

JESUIT MISSIONS



CENTRAL AMERICA
Window on the past





JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

- Baghdad**
- Ceylon**
- Alaska**
- Belize**
- Japan**
- Burma**
- China**
- Caroline Islands**
- Formosa**
- Jamaica**
- Jamshedpur**
- Korea**
- Patna**
- Philippines**
- Marshall Islands**
- Nepal**
- Yoro**
- American Indians**

April 1959, Vol. 33, No. 3

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Editor, Calvert Alexander

Managing Editor, Clement J. Armitage

Associate Editors, Kurt Becker, Leo Birney, Thomas J. M.

Burke, Cecil H. Chamberlain, Edward S. Dunn,

Joseph S. McBride, Edward L. Murphy

Business Editor, Coleman A. Daily

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

Demonstration by Japanese students in front of Ministry of Education in Tokyo is dangerously typical of our times. Not long ago the students of Japan were rated most highly for their politeness and behavior but they have been a prime target for the Communists here and in other countries.

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CENTRAL

In this small area



Symbol of
Central America's
Mayan yesterday
and Christian today.

AMERICA-Window on the past

... reflected all the great events of the last four hundred years

LIKE A STAINED GLASS window in a cathedral spells out, pane by pane, the truths or the history or the noblemen of our Faith so into the narrow mirror of Central America is reflected the bright and dark flashes of over four centuries of history. In one way or another the great upheavals of that period have left their mark so that this slender bridge between North and South America is practically a microcosm of Western Hemisphere events.

The coming of Columbus, of Cortez and Balboa left the imprint of Spain deeply imbedded in these lands. But the Christianity of the conquerors never completely obliterated the paganism of the Indians and far more awesome than the ruins of Copan or Xunantunich which mutely tell of a surprisingly high culture are the little flashes of a long ago belief, glimpsed from time to time in the everyday life of the people. Some customs the missionaries were able to incorporate into a Christian rite but there were never enough sowers of the Word to plant deeply and widely and to thoroughly eliminate the tares of paganism.

Then came the slave ships from Africa with their cargoes of suffering, of fear and superstitions. Spanish and English men-o-war battled throughout the Caribbean and along the Spanish Main. The day of the buccaneers dawned and the

coasts of Central America provided hideaways in abundance. The history of this region over the space of three hundred years is one of turmoil and strife; and one wonders if that impact did not have something to do with the eternal restlessness of its people, that stirring which is as constant as the waves of the Pacific and Caribbean along its shores.

Both the French and American Revolutions have place in the stained glass window of Central America's history. The latter sparked the overthrow of European dominance while the French uprising provided the pattern that is the classical frame for political parties even today in these countries. There are the conservatives and the liberals, those who would keep the status quo and the old traditions, and those who would uproot, no matter what the cost, any single hindrance to "progress." Both parties will be made up of people of the same temperament, the Latin American who will preach a democracy that is entirely incapable of piercing his own skin and soul. The constant revolutions, the unsatisfactory attempts to create a Pan-American spirit, the quick appeal of any "strong man," must be seen against that certain temperament.

So when the liberals are in the saddle the Church has experienced rough going. Anti-clericalism with its usual anti-

Church civil legislation was a rallying point for the politically immature souls fostered by the Age of the Enlightenment prophets in Europe. In the heady wind of their first independence some of these nations wrote into their constitutions laws against the Church which in some cases have not yet been erased.

Other reflections of conditions and movements abroad are the more recent invasion of the Protestants and the Communists, the latter far the more dangerous. For the Latin heritage of the Central American is so deeply ingrained that even the liberal, openly professing his disbelief in all revealed religion, still automatically recognizes the Faith of his forebears and the instincts of his spiritual, emotional nature reject Protestant-



Mayan might of a shrouded past can be discerned in this recently found pyramid.



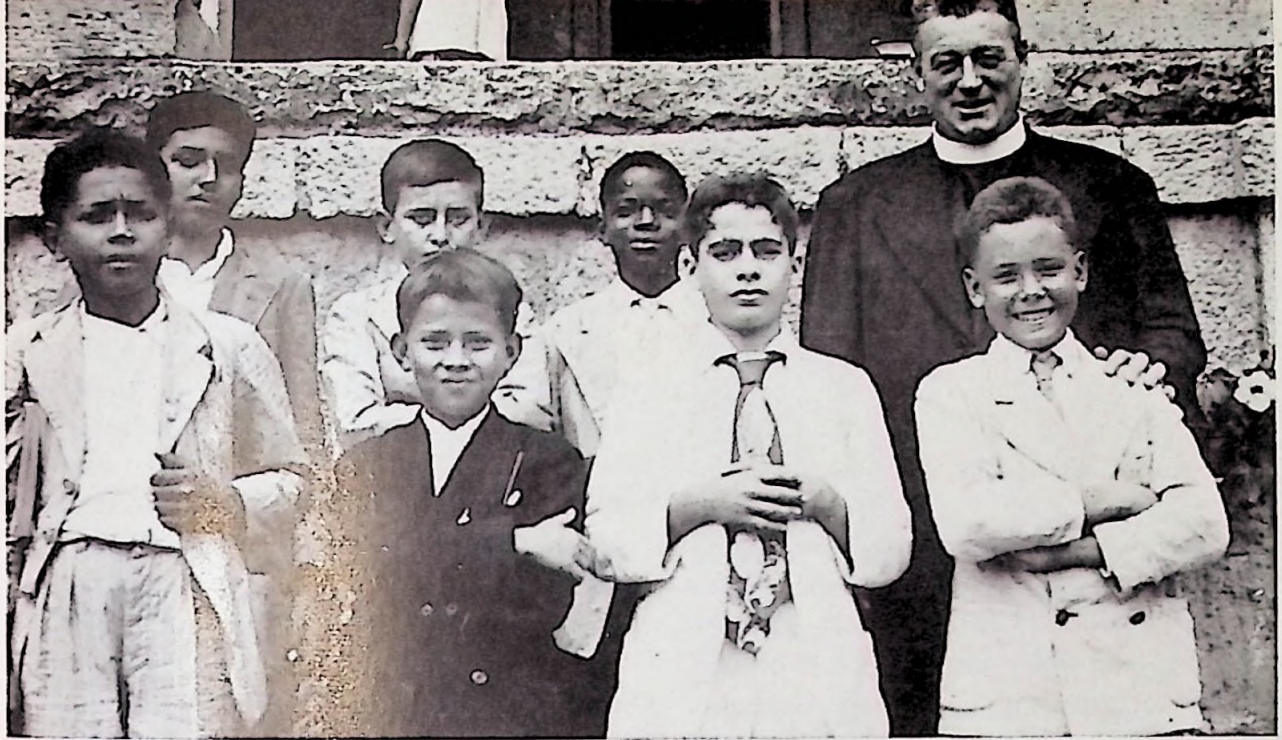
Side by side sons of different races find a common interest in a banana beetle.

ism as a foreign thing. But the approach of the Communists is through a door which the Central American himself has thrown wide open. In countries where wealth has been in the hands of a few and the economy predominantly agricultural then the distribution of land and the consequent sharing of the wealth are of prime importance. So a man of desires is approached with a plan to implement those desires and the quick acceptance that is based on his temperament has not taken into consideration the fatal further step of Communists gaining control.

This is only the skeleton outline, the principal designs of a stained glass window as revealed in the first light of dawn or the last glow of night, which traces the main threads of a pattern which the late Pope Pius XII and the present Holy Pontiff have placed in the ranks of the most important. One of the first acts of His Holiness Pope John XXIII was to gather the Bishops of all Latin America. He pointed out that there must be both a long-term program for the Church in those regions and one that can be actuated immediately. He summed up the first in the words: "Primarily and fundamentally this means the arriving at a sufficiency of apostolic forces, and of priests in particular."

The Pope concluded his address to the bishops with the reminder that the Apostolic See relies in a special way on the precious contribution which Latin America is in a position to give to the beneficial cause of the Church. Almost one-third of all the Catholics in the world live south of the Rio Grande; by heredity and environment they are pointed in the right direction. Neither the negativism of Asia nor the blankness of Africa have to be overcome. Let us pray that this great potential in the spread of the Kingdom of God be actuated and brought to its fullness!

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



The future of the Church in Central America rests on such as these, with Father Murphy S.J.

A Window of Hope

*Throw it wide open and let the Holy Spirit breathe
His greatest gift into young hearts He wants for His own*

CENTRAL AMERICA NEEDS priests, needs them desperately. And it needs priests of its own, as every nation does. The missionary is a foreigner, no matter how deeply he may be respected and loved. Furthermore, as a foreigner, his status in the country may change at any time, as we see today in Asia where certain governments have greatly restricted missionary work.

Because of the supreme importance of training priests for their own people the American Jesuits are beginning an Apostolic School in Honduras. They know how badly it is needed for at present in their particular field there is only one priest for 12,000 people. That situation is precarious, so much so that the Jesuit Superior of the Yoro Mission, Father Francis Hogan, does not hesitate to say, "We need this Apostolic School for the life of the Church in Honduras."

Father Joseph Wade, a veteran mis-

sionary in both British Honduras and Honduras, sums it up: "In Honduras there are so few priests that all are loaded with the burdens of parochial life—baptizing, performing marriages, hearing Confessions, Masses—and even then they take care of only a small part of the people. A little Apostolic School will start to remedy our terrible lack of priests, whom the people so desperately need."

It may mean a temporary thinning down of the already slender missionary manpower; it will mean time and expense. But it is a window of hope, a golden pane in the stained glass pattern of Central America. It is a small answer to the last big request of the late Pope Pius XII and one of the first pleas of the present Pontiff. Let us remember prayerfully this most important project.

