

Jesuit Missions

A photograph of a Jesuit priest in white robes sitting on a stone ledge, talking to a group of indigenous people. The scene is set in a stone archway with palm trees in the background.

MAY, 1958



For over a year now the eyes of
India and the world have been on the
Communist experiment in the little state of

KERALA—

India's Red Crucible

F. C. RODRIGUES S.J.

OVER A YEAR has passed since the Communist Party won the elections in the State of Kerala in India and took over the government there. What has happened in that time? As we consider some of the events there, it might be well to keep in mind the Holy Father's Mission Intention for the month of May: "That spiritual progress in India be promoted as well as material."

The Reds are doing everything in their power to win over to their side the poorer sections of the community. One of their first actions was to raise the salary and emoluments of the village headmen. The village headman wields a lot of power, and hence it pays to humor him. No one can accuse the Communists of not knowing popular psychology.

Then there are the people who have no land of their own to live upon. A good many of these had illegally taken possession of "vacant lands." The Gov-

ernment rushed through a law which made these possessions legal, which meant they could not be evicted. That was a clever stroke. The previous non-Communist governments had been talking a lot, and for a long time, of bringing relief to these landless gentry, but they did nothing. It was left to the Reds to gather the harvest.

One of the promises the Reds had made in their election campaigns was to nationalize tea and rubber plantations which are mostly owned by foreigners, especially Britishers. The Central Government, however, ruled that out. The Communists coolly turned to other methods. They raised the taxes on plantations, cutting down profits considerably. That was bad enough but worse was to follow. Labor unrest has been deliberately fomented, making life in the plantations for the employers hazardous.

To boost up the morale of the workers

((Left) A Moslem Sikh of India. His people are renowned for their fighting ability and were the shock troops of the British in the days of Empire. But India, as Father Rodrigues, Director of "Social Action" there, points out, is already nourishing the Communist viper.

COVER. Father Francis Cosgrove S.J. of New York City chats with a few of the erstwhile babies whose conduct in his early missionary years in the Western Carolines induced his provocative article on page 12. Father Cosgrove is now stationed at Koror in the Palaus.

the police have been immobilized, at least partially. The Government has issued orders to them not to interfere in labor disputes except when violence flares up. Now since it is difficult to state exactly what can be considered as violence the police seem to have decided to give demonstrators a very wide berth. On one occasion a group of demonstrators entered a college and smashed up windows, doors and furniture, assaulted members of the staff and loyal students, and threatened the life of the Principal and yet, in spite of repeated calls for protection, the police refused to budge.

Journalists and members of other political parties have been giving a lot of publicity to acts of lawlessness and to the sense of insecurity engendered by the new police rules, but the Communists have so far successfully withstood these attacks, nay, have even made capital of it. They maintain that people used to capitalist form of rule, which was current under the British, and, up to their taking over, under the Congress, are still thinking on old lines. This new form of "popular government," a government of the people for the people and by the people is quite a novelty. Hence all the misunderstanding. They say they are quite confident that once their real aim, which is none other than the welfare of the common man, is understood and appreciated all these criticisms and unkind attacks will cease. People outside the State who read these widely publicized statements are slowly coming to believe that all this talk of lawlessness and insecurity is talk motivated by political considerations.

Last July the Educational Ministry, after a lot of careful propaganda to prepare the people, came out with a Bill to reform the secondary education in the State. The preamble of the Bill said

that the purpose of the proposed legislation was "to provide for the development and better organization of educational institutions." The sole aim of the Bill is to get a stranglehold on education of the young and through that win over the youth of the land. That is the aim of Communism, and that is the sole aim of the Reds in Kerala. If the Bill passes into law, the Communists will have won a double victory, the control of education and the dealing of a crippling blow at the Catholic Church, the archenemy of Communism in all lands.

As is well known, the Catholic Church is a power in Kerala, since it counts among its adherents one-fourth of the State's population. Well over half the private schools in the State are owned and operated by the Catholics. The other Christian denominations own a substantial part of the rest. By bringing the schools directly under the Government they will be taken out of the hands of the Church, a clear victory for the Reds.

The Bill raised a storm of protest throughout India. The main opposition came, as is to be expected, from Christians. The Muslims too joined in. In Kerala itself the Bill was opposed by all non-Communist parties. But opposition of the political parties, except the Muslim League, was tainted. The previous Governments, all non-Communist, had in various ways tried to control the schools, especially Christian schools, but had failed on account of the opposition of the people. So the Communists were easily able to ridicule the Congress party's opposition and claim that it was a political move to topple the Communist Government.

The Education Bill has done a great deal of good in so far as it has shown to Catholics in and out of the State the potentialities for evil of Communism.

JM
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The Christians of Kerala have shown to the Reds that they are capable of fighting back and that they have no intention of taking things lying down. The Christians in the rest of India have rallied round their brethren and have clearly demonstrated that the Catholic Church is One, motivated by the same ideal and loyalty. But the enemy is not beaten yet.

The Indian Government is struggling hard to push through its Second Five Year Plan. We have run into very serious

financial difficulties. But the Plan is a necessity for underdeveloped India. We must raise the standard of living of the masses. This needs planning and planning needs money. There are very great problems facing the Government. Everybody is interested and is trying to help. The Communists alone are not wholeheartedly with the Government. For them the failure of the Plan would be a blessing. So during the month of May keep India very much in your prayers.



In New Delhi, capital of India, this array of signs might well indicate the confusion which besets the whole country. Most of the signs advertise various movies, which is a major industry in India, but the different languages used spell out more confusion. (A Three Lions photo)



The eye of the sheep is the treasured delicacy which the guest of honor receives at an Arab banquet in the desert but the Baghdad Jesuits know the number of eyes in a sheep and aren't wasting any time—it's faster, too, without a knife or fork. Although they may not agree with the Ceylon fisherman (right) that it has to be rice to be food.

Mmm-Tasty, ... isn't it?

HAVE SOME SQUID, rolled and roasted? In Formosa they sell it at stands like our hot dogs here. A popular dish in Japan is raw fish while in other parts of the East cobras bring a good price as a prized delicacy. Come for dinner sometime and see how the other half lives, and eats!

(Continued)

(A United Nations photo)



No, it's not a cook-out (right) even though the Moslem lady in the Mazanderan Province of Iran, close to the Caspian Sea, may not have the finery of your Sunday cook-out host. But her roast would probably be more palatable to American tastes than the greasy seal meat (below) which Nulukki and his wife are attacking with evident relish. The old adage of "It's no use arguing over tastes" still holds.

(Three Lions photos)





Her Name is Maryam

JOSEPH A. MacWADE S.J.

IN ARABIC the name of Mary is Maryam and it is a name that is held in respect by both Moslem and Christian. One example of that is the May Shrine shown above which was designed by two students, one Christian and one Moslem, of Baghdad College in Iraq.

In the Koran, the sacred book of Islam, the name of Mary appears several times and Mohammed always speaks with reverence of the Mother of Jesus. That same attitude has been shown through the centuries by the followers of the Arabian prophet. It still exists today along the banks of the Tigris, where Moslem boys will ask for a picture of Our Lady or will gladly help a Jesuit to learn the Hail Mary in Arabic.

When the Sodality of Our Lady holds a party or get-together here at the College the favorite way to bring the affair to a

conclusion is to sing the Hail Mary three times in Arabic. When you hear them singing it you wish that the prayer could be sung as beautifully in every language as it is in Arabic. The Iraqi boys are well aware of its beauty and they seize every opportunity to sing it and thus honor Our Lady who is so dear to them.

The love of Mary which we find here in the East should give us great hope, for we know that where Mary is, Christ is. If the hearts of these people can be won to a great love of Mary, then we know they can be won to a complete love of Christ.

