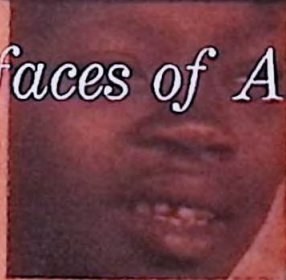




JESUIT MISSIONS



the faces of AFRICA



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Death waits beyond this narrow band of water for the outstretched finger of a company commander is pointed at the Communist China mainland. Photo was taken by Father Fred Foley S.J. who tells in this issue of his visit to Kinmen (Quemoy) one fort of the Free China forces now on Formosa. The Red soldiers are only a little over a mile away from this island outpost.





JESUIT MISSIONS

Voice of 1,230 Jesuits on missions assigned to American Provinces

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Africa's future and its difficulties are reported on by Vincentian Father McGuire who made a recent trip to Central Africa. Father is Executive Secretary of the Secretariat in Washington, headquarters for mission-sending societies.



The author Rev. Frederick A. McGuire C.M. is Executive Secretary of the Mission Secretariat, Washington, D.C.

(R. N. S. photo)

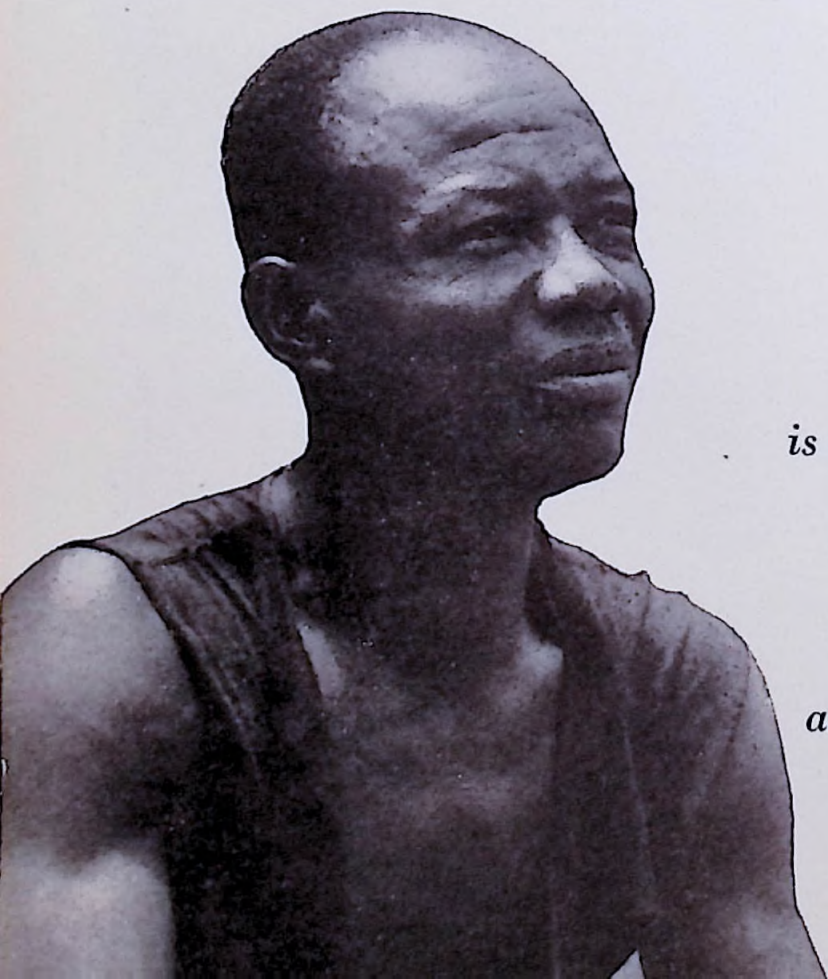
THIS IS THE DAY for Africa, and on today depends its future. Every where one goes in this great country, one learns that the forces of Communism are striving mightily to win conversions to their cause. Each year, more and more young Africans are visiting the Soviet Union as guests of that nation. The methods of the past in many areas are no longer to be used. Constant revision of methodology must be made. More missionaries must be trained to meet the social and economic changes that are so apparent in Africa today. The Church can only win these millions for Christ if it puts forth tremendous effort *now*—not tomorrow.

It is not possible in several hundred words to give any true picture of the

wonderful missionary work that is being carried on by the Catholic Church in Africa. It would not be right to dogmatize on the problems in the few areas visited for such a brief period of time. However, it may be permitted to draw some rather general conclusions based largely upon conversations with experienced missionaries and civil servants.

I necessarily limited my visit to Liberia, Ghana, Leopoldville (Belgian Congo), Brazzaville (French Equatorial Africa), Nairobi (Kenya Colony), Musoma and Moshi in Tanganyika.

In population and territory, Liberia is the smallest of these countries. This area at one time was dubbed the White Man's Grave. It has functioned as an independent Republic since 1847, but



AFRICA

THE DARK CONTINENT

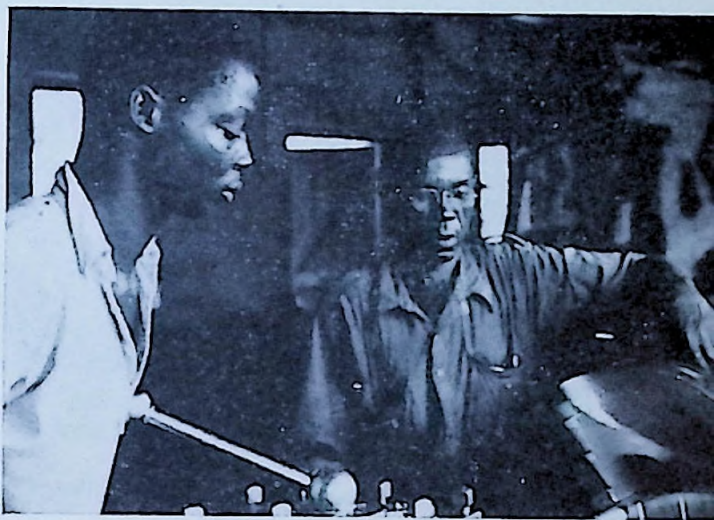
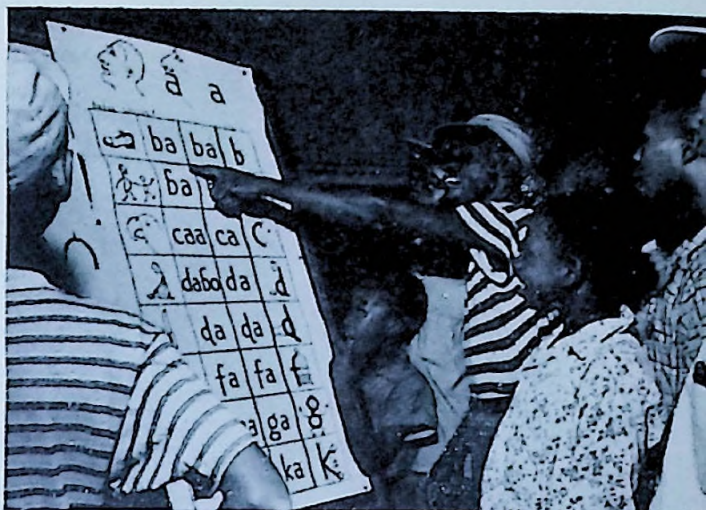
*is a giant newly-awakened
from a long sleep, beginning
a day bright with promise
and grey with foreboding . . .*

(United Nations photo)

Yesterday their people had no alphabet and no machines but young Africa is ready and eager to make the transition from old to new.
(United Nations photo)