(Please see inside back cover)

BRITISH HONDURAS is not usually considered a part of Central America, chiefly because of its colonial status. Yet in one way it is one of the brightest spots in the stained glass window of Middle America and it would be well to consider the structure of that one aspect of education through the Church and Government help. Let me describe it as I have seen it.

British Honduras is small, as countries go, but there are 75,000 people in this sun-scorched, humid, part swamp, part impenetrable jungle, part arable, rolling terrain—and 75% are Catholic. The Caribbean is a jagged boundary on one side, the rugged hills of Guatemala form the other. In its 200-mile length and 75-mile width is a school system that can proudly be compared with any system of primary schools in the world. Unquestionably it is without peer in Central America.

The man greatly responsible for the chain of schools throughout British Honduras and the high standard of elementary school training is the Very Rev. Marvin O'Connor S.J.

Father Marvin O'Connor is a big,

gentle, white-maned man in his 70's. From a cramped, stuffy office in the Catholic Presbytery, the Rectory of Holy Redeemer Cathedral in Belize, the capital city, he infuses a vigorous life into 79 schools, scattered throughout the colony. There are more than 10,000 pupils in these government-supported schools.

In Belize there are two private schools. One, St. Catherine's Academy, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, is on the primary and secondary level—equivalent to Grade and High schools, in the States. It cares for almost a thousand pupils—three hundred girls are in the secondary department. The other is St. John's College, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. About 400 boys, from British Honduras and other Central American countries, comprise its student body. Classes are graduated from about a seventh grade level to second year college—compared to our own. These two schools are sustained by private funds. They are not government supported.

The elementary school system of the colony, in growth and achievement, is largely the result of the dedicated work of Father O'Connor. He conducts all



BRIGHT SPOT: Schools in B.H. measure up

Geographically united but politically different,

*one country under a stable government shows what can
be done in education even when economically backward*

EDWARD D. HARRIS S.J.

financial affairs connected with their support—salaries for teachers, supplies for the schools and pupils, and maintenance of the buildings. In addition, he supervises the training of teachers. Each Jesuit pastor is a local manager of the schools under his jurisdiction, and supervises them in all their details.

British Honduras is a colony of Great Britain, and the colonial policy of fostering education has aided substantially in establishing this school system. The Government pays teachers' salaries, and provides 50% of the cost of buildings, equipment and furniture. Father O'Connor has to provide the balance . . . money, teachers and efficient management.

A visitor to British Honduras is aghast at the extreme poverty, the drabness to the point of ugliness of most of the country, the primitive dwellings, the pathetic standard of living. One of the few bright aspects of this shabby little country is its system of schools—and the splendid educational work achieved beneath the thatched or tin roofs and within the walls of Father O'Connor's new schools by 58 nuns, 125 lay teachers and 89 probationers, plus the Jesuits.



Director of Catholic schools, Father Marvin O'Connor, has made an outstanding record.



Carib teacher with Mayan children of San Antonio. British Honduras has an exceptionally high literacy rate for Central America.



Hurricane-proof schools, costly but necessary, are aftermath of hurricane Janet in 1956.



Welcome is written large on the faces of these Burmese seminarians assisting in unloading of their new teachers' crates.



"Put it there!" directs Father Edward Faren as the new arrivals unpack. Is he speaking in Burmese or English, we wonder.

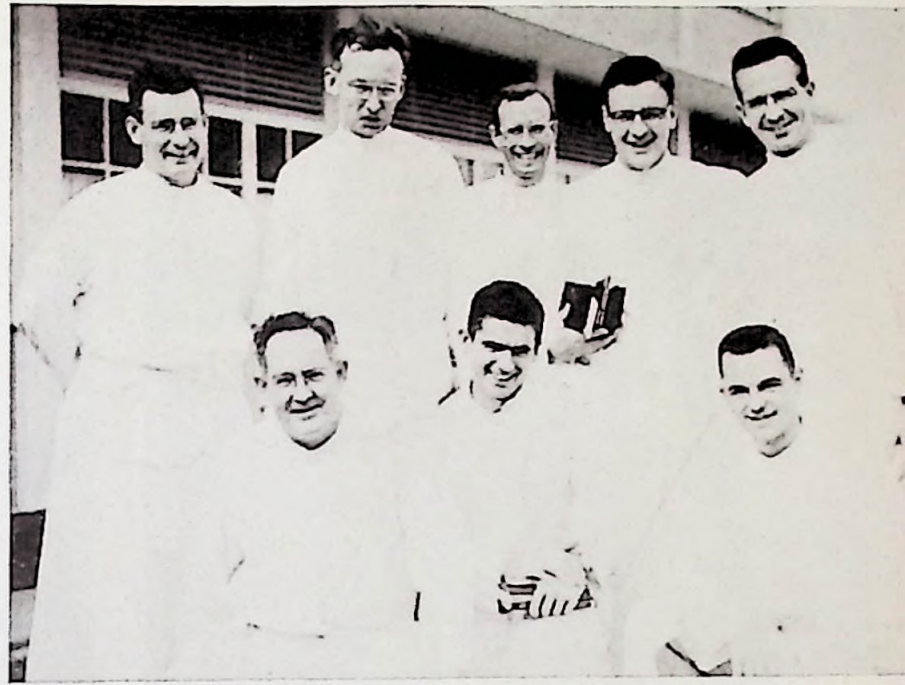


SO THIS IS BURMA

Maryland Province Jesuits settle down in Rangoon and in a different world to begin the task assigned them recently by the Holy Father

Greetings are extended to Father Fischer as he tries out his knowledge of Burmese with Buddhist monks on the precincts of the famed Shwe Dagon Pagoda, in Rangoon.

Happy in their Burma beginnings are Jesuits (front) Edward Farren, Thomas Peacock, Louis Niznik, (rear) John Keenan, Joseph Murphy, Francis Fischer, Eugene McCreesh, and Sigmund Laschenski. They are teaching in the diocesan seminary at Rangoon which prepares the clergy for all Burma.



Sule Pagoda in the heart of Rangoon is open to everyone and is surrounded by many shops.
(Three Lions photo)





Scholar of the Buddhists monks' school which is situated on the site of the gigantic three-faced Buddha in a clearing of the jungle between Rangoon and Pegu. Buddhism is the main belief in this land dotted with many temples.

(Three Lions photo)



(Three Lions photo)

Checkers is a game that is played in some form in most of the world. Here in the shade of the trees bottle tops serve for checkers on a makeshift board. And kibitzers are universal.

Worshippers in front of reclining Buddha found among the shrines at Shwe Dagon Pagoda.



EASTER: VICTORY SUPREME

THOR HEYERDAHL of Kon-Tiki fame has written an account, entitled *Aku-Aku*, of a year recently spent on Easter Island, way out in the middle of the South Pacific. The island is populated by Polynesians and is famous for its giant statues of men. The island got its name, Easter, because it was discovered on that day in the 1700s. On the island which belongs to Chile there are Sisters and a missionary priest.

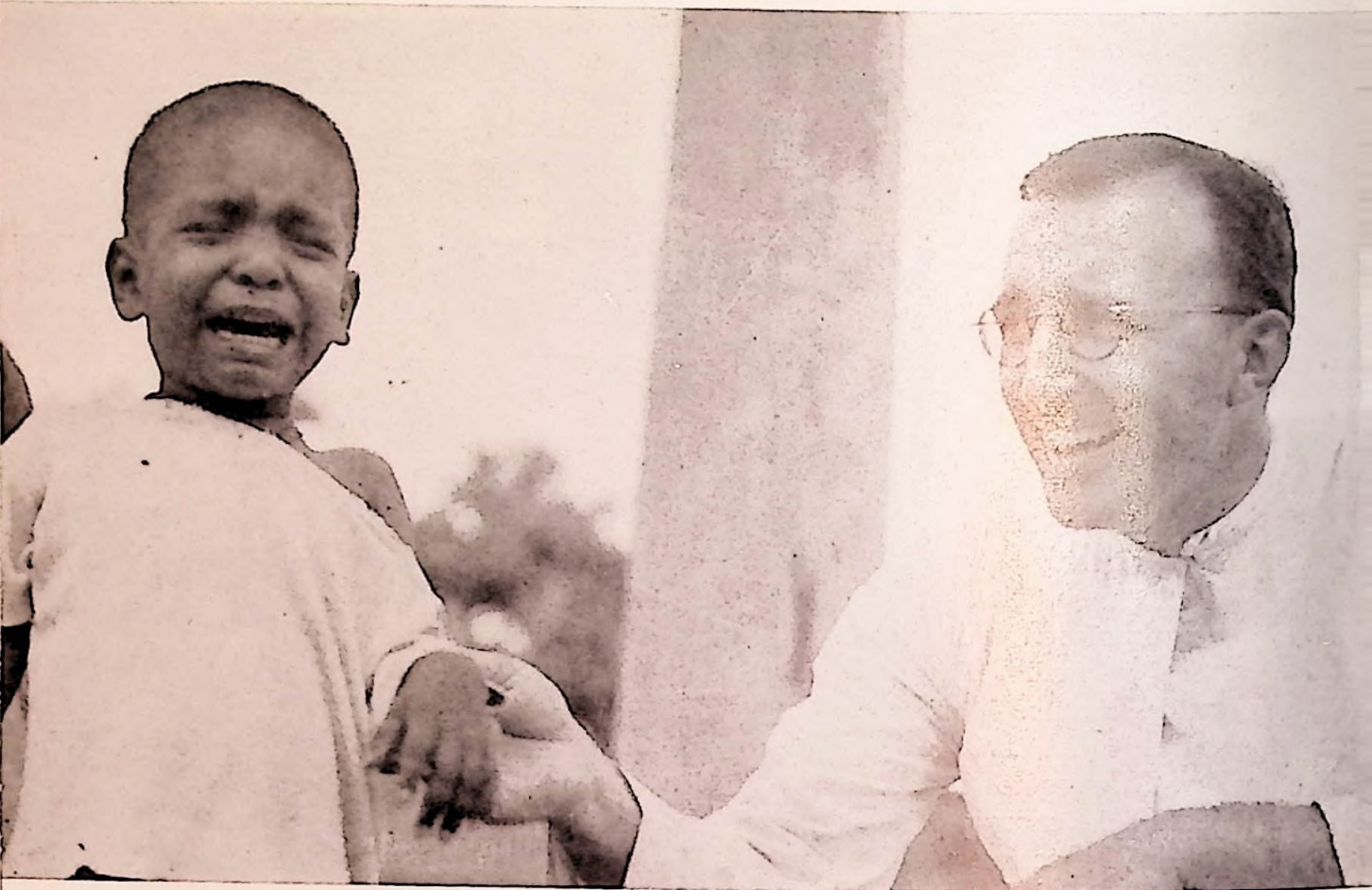
Scientists will theorize, and rightly so, about the history of this little group of people, where they came from, how they got here, about the meaning of the giant statues scattered around the island and the legends. But as Catholic and missionary we are interested in the present of these people. At this time of the year it is delightful to recall that on Easter Island the joyous Resurrection of Our Lord will be celebrated on Easter morning. Whatever their past, the present of these Polynesians is bright with the joy of the Risen Lord: Easter on Easter Island in the far Pacific.

