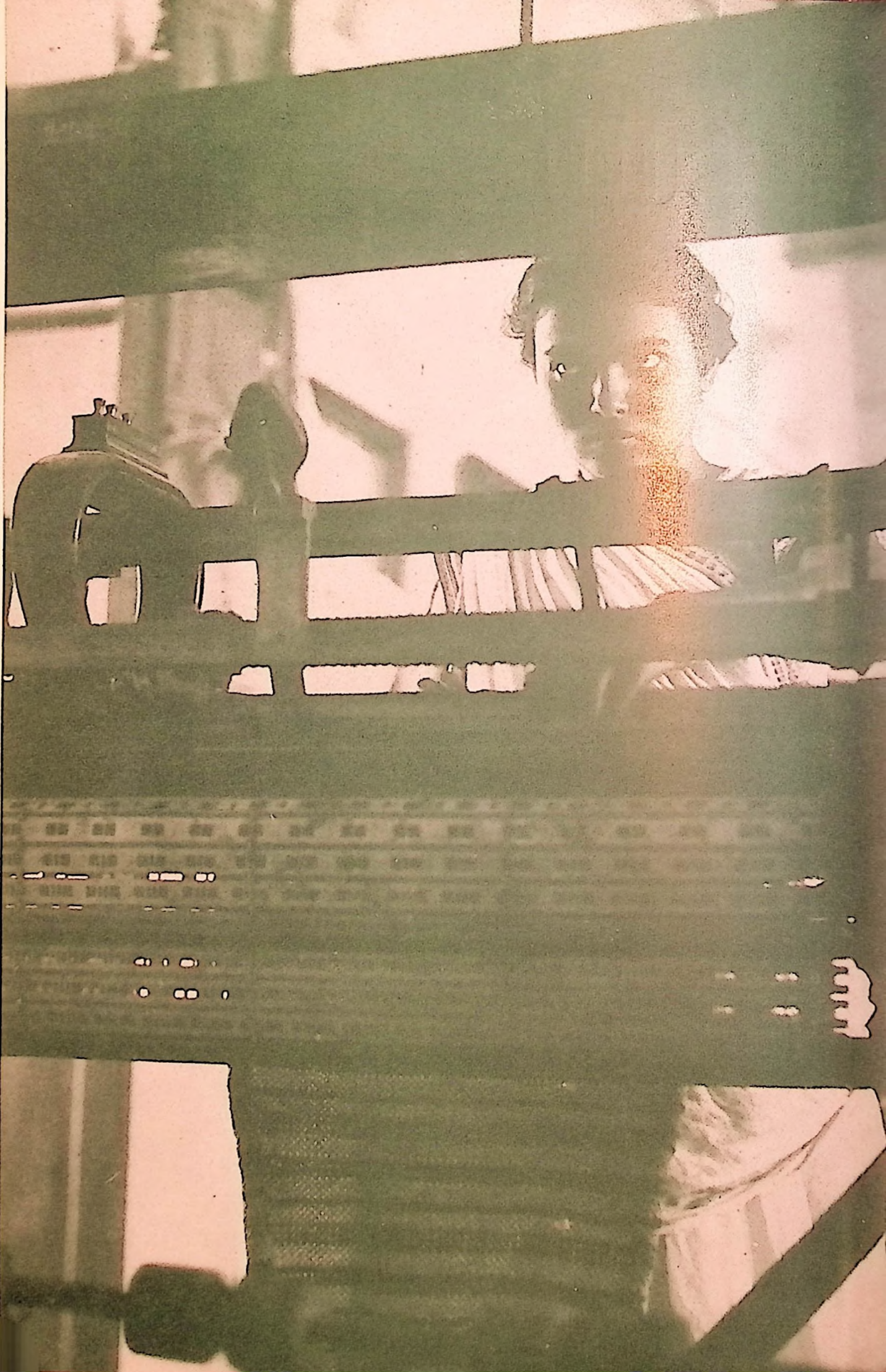


Jesuit Missions



MAY, 1956



May Mission Intention: "That devotion to Our Lady may attract infidels to the true religion."

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.

The Queen of All Hearts

SO MANY EVENTS IN OUR times emphasize the important place which the Blessed Virgin holds in God's design of salvation. The Holy See has led the way. The Pope has consecrated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Her glorious Assumption into heaven has been solemnly defined. The new feast of Mary, Queen of the World, has been instituted. We have completed the Marian Year. The pilgrim statue of Our Lady of Fatima has circled the earth. Now the Pope urges us to pray "that devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary may attract unbelievers to the true religion."

That the Blessed Virgin has this power of attraction to the faith is evident from many recent events in mission lands. In Egypt last May on the occasion of the celebration of the new feast of Mary, Queen of the World, a Moslem professor from the Moslem University spoke about "the high place which Mary holds in the ideals and devotion of Islam."

During the Marian Year celebrations in Lebanon the statue of Our Lady was carried in procession throughout the country. The Moslem people took part in these processions and manifested their devotion by kissing and touching the statue. When the pilgrim statue of Our Lady of Fatima was carried throughout Basutoland, Africa, Catholics, Protestants

and pagans were united in honoring the Mother of God. The devotion to Our Lady in the Philippine Islands and in South America is famous.

There are many reasons why devotion to the Blessed Virgin in mission lands should have a strong attraction for those who are not Christians. Her very existence teaches us so much about God, ourselves and the goal of life. How distant and vague God must be to the Japanese who visits a Shinto shrine. There he bows profoundly before a polished disk, claps his hands to attract the attention of the deity, mumbles a few invocations, throws a few pennies into a box, bows and departs. God's nearness to us they do not know. They were once taught that the Emperor was the son of the sun-goddess, Amaterasu.

The Blessed Virgin is the true Mother of God's Son made man. As it were, she has brought God down to earth and through her God's Son has become one of us. Mary must reveal to these people God's great love for mankind and His nearness to us. She holds in her arms the God of heaven and earth. Not only emperors, but all of us through Christ, her Son, become sons of God.

The thought of demons and evil spirits of all kinds plague the hearts of so many millions in Africa with fear and terror.



On the island of Formosa Catholics and non-Catholics gather around the statue of Our Lady which they will carry in procession. A Father Foley photo.

They try to ward off their bad influence with amulets. They try to placate these demons with sacrifices and the incantations of sorcerers; yet never get rid of their dread of them. What it would mean to them to know that they do not have to live their lives in constant fear!

In Papouasia the old and dying are carried out of the villages into the forests and left to die. The Hindus carry on their rites for the dead with the burning of their bodies along the banks of the Ganges, the sacred river. Primitive peoples live in fear of their dead relatives whose spirits are thought to hover about,

spying on them and ready to punish them.

There is no need for these people to fashion grotesque idols, fearful, sometimes hideous, gods and goddesses. God is not some vague, impersonal power, beyond the tops of mountains or the distant sky, angrily shaking the world with thunder and lightning, earthquake and volcano. He is indeed the All-powerful Lord of heaven and earth. But He is Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The Blessed Virgin was overshadowed by the Holy Spirit and this action of divine love was revealed in the Son of her womb who is

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The Queen of All Hearts

God Himself and the Son of the Eternal Father. How real Mary makes God for us. The Savior of the world is not a forbidding fiction, to be represented with swords and lightning bolts. He was born of this woman. He is her very real Son.

For millions of peoples in mission lands pain and suffering are a sign of personal disapproval by God. Their courage in the face of pain is startling. But these things they think they can conquer by the tricks of the magician or the medicine-man. It would mean so much to them if they could learn the value of suffering and pain. Mary teaches that so strongly. She was sinless and yet as the Mother of the Crucified her soul was pierced with a sword of sorrow. She is the Queen of Martyrs, of sufferers.