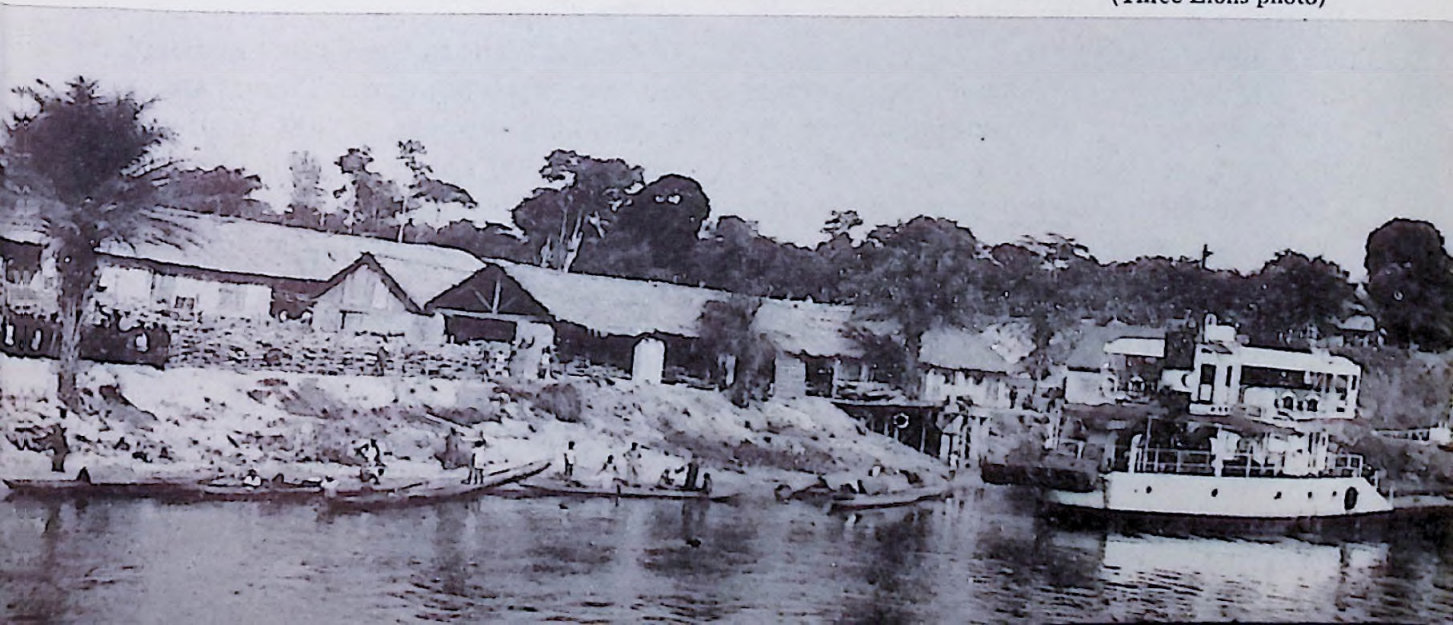
the Catholic Church did not obtain a permanent foothold until 1906. There are only 10,000 Catholics in an estimated 2½ million people. In a little more than 50 years, the Church has made substantial progress. Perhaps the two main factors impeding the Church are the mad rush for material gain and the sexual immorality of so many of the people. The original tribes of this area are losing very rapidly the better tribal customs because of the growth of industrialization.

Ghana has had only one year of independence. Much of the Northern Territories is still extremely primitive and lacks the amenities of civilization. The coastal area is driving forward to rapid urbanization. With a consequent de-



FACES THE FUTURE

(Three Lions photo)





This young citizen of Liberia could live long enough to see his country's dreams realized.
(United Nations photo)

HOW BIG a place will the Church occupy in Africa of the future?

tribalization, all of the young people are avid for education and their desires are being made possible through the support of the schools by the government. The University of Ghana, only five years old, is a major institution.

The people of Ghana are jumping centuries. They are determined to go forward, but there is a danger that as they become more and more highly educated and desirous of economic betterment, many will find no job opportunities consonant with their training. If that were to come about, we might well see another type of revolution in this little land.

Leopoldville is a modern city where segregation of white and African is an unwritten law. One does not find among the Africans here any loud cries for national independence, but competent observers believe that this nationalism is inevitable. Many government officials maintain that the Catholic missions have really made the Belgian Congo. In the Catholic mission schools there are 1½ million children and the Catholic Church is the Church of Africa. Forty per cent of the Africans in the Congo are baptized or are catechumens. There are more than 3,000 priests, 1,300 brothers and almost 4,000 sisters working in this great country. The Belgian Government has been generous in its support of missionary institutions, recognizing that the missionary is one of the great civilizing forces, probably the greatest.

Nairobi, in Kenya Colony, was the center of the recent fanatical Mau Mau

HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION FOR JULY

PLEASE PRAY *that a genuinely Christian solution may be found for the problems of the poor in the large cities of Africa, particularly in regard to general living conditions and housing.*



Brawn aided by modern machinery tackles the wealth of Africa's forest land.

(United Nations photo)

movement aimed at both the white man and the Church. That movement has largely been suppressed but there is a great drive toward national independence underway. The highlands are rich in agricultural production, and the white settlers, who have developed this area, are loath to lose it. At the present time, the nationalist movement is led by Tom Mboya, a practicing Catholic, who does not want any bloodshed. The Church is making rapid progress in this area and in the wake of the Mau Mau movement has come a veritable mass movement toward Christianity.

The diocese of Musoma is on the eastern boundary of Lake Albert, just



Fifty-six million tons of high-grade iron ore lie beneath these palms.

(United Nations photo)

HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION FOR AUGUST

PLEASE PRAY *this month that true Christian life may flourish in Nigeria. The 1,226,033 Catholics and nearly 500,000 catechumens are a small but strong minority among Nigeria's population of some 30,000,000.*

north of the great Serengeti Plains where the wild animals roam in large numbers. This is a new diocese but the progress among the people is steady. The older diocese of Moshi, in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro, is probably one of the best established missions in all of East Africa.

It may be said in general that the African people, once Christianized, are most remarkable in their faith and devotion. From the ranks of these newly baptized Catholics come great numbers of excellent priests, brothers and sisters. Let us pray for them in this, their day, and the day upon which the future depends and which the world watches.

J. ROGER LUCEY S.J.

LOVE + SEEING =

God's work has to be seen

close up to be appreciated

WHEN I JUBILANTLY told my parents some years ago that I had been assigned to the Belize Mission in British Honduras, their reaction was very disappointing. "Why you? Why there? Don't they have hurricanes there?" In their minds, having a son a priest was supposed to be a supreme joy for aging, retired Catholic parents, not a source of constant worry. They even visited my younger brother, then only a novice, and made him promise that he would never allow himself to be sent to some God-forsaken corner of the world.

Two years passed and still they fretted, but then some friends prevailed upon them to visit the Mission and see for themselves. They flew all night on the only plane that comes to British Honduras, and arrived early next morning. Tired as they were, they demanded a look around. We made one quick circle about the capital city, Belize, in Bishop Hickey's car. They were shocked by what they saw: packing-crate houses, open sewers, fly-infested markets. My father grew impatient. "Stop teasing us," he said, "and show us the main parts of the city!" I couldn't; there weren't any. Then came the old questions with new force: "Why you? Why here?"

When I went to rouse my parents later in the day, I inwardly sympathized with all lion tamers, who have to re-enter the cage the day after they have been severely scratched. Hesitantly, indeed, I

proposed a modest itinerary to them which included a day or so in a few of the bush villages and a boat trip to an island village along the coast. Surprisingly enough they were willing. "We've come this far," they said, "we might as well see what's here."

On all these trips they were amazingly interested and agreeable but thoroughly mum about what they actually thought. I suspected that all was not yet well by any means. But then it broke. We were on our way back to Belize from the last village we had planned to visit. They told me that instead of resting that first day, they had spent most of the time talking, and had decided that criticizing, comparing, and condemning would only make matters worse. "We could see," they confessed, "that you Jesuits were happy working here. So why should we upset everything? We didn't like it, but we decided to wait."