We shall be celebrating the day with the same joy and gladness in the Risen Lord, if we can escape for a while the commercialism which has laid such mercenary hands on our Christian feasts. Easter is the Triumphant Redeemer of the world, not rabbits and lilies and fashion parades, though these latter get most of the space in our newspapers. These things do not take the sting out of death, the inevitable.

Death appears such a shattering and

final experience to so many people. Yet the hunger to survive, deep in the spirit of man, has prompted answers in many religions. Survival after death has been portrayed in many ways, some gross and crude, others vague and uncertain. We never appreciate our truth so much as when we compare our certainties with the vague longings of others. How certain we are of survival after death today when we celebrate the Resurrection of Our Lord from death and on the basis of that fact firmly believe in "the resurrection of the dead." We are grateful to Our Lord for showing us His Victory over death which is to be our victory too. This is what Easter means to us.

The central truth of the preaching of the Apostles was Our Lord's Resurrection. Without this fact everything else He did would have been worthless. By Crucifixion He would have appeared to be conquered. The Church has been strengthened by this fact ever since. Its hope for us all is especially necessary when the forces of evil seem to be so powerful in their attack on the kingdom of God. The dead Christ on Calvary appeared to be so weak, too, before the forces of evil. But three days later He triumphed. The Church has her times of Crucifixion; but she has as well her times of resurrection. Easter is still a fact and it is celebrated all over the world. It is this triumph of Our Lord that sends our missionaries into every corner of the earth. This is the good tidings of great joy which they bring to all people.



Hey, feller! What is there to cry about? Then the author remembers the coal situation.

ROBERT E. LUDWIG S.J.

**YOU
THINK
YOU
HAVE
TROUBLES!**

*No coal means no fire; no fire
means no bricks; no bricks mean
—well, let's go get the coal*

RAMPUR IS NOT EXACTLY the Bhowani Junction of the Patna Mission. It's somewhat off the beaten track and when you have to get a load of stuff in you discover it's a long way off, and it isn't only the track that's beaten!

Now I have a few troubles. Here at Rampur we care for a number of children and widows (Please! I am not numbering them among my troubles; they are my blessings, even the widows) and they need a place to live. The place is made of brick, and bricks call for coal, and coal is always calling afar off.

The first time I went to Bettiah to get coal and we had to weigh it out, a maund at a time. A maund is one-twenty-seventh of a ton and we got 800 maunds —so, quick now, how many tons did we have? Then we hauled it in bullock carts to the railway station. (Say it fast and

in one sentence and it sounds easy.)

Then the fight for a wagon, freight car to you, begins. There needn't be any difficulty except for my ignorance of the fact that the small print on the lading bills does not include the phrase, "Gratuities included." At long last I was assigned a wagon and after we had loaded it I was told that we would have to change over to another car. The hint penetrated and I started palm-greasing.

Off we went to Narkatiaganj, where anything can happen (even to *you*, if you try to pronounce it too fast). Here our wagon had to be shunted to the line to Rampur and here I also added to my sum of useful information when one who knows informed me that the switchmen have a nice procedure of banging a wagon back and forth until the coupling breaks, thus necessitating a transfer of goods to another car, a financial expenditure which can be forestalled by simply bribing the switchmen beforehand.

Then at Gaunaha I was told that the wagon had to be unloaded within a day or else I had to pay demurrage. So that night seven of us shoveled coal—800 maunds is really something when you come hand to hand with it—and then hauled it to a sugar cane farm for storage until the road to Rampur was passable.

So about a month later the roads were open and the coal was ready to be hauled. There's a tremendous difference between roads being open and roads being dry, and I still have nightmares over that trip. We loaded the coal and started out for Rampur. But there were plenty of muddy places, far too plenty, where we would get stuck, have to unload the coal until our one-cylinder tractor was dug out of the mud, then load on the coal again. I gradually became actually grateful to those who had stolen 90 maunds of the coal while it had been stored at the sugar cane farm.

I wasn't so grateful when I discovered that the lack of this fuel meant that

the bricks at the top of the kiln would not get enough fire and so would not be baked. But that belonged in the realm of physics and was easily understandable. The next problem had a moral angle to it yet though subtle it was even more readily understandable.

The custom here, in face of the prevailing tradition that whatever is movable belongs to the first comer, is to count the mud and clay lumps, the bricks-to-be, and then sprinkle them with lime water as an indication that they have been counted. But my trusted counter didn't stay on for the essential next step of seeing the lumps put in the kiln. So the laborers left a few hundred each time they baked and managed to get the leftovers counted again! Result: over ten thousand short. I know; I counted each one personally—and for days there were bricks before my eyes. And we needed those ten thousand but by that time the coal was gone.

Excuse me. I must get some more coal.

What a mess! The bricks on top didn't get enough fire and those below got too much!



Window on the Mission

THE DIVINE MISSION

AS ORDINARY lay people without any special training or higher education, our little family does not feel it is doing anything spectacular or exciting for our foreign missions. There were years we did nothing at all, and times when we did very little.

One is ashamed to even mention the word "sacrifice" in the light of our heroic men and women missionaries who have left all to follow Him in remote, hostile lands; and more so, when one reads news of those who have died under Communist torture, and those still suffering under "Pilate" and trumped-up charges behind the Iron Curtain.

Here we are in our modest homes with our modest cars and modest jobs; we are fed and clothed and lack none of the essentials of bodily living. Then we think of the Divine Missionary who left the Beauty and Joy of His Heaven-Home to live among His real inferiors—mortal men—compelled by Love alone.

The closer a soul draws to God, the more it understands the Heart and Mind

of His Beloved Son in His Human Nature. Christ was sent on a Mission to us because we need Him—He doesn't need us for His Happiness. It becomes clear that His Love is so great that our finite minds cannot ever grasp its full implications. His Love for us inspires a return of that love, however small and inadequate it may seem to us; we long to share the Joy of His Love with others for all men are brothers. Suddenly, the meaning of being a Catholic strikes us!

And, inevitably, when we become victimized by evil, it is clearly revealed that this is what He came to eradicate. Then the dream of His Kingdom on Earth becomes more real and more personal to us—His temples of Love—in His Image. Then all things fall into place so naturally and effortlessly, and you become a co-missionary in heart, mind and action. Your tiny spark of love for God and man, however inadequate your efforts seem in your own eyes, appears to be part of His Wise Plan—"the little way" for "the little man." It doesn't even seem important to see or know the results. All that matters is to ask: "Lord, what will You have me do?" He always answers, and it is always little things He asks. Always, it is spontaneous love and obedience that matter. Whether it is the humble dollar cheerfully given to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith; the cancelled



Cover. There are a thousand ways of looking at Central America but to artist Phil Franznick it appeared most of all as a stained glass window, varied in its present pattern by race, by color, by politics and economy, and twisted out of shape by its restlessness. But the past shone through it, in its brightness and its dimmer episodes, and its future is silvered with Christian hope.



stamps to Jesuit Missions Stamp Bureau, a friendly letter to a fellow American priest laboring for Christ in Japan, a parcel of used clothing to an orphanage in India, a package of Catholic periodicals to Africa, worn but usable blankets to an Indian "Home Mission" Station, a Mass stipend to a missionary for a departed soul or simply a sanctified moment of suffering offered to God in the Mystical Body of His Son as atonement. How appreciative you are that God is good to allow this wonderful method of reparation for one's own sins!

The Big Dream draws nearer; it can and will be a reality—God's Kingdom on Earth where "All Nations Shall Come." The "One Fold and One Shepherd" mentioned by Christ in the New Testament becomes the Great Drama and the tiny role He has assigned to you and you and you becomes very important.