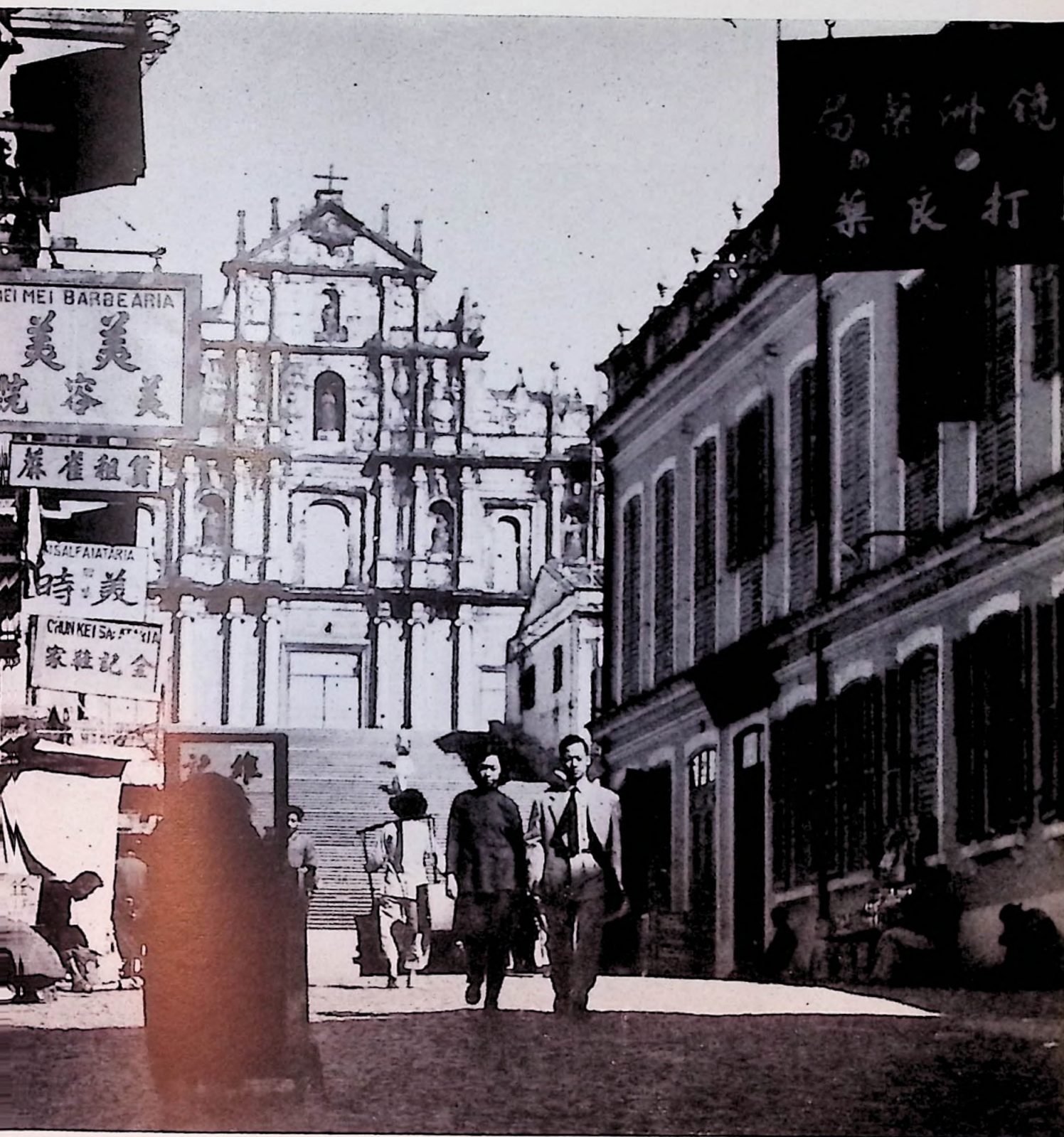
The thousands of dissident Christians here in the East—Nestorians, Jacobites, Greek and Armenian Schismatics—must be united again to the True Vine. It can be done through Her whose name is Maryam in the East, Mary in the West.

Macao, the Portuguese outpost on the edge of Red China and for centuries its doorway, now teems with refugees but is still a

Fragile Bastion

IT IS TINY (six miles square) but Macao is still free. Refugees and missionaries who speak fluent Chinese walk its crowded streets, mindful at every turn that this has been the doorway to the mainland since it first became a Portuguese colony in the 16th century. It is famous in history as the starting point of the Catholic missions to China and Japan. Today it is a spiritual center radiating the faith into captive China and its suffering Church.

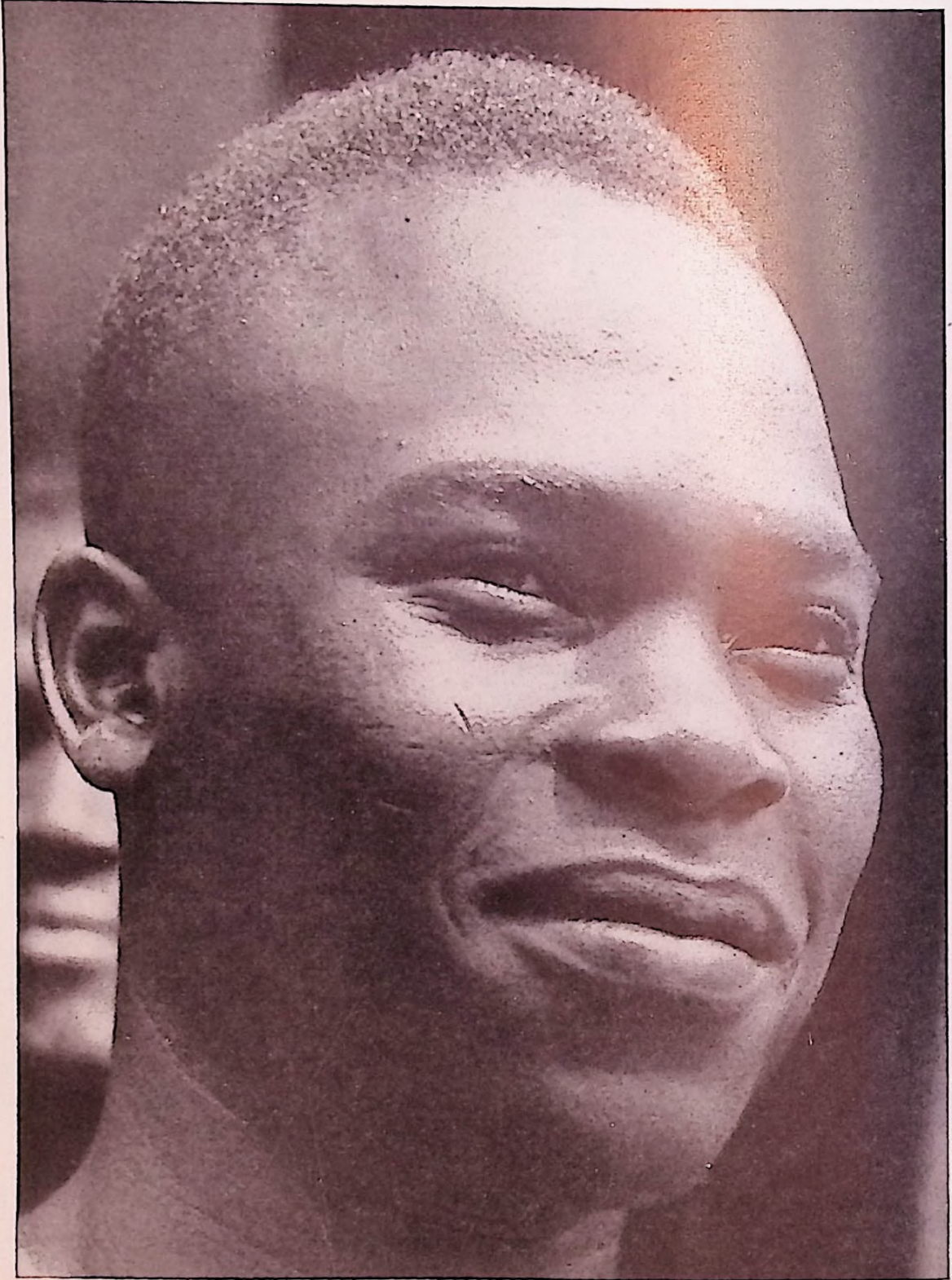




Europe and Asia meet on the Macao street that is blocked by the stairs and famous baroque facade of St. Paul's Church, built here in 1602 by the Jesuits. Later it was dedicated to the Mother of God and further served as a Novitiate for Jesuits destined for the Japan Mission.