"Then we travelled and saw the Church's work and each night we would talk again. We saw Catholic schools in every village; frequently enough the only school. Every school was filled with Catholic children. They recited their lessons for us and they sang the Mass by heart. We saw priests, like Fathers Ulrich and Kramer, teaching these people to farm, to use machines, to save money. We saw Father Ganey's cooperatives in action, helping poor people who never before had change for a

UNDERSTANDING

Missionary Lucey explains to his parents from Ferryville, Wisconsin, the work done at St. John's College.



dollar. We saw other priests defending the poor lumber- and chicle-bush-laborers who couldn't count their pay nor even speak the language of their wealthy employer. We saw churches, large enough for 200 or 300 people, built of stone and free labor for only \$500. That's the best-spent \$500 that any man ever earned anywhere!"

"You must have thought we were crazy," they admitted, "but we just didn't know. No wonder you men are here and so happy!"

If they were younger they thought

they perhaps would like to stay. We convinced them that they could do us the most good back home by telling others what they had seen and heard. They went home gladly leaving their son—and their hearts—in Belize. On the way back they visited their second Jesuit son and tore up his promise never to go on the missions at any time.

Missionaries will always tell you that it is almost impossible to give an adequate picture of their mission. This little story might help you guess what it is like in Belize.



Belize from the air is more attractive than the city seen from close-up. It is the drab capital of a run-down colony.



Hurricanes can wreak havoc on buildings as flimsy as these at Orange Walk. Steel and concrete are answer.



Indians of Mayan stock have high rate of attendance in their thatched roof schools. Credit Unions have helped much.

GERALD P. LAWLOR S.J.

THE SAVING WORD

The priest had strength to murmur only one word

SOMEWHERE in the Chotanagpur district of India the big priest had stumbled into the dusty road and flagged down the long-distance bus. It lurched to a stop and he struggled aboard. His fever-crazed eyes fixed on the conductor and he gasped out one word. "Mandar!" Then he collapsed.

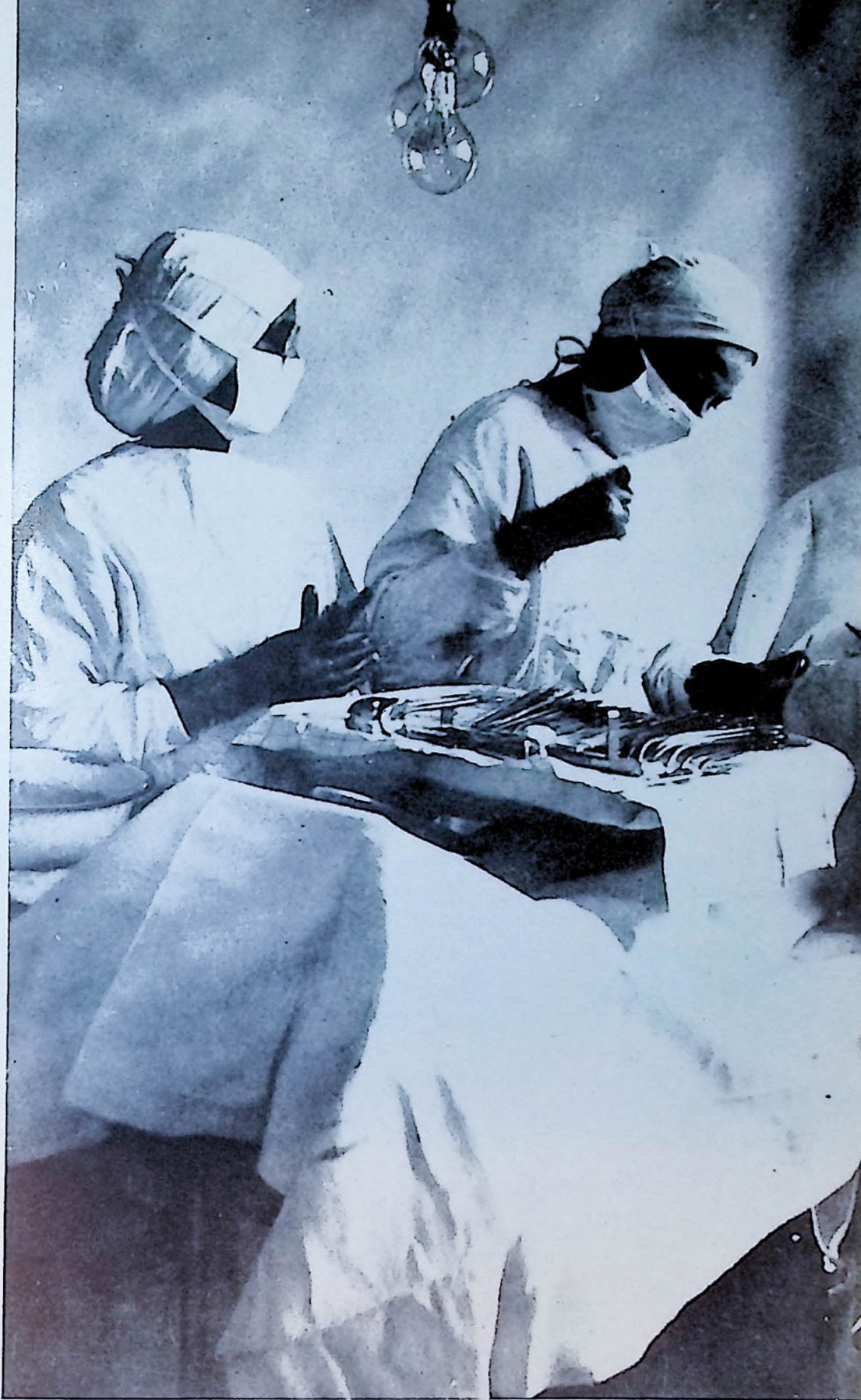
One hundred miles south the bus swung into Mandar and stopped before the Holy Family Hospital. The Hindu conductor ran in and told the Medical Mission Sisters, "A Father is on my bus. He's ill and can't talk." They hurried out, to find the priest still unconscious. It was not an easy task to move the big man into a hospital bed but they managed it.

Now I stood beside that bed, with that uncanny feeling one has when he looks into the eyes of a man suffering from delirium. The eyes are open and they look at you without seeing you, and in this case at least their blank expression had a pitiful touch of anxiety in it. In a moment, without any apparent reason, the blank look gave way to one of cheerful recognition, and a smile came over the manly face, and he said, "Hello, Gerry." To my "How are you feeling, Joe?" he answered "Not so bad!" But then his giant frame gave a heave, and he broke into a song which faded into a sigh of exhaustion, and his mind was no longer conscious of this world.

I didn't like the look of things at all.

(Continued)





Operation at Mandar Holy Family Hospital is performed by Sister M. Barbara Taggart, M.D., of Wilmington, Delaware, while she is assisted by Sister M. Francis Webster of Chicago, also a full-fledged M.D.

Mandar means but one thing to missionaries of the Chotanagpur area of India—the Holy Family Hospital where the Medical Mission Sisters of Philadelphia serve God and others with skilled and loving care.

*The Medical Mission nuns
work miracles of love with
people who know not God*

To see his eyes lose their expression gave me the feeling that he was slipping away from my world, and I realized poignantly that there was probably no other living man whom I should miss so much. It was a selfish kind of anxiety perhaps that made me turn to the Medical Mission Sister doctor and say, "Well, he isn't going to die, is he?"

"I'm not saying anything. I think it's cerebral malaria. It's touch and go, and I've had to take the risk of treating him for cerebral malaria. I do so wish I knew what happened to him, how the illness came on, and whether anyone gave him any treatment. But all we know is what the bus conductor told us."

I could not share all the Sister doctor's

anxiety; for even in cases of doubtful diagnosis, Sister had an uncanny way of being right in her guess.

Days passed, and of course Sister's verdict proved to be right. It was cerebral malaria—a most deadly disease—but Sister's shrewd guess and quick application of a quinine remedy had saved Father's life. It all ended happily enough, and the Father is back in his remote mission, but the incident set me thinking. If anyone in Chotanagpur were to find himself lapsing into unconsciousness and find that he had strength to say just one word, the best possible word—apart from his prayers—would be "Mandar." Mandar Holy Family Hospital has saved the lives of so many!

