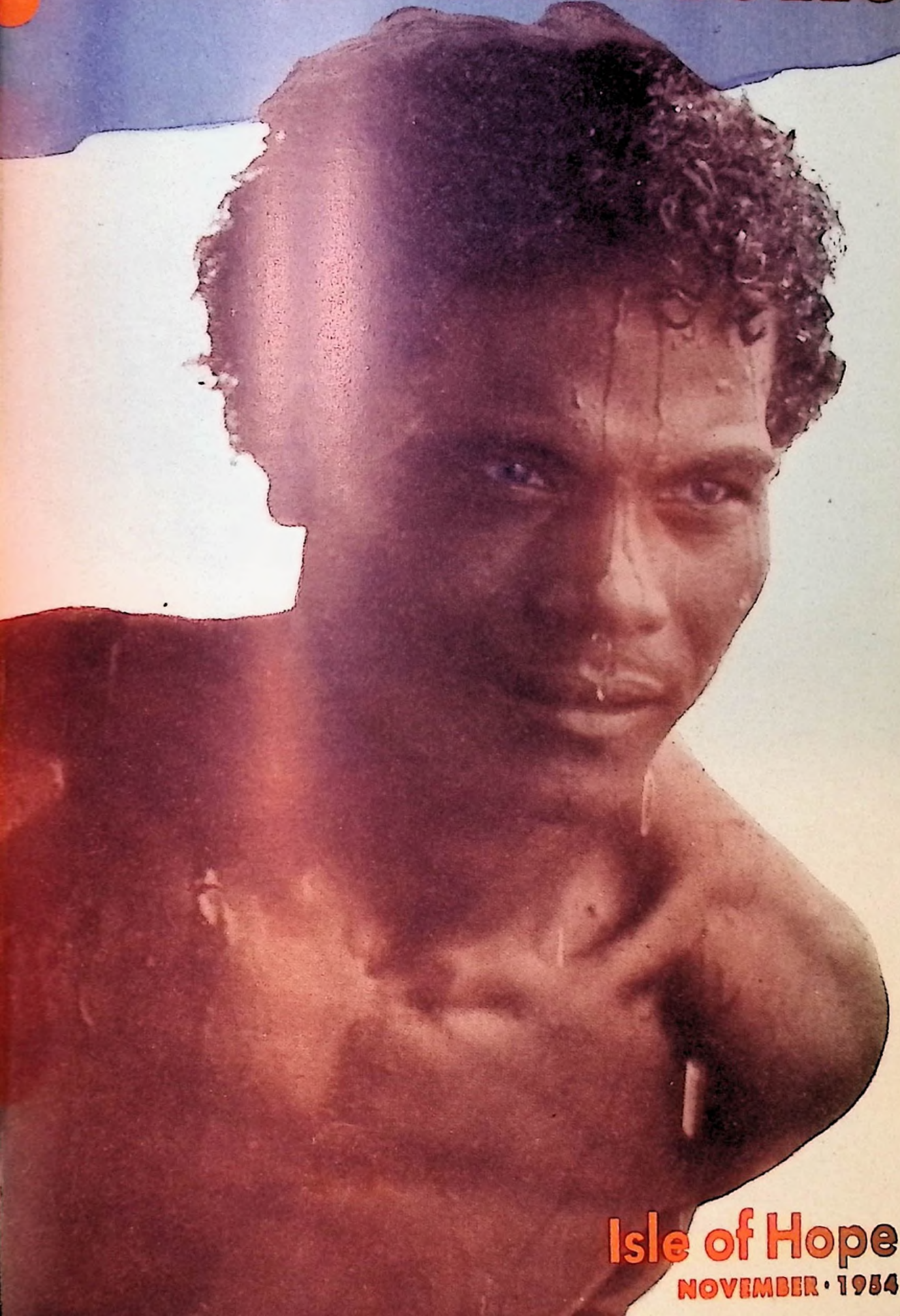


Jesuit Missions



Isle of Hope
NOVEMBER • 1954



Vol. 28—No. 9

Everyone Can Help Tired Missionaries!

EVERYONE IN THIS WORLD GETS TIRED, AND EVERY day in the week. But it is safe to say that some of the tiredest people anywhere, any day, are missionaries. There are so few of them to do the vast job of establishing the Church around the non-Catholic world that almost without exception the priests, Brothers and Sisters on the missions are overworked. They are dead tired long before bedtime, tired with that painful kind of weariness that goes right to the bone.

The Little Flower of Jesus, who had such a deep love of the missions, once performed an exquisite act of charity. Not long before her death, a Sister who found her walking slowly and painfully in the garden instead of resting was told that she was walking for some weary missionary priest and offering her own weakness to God in order that the priest might be strengthened.

Are you tired now? You will be before the day is over. Just keep in mind that missionaries are tired, and that they need your help.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 45 EAST 78th ST., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

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MANY
FACES

East



Shaikh Nuwwaf Nuri Shammar, Moslem.

THE HISTORY OF THE PEOPLES OF THE MIDDLE East, of their religions, races and rites, is woven out of many tangled threads. The

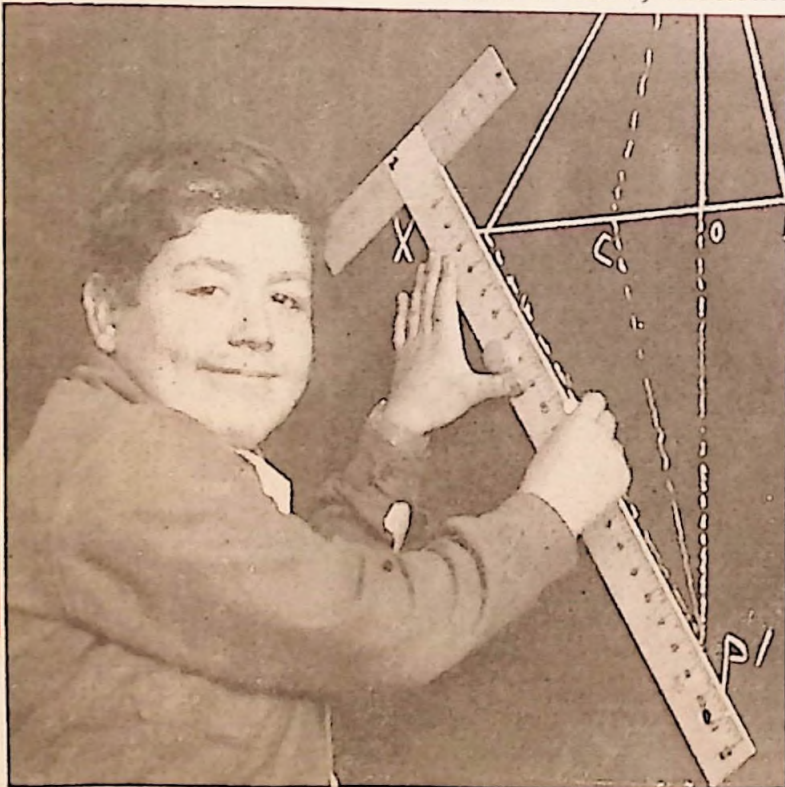


Samir Hanna Shaikh, Syrian Catholic.



Chaldean and Moslem.

Asim al-Basir, Moslem.



Nubar Huwakimian, Armenian Crthodox



Many Faces EAST



George Mirza, Chaldean convert.

Armenian Catholic.



American Jesuits who conduct Baghdad College come face to face with this complexity in every classroom, for since the days of the Caliphs Baghdad has been an important crossroads of the East.

During the last school year the student body numbered 725. It was composed of Christians, Moslems and Jews, with about two-thirds of the enrollment belonging to one of the Christian rites. The Catholic Christians number slightly over 40% of the total enrollment and are divided into Chaldean, Syrian Catholic, Armenian Catholic, Greek Catholic, Maronite and Latin rites.

The other Christians are of the Nestorian, Jacobite, Armenian Orthodox, Creek Orthodox and Russian Orthodox rites. There are a dozen Protestants also in the school line-up.

Yet, despite the diversity of rites and religion, the boys have a school spirit unrivalled in the East.





Under the Mango Tree

J. RANDOLPH
KNIGHT S.J.

MELVINA NOBLE IS DEAD NOW. HER BODY lies under a spreading mango tree that is heavy with ripened fruit, hidden in a mountain valley here in Jamaica.

At some time in our lives we missionaries learn this lesson, that God picks His own hearts as He wills. We learn that at some weary turn of life Christ will startle us with a flash of His beauty that lies hidden behind some seemingly simple face.

There was nothing remarkable about Melvina Noble, at least to the eye. She was a black girl from the mountain district of Revival and her frail body was eaten away by consumption. The skin was drawn tight over her skeleton frame and her dark eyes were filled with suffering.

Her home town of Revival is a unique place. Jamaica is largely non-Catholic but in Revival ninety-nine persons out of a hundred are Catholic. Years ago a missionary priest rode into this southwest tip of the island and planted the true Faith. And how the people have held on to it!

In the tuberculosis ward at the hospital Melvina had her rosary, her prayer book and her Sacred Heart badge. There she suffered quietly, meekly, like the Lamb. I never suspected she was suffering but I know now that her agony was great, day and night.

It was Holy Week. I could see that she was nearing the quiet end. Melvina had something to tell me and I leaned closer. But her words were too feeble to hear. Again she repeated, something about a glass of milk.