The sense of safety and peace which normally accompanies the fishing boats snug in harbor is lacking in Macao. (Left) The communist mainland is too close, the Red threat too real and too ready.

Fragile Bastion



Colonial troops from Mozambique in East Africa garrison this farthest outpost of Portugal. Over 200 of these soldiers have been converted to Catholicism. They displayed courageous loyalty during border incidents but they know Macao can easily fall because of their lack of men and inadequate fortifications.



A Communist library in the heart of Macao hits a sour note against the steeple of the Santa Rosa Church, belonging to the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. But "the gates of hell..."



The baby-sitting problem in Macao can be easily solved if you know the right people, and know enough of them. But this Mozambique soldier does not seem to mind the least bit that he is on duty as the nurse for the daughter of the Portuguese Commandant of one of the forts on the island. So at the gates of Asia an African guards a European. All these photos were taken by our ace camera-man, Father Fred Foley S.J.

A native-born New Yorker may not be the perfect child psychologist but he can spot differences—and advance an interesting theory

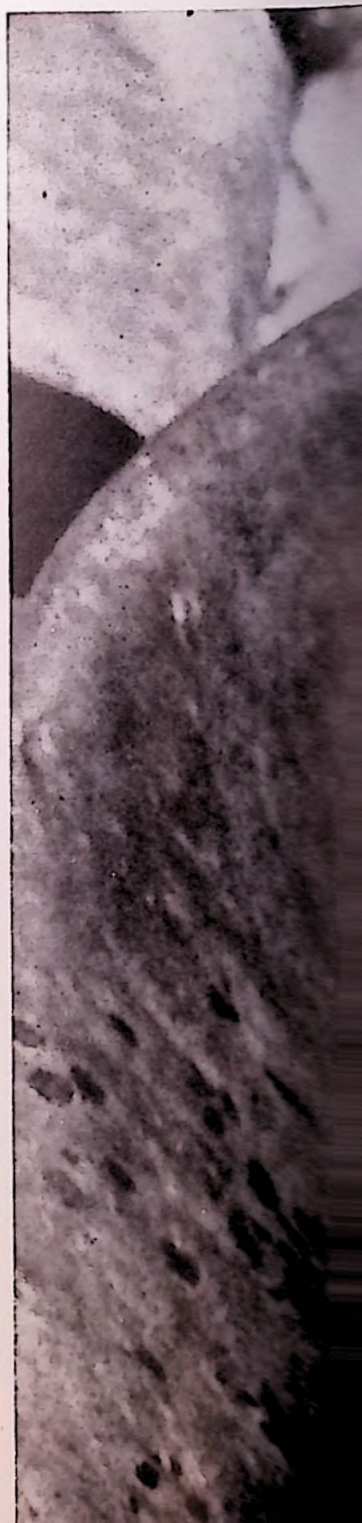
No Crybabies on Yap

IF I WEREN'T so far away from the Bronx I might not dare to stick my neck out with a few observations on children. Too many people back there might start rattling the bones in the closet of personal memories. However, it is by "popular request," a phrase that may lose its original meaning by the time I finish this latest effusion from Yap.

First of all, a word about the geography of Micronesia. When people express concern that the Atom Tests in the Pacific may affect Yap (and myself) they fail to understand that it would be the same thing as worrying about the inhabitants of Connecticut suffering from the effects of a blast in Nevada. Micronesia covers as much area as the whole United States and its people are of diverse races, languages and customs.

So I am not generalizing on "growing up in Micronesia." From what I have seen, I am aware of important differences in the manner of bringing up children in various places. But I shall confine my remarks to the area best known to myself, to Yap and the outer islands to the East. To be sure, the inhabitants of these outer islands are a different people, with a language of their own, just as their low atolls are quite different in character from the high island of Yap; but they have many customs in common as regards childhood years.

To begin with the very young, small babies are frequently carried about in baskets woven from palm leaves. As these baskets are also used for carrying food or betel nut, it is surprising at first to discover that the quiet contents of a basket hung on a peg or suspended from the branch of a tree turns out to be a contented brown baby. I say surprising, be-



FRANCIS J. COSGROVE S.J.

cause somehow it is taken for granted that babies are going to advertise their presence by periodic outcries that are to be quelled only by the hurried ministrations of parents. And though there be doubtless some individual differences among babies, as a general thing it is understood that where a number of babies is involved there is going to be a disturbance of the peace.

In the United States, Sunday sermons or the reading of the Gospel are only occasionally interrupted by infantile outbursts simply because few parents will risk the embarrassment of having to make a hurried exit in order to get their noisy charge out of earshot. But our churches out here are not provided with "crying rooms" and nobody stays home to mind the baby. As a general thing

Who wouldn't be quiet and at peace with the world with a cocoanut all for oneself?
(U.S. Navy photo)



Mass is not disturbed by the crying of children, although there may be a generous sprinkling of baskets throughout the congregation, and the only indication of the contents of the basket may be the brief appearance of a tiny foot.

How, then, explain the phenomenon of the crybaby? Or, to state the problem differently, why are native babies so well behaved from an adult point of view? Surely there can be no significant difference between them and American babies biologically. Yet the impression is widespread that the crying of babies is inevitable, and as deeply rooted in human nature as are the cries of the animal world. I cannot believe it. If some people have noisy infants and others have quiet ones, there must be something different in their surroundings and treatment. I cannot prove it, but my own explanation

is that infants have a way of sensing their surroundings, and if the parents are themselves in a state of anxiety, this condition is communicated to them with the result that the babies become irritable. If to the habitual anxieties of modern living are added an extra tension to the situation known as "care of infants," and the young child has a way of becoming aware of this, then the crying is a natural result of our culture.

So much for a conclusion drawn from comparisons. But it ties in with other kinds of evidence, and could be arrived at by quite different trains of reasoning. If I remember my Experimental Psychology correctly, the only known unconditioned reflex in the human infant is the reaction of fright to strange or sudden noise. Now I'll sit back and see what I have started.



The recent appointment of His Eminence Samuel Cardinal Stritch of Chicago to the high post of Proprefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith in Rome spotlights the growth of the Church in this country. When he was born, 70 years ago, that Congregation was in charge of Church affairs in the U.S. He was twenty years old before this country ceased to be a mission area.

Those fifty years have seen a tremendous increase in America's missionary potential. It is fitting that an American Cardinal now head the far-flung forces of Christ in the greatest work on this earth. In Cardinal Stritch the whole Church here is honored. Ad multos annos!

