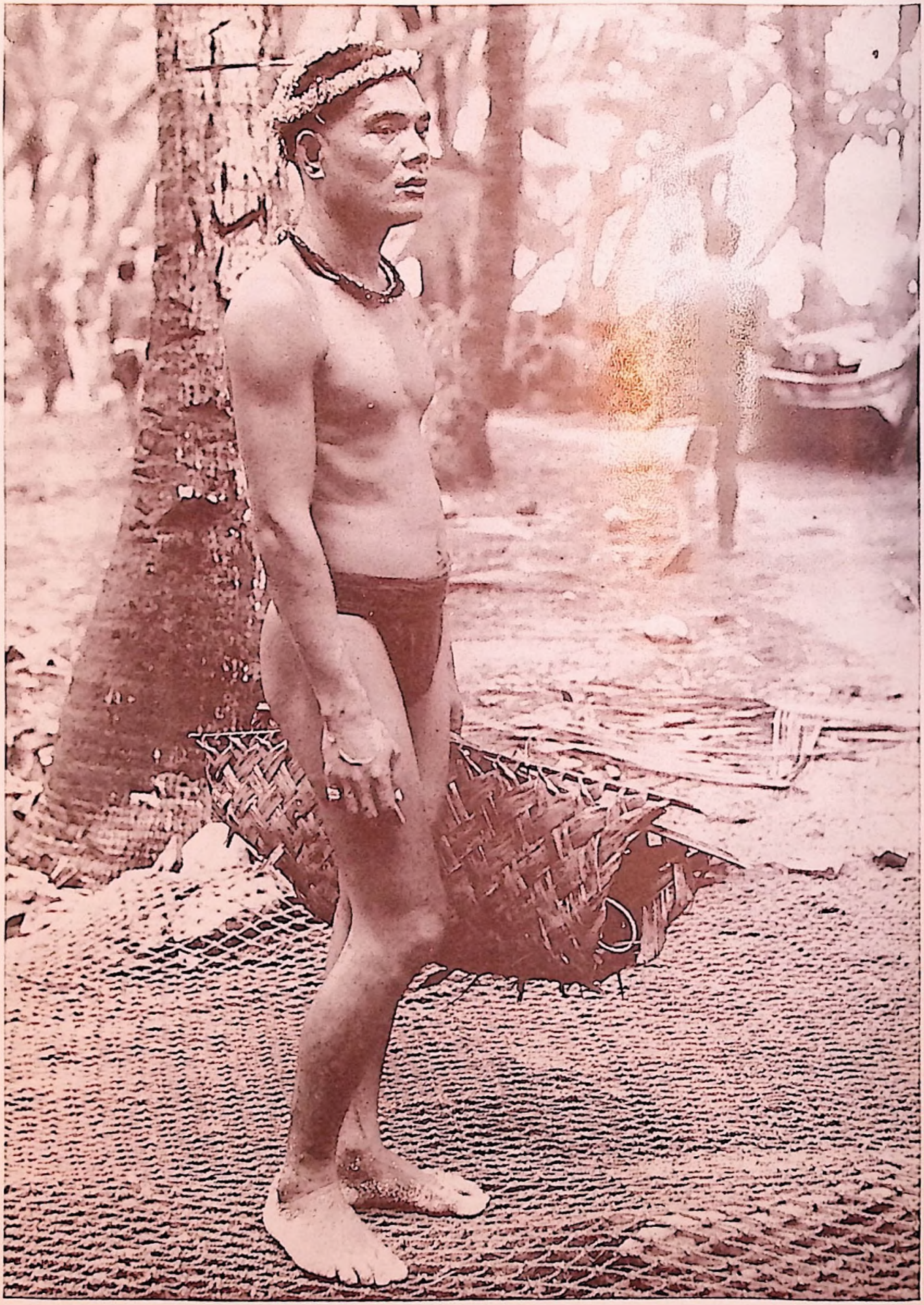
Jesuit Missions

JUNE, 1956



HONOR K. EVANS

Letter FROM THE CAROLINES

WE ARRIVED AT YAP on a chartered sea-plane from Guam. We couldn't land near the island so a boat came out to ferry us over the two-mile stretch. When we stepped ashore the chiefs and leading men of the island were lined up one side to greet us while the school children, the Sisters and two priests, Fathers William Walter and Frank Cosgrove, were lined up on the other. The children loaded each one of the Commission with leis and made a great fuss over us.

The chiefs were easily distinguishable for they wore shirts; the other men were clad only in thews while the girls wore grass skirts and leis. I had been warned beforehand on this matter of dress (or undress) so I wasn't surprised. It was only when I entered the church and saw the women, clad only in grass skirts, going to the confessional, the open variety you see in the middle aisle of a church in the States during a parish mission, that the incongruity struck me. I didn't know whether to laugh or be shocked. The Sisters told me that they are working to eliminate this but that they had to go very slowly.

Yap is not the most backward island by any means but it is the most unique in that the Yapese put up a passive resistance to any change in custom. I had my first native feast there, given in honor of the Commission, of course. The superabundant meal was served in baskets, each dish separated from the other by a banana leaf. What I have eaten, Father, is nobody's business—lobster, crab, pigeon (at least that's what it looked like) whole fish baked in banana leaves, candied coconut, taro, breadfruit served in a variety of ways, and other dishes which I couldn't identify, and didn't want to. I just offered up a prayer and took a chance.

After the feast we had native dances, each one of which tells a story. Some are sad, some gay, but all of them were delightful. The people have a natural rhythm and put their whole hearts into their dances.

The first time I went into the church I guess I put on my own little dance. The church is four concrete walls with a wooden altar raised on a semi-circular concrete platform. But the roof is only temporary, there are no window screens

(Left) Simplicity is the keynote of both living and dress in some of the Caroline and Marshall islands. (U. S. Navy Photo)

JM
Volume 30
No. 5

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N. Y., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is $1.00. Canadian and foreign, $1.25. Re-entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

415

Sabah's

JOSEPH P. CONNELL S.J.

LAST GAME

When the final whistle blew, Baghdad College had lost the city championship in basketball. Sabah Jadun turned away dejectedly. He had played every minute of the game, and he had wanted to win this one so much. As a senior, it was the last time he would wear the green and maroon of Baghdad College on the court.

In the days following the game Sabah began to feel unwell. During treatment for a cold he suddenly developed double vision. Days of intense headaches followed and he entered the hospital for X-rays. The examination revealed a tumor on the brain. The doctors in Baghdad were unable to operate so it was decided to have the surgery done in London. Sabah and his father flew there on January 22nd with the operation scheduled for the 30th of that month.

Four anxious days the family and friends waited for news of the operation's outcome. At length a cable message through the Foreign Office explained that when the surgeons reached the tumor and found it deeply imbedded, they knew they could not touch it without causing instant death. Several hours later, Sabah died.

Several days later, the plane carrying the body reached Baghdad at noon in the aftermath of a violent sandstorm. Three times it circled the city; but, unable to spot the runway, it headed for the desert air base at Habbaniyya. Thus, family, students and countless friends had an additional four hour wait on the campus before the funeral services.

The body was taken to Baghdad College in the late afternoon. There the coffin was draped with the Sodality banner of blue. Upper classmen formed a bodyguard that stretched across the campus to the chapel. Fellow sodalists with blue shoulder sashes, clergy of various Oriental rites, and the Jesuit faculty led the procession of mourners across the campus. In the chapel, hushed and crowded with Christian and Moslem friends, the Syrian Catholic Archbishop officiated at the obsequies. Then, in the dark, the long funeral cortege drove across the city to the cemetery.

Sabah, a daily communicant for months, was received into Our Lady's Sodality on December 15th. Explaining to his family the very good life he had bound himself to lead, he asked them to look on him in the future as a "priest with a necktie." There is a photo taken at the altar rail as he received his Sodality medal from Father Hussey. Across the back of the photo, Sabah had written "the happiest day of my life." Stricken within the month, and learning that the future might bring blindness, or progressive suffering, or sudden death, he said simply, "Whatever God wants is all right with me. That's what I meant by my Sodality act of consecration."

