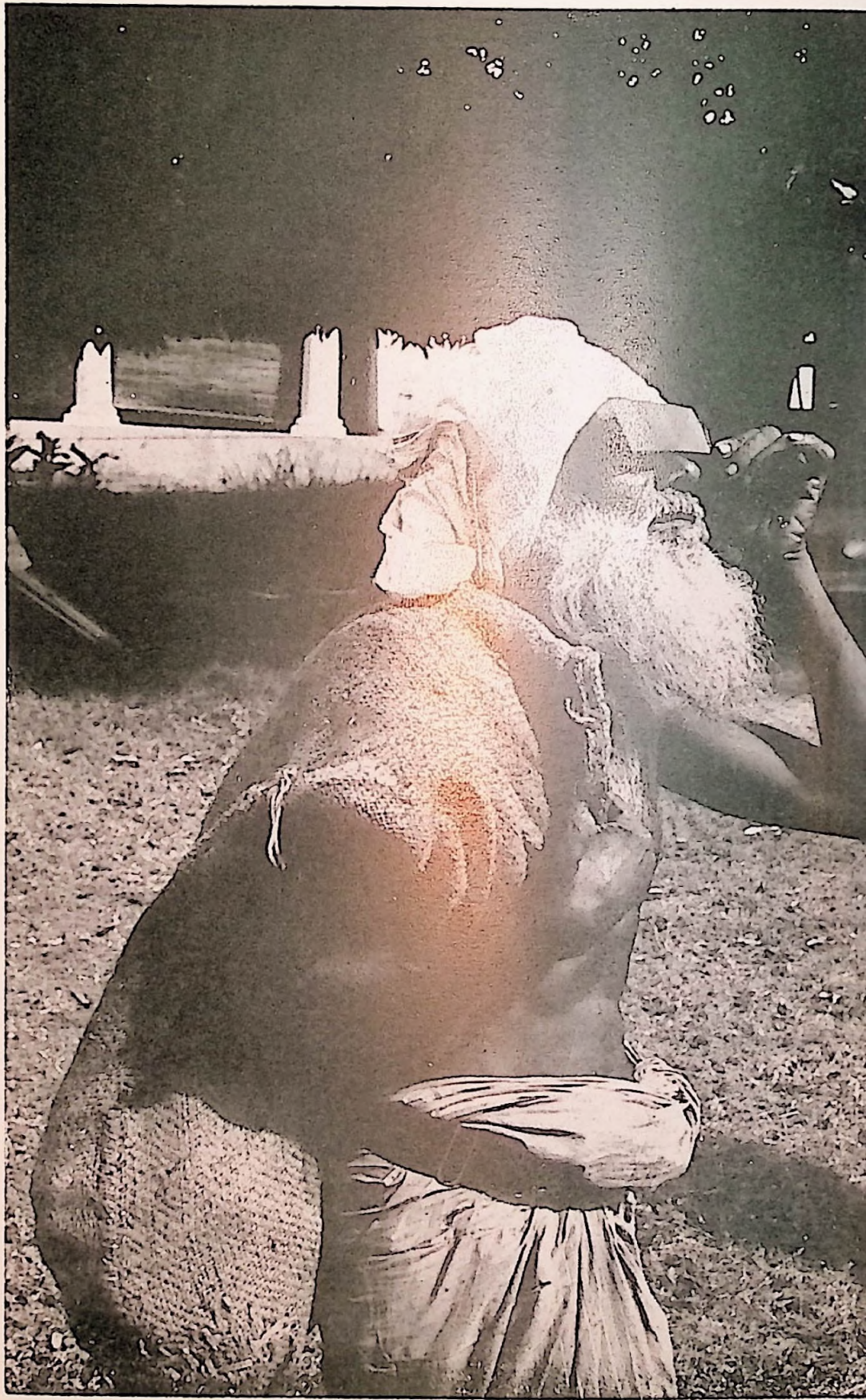


Jesuit Missions



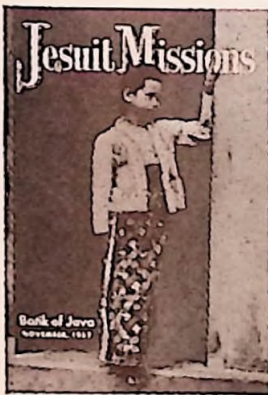
Batik of Java
NOVEMBER, 1955



Follow the Sun

IF TRANS WORLD AIRLINES and St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon, have anything in common, you can't see it with the naked eye. About the Hayden Planetarium and S.M.C., you might say that they are both educational institutions, but you could not say that about *Life* magazine nor about Fox-Movietone News. Yet the President and four men from TWA, the General Manager and three assistants from Hayden Planetarium, the New Delhi correspondent of *Life*, and the newsreel cameraman all have this distinction in common—they slept at St. Michael's College. The attraction (let us be honest) was not ourselves, but the sun—the June 20th total eclipse.

Total eclipses of the sun last only a few minutes; the maximum is 7.4. To study these precious few minutes of totality, scientists spend months moving and adjusting and focusing and sighting with their tons of photographic equipment. They use spectrographs, coelostats, telescopic and photo-electric cameras; they study the spectrum, the corona, the chromosphere, the Theory of Relativity, and the weather. It is an exciting game where tension and anxiety and ulcers grow as zero hour approaches, a tremendous gamble, a risk of thousands of dollars against a few minutes of clear sky on eclipse day. In Ceylon they had four minutes in which to do almost all their important work.



COVER. A girl of Java in Indonesia. Father Fred Foley of the China Mission snapped her picture while making a tour of Southeast Asia. His picture story of the making of the famous batik begins on page 9 in this issue. (Left) As the battery of cameras were about to record the eclipse in Ceylon this old man came along and borrowed a piece of film to protect his eyes. There were no crowds on the streets during the eclipse for the newspapers had published warnings against blindness from staring directly into the sun. There is a superstition, too, that the bite of a cobra is twice as deadly during the time of an eclipse so parents kept the children in.

JM
Volume 29
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Follow the Sun



At cameras (l. to r.) Ceylonese interpreter, Elwood Logan, Fathers Del Marmol and Brou, Tom Nicholson, Lee Bolton. Rear: Frs. Macnair and Raywood and Joe Chamberlain.

But our guests were not studying the chromosphere. As Joseph M. Chamberlain, General Manager of Hayden, explained it, his group just wanted some good pictures of the eclipse, both still and moving, to show the lookers back in Albuquerque and New York and Mobile. To get the pictures for the American Museum-Hayden Planetarium were Tom Nicholson (a lecturer at Hayden and a graduate student in Education at Fordham), and two photographers, Lee Bolton and Elwood Logan. Since they had more equipment than men, Father Alphonse del Marmol and Father Frank Brou were sworn in on the team.

The TWA men had come to Batticaloa because the TWA meteorology department, after studying the records, found a slightly better than 50-50 chance of favorable conditions in Batticaloa in the four minutes from 8:13 to 8:17 a.m. The Batticaloa host, the Resthouse Keeper, offered them the shelter of his com-

pound for their Volkswagon Stationwagon and their cameras, but regretted that he could not offer the same shelter to the men. All his rooms were booked. That was our cue. They called on Father Rector. Could he provide beds for ten Americans?

Could he? In Ceylon, where even one American is as rare a sight, and certainly a much less predictable one than an eclipse, the question was pure theory. A master of Jesuit hospitality, Father Joseph Sommers was delighted. He could provide meals and showers as well, if they wanted them. Finding ten American man-sized beds in a Ceylon boys' boarding school is more difficult than it sounds, but Father Whitmel Macnair and his aide, Brother Richard, had them ready for Saturday night.

That night James Burke, New Delhi correspondent for *Life* and *Time*, slept in one of them and then went on to cover the eclipse against the Buddhist back-



(TWA photo)

ground of Polunnaruwa, the ruined ancient capital city. The President of TWA, Ralph S. Damon, seemed to know somebody from every Jesuit's home town. He slept here. So did Agnew Fisher, TWA photographer, Walter Menke, TWA executive, Ed Farthing, TWA meteorologist, and Ray Ziesse, the Fox-Movietone cameraman, who was shooting the eclipse for the newsreel pool.

Sunday morning everybody went to the Resthouse grounds for the dress rehearsal of the four-minute show Monday morning. Stop watch in hand, Joe Chamberlain alerted his crew, counted out the last ten seconds to zero when shooting began, called off each of the four minutes

and then the last ten seconds of totality. Father del Marmol was operating a camera that would take a shot of the sun every five minutes for two hours, from first contact through final contact, all on one plate. Father Brou had a Nikon and telescope to operate as fast as he could turn the film during the four minutes of totality. Lee Bolton was in charge of two movie cameras.

The rehearsal went on all morning. In the afternoon Father DeNeise took them for a swim at "one of the most beautiful beaches we have ever seen." At the end of a nerve-wearing day of trying to keep their minds and the conversation off the weather, after a shower, a prayer, and a last look at the sky, they finally went to bed, fingers crossed.