Then deep inside you feel especially exalted, yet immensely humbled at the same time, that He picked insignificant little you in the work closest His Heart! You are playing your part, especially as a mother, in taking care of His Beautiful Mystical Body on Earth. You are just beginning to get a faint glimmer of the wonder of being such an unworthy member of such a Beautiful Body! And you know it's not your little acts of brotherly-love, but the large acts of His anointed missionaries overseas and at home praying hard under almost insurmountable obstacles in faith and in love, that have showered His Love down over your head in graces and blessings beyond your wildest dreams. Love loves you and you love Love—what more can life give?

GRACE M. BARBER

AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

ALASKA

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

BRITISH HONDURAS, YORO AND U. S. INDIANS

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

CEYLON AND HOME MISSIONS

Rev. Daniel W. Partridge S.J.
701 Pere Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans 12, La.

CHINA AND FORMOSA

Rev. William J. Klement S.J.
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San Francisco 18, Cal.

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

INDIA AND BURMA

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700 N. Calvert St.
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IRAQ AND JAMAICA

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

JAPAN

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Los Angeles 17, Calif.

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Rev. Charles F. Mullen S.J.
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PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

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

RED IN THE MORNING

The Communists make use of every trick in their book as they try to get a strangle hold on India's heavy industry. Here is what happened in the steel region.

LAWRENCE B. DIETRICH S.J.

DO THE COMMUNISTS mean what they say? Here is what they say: "It is necessary to . . . agree to any and every sacrifice, and even—if need be—to resort to all sorts of stratagems, maneuvers and illegal methods, to evasion and subterfuges in order to penetrate the trade unions, to remain in them, and to carry on Communist work in them at all costs." (Lenin) Here is what they mean . . .

An isolated victory at the polls in 1957 at Jamshedpur in India set the stage for a concentrated move to establish Communist dominance over the labor movement in this area. Shortly after this initial victory a series of violent incidents shook the Gua mining settlement of the Indian Iron and Steel Co. In an effort to dislodge the INTUC-affiliated Gua Workers' Union, the Communists used abuse,

Danger on and off the job is the daily routine for

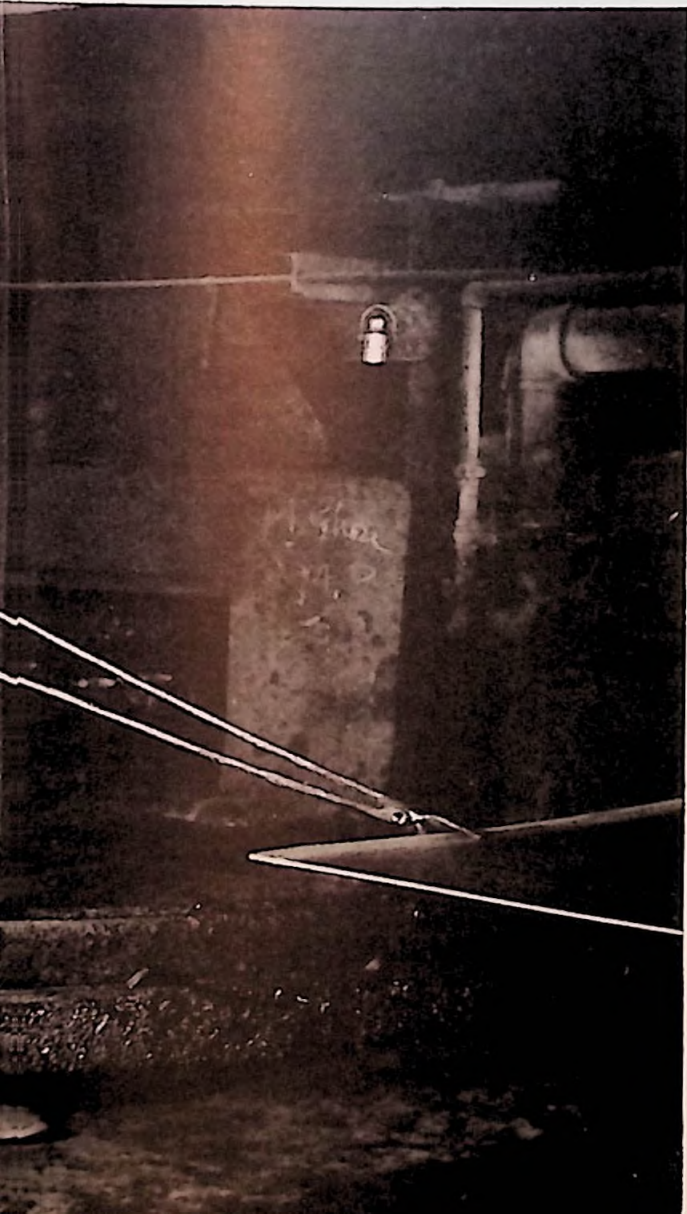


Key to Abbreviations:

Telco:	Tata Electrical Co.
I.N.T.U.C.:	Indian National Trade Union Congress—backed by the Congress Party
A.I.T.U.C.:	All-India Trade Union Congress Controlled by Communists
T.I.S.C.O.:	Tata Iron and Steel Co.
T.W.U.:	Tata Workers' Union—affiliated with I.N.T.U.C.
J.M.U.:	Jamshedpur Mazdur Union—affiliated with A.I.T.U.C.—Communist controlled

threats, stone-throwing and finally, with a mob led by their Action Committee, attacked the INTUC office, killed two and injured several others.

steel worker in India's heavy industry.



As a counter move to an INTUC conference in Jamshedpur, the Communist-controlled AITUC invited all the disgruntled elements of the various unions to convene. Their condemnation of the agreement between TISCO and the TWU, affiliated with INTUC, and their unrealistic demands, had only one purpose, to up the claims put forward by the INTUC, thereby belittling them in the eyes of the rank and file.

A rolling strike to engulf the whole of Jamshedpur was put in motion then, with the first major incidents, violent picketing, assaults and deliberate tampering with the equipment, at Telco. In the midst of this disturbance, the JMU engineered a stay-in-strike in two departments of the Tinsplate Co., called for a strike in a local press and attempted to induce employees of the Indian Tube Co. to strike over demands which were already under negotiation with the recognized union.

The JMU campaign received a setback when, after government conciliation, the TWU was granted an additional yearly wage increase by Tisco. In a diversionary move, the JMU called a "Demands Week" and issued badges with their demands printed on them: 1) a basic increase—an attempt to anticipate and take credit for the Tisco-TWU agreement; 2) an increase in dearness allowance linked with the cost of living—(but the cost of living index in '57 was below the level when dearness allowance was last revised); 3) the reinstatement of discharged workers—a play on the sympathy of the men toward the latter.

A procession, public meeting, and strike notice were the next steps in the assault plan. Simultaneously with Jamshedpur, a strike call was given by the AITUC union in Burnpur, a bid for power in the whole of the steel belt.

When the government declared the strike illegal, the JMU urged workers to ignore the government notice. Calling for

a day's strike originally, they made their intention perfectly clear to prolong the stoppage if, as was inevitable, any disciplinary action was taken.

On the morning of S-Day, the approaches of the Works were jammed. Strike squads from the locked-out Tata-nagar Foundry and JMU activists from other companies prevented access at strategic points. Workers were pulled out of buses and cycle tires were deflated, officers and loyal workers proceeding to the plant manhandled.

As part of the tactics to keep men away from work, wild rumors spread through the town of loot, robbery and killing. The Sheet Mills had to be closed down when men left in panic on hearing rumors of loot and stabbing. Another rumor that the Blast Furnace superintendent had been killed, contributed greatly to the panic. Yet, despite the heavy odds, the one day strike was a failure as attendance was over 44% of the normal in the Works, and over 57% outside.

In desperation, the JMU swung their main attack toward key departments, the coke ovens, blast furnaces, transportation and electrical operations. Strikers stoned locomotives, tampered with and placed boulders on the tracks and derailed one locomotive. In an attack by 200 men on a shop one man died of heart failure. A crane driver died of serious injuries received on his way to work and a blast furnace worker was beaten unconscious outside the factory gate. There was stoning on a large scale at the blast furnaces and wilful stoppages of essential movements of fuel. The JMU was trying to force the company to come to terms by sabotaging the plant, a step which, if it had succeeded, would have closed the Works for at least 18 months. When, in the interest of the safety of the plant, the Company closed down, 1,380 loyal workers and supervisors were permitted to stay behind to man the essential services.

That evening when the police moved to arrest the illegal strike leaders at the Communist headquarters, a large crowd collected around them and refused to allow them to move. At a specified time, a series of lights were thrown on, pin-pointing the police in the crowd. It was the signal for a barrage of stones, bricks and bottles to fly. Over a hundred policemen and officers were injured. Finally, the police were forced to open fire.

A general strike was called for the following day. Groups of workers put up road blocks, a procession called out, the Congress office and several shops looted and set on fire. It was then only that the military was called out and a 24-hour curfew imposed.

Communist M.P.'s and the AITUC representative arrived in Jamshedpur and addressed the workers and finally sought a legal solution, peaceful methods only after firm action had destroyed all hopes of gaining their ends by disorder.

Workers flocked back to register for work almost immediately. The JMU distributed leaflets calling on them not to return and falsely accusing the Company of using the registration as a "means of retrenchment." In the working class areas, batches of JMU volunteers carried on a ceaseless campaign through the night before the plant reopened. Despite their propaganda the morning shift commenced without incident.

The Indian trade union situation has been summed up thusly: "In a sense, the unions are little more than strike committees. Activity thrives on conflict. Membership is desultory and apt to be restive. The result is that leaders are apt to stress ideas that will keep the workers keyed up and interested. The rank and file is unenlightened, uneducated and most totally disinterested in progressive development. Suspicion is rampant; there is a natural division between management and labor." These are conditions which breed Communism.