Through devotion to her, pain and suffering, so common in mission lands, take on a new and holy meaning. In this hardest experience of life she is the Comfortress of the Afflicted, who are not rejected by God.

In some places in the mission world women must bend over from the waist or even get down on their hands and knees when passing a man. In many Moslem lands women must wear a veil over their faces in public. In parts of India little girls are given in marriage without any will of their own. By the custom of *zenana* they are secluded in the home. In Africa polygamy is widespread, often for economic reasons—the more women a man has, the greater his work force. Women are bought and sold into marriage. These facts show the inferior position of women in many societies, as well as her lack of dignity and honor.

Nothing so impresses the dignity of woman as devotion to the Blessed Virgin. As the Virgin of Virgins, she teaches the honor of virginity. As wife and mother, loved and honored by Jesus and Joseph, she reveals the sacredness of the family and woman's place of dignity and honor. Through her both men and women are

educated to the knowledge of the true status of women, so sorely needed in these lands.

Slavery and indifference to the lot of great masses have not ceased in this world. Countless peoples are underprivileged and fixed by caste and custom in depressed social states from which there is no present escape. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin would discover to these peoples that God is no respecter of persons, even though men may be. He chose a simple maid from a mountain village in a despised province of Galilee to be the Mother of His Son. She was espoused to a poor carpenter and lived out her life in simple, poor, obscure surroundings. But she could say, "God has put down the mighty from their seat; He has exalted the humble." God is not bound by class distinction or caste. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin will teach these oppressed millions what God thinks of every soul He has created.

Many more reasons could be given why devotion to Mary places in the hands of these people a book of revelation. In her they will discover the nearness and love of God, the hope of eternal life in the family of God, the honor of motherhood, the beauty of virginity, the dignity of woman, the way of triumph over the devil, the value of pain and the true worth of everyone.

For us who know and love her there is need for increased devotion for the sake of unbelievers, because she is Queen of the Missions, Queen of the whole world. Knowing the immense goodness of the grace of faith given to us by God which has come to us through her maternal hands, as the Mediatrix of all Graces, we deepen our devotion to Mary during this month, especially for the sake of those who do not yet know her. By our intercession we may surely hope that from her hands, there will come a world-engulfing torrent of graces which will brighten the darkness of the depths of continents and the most remote islands.

The Hidden Christians

“REMEMBER, NEXT SUNDAY is the day of the Rising.” The men as they put out into the sea for the day’s fishing tell one another. The housewives with their plump, little black-eyed babies strapped on backs, talk about it over their laundry. An air of expectancy hangs over the Japanese village.

The next Sunday morning they gather at the headman’s house where they all enjoy a simple banquet. After the meal they reverently proceed to a small unadorned room in the back of the house. There they gather before an ancient wooden box. Squatting before it and bowing reverently, the headman then raises his voice in a series of prayers which he repeats carefully from memory.

The whole ceremony seems to be some pagan cult, but if you listen closely to the prayers the old man is reciting, you hear an occasional “Jesus-sama” or “Maria-sama.” These are Christian prayers they are reciting! The few families of this Japanese fishing village are gathered on the great “Feast of the Rising,” or as we now call it, “The Resurrection.”

Living in small villages hidden away in deep valleys and in coves and inlets of the many islands just off the western coast of Kyushu, these “Old Christians” or “Hidden Christians” still preserve the remnants of the Catholic faith their ancestors received from Xavier and his successors over three hundred years ago.

In the early 1600’s all the priests in Japan were either killed or banished. So the people were left to preserve their faith without priests, without schools,

without books, or any other help—and that in the face of a hostile government. Afraid to write their beliefs down, they kept no records; they had no prayer books. When a young man was married, his father called him aside and carefully taught him the old prayers. Down through three centuries and more, these hardy people have kept their prayers. The words have become mangled, and no one any longer has clear ideas of what the Apostles Creed means. But with true Japanese loyalty and endurance they have clung to their tradition.

In most of the villages there is a local hierarchy of “headman,” “water man,” and “offering man.” The headman, or “calendar man” has the job of making out the liturgical calendar, carefully calculating on what date “zun” (a corruption of the old Portuguese word for Lent) begins, when the great “Feast of the Rising” falls, and other feasts.

The “water man” has the important job of keeping the baptismal water and of baptizing babies. Unfortunately, the baptismal formula has suffered from the weakness of the human memory, and the little babies most probably do not receive valid baptism.

The “offering man” is the one who prepares the rice and other gifts which are solemnly offered to the ancient wooden box in the sacred back room. In some villages, when the ancient box was recently opened to examine the “kami” (divine spirit) inside, medals of the early Christian period were found.

They also highly venerate the “o-fuda

sama," fifteen small wooden tablets on which are briefly described the fifteen mysteries of Our Lady's Rosary. Together with these fifteen tablets there is always a sixteenth, placed at the head of the rest. This is called "Yokashichiya," an evident corruption of the Portuguese word "Eucarístico." No one any longer understands what the fifteen mysteries mean; they only remember hearing from the old men that these are precious things, connected with the old religion.

Though the missionaries came back to Japan about 75 years ago, these poor "Hidden Christians" have not yet returned to the Church. Recently some of

the old men among them have called a priest to baptize them before they die. The Bishop of Nagasaki, in whose diocese they live, is ready to receive them back, allowing them to keep their old prayers and customs purged of mistakes.

But the real reason why these thirty or forty thousand hardy remnants of the early vigorous Christianity in Japan have not been reclaimed for the Church is that there are not yet enough priests to go to find them and lead them back. Yet Our Lady will not forget her faithful but wandering children who have recited her "Hail Mary" over three and a half centuries. Surely she will send them priests.

First things first. Baby is securely set and now the washing can be done.



In the BIRD CORNER

ONE OF OUR FAVORITE missionaries is Father Claude Daly in Ceylon. He is not a man for the usual; you may remember Oswald the Crab who paced up and down with him as he (Father Daly) read his breviary. Now he (Father Daly) has turned to the higher things—this time, the birds. His story:

Here in Sorikalmunai during the harvest season a problem that always plagues the farmers is "What to do about the birds?" Thousands of them come to breakfast, dinner and supper. The only effective solution found locally is noise. Drums, horns, old tins, anything that will put a sonic barrier of sorts around the harvest field, find plentiful use. I wanted to get in the fight, so I applied to Father Sommers for the loan of an old cornet from the St. Michael's band.

It worked wonders. However, any visions of musical greatness disappeared as fast as my feathered friends when I heard the comment from my boys, "Father, you certainly scare those birds with that horn, and we don't blame them one bit!"

From another part of Ceylon comes a second bird story.

Father Francis Mayer cycled up to Muthur to begin the study of Tamil in Father Joseph Fengler's parish. Muthur, he found out, adds touches to gracious living. The tableware, beyond the usual knife, fork and spoon, included a whistle.

That, according to Father Fengler's explanation, summoned the cook, a man of rather deficient hearing. In the stillness of the night, another deficiency manifested itself. Father Fengler numbers among his friends a fellow of rather low mental caliber who has the unfortunate habit of calling any time after midnight. Father Mayer was routed out of bed at the unreasonable hour of 2 a.m. with prolonged hand-clapping and shouts: "Get up, get up!"

Father Fengler was sympathetic. "I forgot to warn you about him."

But the real bird story comes from Father John Bingham of Jamshedpur Mission in India. He claims, with a straight face, that it happened in one of the mission stations.

Father X was suddenly taken ill on a Sunday morning. He called the catechist and told him, "Go over to the church and tell the people I am sick and cannot say Mass this morning. There is no sin involved."

"All right, Father," said the catechist.