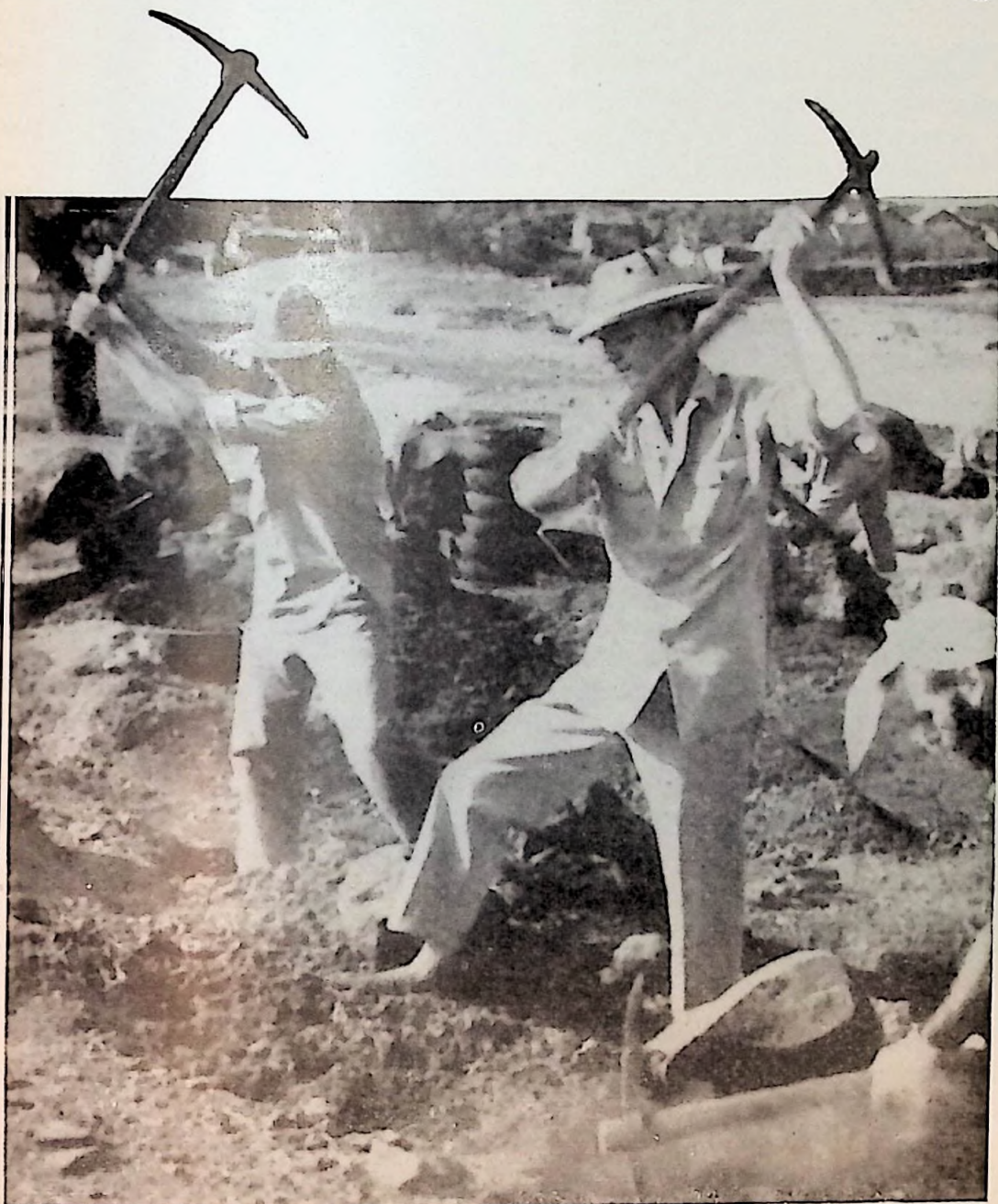
"Milk? Do you wish a glass of milk?" I asked. She shook her head and murmured again. All at once I understood. The nurse was making her drink milk during the day. Would it be right for her to break her Lenten fast?

God! There it was! A Negro girl wracked with pain, coughing blood, dying slowly—yet she wanted to keep her Lenten fast, to suffer something for Christ who had died on the cross for her! That was the moment when I saw the blinding flash of her splendid faith, when I saw Christ in dazzling beauty shining in the face of Melvina Noble!

"Melvina . . . Melvina!" I could not say more.

There was no sadness for me in Melvina's death. I carried her body back to her beloved mountains. Over the rough wooden casket I read the prayers of her Faith. There was no headstone to mark her grave—only the mango tree, tall, living, laden with rich fruit, like the soul of Melvina Noble.

A ROAD FOR Wagoli



Jesuit Scholastics of different nations join in building Wagoli's road.

**FRANCIS J.
McGAULEY S.J.**

INDIA HAS A FIVE-YEAR PLAN AND THE JESUIT theologians and philosophers of DeNobili College in Poona recently did their share to promote it. Early one morning about 25 of us cycled through the still quiet bazaars of historic Wagoli. It was our first day of work on the Government Community Project for which we had volunteered.

A Road For WAGOLI



DeNobili College is a religious U.N. and our group was made up of Americans, Swiss, French, Germans, Belgians, Australians, English and Indians. It must have looked like the French Foreign Legion going to dig in at another outpost rather than a Jesuit "road gang."

On that first morning there was a tinge of ridicule in the saucy, singsong Marathi verse with which the youngsters greeted us. But after two week of toiling in 100-degree heat on Wagoli's new bullock cart superhighway with the eager tan-faced boys and the strong, silent farmers we had won their confidence and good will. Now they greet us respectfully and gladly.

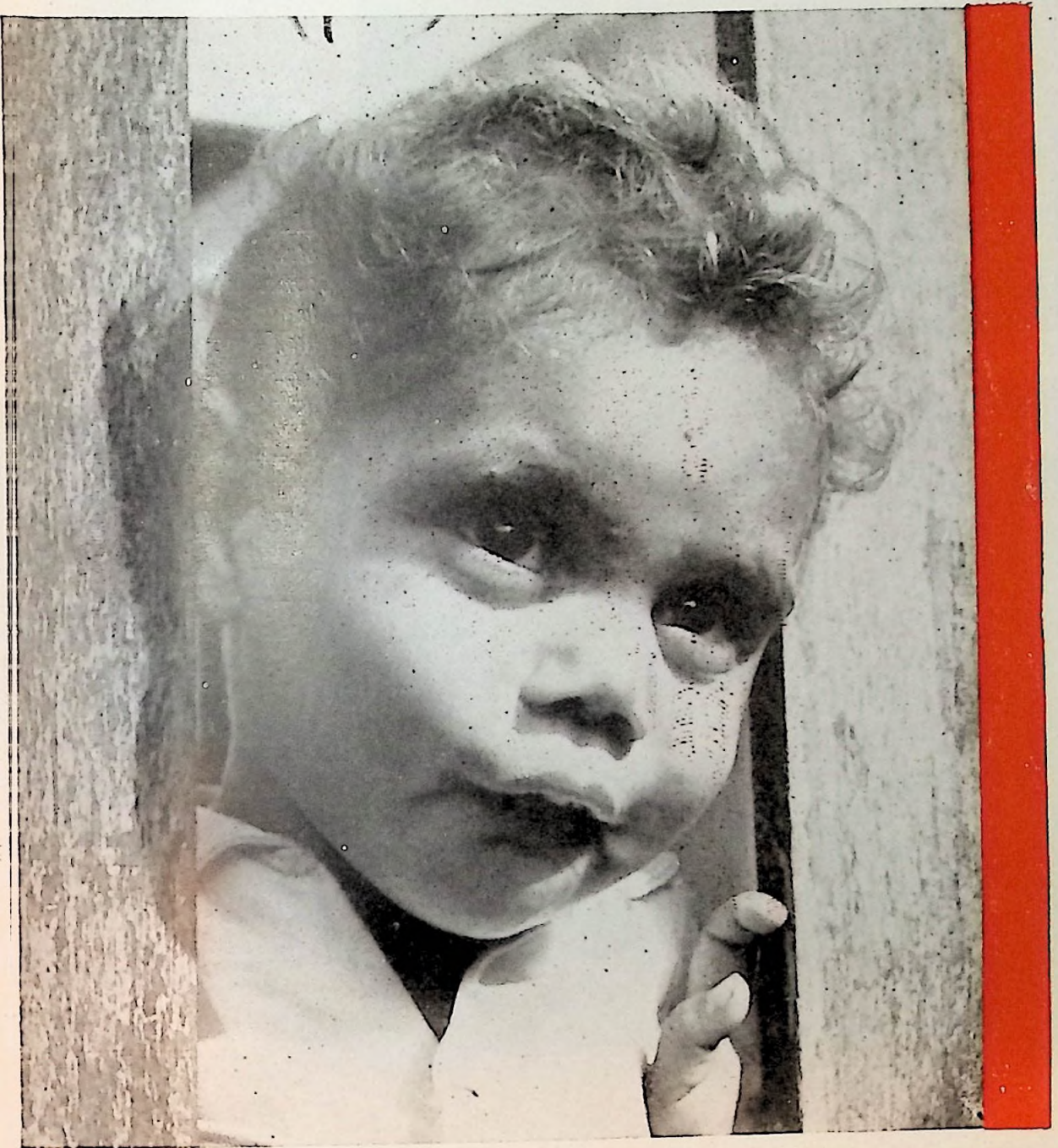
The work was just old-fashioned W.P.A. ditch digging, the kind of manual labor that every Jesuit Scholastic gets from the Novitiate on during his course of training, but it's the extraordinary dry heat of early summer which cracks the hard-crustured soil and saps your energy. As one French Scholastic said, "We had it easier in the German Concentration Camp."

There were no bulldozers, trucks, or even wheelbarrows on this job. We rebuilt Wagoli's main road with the villagers just as their great-great-grandpappys built it for the first time—digging up the rocks and dirt for the road, hoeing it into our *gamelas*, then dumping the *gamelas* into the fitful bullock carts which carry the load onto the road. Another crew on the road arranged the layers of rocks and dirt, and leveled. The result is no smooth turnpike, by any means, and it would still be a bumpy ride in your old Ford but the durable bullock carts' wheels bounce in and out of the deep ruts like drunken sailors, squeaking and grinding like broken violins.

On the first few days, since this is the "slow" season for work in the fields, the drug-store cowboys of all ages were in great attendance. One of them planked

himself down moodily on a rock just opposite to me, and after a long time, he muttered questioningly, "Shadi? (Married?)" Between *gamelas* I gave him a quick "Nahee (No)." But he didn't seem convinced. He screwed up his face rather incredulously, asking again, "Shadi nahee?" Maybe he hadn't heard me rightly. "Nahee. Nahee." I returned for another *gamela*, and he tried again along another line, "Koe Sthree Nahee? (No woman at all?)" I began to feel like Peter and the servant-maid. So finally I asked one of my Indian brethren, more fluent in Marathi and Hindi, "Look! Convince this fellow I'm not married, and tell him to stop feeling sorry for me." My companion explained for some time the nature of our life, our vow of chastity, etc., and finally, the fellow got up to leave. He took one sad (or was it envious?) look back and said, "Do Maray Leey (I've got two)" and he shuffled off. Poor fellow. Maybe he was trying to get rid of one on me all the time.