I saw an attractive portrait of Our Lady in the biology technique room. Sabah etched the portrait as his expression of sympathy, when his biology professor, Father Gerry, learned that his mother had died in the States far away.

Fellow students recognized Sabah's outstanding qualities of character and personality. At the announcement that he must leave for a London hospital,

"The happiest day of my life" Sabah Jadun wrote on the back of his copy of this picture, taken by Father Gibbons S.J. At Sodality Reception the Baghdad College Rector, Father Hussey, assisted by Father Sullivan, enrolls Sabah in Our Lady's Knights.

they approached the principal, Father Sullivan, and asked if they might contribute to his expenses. Next day, the student body contributed close to nine hundred dollars. I was privileged to be at Sabah's home for the presentation of the gift. Graciously and simply, Sabah asked Father Sullivan to please thank the boys and tell them all he was very grateful.

Events proved that Sabah had seen clearer than others what a trip to London would mean. On the day of his departure, he begged Father LaBran, who had brought him Holy Communion, to remain for dinner. Father LaBran urged Sabah to rest and promised that on his return they would have a real big feast together. But Sabah persisted, "Stay, Father. This is our last dinner."

At the airports of Baghdad and London, he refused to be a stretcher case. On the morning of the operation, he insisted on walking from his room, to the elevator, to the operating room, and to the table.

The chaplain of the London Clinic and the Jesuit Sodality director of the Farm Street Church were constant visitors at Sabah's bedside. They shared the watch beside his bed until he died. Father Casey, the chaplain who brought him Holy Communion each day, was deeply impressed by the saintliness of the young man.

Sabah's father made the long trip home alone—weary in body, but not broken in spirit. Indeed, he bore his sorrow with a courage which he frankly admits he borrowed from his son, whose last words on the operating table were, "Don't worry, Father. Pray to me."

Each of us will treasure his favorite recollection of Sabah. Many of his friends will think of him as the strong, clean athlete of Baghdad's schoolboy athletics. I prefer to picture him at the altar rail on his December 15th reception into Our Lady's Sodality. "The happiest day of my life," he wrote. No doubt it was—until January 30th, the day he went to God. That day, significantly, was the third anniversary of the saintly death of Father Francis Cronin, Sabah's first Jesuit teacher, and the first to die on the Baghdad Mission.

Sabah (number 20, far left) plays his last game for Baghdad College.

GEORGE V. DONOHOE S.J.

CRACKS *in the Bamboo Curtain*

EVERYONE WHO escapes from Communist China to Formosa has some story to tell of the persecution on the mainland. But now and then the irresistible Chinese humor peeps through the usual tales of tragedy. Here are a few examples:

It seems that a Communist *kan pu* (commissar) entered the home of a Christian on the mainland, and was scandalized and indignant to see that, while a crucifix held the place of honor on the wall of the main room, there were no images of any of the Communist leaders. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "What kind of a Chinese are you? Don't you love your country? Where are your pictures of our great leader, Chairman Mao, and the true saviour of the world, Premier Stalin?"

Under coercion, the Christian agreed to hang pictures of Mao and Stalin on the wall, on either side of the crucifix. No sooner were the pictures hung, than a friend came in and was horrified to see the faces of the Red politicians on the wall beside the cross. There was a moment of silence, then the owner of the house responded sweetly, "Don't be too upset. That's the way it is in the Gospel. For wasn't Our Lord crucified between two thieves?"

Superstition is strong among the common people, stimulated by centuries of tradition, and by occasional tricks on the part of the zealots, or by collusion with the devil. A high school boy I am now instructing told me that there is a Buddhist monk in one of the local temples who claims he can bring one to have a vision of hell. I don't know whether it is by hypnotism, or autosuggestion, or by what trick, but this boy was not taken in. "I went there, Father, and I saw the vision, but I knew that it really couldn't be hell. For all the persons I saw down there were Chinese. But I knew if it really was hell, there ought to be a few Americans down there too."

The Chinese Communists are notorious meeting holders. Innumerable hours are whiled away each week in meetings where their own officials and soldiers, as well as ordinary people, workers, students, etc., are forced to sit quietly and listen to some Communist official speak, sometimes for hours on end.

It seems a little girl came to see an Italian nun in a mission in the north. "Sister, you told us we come from God, but the *kan pu* (commissar) says we come from the monkey."

Sister did her best to explain in a language the little girl could understand, the Catholic doctrine on the origin of man, and the Catholic point of view with regards to evolution. But the child was unable to understand. Finally, wearied, the good Sister said: "Well, if the *kan pu* wants to think he came from the monkey, he is free to do so. I know that at least I didn't come from a monkey."

Not yet satisfied, the little girl said: "But if the *kan pu* came from the monkey, what happened to his tail?"

Exasperated, the Sister replied: "Why I suppose he wore it off attending Communist meetings."

Sketch of Robert de Nobili, Italian Jesuit who founded the Madura Mission in India. His novel approach to the conversion of higher castes became standard procedure.

GERALD A. DRINANE S.J.

STRANGE

MANY CALLOUSED hands and zealous hearts have built the edifice of faith which is the Jesuit mission world today. Few, however, are so remarkable as Robert de Nobili, an Italian Jesuit, pioneer and founder of the Madura Mission in India. His methods still form a crux of controversy: was he a saint or a deceiver, a genius or a blundering innovator? Three hundred years after his death men still take sides on the question. The setting of his story and the courageous personality of the man explain this strange paradox.

India has always been a land rich in culture and tradition. Few countries have maintained such a strict and intricate code of social etiquette unchanged over the course of many centuries. One who sees only poverty and illiteracy misses the true picture; for even the poorest outcaste in India has his norms of propriety. This important factor was somehow overlooked by missionaries of the sixteenth century. So when Father Robert de Nobili, newly ordained and eager for work, landed in India in 1605, he found a record of failure among his co-workers. St. Francis Xavier's initial successes had not been followed through. Converts were few and of the lowest social standing. The respectable Hindus looked upon the foreign priests and their assorted following as the dregs of humanity. Indeed, no decent Hindu would follow the degrading practices of meat and wine.

Three hundred years ago a brilliant missionary died and the methods he used in his apostolate still cause controversy.

ADVENTURER

Young Father de Nobili saw his work cut out for him. After a bout with fever, which nearly took his life, he dug into his novel scheme tooth and nail. He realized, of course, that it furthered Christ's kingdom to preach to the poor and outcaste, for their souls were of infinite value; but meanwhile the influential high castes passed Christ by in scorn. It was to gain a hearing among the well-to-do and win their respect that de Nobili adopted certain outward signs and austere ways of living which, to the Hindus, spell holiness. He dressed in pale orangish robes, wore the turban headdress, lived in a rude mud hut and ate next to nothing (fish, meat and eggs are on the 'don't' list for Hindus, who revere life so greatly). Only high-caste Brahmins could prepare his frugal meals and associate with him. And to have an interview with this new *sannyasi* (holy man) took some patience and persistence; Robert was shrewd enough to see that those too easily accessible won only disrespect. He spent a good bit of time studying the Hindu *Vedas* (sacred books). And no one, even de Nobili's critics, will deny that the man was a genius when it came to languages and philosophy.

He analyzed as few of his contemporaries did, what customs could be reconciled with Catholicity, and what would have to be avoided. For example, he could see a social rather than a religious significance in the smearing of sandal paste on the forehead, wearing the Brahminical thread over the shoulder, celebrating certain festivals, and observing caste segregation. These outward customs he was ready to accept.