One thing special to note about the story of Father Joe, and that is that his story, often in a less dramatic form, is the story of every other missionary in Chotanagpur. One after another they have gone to Mandar as patients suffering from death-bearing or incapacitating illnesses, and one after another they have been given a new lease of life. I have often heard it said that this school or that has given so many missionaries to the Church, but I don't know of any place that comes near Mandar Holy Family Hospital. It has given and keeps on giving missionaries to the Church by giving back to Chotanagpur the missionaries that disease and exhaustion have driven from the field, and these missionaries are, of course, on account of their experience and the knowledge of language and people, the most valuable.

If ever I feel my head whirling and my knees sagging, I hope I shall be able to say an Act of Contrition, but after that if I have breath to say one more word, it will be "Mandar!"

Check-up on Oraon patient is made by Sister M. Frederic, M.D., of Brooklyn and Sister M. Pius, R.N., of Iowa.



INDIAN SUMMER... OR WINTER?



Problem of survival and happiness are discussed by American Indian couple with Blackrobe.

*Two ways of life cannot exist
side by side but justice and
charity can find the answer
to the sins of our fathers*

THERE ARE MANY WAYS of looking at the problem of the Indians in the United States. Because of lack of space we cannot touch on every aspect of a situation that direly needs solution. We merely outline the past and some of the present. We ask only one thing—that our readers consider that outline without prejudice or preconceived notions, which

Indian summer has passed swiftly — what of the winter to come?

could easily happen to generations reared in the traditions of William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Gene Autry or Cheyenne.

From the earliest days the white men seemed to have such notions in their dealings with the Indians. There is reason to believe, in the light of colonial history, that Europeans regarded all other territory on the earth as fair game. Now colonialism can certainly be justified but, as the Code of International Ethics points out, there are different kinds of occupation of lands not one's own. To occupy an empty or almost empty territory is easily justified but to occupy an existing inhabited region for the purpose of settlement or market outlets or other aims is wrong.

There was plenty of room in our country when the white men first came but their further occupation plus the motives for it certainly clashed with the rights of the Indians just as definitely as the two races did with weapons. The net result, briefly put, was the white man's victory and the end of the Indian's age-old way of life. Treaties were drawn up and it should be noted that they were made with the same legal constitutional aspects as any treaty between independent nations.

This point was emphasized a few

months ago by Governor Foss of South Dakota when he told the Black Hills Council of American Indians, "It is ridiculous for the federal government to expect the state to assume the financial burden of federal treaties with the Sioux. It was the United States government that pushed the Indians into a concentrated area of the West . . . The federal treaty obligations are the responsibility of all the citizens of the United States, regardless of where they live . . ."

One further point which touches on the moral side of this aspect. An Associate Justice of Montana's Supreme Court told the Flathead Indians on the occasion of St. Ignatius' Mission Centennial: "We should always remember that at the time of these treaties our government gave the Indians nothing; the Indians gave to our government millions of acres of fertile lands and minerals and reserved their small reservations. In other words, not a grant of rights to the Indians, but a grant from them . . ."

Within twenty years of this original contract the U. S. government unilaterally changed this policy and established a guardian-wardship status between itself and the Indians. Now this also meant a new relationship with concurrent obligations was set up. The Code of Interna-

Plentiful are children and the land is theirs but what are the white man's plans?

Prayerfully Eugene Merz S.J. and Ben Black Bear discuss the tie that binds.



tional Ethics is clear in regard to trusteeship. Once the ward's education is completed and he comes of age the authority ceases but up to that time the trustee must give primacy to the interests of the ward (in this case the Indians) and these interests cannot be sacrificed to those of the trustee. In the light of this the old maxim, "To colonize is to civilize—to civilize is to emancipate," takes on added force.

So much for the past; there is much to be said on both sides but there is no denying that the Indian was the loser. Today the federal government wants to end the trusteeship and assimilate the Indians into the rest of our population. There are sound arguments for that move; the removal of a heavy financial burden, the impossibility of the Reservation land to provide an adequate economic basis for the Indians' support, etc. But one of the outstanding reasons is the undeniable fact that two separate ways of life cannot exist side by side. The Indian way of life was doomed long ago and concentration on the reservations hastened the decay of character. Several of our missionaries who have spent years in the field have remarked on the inevitable deterioration that always accompanies anything akin to a Welfare State.

It is only fair to say that the government has recognized this situation and tried to find remedies. One of these is

the Relocation Program whereby individual Indians are brought to cities at government expense and a job is arranged for each so that he can become a self-supporting, self-respecting citizen. From beginning to end this is a completely voluntary program for the Indian, who may withdraw from it any time he wishes and return to the reservation. But it is one attempt to assimilate the Indian.

It is by no means the answer to the problem; it is only one step in an inevitable direction. Questions of land ownership, individual or tribal; possible economic ways of raising the level of reservation living by industrialization or other means; all the legal, moral and financial obligations involved—all these should be considered. Perhaps most important of all is the education of the Indian to a life to be lived among whites, and a corresponding education for the whites who have failed, or may fail, to welcome the Indian to their midst.

The problem is a very thorny one and has as many diverse aspects as there are different tribes and circumstances. One danger is that our government may move too fast in an attempt to solve it; another danger is that all Americans may not appreciate the difficulty of its solution. We must be realistic in our approach to it but we must treat it with a long overdue justice and charity.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

Tom-toms beat and the Sioux dance but there is a sad hollowness to both today.



Guardian as he has been for decades, a Jesuit watches over his sleeping charge.





Tiny islands in the dark

shadows of China's mainland

are symbols of a will

of Free China to fight on even

UNDER RED CHINA'S GUNS



THE ISLAND of Kinmen, better known to us as Quemoy, nestles close to the China coast, and, together with its sister isle of Matsu, forms the outmost defense of the Free China forces on Taiwan. If these two sites were to fall into Communist hands the invasion of Taiwan (Formosa) would be made much easier.

In a recent issue of the Jesuit weekly *America* Father Fred Foley S.J. told of a visit he made to the island. The China missionary made the trip through the courtesy of the Government Information Office and the Ministry of National Defense. On these pages he gives us a glimpse of what he saw. But neither pictures nor words can adequately describe the atmosphere of the island where the people live under the Red guns which may open fire at any moment.

Father Foley was at one fortified emplacement where the opposing pillbox on a small Communist-held island was only

Vigilance is the price of Kinmen's liberty.

Necessity drives the farmers of Kinmen to plough their sweet potatoes and millet even under the gunfire of Communist artillery. The 47,000 island people need these crops.



Carefree as children the world over, these youngsters still find time for their games. Kinmen is three times as big as Manhattan and is laced with underground defenses cut from the solid rock.

Accuracy is a "must" for this navigator of the CAF C47 in which Father Foley of New York flew from Taiwan to the island.



*Kinmen with its defenses
pins down 250,000 Communist
troops on China's mainland*



Tenseness characterizes the streets of Kinmen. At any moment the guns of the Reds may start shelling the isle.

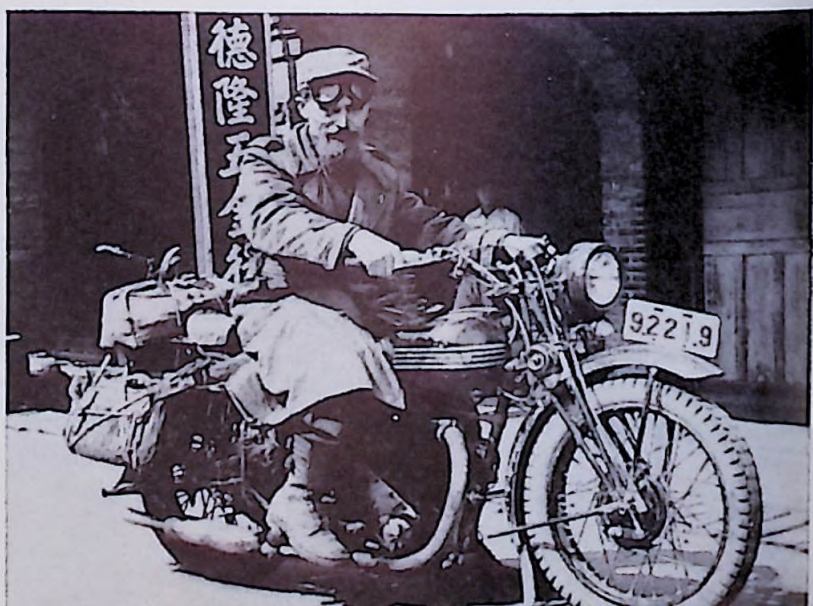
Consolation and hope is the daily message brought by Father Druetto, O.F.M., whose church bells are heard afar.