On the last day of our fortnight of work on this Government Community Project to help India's 5-year Plan, the villagers showed their appreciation of our work in completing the new main road for Wagoli by giving a testimonial and reception to the "Fathers." Five hundred people, including government officials, turned out for 2½ hours of Marathi speeches and tea and the official opening of the new road. Dr. Upadhyay, the inspiration of the village's "Cooperation Movement," praised the Fathers, not only for their work, but also for their good example to the village of punctuality, perseverance, and the control of mind and body exemplified in their lives. By our first venture as Companion-workers of the people in striving for this transformation, we won the good will and friendliness of Wagoli for Christ. They know now that we are with them in all ways.



FRED J. FOLEY S.J.

Melville

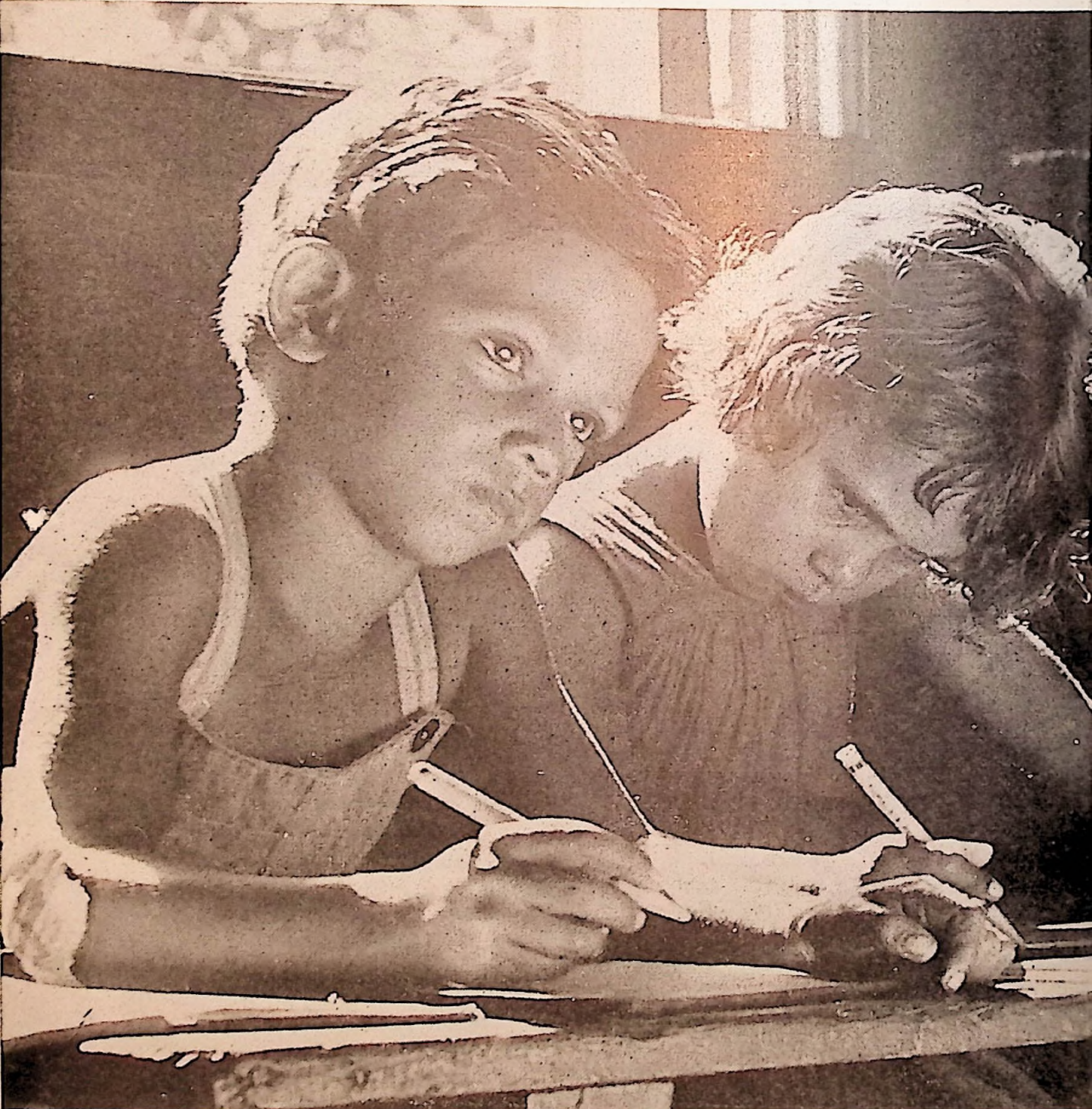
ISLE OF HOPE

MELVILLE ISLAND LIES OFF the north coast of Australia, 70 miles from the port of Darwin. Here in a Catholic settlement conducted by devoted nuns, priests and Brothers, the unwanted children of mixed parentage find a happy home. It is the Government policy to remove these young ones, all half castes of Australian aborigine and of white, Japanese or Polynesian descent,



Paul and Louise Campbell, recently wed, at doorway of log cabin which Paul built from a magazine illustration.

Half-caste youngsters struggle over their lessons. Yes, sonny, school is like this the whole world over.



from the black camps to the care of various missions, Catholic or Protestant. Here on Melville the children are given schooling and taught trades in preparation for their future life back on the mainland. The more talented students are given an opportunity to study in Darwin.

Melville Island Mission is meant to be a home and to build homes. The boys and girls are allowed to marry the partner of their choice. They live on the mission grounds until their family life is stable enough to stand the test of life in the outside communities. Once stabilized, these families can move out as soon as they are able to support themselves.

By a quirk of bureaucracy, girls on Melville number twice as many as the boys. For those who do not marry on the island must move back to the mainland to settle. Not that they want to go. Social workers recently interviewed the children, asking them if they were content or if they preferred to move elsewhere. Their replies were a fine tribute to the nuns, nuns and Brothers. "No, we want to stay here." The famous Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay live again on Melville Island.

(ALL PHOTOS BY FATHER FOLEY)



Sister Blandina confers with friends.



It's no small job to bake bread for 100 people daily.

JESUIT MISSIONS

*The Voice of the 1129 Missionaries of
the Eight American Jesuit Provinces*



SABOTAGE FROM AFAR?

Do you know that Americans at home have sometimes wrecked the work of an American missionary in a remote land? They were completely unaware of the far-reaching effects of their almost casual words or actions which were occasioned by their dealings with foreign students in this country.

Many a Buddhist, a Moslem, a Confucianist, walks our school campuses today. Most of these students from Asia or Africa are here because of the superior ability they manifested at home. With the further training they receive here they are ready to return and assume responsible positions. But some of them go home embittered against Americans because of the treatment, the unthinking neglect or coldness, which they encountered here. And it is the American missionary who must bear the brunt of that bitterness. For the resentment which is felt against all Americans is taken out on the nearest American.

A Catholic family, who is in a position to do so, could be of great assistance to a foreign student. The latter is very much aware of his own status and appreciates deeply any interest and kindness shown. A family who has a son or daughter at college could arrange a week-end visit for some student from another country. Some families allow the use of a spare room to a student from overseas. There are any number of ways to reach out a helping hand to one who is lonely, sensitive, homesick. Touch his heart, and he will remember—and the missionary won't suffer for it.

THE MASS OF THE GHOSTS

In those parts of the New World Catholicized by the Spanish missionaries several hundred years ago, the custom then established still live on. So in the Philippines, for instance, the bush missionary spends a busy November. For every town and barrio wants its *misa sa mga kalag*, the Mass of the Ghosts. The Filipino uses the word *kalag* for a soul and also for a ghost, so the Mass of the Ghosts is what we call the Mass for the Holy Souls.

But the people insist on having it in their own barrio some day during the month of November so it means thirty different places for the priest on thirty consecutive days. Before Mass there is the placing on the altar of the *kalag* envelope with an offering and the list of family dead. After the Mass has been sung, the *Responso*, the beautiful final blessing of the Church over the departed is given. Then follows the procession to the cemetery and the blessing of those who lie in the *campo santo*.

It is a custom that keeps the Filipino very close to his dead and tightens the bond between the Church Suffering and the Church Militant.

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The typical Buddhist roof of the Jesuit Novitiate at Nagatsuka in Japan.