In a Crate

Literally: The picture shows Father John Nicholson S.J. Senwar, Ponape in the Marshall Islands, hearing confessions in a makeshift confessional made from an old crate.

The crate is in a makeshift building which rocks like a hula-hoop in the wind. A new Church is a *must*.

Won't you help?

Send \$5, \$10 or whatever you can afford to

Jesuit Missions

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

NOW HEAR THIS!

*Voices in the Philippines, preaching, exhorting,
telling young and old of the things that count*



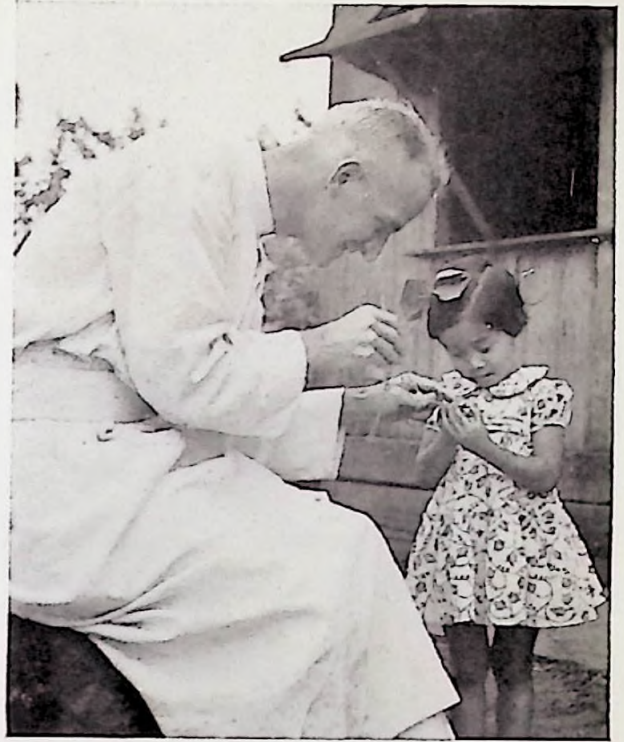
It's a line but Father William Ahern is holding its attention at Balingasag in Cagayan. Then again these are the children of fishermen and they may recognize a line when they see it.

Heads up or the customary Bukidnon method of carrying things may take a tumble. No bowing or scraping even if it is Fr. Van Groenendael, whose words seem to be over baby's head.

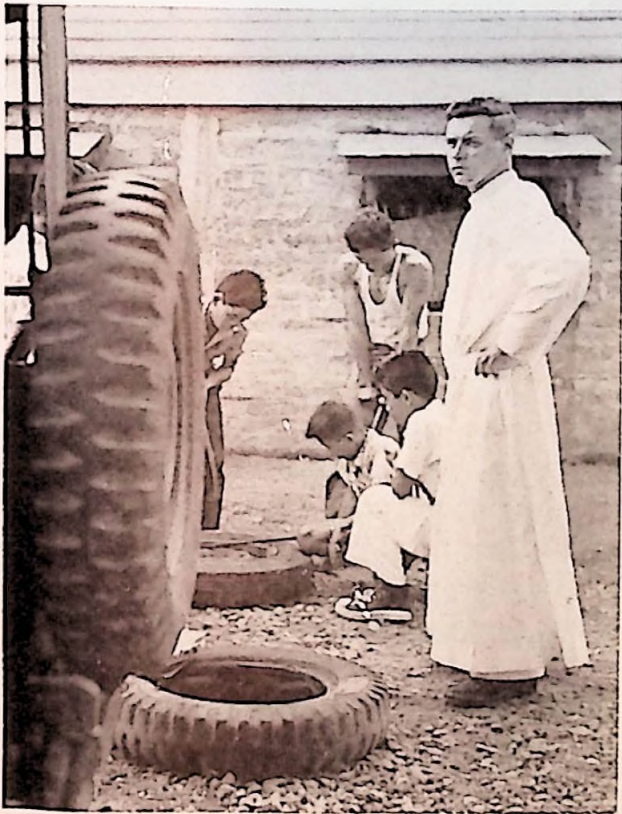




Now hear this! Father Cullen drives home a point—and that is not the 3-ring sign!



Sweetest story ever told is repeated by Father Koller as he explains the Rosary.



No comment! But if Father Ahern wrote a postcard he'd put "Wish you were here!"

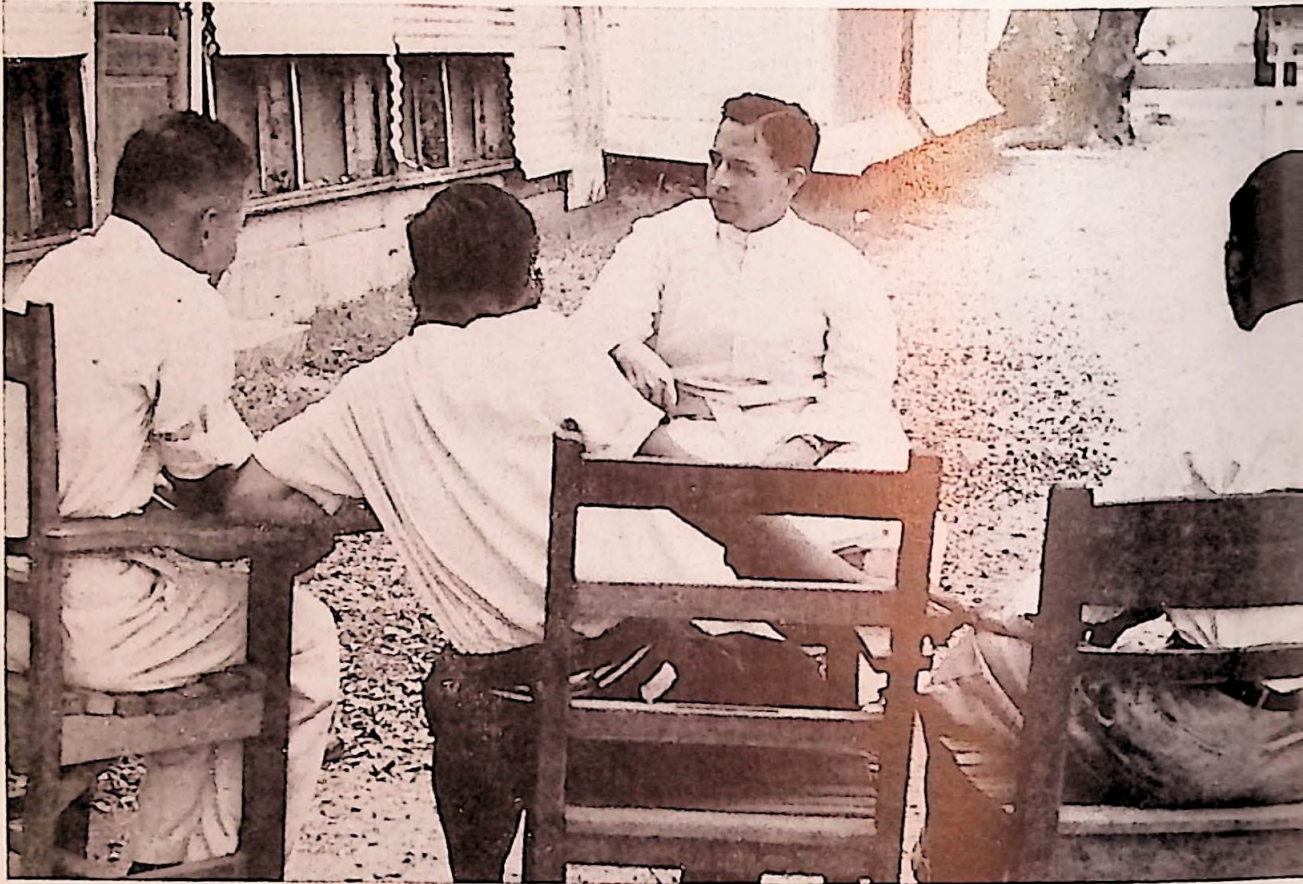
What next? Father Falvey seems to have told his last story but doesn't dare admit it!



The Holy Father's Mission Intention for

April emphasizes the great need of all

mission fields which can be summed up **WANTED**



Leadership is stressed by Father Nicholson at a Sunday morning meeting in the Philippines.

IT IS NOT CONVENIENT that we, leaving aside the word of God, should serve at tables. Therefore, select from among you seven men of good reputation, full of the Spirit and of wisdom, that we may put them in charge of this work. But we will devote ourselves to prayer and the ministry of the word" (Acts 6:2-4). So the Apostles answered the problems which arose in the early Church because of the growth of the Christian community. They appointed men to take charge of certain phases of the life of the Church so that they could

be free to preach and teach. Developments in the life of the Church, then, should not surprise anyone; they are a sign of the vitality of the Church.