2,500 yards away. Although in recent months the artillery duels have lessened, yet in one month within the past year the Communists fired some 10,000 shells into Kinmen. About a quarter of a million Communist troops ring these islands but Kinmen is so strongly fortified that an outright attack would be disastrous, as past experience has shown.

The extensive defenses are almost completely invisible, mostly underground and frequently cut out of solid rock. The guns are of very heavy calibre and the military personnel outnumber by many times the 47,000 civilians.

Close to the airport is the Catholic chapel, headquarters for the rugged and genial French Franciscan, Father Druetto. On clear nights he makes it a practice to ring the bell on his church, knowing that it can be heard on the mainland.

For it is only a quirk of geography that divides free men from those under Communist domination. That is the thing which most deeply strikes the visitor to Kinmen—the closeness of the mainland with all its implications of tyranny, fear, oppression and death. Slavery is a matter of yards away—the men who guard these outposts have met Communism face to face. That is why these islands are of immense significance to the free world. They are not only of problematical or actual strategic value; they are also symbols of the desire of Free China to fight on against Communism, to defend to the death the decent things of this world.



MISSION MOMENTS

*The camera covers the mission world and
we catch a passing glimpse of the unknown
and the known, the trusting and doubtful*

Quietly this Franciscan Missionary of Mary, Sister Borgia, the first Filipina nun to work in Indonesia, goes about her duties at Our Lady of Victories Mission for Chinese in Djakarta.



Moments are fleeting but they all add up to eternal glory

Trusting that the python is as content in this position as he is in his work, Father Charles Leigh S.J. of Loyola College in Madras, India, poses for Father Eugene De V. Lockwood of the Patna Mission. Pythons are experts at keeping rats at a distance; and for that matter most of us, too.

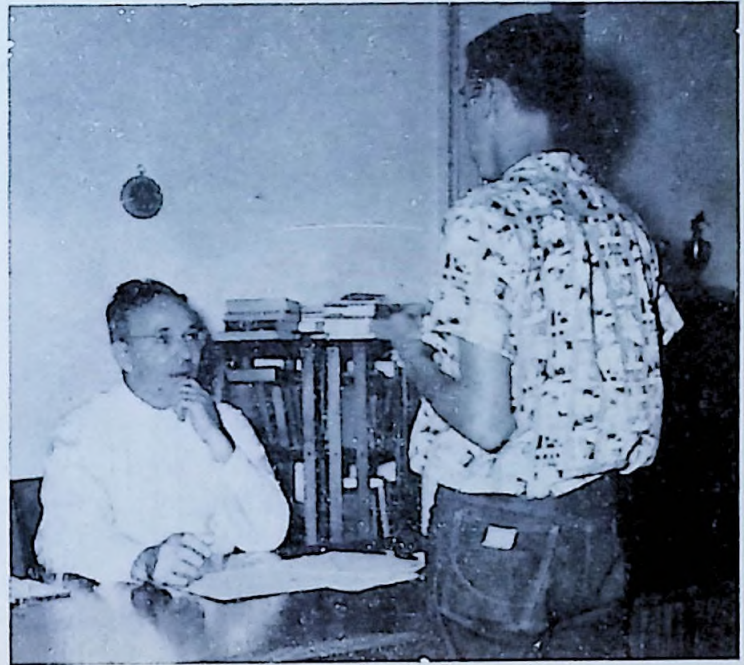
**Mission
Moments...**





One of last acts of the late Cardinal Stritch before leaving America for Rome was to accept from Bernard Benziger Jr., President of Benziger Brothers, a new book on missiology written by Father Edward L. Murphy of the *Jesuit Missions* staff.

Doubt seems to be the foremost thing in the mind of Father William Ulrich S.J., Headmaster of St. John's College in Belize, British Honduras, as he ponders a student's excuse. Or is he trying to remember if he made use of the same story when he was a boy in high school in St. Louis?



"Teach Ye All Nations" has recently been published by Benziger Brothers, Inc. It was written by JM's Associate Editor, Father Edward L. Murphy, Doctor of Missiology. For the first time in English the reader will find a complete explanation of why and how the Church accomplishes her widespread missionary work. Those already interested in the missions will understand far more clearly, after reading the book, the necessity and importance of that work. The price of "Teach Ye All Nations" is \$2.75 and it can be obtained at your own Catholic book store.

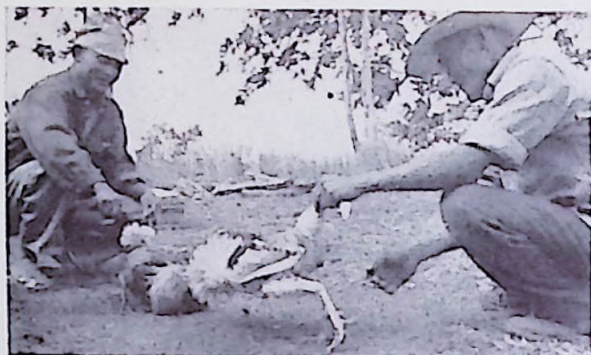


(U.S. Navy photo)

Warm-up with a few bets before the fight.

WILLIAM YAM S.J.

“COCK-O’-THE-WALK”



*Cock-fighting is both sport
and science for rich and
poor alike in the Philippines*

On the mark and watch feathers fly!

COCKFIGHTING is about the only sport in the Philippine Islands that rivals basketball in popularity. It counts among its followers simple peasant folk and *hacienderos*, office clerks, and even legislators. Not very long ago, a local paper carried an article about a “Grand Pintakasi” (a fiesta that has a cockfight as part of the celebration) and the list of guests who fielded their prize cocks read like the social register. Anywhere in the Philippines from Tuguegarao up north all the way to Zamboanga down south, in cities and barrios, you will find fighting cocks staked out by the roadside to sun, or being carried or petted.

One of the workmen here at Sacred Heart Novitiate, Mang Pio, enlightens us a bit about this great sport. Besides being a cockfight enthusiast, Mang Pio makes a profitable sideline of raising Texas fighting cocks.

To select a rooster, one has to know how to “read” the scales on its legs for

good signs. Then, too, other oddities such as any abnormal growth of feathers on the wings or under the wings, or any like signs should be taken into account. As to the breed of rooster, that is up to the individual, for different people have different tastes and prejudices.

The rooster having been chosen, it is now tied up, but not in the usual market manner. A special cord with a woven loop and a bone spike at either end is bought, or home-made, for the purpose. Slip the loop on the right leg, and the rooster is ready for the training. Henceforth, the rooster will be called “tinále,” literally, that which is tied.

Each morning and afternoon the cock is petted by holding it with one hand while sliding the open palm of the other hand from the head down the hackles and back, ending with a sweep of the tail. Every now and then, cigar smoke is blown on the cock’s face and under the wings. This process the farmers may



Champion if we can judge from the pleased looks of backers and admiring youngsters.