"Wait a minute," called the Father. "While at it, you might as well tell them that next Sunday there will be a collection for the Pope, also that confessions for First Friday will be heard on Thursday afternoon. There will be a marriage between Alois Chandragupta and Bashanti Phulmalla on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul next month. And don't forget to mention that a purse was left in the confessional chair last Sunday, and that the loser can get it back at any time by calling for it in the presbytery."

Quite confidently the catechist went forth and this is what the people heard when he delivered the announcements:

"Father is sick but there is no sin involved. Next Sunday the Pope will come to take up the collection. Next Thursday will be First Friday. There will be a marriage between SS. Peter and Paul. If anyone knows any reason why they shouldn't be joined in Holy Matrimony, they should put their reasons in a purse and leave it in the confessional; either Alois Chandragupta or Bashanti Phulmalla can take it to the presbytery to the Father who is in bed."



TROUBLE

BY THE BUSHEL

TROUBLE



Father Mann (left) of Patna in a better mood with John Kenney S.J.

HERE'S AN EXPERIENCE I'll never forget. It's not hair-raising. It did make my spine creep, but it's about as close as I ever want to come to brushing elbows with the archenemy of souls. Call it an afternoon with Satan.

Often I had visited a certain village called queerly enough Three Corners, even though the village is made up of houses along a straight street. The people were friendly enough, but something indiscernible kept them at arm's length. They respected our Divine Saviour, but something was holding them back from accepting Him as their Redeemer.

One afternoon I decided to offer a High Mass in that village with incense and all to show the people the difference between their devil worship and our Holy Sacrifice. The next morning I made sure that Baijnath was present before I began, for he was a leader with

the gift of gab. All went well. Even I was quite satisfied with the simple sermon and the close attention of my unlettered flock.

After Mass the people dispersed, but I detained old Baijnath. "Come here, Baijnath, sit down and listen!" I told him. "We've been friends for quite some time now. Tell me why it is that you and your fellow villagers do not want to follow the Redeemer of us all. What have you got against God's religion?"

He smilingly came out with a whole fistful of difficulties which were mere misunderstandings, easily disposed of. Then he trotted out the real obstacle. "If we give up sacrificing to our devils they will harass us."

I don't recall what I told him, but I do remember that I laughed at his fears, assured him that not a day passes but what I speak against the devil, that I'm dedicated in a life-long battle against him, *yet he does not harm me.*

It was after ten o'clock when Baijnath, still unconvinced, bade me farewell. I had breakfast and dinner in one, and then set out on a long ride, some twenty-six miles, over unpaved roads to home.

The ride was pleasant enough for about the first fifteen miles. It was winter time, and though the sky was cloudless and the sun bright it was not hot. The monsoon mud had also dried up, leaving the roads and paths firm.

I definitely recall I was going down a little incline, coasting on my cycle. The next thing I knew was a feeling of

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BY THE BUSHEL

being lifted into the air. I turned a somersault and landed hard on my left shoulder-blade. I blacked out, but it could not have been for long, for when I came to I was gasping for breath, feeling too weak to even sit up. Bit by bit my strength came back. I got to my feet feebly and saw that I had been thrown a good ten feet in front of my bicycle. I was still too weak to ride, so I walked slowly with my cycle running easily by my side. After a little while I mounted the cycle and began pushing off toward home with a pain in my left side that made it hard for me to take a deep breath, and not realizing at all that Satan had taken me at my word.

After going on a bit farther I came to a sandy stretch that demanded more strength than I had to push through to the other side. I dismounted and began walking again. All of a sudden, out of a clear sky I was in the center of a swarm of angry bees surely twice the size of the Italian bee you have in the States. I dropped my cycle and ran, not feeling weak at all with bees buzzing all around me. I tried ducking into a river that flowed nearby, but I could not shake off the bees. Next I ran zigzagging in a *janer* field, much like a corn field in the U.S. The bees had thinned out considerably, and I had been stung so often I stopped counting.

On the edge of the *janer* field I came to a house. A man realized my difficulty, and as he called out to me he began piling dry grass on a smoldering fire. I was wet all over from the ducking, beginning to get stiff all over too, but I had to sit in the smoke for surely a half hour, for the bees kept hovering around. Each time I'd stand up to try to make a getaway one or two would begin to buzz around my ears. When I was thoroughly stiff a young man brought my cycle, smoked it, and I made a getaway as

fast as I could, but with difficulty, for while I was beating off bees I broke my spectacles in two.

When I was about four miles from home, stiff and sore, especially on my left side, something happened that had never happened to me before. My cycle chain snapped. The sun was already low, I could not get home walking before dark, and I was running a fever from the bee poison. I was at a loss what to do when I noticed the cycle seat was riveted to its frame. I managed to loosen a rivet and repair the chain. I can still see myself standing there saying almost aloud, "Lord, you've never treated me like this before. Take it, Lord, all, for the conversion of souls."

I began my last lap still not realizing Satan had taken me at my word. When I reached home I was too fatigued to eat, too feverish also, so I kicked off my shoes and went to bed. My side hurt. I couldn't take a deep breath. To turn over in bed was agony. But when I suspected I had a broken rib or two I got up to light a lantern and to get my medical book. Sure enough, I had two fractured ribs.

Here in India we have to be ready to use many a makeshift, so I took two cinctures, sewed them together and bound up my chest so I could only take short breaths.

Before I fell asleep I reviewed the day's happenings and caught myself saying, "What did you tell Baijnath?" Then I realized Satan had taken me at my word.

All the next day I was still pulling out stingers from my shoulders, neck, head, ears. I counted forty-two.

But the story is not finished. You can help me finish it. I'll not stop wearying our Divine Lord till in return He gives me 44 baptisms in one day, one for each sting and two for the fractured ribs.



ALL OF US HERE in the office know that the Ancient Missionary is a man of perennial good humor. It is true that he jolts our complacency occasionally by his sharp wit; he has even roared at us. But always in charity, always with the clear-eyed cheerfulness of a man who knows who he is, Whom he serves, and where he is going.

But we had never seen the old priest in such obvious, almost public, good-humor. He let us in on the secret.

"I see that they have gone and done it," he announced in a voice that stopped all the typewriters. "They have studied the Church—some big Institute or other—and they say we rate an 'excellent' for efficiency. Obviously," and the cane twirled merrily, "this office was nev-

er investigated, but all the same, it's a grand thing and long overdue.

"I say it is long overdue," he went on, now in complete possession of an audience, "because I have often thought that something of the kind would startle the world. I cannot pretend to speak with intimate knowledge of anything beyond one particular phase of the Church's workings, but that one, I know, rates a real 'E' for excellence. To wit, need I say, the missions.

"Looked at merely from a practical point of view, as a business man would look at an investment, the work of the missions is what they call, I believe, a blue-chip investment. It's the best buy in the world. We ought to sell stocks in it!"

The Ancient Missionary paused to sur-



Window on the Mission World

No business organization in the world returns as much on your investment as does God's missionary enterprise

vey us, benevolently. "I am speaking, as should be obvious to an infant," he said, "somewhat metaphorically. But there is more than mere metaphor there. The missions can be called a vast joint enterprise, with millions of stockholders and thousands of workers. The children of God who by baptism have become members of the Body of Christ are both stockholders and workers.

"In other words, it's a joint enterprise. All of us are in it, not just those who get sent to foreign duty for the actual day-to-day work of the organization. Naturally, a stockholder wants to know how the company is being run.

"Well," and there was a gay gleam in his eye, "I can tell them that it is being run very well indeed. Dollar for dollar,

I doubt very much that any business organization in the world returns as much. If American business men want lessons in how to make something out of nothing, let them go study how we do it on the missions. And further," stabbing the air with his cane, "when you invest in this company you invest in one which will never shut down, never cut dividends nor waste your investment.