THE CHURCH IS NOT *European*

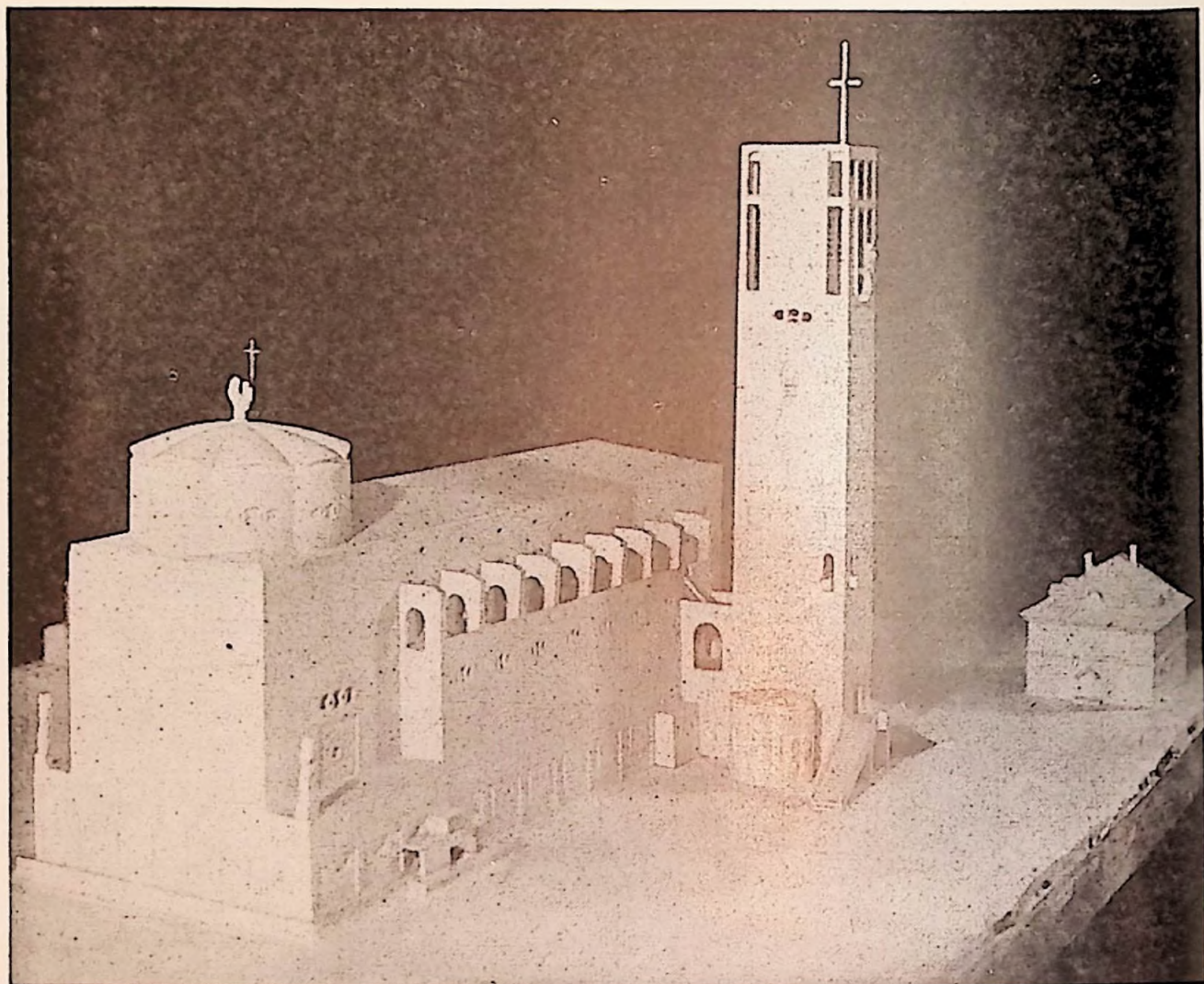


*Monsignor Ogihara S.J.
of A-bombed Hiroshima.*

HIGH ON THE HILL ABOVE THE NAGATSUKA RAILROAD station in Japan is a building that looks for all the world like a Buddhist monastery. Yet it happens to be the Jesuit Novitiate.

The peculiar irimoya roofs (with hip and gable) of black tile and the red gojunotô (storied pagoda) give it an unmistakably Japanese appearance, but the cross atop the pagoda and the statue of the Sacred Heart crowning the hill behind redeem the Buddhist impression.

Inside it is the same. At the door you change into slippers, and even these you leave outside the chapel as you enter through the sliding doors. Then you must squat on the straw-mat floor. (No pew rent here!) The chapel walls are sliding paper partitions, the pillars unpainted and revealing the natural wood grain, the altar lacquered and golden with subdued Buddhistic lines.



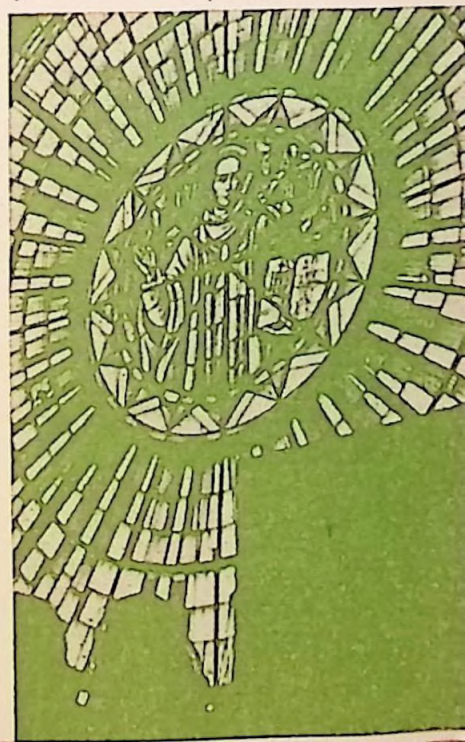
Model of Memorial Shrine, designed by a Japanese artist, now built at Hiroshima.

All this was quite intentional. For when Father Hugo Lasalle, then Superior of the Mission, planned the Novitiate in 1937, he wanted it to be a place where the future Japanese novices would feel at home. The Catholic Church is not "Western" or "European"; nor should the Society be. In Japan it should be Japanese.

This is the purpose that is here expressed in every way. The architectural lines, the furnishings, the commemoration of national feasts, the Japanese style meals (to the barely audible clicking of chopsticks, unless Western guests are at table)—all aim at making the novices realize they are not in a foreign country.

Added to these things is the training given them by Father Peter Arrupe, Novice Master for the last dozen years, whose long residence in Japan has eminently fitted him for the task. The Japanese novices at Nagatsuka know they are at home, that they belong to a Church which belongs to Japan.

Japanese conception of St. Ignatius





WINDOW ON THE

Mission World

There are various ways to view the missions, but the best is through the eyes of the Church.

THE READERS OF JM MAY SOMETIMES feel a kind of bewilderment at the way missions seem to grow more complex as the years go by. When we were children, it was all so simple and clear: one saved his pennies and bought a pagan baby. The writer of these lines, in the many years ago of his childhood, managed to amass enough lucre to ransom several such remote and wondrous infants. One of them, he stipulated, should be baptized Daniel. Maybe we were doing the Lion's Den in Bible History at the time.

At any rate, the idea of the missions was clear, easy to grasp and very attractive. Later, during adolescence, the missions became even more gripping. There was adventure and romance, far lands and heroes—all the stuff that a teen-ager relishes. A missionary was a man on a horse fighting God's battles, lean and splendid in his dedication. He saved souls by the pack; he lived dangerously; his piety was definitely muscular, though not recognized as such.

Now, however, there seems to be so much more to it. Much of what we read about the missions sounds suspiciously like the routine work of the Church at home. Schools are in the mission news a good deal. Young missionaries talk about cooperatives, agriculture, the economics of their mission territory.

Is this progress? Or have we lost the glorious simplicity of not-so-long-ago when the missions seemed easier to understand?

Perhaps the best way to answer will be to quote the Ancient Missionary, who

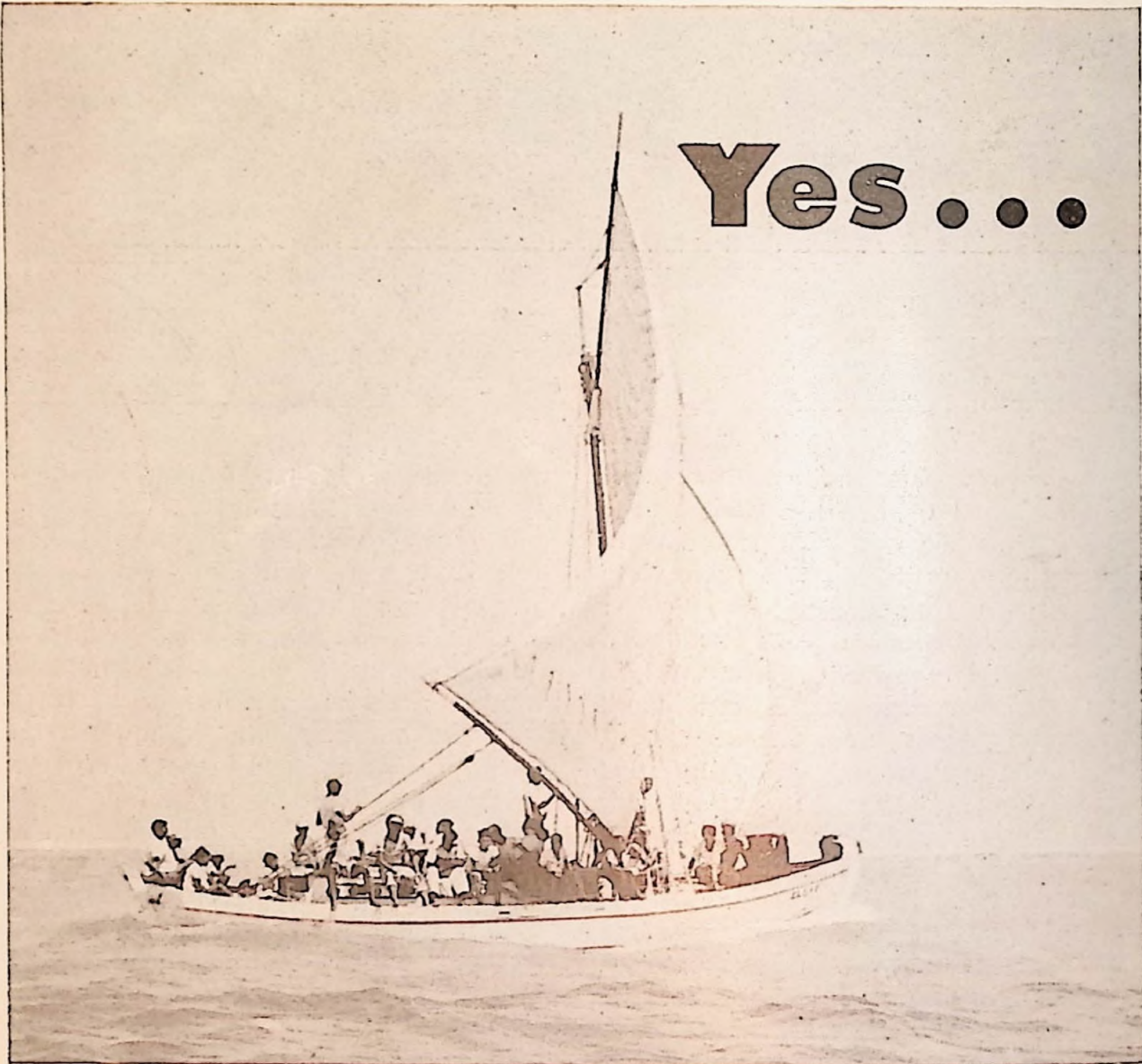
seems to have given this matter thought. "Last summer," he said, "I ran into an old crotch-classmate of mine in high school—who says that like everything else the missions are changing. He says that what was good enough for St. Paul and Xavier ought to be good enough for modern American missionaries.

"I did not press him," continued the old campaigner, "as to his views on what he considered to be good enough for St. Paul and Xavier. But I did point out to him that what is good enough for the Church is good enough for anybody, and that if there is any 'change' in mission methods, it consists primarily in a more faithful adherence to the missionary directives of the Church and a very gratifying abandonment of adolescent romanticism in regard to the greatest and holiest work of the Church."

We, in turn, did not press the Ancient Missionary as to what reply, if any, his old classmate made. We rather suspect he was speechless. But we do hope that he now has a more understanding outlook on the missions. The basic idea of all mission activity is simple: the work of the missions is to establish the Church. Whatever serves that purpose, no matter how removed it may seem to be from the spectacular side of the apostolate, is missionary work. Routine parish work is necessary when a mission has achieved good growth. Schools, social works and much besides contribute their essential share in building up a local Church.

That is what Holy Mother Church wants her missionaries to do. That is the job we support by prayer and alms.

Yes...



The "Elsa," with twenty-five Scouts aboard, unfurls her sails to the breezes.