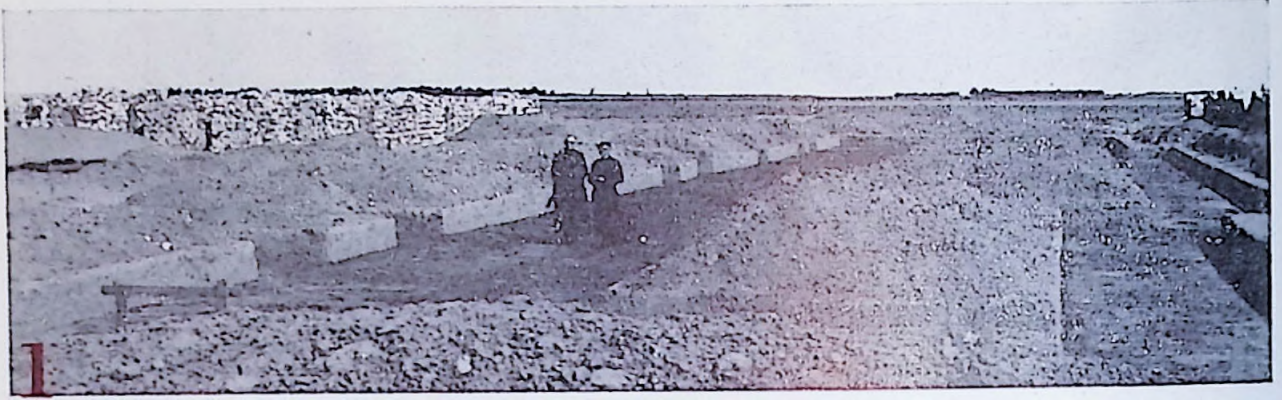
carry on from sunset far into the night, as they talk of crops or harvest.

Each morning, too, the cock is brought outdoors for sunning and exercise. Here is where the bone spike on one end of the cord mentioned above, comes to good use. Where there is no place to tie the cord, it is simply anchored to the ground by means of the bone spike. The exercise consists of two cocks held by the tail while they strain to get at each other, and scratching up the ground while thus straining. Then once in a while, the cocks are allowed a few minutes of actual combat with a "sparring partner." This is called "bitaw."

Another necessary step in the training is to accustom the prospective fighter to noise and cheering so that it will come to the field of battle used to the bedlam of hoarse cheers and wagering of the crowd. Many a fighter had victory in its grasp, only to lose it by bolting at the crowd's well-meaning cheer.

The cockpit is just like a boxing stadium, only it is much smaller, and the raised platform in the middle is rectangular. At one end of this platform is a square encircled with slender bars. This is the space of combat. At the other end of this platform sit the game officials, judges and referees. Behind and below this officials' end, mill about the prospective challengers, the promoters, and the professional armorers. Owners of cocks do not usually bring their own razor-sharp spikes for the fight. Ring-side bets range from a few to a few hundred pesos. And there are no ticket windows to bet at as at a racetrack.

This is the goal looked forward to by every man who takes a fancy for some strutting bird, ties it by the right leg, and shaves it bald. And the cockfight enthusiast always wins, either way—a pot of gold or a pot of stew. Mang Pio assures us that a fighting cock is too tough for any other recipe.



1 Barren desert greeted the American Jesuits when they first began Al-Hikma University.



2 Spadework and manpower begin to transform this stretch of desert south of Baghdad.

The desert blooms...

Fruit of the labor is seen in the first of the buildings nearing completion. Also in the process of construction are the Business Administration building and the Calouste Gulbenkian Science building. The site was generously donated by the Iraqi Government and is on the opposite side of Baghdad from the Jesuits' secondary school, Baghdad College.



WHAT YOU SAVE ON A RAINY DAY

would you give to God's work?

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It's summer, and we wish you
a happy vacation.

You have given joy to others through your
generosity and you deserve
a similar joy in return.

But it may happen that a rainy day will cancel
out a picnic, a trip, a game you've planned.

Would you be willing to give that money
which you didn't spend that day
to the missions?

We think your vacation would be
even happier.

Your rainy day gift could be sent direct
to us or to the Mission Director
in your area.

Jesuit Missions

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

QUIET! MEN AT WORK

United by zeal, scholarship and the "gift of tongues,"

*an international group of Jesuits in Taichung, Formosa,
work on dictionaries that translate Chinese characters.*



The New Testament provides an introduction to a new language and perhaps to a new way of life. Father Richard B. Meagher S.J. takes time out from his duties on the dictionary project in Taichung, translating Chinese into English, to teach English to Chinese students.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES tell us of the "miracle of the tongues" on Pentecost Sunday by which the Apostles could be understood by all who heard them that day. The multitude were bewildered in mind, because each heard them speaking in his own language.

How often have our missionaries wished for that same power to tell "of the wonderful works of God" in the local language no matter what it might be. Denied this special gift, they have had to resort to the hard work of language courses, dictionaries and grammars.

Often, having learned the language, they wrote grammars and dictionaries of their own and many times these were

the best or only books about these languages. They stand as monuments, not only to their zeal but to their interest in the culture of their adopted people.

A group doing such a work lives in the Jesuit "House of Writers" in Tai-chung on the island of Formosa. Working on a set of dictionaries that translate Chinese words into five languages, they hope to see the fruits of their work published soon. They will make the study of the Chinese language easier and add to the world's knowledge of a language spoken and read by millions.

It all began with Father Eugene Zsamar S.J. when he was in the mission of the Hungarian Jesuits in Taming,



Overshadowed by some of the 1,500,000 index cards, Mr. Cheng, of the dictionary staff, checks some "proofs."

Surrounded by help—index cards, dictionaries and Jesuits, Father Eugene Zsamar S.J., the originator and editor of the dictionary project. On the left, Father Frederic Torio S.J.; on the right, Father Juan A. Goyoaga S.I., Superior of the Jesuits working on the project.



The right word is what Father Thomas D. Carroll S.J. is looking for. Father Meagher S.J. waits for him to find it or give up before he interrupts with his own suggestion.

*Five teams, one league,
one pennant for all: a set
of Chinese dictionaries.*

A last visit to the family shrine. Then idols, incense and scrolls were removed and, next morning, the Jesuits said Mass at this very place.



China. Planning to compile Hungarian-Chinese and Chinese-Hungarian dictionaries, he collected all the material he could and began a card-file of words with their translations. At about the same time, Father Henri Pattyn S.J. and Father Andre Deltour S.J. were doing the same in French in Sienshsien.

In the middle of 1949, shortly before the Communist occupation of Taming, Father Zsamar took his files to Macao. Soon, Father Deltour joined him. Together they recruited a few more French Jesuits and a small staff of Chinese assistants. Father Juan A. Goyoaga S.J., of the Spanish mission of Wuhu, was appointed Superior of the project. In 1951, other Jesuits began a Spanish translation. Towards the end of that year, a team of Hungarian, Italian and Spanish Jesuits was organized for the Latin one.

During the summer of 1952 the dictionary group (11 Fathers, 3 Brothers and their Chinese assistants) left Macao for Formosa and established the Jesuit House of Writers in Taichung. In 1953 a team of American Jesuits was added to the staff and started work on the English dictionary. The French, Hungarian, Latin and Spanish translations were finished in 1954. The work of revision, however, is still going on. The English dictionary should be completed by the end of this year.

Each of the five dictionaries makes use of the same basic material, a monu-

mental file of 1,500,000 index cards. Are there that many Chinese words? Hardly, but there about 16,000 individual characters in the Chinese written language. (Remember that the Chinese don't have an alphabet like ours.) Put them together in twos and threes and you have about 180,000 combinations and expressions like our phrases in English.