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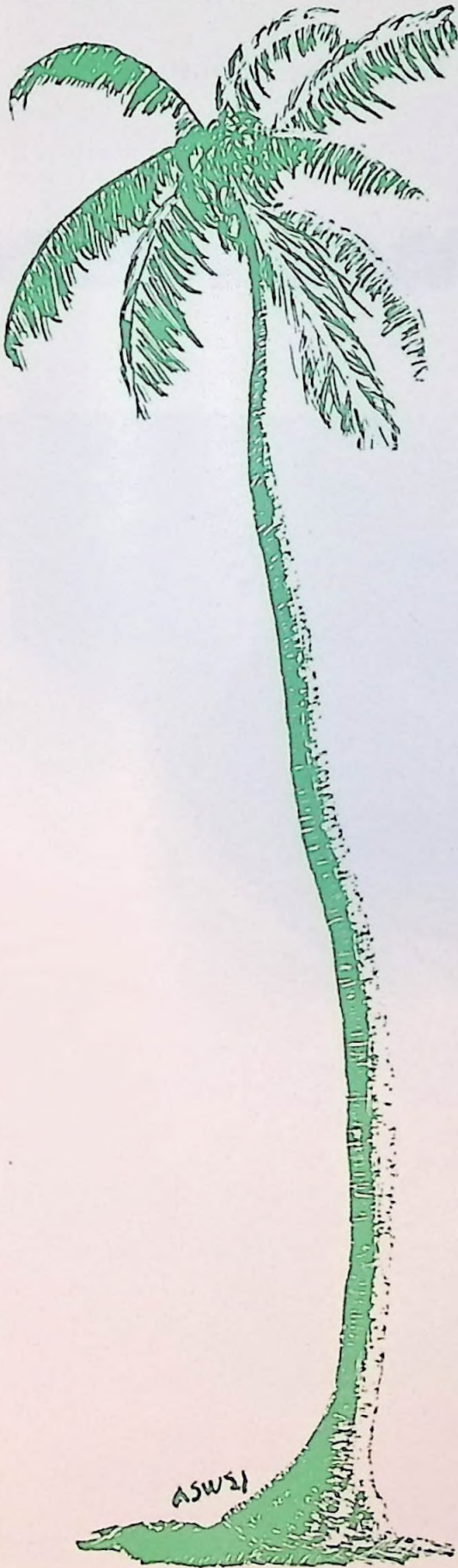
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Saturday Night Shift

FATHER MICHAEL KAVANAGH in India installed a double confessional in his new church. His parishioners, accustomed to a single kneeler, became confused. So whenever he closed one slide they figured he was finished for the night on that side and the whole line would shift to the other side. The last one in was a very tired penitent.

What Price Happiness?

IN FORMOSA FATHER SHAULES inaugurated Cana Conferences but, for the sake of the non-Christians attending, called them "Family Happiness Conferences." Father Chang, a Jesuit from Shanghai, conducted the first one. When he called for questions and reactions one gentleman said, "All that my family needs to be happy is \$200 to help my daughter through school in Taichung!" Father adroitly turned his thought to happiness of more spiritual value but, between questions from others, up would pop the same gentleman again. "What about my \$200?" By the end of the night Father Chang knew the exact price for his own peace of soul.

First Communicants Wear White

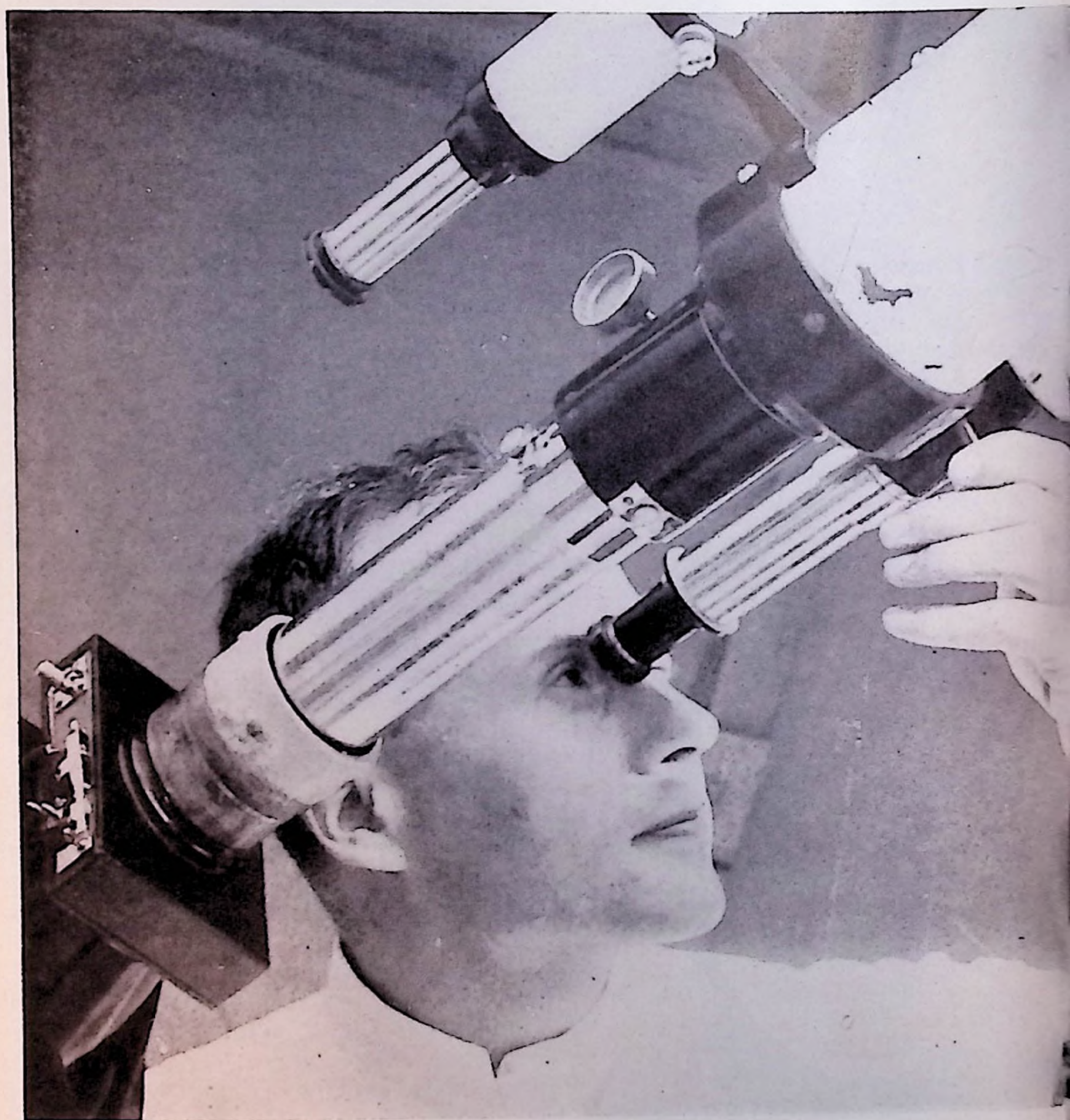
A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL in Ceylon had not yet made her first Communion. The excuse her parents gave for delaying the child's first Communion was "No clothes." Unless their child could be dressed as flashily as the richest in the diocese, they were reluctant to send her.

Well, Rosaline actually had no clothes, except the ragged outfit she wore at home. So Father Claude Daly S.J. went to one of the convents and begged some clothes. The Sisters supplied a red blouse, a blue skirt, and even added a petticoat.

The next Sunday was adoration Sunday in Sorikalmunai, and many people came to the Communion rail. Rosaline was among them, wearing her new clothes. The blouse and skirt were inside, and she was proudly wearing the white petticoat on the outside!

Sputnik was in the heavens and the
Jesuits of the Observatory on their toes
and most of the Philippines seemed to be on the phone

Moonwatch



on Mirador



"Now just what is that up there?" Father Richard Miller S.J. of Rochester, N.Y., keeps more than a weather eye open at the Manila Observatory in Luzon. Doing their part in the International Geophysics Year, the Jesuits who man the famed Observatory were called upon for extra duty when the Sputniks and Explorer were launched into space. Formerly located in Manila, the Observatory has a new and better site on the hills of Mirador near Baguio City.

I PICKED UP THE PHONE at our Manila Observatory at Mirador, outside of Baguio City in the Philippines, and waited for a connection. When it was made I said, "Operator, this is the message: 'Sputnik observed two degrees East of star Altair . . .'"

In that way I began a report on a visual observation of the Russian satellite. But the operator, in a very friendly manner, immediately broke in, "When did you see it, Father?"

"This morning, a few minutes ago."

"We saw it last night," she replied.

"At what time?"

"Oh, six, seven and eight o'clock."

That last reply of the fair lady was disarming and disillusioning for, though there had been an evening passage of Sputnik II which might have been seen, Sputnik was not visible at Baguio at all those vague times. The courteous operator had seen something else. Besides, a good prediction of the time and position of Sputnik for the previous evening was at hand from official reports.