Little by little his following grew. He did not interest himself in great numbers. This was a delicate experiment in adaptation, and he had to feel his way at every step. But if his following grew slowly, the opposition did not. First some influential Brahmins raised a hue and cry about this newcomer. Was he not a base foreigner like the rest? The majority turned against de Nobili, and his life hung in the balance until an eloquent and persuasive defender turned their hatred into respect.

This storm had hardly subsided when a new blast began. Some of de Nobili's brother missionaries had taken offense at his unusual ways. The fact that he could not associate with them and their lower-caste Christians hurt them deeply. To

them, his ways of acting smacked of paganism. He practiced all the queer customs they preached against so vigorously; one more step and he would be worshiping the Hindu gods.

At first these gasps of protest did not trouble de Nobili, since he had the support and encouragement of his provincial, Father Albert Laerzio, of his Bishop, and of the Archbishop of Goa, Primate of India. But in 1611, Laerzio was succeeded by a new Provincial, who had none of the broadmindedness of his predecessor, and forbade Father Robert to administer baptism. To make matters worse, the new Archbishop of Goa, Christopher de Sa, was hostile to Father Robert and both he and the Archbishop of Cranganore referred the matter to the Holy See. Unfamiliar with the circumstances, Pope Paul V ordered them to settle the affair amicably among themselves in a meeting at Goa in 1619; but the Primate, who had already taken his position, would hear of no concession to Nobilian methods. As no agreement could be reached in India, Pope Gregory XV had to take the case in hand, and in 1623 officially approved Father de Nobili's method.

Soon more men joined the movement, and a new type of work began. Father de Nobili and a few companions engaged entirely in dealing with the higher castes, while others wore the garb of the *Pandavaswamis* who could associate with all castes from the highest to the lowest.

Still, all was not smooth sailing. Political bumps and jolts affected Robert's work at times. If the current ruler showed favor, his teaching could be carried on with freedom. But opposition popped up now and again, and at one time de Nobili spent two uncomfortable years in jail. He was an old man now, practically blind from his years of tireless study, but still the cheerful, dauntless pioneer. In 1645 he was retired, much to his dislike, to the more agreeable climate of Ceylon. But four years later, he returned to his beloved India where he died in 1656 at the age of 79.

His methods, gradually evolved and perfected, continued for more than a hundred years until the Society of Jesus was suppressed in 1773. Then followed a period of deterioration. A few Goan priests, unprepared for the task laid on their shoulders, settled in the chief Catholic centers and performed their parochial duties without any attempt to follow the trail the old Jesuits had blazed. This went on till 1837 when the Jesuits returned to Madura and the torch lit by Father de Nobili was rekindled.

Robert de Nobili's work was not destined to disappear. His writings in classical Tamil and Sanscrit have been invaluable through the centuries. His example, even more, has inspired his successors in the mission field. He handed on an ideal: a heart full of understanding and appreciation of the rich culture and tradition that makes India a proud and independent nation. Today Madura is a Jesuit province, numbering over four hundred zealous workers. Vocations are abundant, and there is a staunch Catholic population. We cannot forget de Nobili's great part in this work as we look back over the three centuries since his death. The founder's spirit and courage carry on in his sons who continue to present Christ to India's millions.

Father Prieto rehearsing choir of Jesuit music school in Hiroshima.

Priest WITH BATON

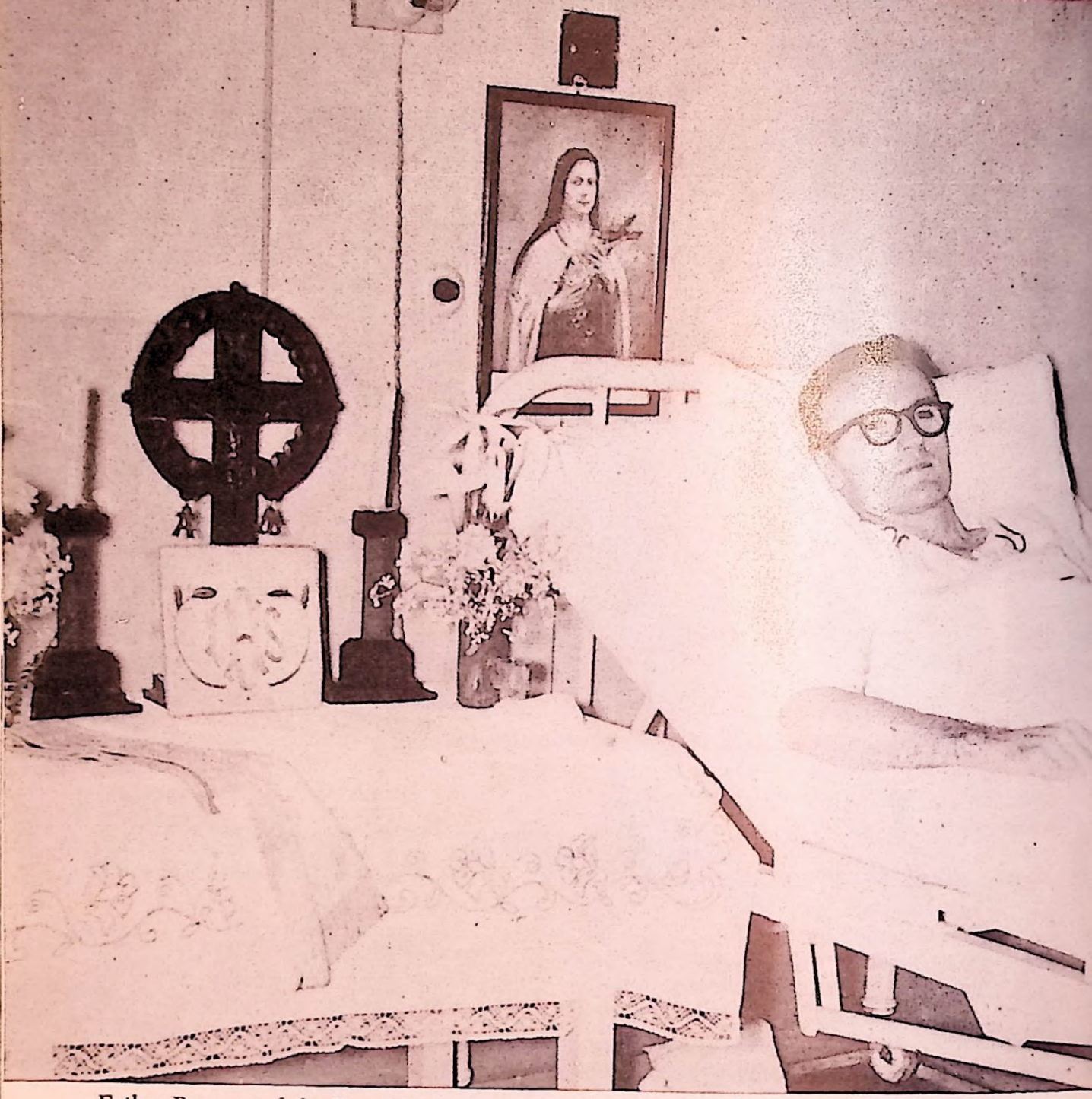
A RECENT VISITOR TO Japan has revealed to the music-loving Japanese a side of the Catholic Church hitherto unknown to them. He is Father Jose Prieto S.J., a well known Spanish conductor and composer of religious music. For a non-Christian country like Japan, imbued with atheistic and anti-Christian prejudices, it was a revelation to see a Catholic priest who could hold his own with the best of the famous conductors who have visited the country in post-war years.

Father Prieto came at the invitation of Father Ernest Goossens S.J., Director of the Reine Elizabeth Music College in Hiroshima. It was the latter's idea to reveal to the Japanese people the rich treasures of the Church's music, from the simple Gregorian chant to the most modern and striking atonal compositions, many by Father Prieto himself.