Monday morning, when Brother rang the five o'clock bell, every man of them was up, shaved, and studying the sky. It was not pretty—a sunrise without the sun. Within the hour they were at their cameras, checking them for the hundredth time. The half hours, the quarter hours limped by. Cigarette butts littered the enclosure. But the men who gambled and took the risk, who traveled half around the world to study the eclipse, lost their money. As Father Brou said, "The sun and the moon were on time, but there was no show. The curtain never went up."

It was a cloudy, overcast morning which turned into a beautiful day around ten o'clock. Almost nobody got a decent picture of the eclipse. Only Ray Ziesse, who was shooting the newsreel story, was not disappointed. For the Ceylonese, this was the chance of a lifetime, lost. Even so, what they did see, at least in Batticaloa, was a rare treat under the sun: ten such Americans in St. Michael's College. This was different and will never happen again. Ceylon's next eclipse will be in 2063.

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*The Secret
in the Garden*

JOSEPH I. HOLLAND S.J.

IN THE GARDEN of our new College de Notre Dame de Jamhour here in the Lebanon I watched the 72-year old Zaki Gosn as he moved among the flower beds. For two years now the stern mountain soil has grown soft under his touch and the flowers have bloomed in wealth and color. He knows the secret of living things. And I remembered the story he had told me once in this garden, a story of another garden and another secret Zaki had kept so long ago.

It was the autumn of 1914 in the Lebanon. Peace smiled sweetly over the rich agricultural Bakaa region, especially on the sloping grape vines, and the little cluster of buildings that housed the meteorological observatory of the French Jesuits at Ksara. Here a handful of brilliant French scientists worked out weather patterns, recorded earthquakes and tremors, and plotted the heavens. Outside in the gardens and the grape arbors Zaki Gosn surveyed the husbandry that was his. Orphaned at 5, and accepted at another Jesuit farm of Tanail at the age of 11, Zaki had manifested talents in garden care and in devotion to his "Fathers Protectors." At the age of 17 he moved to Ksara, and continued his devotion and talents where the ripe grapes become golden-hued wines and liqueurs.

War had come—the First World War. The Turks, blood allies of Germany, and governors of Lebanon, were consolidating their positions. Before dawn one day the French Fathers had slipped out of Ksara, down to the coast and on to France. Only Zaki and two Moslem helpers remained to protect the interests of the Jesuits. Shortly afterwards the Turkish soldiers came, breathing fire and vengeance. Where had the Fathers stored their precious vessels of gold, their ornate vestments, their personal effects? Zaki must know.

Facing his interrogators, he denied any knowledge whatsoever. After all, he was only a day workman, and the Fathers had left during the night! Frustrated, the Turkish soldiers left, but not without setting up guards of their own. For almost three years Ksara became a

ghost residence with its hidden secrets.

Then, one night, while poking through the Residence, two Moslem guards accidentally set fire to the structure. And lo! under the burned timbers of the gutted building, they found a trench, neatly camouflaged with dirt and stone. Disappointment soon set in. The trench could hardly hold all the treasures that the Jesuits were known to have had. Turkish authorities came on the scene, and once again Zaki faced his questioners, this time in a local jail.

Each day for eight days, Zaki withstood pressure of threats and reprisals. Each day for eight days, Zaki bore the mark of the whips and the straps over his body. And through it all, he said nothing, remained loyal to his former Jesuit benefactors. Black and blue, lacerated from head to foot, ill fed, badly treated and imprisoned, Zaki gives to the annals of Jesuit history another saga in the long line of lay friends who never betrayed a secret.

Mercifully the war came to an end in 1918. Germany was losing and the Lebanon in its death struggle with the Turks. The latter withdrew from Lebanon, but not without leaving behind a record of brutality, violence and blood. With peace, normalcy returned to Lebanon, and so did the French Jesuits. Then, and then only was the whole story told—the story of the other cache, cleverly concealed under a brick wall of the garden in plain view of the enemy, and constructed to withstand the watery climate of Lebanon. Never once did the searchers think of an outside hiding place. Zaki might well have paid for this secret with his life, but even that he would have gladly given.

For 55 years Zaki has served the Jesuits in the Lebanon. Quietly, silently, devotedly, he moves among his flower beds. And always he is a byword among the younger Jesuits who see him as one who suffered for his faith and lived to become an example to all of the courage which falters not. In the flower-filled garden at Jamhour one can also find the seed of martyrs.

I FLEW TO INDIA for the ordination of my son Frank of the Jamshedpur Mission. With me went my daughter Carolyn, our long-time neighbor and friend, Mrs. Carroll of Springfield, Mass., and Mrs. Bowling whose son Theodore of the Patna Mission was also being ordained. There isn't space to record the thousand things that happened but let me try to give you a glimpse of the India I saw.

One thing I will not try to put into words—a mother's feelings at the reunion

with her son after five and a half years; that moment when he turned, now a priest forever, to place his hands upon my head in his first blessing; his first Mass and my first Communion from his consecrated hands. No, there are some things too deep for words.

After Frank's first Mass we left by plane for Delhi. There we visited the famous Red Fort, a Moslem temple during the time of prayer, and the really beautiful government buildings. New Delhi is a credit to the progress being made

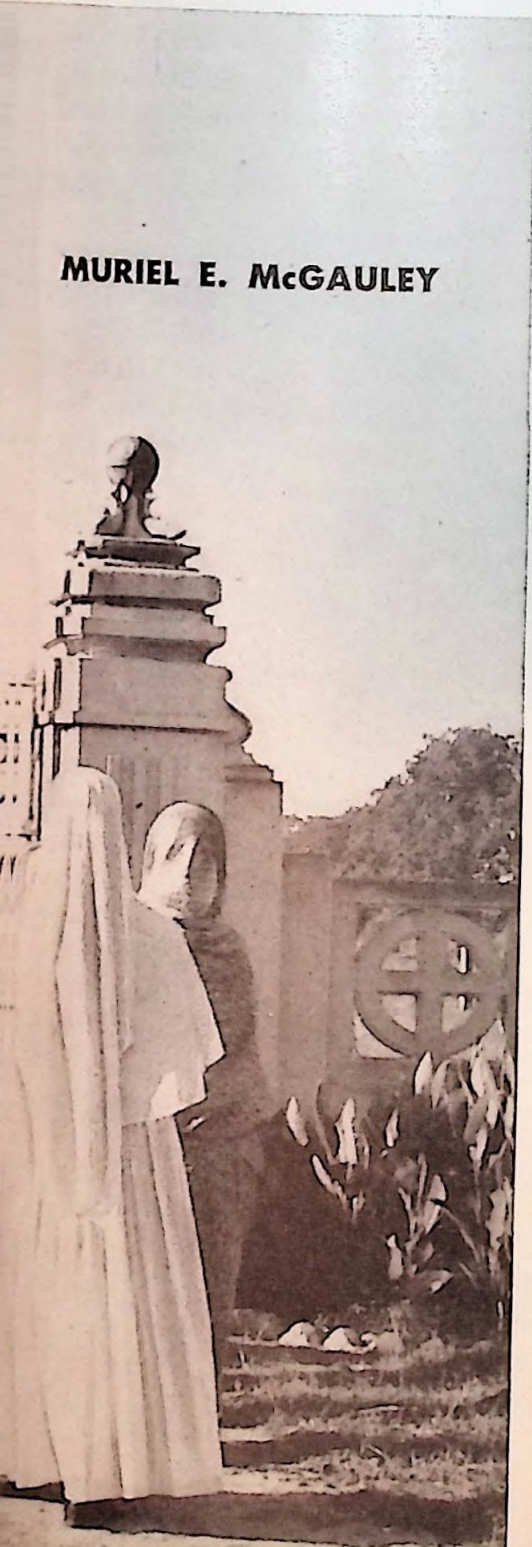
The India I Saw



in India today. But before the next dawn we had seen another side of India.

We had gone to the Delhi station to take the train to Jaipur, only to find that the train had already departed. So four women sat on suitcases outside the station while our two new priests, wearing Georgetown baseball caps and with thermos bottles swinging from their shoulders, walked up and down the platform, intent on their breviaries. We waited there for three hours until taxi transportation was arranged.

MURIEL E. McGAULEY



I'm glad I hadn't been briefed on that 190-mile trip through the jungle at night. The road was not a lonely one, for the most part, for we constantly met people traveling on foot or on camels, heavily laden with goods to sell at the Sunday market in the bazaars. But once our headlights picked out a tiger crossing the road—and it was some time before my heart said farewell to my throat.

Then just before dawn our taxi braked to a sudden halt. Poles had been placed across the road in an obvious road-block. All at once men were closing in on us, their dim figures terrifying in the jungle gloom. All the stories I had ever heard, going back as far as Ali Baba and his forty thieves, leaped to mind as we hurriedly closed the windows. Then Frank was outside the car (and I wishing he wasn't) and making unintelligible sounds—it took me a moment to realize that he was speaking Hindi. His swift, "It's okay, folks," were the most welcome words I heard on the entire trip. The men who had stopped us were searching for bandits who had killed the Jaipur Chief of Police the previous evening. They cleared the poles from the road and we went on, greatly relieved—until we suddenly realized that they must have some reason for suspecting that the bandits were in this neighborhood. Later that day when someone told us that we had traveled a very dangerous area of jungle we uttered a sincere "Amen."