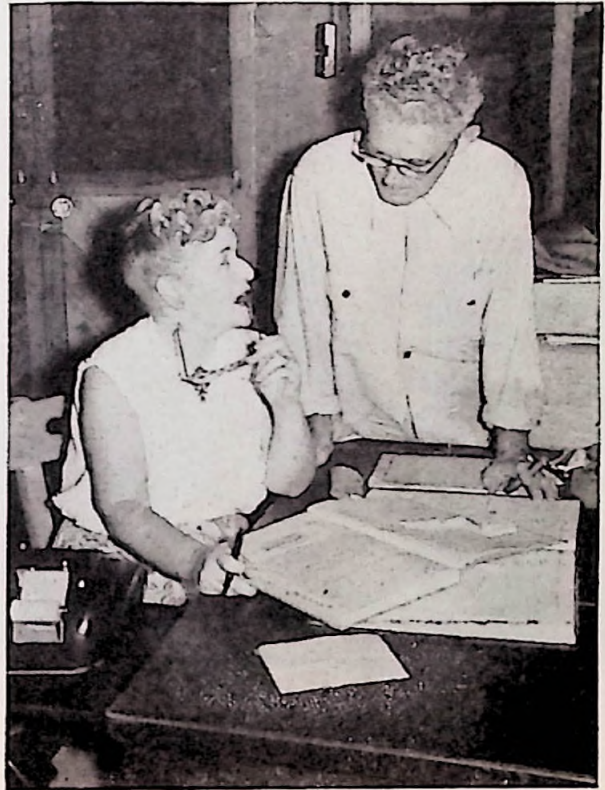
The missionary Church nowadays is called on to undertake many works which were not required in other centuries. Saint Francis Xavier did not have to be concerned with schools, the Catholic press, housing, village economy, agricultural methods, social service. But today the missionary Church is involved in these things for the sake of Christian communities in mission lands. Many of

SKILLED WORKERS

these works are done by Brothers and Sisters, when they are available. But there are not enough. Furthermore, the Popes have been insistent about the need of training competent lay leaders in mission countries. Through such trained leaders in the various areas of life Christian ideals and directions must be implanted in these new nations, if the enemies of the Church are to be kept from taking over and destroying the labor of centuries in these areas.

If these missionary works are to be carried on properly, surely the missionary priests should not have to do these things alone. They should not have to direct Credit Unions and Cooperatives, construction programs, agricultural projects and cottage industries, housing and transportation. These things are hardly the primary task of the priest, even though he may have to engage in such works because nobody else is around to undertake them. Such works are properly the field and the competence of the laity. A layman looks much better on a bull-dozer, running a printing press or organizing labor than a priest. A lay woman is more in place giving instructions in home economics, the place of woman in modern society, family care and public health than a Sister. All these things are now required to make a better formed, more self-reliant people. Thus people are better equipped to care for the life of the Church in their own land and their own locality.

A printing press in Central Africa may not seem very important to us. But when we remember that Africans are learning



Ten years at Ponape in the Caroline Islands have just been rounded out by volunteer lay missionaries Mr. and Mrs. Richard Finn.

to read, then what they read becomes important. The Jehovah Witnesses think so and they are flooding the mission world with their publications. The ideals of Christian marriage we may take for granted. But the campaigns for birth control in heavily populated countries such as India, Japan and Egypt make the defense of marriage more urgent. We know the value of Catholic education here. But it is even more necessary in mission lands. The future leaders of these young nations are being trained now. The Church cannot afford to surrender their formation to political and secular

forces. Communism trades on the poverty and low standard of living in so many mission lands. It promises the sky in order to enslave. That is one reason why through lay leaders the Church must influence business development and labor with the ideals of social justice and charity. Protestant denominations conduct teacher training schools and social centers in South America in their attack on Catholicism; they find many lay people to do this work. We know how active the Communists of South America are among the students. They know what they



Right arm of Father Ernst in Patna, India, is John Baptist, teacher and head catechist.

want to do and they find the people to do it.

When the Church is faced with such gigantic problems, it would be unreal to expect the missionary priests and religious to meet them completely and expertly. Nor should it be said that the Church cannot find the means to handle such problems, As in her earliest days, the Church is now saying again that it is not convenient that her missionary priests be involved so much in these works. As in the beginning, She is selecting men and women among her members for such tasks. This is the admirable development of the lay apostolate and the lay missionary movement. Many Catholic men and women are offering themselves and their talents and skills to assist the missionary Church all over the world.

Since the end of World War I a large number of the laity have gone to foreign lands to assist the missionary Church. This movement began with medical services by a group in Wurzburg, Germany. Since then the missionary activity of the laity has expanded to construction workers and skilled labor, social workers and community and student center leaders, teachers, farmers, nurses, pilots, doctors, Credit Union and Cooperative experts and many other services.

In addition to the services offered to the missions by these professions and skills, there is the indispensable advantage of having lay people, dedicated to Christ and the Church, who are a living example to the laity of these young Churches. While these services are magnificent, still more important is the building up of a competent local lay leadership to which lay missionaries must contribute. Lay missionaries beyond their services in economic, material, civic and cultural fields have this essential purpose of assisting the missionary Church in her search for and training of local leaders who will have the same dedication to Christ and the Church.

To fulfill such a function, lay missionaries need training beyond their professions and skills. They must know their religion well, understanding the mind and designs of the Church. They must have a developed interior life, because they are Catholics first. They must have some understanding of the people to whom they will be sent. Fortunately there are several organizations in the United States which are giving this training to future lay missionaries.

This new manifestation of the wonderful strength of the Church, lay missionaries, merits the prayers and assistance of the whole Church. The Popes have asked for it.

It is a weapon that has never been used to its full power and there is urgent need of it in the world of today.



Potluck in the Mortlocks

What awaits a young man

on his first tour

of the South Seas?

JOHN M. DOOLAN S.J.

IT WAS A MORNING for adventure: skies clean, sun hot, wind steady, ideal for sailing. Ahead of us lay one hundred and eighty miles of open sea. There were four of us: His Excellency, Bishop Vincent Kennally, heading for another visit to his scattered flock in the Caroline and Marshall Islands, Brother Raymond Whalen the skipper, Ed Soucie and myself, going at the invitation of the Bishop on our first missionary tour to the Mortlocks in the Carolines.

I was nervous. The "Star of the Sea" (formerly "The Romance") is not a particularly large vessel, albeit sturdy and comfortable. Well, maybe nervous is too strong a word. Say keyed up. Excited. Like a kid on Christmas eve, wondering what'll be under the tree. There were a hundred and eighty empty miles ahead, and the Pacific is awfully deep, and the Mortlocks were just squiggles on a chart . . . And sometimes these charts . . .

The sound of the engine ceased abruptly once we were outside the reef,



and with swift, practiced motions Brother Whalen and his crewmen hoisted sail. I watched, conscious of the lifeless way the ship rolled in the Pacific swell, as the sails went up. They flapped noisily as the wind struck them, until suddenly Brother moved the helm, and the cloth billowed out smoothly, the boat heeled slightly, and the miracle took place. The Star of the Sea was alive.

There is something about a sailboat. It may be the fact that skimming along with only the wind to push him appeals to some deep-rooted instinct in a man, making him somehow more intimately united with the sea and the sky and the sunlight sparkling on the deep blue waters. It may be that the awareness of not needing an engine gives him a heady feeling of mastery and completeness. Or it may be the silence, which is different from all other silences.

The silence of a sailboat at sea is not noiseless. There are tiny sounds from the deck and the hull, there are creakings from the rigging, there are occasional fluttering rumbles from the taut bellying sails, there is the cool, irregular

splash of spray, there is the clean wet slap of waves and ripples against the smooth sides of the ship, amplified and sweetened by the reverberating echoes of the hull, and finally there is the silken ripping sound of the sea as it parts and foams around the moving vessel. It is a silence full of sound, an alive, throbbing silence that somehow catches the imagination and heart of a man, and makes him feel strong and vital and masterful. Anyway, it made me feel that way. It was nice of a kindly Providence to make the price of fuel so high that we could not afford to make the trip except by sail.

"We'll be in Lukunor at eleven tomorrow morning," Brother Whalen said, with the confident air of a prophet, and smiled at me as I grinned back. I was enjoying myself so much I didn't care.

Brother was a true prophet. At eleven the next morning, the sails dropped, the engine coughed, and no longer a silent, living thing, but a boat propelled by a turning screw, the Star of the Sea crossed through the gap in the reef, and headed for the mooring inside the lagoon, where



Ancient ritual of the stick dance (left) is solemnly performed on gala occasions. Every move is dictated by a hoary tradition, and watched with interest and pleasure by the bystanders (below). The islanders are very musical, and welcome any opportunity to display their skill at singing and dancing.



a flotilla of small boats came to escort us, and the smiling people, in their best Sunday finery stood waving welcome.

We stepped ashore to the improbable accompaniment of "Ave Maris Stella" sung with a right good will by several hundred strong voices.