This was not the first time an operator had broken in on our report about Sputnik sightings. Nor was it an isolated instance—a mild understatement—of phone calls about objects mistaken for Sputnik in this region. Perhaps the objects most frequently and erroneously reported as satellites were, surprisingly, the planet Venus and the sounding balloons of the local Weather Bureau.

For several months after October

fourth, Venus was the brilliant evening star. People who, under the impetus of the red moons, were searching the skies began to notice this bright object amid the moving clouds. The illusion of Venus moving across the western sky prompted many observers to phone to the Observatory for confirmation of their viewing Sputnik itself in its orbit.

One morning in the market-place just before ten in the morning someone saw an object moving through the clearings between the clouds. Many other viewers must have shared his hopes that the object was Sputnik. At any rate our phone was busy for some time answering calls. We tried to explain politely that Sputnik would not be seen at that time. Besides this day at this time, some three hours after sunrise, a weather balloon had been sent up to determine wind directions aloft. The object was prosaically a weather balloon.

When the American Explorer was launched the Manila papers announced that it would pass over the Philippines at twenty minutes past midnight on February fourth. This was good information. But several curious people waited until midnight—a bit after our retiring hour—to ring our phone bell. “Can we see the Explorer?” Sleepily but politely, we hope, we replied that the satellite for various reasons could not be seen with the naked eye at that time. But the most unwelcome call of all came again around midnight—on the wrong night!

It is not surprising that many calls

are made to the Observatory. In the Philippines more authentic sightings of the satellite have been made at Mirador than elsewhere. The one responsible for this is Father Richard A. Miller S.J., the Observatory Astronomer. From data, very meager in October, he computed the times of passage over our area. With these predictions the actual sightings were simplified.

Prior to the launchings it had been decided that the Observatory could not afford the expenditure needed for purchasing the usual set of small telescopes for a “Moonwatch” team. Enthusiastic in adding this new task to his regular study of the sun for the International Geophysical Year, Father Miller has made use of various pieces of surplus equipment to obtain valuable observations of the Sputniks. These are important for there are very few observing stations in this part of the world. For visual tracking of satellites Baguio has the distinct advantage of being a mile high. The haze and dust of the lower atmosphere, so harmful to good viewing of the stars, lies below the five thousand feet height of Baguio.

Since the Observatory is a non-profit service organization the divers phone calls even at midnight are welcome. And Father Miller will continue his work of tracking, hoping that some day his equipment will be improved and it will no longer be necessary, as he puts it, “to use a Model-T Ford to chase Sputnik around the skies.”

HISTORICAL PLAYBACK

THERE ARE ONLY four Coadjutor Brothers on the Trincomalee Mission so they have to cover ground to get the cement mixed, the curry stirred, and the thousand other jobs done.

It was the usual busy day at St. Joseph's College in Ceylon and Brother Booth was helping the Principal, Father Ponder, to answer the daily mail. One letter was a request for a teaching assignment at the school. The applicant signed his name: “K. Abraham Lincoln.”

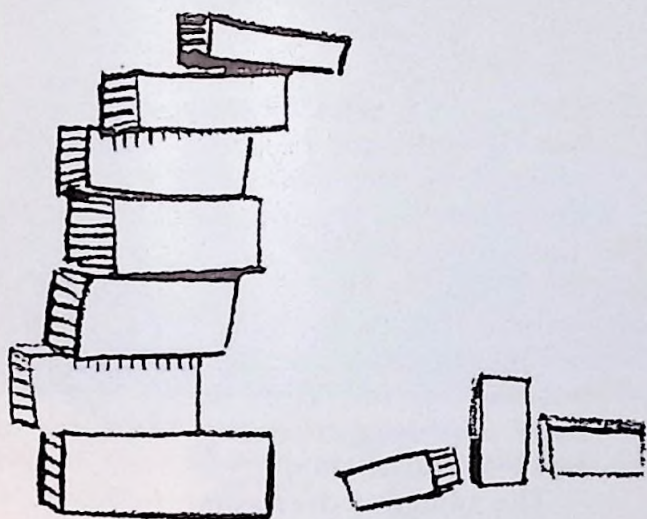
Brother Booth typed out a quick reply. “Dear Mr. Lincoln,

We received your request for an interview, and we welcome you to St. Joseph's College. We feel it only fair to you, however, to call your attention to the signature on this letter.

Sincerely,

E. J. Booth”

It is reported that Lincoln is still looking for a job—on the other side of the island.



What can a man DO?

Father Frank Kempel, of Pisgah, Jamaica, is over 70 years old. For more than 30 years he had lovingly cared for his people and his church, dedicated to St. John Berchmans.

A little while ago he stood helplessly by watching his church collapse in an earthquake.

What can a man do? Where can a missionary get \$5,000 to rebuild the shattered work of 30 years?

Won't you help Father Kempel?

Send \$5.00, \$10.00—whatever you can spare to:

Jesuit Missions

45 E. 78th St., New York 21, N.Y.

The Blackrobe did not want the ways of this people to die nor their customs to be forgotten so he labored to give them

Captured Memories

IN THESE DAYS of built-up vitamins, smashed atoms and man-launched baby moons did you ever wonder what the ancient Sioux did back in the days of Red Cloud and Crazy Horse without the aid of F. W. Woolworth, the corner drug store, and the supermarket?

The answer is found in the museum at St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota, where memories of the past are captured in many fascinating items collected during a span of almost half a century by the late Father Eugene Buechel S.J., veteran missionary among the Sioux, who affectionately merited from the people of his adoption the distinguished title "Wamblei Sapa"—Black Eagle. Father Buechel's purpose in building up the museum was to keep intact the heritage of the Sioux, the history of their nation, and the memory of their customs and folklore.

A stroll through the beautiful museum will give you an insight into how the Sioux lived in the days of Chief Red Cloud and Rain-In-The-Face. When young Alice Iron Shell wanted to look her loveliest and have her long, black hair gleam in resplendent beauty, she took the tail from a porcupine, inserted a stick in it to make it rigid, and then used the stiff bristles for a hair brush. No better brush at any price, for here is a hair brush direct from producer to consumer with no profit for the middle-man, in fact not even for the producer!

When Grandpa Walks Under The Ground wanted a tobacco pouch, he sim-

ply caught a skunk, removed the animal from its hide, and presto—a beautiful fur-covered tobacco pouch. You may see it for yourself—a handy humidor for aromatic tobacco. His pipe was equally simple. When he shot a deer, he cut off the animal's front leg at the knee. Breaking the bone again above the hoof, he pushed out the marrow from inside the bone, thus providing a strong stem for the bowl of baked clay.

The obliging deer came in handy for other things besides furnishing venison. When Grandma Kills Enemy In Water wanted a sack in which to store dried meat, she cut the hide from the head of the deer, tanned the skin, and sewed it up with leather to make a strong, durable sack.

What did the Sioux do when they felt their blood pressure running a little low? Look in the corner of the museum and you will find the answer—huge stone hammers that were used to crush bones of buffalo and elk. The Sioux thus obtained a plentiful supply of marrow from their drug store on the hoof.

On a midsummer's evening when the deep purple shadows began to creep eastward from the cool canyons and ravines of the Bad Lands, Young Afraid Of Bear felt inspired to woo the lovely Indian maiden of his choice. While the rugged ramparts of the Black Hills were still etched in dreamy blue against the distant sky, Young Afraid Of Bear went down to the willows along White River. He selected a straight young limb, and



The late Father Buechel S.J. with Mr. William Chulack at St. Francis Mission when the latter, head of Chulack Productions, was shooting his film, "The Blackrobe," among the Sioux.

whittled it out to make a wooden flute. Its one, high-pitched note vibrated impulsively across the prairie. The dark-eyed maiden listening to its insistent note would exclaim, "The voice of an elk is calling."

Like the wooden toy soldiers of Little Boy Blue, the flute stands silent and mute today in its glass show-case, reminding you, perhaps, of the far-away day when its stirring echoes brought a message of love under western stars.