At Jaipur we were met by Father Schmidt and the Chicago Province Jesuits who conduct the Xavier School. We had two great days there, seeing the quaint city in a bright '25 touring car whose driver was intrigued with its rubber horn which he blew constantly. This did not disturb the buffalo, cows, camels, goats nor people, all apparently wandering aimlessly through the streets. We saw the interesting astronomy center which was set up in the 1730s with the help of the Jesuit Fathers, and the science of that time appeared incredible. The Fathers took us through the famous brass and enamel shops and the bazaars with their beautiful carvings and silks. We were amused at groups of monkeys jump-

ing from roof to roof and entranced with the highly colored costumes of the people. Jaipur seemed more typically Indian than other cities I saw.

The Fathers had arranged an elephant ride for the next day, so on two beautifully decorated elephants belonging to the Maharajah we rode to the Amber Palace on a hill overlooking the city. Jaipur is known as the "Pink City" and from that advantageous point we could appreciate the appropriateness of the name.

With sincere thanks to our kindly hosts we left on the overnight train for Agra to see the Taj Mahal. Its beauty can only be realized in seeing, which we did in the evening and again at sunrise. The tombs and marble carvings inside are exquisite. As Mrs. Carroll remarked, "And all this magnificence for the love of a woman. I'll never be satisfied now with a mere little gravestone from my husband!" At Agra we left the Bowlings, who were enroute to the Patna Mission, and we began the journey to Kurseong.

Although Frank had told us this would be a difficult ride, we had not taken him literally. We arrived late at Lucknow and soon pushed on for Siliguri. We were scheduled for a three-hour stop at Katihar but somewhere during the night we missed a connection. As a result we were shunted to a siding in some town whose name I never found out—and I don't want to! We were trying to get some sleep but it was pretty impossible with the screeching of train whistles, the sizzling of steam and the jabbering of the train men. It was terrifically hot so we opened the blinds to get more air. A little later a sudden shower of water hit me. On with the lights to see what the matter was—we were directly under a water tower!

We arrived at midday at Katihar in the steaming heat. By moving fast and with the help of a catechist, Frank was able to finish Mass before we started off once more. All afternoon we watched eagerly for a sight of the hills which Frank told us would mean cool weather. But when the sultry red sun had gone down we had seen no hills nor felt any relief from the weather. Finally, at eight

o'clock, we reached our destination, having had only tea, oranges and hard dry toast for two days. We were filthy dirty from car soot and a sand storm we had ridden through and our muscles ached from that two-day bouncing across India in near 100-degree temperature. Why had we written during those winter months—yes, we would love to rough it across India? The spectacle was succinctly summed up by our greeters, Frs. Hammett and Kennedy, who took one look at us and exclaimed, "Oh my Lord!"

The Fathers rushed us into a station wagon and a two-hour trip up the mountains where the Irish Christian Brothers had a wonderful dinner waiting for us. Life began again to be worth living. Then to the Guest House where a Swiss nun had everything prepared—cool sheets, warm blankets, even a hot water bottle. O blessed sleep!

The days in the Himalayas were delightful. We visited Tenzing's home and saw the equipment he used when he conquered Mount Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary. We saw the famous Sunday Bazaar of Darjeeling, the beautiful tea gardens landscaped down the mountains, and we visited a Buddhist monastery. Then to St. Mary's Theologate for farewells to the Maryland Province men, Fathers Roberts, Lerch, Kennedy and Hammett. It was good to see this happy group after so many years. Then to Calcutta and on to Jamshedpur.

For three weeks we toured this mission field of the Maryland Jesuits—and I only wish there was space to describe the wonderful work they are doing. One way of judging the impression they have made is from the attitude and enthusiasm of the children. Both in the schools and out in the bush missions their devotion to the Fathers impressed me deeply.

There are a thousand other things to be said, a hundred more sights to be described. But they must wait for another time. My head is filled with them—but not as full as is my heart with joy and gratitude to God for the privilege given me. I will never stop thanking Him for the happiness of those glorious weeks with my priest in India.



The Batik of JAVA

The colorful dress typical
of Indonesia is the product
of an intricate process



The Batik of JAVA



The first wax is applied to the white cambric or muslin with a copper design, dipped in open pan which keeps wax liquid. Previously, a layer of liquid starch is spread over the fabric to prevent the thread from being distorted while being printed. This also keeps the wax from penetrating threads and aids removal afterwards.

Coloring the cloth saffron with an extract made from certain bark. The cloth is then dried in a dark but airy place. The process is repeated 12 to 15 times to prevent fading of brown color. Afterwards the cloth is dipped in a lime and alum solution. The technique of batik is as difficult as etching or painting.





FATHER FRED FOLEY of the China Mission dropped into a batik factory in Jogjakarta, Java, and photographed the process, centuries old, of wax painting on various kinds of cloth. Batik is used for sarongs, for slendangs (baby slings as pictured on page 9) and other articles of wear for both men and women.

Batik is essentially a process of multiple dyeing controlled by the application of wax in various layers to fabrics.



The last process of batik art is to remove all the remaining wax by boiling in hot water.

The finished product is a strip $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards long and makes a wrap-around skirt for women.



WHEN THE CATHOLIC countries of Spain and Portugal undertook the conquest of South America in the sixteenth century, they sent missionary priests and friars as well as soldiers and arms. For they sought not only land and wealth for themselves but the eternal salvation of the inhabitants of the newly-discovered continent. Soldiers and administrators reaped glory and fortunes for themselves and their kings. The missionaries, as "soldiers of the Cross," harvested immortal souls for the Eternal King.

But the two forces and their aims were bound to clash. Greed supplanted good intentions; abuse of the natives displaced promises. Missionaries appealed to the King on behalf of their converts but he was far away and his orders disregarded. Meanwhile, Negro slaves were imported to do the menial household chores or back-breaking work of the fields that Indians could not or would not do.

The Paraguay Reductions were an attempt by Jesuit missionaries to develop religion and culture among the Indians away from harmful influences. They were eminently successful until the suppression of the Jesuits. The Reductions were destroyed, their citizens scattered, and only a memory of their glory remains.

Today, the descendants of the Indians and Negroes who have not been assimilated into the general population live in the more remote regions of the South American countries. In these places, the Church is not well enough organized to justify full fledged dioceses. So we find 33 Vicariates, 14 Prefectures and 33 Prelatures whose prelates and priests are almost entirely supplied by missionary Orders and congregations. Priests are few,

Missions Among the Indians and Negroes of South America

THE POPE'S

Mission Intention

but even fewer are the priests from among the people. In general, each priest cares for from 4,000 to 8,000 souls. Distances between the mission stations make the zealous labors of the missionaries so much more difficult and so much less effective.

The Holy Father asks us to pray this month for these missions among the Indians and Negroes of South America. Let us beg God's blessing on the hardships and zeal of the missionaries but, most of all, let us pray for vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life from among the people themselves. Their own priests and Sisters can best lead them to God.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.



HE HAD BEEN the first Baghdad College graduate to become a Jesuit and, now, the first part of his training completed, he was sailing back to Iraq to teach in the school. From the rain-whipped deck of his ship at the Jersey City docks he grinned down. "Exile ends in glory," he called out gaily. The other Baghdad-bound Jesuits turned on him with a good-natured barrage of challenge and mild insult. For answer, he waved his Iraqi passport back at them.

He was going home, back to his own. There on the deck, he was a symbolic figure. For over twenty years the Jesuits in Baghdad had waited for this day when an Iraqi Jesuit would take his place on

the faculty staff. And their constant prayer was echoed by one on the Jersey docks, "Dear God, please grant that there be many more to follow him!"

Missionaries are probably the only people who try to pray themselves out of business. But their job is to so establish the Church that the people among whom they are working will soon be able to take charge. Once that is done, once there are enough native bishops, priests and Sisters together with a self-sustaining laity, then the foreigner who has brought Christ and taught Christ to them will quietly depart.