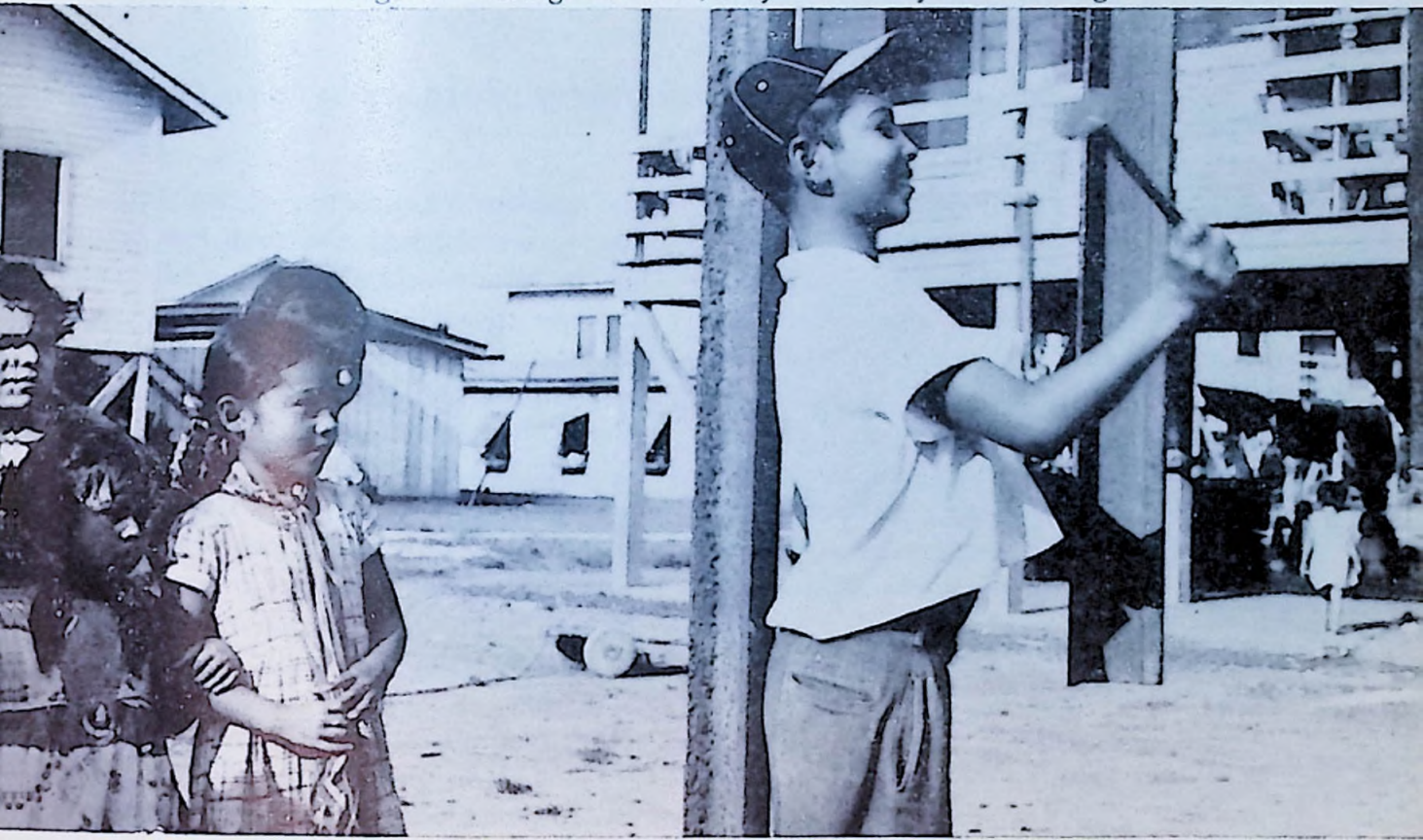
To these the Jesuit dictionary group added a large number of scientific terms, proverbs, dialect words, even puns. Then, with a separate card for each, it is not hard to see how they soon had 1,500,000 cards. Every one of these cards has been gone over carefully by each of the language teams, consulting each other, consulting the other teams, consulting all the available dictionaries already in print. Only then could the Fathers be satisfied that they had the correct translation.

We can say that it is almost beyond measuring how important these dictionaries will be, both to the beginning student who is chiefly concerned with the meanings and the use of Chinese words and to the advanced scholar whose main interest is the history, literature and general culture of the Chinese people. Generations to come will thank the Jesuit Fathers for their years of unceasing toil on what could only be a labor of love—love of the Chinese people and love of God.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU VS. PADRE JUAN

Our hero and if we go to kindergarten now, maybe someday we can ring the bell, too.



MINAS DE ORO is a quiet village set down among the lofty hills of Honduras. Its altitude, like ancient Athens, creates that rarified intellectual atmosphere in which the philosophers walk again. On the cobblestone streets of Minas de Oro you will meet Jean Jacques Rousseau, Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi and Frederich August Wilhelm

Froebel. Hobnobbing with these figures from the world of thought is Padre Juan, otherwise known as the Reverend John T. Newell S.J.

Surely this is some fiction of a diseased brain. How can these men of the 17th and 18th centuries walk abroad in this our day? Above all how can such a pillar of propriety and model of Jesuit



Spanish is the language which Padre Juan's horse understands—and also who is boss when the Colorado man forks his bronc.



American is the approach, and Father Newell, who has spent over twenty years in Central America, knows his youngsters.

The moral is that what is taught by philosophers in marble halls

missionary zeal, Father Newell, be associated with this trio of educational philosophers who, one might say, were a little off to the north side, as far as orthodoxy goes?

The remote background for the advent of Jean Jacques, Johann and Frederick to the Jesuit mission of Minas de Oro began one Sunday morning several years ago. Two young Hondurians were rolling marbles down the main aisle during Father Newell's sermon. This somewhat disconcerting diversion made the Reverend John forget which of the twenty-three Sundays after Pentecost he had been talking about. What he could not forget was that the two juvenile Sunday bowlers were products of his school. Some radical remedy was obviously in order. Immediate action was further made imperative when Father Newell discovered that grade school children were using newly-set panes of glass as targets for rock-throwing contests.

A new type of educational approach was unquestionably required. Father John rented a movie projector and several educational films as basic steps in

the civilization process of his little Indians. He showed the first few movies in the grade school building. But after that he moved the show outside under the stars. He figured that each showing inside cost him about \$10.00 in broken chairs. But the progress towards civilization of the wild children of Minas de Oro was imperceptible at this stage.

It was then that Father Newell recalled Rousseau's impact on educational thought. That philosopher had taught in "Emile" that the child in its natural state was unsullied; what caused the child of nature to degenerate into a brat was civilization. Profoundly influenced by Rousseau, the Swiss educator Pestalozzi concentrated on reforming the elementary school in his efforts to reach the child before civilization taught him to heave spitballs dipped in inkwells. Pestalozzi, in turn, cast a spell over a disciple of his own, Frederick Froebel, who held that Original Sin had nothing to do with the mischievous tendencies of children. Froebel was of one mind with Pestalozzi; but he thought that the old man from Switzerland had not started



(U.N.I.C.E.F. photo)



Mischief is so far distant from the minds of these innocent darlings of Yoro, as anyone can see—about the same distance as Father Newell can throw his horse.

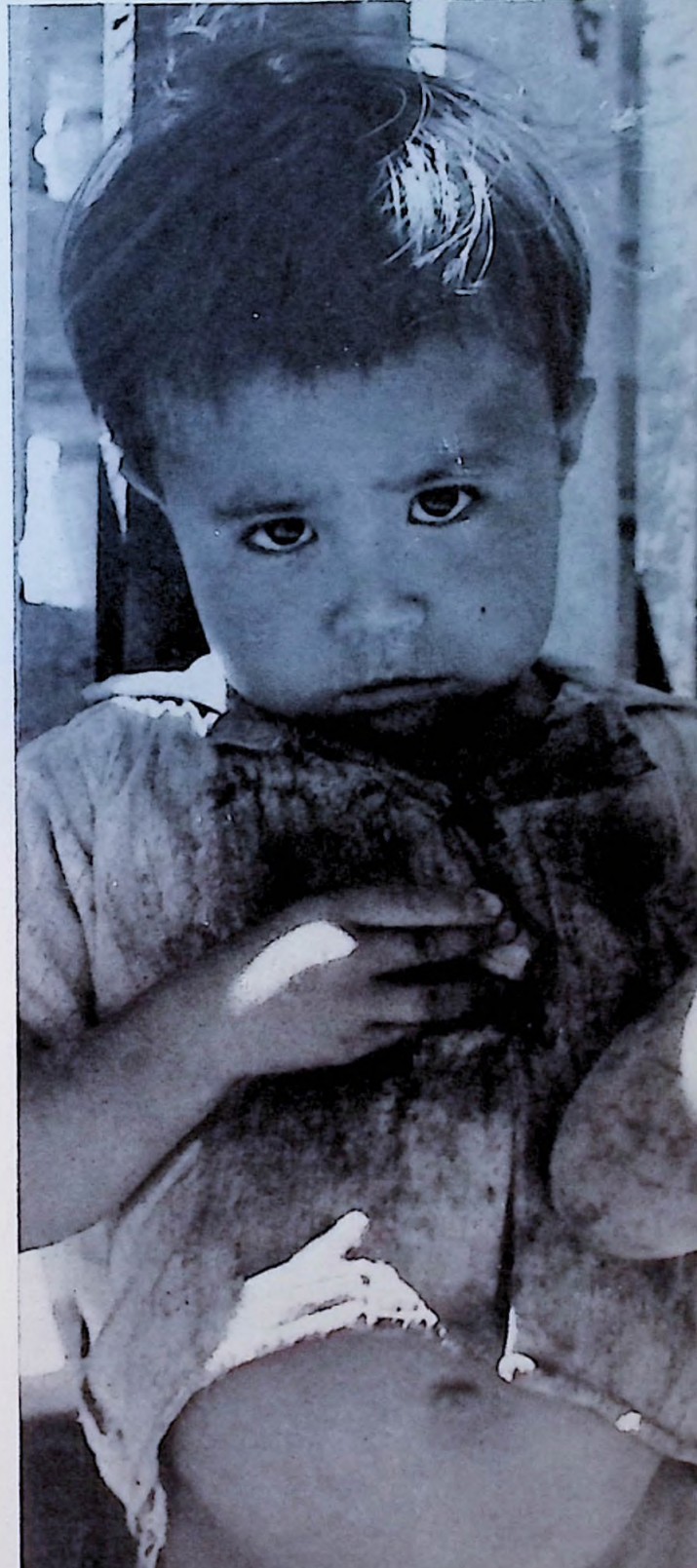
(U.N.I.C.E.F. photo)