Our visit to the museum is necessarily short and limited. There are scores and scores of other interesting items we have not even mentioned, such as the beautiful beaded dresses, the leather shirts

worn by the Ghost Dancers of 1890, saddles and stirrups made of bones of animals, sacred stones, "winter count" calendars, Indian hats, and a marvelous collection of plants indigenous to this country and carefully preserved with annotations in both English and Lakota, the native language of the Sioux.

The St. Francis Museum is rich in the history of the Sioux. Its hundreds of items preserve much of cultural value and interest. Even the casual visitor will depart with a new appreciation for the civilization of the Red Man, and all, both old and young, will find a new, thrilling experience waiting for them in Black Eagle's Wonder House.

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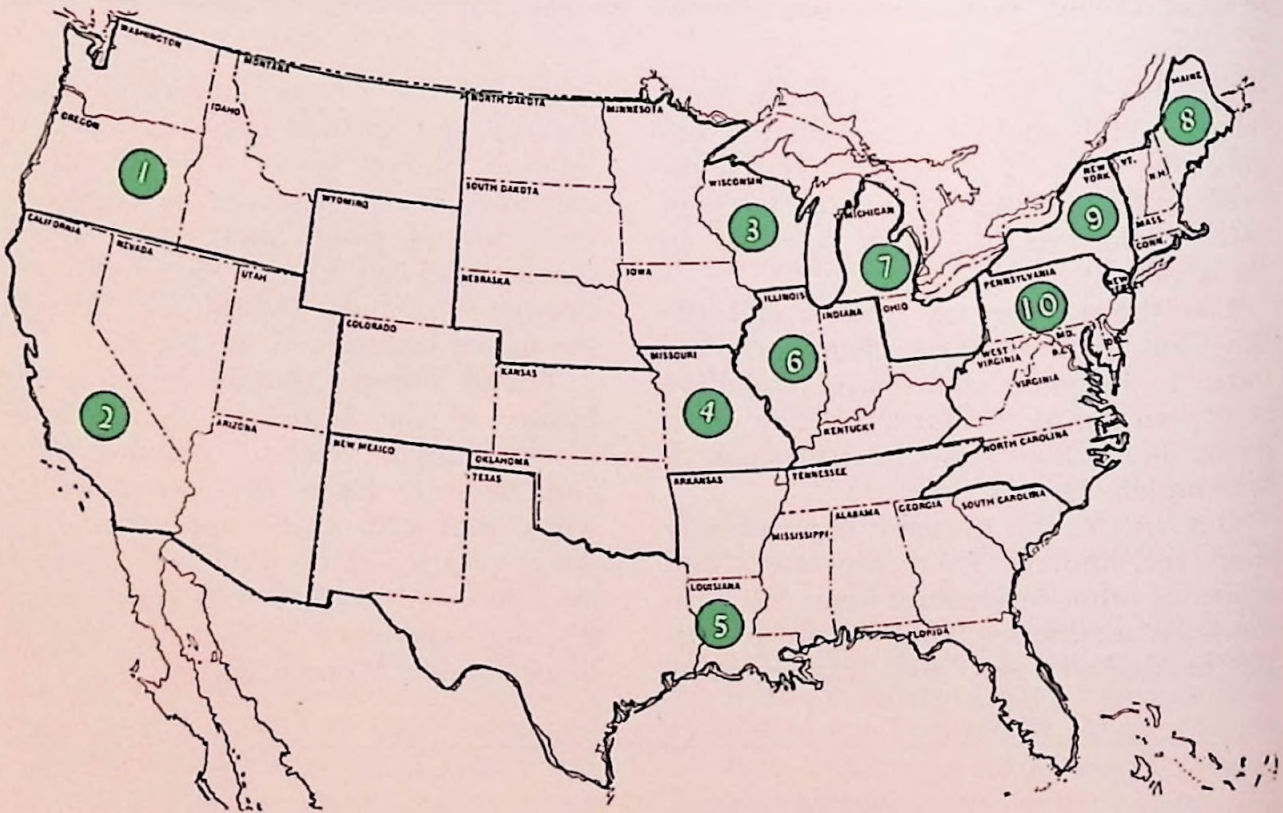
... and where is my neighbor?

THERE WAS A BOY who lived on the same street, or on the next block, or who served Mass at the church. Then he went away to become a Jesuit and the next thing we heard of him was that he had gone to the missions, to India, to Baghdad, to the Pacific. We probably asked ourselves, "How did he ever land in that queer place?"

To understand the answer to that question we must look at the organizational setup of the Society of Jesus in this country. The Jesuits are divided in-

to ten distinct provinces which are named after their central point. Only one, the New England Province, indicates exactly the geographical territory which it embraces. The others include more than the name alone indicates. So, for example, the New Orleans Province must cover all the southern states from Florida to New Mexico.

All of these provinces have at least one mission assigned to them by the Holy See. That assignment will be made in the light of the existing circumstances.



Where Do They Come From? The map shows the division and organization of the ten provinces of the Society of Jesus in the United States. What province are you in? These are the sources of the missionary personnel which constitutes 1,230 men in mission fields today, the largest contribution of manpower from the States, over one quarter of all missionaries.

A certain province may be too thinly extended at home so that it cannot spare the manpower needed for a new mission at that particular moment. So a province with the manpower and means of support is chosen to take over that particular mission field which the Holy See assigns. One example of this manner of choice is the Baghdad Mission. The hierarchy and Christians in that eastern city petitioned the Holy Father for English-speaking Jesuits to teach their boys. The end result was that this mission was given to the New England Province but circumstances in those early days necessitated the loan of a few men from other provinces to aid in the beginning of the enterprise.

Recently some missions like the Philippines, India, etc., have been given a different status owing to local conditions. However, this is mainly to expedite jurisdictional questions and these fields still rely on their home provinces in the United States for personnel and financial support. So men and money will still be going from the New York Province to the Philippines or from California to the dispersed China Mission men but jurisdiction is now in the hands of local Superiors.

So it is possible to map out fairly ac-

curately the road which the boy in your neighborhood will follow if he wants to be a Jesuit missionary. In most cases he will join the province in which he lives and the chances are nine out of ten that his missionary work will be carried out in the field assigned to that province. However, if a boy wants to join the Jesuits and work in a definite mission he is accepted under that proviso.

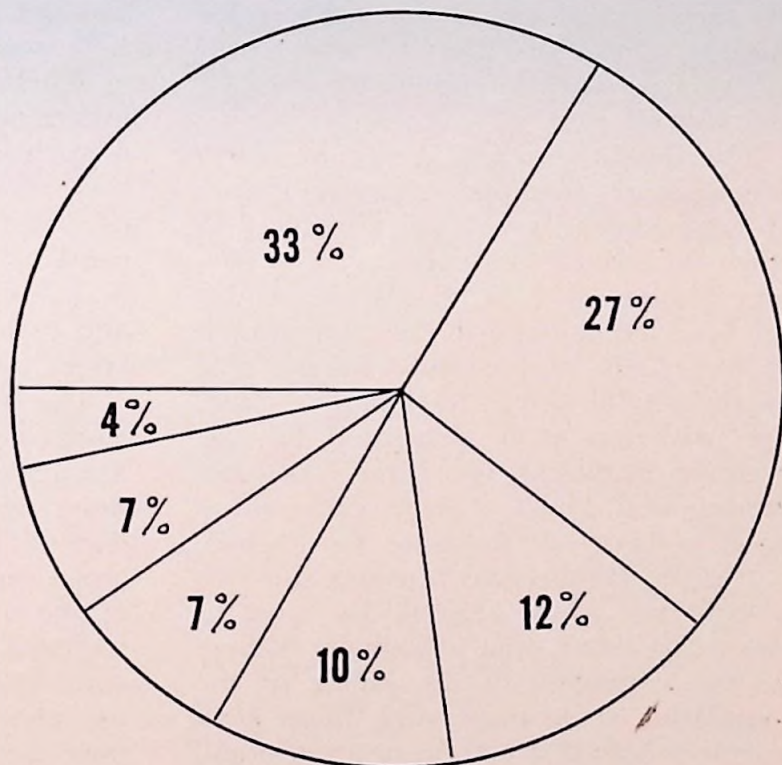
So where is my neighbor? The mission fields are distributed among the ten provinces as follows:

(Numbers refer to those on U.S. map.)