The task of fostering native vocations is an important one and a rugged one. In

Window on the Mission World

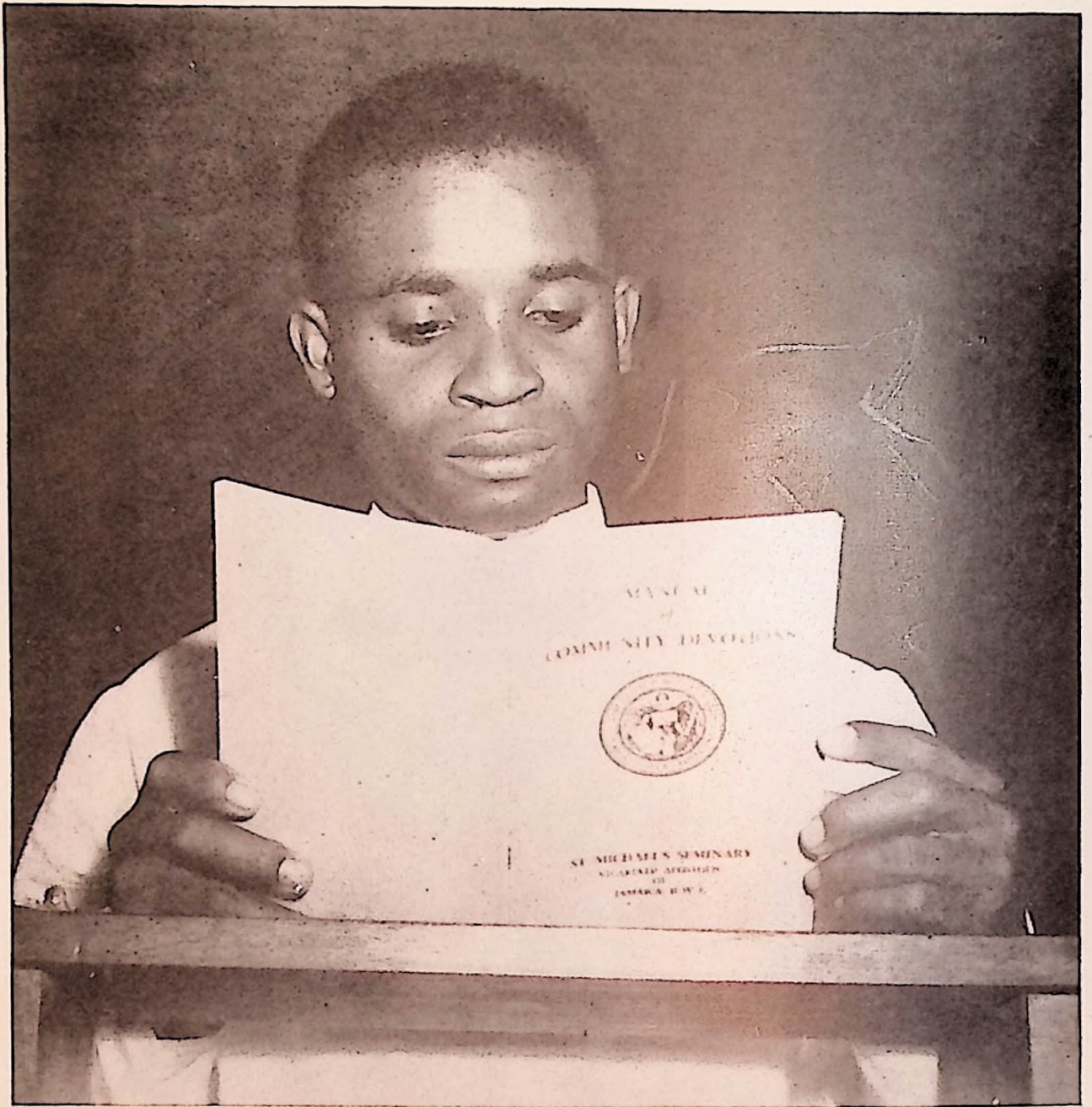


his Encyclical on the missions, "Evangelii Praecones," our Holy Father Pope Pius XII says, "It is clear, however, that the Church cannot be properly and duly established in new territories, unless all is there organized as time and circumstances require and especially unless a native clergy equal to the need has been properly educated and trained . . ." But to fulfill this precept is not an easy job. Oftentimes the very idea of a vocation cuts across the heart of deeply inbedded custom and tradition. In many countries the eldest son or daughter have definite roles to fill and any attempt to escape these allotted duties is out of the question.

Again, the service of God is not an

accepted occupation among people who until recent times have been immersed in materialism or paganism. "Where the treasure is, there the heart is also." One loves only what he knows, and until one realizes the riches of Christ the appeal of created things captivates the heart.

Yet despite the obstacles, all over the mission world boys and girls in ever increasing numbers are asking to be accepted as priests or nuns. For them that road of sacrifice is especially difficult, for they must surmount all the barriers of the past. But they have found a treasure in Christ and that knowledge, deepening into love, urges them on to share those riches with the people who are their own.



Jamaica's Own **PRIESTS**



Studies in the minor seminary are strongly classical, with much Latin, not much less Greek.

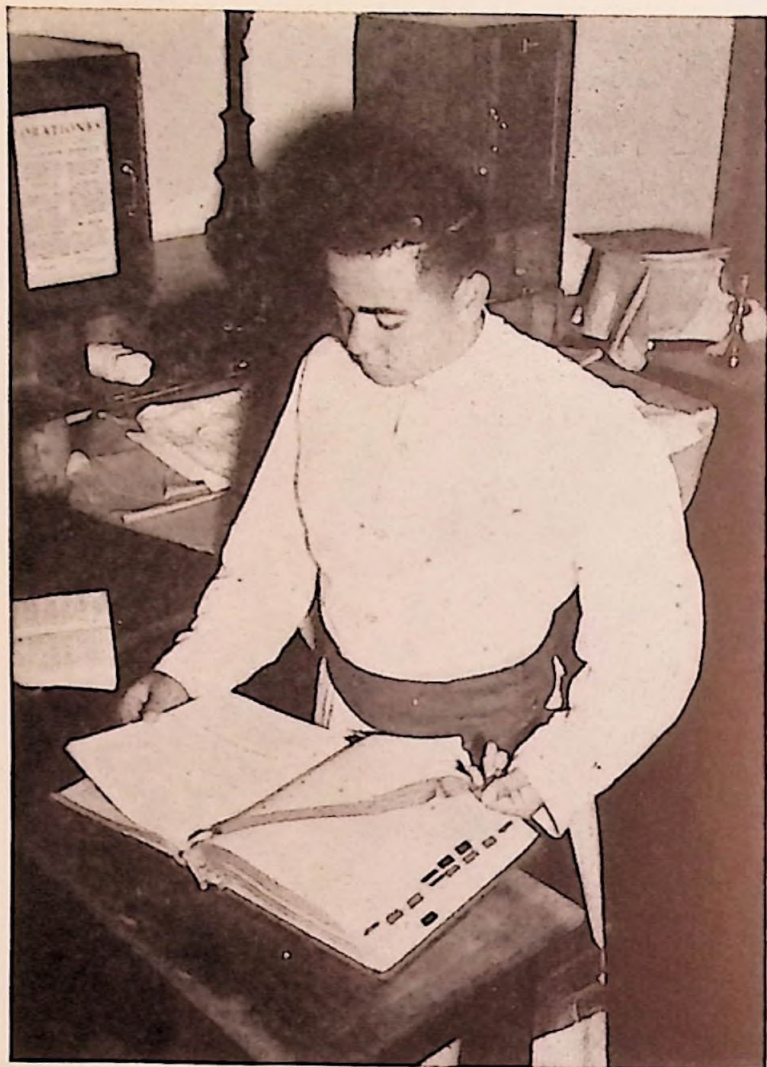
SAINT MICHAEL'S SEMINARY in Jamaica is young and small. But its age is no hazard, for even the newest seminary begins with a solid backlog of Catholic tradition to lean upon. And its size is no hindrance, for two can be led to the love and knowledge of Christ as quickly as two hundred.

Just three years ago the first group of minor seminarians began their studies in a cottage behind the Cathedral in Kingston. Few as they were, the next year they overflowed into a second house, next door. Last Spring, a final move was made to a beautiful site on the outskirts of

Kingston. The house which serves as temporary quarters was built, and built well, about the time of the American Revolution. The stone walls are thick and strong and cool.

Surrounding the old "Great House" are nearly one hundred acres of land. Here, according to a plan which is inching steadily from dream to reality, will be the site of both major and minor seminary. The dream is partly real already, in that the minor seminary is a smoothly functioning unit. Someday all of Jamaica's own diocesan priests will be trained here, in their own land.

Jamaica's Own PRIESTS



The rhythm of seminary life is steady, even monotonous. One changeless feature which never palls and which gives meaning to everything else, is the Mass. The young men who dream of ascending the altar of God themselves begin each day with Holy Mass and all day the flicker of the sanctuary lamp is the seminary heartbeat.

Picking flowers is pleasant, especially if the bouquet is for Our Lady's altar. But Saint Michael's also grows sturdier stuff. Besides vegetables, the farm provides several kinds of fruit, coconuts, nutmeg, pimento, even cola nuts. There are pigs and cows and a couple of friendly rabbits. Seminarians work on the farm every day, raising the food for their healthy appetites.





JESUS OUR SAVIOR.

Bible Story: Luke 2:1-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "Glory to God in the highest.

and on earth peace to men of good will."



OPERATION Buenos Aires

WILLIAM J. BRENNAN S.J.

IN THE REPUBLIC of Honduras' village of Buenos Aires two Notre Dame Sisters and a jeep surprised the few hundred inhabitants. Sisters Rosaire and Helene, S.S.N.D., had roared out of Progreso in the Departamento of Yoro and plowed through a river to bring catechism instruction to the children. Out came catechetical charts, catechisms and "Santitos," as the little ones call holy cards. The latter were only the bait; the former were the objective of the operation. From nine o'clock until three of the hot summer afternoon the two nuns carried on classes for the children.

