity and realizing the practical consequences of the doctrines of their Faith. So the Holy Father directs our attention to that particular group which will play the most important part in Latin America's future.

The students of today will be the leaders tomorrow in these nations. It is so necessary now that their youthful ardor be channeled in the right direction. If they can catch the spirit of the missionary, of winning all things to Christ, they can inflame a world in divine fashion. Under the present conditions in these countries there is no group of people more important. Let us pray with all our hearts that the educated youth of Latin America be caught up in that spirit and achieve a destiny that is divine.

Father Rively's *Romance*

was a sleek and lovely vessel, which carried him from island to island in his far-flung mission in the Carolines.

A storm dashed it on a reef. Coral, rock-hard and razor-sharp, ripped its sides; tropical seas battered it.

After weeks of patient, back-breaking toil, the *Romance* is afloat again.

*But It Is In Dire Need
Of Repair,*

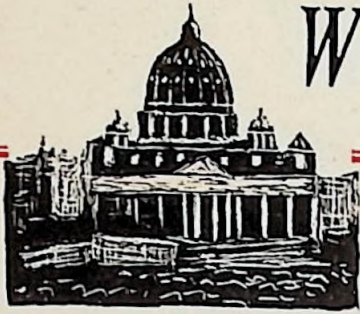
expensive repair.

Will you help?

Send your contributions to

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

Window on the Mission World

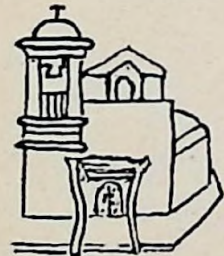


What does a missionary need most to succeed? Is it health, money or personality? No. He needs YOU.

American Catholics live in an expanding spiritual economy. The Church is always growing, with new churches, parishes and schools to be established. Personnel has become an increasingly acute problem. There just aren't enough priests and brothers and sisters to go around. And always in the background is the haunting shadow of the map of "no-priest-land," the hundreds of rural counties in the U.S.A. where the Church has never taken root.

In such a context, some Catholics have a rather resentful attitude towards the fast-growing missionary movement. "Why do they go to the missions when they are needed so much at home?" is a common question.

Part of the answer, of course, is that we need more vocations, very many more. But that is not the basic answer. To understand why the Holy See will send priests abroad when they could be used at home, we need to understand what a missionary is.



stand what a missionary is.

The function of the missionary is a very special one; the work he is sent to do is a very special one. Missionaries are the advance guard of the Church, the pioneers who are sent by the Holy See to establish the Church where it does not already exist in stable fashion.

Christ died on the Cross for all men, not merely for Americans or Europeans. The Vicar of Christ must see to it that all men, everywhere, have available to them the means of salvation. Yet, even in 1954, this world holds millions of human beings who do not know God's plan for them.

Here at home, except for "no-priest-land," it is easy for us to go to Mass, to have our sins forgiven, etc. We have the divinely ordained means of salvation ready at hand.

Our Church is an adult Church, even if it lacks many of the detailed elements of perfection that will come only after years of patient apostolate.



The work of the missions, then, is not to be measured in terms of how we can best employ our manpower to achieve the most spectacular results in the quickest way. If that were the case, we would keep most of our priests and religious at home, where their familiarity

with the American scene would make it easy for them to achieve excellent results in conversions.

Why, for example, does the Church ask us to send missionaries to certain places where conversions are few and hard-won, to "backwaters" that will never amount to much in this world's hierarchy of powers? The answer is simple: she does it because the Good News of the Redemption must be brought to the last man in the farthest corner of the world. Missionaries are the specialists who enter a new territory and build up the Church to the point where it can expand and deepen its Catholic life without outside help. That, and nothing else, is the work of the missions.



That is why growing numbers of young Americans leave our shore each year as missionaries. They are not wasting their lives or dodging responsibility at home. Rather, the Church here at home is fulfilling its obligation to the Church universal by providing the flower of its youth for the work of the missions. Not too long ago, we were a foreign mission. European missionaries brought us the Faith when they, too, might have been used at home. Now it is our turn to do that same duty in foreign fields.



A field WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

COLLAPSE IN SLOW MOTION

VERY REVEREND EDWIN G. MCMANUS S.J., Superior of the Carolines and Marshalls Mission, knows what it means to have a church fall down during Mass.