After several weeks of directing and rehearsing the choir and orchestra of the Hiroshima school, Father Prieto led them on a musical tour of the entire country. Twenty-six concerts were given, presenting the best compositions of the religious repertoire, including Gregorian chant, 16th Century polyphony and pieces of contemporary composers. Father Prieto's own works in the modern technique were enthusiastically greeted by Japan's best composers who expressed surprise and admiration for this previously unknown treasury of religious music.

The visiting Jesuit priest also conducted the leading orchestras of Japan, such as the Tokyo Symphonic, the Osaka, the National Broadcasting Orchestra and others. He directed large vocal ensembles like the Fujiwara Opera Company's Choir as well as concerts in the most famous theatres. Radio broadcasts and television appearances also aided him in bringing the music of the Church to Japan.

JOSE L. CALO S.J.



Father Brennan of the Yoro Mission convalescing at Tegucigalpa hospital.

I AM LYING IN A hospital bed in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, and as the hours crawl by my thoughts keep returning to childhood days. The "Rocking Horse Winner" was a little boy who won horse races in his playroom. Whenever he was sad or lonely he could be found bent low over the back of his rocking horse, rocking furiously to and fro. His horse, a combination of Swaps and Nashua, captured all the big purses. He, the greatest jockey of all time, invariably brought home his horse amid cheering throngs, sometimes by a nose, sometimes by a length. But always the winner.

A wonderful world the imagination of a child! Nothing is impossible. No boundaries. Distance and time are no problem. But are there no grown-ups who look back to the days of "let's pretend?" For myself, I have to confess that some days I feel so earthbound, so confined that I can't help thinking affectionately of those uninhibited days when animals talked, fairies flew and the Wizard of Ox performed his magic feats.

Never have I felt so earthbound and confined as now. A frustrated missionary! Five weeks in bed without being allowed to say or hear Mass, three or four weeks more of convalescence. My villages are not being visited. The

WILLIAM J. BRENNAN S.J.

ROCKING HORSE *Missionary*

children hear no catechism. I cannot even offer the Body and Blood of Christ for the work nearest a missionary's heart. Is it strange, then, that during the long hours of lying on the high white bed in a quiet room, I am thinking of the days of my uninhibited childhood?

There once was a child who never grew up. Her picture hangs above me now on the wall. Beyond a few rooms and a single roof she did not go. And yet, the world felt her influence. Today with St. Francis Xavier, she, St. Therese, the Little Flower, is co-patroness of the missions.

The soul united with Christ knows no confines, no boundaries. A missionary flat on his back still rides to his villages. The sacrifice of not saying Mass, the cold coffee, the nauseating medicine, the injections, the tedium of the hours—his entire day in union with Christ can be spiritual bounty upon his people.

Today it will be Santa Marta. After a winding climb on mule back to the top of an 1,800 foot hill, Santa Marta appears. It seems so close I could touch it. But an hour and a half descent to the valley and a steep climb intervene. Another day it is la Capa. I weave through the miles of pasture land before reaching the beautiful little church. Still another day it is Mejia. My mule needs a little of the mountain goat before he can bring me to the lofty ridge from which I can see the houses so far below. Then there is a day for Jocon, lying amid an amphitheatre of hills.

Mounted upon my high white bed I ride. Each day a new journey. And thus like the little boy in his playroom, I ride far beyond the walls of my room, but as one who does not ride alone.

A TUG OF WAR, according to the dictionary, is a contest between two teams pulling at the ends of a rope, each trying to drag the other over a line marked between them. Clear enough. But not so clear was the comparison the Ancient Missionary made between a tug of war and the work of the missions.

He had been reading the manuscript of Father Healy's article (see page 30) on Jamaica's new Cathedral Choir School. Obviously, he was taken by the idea. "Excellent," he said, "excellent. It's all part of the tug of war."

Now, as readers of these pages ought to know, nothing the Ancient Missionary says about the missions should be scoffed at, even if it seems foolish at first. So we herewith attempt a little private exegesis of the oracle, humbly and quite ready to be corrected.

Missionary effort, we would say, is like a tug of work because one team (the army of Christ) struggles against another which pulls for Satan. There is no doubt about the ultimate winner of the contest, but in addition to the one great tug of war, which is the struggle at the center of history, there are hundreds of small ones, so to speak. The story of each individual mission is the story of a tug of war in which temporary failure is always possible.

A win or a loss depends partially upon the skill and strength of the players and partially upon the rope. The strands of a rope are small, but small strand added

Window on the Mission World

Every mission field has its own tug of war but each individual victory is counted as part of an eternal score.

to small strand can produce an instrument of great strength.

The strands of the rope of missionary effort are almost bafflingly complex. In addition to the normal and ordinary means of preaching and teaching, each individual mission must employ peculiar means which meet the needs of its own locality and people. And, as a mission grows into maturity, apostolic programs which may have been impossible dreams yesterday can be realized.

That, we think, is what the Ancient Missionary had in mind when he spoke so approvingly of Father Healy's Cathedral Choir School. It is another strand in the rope, or another muscle straining in the contest to draw men across the line which separates night from day, exile and homelessness from the warm hearth of God's own Church.

It is, of course, possible that we are misinterpreting the oracle. And it is also possible that his comparison limps to the point of stumbling. He spoke rhetorically, perhaps, and never intended to have his words subjected to analysis.

Be that as it may, we feel that he has something. The comparison, despite its inadequacy, can help our poor minds comprehend the need and importance of details in the missionary apostolate. Choir schools are not esthetic luxuries for a mission territory. Neither are universities, monasteries for contemplatives, research centers. They are strands in the rope which will draw and lovingly bind men to Christ.

Even Beyond the TEA BELT

DESMOND S. MATTHEWS S.J.

THE NATIONAL DRINK OF INDIA is tea but Americans out here often measure the distance from civilization by the presence or absence of Coca Cola. All the big cities have it, and some of the small ones, but when you no longer see the Coca Cola signs you are definitely in the *mofussel,* 'up country.' However I didn't know until recently, on a trip into the jungle, that it was possible to get even beyond the tea belt.

The little town of Chakradharpur is a railway colony caught between the Ranchi road and the tracks of the Eastern Railway. Here, in a little bungalow beside his church of Christ the King, lives Father Richard Neu, the pastor of Chakradharpur. And here, a week before a big feast, I arrived to help out. Now Chakradharpur itself is mainly an Anglo-Indian railway colony; these people, also called Eurasians, are many of them Catholics, and fervent Catholics. Almost all of them are railway workers: locomotive drivers, oilers, firemen, train guards; since CKP, as they call it in railway parlance, boasts large marshalling yards, the colony is a fairly large one. They make up about half of Father Neu's parish.

The rest of the parish is the *dehat,* miles of it, on either side of the railway; the dead-level plains of Bihar, and the conical, volcanic hills that dot them and which, six miles from Chakradharpur, rise 3,000 forest-covered feet to the Chota Nagpur plateau, in a series of steep hills called *ghats.*

Alois, the invaluable Munda catechist and guide.

In the *dehat* live the aboriginals; Hos on the plains, Mundas in the hill country . . . and it was to the latter I was going. Most of them live so far away and in such impassable country that they cannot even come in for Mass; so it means going out to them.

We started, the catechist Alois and I, on cycles along the Ranchi road at 2:30 in the afternoon. The heat was not too intense and we made good time to the foot of the *ghats.* Here, where a road sign in Hindi and English says, "The ghats begin," we branched off on to a bullock-

Father Matthews snapped this Munda boy during his trip to jungle.

cart track leading back into the forest. Soon we were winding up through the hills, pushing the cycles with the Mass kit on one and the blankets and food on the other. By six o'clock it was getting dark; by six-fifteen it was night, for there is little or no twilight in India.

The cycle headlamps were just enough light to keep us on the path, no more.