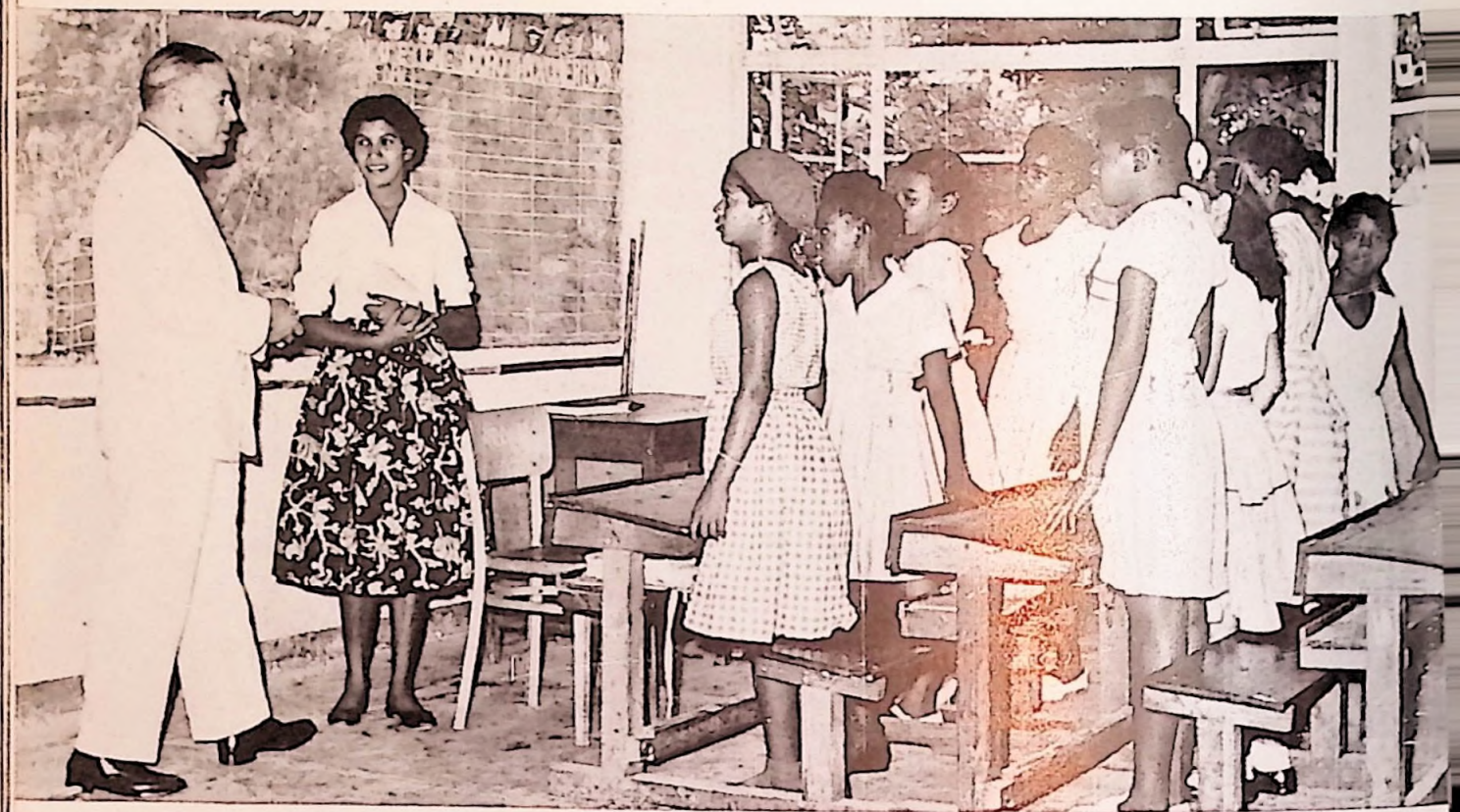
It takes stamina to be a missionary Bishop. Some two hundred people lined up to kiss his ring. There were speeches of welcome. His Excellency made a speech in reply. Then he sat down to hear confessions. Then he celebrated Mass. Then he administered the sacrament of Confirmation. *Then* he got something to eat.

The rest of the afternoon he talked to people. Ed and I did too, with the youngsters. They're wonderful kids, untroubled and sunny and full of fun, with grins that would melt a stone idol.

Toward evening there was a feast, spread out on the ground, on leaves, taro and breadfruit, yams, raw and cooked fish, lobsters, chicken, rice, the works. Then entertainment.

I leaned back against a palm tree, replete and content, watching. The night

had come and the moon turned everything to silver, while a big fire etched red outlines on the world. The drums beat softly, and the voices rang out, sweet in the night, with a strange, soft beauty that seemed to echo in sound the restless surging of the sea and the waving of the trees in the wind. The young men danced, wearing ceremonial skirts of grass, keeping perfect rhythm with long sticks wielded now like swords, now like spears, now like clubs against the sticks of other dancers. The hard, muscular bodies moved with infinite grace, beautiful in their liteness, beautiful in their youth and vitality. And as I watched them, leaning at my ease, the words formed in my mind: "The God who giveth joy to my youth." And I was suddenly very grateful to be alive, to be young, to be here.



Visitation of Religious Vacation School at St. Anthony's School Center is made by Bishop John McEleney S.J. Betty Hitchens of Alpha Academy is the teacher, a busman's holiday.

SCHOOL ON HOLIDAYS

There's no problem of juvenile delinquency when youngsters in Jamaica are eager to get back to the classrooms during vacation

WILLIAM H. FEENEY S.J.

THE TOWN OF CONCORD is hidden away in the heart of Jamaica, about five miles from the geographical center of the island. It is a small town, and has no resident priest. On the second Sunday of every month, the priest comes to Concord. This is not an ideal arrangement, but it is the only possible one. Concord, Moneague, and Claremont are mission stations attended from the picturesquely named town of Bamboo, which is about twenty-five miles away from each of them, and where one man, Father John Alexander, tries valiantly to keep abreast of all four.

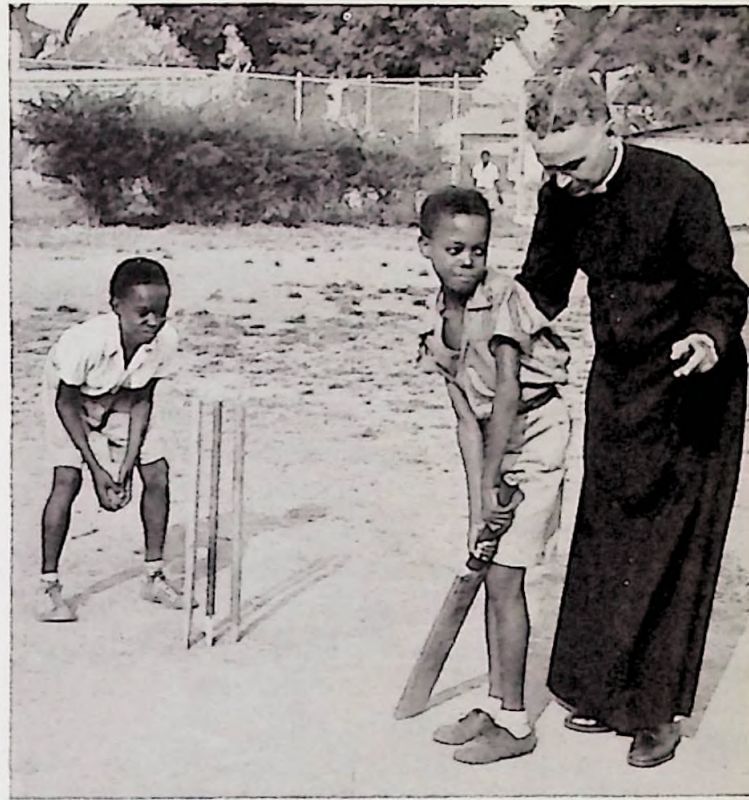
With these monthly visits, it is impossible for anyone to build a sturdy Catholicity in Concord. Accordingly, in 1957, Father Shea, (Father Alexander's predecessor at Bamboo) requested Mother Xavier, superioress of the Native Sisters, to run a Religious Vacation School at Concord. Mother Xavier readily consented. But there was no place for the Sisters to live in at Concord. Two rooms

were added on to the church, and when the schools recessed in 1958 Sister Mary Charles and Sister Marianna arrived in Concord to conduct the second Vacation School on the island of Jamaica.

Many willing helpers, anxiously awaiting instructions, thronged around the Sisters. The overseer put the children to work immediately. As a big surprise and an extraordinary feature the Sisters were to have running water. The men had erected a platform of rough-hewn logs and had placed three half drums on it. It was sufficiently high for the water to run down by gravity to the rooms and now the children with every conceivable kind of can and container and in an almost interminable line drew water from the pipe at the bottom of the hill and filled the drums. Then God stepped in and relieved the children of what they felt would be their daily and willing task. He sent a shower of rain every afternoon and this rain poured from the roof of the church into the bamboo gutters and thence to more bamboos, finally filling the drums.

Deep appreciation generally manifests itself in gift-giving and the Concordites are no exception. During the stay of the Sisters there was a real trek to their door. And gifts of three eggs, a cabbage, mangoes, coconuts, cucumbers, cho-chos, paw-paws or a jar of guava jam were embarrassingly placed in Sister's hands. The presentation speech was not too polished. It often consisted in: "Me mud-da sends you this."

The Religious Vacation Schools have been quite successful. 3,105 students were enrolled, resulting in 190 baptisms and 207 first communions. In Concord there were 191 persons on the roll of whom 69 only were Catholics and 122 non-Catholics. The morning classes ran from 9 to 12 but besides these the Sisters ran afternoon classes three times a week from 4 to 5:30. Some of the children showed great initiative and re-



Guiding hand is given by Father Watson to cricketer during best hours of the day.

sourcefulness. After his teacher had explained the rosary, Norman Cunningham, eleven years of age, went off into the fields where he found some berries called "Job's Tears." These would do for the Our Fathers. Then he gathered other berries from the four o'clock tree. These would be his Hail Marys. Ordinary thread was the chain and his mother gave him a cross.

The R.V.S. ended with Mass and a sacred concert, at which, among other things, a Memory Gem was recited by a woman eighty years of age. It was a piece she had learned in the elementary school seventy years before. She was encored time and again.

Concord is only one of the many Religious Vacation Schools conducted in the country districts and the Corporate Area of Kingston. But it typifies the general movement which is most successful in opening an avenue to people who in the ordinary course of events would never come in touch with the Church. School on holidays is the thing in Jamaica.

Mission Events

New England in Baghdad

Want to spend a bit of time in the Near East and get paid to do it? The American Jesuits are interested in applications for several positions which will be open at Al-Hikma University next September. They need a Professor of Business Administration, one in Engineering and one in Physics. The salaries are between \$6,000-\$7,000 and transportation is provided to and from Iraq. Anyone interested should contact Father Joseph Ryan S.J., Box 260, Baghdad, Iraq. Run, don't walk, to nearest mailbox.