"Operation Buenos Aires" was only one part of the more extensive work the Notre Dame Sisters of Saint Louis carried on during the past summer. After a full school year in the States, instead of thinking of the well earned vacations, these Sisters spent the summer months teaching school children in Progreso and vicinity. From the day they landed they had 1,200 school children in Progreso under their wing. Two of their number fanned out to the City of Yoro, eighty miles away, to take over the instruction of another 350 children. Five hundred were prepared for First Communion in Progreso, another 225 in Yoro. This instruction went on four times a week; on the other days, the Sisters visited villages like Buenos Aires, and organized and directed groups of the Legion of Mary to carry on the work after they leave.

For three summers the Sisters of Notre Dame of Saint Louis have been coming to the city of Progreso to give religious instruction to the hundreds of children who could not have been reached regularly and effectively by Sunday sermons, afternoon catechism, and the teaching of traveling missionaries. Each time the nuns have come, they have run into something new. A year ago it was the flood and a big strike; this year it was cockroaches. On the first night of their arrival, instead of sleeping, they carried on a fight for possession of their belongings, their luggage, even for the beds they occupied. There was no shrieking, fluttering of skirts, running for cover. This was a knock down, drag out fight.

The usual feminine refuge was out of the question against roaches that were as long as a cigarette and twice as wide. A baseball bat or a golf club were very desirable weapons. But the Sisters went to work systematically. And before the night was out, none of the few remaining live cockroaches was so foolhardy as to return to the encounter.

But these are the things the Sisters will recount when they return. They will not readily talk about what the missionaries on the spot observed. This was the increased number of children's confessions and Communions on First Fridays and Sundays. Another indication of the effectiveness of their work is that, in the three years the Sisters have been coming, six girls have been so impressed by the work that they have left to follow the life of those who came from so far away to teach them.

The original ideas which started the Sisters of Notre Dame coming to assist the Jesuit missionaries in Yoro came from Sister Paschal, S.S.N.D. Her brother, Father John Murphy S.J., has the parish of El Negrito. It was her natural interest in the missionary work of her brother, plus the desire to assist him, that prompted Sister Paschal to suggest to her Superiors that the Sisters of Notre Dame help out in the large Departamento of Yoro. Her idea found a sympathetic and generous response from her Superior. In 1952 four Sisters came during the summer time. For the following summer it was four. In 1954, six were ready to embark, but the flood and Fruit Company strike so interfered with life in the Departamento of Yoro, that the catechetical mission was called off. In 1955, however, eight Sisters came to work both in Progreso and in Yoro.

Certainly the major portion of the Church's influence in the United States is a result of the work of teaching carried on for so many decades by dedicated religious women. Operation "Buenos Aires" offers the hope that one day similar bountiful results will be recorded from the generous work of consecrated women like the Sister missionaries of Our Lady.

The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

Printed below is a prayer to Christ the King. Under the usual conditions, a plenary indulgence may be gained daily by its recitation. Might I suggest that you ask Our Lord to grant the plenary indulgence to a soul converted by a missionary? The immediate relatives of such souls would normally be pagans and so the deceased must depend upon the Church Militant to win for them the inestimable blessings of the Church Triumphant.

"O Christ Jesus, I acknowledge You as Universal King. All that has been made, was created for You. Exercise over me all the rights that You have.

"I renew my baptismal promises, renouncing Satan, his pomps and his works, and I promise to live as a good Christian. Especially do I pledge myself by all the means in my power to bring about the triumph of the rights of God and of Your Church.

"Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer You my poor actions to obtain that all hearts may recognize Your consecrated Kingship and that thus the Kingdom of Your peace may be established in the whole world. Amen."

I trust you will not limit this prayerful practice to November but will continue it throughout the year. You could place the above prayer in your missal.

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

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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1103—16th Ave.
Seattle 22, Wash.

Caylon and Home Missions

Rev. James C. Babb S.J.
701 Pere Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans 12, La.

China (Suchow)

Rev. Louis Bouchard S.J.
762 Sherbrooke St., West.
Montreal 2, Canada

Iraq and Jamaica

Rev. F. W. Anderson S.J.
1108 Boylston St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

British Honduras, Yoro and U. S. Indians

Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)

Rev. William J. Klement S.J.
284 Stanyan Street
San Francisco 18, Cal.

India (Patna) and U. S. Indians

Rev. R. A. Rosenfelder S.J.
Rev. John A. Killian S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians

Rev. Kevin Scott S.J.
403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and Home Missions

Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

Philippines, Caroline and Marshall Islands

Rev. William T. Wood S.J.
39 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