"Why don't we issue some stocks?" he almost shouted. "Chisel the certificates in solid marble. Nothing else will do to show the world the kind of product we have!"

The office was very quiet. For a moment, the Ancient Missionary seemed a bit embarrassed. "You must forgive me," he said softly, "for my enthusiasm. Just a few ideas I got from these efficiency fellows. Sort them out, will you?"

And off he went. We have been sorting them out, with growing understanding.



Jo Ann Gildersleeve, Catholic Indian girl from the Pine Ridge Sioux Reservation, who played opposite Stewart Granger in the famine scene of "The Last Hunt." Jo Ann graduates this June from Loretta Heights College in Denver where she is majoring in dramatics. Her home is in Wounded Knee.

The Last Hunt

RECENTLY M-G-M OF Hollywood moved into the Dakota Black Hills and Bad Lands just northwest of Holy Rosary Mission conducted by Jesuits, to depict the tragic chapter in western history dealing with the reckless slaughter of the buffalo by white hunters, and the resulting famine among the Sioux.

To make the scenes authentic, numerous Sioux Indians from Holy Rosary Mission and environs took part in "The Last Hunt." One Catholic Sioux girl was given a prominent part, and played opposite Stewart Granger in the famine scene. Also sharing outstanding roles in the Indian scenes, and the buffalo dance, were two of the most famous Sioux then living: Iron Hail, last known survivor of the Custer massacre, who died shortly after the filming at the age of 97, and Chief Ben American Horse, a relative of the great Chief Red Cloud who was responsible for starting Holy Rosary Mission, and after whom the main building at the Mission is named.

Chief Ben American Horse served as chairman of the Eight Reservations Council which represents the 52,000 Sioux in the United States. In his younger day, Ben American Horse gained recognition as an All-American football star at Carlisle, well ahead of Jim Thorpe. Later he joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West show and toured the United States and Europe.

Ben American Horse saw the beginning of Holy Rosary Mission almost three quarters of a century ago. Within his life-time, the Mission has trained his people to a new way of life, to replace their former nomadic existence brought

suddenly to an end by "The Last Hunt."

Back in the early 1880's the buffalo represented the entire economy of the Sioux. "Tatanka"—the buffalo—was the most valuable gift of the Great Spirit to the children of the prairie. A whole culture was built around the mighty monarch of the plains. From this shaggy super-market on the hoof the Sioux secured food, shelter, and warmth.

Three years before the start of Holy Rosary Mission, greedy white buffalo hunters swarmed into Indian territory by the thousands for "The Last Hunt" which practically eliminated the buffalo and left him standing only on the nickel.

In vain did the Sioux go through the ritual of the Buffalo Dance calling for a return of "Tatanka," the buffalo. "The Last Hunt" left them a starving and broken people, deprived of their much valued buffalo.

Unlike the mercenary white hunters, the Sioux killed only enough buffalo to take care of their families. As long as the buffalo remained, the Sioux were successful in repelling the white invasion of their lands. With the destruction of their food and source of warmth, the Sioux were conquered.

But from the ashes of defeat arose a new dream. The Messiah of the Ghost Dance Religion, and the return of the buffalo as promised by Sitting Bull did not come true. Instead the Sioux at Holy Rosary Mission learned of Jesus Christ, the true Messiah, who is the Way, the Truth and the Light. Today they are realizing the dream of the Brotherhood of God with men.

The old way of life is gone but the new holds promise of Eternal Life.



Father Andrew Cervini S.J. pins medal on a cadet of the Ateneo de Cagayan.

The Man Who Gives

JOSEPH L. ROCHE S.J.,
JAMES F. COLEMAN S.J.

A SHOE-SHINE BOY on the sidewalks of New York gave all he had, one dollar, to the missions. Literally bread cast on the waters. That day the shoe-shine boy for the only time in his career made two dollars shining shoes. It was the big object lesson in giving, and he never forgot it. The shoe-shine boy grew up to be Father Cervini, Rector of the Ateneo de Cagayan in Mindanao, Philippine Islands.

He's still giving. Ask the boys in his school. They know. At the school's final assembly last year, Father Cervini closed the program and hobbled down the aisle. Somewhere in the hall, a little patter of applause broke out. Then pandemonium. Seven hundred cheering boys, straining to get a glimpse of their Rector. Why? The boys know. He's still giving.

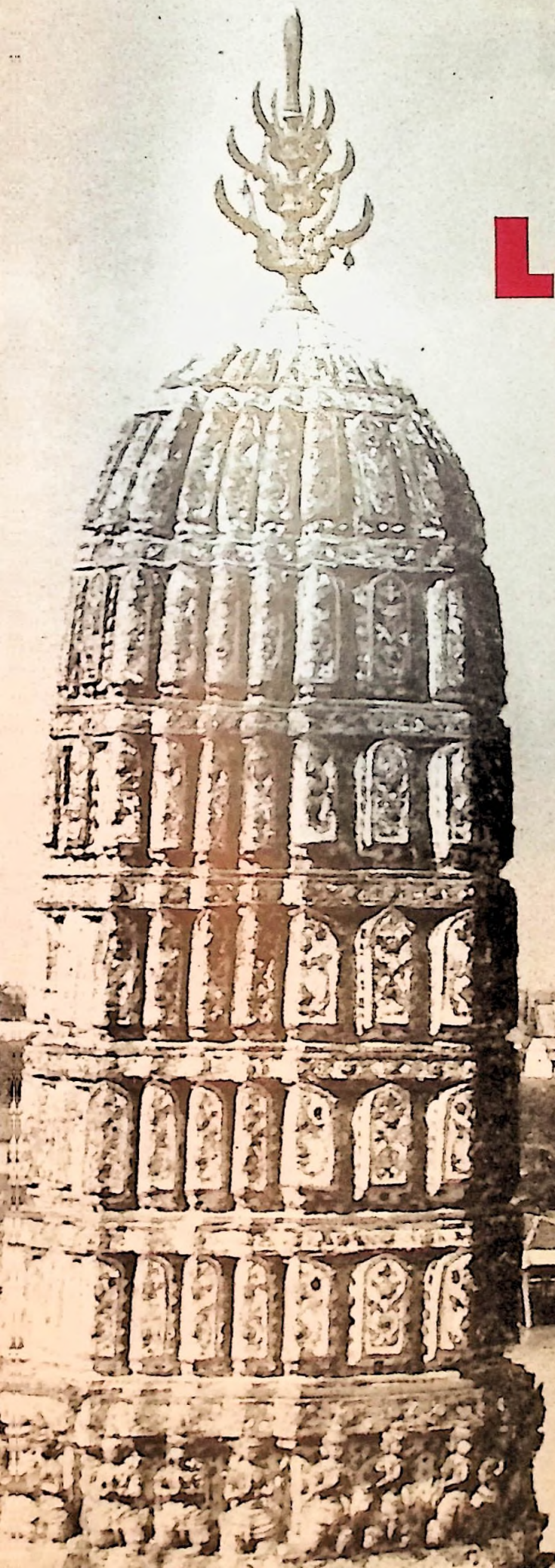
Father Cervini hobbles. That is the result of losing a leg, an aftermath of the war. It didn't slow down his giving. During his Rectorship at Cagayan, the new Lucas Science Hall, the grade school, faculty house and Collegiate Chapel were built. Chalk up a school of Agriculture and a college of Law.

What is it that Father Cervini gives? Hard to say. But it seems to be himself. Everyone's problems are his own. Blood needed to save the life of a woman at the Provincial Hospital? First donor in line is Father Cervini. A boy in the school needs help; a parish priest in the next town or barrio needs a preacher for the fiesta; a school in the next province needs a commencement speaker—who is the answer? Father Cervini.