"Our church at Melekeok," he writes, "is a fair-sized quonset hut. About 200 people were jammed in for Mass, and just before the Consecration, the whole building groaned and slipped sideways to the ground as the supporting pillars gave way.

"It all took place in slow motion. Nobody was even scratched, neither candles nor chalice toppled over, and I was able to continue Mass. I was quite proud of the congregation. There were a few screams as we went down, but then good order. I think we will be able to repair the quonset."

PART-TIME PASTOR

REV. ROBERT I. BURKE S.J. is Superior of the Minor Seminary in Jamaica, where seven young men are preparing for the priesthood. On the side, Fr. Burke is pastor of a mission.

He writes: "I am the part-time pastor of Port Royal, where the buccaneers used to live the high life. Not much high life these days. The people are poor, so poor that they cannot think of replacing their church, which was totally destroyed by the last hurricane. We have Mass in an abandoned wreck of a building. The seminarians come along with me and teach catechism to the youngsters.

"Although our seminary has only seven students, the cottage we were in was too small to hold us. So we had to buy a house next door. I don't know what we'll do next year if the vocations we pray for keep coming. If running a seminary without decent quarters and a mission without a church sounds gloomy to you, let me offer a correction: it's wonderful and I love it!"



Father John Fahey S.J. of the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission makes certain of the strength of the new church which he and the people of Satawan Island are building. Satawan lies about 150 miles southeast of Truk which is the main base of the mission.



SPOTLIGHT

The JM Spotlight takes advantage of the summer months to penetrate the Far North and comes to rest on Father Segundo Llorente S.J., pastor of Alakanuk on the lower Yukon. We know it will be a hasty look for this gay and irrepressible Spaniard will give us only a merry wave and then be off in his customary active fashion for Fish Village, New Knock Hock, Kwiguk or some other of his out-lying missions.

We wonder how often he looks at his poor mission churches and remembers the Gothic cathedral of his home parish at Leon in his native Spain. But the comparison would never be a melancholic one for in characteristic fashion Father Llorente would point out, "In a cathedral you lose the fish oil smell too fast."

A quarter of a century ago he volunteered for the Alaska Mission and after completing his studies in the States has been there since. Once we sent him a questionnaire and to one question, "What special activities undertaken on mission?" he answered, "Just plugging along." Remember this gay, gallant Jesuit as he plugs along.

STATISTICS ARE PRETTY DRY

If you don't like facts and figures, skip this. We thought that you might like to read a summary of what our missionaries are doing around the world. Here are some of the details:

There are at present 1,129 American Jesuits working in 15 missions assigned to them by the Holy See. The largest group, 725, are in Asia; the Americas claim 322, the Middle East 47, the Pacific Islands 35.

These missionaries preach to millions in territories covering 2,000,000 square miles; their pulpits are 1,208 mission centers and the Word of God is proclaimed in 24 different languages. They serve three leper colonies, 24 hospitals and 26 orphanages. The sick are healed in body and soul at 70 medical dispensaries.

More than 250 elementary schools and 66 high schools are under Jesuit direction. The missionaries themselves teach in 23 high

Robert Deiters S.J. of the Chicago Province joined the Japan Mission a year ago.





schools, 15 colleges and universities and 6 seminaries for native priests.

They have a large job to do, obviously. Please keep the men behind the statistics in your prayers.

THE DESK-WORK IS WORST

FATHER JOSEPH I. STOFFEL S.J., *missionary in Talisayan, Philippine Islands, writes feelingly of paperwork, the universal curse.*

“Not all of a missionary’s time is spent in the saddle. He also has to spend hours every day unromantically mounted at a desk. Paperwork! I am the best customer of the local postoffice—they have assigned me one mail box intended for a whole village.

“Unhappily, personal letters tend to be neglected under the avalanche of official mail. I have about a hundred personal letters on file, unanswered. I could write a book on ‘How to Lose Friends and Dis-interest People.’

“One marriage, for example, can involve dozens of papers—ecclesiastical, municipal, etc. I average three to five marriages a week. Add the records for about four funerals and twenty baptisms, plus all the machinery of running a high school, and you can see how my weeks go.”