Just before the sun had set, Alois, who was ahead of me on the road, waved me to a stop and then went ahead by himself. Suddenly three jackals ran across the track in front of him, and then

four carrion vultures rose slowly from the jungle beside the track and settled themselves in the trees. He waved me on and we passed the half-eaten carcass of a cow beside the track. Now a cow costs upwards of 500 rupees—which is a small fortune for these people of the forest, and a dead cow spells tragedy in the *dehat*. We talked about this as we went on. Alois thought it had been killed by one of the big jungle cats, a leopard or tiger, but he didn't stop to look for tracks. His one idea now was to push on as fast as we could.

It was all uphill now, and as we pushed the laden cycles he talked about the sloth bears that were coming down from the hills to raid the maize crops. He was plainly interested in getting on to the village where we were to spend the night, and apologized several times for not having started out earlier. A Munda himself, he knew the country well, but he had not been up this way for months and had no idea the roads were so bad. For one quarter-mile stretch an earth tremor had cracked the track open into five and eight-foot deep chasms like the lines of a jig-saw puzzle.

About this time Alois began to shout, long drawn out whoops in Mundari. It was now about eight o'clock, and after a half hour of this an answering call came back from a long way ahead of us. Another ten minutes and we stopped. Then from a hill away off to our right in the black wall of the jungle we could see a chain of winking lights. Twenty minutes later the first of the men reached us. They were drumming as they came, and singing, and every third or fourth man carried a flaming torch of jungle grass and rags dipped in kerosene. Behind them were the women. Thirty of them came in single file, and one by one knelt for my blessing; then two girls came forward with bowls to wash my hands and rice and eggs as a gift-offering to the priest—there at nine o'clock in the midst of the Chota Nagpur jungle.

The men took our cycles, packs, everything, and in single file, with the small hand drums thumping, we went off the track along a shortcut to the village. There the kids were waiting for us, and the old men; and more blessings and this time garlands of jungle flowers to welcome the priest. Alois settled down for a long talk in Mundari and a *biri,* a primitive sort of cigarette. And I settled down to smoke a pipe and to wait for the confab (of which I understood nothing) to be over. I was secretly hoping for a bowl of tea which can be very refreshing after a long march. But these people simply couldn't afford tea, Alois told me later. They drink water or *daru* made from fermented rice or millet, but tea is a luxury which they only get when they come down to a plains village for bazaar day.

As I sat there that night in their scrupulously clean mud house these good people brought me all they had, a steaming tin plate of boiled sweet potatoes. These we had while the talk went on into the night, and *biri* after *biri* was smoked. Alois was translating salient bits of the conversation for me into Hindi: a leopard had killed the cow we saw beside the road and the family that owned it was nearly out of their minds with worry and grief. Wild pigs were ruining the new rice crop and had the Father brought a gun with him? (He hadn't.) There was cholera in the next valley.

About eleven o'clock I made a move to get some sleep. Then and only then did Alois mention that this was not the village where we were supposed to sleep and say Mass next morning; that was a mile and a half further on through the jungle. There was nothing for it but to start on again, with torch bearers. And so as Sam Pepys would have said: "To the next village—and this after some labor. Found a place to sleep at last. And so to bed."

My last recollection before falling asleep was of two spear-carring tribesmen who came down from the village and quietly curled up and went to sleep across the entrance. They were still afraid that the leopard was in the vicinity, and as they hadn't had Mass for months they didn't want to risk finding a mauled priest in the morning. And to that I said, "Amen."

WOULD YOU LIKE *to found a*

The parishioners of Purulia, India have waited thirty years for their church. Now each one has pledged twenty-five cents a month to start a fund for their building. A quarter is a generous gift for the poor in India. A whole month of hard sacrifice to save it. Perhaps your own hard-won dollar will make their dream come true faster.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

Treasure Hunt ON IMIJ

THOMAS C. DONOHOE S.J.

Jaluit is a small atoll in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. It is the old capital and trading center of the Marshall Islands. During the war Jaluit provided ideal bombing "practice" for American pilots who needed experience before attacking more heavily fortified targets. Imij Island especially took a severe beating for the Japanese had built a seaplane base there. Every day planes from the American base on Majuro would plaster Imij with bombs ranging from 300-pounders to several tons. Only some 800 of the 14,000 Japanese were still alive on surrender day in 1944.

In their efforts to survive, work details of thousands of soldiers labored through the nights to build bomb shelters that looked like pyramids. The rocks used in these pyramids were chunks of broken cement from previous bombings. These were reinforced with sand and iron rods. It was the thought of these rods, worth their weight in gold out here for building purposes, which brought us sailing over to Imij in our St. Joseph mission boat. Brother Bocain, a few workers, five school boys and myself made up our treasure hunting crew.

We selected one pyramid shelter about twenty feet high and forty long for our "dig" because some of our workers had been in that very one during the bombings. "A little better aim, Father," one of them said, "and you would have been digging for us, not for rods."

The pyramid was covered with tall heavy weeds and vines as well as four trees, a sign of how quickly the jungle creeps back. We hacked away half of this growth and began to remove the hunks of cement, rolling the huge blocks into three nearby bomb craters. It was heavy work, with the sun beating down on us, and the men had to rest often. But by the end of several days we had uncovered some 300 iron bars, fifteen feet long. However, they were not the type for reinforcing cement although we could make good use of them in other ways.

On Saturday night, with the prospect of Sunday rest ahead of us, we had a little feast. It nearly killed us. The piece de resistance consisted of crabs, usually a tasty dish. But these particular crabs had fallen victims to the Machine Age and evidently had found nothing tastier on all Imij than old storage batteries with their accompanying acid. These batteries are scattered all over the island and, of course, crabs share the same propensity as fish in that they are poisonous according to what they dine on. The result was that the boys were sick, I had a first-class stomach ache (the first I can remember in some forty years) and one of the workers was so violently ill that we had to rush him to Imroj. Sunday certainly was a day of rest.

On Monday we attacked the hill again, hopeful that we would soon strike the kind of rods we wanted. The men who had worked on the original construction felt that they would be low down, just above the rooms where everybody huddled during the bombing raids. All day we toiled, digging, rolling away the hunks of cement that sometimes weighed 300 pounds, digging again. By nightfall the treasure still eluded us.

Tuesday the picks and shovels seemed heavier than ever, the sun was blazing, we were all weary until—suddenly I was standing, far from silent, on a peak in Darien; I knew how Columbus felt, and Aladdin and Cinderella. *We had struck pay dirt.* The shovels were featherweight, the sun forgotten, the dirt flew. There they were—thousands of rods, over 20 feet long, ⅜ to one-inch diameter, all in good condition because underground! No gold mine was greeted with more joy than our rod mine on Imij.

We had no truck, of course, and it was a big job to haul 10,000 feet of these rods to the lagoon. It took us seven hours to move ten tons of them to the shore. By Saturday we finished loading the St. Joseph and that evening we rode proudly into the harbor of Jabor.

These iron rods are a kind of vote of confidence in the future. We have to rebuild the war-shattered Jaluit Sacred Heart Mission here on Jabor—church, school, rectory, convent, dormitories. All these are only in the blueprint stage now, but can't we at least say that these rods put backbone into a dream?

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska
Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.
1103—16th Ave.
Seattle 22, Wash.

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

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

China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)
Rev. William J. Klement S.J.
284 Stanyan Street
San Francisco 18, Cal.

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

India (Patna) and U. S. Indians
Rev. R. A. Rosenfelder 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.

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

Korea and U. S. Indians
Rev. Charles F. Mullen S.J.
3400 West Michigan St.
Milwaukee 8, Wisc.

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

The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

Few are the Catholic mothers who have not at one time prayed fervently and perseveringly that God would grant the grace of a vocation to at least one of her sons. It remains a mystery why God did not show His predilection in selecting one of your own flesh and blood to offer His own Body and Blood for the living and the dead.