All hands pitch in to help bring in the dories before the return to Belize.



IT'S WORTH IT!

MANY A MAN WOULD SHUDDER at the idea of spending three weeks on an island in the Caribbean with forty-five enthusiastic youngsters. But to Brother John Jacoby S.J. those are the best weeks of his year. As Scoutmaster of the three Catholic troops in Belize, British Honduras, he has been sailing off to the magic island for the last eighteen years with his devoted Scouts.

Loyola Camp is more than that; it is a school of character. Wise in the ways of his boys, Brother Jacoby plans the camp's activities so as to emphasize a boy's threefold duty—toward God, toward his fellow man, and toward himself. He has won the Order of the British Empire for his work with the youth. "Yes," he says, "it's worth it!"



Father Kramer, camp chaplain, enjoyed himself.

Brother Jacoby with the officers of the camp.



THE Church



*Mother and child
on the isle of Jamaica.*



IN CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE ISLANDS of the West Indies there are thirteen mission territories under the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. In a vast and scattered territory with nearly four million inhabitants, some 650 priests are laboring to establish the Church on a sound basis.

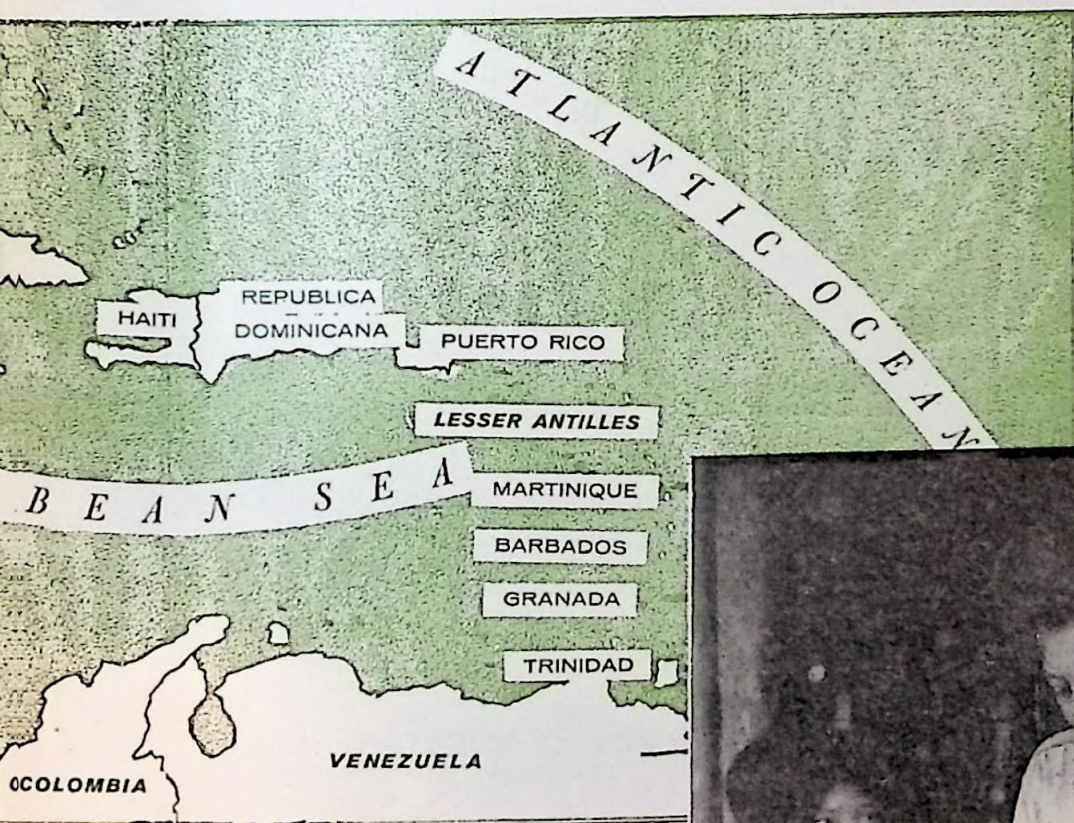
The numerical status of the Church varies widely, from strength in the French Antilles, where more than 98% of the people are Catholic, to weakness in Jamaica, the largest of the British West Indies, where less than 100,000 out of a population of a million and a half have embraced the Faith.

Lack of priests is the chief obstacle to the advance of the Church. In the Vicariate Apostolic of Lower California, for example, each of the 48 missionaries

has an average of 6,250 Catholics under his care. It is generally held that a priest can give adequate spiritual attention to about 1,000 of the faithful. In the Vicariate of San Pedro Sula in Honduras each missionary has 12,250 Catholics to care for.

A good number of American missionaries, priests and religious, labor in these territories, both on the mainland and on the islands of the Antilles. American Jesuits have been long established in both areas, with 74 missionaries in Jamaica and 49 in British Honduras. In 1894, when an American missionary was a rarity anywhere in the world, the Maryland-New York Province of the Society took over the Vicariate of Jamaica. In recent years the Province of New England has supplied the manpower.

the Caribbean



The number of native clergy is discouragingly small, but excellent plans are in progress to develop a local priesthood. Despite unsettled political and economic conditions in many of the mission territories, there is good ground for hope that the Church's roots can be dug deep. Poverty and illiteracy will certainly prolong the missionary stage of the Church, but without undue optimism and with a sure reliance on God's grace, it can safely be said that these missions of the Western Hemisphere give good promise.

We Americans should find a special place in our prayers for these neighboring mission territories. Most of all let us ask the Lord of the Harvest for more laborers. They are sorely needed in Central America and the Antilles.



Mayans of British Honduras are cared for by the Jesuits of the Missouri Province.

The Pope's Mission Intention for November

In November the Holy Father asks us to pray for the missions in Central America and the Antilles.



Fathers Loesch, Schmidt and the late Father O'Connor with Xavier's students.

THE JESUITS OF Jaipur

THERE ARE A LOT OF ALMOST HIDDEN WORKS GOING ON in mission fields and the men and women who are doing them rarely receive the attention, more rarely the credit, which those works deserve.

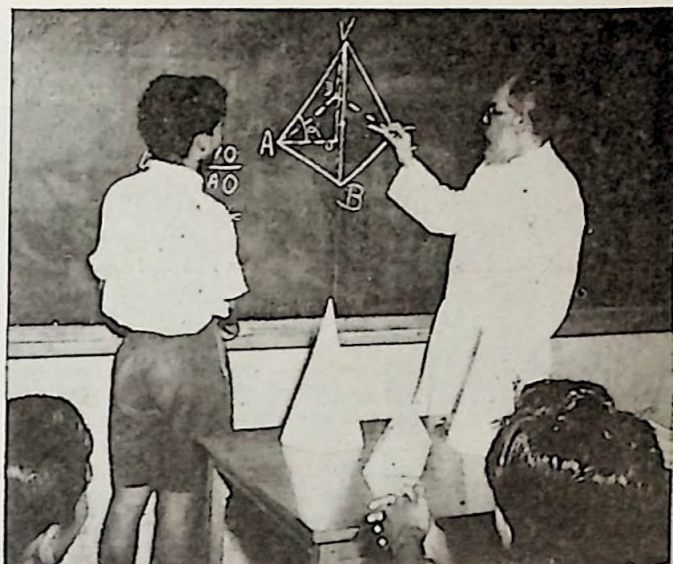
One such group of missionaries are the Jesuits who run St. Xavier's High School at Jaipur City in India. They belong to the Patna Mission, but Jaipur is almost a thousand miles distant from mission headquarters. In the famous "Pink City" of the Rajput kings these dozen or so Jesuits quietly go about the important job assigned to them.

There are over 600 students at St. Xavier's, very few of them Christian, but in the eight short years of the school's existence its wonderful spirit has made it the talk of Jaipur. Remember the Jesuits of Jaipur.





Fathers Schmidt and Thomas Mackessack.



Father Pinto with his geometry class.

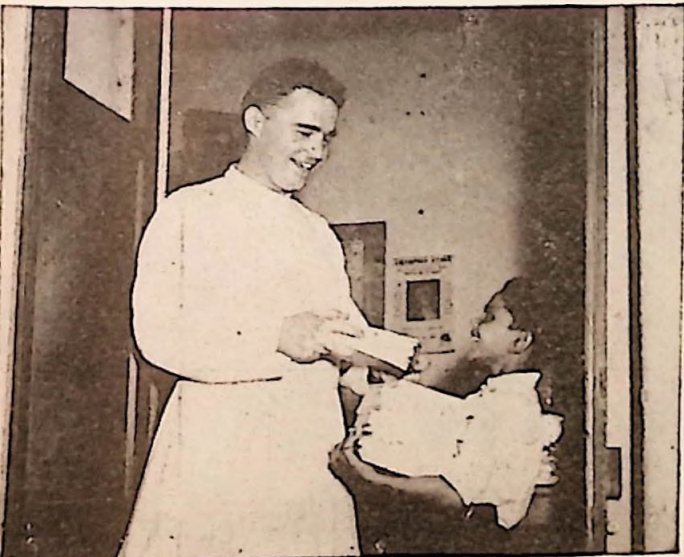


Father John Cosgrove to the rescue.



Father Thomas Kunnunkal in library.