HOME IN A DORMITORY

Prefecting boarders in any college is an exacting job. MR. ROBERT M. DEITERS S.J., *of Sophia University in Tokyo, runs a very special kind of dormitory.*

“Our guiding principle here is the hope that the boys can get a sort of substitute for the Catholic home life which they never had, for most of them are recent converts. They need training in fidelity to daily prayer, frequent attendance at Mass, and a Catholic attitude towards politics, social problems, entertainment, etc. It is all very well to know the catechism, but that’s only the start. Living the Faith requires practice—we help them along those lines.”



On June 16th at St. Mary’s in Kansas three former teachers of the Sioux Indians at the St. Francis Mission in South Dakota were ordained priests. From left to right are Fathers Edward Larkin, Laurence Walsh and Robert Crozier of the Missouri Province.

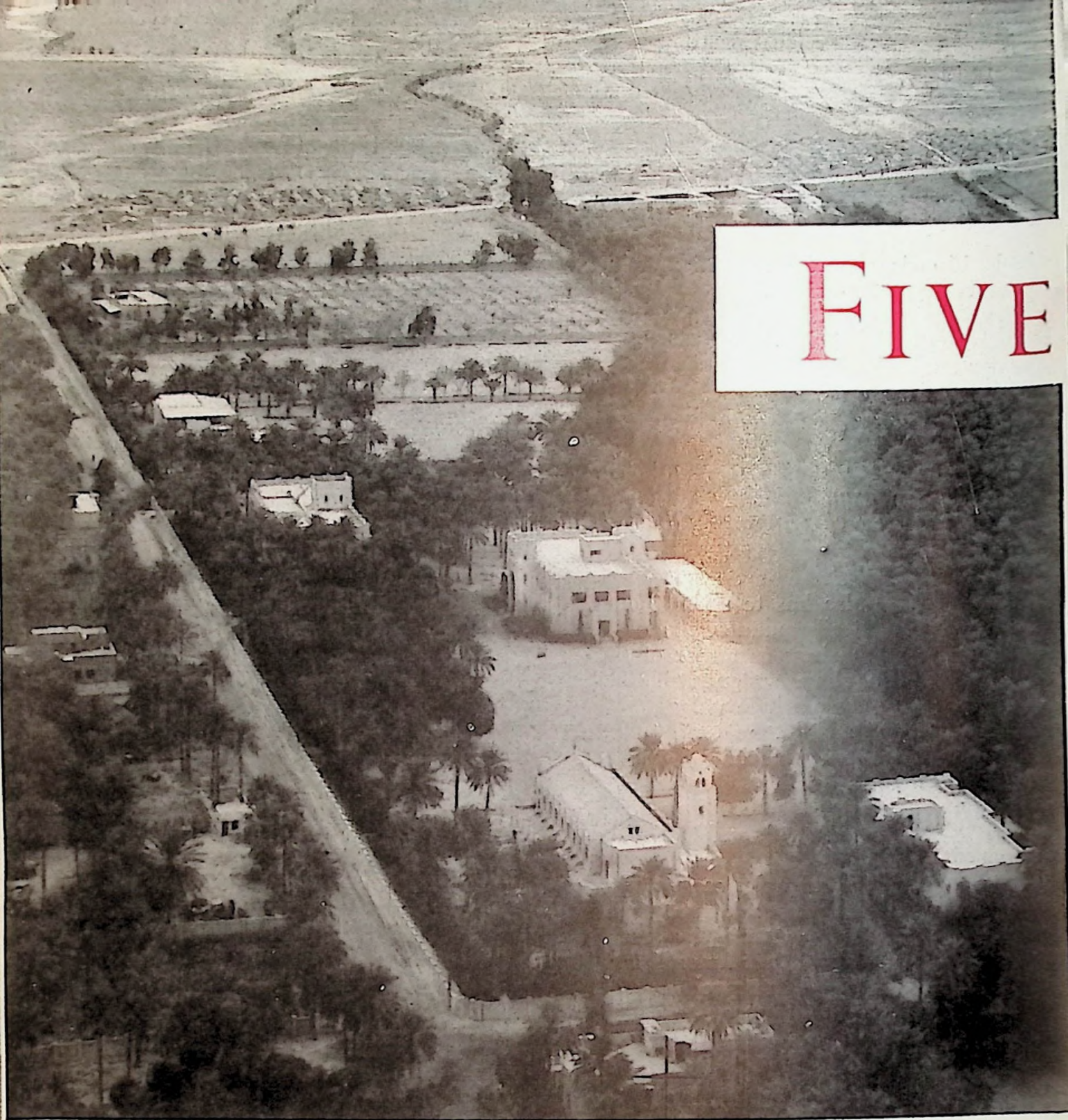
EVER DO THE POLAR BEAR DANCE?