There is no mystery, however, regarding a means by which you, in an applied sense, may become the godparent of a priest. In the seminaries entrusted to the American Jesuits there are numerous young men studiously and piously preparing themselves for the offering of their first of many Holy Sacrifices of the Mass. Through the years of studies each one of these seminarians needs financial help for tuition. You personally may hesitate to give anything simply because you can give so little towards their education. No gift for God's work is little. Would you consider having two or three members of your family or friends join you? The sum would be larger and, consequently, you would provide not merely a partial but a full tuition for your seminarian. In time and eternity the Eternal High Priest will grant you a place in the Masses and prayers of your priest.

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

AFIELD with American Jesuits

MASS IN THE OLIVE GROVES

In a letter from Beirut, Lebanon, Father Joseph Holland S.J. writes: "From his minaret tower, the Moslem sheik sounded morning prayer at 4:30 a.m. It was also a summons for me, for I was to say Mass in a Greek Orthodox village, called Btirrâm, in the heart of the rich, northern olive region of Lebanon. Btirrâm is totally Greek Orthodox; only two defections are known in its long history—the two Mâlik brothers, one of whom became a Dominican, and the other, Gabriel Mâlik, now a Jesuit scholastic, teaching at the University of St. Joseph in Beirut. A third brother is internationally known, Charles Mâlik, Ambassador of Lebanon to the United States.

"Why was I going to a Greek Orthodox village to say Mass? Because during the winter months some 80 Maronite Catholics, all families from the snowy regions of the domineering mountains, come to live here in security and comparative warmth.

"Here and there through the dimly lit streets the darkness was rustled by early Maronite worshippers on their way to early Mass. Empty streets, darkness and

SPOTLIGHT

Father Hugh Costigan S.J. of Ponape in the Caroline Islands has spent two thirds of his twenty-four years as a Jesuit in the Pacific area. He put in seven years in the Philippines and the last nine in the Carolines. These are frustrating areas for a fire 'buff' from New York City (his father was Fire Chief there) but for a missionary they are fertile fields.

At his Tamoroi station Father Costigan has built a "keep 'em down on the farm" housing and agricultural project which is the envy of the islanders who have not yet qualified for admission. It is an echo of the Paraguay Reductions, an economic and spiritual safeguard for his people. Pray for this pastor on Ponape.

an occasional donkey, laden with oranges from the orange region met our wonder and gaze as we quit the city.

"Btirrâm is a proud descendant of Phoenician days. So local legends go. Old ruins bear this out. Near the present Orthodox Church which dates from the 1700s, there is an old cave, foreboding with the awe inspiring name of Ashmunit. (Ashmun was the name of a Phoenician god). All harassed parents have to do to command obedience of their young is to say: 'Ashmun will get you, if you don't watch out.' On a hillock, probably over the site of a Phoenician temple or shrine stands the chapel of Our Lady of the Assumption, patroness of this village. On August 15th, the Greek Orthodox village forgets its religious indifference to attend Mass there.

"The voice of Abouna (Father) Mâlik was the 'prayer bell,' and the noisy contingent of children, ever swelling, our 'press agents.' Everywhere the local clans watched us with curiosity, with expectation and with apparent reverence. We came to the Greek Orthodox Church and from within one could hear the feeble voices of chanters. Unabashed, Abouna Mâlik brought us into the vestibule of the old Church, and within we could see two chanters, young boys, and two parishioners for the Sunday service. The local priest was buried in his book near the altar. This was the extent of morning service for this Greek village—less than a handful to serve God.

"Leaving this scene with a sorrowful heart, we came to our own unpretentious, un-church-like Church. Nothing but the upper chamber of a local home, set in a cow-field, with the gorgeous Lebanon mountains in the background. There was once another upper chamber where the High Priest offered Bread and Wine for his flock! Our equipment was simple: a small table covered with a clean sheet; two tin cans of American vintage which became two flower vases under the deft hands of the visiting Sisters; double doors in the center of this room now closed, to form a background for the altar; a few chairs . . . and the floor.

"In this setting with all Catholics accounted for, 80 of them; with several curious Orthodox who had joined the parade; and one Moslem lad of six or seven years, a priest from Boston, Massachusetts, said Mass in the Latin rite for the first time in a village which is predominately Greek Orthodox. In his instruction Abouna Mâlik explained the unity of the Church through this American priest who came from a land where there are over 30,000,000 Catholics. What a joyous relief for them to know that America was not Protestant, as they had been led to believe, and what pride to know how extensive the Church of Christ is!"

WORD OF MOUTH IN CEYLON

Father Joseph H. Meyer S.J. writes of his work on the missions:

"It seems that someone had decided even before I reached Ceylon that I was to be in charge of Trincomalee's Minor Seminary. That's where I landed, and that's been 'home' for the past three years. We have thirteen in the Seminary at present. Seven others, having passed through this stage of the training, are now studying in three different seminaries in Ceylon or in India. That gives us 20 prospective priests—not many, perhaps, but in view of the fact that we have only 19 diocesan priests in the whole diocese—it is not a bad beginning.

"A good number of our present seminarians came to us as thirteen and fourteen-year-old, non-English-speaking youngsters from various parishes of the diocese. We gag them quickly by throwing the 'rule of speaking English' at them, and since the Director doesn't speak either of their native tongues, the poor kids are in a bad way for a while. But they're sharp at hacking into a new language and first class at making gestures. We don't tie their hands and are willing to

blink freely at English grammar for a while, so we soon manage to converse together. My vocabulary in their vernaculars—Tamil and Sinhalese—consists entirely of one word commands like 'come,' 'go,' 'read,' 'repeat,' etc.

"Even in this very simplified form I can get things fouled up pretty badly. In Sinhalese 'write' is *'leeanda,'* 'read,' *'kee-av-anda,'* and 'go,' *'Yanda.'* The other day my two Sinhalese boys had come for their English reading lesson. The Ceylonese are by nature extremely polite and respectful. After quietly knocking, they stood before my desk at attention until invited to sit down. When they were finally seated ready for their lesson, I couldn't find the place in my book. *'Yanda', 'Yanda,'* I repeated, telling them to read as I industriously paged through the text looking for the place. When I finally found it and looked up, my students were going out the door. I got them back, and we had our lesson, but it's things like this, I guess, that make them wonder about 'those strange Americans.'"

A GREAT MISSIONARY DIES

Father Jose Lalin was for many years the sole diocesan priest in British Honduras. He was a Spaniard who practised medicine before he became a priest. After some few years in Mexico he was forced out by the persecution there and spent the remaining 42 years of his life in British Honduras, with headquarters at San Roman in the northwest corner of the country. The Jesuits in the mission respected him as a thoroughly charming and zealous priest of God. He was a bush missionary to his finger tips. Did all his travel on horseback and chose to live in extreme poverty. Even the Papal Nuncio enjoyed kidding Father Lalin. The Nuncio's favorite question was whether the secular clergy (Father Lalin was the only one) were really making a reasonable effort to get along with the religious. At the age of 79 this zealous missionary died February 28 at Belize. R.I.P.

EDUCATION IS CONTAGIOUS

In India Father Edmund P. Burke S.J. finds that one good school begets another.

"An unemployed teacher came to me for help. I suggested that he start a little school in his own village, Sacred Heart Mission, a rather hopeless place despite the sweetest of names. To my surprise he did it. His school is literally swimming in a sea of vicissitudes, but it too is thriving. He had the school in a rented hovel for a long time, because no one offered a house or land, but lately he has graduated to a grass hut on borrowed land. The school was not going very long, when an enterprising young fellow from what is today Holy Rosary Mission came to Sacred Heart to see his married sister. He saw the school and all the bright young faces eagerly scanning their new books, and being a man of some intellectual pretensions himself—he had just taken regretful leave of the 7th grade—he thought that his own village would profit from such a school. So Holy Rosary Mission has a thriving school, and most of the people there, too, are Catholics.