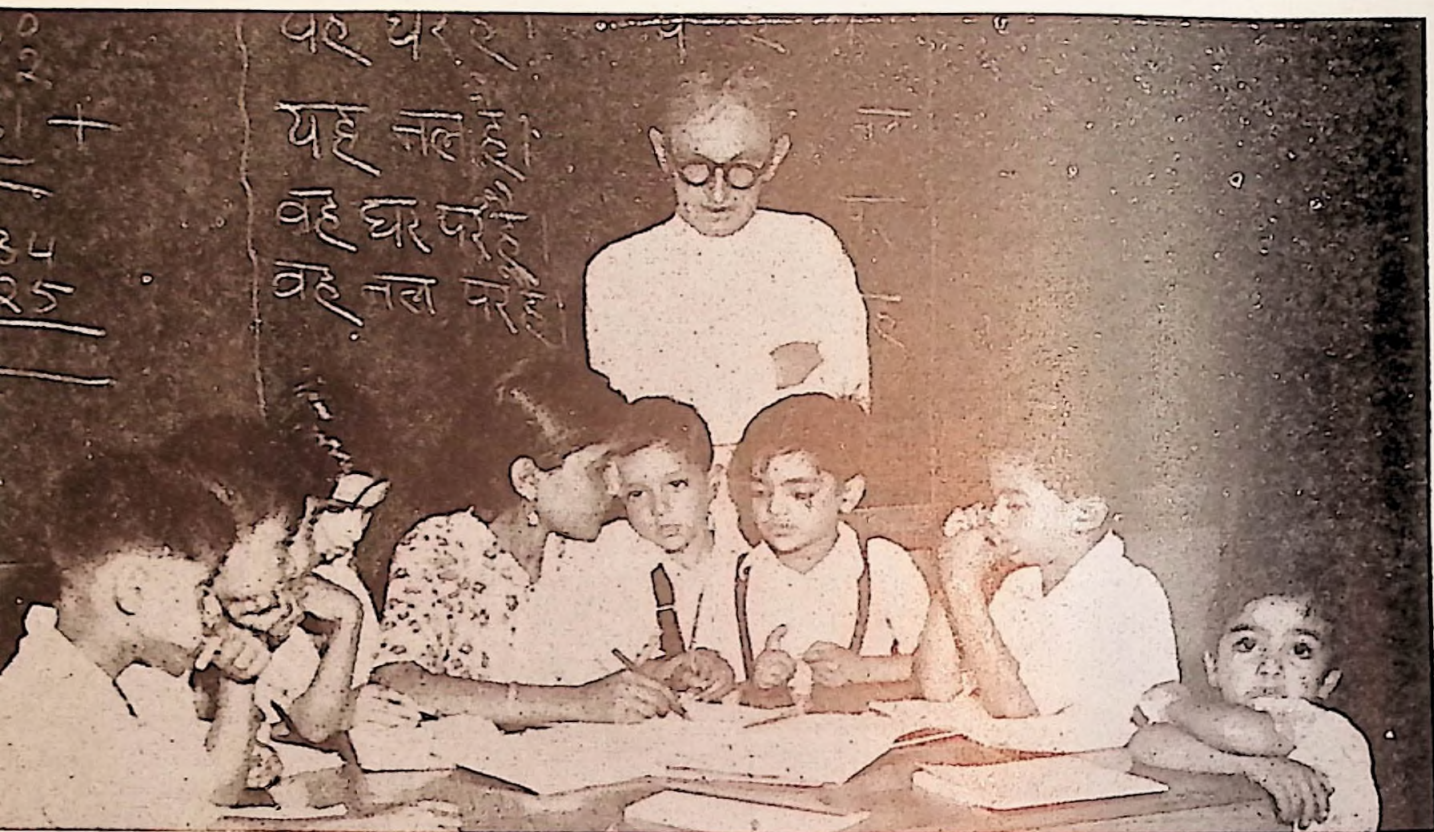
Father Curtin has charge of bookstore.



Father Batson inspects a new altar.



THE JESUITS OF Jaipur



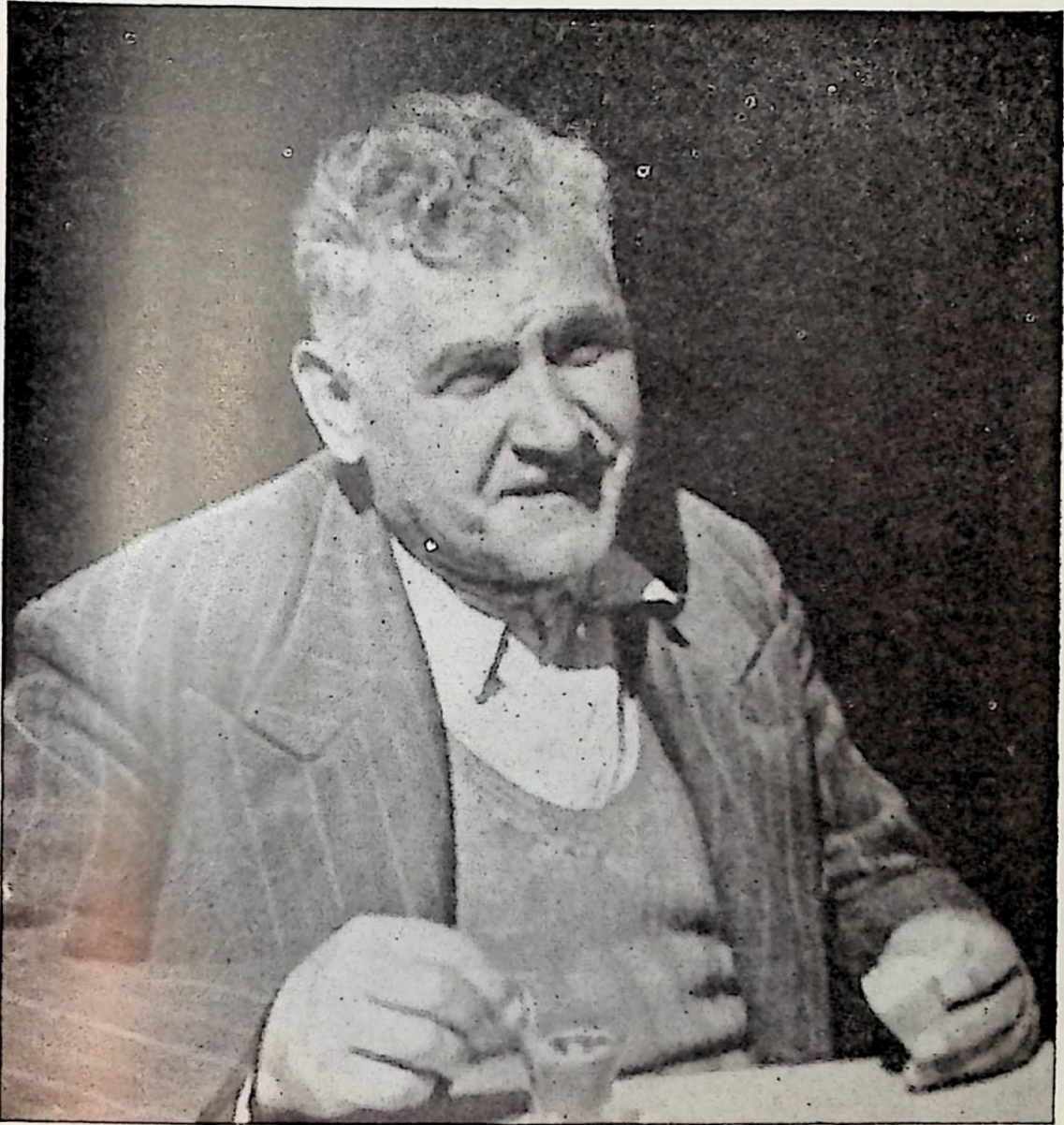
Father Paul Frank S.J. looks in on a kindergarten class at St. Xavier's, Jaipur.

Father Eugene Watrin en route to class.



Father Joseph Willmes and Indian pals.





Yusuf Betchi, the faithful steward of Baghdad College.

FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS, YUSUF BETCHI has been the mainstay of the Fathers of Baghdad College. General factotum, supervisor of the workmen, paymaster—he rolled a lot of jobs into one and has done them all well.

Yusuf entered the story of Baghdad College in the early chapters, when the school was located in a narrow alley in the heart of the city. It meant a lot to the first Jesuits, unfamiliar with the Arabic language and customs, to have someone they could rely upon for advice and accomplishment. Through the years of growth, Yusuf's loyalty and service merit a "Well done, Yusuf!"

Well Done,
Yusuf!

LARGE AS *Life*



FILM STRIPS make the catechism large, vivid, and interesting.

Missionaries in Alaska and India are begging for this wonderful visual aid. Won't you help?

Send your contributions to JM, where they will be received with grateful prayers.

Jesuit Missions 45 EAST 78th ST., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

THE MAN IN *Malaybalay*

WILLIAM J. O'ROURKE S.J.



MALAYBALAY IN THE BUKIDNON mountains of the Philippines is a small town of perhaps three thousand inhabitants. It has one main street and three or four side streets. There is a plaza in front of the church, but the bus driver drove around it and dropped us off at the door of the *convento*, the Spanish term for rectory. Three of us from the Ateneo de Cagayan were making a flying visit.

Father Joseph Reith S.J. met us at the front door. His *convento* is large and newly built. He has supplied it ingeniously with running water and somehow or other he has managed to get a generator across three tremendous canyons between here and Tankulan. The only other generator in town was owned by the local movie house.

The evening meal was cooked by Father Reith himself, an expert chef. The conversation lasted far into the night and ranged from Baltimore, his home town, to the Moros of the Lake Lanao district where Father worked before the war. We were bone-tired when we finally fell into bed.

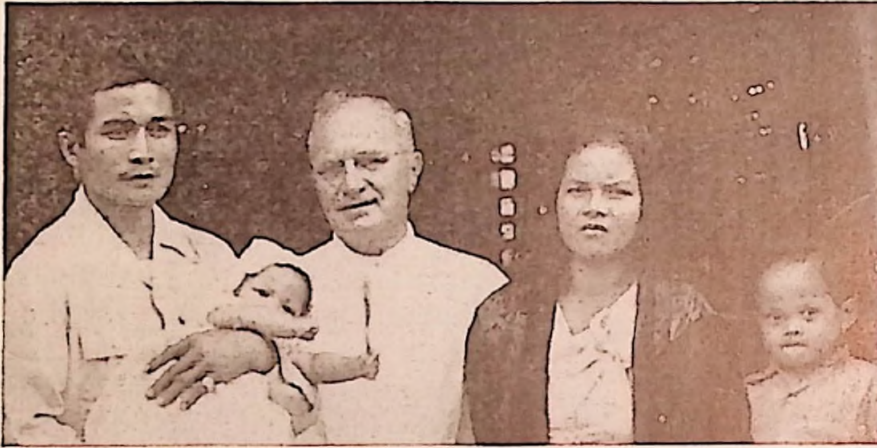
At five o'clock the next morning

*Father Joseph Reith S.J.,
pastor of Malaybalay, P. I.*

we were jerked back to the land of the quick by Father Reith's voice booming a good morning to everyone in the province of Bukidnon from the loud-speaker in the church steeple. His morning greeting went something like this: "Good morning, everyone! Let us start the day in the name of the Father and of the Son and

twenty or thirty people in the reading room.

A block away from the church is St. Peter's High School, a small, two-story frame structure. The building is unfortunately too small for the number of boys and girls wishing to attend. Another problem is to find the teachers who have



The shepherd of the flock brings another lamb into the fold at a baptismal ceremony in the Bukidnon mountain region of the island of Mindanao.

of the Holy Ghost. Now let us consecrate the day to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." He then led the whole village through the Morning Offering. Before turning off the loud-speaker, Father invited the whole village to come to Mass. He even announced the intention for which Mass was to be offered—the repose of the soul of a recently deceased parishioner.