Christmas night. Father Cervini has just finished Midnight Mass. Still vested, he limps out of the sanctuary. In a moment he is among the Scholastics, his Scholastics, wishing each of them a blessed and merry Christmas, emphasizing the wish with his genuine smile and hefty handshake.

These are a few snapshots of Father Cervini. They all add up to one composite picture, his giving. But it's hard to paint a picture of giving, especially when the giving stems from the grace of Christ Jesus. All one can do is wonder at it and admire it.

Land of Temples



LAND OF Temples



Above is the Temple of Dawn guarded by two demons famous in Thai religious poetry. It contains a series of images of Buddha representing four episodes of his life. Father Fred Foley S.J. of the Formosa Mission photographed these scenes.

IN THAILAND PRACTICALLY all the skyscrapers are temples. While other nations erect shrines to war and to business, the Thai believe that, since God is in his heaven, their skyline should indicate this fact. Perhaps this is why, even though most of them do not know the true God, they are noted among Asians as being a happy, smiling people. There are 18 million people in Thailand, most of them Buddhists in religion. In blood most of them are Thai, but there are large numbers of Indians, Cambodians, Burmans, Mons, Annamites, Javanese and Shans. About 40,000 of these peoples are Catholics, mostly found in the capital city, Bangkok, and lower Thailand. Politically the Thai have been a free people for many generations. How long the new Red imperialism will leave them free no one knows.



Young Buddhist bonzes are seen praying everywhere.

This temple contains the image of Buddha carved in translucent jasper.



I Entertained the Bishop

This is the kind of bread Father Gallagher describes in his gay story.



OUT HERE IN KOATH, one of the more remote parts of the Patna Mission, I don't have many visitors. In fact, a recent guest implied that I didn't have much of anything. With proper Oriental hospitality I refrained from bashing in anything that even faintly resembles a Chicago fedora. But I do claim it's all in the point of view. Some people have things, some don't—and as I write this I have Father Provincial, like prosperity, just around the corner.

The telegram exploded the news that Bishop Wildermuth of Patna and Father Robert Rosenfelder, Chicago Province Mission Procurator, would be with me on a certain date. Honestly, the telegram said "with you." They should be more careful in the way they word telegrams. Prepositions have definite meanings.

So there are the VIPs on the horizon and here is Gallagher in Koath, with fresh fruit and vegetables twenty miles away. The first move is to send someone on that twenty-mile trip. The next is to get someone who can recognize the various changes in food before, during and after the cooking of it. So I hire the best two cooks in the vicinity and they spend two days—yes, two days—preparing three meals, tea, supper, breakfast.

So D Day dawned, the Bishop and Father Rosenfelder were welcomed heartily, and the Episcopal and Procuratorial Visitation began with tea. The keynote was struck early. The tea was weak (city life must ruin taste buds) so the Bishop lifted the teapot lid to stir the leaves. Now some months ago that lid had fallen and has been leading a double life since. So when the Bishop lifted one part of the lid the other part fell in with a "plosh!" The tea leaves were stirred all right, and so was the Bishop. Now he is an old friend and I knew he was embarrassed, thinking he had embarrassed me. But it was a very fleeting embarrassment because when he saw the big grin on my face he said to Father Rosenfelder, "He did that on purpose. He

wants us to think he is having a tough time out here."

That particular accusation took on a little more weight when the same teapot showed up for supper with the spout now chipped off so much it was very difficult to pour tea without spilling it all over the table. Nobody mentioned the word "sabotage" but they must have brooded in the night for in the morning they opened up on me with both barrels.

First, Father Rosenfelder had been distracted at Mass by the altar furnishings. Oh, I know, tin can lids are not the best candlesticks (but they had been my best tin cans). Maybe the altar cards are unframed and ragged on the edges but I went without any cards for so long that these seem a luxury. And I, too, like flowers on the altar but when you must use the drinking glasses for vases and guests are coming then you have to make a choice.

So we went in for breakfast, which to me looked like a six-course dinner after the usual fare of two greasy wheat cakes, a boiled vegetable and tea. And what happens? The Bishop is reminded of a long story about Fathers Loesch and Westropp on a trip with nothing to eat but bread and oranges and then oranges and bread, etc. He winds it up by gazing at the feast before him and saying, "This is going to be something like that."

Why didn't they come three years ago when I lived in the grass hut and the altar became the breakfast table and then the medical dispensary? And now Father Provincial is on the way, there's no teapot and the nearest porridge is in Patna, 82 miles away. (Recent guests ate up every last flake of my porridge supply.) There's always bread, of course. I can mix a little graham flour with water; roll the dough a la piecrust; fry in mustard oil over a cow-dung fire (that gives a special aroma) and serve piping hot to Father Provincial. Who knows? Maybe my sister in Detroit will get her wish—to see me again after 25 years.

The Islands GOD *Remembered*



AS THE VIKING PLANE banked and started its descent, all of Grand Cayman Island was clearly visible. About twenty miles long and six wide, it lies 150 Caribbean miles south of Cuba and, with two even smaller isles, Cayman Brac and Little Cayman, forms the Jamaican dependency of the Cayman Islands. A few years ago a national weekly described them as "the islands time forgot." But as the plane hit the runway I automatically gave them the name used by fellow Jesuits in Jamaica—"Ike's Isles."

"Ike" is Father Francis Jackmauh, and he had that nickname way back in our

days together in school when he helped bring the State Championship in football to Boston College High. He still has the appearance of a football player, his 200 plus pounds well distributed over his rugged 6'1" frame. A product of turbulent, lovable South Boston, he came to the Jamaica Mission ten years ago. Now he is the first resident priest of the Caymans.

These islands have a strange history. Lying well away from the regular ship lanes, they were a natural refuge for runaway slaves, pirates who had worn out their welcome elsewhere, deserters from the Jamaica forces of Oliver Cromwell,



and shipwrecked sailors. These early, unquiet souls were the ancestors of the majority of the present 6,000 or so inhabitants and they probably also accounted for the characteristic resourcefulness, superb seamanship and high hope of today's Caymanian. That last quality usually centers around buried treasure, for abundant evidence has been uncovered along the coral sand beaches and stunted mahogany and mangrove clumps that pirates once cached their booty here, bedewed with wistful dreams of quiet days that never dawned.

One week before I landed on Grand Cayman I had lunched with Father Jack-

mauh at his mission in Highgate, Jamaica. There are a lot of things to hash over when you haven't seen a classmate for years. But finally we got around to his appointment to the Caymans. Maybe they are the islands time forgot but God had remembered them. For some years now Bishop McEleney, Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, had been concerned about them. Whenever occasion offered, he tried to get a priest to them. Fathers William McHale and Frank Osborne had made periodic visits but the shortage of priests had prevented a permanent residence until Father Jackmauh was finally appointed. He had imme-

diately flown over for a quick survey.

"If a big boat goes by Grand Cayman," he said, "I sure hope it slows down. Otherwise it's likely to swamp the whole island. I don't think anything is over twenty feet above sea level, even the trees. During some hurricanes the waves have swept over the whole island. I like to swim, but not that much."

He was filled with plans. He had two small houses on Grand Cayman, one of which he intended to convert into a church. He would do the carpentry himself. "I have to do it myself," he explained, "unless I can find some of that buried treasure. Even then, someone might object to being paid off in doubloons or pieces of eight. And I imagine the Sunday collection, when you have only 25 or so adult Catholics, will just about keep me in turtle soup." He grinned. "I'll probably be in the soup, all right."

He gazed out the window. The view from the Highgate rectory is one of the most beautiful in all Jamaica, luxuriant green hills curving downward to the blue Caribbean. For a moment he said nothing. This had been home, mission, his Christ-gift. Very quietly, this shy, soft spoken missionary said, "Clem, the five happiest years of my life have been here in Highgate." Then he shrugged his big shoulders. "Well, it's part of the game."