"Now another village nearby, the granddaddy of all the villages in that area has asked for a school. It happened this way. The road to the bazaar lies through Holy Rosary Mission, and the people were passing by the school every day. Any good father's heart would have turned green with envy to see all the Holy Rosary boys and girls trying to burst a blood-vessel, or at least an eardrum, with their efforts to learn the A, B, C's and the addition tables. There is a lot of desolation in the world because no one is thinking very hard in his heart, but the people of Our Lady of Sorrows Mission did some serious thinking, and today they, too, have a thriving school."

VINCENT G. CULLEN S.J.

The Fiesta is "BIBO"

"FATHER, THE FIESTA has got to be *'bibo,'*" Rosito said as we left the road and started down the slippery hill to the Cagayan River. Rosito was my guide and we were on our way to Tikalaan, a barrio in the Philippine mountains about twenty-five miles from Talakag, the parish center.

Rosito was right, the first fiesta in any barrio must be lively. Otherwise the next year it will not draw the people, who live scattered among the hills, and the chance of meeting many of them is lost. As I looked at the gray sky and the slanting rain I wondered just how *'bibo'* the fiesta of St. Francis Xavier at Tikalaan would be.

We crossed the Cagayan River on a bamboo raft and climbed the winding muddy trail through the tall cogan grass and over the hills until in the early afternoon we reached Kalawingon, a small barrio seated astride a sharp ridge. That afternoon there were baptisms and more baptisms, for despite the rain which fell in a constant whisper on the nipa roof, mothers brought their children that they might become children of God.

We started for Tikalaan the next morning and again it rained, big drops that turned the trail into a soupy mess like a chocolate pudding that hasn't set. I think I know that trail from end to end, and that I sat in every mudhole from Kalawingon to Tikalaan. Every time I went down Rosito shouted out the score. We reached Tikalaan late in the afternoon.

The morning sun melted the lazy mist that drifted among the green hills and brightened the weathered wooden houses that lounged around the plaza. The procession before the Mass was a muddy affair, but it did lead some unsuspecting souls to church before they realized where they were going. The congregation was small for most of the people are not Christians but for the few Christ was there on the altar, and with them in Holy Communion.

After Mass there were babies and school children to be baptized. The children, shy at first, knew their prayers and catechism well for they had been taught with painstaking care by the catechist, who is so important to the growth of the Church.

The morning began in a lively fashion with horse races in the muddy streets, a greased bamboo pole with a prize at the top and volleyball and softball games. But early in the afternoon the clouds rolled in from the hills and it began to rain. Rosito was plainly worried, for the rain would ruin the rest of the celebration and the fiesta would cease to be *'bibo.'* Then with a stroke of genius he suggested a basketball game, and the fact that the court looked more like a carabao wallow pleased him immensely; it would make things lively for the spectators, and of course Father had to play. So for an hour, much to the merriment of the crowd watching from the porches, we slipped and slid around in the mud and ended the game with a combined bath and laundry job in the river.

The next morning after Mass we were on the trail for home. Was the fiesta a success? It's hard to say. There was Mass for the Catholics and there were the baptisms of the children, and they are important. And we did meet the people and show them that we are interested in them and in their problems, and that is important too. But one thing is certain, the fiesta was *'bibo.'*

The Holy Father's Mission Intention

"For the increase of priestly vocations in India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia"

DURING THE MONTH of June the Holy Father focuses our attention on southern and southeastern Asia, particularly on those key countries which only in recent years have gained their independence. It is an area which embraces about 540 million people and is the most crucial battleground today for the forces of Communism and Christianity.

The position of the West has changed radically in these countries during the last few years. Former colonies of Britain and the Netherlands, they now breathe the heady air of freedom and self independence. As a result, where the European once stood for the governing power he is now looked upon as an undesirable. It is a change that can easily be understood but it means restrictions and greater difficulties for the Church. Only when native-born personnel are in a position to take over the management of the Church will those difficulties be resolved. So the importance of this month's mission intention can be appreciated.

Of the five countries named, India is the one in which the Church is most advanced. One cardinal, nine archbishops and twenty-three bishops are Indian and well over half of the clergy are also native-born. The ten major seminaries are training about 850 Indians for the priesthood at the present time.

In Pakistan however, which is almost 90 percent Moslem, there is no single major seminary and the number of men studying for the priesthood is less than twenty. Of the 300 priests there only eighty are foreigners.

In Burma likewise, the seminarians must be sent outside the country for their studies for there is no major seminary. However the picture there is brighter than in Moslem Pakistan for during the disturbances of the last seven years the Catholics loyally backed the legitimate government which has now consolidated its position. But to capitalize on this favorable attitude there is need of many more Burmese priests for the present number constitutes only about one-third of the total clergy.

One of the big obstacles which the Church faces in Ceylon is the attitude of the government there. Buddhism is especially strong and although it is not legally the state religion a strong movement is afoot to make it so. Such an action would place a formidable obstacle in the way of the Church's progress. This threat makes the formation of a Ceylonese clergy even more imperative. At present there are 260 Ceylonese priests with 40 more in preparatory studies, a very inadequate number for a country with over eight million inhabitants.

Indonesia presents an even darker picture. There are only 70 native-born priests out of a total of 670. If the foreign missionaries should be forced to leave it would still take years before a hundred Indonesian priests could be mustered. Again, the majority of the people are Moslems and government regulations concerning the appointment of teachers of religion, the supervision of religious instruction, etc. indicate further problems. Add to these the insidious spread of Communism, especially among the Chinese in Indonesia, and the picture becomes darker still.

The souls of 540 million people are at stake in this area of the world. They need priests, but priests of their own most of all. Our Holy Father asks us to pray for that intention during this month dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

His Lucky Seven

DURING THE WAR of liberation in the Philippines, a G.I. from Texas used to regale us with fantastic stories about his fabulous state. "Corn," he once related, "grows so fast in Texas that you can see it growing; and the soil is so rich that if chickens don't catch the corn feed on the fly, they instinctively dash away, since the sprouting corn will simply push them out of the way."

Yet even his fabulous corn can't beat the sudden increase of vocations in the Islands after the war. Here is an example of how one seed brought forth seven seedlings. Right after the war of liberation, a group of Regents from Woodstock College arrived. One of them found himself assigned to the Ateneo de Manila, third year, section B.

The Ateneo then was literally only beginning to rise from its ruins. Classes began in stuffy Quonset huts, on dirt floors. There was no blackboard nor a chair for every student. When the classes were boring, the boys gathered pebbles and fired away at their pet peeves. Finally, this Regent in 3-B fired away with his own artillery. He slammed his fist against the post of the hut. The hut shook. So did the boys' knees. They realized that this Regent meant to do his job well.

As the year went along, the 3-B boys learned their Latin, Math, English and to cherish more intelligently the religion they inherited. Mass became a joy for them, slowly but deeply. The Regent taught them handball. Nobody noticed the changing spirit of the boys; nobody save their teacher, perhaps.

All that and much more happened eight years ago. Last year, this same Regent, Father James Finley S.J., returned to the Philippines, now a missionary priest. At the Philosophate in Cebu, there were seven very familiar faces. Seven of his boys were now dressed in Jesuit habits.

One good seed had brought forth a sevenfold harvest. Not even the G.I.'s Texan corn can beat that one seed.

JOSE V. AQUINO S.J.

JAMES B. HEALY S.J.

SING *to the Lord*

THE LIFE OF A choir director is not an easy life, especially if his choir is composed of small boys. They forget to show up for rehearsal. They seem never to have heard the passage so laboriously learned just a week ago.

And yet, the director is required to present them at specified intervals, spotless in their surplices, to make the kind of ethereal liturgical music that is expected of a boys' choir. And he usually manages, somehow, more or less.

To take the "somehow" and the "more or less" out of our boys' choir at the Cathedral in Kingston, Jamaica, has been my dream for quite some years. What was needed, obviously, was a special school in the tradition of the ancient cathedral choir schools. There are records of boy choirs as far back as the fourth century and, in time, they were trained with the care that the service of the sanctuary deserves. Most often, the boys lived and went to school in a house attached to the cathedral. As the choir of the Bishop's own church, more was expected of them than might be asked of an ordinary parish choir. They were to sing to the Lord with as much beauty and polish and perfection as possible. So rehearsals were not enough. They had to live with music in the liturgy, to soak it up with the air they breathed.