A CATHECHIST

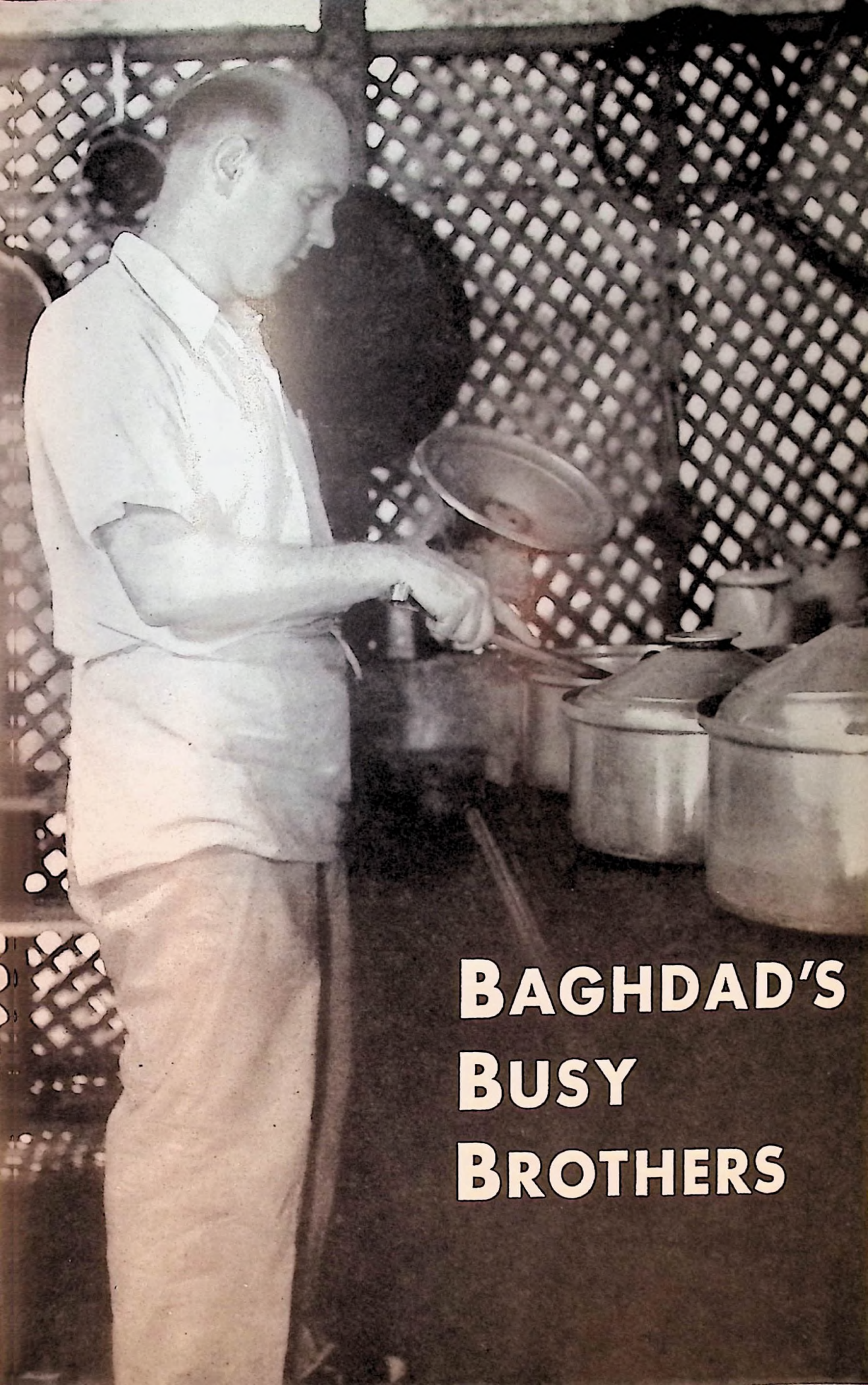


will
keep
him
Smiling

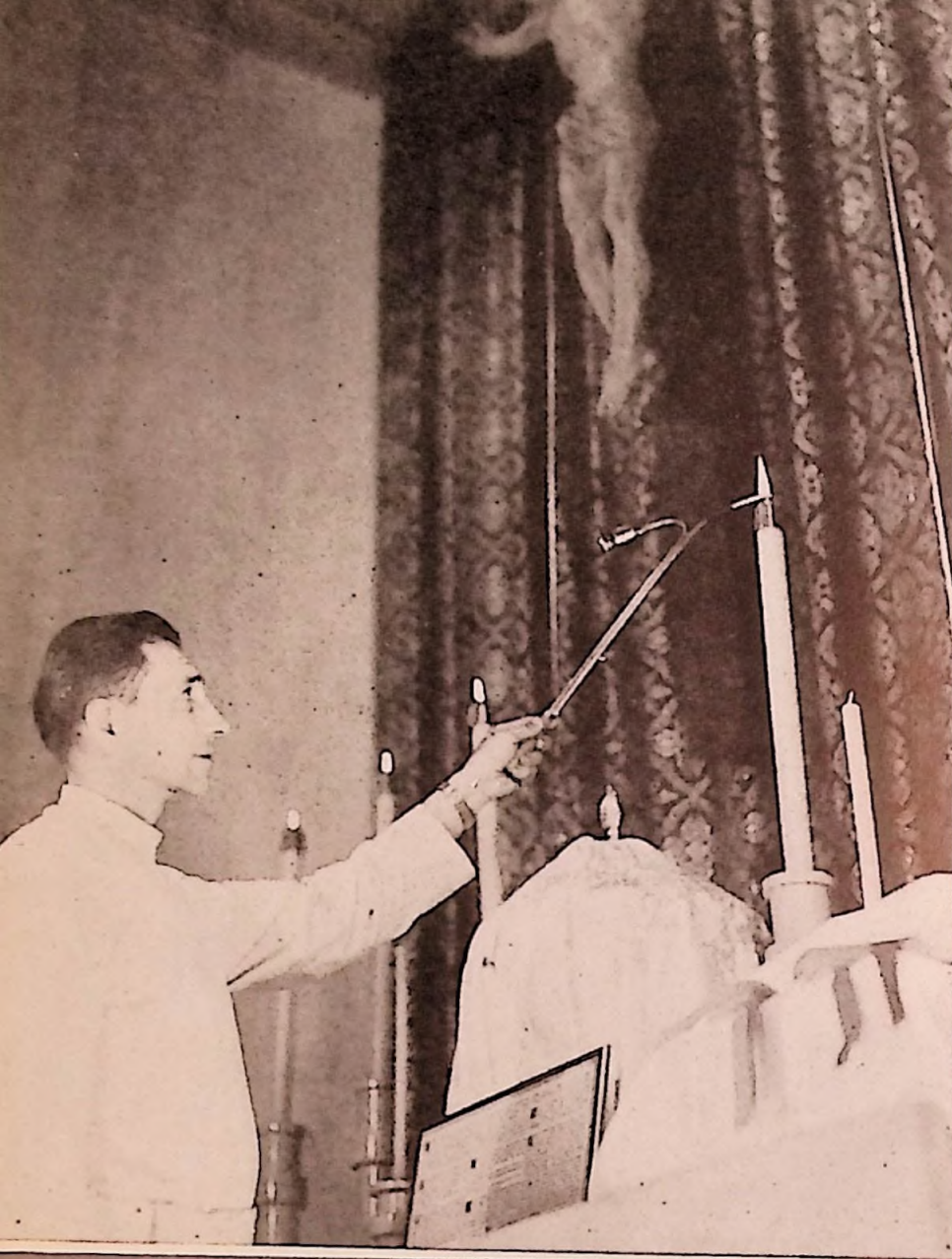
The catechist, an instructed layman, who teaches mission children their catechism, will play an increasingly important role in Philippine life. A new law permits the teaching of religion in public schools. Catechists will do much of this teaching. Jesuit Fathers in the islands ask our help to pay the catechist's salary. Will you help spread the happiness of the Faith to the children? One, two, or five dollar gifts will aid immeasurably.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



**BAGHDAD'S
BUSY
BROTHERS**

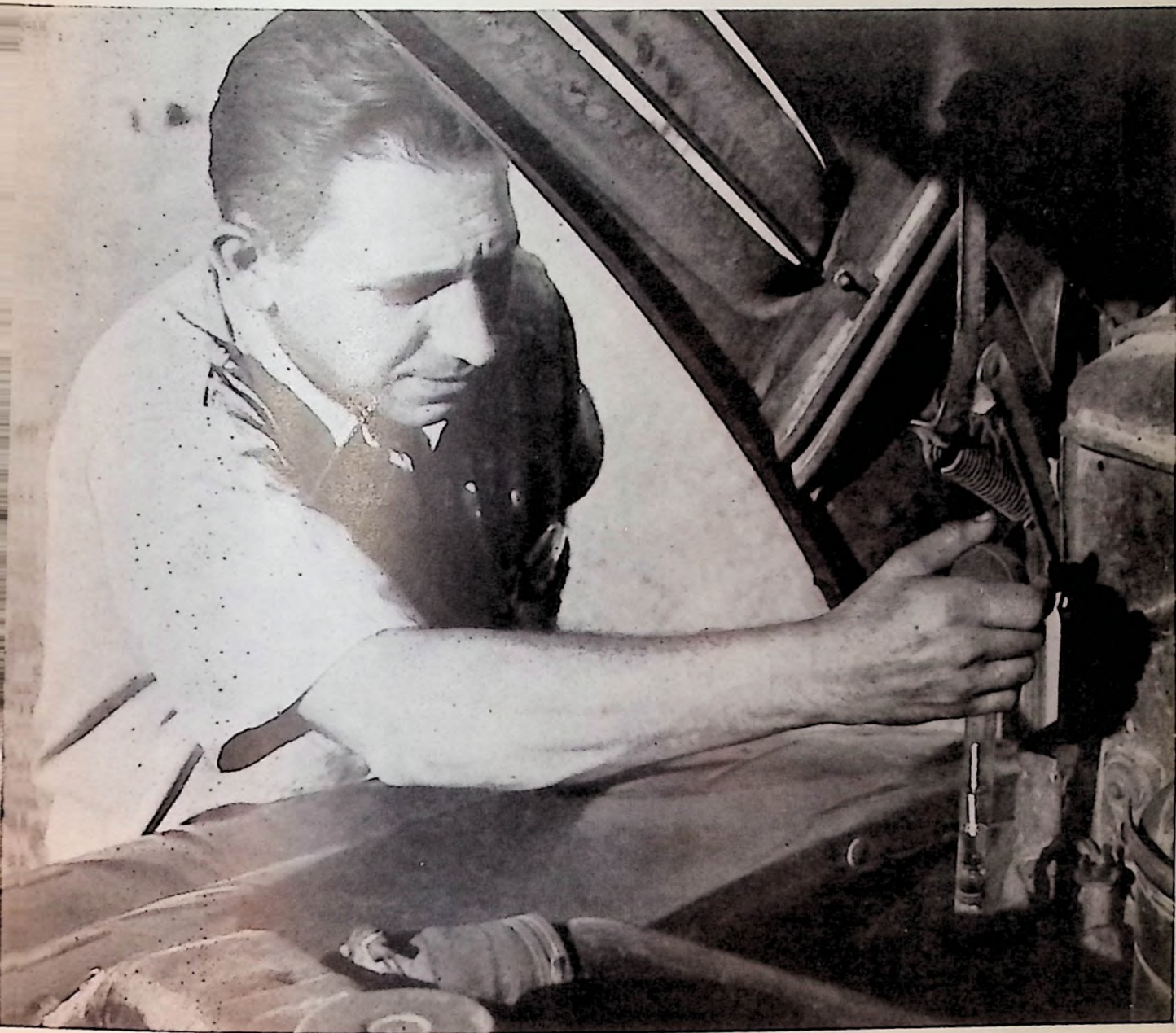


(Left) A Coadjutor Brother of the Society of Jesus is a true religious who takes the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. His life is one of prayer and work consecrated to God. There is a great need in the mission world of today for such generous, self sacrificing men who are willing to dedicate their lives to help spread the Kingdom of Christ throughout the earth.



(Right) Brother Italo Parnoff S.J. goes to the heart of the matter to keep one of the very necessary school busses in good condition. The majority of the students live several miles away from the college so the fleet of busses is a familiar sight on the Baghdad streets.

Brother Lawrence Foley S.J. turns aside from his cooking (previous page) to put into practice the medical ability which he learned in the Navy during the last war. The people around Baghdad College found out in a very short time that he was their friend.



LET'S TAKE a peek behind the scenes of the drama which the American Jesuits are living out in distant Baghdad. We'll find two men there who rarely make the headlines—but who are constantly making everything else! They are Italo Parnoff of Bridgeport, Conn., and Lawrence Foley of Central Falls, R.I., Coadjutor Brothers.

There are forty-seven Jesuits here for whom baking and cooking must be provided. There is the health of some sixty boys in the boarding school to be cared for. There are some seven hundred day students whose cuts and bruises must be treated at various times and the same medical attention is given to the poor of the neighborhood. And who takes care

of sorting and stamping the mail; setting up twelve altars with their vestments each day; making hosts and wine for Mass; keeping in repair the fleet of six school busses, two cars and three trucks; doing the carpentry, plumbing, painting and wiring so essential in the upkeep of a campus with eight buildings? Yes, two men must do the work of ten.

Around the world the Coadjutor Brothers labor side by side with the Jesuit priest for God's greater glory. One cares for the material needs so that the other can concentrate on giving spiritual aid. A Brother spends his life in work and prayer consecrated to God. He is the right arm of the mission priest.

THOMAS J. GIBBONS S.J.