- 1) Oregon Province: Alaska & Indians
- 2) California: Formosa & Far East
- 3) Wisconsin: Korea & American Indians
- 4) Missouri: British Honduras, Yoro in Honduras & American Indians
- 5) New Orleans: Ceylon & U.S. Spanish
- 6) Chicago: Patna, India
- 7) Detroit: Patna, India & Indians
- 8) New England: Jamaica & Baghdad
- 9) New York: Philippines & Caroline-Marshall Islands
- 10) Maryland: Jamshedpur, India & Burma

Other Jesuit missionaries labor in Japan and on the Home Missions among the Spanish-speaking peoples.

Where Do They Go? The chart represents the various areas in the world where your neighbor may be. One-third of all the Jesuit missionaries from this country are in the Pacific, in the Philippines or the Caroline-Marshall Islands. The next largest area is Central Asia, India, Ceylon and Burma. In order follow, Alaska and the U.S. Northwest with its Indian reservations; the Caribbean and Central America; the Far East of Formosa, Japan and Korea, with handfuls of men scattered through Southeast Asia; the Home Missions among the Negroes and Spanish-speaking peoples of the U.S.; and finally the Near East of Baghdad and Lebanon.



They are sons of the sea and shore
so they know the danger of building on sand
but they were not afraid to build a House of God on hope

Fishermen's Church

SIMON ARULAPPAH S.J.

IT WAS THE FEAST of Our Lady of the Rosary. The blazing sun of Ceylon was beating down mercilessly on the surging crowd gathered on the roadside. Suddenly a murmur swept across the people: "There he is, that is his car." A car pulled up by the road and out stepped the Bishop. Great indeed was his surprise and joy at the sight of his humble flock kneeling on the road, blocking his path to receive his blessing and kiss his ring.

That was the warm reception—warm in more senses than one—given the Bishop of Trincomalee, Ignatius T. Glennie S.J., when he arrived at Kuchchaveli, a Mission Station of Nilaveli Parish, to lay the foundation stone of the new church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. For nearly a mile along the Bishop's route, the road was gaily decorated for the occasion. Sinhalese and Tamil Catholics, Hindus and Muslims were gathered in good numbers to welcome the Bishop.

For the Hindus and Muslims this was a sight not to be missed, for most of them had never seen a Catholic bishop. As the ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone proceeded, these good people followed it with keen interest and

in perfect silence, standing around the place being sanctified, unmindful of the burning sun above. When all was over and the Bishop had thanked all those who had helped in making the occasion a success, the Hindu doctor of the nearby hospital was heard to remark, "Would that we could know how to conduct our own religious ceremonies!"

It was a great day for the Catholics of Kuchchaveli also. Most of them are fishermen, strong, swarthy, hardworking men. Tamil in origin and early education, they now however speak Sinhalese, because they hail from the Western coast of Ceylon which is predominantly Sinhalese. They are strong in their faith, and generous to a degree, but quick to anger and quicker to draw the knife.

The other section of the Catholics of Kuchchaveli are the Tamil farmers. Kuchchaveli being a part of the Dry Zone of Ceylon, the farmers have to depend for the success of their paddy crops on the scattered showers of rain of the northeast monsoon. And as often happens the rains are either too late in coming or too early, or too scanty, or too abundant, or none at all. And the poor farmers are generally poorer at the



Some of Father Arulappah's Ceylonese parishioners demonstrate teamwork on their fishing boat and hope that they pull together just as successfully in building the parish church.

end of the reaping season than at the beginning. The "Powers that Be" seem at last to have noticed the wretched plight of these people, and have begun restoring a few of the hundreds of reservoirs once built by the glorious kings of Ceylon.

For a long time the Catholics, especially the Sinhalese fishermen, were clamoring for a church in their midst. Holy Mass is at present said at the Head Fisherman's hut. "But this is not enough," they argued. "We want a church that will be befitting our God."

"That's all very well" I said, "but what about the funds for it?"

"We shall help as much as we can. Praying to Our Lady of the Rosary, we shall cast our nets and give you whatever we catch."

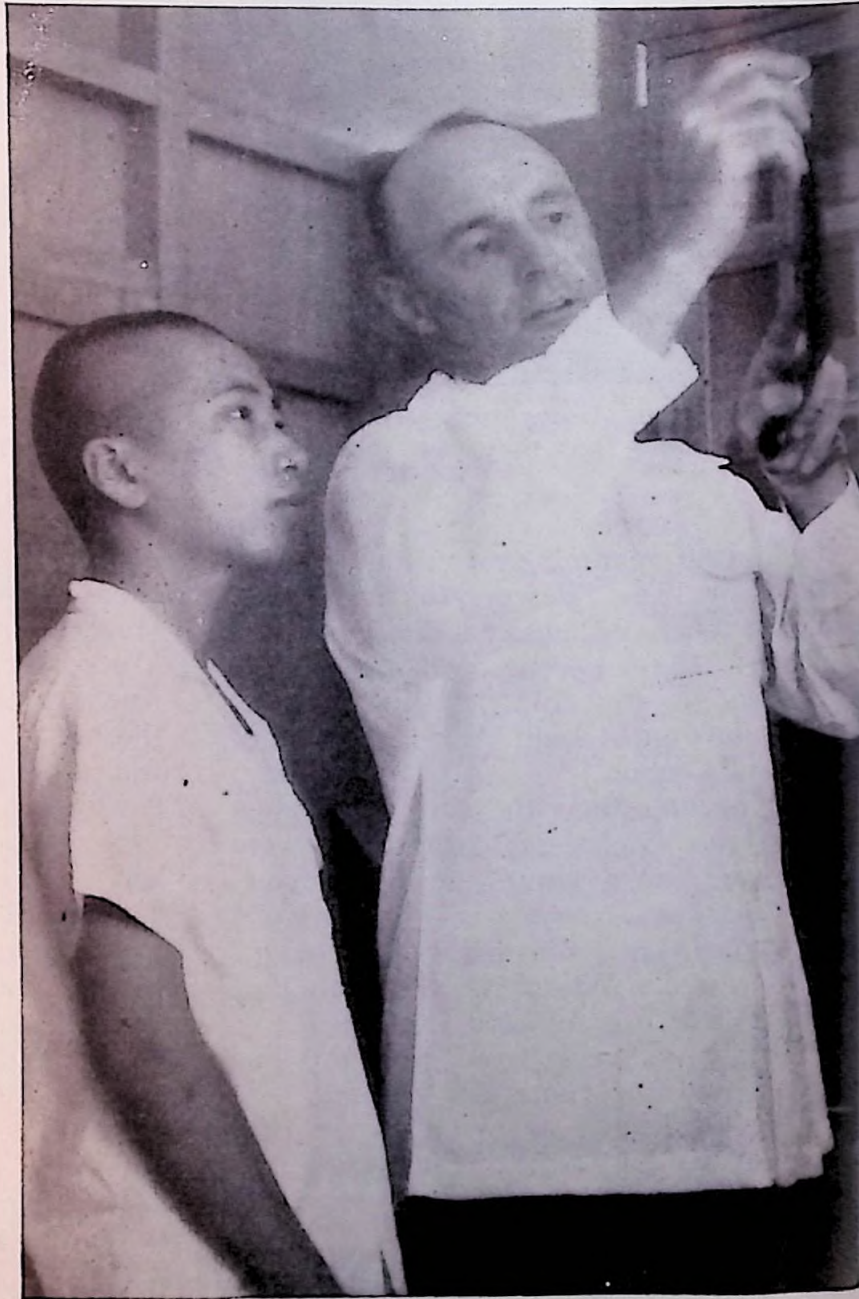
Trusting in that promise, I have begun building the foundation for this

church. I had put it off for nearly three years. It's not wise to wait any longer. The Catholics want it; there is a need for it; the place demands it; for Kuchchaveli is a fast-growing town. If the rains come in due season, if the fish run in great numbers, if . . . if . . . But it is worth the gamble.