Whoever goes, will not be the first. Three American lay professors have taught there during the present school year; Dr. David MacAlpine of Oklahoma State University, Dr. Francis Worrell of DePauw University and Dr. Walter Zukowski of Colby College in Maine. Drs. Worrell and Zukowski have their families with them. Two of the teachers went as Fulbright professors and the other one on a Rockefeller Foundation grant. The new buildings will be used for the first time in September.

New Englanders by the Tigris. Fr. Mulvehill, Mrs. and Dr. Zukowski of Maine and Fr. Ryan.



Cross on map marks approximate spot where Maryland Province Jesuits will take up their new assignment in the diocese of Osorno in Chile. This is first American Jesuit venture here.

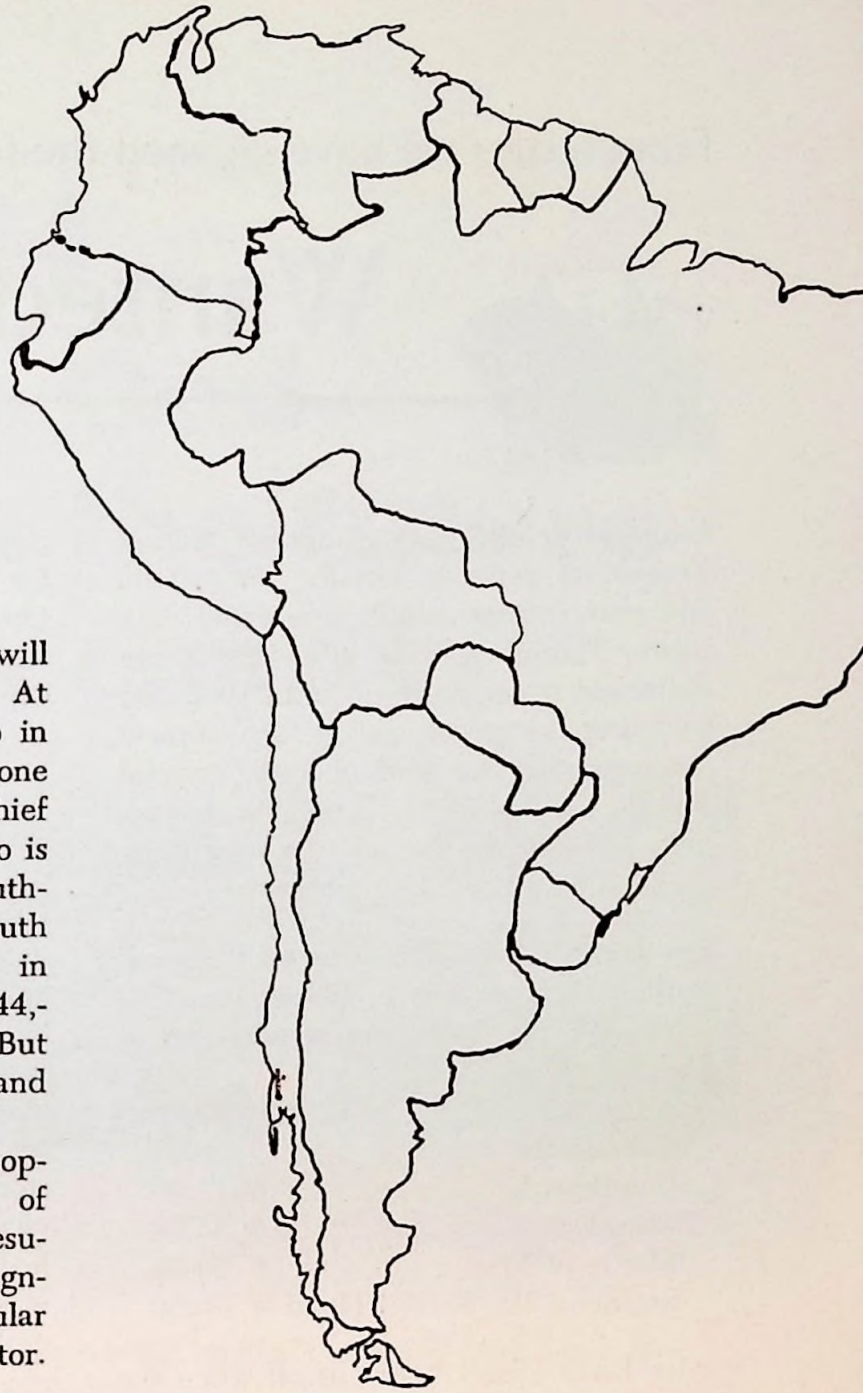
Maryland in Chile

Jesuits of the Maryland Province will soon be heading for South America. At the request of the Bishop of Osorno in Chile they are taking over the one school, Colegio San Mateo, in the chief city of Osorno. The diocese of Osorno is only four years old and lies in south-central Chile at approximately 41° south latitude. Over 3,500 square miles in area, it has a total population of 144,000, of whom 138,000 are Catholics. But there are only four diocesan priests and 30 of religious orders.

The city of Osorno proper has a population of around 45,000 and 95% of these are Catholics. The Maryland Jesuits are planning to begin this new assignment next March when the regular school year opens south of the equator.

Chagrin in Cagayan

In the Philippines Father Joseph Stoffel was shopping in Cagayan when he spotted a back scratcher in a Chinese bazaar. This Oriental curiosity is usually a bamboo stick about two feet long with a carving at one end in the form of a hand, fingers bent in scratching position. Just the thing for that inaccessible spot on the back, so he bought it. Later he examined it more closely and discovered that it was actually a long lead pencil with a hand-shaped point protector. Nor was the hand carved out of ivory; it was plastic. The final blow came when he



saw the words stamped on it: "Made in Germany." Father sadly headed home.

Stars in the East

Three Catholic girls are stars in Siamese motion pictures. One of them, Ngam-Tha, comes from an old Catholic family of artists and her father and brother are musicians to the king. She played with Alec Guinness in "The Bridge on the River Kwai" and recalls that every Sunday morning Alec would sit in his jeep and call out, "Anybody for Mass?" Ngam-Tha was always one of his passengers.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Even After 50 Years as a Jesuit, Father Kempel of Jamaica has the enthusiasm and cheerfulness usually associated with youth. Though his church at Pisgah was destroyed by an earthquake in 1957 and he hasn't the money as yet for complete reconstruction he still is very hopeful that he will be able to rebuild with your help. Would you be able to contribute a gift of \$2.00 or \$5.00, please?

From the China Missions on Formosa, Father Brennan hopefully lists these requests for the furnishing of a chapel at Shih Lin T'ou.

Altar	\$150.00
Tabernacle	\$ 50.00
Candlesticks	\$ 15.00
Missal	\$ 35.00
Statue of Mary	\$ 50.00
Statue of the Sacred Heart	\$ 50.00

The Boys Don't Mind at all when the lights go out during the evening study period but their zealous Jesuit teachers regret the inadequate wiring that causes frequent power failures in the lighting system. This wiring should be replaced at the St. Francis Xavier School on Moen Island in the Carolines. Your gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 would make possible these necessary repairs.

Want to Ease the Troubles of Father Ludwig as he whimsically relates them on page 12? He can use plenty of help in his job of caring for the widows and orphans. If you want to give him a hand with a gift of \$2.00, \$5 or anything else, we will gladly send it on.

A Used Typewriter has been requested for the Indian mission of St. Andrew in Oregon by Father James Hurley. If you could fill this request the mailing address is:

Father James Hurley S.J.
St. Andrew's Mission
Box 193, Route 1
Pendleton, Oregon

Everyone Gets in the Act at Guaymitas, Honduras, where the people are helping to put up the first concrete block building in their village. This will be the first permanent chapel. The women carry pails of water on their heads from quarter of a mile away. The children gather stones; 15 or 20 men do the heavier work. Formerly the chapel was just a leaf shelter to keep away the sun but was no protection against the rain. The enthusiasm of these people to have a chapel is tremendous. Would you help them realize their dreams with a gift to help buy building materials—\$1.00 or \$2.00? Father Hogan and his people would be very grateful.

One Very Useful Service of the CARE organization is to offer help for the improvement of housing conditions in distressed areas. With limited resources their aid takes the form of helping the needy to help themselves. CARE does not put up the buildings but offers a brick-making machine at cost. Father Claude Daly of Muther, Ceylon, would like to complete some houses for his people and asks for your help.

Brick Machine \$100.00

FAITH

in God
in the future
in charity



The faith that moves mountains

has led the Jesuits in Yoro, Honduras, to start a seminary to begin training boys for the priesthood down there.

It will house 40 boys, and cost about \$50,000.

Can you help?

Chapel — \$7,000	Building for seminarians \$30,000
Chapel share \$300	Cement blocks \$12.00 the hundred

Send whatever you can to

Jesuit Missions
45 E. 78 Street, New York 21, N. Y.

You've heard about the man who *has* everything.

Well, Father Fenton Fitzpatrick S.J., Malitbog, Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I. is

the man who NEEDS everything.

You know, little things like a roof over his head, and a bed to sleep in, and a blanket.



Out of his need he is giving big things: like love which keeps him working to bring kids like those in the picture the knowledge and love of God—

Can you help Father Fitzpatrick?

Send \$5, \$10, or whatever you can afford to

Jesuit Missions
45 E. 78 Street, New York 21, N. Y.