SPOTLIGHT



Father Edward Scollen S.J. has spent over half of his Jesuit life on the Caribbean isle of Jamaica. A native of Worcester, Mass., he naturally gravitated toward Holy Cross College. Later, in his more mature years as a Jesuit, he had the good fortune to teach at Boston College but, with the loyalty characteristic of Worcesterites, he still kept his devotion to Holy Cross.

In 1939 he left for Jamaica and has been there since. An industrious and zealous pastor, he guides the destinies of his Immaculate Conception Mission at Stony Hill. His other stations of Tom's River, Devon Pen, King Weston and Mount Friendship keep him from becoming an armchair missionary. Say a prayer for this hard working priest.

A FIELD

with American Jesuits

NINETEEN MILES TO MASS



From Buxar, India, Father Edmund Burke relates a story of heroic attachment to the Mass. There are many other stories, he says, but this one must suffice for the time being.

"There's the story of the blind old lady, bent over nearly double with age, whom I met on my travels before Christmas far, far out in the district and whom I gently teased about coming to church. She said, 'I'll come, I'll come,' although it was plain to see that she was hardly able to get around her own village. But Christmas eve at 8 P.M. a dark, dark night if there ever was one, she walked into the firelight with her son, a leper, half frozen to death and tired to the bone.

"The feeble old lady had walked nineteen miles to come to Christmas Mass. Three times, like Our Lord with His cross, she had fallen on the way, and each time her poor son thought she would never get up. The Sisters rubbed her all over with oil and sat her down by the fire for the rest of the night.

"Next morning she was good as new.

I gave her the train fare for the return trip. The railway goes to within three miles of her village but, lacking a matter of ten cents, they had undertaken to make the journey on foot. What do you suppose will be her reward and where will we find her when we reach the threshold of the heavenly home where she is surely bound?"

PEACE OF MIND MARSHALL STYLE



Only recently has modern medicine come to the aid of the many blind people in the Marshall Islands but a strong faith developed over the years has given them a real contentment, reports Father Thomas C. Donohue of the Majuro District.

Totally blind Nenjekein is one of these contented ones. He lives on a small island to the west of Father Donohue's atoll. When Mass is being said in his neighborhood he will walk four or five miles over the reefs at low tide to attend. He is always cheerful. His chief complaint is that the children get into his gear and misplace things, but as quickly as he complains he laughs loudly about it. In fact, Father Donohue believes that his complaint is just an alibi for requesting a new rosary or medal or holy picture which he has lost.

Another is Injinmij, a blind lady of 70 and one time social leader in the islands. Of her Father Donohue writes:

"At the party celebrating the launching of the Saint Joseph two years ago, the ladies put on a combination dance and song fest. I had considered Injinmij so old and feeble that I didn't think she could get to Imroj, let alone take part in the festival. I was surprised to see her all costumed for the occasion and sitting up next to the dancers and singing the Marshallese boat-building songs with all her heart. She is a picture of peace and resignation. She is

very happy now since severe headaches, suffered for two years, have left her. We have an eye doctor now in the Marshalls, and a very good one, the people say. Injinmij came over here to be examined by him. Her attitude towards the examination was one of active resignation. She felt she should try and see if anything could be done, but if not she said she would be perfectly happy to put up with the small inconvenience of having it always dark. She too has the old custom of using holy water. I think my German and Spanish predecessors can show me something when it comes to instilling in the people a love of sacramentals."

WHO HAS MY SOAP?



A report from Father Leon Foster of retreat work in Southern India recounts the peculiar difficulties of a retreat to Brothers in Hyderabad.

"After the Brothers got on to my lingo there was no difficulty with the retreat. The only untoward incident occurred when a rat stole my soap one night and so I had no decent wash the next morning. It was a Saturday night that the dark incident happened for the next day I said Sunday Mass at the convent. While rummaging around for some vestments in the convent sacristy I found a piece of soap which I promptly stole and still have—at least some of it. I told one of the Sisters that a rat stole my soap and a two-legged one stole theirs."

OSWALD IS NO MORE

Somewhere the sun is shining and children laugh and play, but a small cloud hovers over Sorikalmunai in Ceylon because a pious sand-crab has gone the way of all sand-crabs.

Father Claude R. Daly sends in the pitiful news. "You remember," he writes,

"the sand-crab in Trinco who used to walk up and down with me when I said my office. Sad story. He used to keep on walking around after I went to bed. It didn't bother Father Linehan, but Father Rieman found the scratching of Oswald's claws on the cement floor a bit nerve wracking—something like fingernails on a blackboard. So he took his .22 rifle, loaded it with scatter-shot, and scattered poor Oswald."

ILLNESS ON THE MISSIONS



Father John Morrison of Bihar, India, illustrates in the following excerpt some of the difficulties of life on the missions.

"Due to Father Daniel Rice's illness I have been alone for quite a while. He had been run down and not up to the work for some time, and I was thinking of sending him to Patna for a physical checkup, when he came down with pneumonia. My Bengali doctor friend who lives nearby was away and the doctor of the local district board dispensary was also absent on leave. I managed to get the elderly Scotch doctor of the Protestant mission some miles away from here. I brought him on my motorcycle. He confirmed my suspicions of pneumonia and prescribed sulphamorphane orally, but Father's stomach too was thoroughly upset and he thought it would be good if I could get a doctor here from Patna.

"I went at once to Jasidih, twenty miles from here, on the Eastern Railway where there is a public phone, and tried to get Patna. But the line was out of order, so I wired; went on four miles more to Deogarh where I got some medicines and sick room things for Father Rice and returned. Then managed to borrow a jeep from a Bengali friend and went to Jhajha, twenty-six miles away on the Eastern Railway, and the nearest station to Patna, over a hun-

dred miles away, and waited. The express came at nine P.M. but brought no one for me and I sat there wondering how long my wire had been delayed. The next train, due about a quarter to midnight, was over an hour late, but it brought Brother Karpinski and Doctor Joseph, a very competent young doctor on the staff of Holy Family Hospital. We came at once in the jeep and reached here about two thirty in the morning.

"Fortunately Father Rice is all right now and is recovering his full strength. He had simply worked himself to the point of exhaustion.

"Father Rice was sick in our old mud house, but we have now moved into our new permanent brick bungalow, and it makes a tremendous difference. Our next step forward will be a convent, and then nuns. I have baked the bricks for the convent, but still lack the funds to build.

"Our work is going ahead but the poverty of my people is still a major headache. So many go to the mines to work when they cannot make a living on their small holdings, and then come back incapacitated or die of tuberculosis. So more widows and orphans. Lots of opportunities to practice charity here. It is very hot; was 108 on the verandah yesterday."

CORRECTION

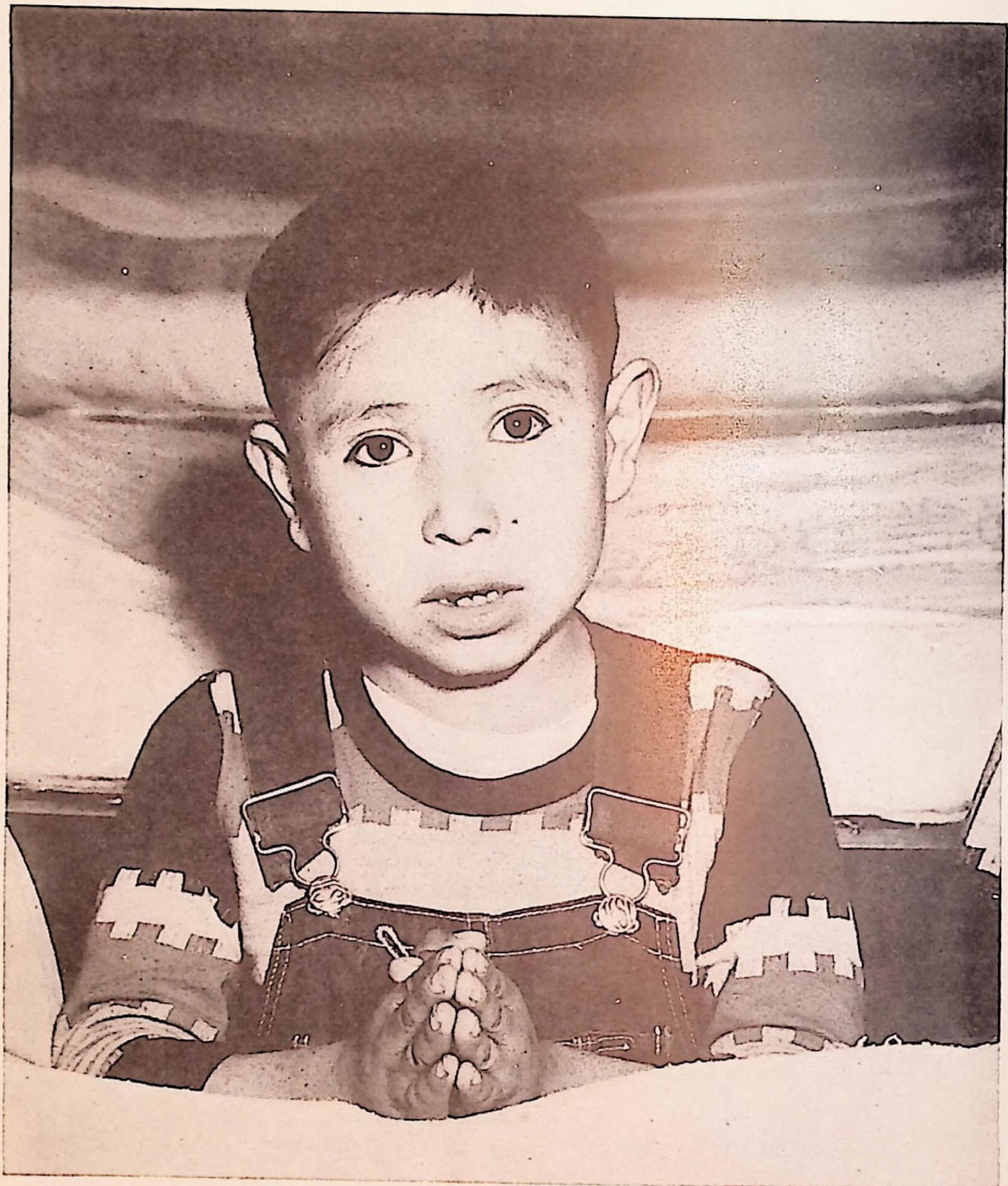
Through an inadvertence a picture of Father Whitmel Macnair was printed in the September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS accompanying the announcement of the death of Father Peter Beach in Ceylon. Our apologies.