One of the world’s most isolated mission posts is King Island, Alaska. A letter from the pastor there, FATHER GEORGE CARROLL S.J., describes a rarely witnessed Eskimo rite.

“Early this year a hunter killed a polar bear, the first in a long time. To celebrate, there was held a Polar Bear Dance, an old Eskimo custom. The dance took place in a large underground communal house. The room, reached through a tunnel and a hole in the floor, was lined with blackened timbers. Everybody crowded in somehow.

“The successful hunter was the host, and he brought gifts of oogruk skins for the older women and rawhide for the men. Basins were piled high with Eskimo ice cream.

“The dance itself is very ancient, but we have added a new feature. All silently bowed their heads as the Old Chief blessed himself and prayed in Eskimo, ending with the Hail Mary. Only then did the dance begin.”



FIVE

Air view of Baghdad College with chapel and residence in front, classrooms rear.

DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS OF Baghdad the sun used to shine with all its vigor outside the windows of our community chapel, but today those windows are shaded, and a relatively cool breeze drifts in during the early morning hours. Five years ago our indefatigable gardener, Father Loeffler, planted a mulberry tree a short distance from the chapel, and then he allowed nature to take its course.

Those of us who watched this tree grow during the past five years have witnessed a striking example of the fertility of this ancient soil of Iraq. It was a mere twig in the beginning, and during the first year it looked as if it might wither and die. The following summer a few leaves appeared and the trunk grew larger. Then as it grew in height new branches shot forth and we were certain that it would survive and grow to maturity.



YEARS *a-Growing*

The fourth summer found those branches spreading so quickly that it became necessary to trim them as they reached for the screens of the chapel windows.

This is the fifth year of the mulberry tree. Its trunk is large and sturdy and has risen to the second story of the house, while the spreading branches shade the chapel and offer a rustic view. The roots of the tree are firmly imbedded in the land, and many years of growth still await the erstwhile twig.

In many ways the tree calls to mind the boys of Baghdad College. They come to us at the tender age of eleven or twelve years, many of them small in stature. They are understandably shy, for they speak little English, and have found themselves suddenly cast upon a new and strange environment. Socially, scholastically and athletically it is a case of fumbling through the year, and it is only the patience and arduous labors of their first year teachers that give them the courage to persevere. But at the end of the year, like the mulberry tree, they are firmly planted in the life of Baghdad College.

Second year finds them bursting with enthusiasm and confidence. They have that inexpressible pleasure of showing the "new boys" around. Their first thought is the organization of a class baseball team, they are smart enough to race from the class room to be first at the handball courts or the canteen. All the Fathers are now familiar to them, and call them by name. Physical growth can be observed daily and the studies are coming easier.

The third year is one of transition. Many are now outstanding in sports, others are manifesting a growing interest in school activities, hidden talents are rising to the surface and, like the branches of the mulberry

tree, they are spreading their influence and interest throughout the campus.

Fourth year finds them deeply involved in such subjects as advanced algebra, trigonometry, biology and chemistry. One William Shakespeare is the topic of conversation when English classes are discussed. Most of these boys now come to school smartly dressed, they converse eloquently on world events, and one cannot miss that inevitable air of sophistication that blossoms in youth the world over. They are reaching for the skies, after the fashion of the mulberry tree.

Fifth year is the happiest of all, they will tell you. Their sights are on graduation in June, but during this final year they are the leaders in the world of sports, the positions of prominence in all the activities are occupied by members of their class, and their marks are the highest in the school. Not a few of them have already made plans for college and are willing to discuss the matter at the slightest provocation. Their growth has been similar to that of the mulberry tree, for in reality it has only begun, but the roots are strong and they leave the school prepared in every way to meet the challenge of life. During the most critical years of their lives God sent these boys to Baghdad College, and most of them, as they leave, are filled with gratitude for the opportunity that was theirs.