Three weeks later Ike Jackmauh turned his back on those years and boarded a small boat of 150 tons for the 300-mile voyage to the Caymans. It took two days, with cargo to be unloaded at small islets and the tropical sun beating down and the ship forever rolling

with the sea. Most of the two dozen passengers were seasick. Father Jackmauh summed it up in typical fashion. "This is what Francis Xavier went through a hundred times in his travels. No wonder he was a saint!"

No one met him at Grand Cayman, no preparation of house for his arrival. His letter had never been delivered. So he turned to the man who had befriended the Jesuits on previous visits, Captain Ben Granger, host at the South Sea Bar.

If, as Anne Lindbergh says, every man is an island, it is certainly true that Ben Granger is an island God remembered. In his 80s now, a veteran of the Spanish-American War and former Texas Ranger, his exploits as a rumrunner brought him national publicity. Old-timers on the New Orleans and New York waterfronts still tell tales of dark nights which matched the guile of this genial Texan.

Suddenly, shortly after Father Jackmauh's arrival, Captain Ben suffered a bad heart block. Attacks came regularly and each appeared to be his last. Once, he recovered consciousness to find the tall priest waiting, "Guess it's time to fix things up, Ben!" Quiet words, but I'll bet anything Ben saw the set jaw so characteristic of Ike when the chips are down. He nodded, and a trail that led from Texas across a world to Grand Cayman was straightened out.

The islands God remembered—Ike's isles—where a lone missionary squares his shoulders and begins from nothing. Pray for him—and for his islands.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE, S.J.



Father Francis "Ike" Jackmauh S.J. of South Boston, Mass., and now of the Cayman Islands, discusses rope making, one of the few industries among this turtle-hunting, boat-building people, with one of the sea-loving Caymanians.

The Porridge
was in
PATNA

Eighty-two miles away. And so were candlesticks, altar cards and flower vases. If you have read Father Gallagher's whimsical story on page 18, you will have noted that his mission in Koath, India has a few needs. Perhaps you may have \$1, \$2 or \$5 to supply the simple wants of a mission veteran.

Send your contribution to

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Dear Friend:

What do you do with **your** copy of JESUIT MISSIONS after you **have** finished reading it? Most probably it is put aside with other magazines and newspapers and, come Saturday morning or Monday morning, out it goes. JESUIT MISSIONS, like your other Catholic magazines, you could use for furthering a knowledge of Our Lord and His Church. For example, when you visit your barber shop or your hair-dresser you could again glance through its pages and then casually leave it on the table. This same procedure could also be adopted while at the office of a doctor or a dentist. Further, you might leave the magazine on a bus or train.

In the above circumstances many people are almost forced to pick up a magazine and read it to while away the time. Now there is always the possibility that one or more readers will become curious both about our faith and the work of the missions.

In view of your zealous efforts to bring effective graces to Her children, both at home and in the missions, I shall ask the Blessed Mother to intercede for you this month.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

(REV.) COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

A FIELD

with American Jesuits

TRIBUTE IN THE PHILIPPINES



No better example could be given of the love and esteem for the late Father John P. Delaney S.J. of the Philippines than the number of people who came to pay their last respects.

About 10,000 people came to the Ateneo Chapel for the Office of the Dead and the Requiem Mass. Then the funeral cortege proceeded to the University of the Philippines where 25,000 jammed the chapel for Evening Mass, vigil and rosary through the night, and four morning Masses. Close to 10,000 more accompanied the body to the Sacred Heart Novitiate where the burial services were held. Over 300 private cars and 120 busses were in the funeral cortege.

Father Delaney's loss will be keenly felt. An author and lecturer of renown, the founder of the Cana Conferences in the U.S., he was an outstanding leader in Catholic Social Action in the Philippines for the last ten years. May he rest in peace!

SPOTLIGHT



Father Aloysius Pettit has been a Jesuit for 48 years. Over two-thirds of that time has been spent in Patna Mission. He is one of the unsung heroes who have quietly, effectively, done so much for this mission field. He started the first high school here, the present Khrist Raja High, and out of his own classes came the first diocesan and Jesuit vocations.

Father Pettit was also a pioneer in working among the aboriginal Santals and his converts now form the backbone of that flourishing church. He was the first American Jesuit to publish a book in Hindi. His *Yesu Kath* (Story of Jesus) was a translation of the life of Christ by the late Father Francis J. Finn S.J. Born in Wisconsin 69 years ago, he is now at remote Chakhni. Pray for him.

TONES AND TOMES



Mandarin is a very fine language, says Michael Saso S.J. who is burning the midnight oil in Formosa. No declensions, no conjugations, just Four Tones and thousands and thousands of words.

"Those four tones in Mandarin mean that there are four things you can do with your voice, and so you get four different meanings. For instance, take the word 'T'ang.' With a high level voice it means 'soup' but make your voice go up and it becomes 'candy.' If your voice goes down and then up it means 'lie down' but if you go down only then it means to burn your hand and say 'Ouch.'

"Then there are a great number of words which sound the same but have entirely different meanings. To complicate matters, there is a difference in accent according to the section of China a person comes from. Most of the people here on Taiwan speak Southern Mandarin while we are studying Northern Mandarin. Recently I had a somewhat embarrassing occasion due to this difference.

"We were putting on a play in the Hsinchu Civic Auditorium. My job was to sit in the rear of the hall and telephone directions to backstage for curtain openings, etc. I was surrounded by the inevitable small fry who wanted to know what I was doing, why, how, and when. One of them finally asked me if that was my 'Ch'idz' on the stage. I took a look and sure enough there were some oranges up there. So I immediately affirmed that the oranges were mine. The young questioner then stood up and announced loudly to the general vicinity that all this time I had been telephoning my 'Ch'idz' backstage.

"The announcement caused merriment and a lot of looks in my direction. One of the Fathers promptly came over and informed me that the word which I had interpreted as 'orange' really meant,

when rendered with that southern accent, 'wife.' Boy, did I explain fast to that kid!"

ATONAL TITLES



The language is English and the tones are nonexistent but Father Silvio Garavaglia S.J. of Annotto Bay in Jamaica still finds greetings and terms different than they are in his native Connecticut.

"I have been called by all sorts of names: Fahda, Parson, Priest, Minister, Rector, Teacher, Boss, Busha (headman on an estate) and Sunday General. Don't be fooled by that last one. At first I thought it was of military origin but now I discover it is some kind of high class bandit who limits his predatory activities to Sunday.

"I thought I had exhausted all the possibilities along the line of titles but at St. Joseph, an out of the way mission, I was told that someone out farther in the backwoods was ill and wanted to see a priest. I finally reached the isolated thatched hut and was getting off the mule when the woman of the house greeted me with a hearty, 'Good morning, Sheriff!' Then a few days later I was making the hospital rounds when a poor devil with a double amputation, but with a double smile, hailed me with 'Good afternoon, Squire!' Shades of Victorian influence still linger in the hinterlands!

"The medical terms in Jamaica, as used by the people, are graphic. 'Sweet blood' is diabetes, 'bad blood' one of the social diseases. A head cold is called a 'fresh cold.' A 'lame foot' can mean any sort of leg sore especially common among children. 'My eyes dark' means that one cannot see well. 'My ears a little lazy' tells you that one is hard of hearing. 'Short breath' indicates a heart condition.

"If the doctor's treatment fails to produce a result the patient will likely try the balm of an obeah man. There, for a

tidy sum, he will be put through a series of 'tea' baths accompanied by a rigmarole of hokum, bunkum and jargon. If all this fails, the patient is as likely as not to wind up by coming to Fahda. Some weeks ago a lady came to me and wanted to join the Church. A little probing brought out the fact that she had just gone through eight pints of green medicine from some herbalist, and still she could not hold down any food! I assured her that I was not an obeah man. She replied that she was sorry (pained) that I even suspected that she thought so. I then set a time for her to come for instructions at one of the mission stations. That had a distinctly curative value, for I have never seen her since."