The sad news of the recent death of Bishop Thomas J. Feeney S.J., Vicar Apostolic of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, reached us too late for this issue. Our next issue will carry a tribute to this zealous and well known missionary.



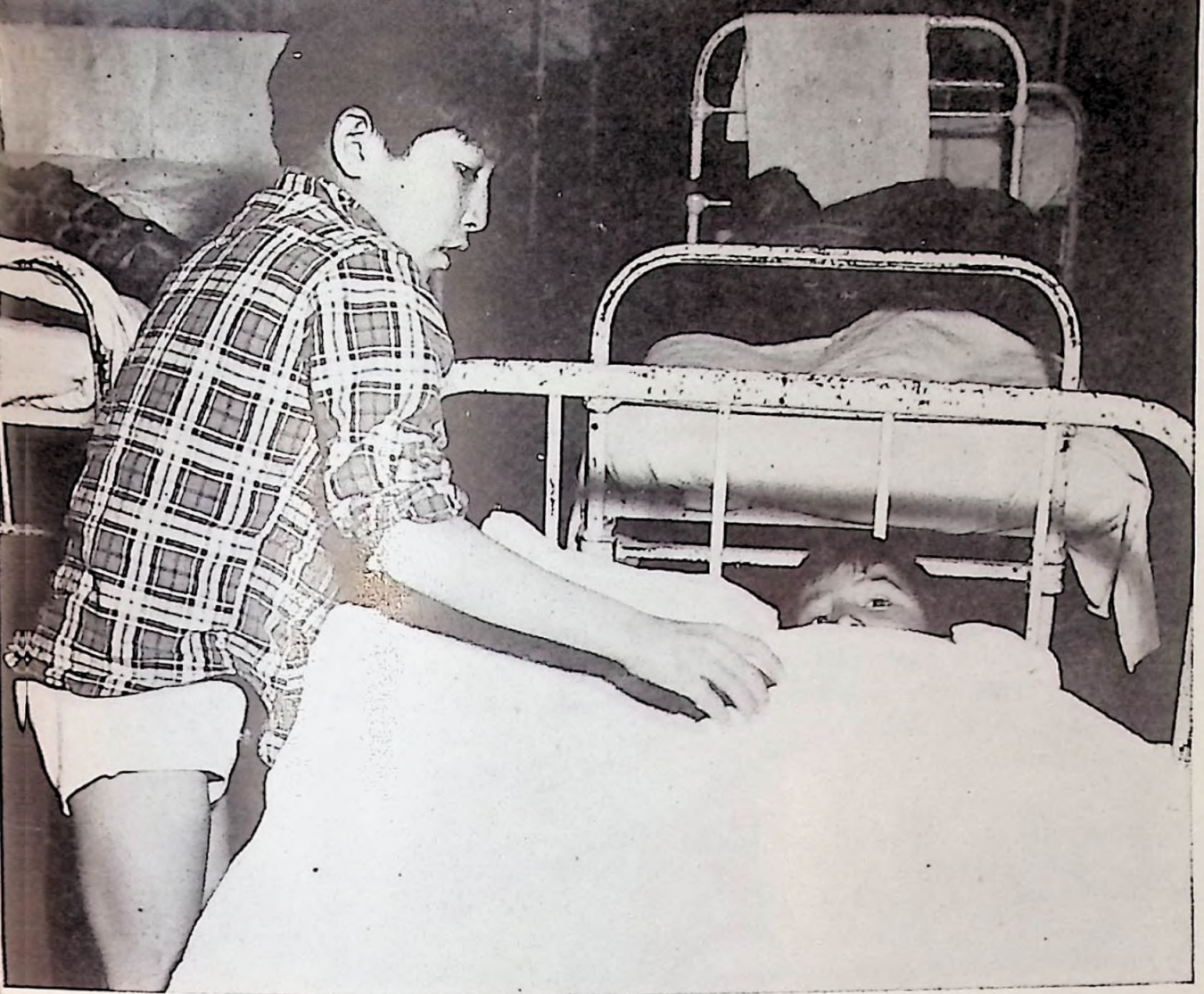
Don't Forget Us

**Blackrobes still care for
the American Indians**



ALMOST ONE HUNDRED Jesuit priests, scholastics and Brothers of the American provinces are now assigned to the missions among the Indians of the United States. They are continuing the glorious work begun by French and Spanish missionaries soon after the discovery and exploration of our land. Some of these pioneers met death at the hands of those they sought to convert.

Twenty five years ago, eight of these valiant missionaries were canonized, our own North American Martyrs. For generations since their death, their blood has truly been the seed of Christians among the tribes of our first Americans. Their heritage of zeal and self-sacrifice in this work is an ever-living incentive to the American Jesuits who today are missionaries among the American Indians.



(Left) George Black Bear of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota. (Above) Tucking brother in.

Fourth grade singing class. All photos by Father Pieper S.J. of St. Francis, South Dakota.



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The Mission is Dublon and it's on an emerald isle—but not “THE Emerald Isle.” Dublon is a new mission of the Truk area and Father Cuddy needs:

Stations of the Cross \$40.00
Altar Missal \$40.00

More Noise Is Needed In India, says Father Goveas.

“We need a bell and belfry for the mission station which will cost \$100.00. Until now we have been using a length of iron struck by an iron rod, but the sound cannot be heard beyond 200 feet on a rainy or windy day. It would be nice if we could put up a bell that would wake a sound sleeper even when it is raining.”

Would you help keep this mission compound on schedule with contributions of \$1.00 or \$2.00 for a bell?

Just One More Step to be taken and Father Linssen of Alaska will be teaching his Eskimos religion by means of film strip.

Father has the film strip, but no projector. He hopes for enough contributions of a dollar or so to pay for one costing \$110.00. Would you help?

A New Censer Would Be Better than a fire extinguisher, thinks Father Deiters of Japan.

At St. Mary's Seminary in Tokyo, the tiny and poorly balanced censer in use frequently spills in the middle of Benediction or Solemn Mass. If the Seminarians don't get a new censer they will have to get a fire extinguisher.

Censer and boat—\$30.00

If You Could Find The Time, maybe you would like to send used clothes and toys for the children of Father Newell's mission in Central America.

Packages marked “Used Clothes” can be forwarded directly to the following address:

Rev. J. T. Newell
c/o Rev. Joseph Wade
Yoro, Dpt. Yoro
Rep. Honduras, Central America

Clothes For The Children and a tabernacle and organ for the church are the needs mentioned by Father Sharma of Latonah, India, as he begins his new mission.

1. A sewing machine for the Sisters so they can make clothes for the children.
Cost \$100.00
2. Portable Organ \$80.00
3. Tabernacle \$50.00

A Marriage Party Is Important in India. In fact, it is so important that, if Father Morrison had not helped pay the wedding cost, some of his young people could not have been married.

Before marriage the boy has to give a present of clothes to the girl and vice versa. The food for the marriage dinner—rice, vegetables, meat and tea—is supplied by the young couple.

Knowing that the basis for a firm faith in his parish depends on good Catholic marriages, Father Morrison asks you to be a sponsor for Catholic Santal boys and girls who need financial help to get married.

Cost of a marriage --- \$25.00



LOUIS WHIRLWIND SOLDIER *is Thinking of His Lunch*

LOUIS WHIRLWIND SOLDIER is a young Sioux Indian at St. Francis Mission in South Dakota. Much of the government aid which used to support this school has been withdrawn. But Louis Whirlwind Soldier's appetite hasn't lessened. All of which gives the Sisters, who run the school

for him and many other young Indian boys and girls, a problem.

\$10.00 a month will maintain an Indian child during the school year. Will you help with this amount or any part of it so that Louis Whirlwind Soldier will not have to think too long about his lunch?

JESUIT MISSIONS

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