There is little glamor in the profession of teaching on the foreign missions. But it is an unforgettable experience to attend the graduation exercises of the school and see these bewildered boys of yesterday, transformed by the years into personable young men, step up to the platform to receive their diplomas. All at once you know that the difficulties and heartaches are worthwhile.



WANTED

Have You Ever Seen a Picture of Father Jim Cox? His face radiates happiness and contentment. But you could see an even happier look on his contented face if he were sitting astride a new motorcycle that he badly needs and wants for his frequent trips around his large mission area. He says that \$600 will

put him "on wheels" for the good of souls and the glory of God. Gifts from 600 or 60 or six readers could gladden the heart of this happy priest in Gaya, India.

Poisonous Communistic Propaganda can do untold harm to India's millions when it is attractively printed in Hindi and distributed wholesale at next-to-nothing prices. Father R. P. Sah of Bettiah, India, wants to make Catholic truth available in Hindi publications, but he needs funds for the writers, the printing, and the distribution. One dollar or a thousand will help Father Sah in this great undertaking to stem the godless tide of Communism in India.

The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

After reading the article, "Choose Your Partner in Prayer" in the April issue, several readers mentioned their desire to become the prayer partner of a missionary. Such responses would please any priest, ever conscious of his dependency upon God "to give the increase."

The following plan is being considered. A card, convenient for your prayer book, will be printed. It will carry your name and that of your adopted missionary and also his location. In addition, there will be a prayer and several suggested ways of spiritually assisting the missionary. Before printing the cards, it would be helpful to know the approximate number needed. May I ask you to send a postal to JESUIT MISSIONS indicating your willingness to pray occasionally during the course of a month for a missionary?

Be it clearly understood that your acceptance of the missionary's name imposes no obligation in conscience. It is intended solely as a reminder to pray periodically for the conversion and perfection of the souls entrusted to your missionary.

Sincerely your in Our Lord,
(REV.) COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

The Little Orphans at St. Mary's Home, Bettiah, are learning how to pray under the loving direction of the nuns. If the sisters could obtain a statue of Our Lady of Fatima they would build an outdoor shrine at which the children could pray at the beginning and end of their play period. Would you like these orphans to remember you each day in their prayers for their benefactors? Our Lady of Fatima statue—\$50.00

Do You Have a Roof over your head? So do the boys at the Mission School, Mokameh, India, but it's going to come down around their ears one of these days. The white ants have eaten away the beams. It will take over \$2,000 to build a new structure but Father Bernard Haas is hopeful that the readers of JM will aid these lads, the hope of India.

In the same vein, we would like to mention that the mission church at Bettiah does not have a ceiling. In India this means that the church is so hot that only the most hearty can attend services without keeling over. A sum of \$2,000 is needed, but a new ceiling will mean that everybody will be able to come to church.

Everyone Loves a Parade but the Catholics of Buxar, Patna, India, are especially devoted to processions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The neighboring pagans, too, are much affected by these tributes to our Eucharistic King. In order to insure due dignity for the Blessed Sacrament on these occasions Father Bernard D'Cruz needs a processional cross (\$50) and a processional canopy (\$50). He would also like rosaries, medals, and Sacred Heart badges.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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

Ceylon and Home Missions
Rev. James C. Babb S.J.
4439 S. Carrollton Ave.
New Orleans 19, La.

China (Suchow)
Rev. Louis Bouchard S.J.
762 Sherbrooke St., West,
Montreal 2, Canada

Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. F. W. Anderson S.J.
1106 Boylston St.,
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and U. S. Indians
Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

China (Nanking, Shanghai
and Yangchow)
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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
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The Altars in
the Missions
of Alaska
need candles
and sanctuary
lamps . . .


*Your contributions
will secure
them.*

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JAGUAR




TO MOST OF US "Jaguar" means either a sleek imported roadster or a large spotted cat lolling lazily behind bars in a zoo.



But to Fr. Joseph Mann of St. Ann's, Bihar, India, "jaguar" means something else. It is a grim and terrible threat. It is a hungry, predatory menace. It is terror, skulking in the dark, growling hungrily in the night, a lurking danger, a killer prowling in his yard and snarling at his door.



\$150.00 will build a stout fence to keep the jaguars out of the mission property.



Your contributions will be received with prayerful gratitude at

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