TWO-TONED GRIEF



None of the regular bulletins from Bishop John McEleney S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica would be complete without a mention of Stephen, yardboy and sleeper extraordinary.

"Father James Barry recently took Stephen down to the store in his car. Father Barry hurried into the store in his typically vigorous fashion but was hardly inside when he heard a crash outside. Back out the door he flew, to find Stephen staring wild-eyed in the front seat. Father's urgent request for information was answered by an indignant Stephen, 'Him wake me up! Him wake me up!'

"A truck had crashed into the door of the car and driven off. The battered door was of minor importance to the thoroughly aroused Stephen whose disturbed sleep was the major casualty in his mind. It had taken him a matter of seconds only to drift into slumber! Well, Stephen's chances of promotion to night watchman are practically nil!

"But on another occasion insult and injury struck home more forcibly and personally to me. My chauffeur Joe was hurrying to meet me one night but when

he came to a fork in the road the car went straight ahead through a fence and exploded against a guango tree. Joe was severely shaken up but no bones were broken. However, my Plymouth was a total wreck. But then as I was brooding over the injuries, came the insult. A friend asked, 'Were you driving, Bishop?' All I need now is to have Father Leo Quinlan come up to me with his customary 'Love is the secret of patience; patience is the triumph of love.' Just let him try it!"

ALASKAN OVERTONES



For 20 years Father John Fox S.J. drove his own dog team. Then ten years ago he came to the Yukon where the expense forced him to give up the dogs and turn to plane travel.

"Now I'm going back to the dog team. This winter I gave up plane travel in disgust. Not only was it expensive (75¢ a mile for short flights and four of my stations are in that category) but one never knew when the plane would come. I had to be ready to get down to the field as soon as I heard it approaching. For one living a bachelor existence that meant winterizing my quarters well in advance; dumping all drinking and wash water, putting out fires, locking doors and packing freezable items to a neighbor. Then I would dash down to the field only to be told, 'No room. Can't take you this flight.'

"So back I would trudge the quarter mile to my mission, carrying my heavy bag on my back. Then the 'de-winterizing' process again; get stoves going, out to the water hole, retrieve freezable items, etc. And no idea when the next plane would be. You can imagine how impossible it is to set up any shedule for weddings, etc., under those circumstances. A dog team is slow, and it's expensive, but at least it's sure. So I've made up my mind on that."

Heaven-Sent Menu



THE BIBLE TELLS US way back in Numbers that manna fell from the skies and sustained the Chosen People for some 40 years. Do you believe in modern miracles? They actually do happen, for 200-pound chunks of moose-meat fell from the Alaskan skies in the front yard of St. Mary's. But I am getting ahead of my story of that heaven-sent menu.

Fish is the staple diet of Eskimoland. Practically the whole Eskimo population is gathered along either the Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers, or along the Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean coasts. Fish is dipped out of these huge bodies of water both winter and summer. The coastal waters have the edge over those of the mainland, because they also nourish big mammals. The beluga or white whale, the walrus, the seal, the sea-lion, all form succulent morsels. The huge sperm whale can feed a village for months. All come in their own time and place and add a pleasant variety to the Eskimo cuisine.

Fish is really a wonderful food. Salmon, especially, can be dried, smoked, and canned. It never loses its richness and flavor. But when fish comes up three times a day, one gets in the habit of dreaming about a good steak! Our girls do snare rabbits, and the boys shoot ptarmigans, but these are few and hardly assuage the ravenous appetites of 150 growing Eskimo children.

This year the food problem has been acute. We did have a good run of King salmon. The Silvers were also plentiful, but due to flood conditions of the mighty Yukon, the Silvers avoided their regular channels and we simply could not pick them up. Inclement weather was also a factor. Our fish wheels were repeatedly smashed by high winds and waves. All in all, our smoked Silvers barely reached the 6,000 mark, when normally it runs to about 15,000. To put it briefly we were beginning to ration our fish.

The Fish and Wild Life at Anchorage heard of our plight. Every year the

Alaska Railroad kills a certain number of moose. These big animals are without fear and think that they can stand up even against an onrushing train. Despite many precautions moose accidents frequently occur. The Railroad hands the carcasses over to the Fish and Wild Life. They in turn distribute them to deserving institutions for children. The big problem is to get this meat to the missions. Both the Railroad and the Fish and Wild Life wish to get this meat off of their hands quickly because of the storage limitations at Anchorage. The Air Force then steps in. Their planes are patrolling all Alaska and new planes must make trial runs. But to maneuver a trip up to the Yukon does require time and presents difficulties. Were I to mention all the names that helped in this moose operation they would fill a page. Needless to say, our missions have many devoted helpers. They see our need and lend willing hands. This was literally necessary, for handling a hind quarter of a moose is yeoman's work. A dressed moose weighs close to 800 pounds!

To make the trip a Globe Master was finally requisitioned. Late Friday night it was loaded—25 pieces for Holy Cross and the same for St. Mary's.

The children could hardly believe their eyes when this huge flying box-car arrived. It had almost fairy tale dimensions. As it flew low over the Mission big chunks of moose looked tiny in comparison to the big plane. The cargo was dropped in the twinkling of an eye, and then with a dip, a farewell salute, the plane was gone. So you see miracles do happen today—our meat fell from heaven! It will nourish growing Eskimo children for months to come. Need I add how grateful we are to all those who participated in this moose-operation?

It thrills the personnel of St. Mary's through and through to know that others also wish to participate in the work of educating and ennobling the Eskimo children. Our prayers will be with them.



Bury Me Beneath

OCEAN BURIAL SEEMS to have been a general custom in the atolls of the Western Carolines. At Ulithi, Fais and Sorol land burial has been the practice for some generations, but there are no ancient graveyards to prove that the custom goes beyond the recent past. At Eurapik, Woloai, Faraulap, Elato and Lamotrek the chiefs now permit Christians to be buried on land. Ngulu, Ifaluk and Satawal have continued the ancient custom to the present.

Native tradition gives two reasons for this custom. If the corpse is not consigned to the sea, a typhoon will come and the sea will wash over the land and claim its own. If the corpse is put into the ground the soil will lose its fertility and all vegetation will die. In 1948 Ngulu, Ifaluk and Satawal had just a handful of Christians and the chiefs have been most rigorous in maintaining the old practice.

So when the trading ship stopped at



WILLIAM J. WALTER S.J.

While the people were gathering outside the thatched church I dressed in cassock and stole, picked up my prayer book and a bottle of holy water, and soon our little procession was winding down the path to the grave. There, surrounded by coconut palms and neatly arranged with stone markers was the first grave on Ngulu. At the head-stone I read the burial ceremony, and we all recited the rosary. Then we quietly withdrew to the thatched hut that was our church and commenced Confessions, Mass and Communion. Afterwards I hurried to pack my Mass kit. When I reached the beach the copra traders had finished their business and were waiting for me.

As the vessel got under way I leaned against the rail and mused over the burial of Antonio Soregniga. All Ngulu Christians will now be buried in the ground I'm sure. And the credit belongs to old Antonio. He was over eighty years old and belonged to the chief's clan. He had been a Christian for only four years. Despite his advanced age his mind had been clear and he learned the prayers and the doctrine faithfully. He came to Mass and the Sacraments each time I arrived at Ngulu. At his baptism he had renounced not only the old pagan gods but also the use of charms and incantations (bwongbwong).