only partly covers marble rolling

the education process soon enough, or better, the protection process from civilization's corrupting influences. If school began at the age of 4, then the child in its pure natural state would surely be preserved from spoiling by civilization.

Thus was born the kindergarten.

Father John Newell S.J., missionary extraordinary of Minas de Oro, with the history of education clear in his mind, decided that a kindergarten was, in part, a solution to the marble rolling during his sermons and such shenanigans. Of course, he had to divorce Froebel's kindergarten from its false premises, but there was undoubtedly great merit in getting hold of kids before they had developed their throwing arms. Thus, Father John founded one of the first kindergartens in Honduras, but instead of such heterodox sponsors as Rousseau and company, the patron of Minas de Oro, late of Padua, was chosen. Today no visitor in Honduras fails to visit Kindergarten San Antonio to observe first hand how Father Newell has set about checking the wilder instincts of the cherubs of Minas de Oro.





Happy moment at a historic meeting. Above (l. to r.) Maryknoll's Considine, Columban McGlade, Jesuits Murphy and Lawlor, and Franciscan Hoffman.

"YEARS AGO," said the Ancient Missionary, "we were sent off to the missions with a crucifix and a blessing and not much else. It was taken for granted that somehow we would manage to learn to do the job.

"In some cases," he went on, "this rather hit-or-miss approach worked well and in some it didn't. Missionaries, like all specialists, need particularized training. I am glad to be able to report that fine work is being done on this today."

Eventually, the Ancient Missionary's latest enthusiasm became clear. He was talking about a conference held last April at Maryknoll Seminary. Evidently, according to the testimony of those who were there, this was no run-of-the-

mill professional gathering.

Fordham University, whose Institute of Mission Studies has already done so much to train missionaries, sponsored the conference in cooperation with the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. Maryknoll Seminary provided the perfect and hospitable setting for four days of intense study.

The subject was social and economic activity in the missionary context. The participants, truly representative of a world-wide apostolate, came from Europe, Asia, Africa, the Caribbean, South America and the United States. A dozen or so were laymen. There were specialists in sociology, anthropology, agriculture, medicine, missiology, etc.



Window on the Mission World

The experts met at Maryknoll and studied the social and economic problems of missionaries in underdeveloped areas

The conference was not, however, a gathering of scholars talking to themselves. They had two specific goals: the preparation of a handbook for missionaries, and the initiation, if possible, of field studies. Both handbook and field studies would be geared to the needs of the average missionary who has to work in socio-economic situations that are often complex and strange.

Missionaries, especially in underdeveloped areas, soon discover that they must minister, as best they can, to the whole man. Poverty, malnutrition, exploitation and all the other ills of sick or undeveloped societies are serious obstacles in establishing the Church.

So the conferees at Maryknoll shared

their knowledge and experience on such subjects as community development, housing, public health, sanitation and nutrition, agriculture, organized labor, the protection of women and minors, cooperatives, the use of leisure, etc.

The reaction of the missionaries present was the best proof that the conference had concrete value for the men in the field. In due time, it is hoped, a handbook summarizing the proceedings will be made available for missionaries.

The Ancient Missionary also called our attention to another step forward in the scientific training of missionaries. Starting this autumn, a full program of mission studies will be offered at the Catholic University of America. The Church wants her missionaries prepared for their work. It is up to us to see that the job is done. With the continued cooperation of our universities and specialists, it can be done.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

St. Catherine's High School in Spanish Town, Jamaica, has had an increase in enrollment. That's good news, except there aren't enough desks to go around. Father Matthew Ashe asks if you would help him pay for new desks which will cost \$100.00. Perhaps you could give \$5.00 for a desk?

Plans at Zamboanga call for a chapel for the students at the Ateneo. At present the 1,000 students use the Priests' chapel which seats 30.

When this Chapel of the Sacred Heart is finished, maybe in December, several items will be needed. If you could help, here are some suggestions:

Picture of the Sacred Heart	\$ 50.00
Tabernacle	\$150.00
Candle Sticks	\$ 20.00

The New Mission in Burma wants to get off to a good start by making sure there is no unnecessary sickness among the missionaries. One safeguard, of course, is boiling all drinking water. A refrigerator is needed to store the drinking water. Please consider whether you could give \$1.00 or \$2.00 to buy a refrigerator to protect the health of these American Jesuits.

Formosa Has a University with very inexpensive tuition. Even the modest cost of \$5.00 a semester cannot be managed by some of the Catholic students. The Jesuit Fathers in Taipei could aid these deserving students with your gift of \$5.00.

Saddle Bags are still necessary to carry vestments for Mass in Minas de Oro, Honduras. Father William Brennan has need of new, lighter vestments to replace the heavier type he has been using, which have worn out.

If you could help:
Vestments \$25.00

Catholic Means Universal and Father Ludwig of Rampur, India, shows his "Catholicity" by indicating his needs.

A 9-year-old bicycle is behaving as though it were 20 years old—and that makes a difference on a 16-mile trip.

A steel box to guard the Blessed Sacrament should be installed.

Atabrine tablets are always welcome and very useful in Rampur.

Monthly support for individual orphans is being sought.

His new convent, to be opened in June, has no furniture.

Bicycle	\$50.00
Steel Box	\$25.00
Medical Supplies ..	\$ 1.00 or \$2.00
Orphan "Adoption"	\$ 5.00 a month
Convent Furniture	\$ 1.00 or \$2.00

Father Aloysius Pettit of Chakhni Mission, India, will celebrate his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit on July 24th. Father is not ready to retire, by any means. This is evident by his enthusiastic plans to provide a convent for the five Sacred Heart nuns, teaching at Chakhni.

You could share in this Jubilee celebration, if you wish.

Convent Building Fund—\$1.00 and up



NAILS, HAMMER, AND LOVE

are the ingredients needed by Father Rodrigues in India for the building of a chapel. His Catholic people are unable to attend Sunday Mass in any suitable place. For one thousand dollars Father will be able to construct a home for God and a house where his own people will finally feel at home. Could you send one dollar or more for this worthy cause to:

ESUIT MISSIONS, 45 East 78 St., New York 21, N.Y.

NO PRICE TOO GREAT

These are God's men who are sailing the seven seas for His Name's sake. This year they go to Burma, Baghdad, Jamaica, the Philippines, Japan and other places. Would you help pay their way, the way of men who believe there is no price too great?

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