The most famous song-school of history was a special inspiration for us in Jamaica. In the sixth century, Pope Saint Gregory the Great founded a *schola cantorum* in Rome which became a model for choir schools in succeeding centuries. Most of the boys for his school came, not from rich homes and distinguished families, but from orphanages. They were poor boys who sang to the Lord beautifully because they were given the chance to learn how to do so.

We decided to go and do likewise. So, with the encouragement of the Bishop, the Cathedral Choir School was started last January. In the tradition of such schools, it is situated in the shadow of its cathedral. Just behind the bulk of the great church are two small cottages, which for three years had housed the minor seminary of the mission. One of the cottages, after a little remodelling, is now the school.

Eight round notes, eight singers, one director—it should add up to something.

There is nothing fancy about the equipment. We began with bare essentials: desks, blackboards, two teachers (one of them being myself), and thirty-two boys between the ages of ten and twelve. The boys get all their schooling with us, not just musical training. But in addition to the standard curriculum of the local government schools, we offer voice and ear training, music reading, Latin pronunciation, liturgy, etc.—all the subjects peculiar to a choir school.

Our plan is to admit a new class of ten-year-olds each year and keep them for five years. All the boys live at home, since we have neither room nor funds for boarders.

A very happy accident attended this little school's beginnings. Less than a month before our opening date, Pope Pius XII issued the first encyclical ever devoted exclusively to the subject of sacred music. One of the suggestions of the encyclical was that a *schola cantorum* be organized in every cathedral and principal church. We are proud and pleased to have anticipated the wish of His Holiness, even unwittingly.

Another happy accident is the fact that our school building used to house seminarians. Maybe God will see to it that some of our choristers "catch" a priestly vocation from the atmosphere. Whether they do or not, they will. we hope, know how to sing to the Lord.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:

Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

At Poona, India, Pudding and Jam were given up by the Jesuit Scholastics at the seminary. The money saved from this sacrifice was given to Father Wieman to help him repair homes damaged by floods. So far, this $45.00 from the students is the only money received for rebuilding. Father Wieman would appreciate any help you might be able to give, and he still needs another $45.00, at least. Your gift of $1.00 would be a big help.

The orphans at this same mission can be supported for 10 cents a day. Could you add an extra dime?

One Boiler Wasn't Enough, at St. Mary's in Alaska, to keep 150 Eskimo girls and boys warm during the winter. Father O'Connor has salvaged a boiler from an old boat and will have the extra heat for next winter if he can get $100.00 for the installation of the boiler. Would you help with .25, .50, $1.00?

The Chapel at the New School in Hiroshima, needs vestments and a monstrance. If you could help—

Vestments	$25.00
Monstrance	$150.00

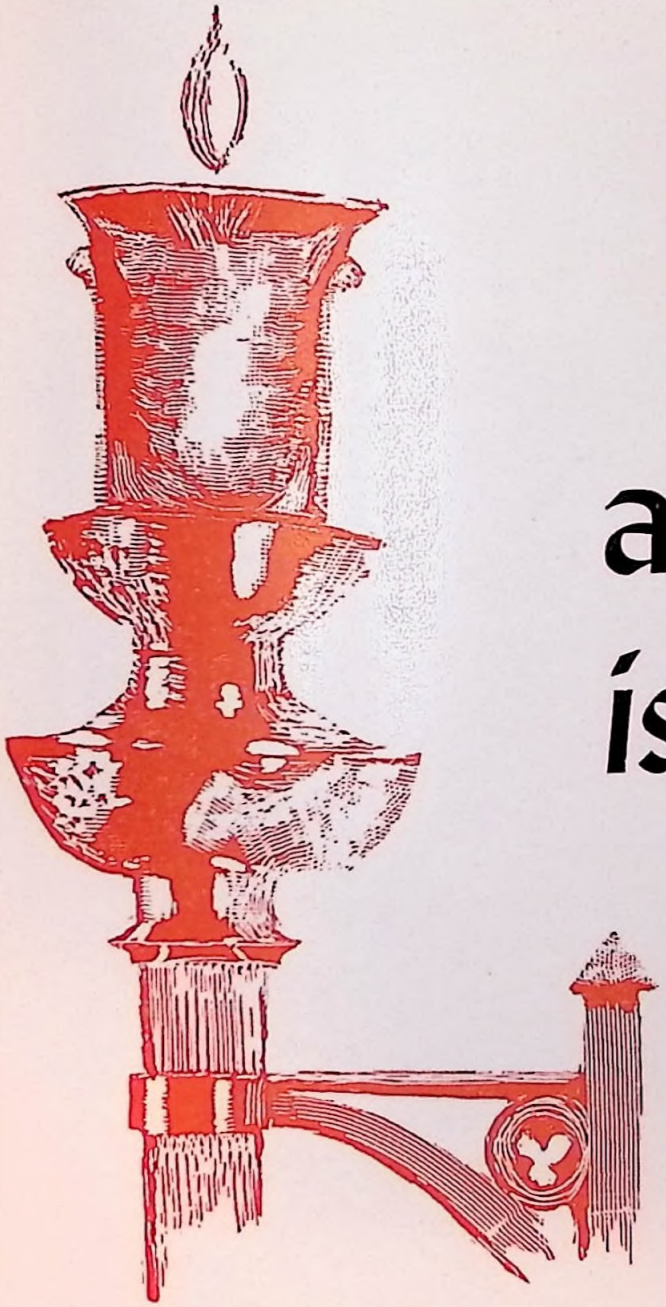
Talk About Good-Natured People—the men from Sarteneja, in British Honduras, were telling Father Kramer their experiences during the recent hurricane and tidal wave and found they could laugh over some incidents. The whole village was sheltered in the mission school which was hurricane-proof. As the water rose the adults stood on the desks and the children were pushed through a hole in the Celotex ceiling. Part of the ceiling gave way and a half a dozen children slid into the water. The adults rescued the children and put them back above the ceiling again. That was the funny incident. "I do not think it was so funny at the time, but they got a big laugh out of it afterwards," says Father Kramer. "I suppose the reason they could laugh was that none of the youngsters drowned."

Please help repair the damage from the hurricane. If you can spare it, your good-natured gift of $1.00 would bring a lot of smiles.

The Sacred Heart Mission at Latonah, India, has no statue of the Sacred Heart. Father Sharma would like to erect a cement statue of the Sacred Heart at the main entrance of the mission as a help in spreading devotion to Our Blessed Lord. The estimated cost of this project is $100.00. During June, do you think you could give $1.00 for this statue?

With the Change in Holy Week Services new missals will be needed on the missions. These special Holy Week missals cost $5.00. For those who would like a useful mission memorial for a deceased relative or friend, the missals could be inscribed with the name you suggest and could be sent to the mission you prefer.

In Bangkok, Thailand, Father Joseph Donohoe needs money to buy Catholic books for the students living at the hostel. Any size gift would be appreciated and bring cheer to this missionary who is the only American Jesuit in Thailand.



a Lamp *is lighted*

Americans died in Korea—for a cause. Today other Americans—Jesuit missionaries are living there—for a cause—the Kingdom of Christ, bringing the light of faith. In memory of the soldiers who died and to aid these priests giving their lives, keep this lamp lighted. Two dollars supports a Jesuit for a day.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

AN Outdoor CHURCH

IS GOOD, BUT . . . if you have read Mrs. Evans' story, you will know that bugs and flies demand too much attention from the worshippers. Doors, screens and most of all an altar rail will make Father Walter's chapel a fit place for the worship of God on Yap Island. Altar rail will cost $200, door $50 and screens $50. Will you give a little?

Send gifts to: **JESUIT MISSIONS**

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