Although I had never condemned the prevailing custom of ocean burial, I did explain the Christian custom. I would not be surprised if old Antonio had to struggle with his conscience on his death bed. Did he fear that his Christian burial might bring calamity upon his island and his people? It took great courage for him to make up his mind to ask for burial on land and be the first one to break the ancient tradition of his island. I rather think he made his decision with full confidence that God would take care of his people.

the Palms

Ngulu I was astounded at the request to bless the grave of Antonio Soregniga who had died since my last visit.

"His grave! Was he buried on land?"

"Yes, Father, before Antonio died he insisted that he be buried on land and the chief did not dare go against his wishes. So we did not put his body in his canoe and set it adrift."

"Yes, yes," I said. "Let us ring the bell for church and when the people have assembled we will bless his grave."

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

An Old Door for an Altar is what Father Jackmauh must use on his Cayman Islands mission. (Cf. page 20) He needs candlesticks and other chapel equipment, especially a statue of Our Lady and one of St. Ignatius, after whom the mission is named. Could you spare \$5 or more for the first church on "Ike's Isles"?

"If You Let Us Down—we're through," says Father Murphy of Honduras, telling of his need for money to put a roof on the new church at El Negrito. Father Murphy has given you the title of "protecting angels" for your previous help to him and begs you to be even more angelic in helping him to raise the roof.

In item form:

150 sheets of 10 foot zinc.....\$3.58

80 sheets of 6 foot zinc.....\$2.24

150 pounds of nails—1 lb..... .11

Please help Father Murphy to purchase his church needs.

After Five Years and hundreds of miles of travel Father Plamandon's outboard motor is eating gas and doesn't have enough power to buck some of the Alaskan river currents. If you would help Father Plamandon he could trade for a '55 model outboard that would save gas and travel time.

Outboard Motor—\$400.00

Education Is Cheap in Yoro, Honduras, but Father Newell still has trouble meeting his bills at the school in Minas de Oro. It costs him \$11.00 a month to support a child. Could you help with this educational problem?

Support one child

One Week.....\$2.75

One Month.....\$11.00

Moose in Alaska might be disturbed by the noise of a power saw but Father O'Connor claims he'd like to hear that noise at the mission in Sifton. A power saw is so much faster that work output could easily be doubled.

If you could help—

Power Saw.....\$400.00

Murder in the Cathedral is what Father James Healy of Jamaica wishes to avoid. In a remodelled cottage he has started a Cathedral Choir School, a regular school plus a special training for liturgical choir work in the Cathedral. He has 32 boys, none of whom can pay the \$72 yearly tuition. Would you like to sponsor a boy for one year? Father Healy also needs all kinds of equipment, books, cassocks, etc. Any gift most welcome.

Tamil Is a Tough Tongue to master but it's more difficult if you are shivering when you study it. The Jesuits at Nilaveli Language School in Ceylon need both heat and light. A generator (\$400) would be a godsend but even donations for sweaters (\$3.00) or blankets (85¢) would be deeply appreciated. *Jesuit Missions* will gladly forward your gifts.

Tired of Home Movies? If you have a movie projector in good condition and you have no further use for it there is many a missionary who would love to have it. It would make a tremendous difference to him and his apostolate. Arrangements can be made by contacting the Mission Director, listed on page 24, nearest to your locality.

THE GROUND IS

*Swallowing up
the Church*

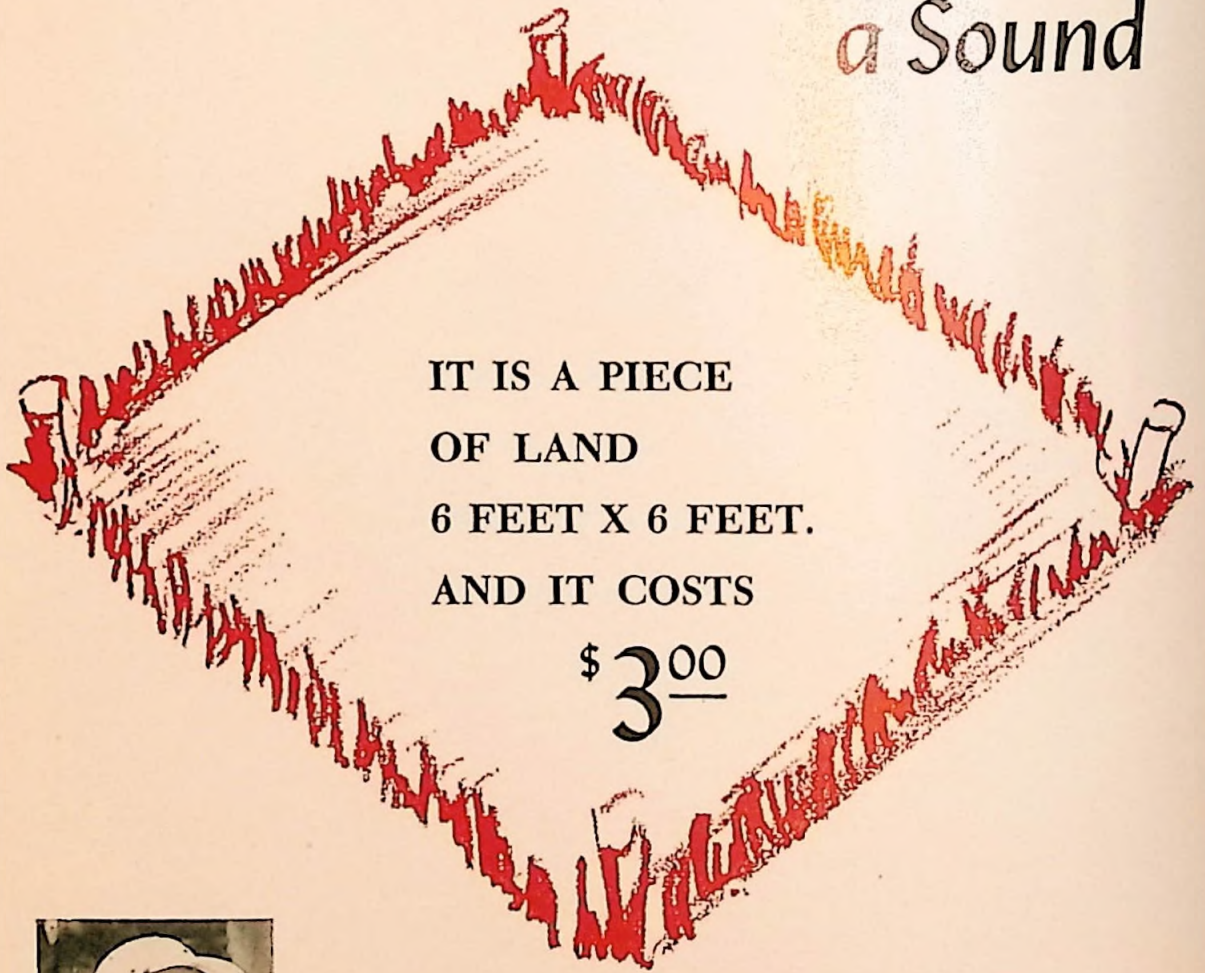


Literally, the church at St. Lawrence Mission, Mountain Village, Alaska, is sinking into the ground. Fr. Fox, who is in charge, needs help desperately to put up a church that will not be swallowed up. Won't you help? Send \$1, \$5, whatever you can to Fr. Fox in care of

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In Formosa

PING is more than
a Sound



IT IS A PIECE
OF LAND
6 FEET X 6 FEET.
AND IT COSTS
\$ 3⁰⁰



Fr. Shaules, whose story begins on page 1 of this issue, needs land to carry out his program for God. Will you give him a Ping? God will not fail to reward you. Send your \$3 for a Ping for Fr. Shaules to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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