Now the foundation stone has been laid and most of the foundation has been built up. But the Catholics of Kuchchaveli alone, unaided by others, will not be able to finish this church to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. For with all the good will in the world they cast their nets for the church and more often than not they catch hardly anything. The fishing season this year has been poor. So the time ahead may be long, and the worries many, but we will keep hoping—and praying to Our Lady of the Rosary.

People worth Knowing

May we introduce the kind of man who may help us to understand better the loyalty and willingness to suffer for the Faith which Chinese Catholics have so gloriously shown? The boy with Father Louis Dowd of Formosa wanted to become a Catholic. His pagan father found him with a rosary in his pocket and beat him severely. Did that discourage him, even though he was a child of ancestor worship? On the contrary, he found himself ten smooth stones and one slippery agate—and the praise of the Virgin Mother echoed again in Heaven. Now, at long last, he is baptized a Catholic. We thought you should know him.





"U.S. Navy calling"... and if it's a medical case in the vicinity of Formosa it may well be for Sister M. Hilda Meier, M.D., of the German Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, one of the first two Sisters given permission by Pope Pius XII to practice surgery.

The Children's Children

IN FORMOSA four generations of the Tsou tribe, aborigines who dwell in the vicinity of Sun Moon Lake in Central Taiwan, were photographed by Father Fred Foley S.J. They are all members of the royal tribal family and were all converted to Christianity a few years ago. Shown on these pages are great-grandmother, grandmother, mother and son, garbed in their traditional costumes. The aborigines number about 165,000 and are a fiercely independent people, of different racial stock than the lowlanders of Taiwan.



Great-grandmother—and mother of Lord M



Grandmother—Queen Mother of Tsou tribe.



Mother—Princess Mao of Sun Moon Lake



“Unto thy children’s children . . .” The boy of today will be the leader of the Tsou tomorrow.



"I ACHIE IN AFRICA," said the Ancient Missionary somberly.

For a moment we thought that the old man's mind had slipped its moorings. Or perhaps it was just a slip of the tongue. Or was he really sick?

"I ache in Africa," repeated the Ancient Missionary, "and in quite a number of other places, too."

He turned to the youngest member of the staff and inquired politely, "Where do you ache? Asia? South America? Or is the pain more localized, in Korea or Indonesia, for example?"

Silence. Stunned silence all over the office. As it does to all men, decay had come to the Ancient Missionary, and, obviously, it had gnawed at his mind. That keen, stimulating mind.

The youngest member of the staff began to heave from his chair, vaguely sure that someone ought to do or say something, anything.

"Sit down, young man," crackled the Ancient Missionary cheerfully, "and have no fears for my sanity."

"If all of you," his waving cane generously embraced the whole office, "do not ache in Africa and Asia, and all over the mission world for that matter, the reason is that you don't pay enough attention to the tremendous truths of the Faith."

"We of the Mystical Body cannot be isolated from each other. We can't do what we like and forget everyone else. The Church, as the Holy Father has reminded us, 'presents herself as an ex-



Window on the Mission World

Under the leadership of the Pope and the Bishops, the fraternal response to mission needs should come from the entire Church

change of life and energy between all the members of the Mystical Body of Christ upon earth.' We live and grow, we decline and suffer, together.

"We cannot be divided. We cannot be isolated. The Church in America is not truly Catholic if it closes all the doors on the rest of the great world and thinks only of its own house of forty-eight states.

"The Pope spelled it out for us in *Fidei Donum*. He wrote: '... nothing of that which concerns our Mother the Church is or can be extraneous to a Christian. In the same manner that his faith is the faith of the entire Church, his supernatural life the life of the whole Church, the joys and anxieties of the Church will be his joys and anxieties,

the universal perspectives of the Church will be the normal perspectives of his Christian life.'

"And that," said the Ancient Missionary, "is why I ache in Africa. And Asia and everywhere the missionary Church is young and feeble, in need of whatever strength I can supply."

With that he left us.

"Whew," said the youngest member of the staff, "let's get back to the job."

We did, but everyone of us knew that working for the missions is more than a job. The Ancient Missionary had once again jolted our complacency. Missions are not just a "cause" or even a "crusade." They are part of our life, our life in the Mystical Body.

"... in the Church every member does not live for itself alone, but helps the others and all help each other for their mutual consolation, as well as for a better development of the whole body" (*Mystici Corporis*, Pius XII).

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

During This Year the centennial celebration of the appearance of Our Lady at Lourdes will be held in France. Hundreds of miles away, on an Indian mission in the United States this anniversary will be observed with special feelings of gratitude to Our Lady for her protection and help. This mission at Porcupine, South Dakota, is dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. The Sisters who teach there, and their pupils, will be seen at their grotto of "Lourdes," praying for their benefactors and asking for help to provide adequate dormitory space for the girl pupils.

Would you help Our Lady to help the little girls? Your gift of \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00 would help build this dormitory.

Thanks for the Help in building the Church at Hsinchu, Formosa. The China missionaries like Msgr. Fahey, Father Foley and Father Stevenson are very grateful to you. These men were in Msgr. Fahy's room the other night talking about the new church and wondering if they might mention to you the need for interior furnishings. If you could help, here is what they suggested:

30 Pews	\$ 50.00 each
Pulpit	75.00
Altar Rail	500.00
Sanctuary Gates ..	50.00
Altar Canopy	100.00
6 Sanctuary Kneelers	24.00
Public address system	
Amplifier	100.00

The Radio Is Still Important on the missions since there's no television competition. The Sacred Heart Radio Program at Jamaica has a respectable au-

dience and does much good. Would you sponsor this program for one day? The cost is \$10.00.

Father Murphy of El Negrito, Honduras, now has a mission station at Morazan with a church of adobe—old, historic but unfit for use. The people have collected \$90.00 and offer their help in reconstruction, if these supplies could be obtained:

1500 Bags of Cement	\$1.10 each
190 Zinc Sheets	10.00 each
250 Iron Bars	1.00 each

Science Courses must be taught in schools on the missions. At St. Xavier College in Bombay, Mr. James Filella, a young Jesuit scholastic missionary from Spain, is teaching a course in physiology but is handicapped by lack of laboratory equipment. He is struggling with the problem of raising funds for this equipment. Could you help with a small gift?

After a Hundred Years the church at St. Andrew's Indian Mission, Pendleton, Oregon, has a shaky foundation. During the periods of high winds Father James Hurley gets pretty worried about his church, which is in good shape except for the foundation. The safety of the church could be assured by recementing the stone foundation.

200 Bags of Cement	\$1.60 each
	(U.S. price)

Father William Brennan has a plan for supplying printed religious instructions for his Spanish-speaking people. He has a mimeograph but needs a typewriter with a Spanish keyboard. Would you help supply this need with a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00?

WHAT
DOES IT TAKE
TO MAKE
A Dream
Come
True?



PRAYER • SACRIFICE • HARD WORK

For years Father S. Arulappah dreamed of building a Mission Chapel in Nilaveli, Ceylon. So he prayed and toiled without letup to realize his dream. But he cannot do it alone.

Will you help make his dream come true?

Chapel building	\$1,000.00
Altar	50.00
Linens	10.00
Stations of the Cross	7.50

Contributions will be gratefully received at

JESUIT Missions

45 E. 78 St., New York 21, N.Y.



Our Lord's Light...

Is a lovely sight to see in a Church—warm, comforting . . . But **Father Louis Dowd's** chapel in **Hsinchu, Taiwan, Formosa** has no Sanctuary lamp. For that matter it needs:

A Tabernacle	\$300.00
Candle stands	50.00
Vigil light and stand	30.00
Stations of the Cross	7.50

Won't you help?

Send your contribution to

Jesuit Missions

45 E. 78 ST., NEW YORK 21, N.Y.