Such conduct, if carried out in a temperate climate at the utterly barbaric hour of five a.m., would win for the zealous Father a charge of disturbing the peace. However, in the tropics five o'clock is a quite reasonable time for rising. Moreover, what success Father Reith has with this morning greeting may be judged by the fact that he had more than one hundred and fifty Communion that Saturday morning! Then, on Sunday, at one Mass alone, the Communion ran well over three hundred.

After breakfast, Father Reith took us for a tour of his parish. The first floor of the *convento* was already open for business. There, Father has a reading room and library containing more than five thousand books. These books are not allowed to collect dust either. At that early hour of the morning, there were

the degrees required by the Government and the character and religious training required by Father.

But Father's real hopes and ambitions are bound up in the new dispensary he is building. The day we were there, eight carpenters were busy constructing the frame structure. Twenty years ago Father used this same means to win his first success among Moros. He had discovered that care of the body wins the good will of the people and sometimes arouses a healthy curiosity about the care of the soul.

After lunch Father busied himself with his correspondence. He told us that part of this correspondence dealt with the possibility of obtaining trained help for his dispensary. Father expects four nuns, Sisters of St. Joseph of New Jersey, to arrive soon from the States to staff his dispensary and, he hopes, do a little teaching in the high school.

Unfortunately we had to leave the next morning on an early bus. But we were rested and refreshed by our contact with this zealous priest whose smiling eyes and easy charm belied the energy burning stronger than ever after a quarter of a century in Mindanao.



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Afield . . . with American Jesuits

RETURN TO LUMINTAO

Many towns in the Philippines see a priest only rarely. FATHER JAMES CAWLEY S.J. writes about Lumintao and the three visits he has made there in two years.

"My first visit was about two years ago. Everybody came to Mass, which I said in an old hut which used to be a stable. Afterwards I baptized a few of the children, but there wasn't much else I could do, since I did not know their language and they did not know Visayan, the common language hereabouts.

"Last month I made a flying visit to make a date for a second Mass. They certainly surprised me when I showed up to keep that date! After walking for about four hours, I finally reached the town and found that they were having a fiesta in honor of my coming. There were arches, decorations, even a nice little chapel. Best of all, they had called in two catechists to teach the children, so there were eight youngsters ready for their First Communion.

"So the next morning we had a procession around the town and I said Mass. Afterwards there were 47 baptisms."

A PROUD LITTLE ANGEL

Last April JM carried FATHER JOHN C. RUOFF'S charming story of two children in his mission of El Cayo, British Honduras, who managed to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation despite many obstacles. Now for a sequel:



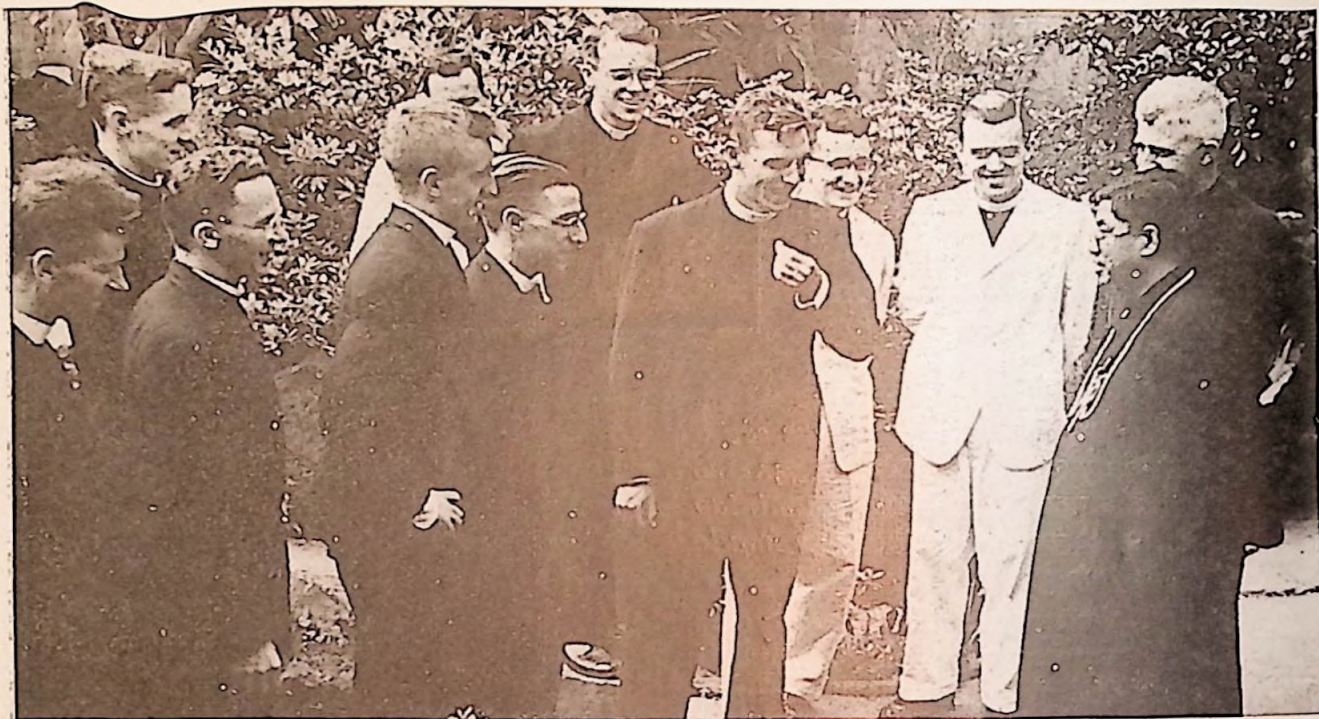
Father James Cawley S.J. readies his jeep for the Bukidnon mountain roads around his mission station of Maramag.

Father Ruoff writes: "Remember my little article on Gilberto and Gregoria, the one called 'Angels in the Moonlight'? I told the children that I was going to send a story about them to New York. They found that hard to believe, since, obviously, New York was too far away. But I did, as you know.

"When JM worked its way down here, I gave the youngsters a copy with their story. A few weeks ago I met their aunt and uncle. They told me that Gregoria has the copy, which she carries with her everywhere and guards like a treasure.



CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS



The fifteen Jesuit Scholastics who have been studying the Chinese language at Chabanel Hall in the Philippines are greeted in the city of Taipei, Formosa, by Archbishop Joseph Kuò and Father Edward Murphy (behind the Archbishop), the Superior of the California Jesuits.

She is very particular about who may be allowed to read it. A proud little angel, so to speak, but certainly one of JM's most avid readers—of one issue, at least."

WANTED: A 30-HOUR DAY

BROTHER PAUL C. ACER S.J., in a letter from Truk, reports on some of the Jesuit missionary Brothers working in the Caroline Islands.

"All the Brothers will be coming in soon for their annual retreat. Once the kids of the mission learn that Brother Murray is coming over from the Marshalls, they will be getting out the wooden rifles to start drilling all around the place, ready to welcome him.

"Brother Condon is looking for a day with thirty hours in it. With the farm, kitchen, bookkeeping and buying, he

could use the extra time. Brother Walter is up to his ears in the building program at the school. Brother Whalen was in bed for a month with coral and fungus cuts which resulted from his three months on the reef salvaging the *Romance*. Brother Martin, after more than thirty years on this mission, has returned to Spain. His feet gave out."

BUILDING REPORT FROM TRINCO

St. Joseph's College in Trincomalee, Ceylon, keeps turning up in these pages. It's the college the missionaries are building the hard way—largely by personal physical labor.

"I was in Trinco a few days last week," writes FATHER CLAUDE R. DALY S.J., "to see how things are going. It's about a year since Father Lange got out his pick and shovel and started digging the foundations. Now the Father's house is up to the second-floor level; the kitchen is built; one hangar (bought in Trinco from a junk-dealer at so much a pound) has the tin roof complete.

"Father Lange has picked up a lot of



SPOTLIGHT



When Joseph Patrick Merrick entered the Society of Jesus forty years ago he never dreamed that one day he would be one of the best known and most popular Jesuits in Baghdad. He wanted to be a missionary and he was assigned first to the Philippines. He returned to finish his training and then taught at Holy Cross College. His understanding and kindness are still warmly remembered by the students who were there from 1928 to 1934.

Then he was off to Baghdad and the difficult, grim years which characterized the birth and early growth of the mission. His devotion to the poor, his service to all with no thought of himself, and the ever-ready warmth of his personality won all hearts. Men who served in the Persian Gulf Command during World War II still talk of what this self-sacrificing priest did for them, in camps, on shipboard, and along the dusty Iranian roads.

Father Merrick won't like this Spotlight but he richly deserves it.

building skill. I hope he picks up a liking for the work, because there is a lot more building to do around the mission. Four of the missionaries have come up with 'house-wanted' pleas."

SOCIAL ACTION IN INDIA

A Conference of Catholic Social Workers, held in Ernakulam, South India, was organized by FATHER JEROME D'SOUZA S.J., Director of the Social Institute, Poona.

"The resolutions of the Conference," writes Father D'Souza, "are numerous and detailed, intended to serve as a comprehensive guide for all types of Catholic social work. The resolutions are being published in all Catholic weeklies and will be given the widest possible publicity. The most important decision arrived at is to start social centers in every parish and in plantation areas, to gather the working men for recreation, instruction and economic assistance. The Conference will give us a basis for uniform and coordinated work which promises to yield happy results."

CHINA IS STILL ON THE BOOKS

Although China is a forbidden land for foreign missionaries, seminarians are still being trained to bring Christ to that sad land. When God's good time has come, they will be ready.

Fifteen Jesuit Scholastics, all language students from Chabanel Hall in the Philippines, recently closed their Chinese dictionaries and made the four-hour flight from Manila to Taipei, Formosa, where they were to "vacation" for two months by exercising themselves in Chinese and getting acquainted with Free China. This strange invasion rated a good deal of local publicity. A large number of photographers and reporters were on hand to meet the plane, but after the flurry was over the Scholastics got down



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to the serious business of talking Chinese endlessly to anyone who would listen.

A QUIET LIFE IN THE TROPICS

A long letter from FATHER THOMAS C. DONOHOE S.J. of Jaluit in the Marshall Islands, prefaces the following with a laconic "Here is how it was last night and today."

"After rosary and confessions I talked to Kelen, the builder and manager of our boat, until twelve o'clock, in preparation for sailing today. Then I worked on some letters. At two a.m. I listened to the news from California for fifteen minutes, then retired.

"Up at six, I got ready to take Holy Communion to four sick persons on the

island. Cement, who is the finest helper you'll find in the entire Church Militant had been around the night before saying the rosary with and otherwise preparing the sick for my call.

"Just as I was about to leave with the Blessed Sacrament, Ellen came and said that Laman was dying. She was just about gone, but I got there in time and then went on to the sick.

"Laman was here only yesterday, looking for rice. It was a heart attack that took her off, but she really died of malnutrition, as do many of our Marshallese.

"It is not easy to subsist on these islands and the people have few resources. So please pray for my Marshallese."

Missionaries of Truk atoll. Fr. Fahey, Fr. Hernandez, Bro. Whalen, Fr. McGowan, Bro. Walter, Bishop Feeney, Fr. Hoek, Fr. Rively, Fr. Battle and Bro. Acer.



The Business of MISSIONS



Dear Friend:

There is probably not one Jesuit missionary who has not had the consoling experience of administering Extreme Unction to one of his converts. In time past, the missionaries were an occasion of God's grace for that soul and many others simply because friends at home paid their passage to the missions and supported their activities. Briefly, then, you have had a part in bringing the inestimable blessing of God's sacraments to souls.

During the month of November, you might also manifest your zeal for such souls by applying plenary indulgences to them. They are converts whom God has called. In the normal course of events, therefore, they would have few, if any, immediate relatives remembering them in their prayers.

You are now an apostle of the Church militant. You could also be an apostle of the Church suffering because by your prayers converted souls would receive the fullness of eternal life.

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

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New York 28, N. Y.



Fr. Cheney builds model home.

“That Madman in the Hills”

A DYNAMIC MISSIONARY ON THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA HAS INSPIRED HIS PEOPLE TO A NEW AND PROSPEROUS LIVING.

Sister Rita Maria supervising craft work at Above Rocks.





Fr. Cheney, pastor at Above Rocks, is from Lowell, Mass.

A hot meal is served daily to over two hundred children of the parish school at Above Rocks.

THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION FOR THE island of Jamaica was speaking. With a gracious nod to the Jesuit priest sitting near-by, he continued, "I call him that madman in the hills, for sometimes Father Edmund Cheney's projects seem mad to the staid judgment of officialdom, but it is clear from what you see here today that Father Cheney knows how to achieve the impossible."

The Director was one of the official speakers at the formal opening of the new craft center at St. Mary's of the Above Rocks Mission. The center is another of Father Cheney's many efforts to help his people. Under his supervision one hundred homes have been erected in the vicinity since the hurricane of 1951.

On display at the new center were the articles which the Above Rocks people fashion from the raw materials at hand to sell throughout Jamaica and al-

so to export in considerable quantities. These were purses, bags, belts, tams, etc., all of original design and fashioned from sisal, jippi jappa, bamboo and other materials. This handicraft work has effected a big change in the economic life of the people. It has shown them how, by their own efforts, they can help themselves.

The center itself is a two-story, reinforced concrete building, constructed entirely by unskilled labor. The upper story will be occupied by the craft center while downstairs is to be used as a school and club.

Above Rocks is perhaps the nearest thing to a self-contained unit in all Jamaica. The people make cement building blocks, furniture for school and domestic use; they have their own lighting plant and their recreational facilities. As Bishop McEleney said that day, "We need the right kind of 'madman' here in Jamaica, the Father Cheney kind."

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Friends of St. Joseph might like to make this wonderful saint better known on the missions by supplying statues for small chapels.

The prices on statues vary according to size. A 33-inch statue, for example, costs \$30.00, but if you would like to pay less, you may do so.

Statue 24 inches — \$12.00
33 inches — \$30.00

First He Had Malaria so Father Ludwig of India asks if you would help pay for medicine to combat malaria for his people and for himself. \$1.00 would be a big help. Then he had a fire and now part of St. Francis Mission must be rebuilt. Father Ludwig would appreciate any help you might give.

The Living Quarters of Father John Hughes and Father Hand in Japan are not very well equipped. As yet, these two priests do not have a refrigerator or stove, which makes us wonder just how well these two are doing with their bachelor housekeeping.

Needed—stove —\$50.00
—refrigerator—\$50.00

On Anniversaries you would like your deceased relatives remembered at Mass. If you would want the Mass said on the missions, we would be very glad to forward your Mass stipends to missionaries.

The missionaries in Jamaica have requested that we tell you of their need for High Mass stipends. They would be able to sing the Mass on the day desired if they were given about three weeks' notice.

Help the missions by having your relatives remembered in Mass on the missions.

Queen's Work Pamphlets and Catholic literature could be used very effectively by a group of Scholastics in the Philippines who teach religion to 400 boys from public high schools. These Scholastics regret that there isn't more time for religious instruction, but if they had more Catholic reading material to give to the boys, the results of their instruction would have a more lasting effect.

Send your Catholic pamphlets to:

*Emeterio Barcelon S.J.
Berchmans College
Cebu City, Philippine Islands*

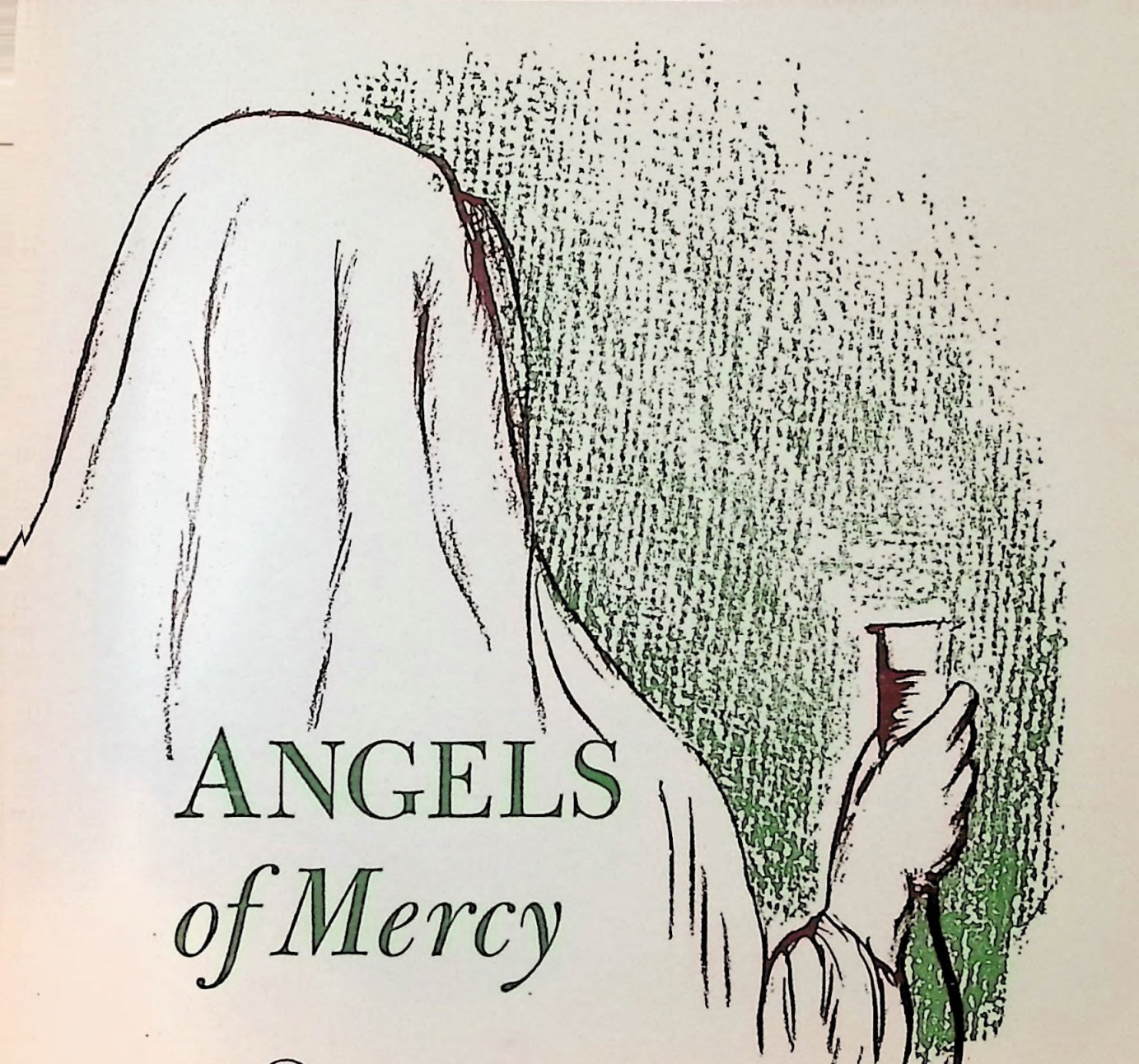
No Homework in Alaska for the children at St. Mary's, Andreafski, if they aren't supplied soon with writing tablets. Father O'Connor says the students show absolutely no regret for this lamentable shortage of educational material. They should be helped, though, and we are asking in Father O'Connor's name for help in purchasing paper for classroom work.

Writing tablet—10 cents

More Money for Medicine is needed by Father Wieman in India. This missionary says, "Penicillin is so expensive that I cannot use it for my people. However, I have been studying a type of herbo-mineral medicine here that is, I have found, very effective for all common ailments such as colds, influenza, malaria, dysentery, etc. Right now I am out of stock. For \$10.00 I could get enough of that medicine to treat hundreds of cases."

Our address now is

45 East 78th Street
New York 21, N. Y.



ANGELS *of Mercy*

ONE OF THE GREAT SCOURGES IN JAPAN IS tuberculosis. Foreign missionaries there frequently contract this disease. One of the great contributions of the new Congregation of St. John the Evangelist has been a hospital for priests and nuns suffering from T.B.

The Congregation of St. John the Evangelist is a Japanese order. It conducts, besides the T.B. hospital, an orphanage for children.

Any contribution will be welcome.

JESUIT *Missions*

45 EAST 78th STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

IN THE HEART OF

Islam



THE *Sacred Heart* HAS A SHRINE

The chapel of Baghdad College is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Unfortunately, a terrible flood recently damaged it. New pews are urgently needed.

Won't you help? 1 pew\$75.00

But any amount will be received with thanks. And the Sacred Heart cannot be outdone in generosity.

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