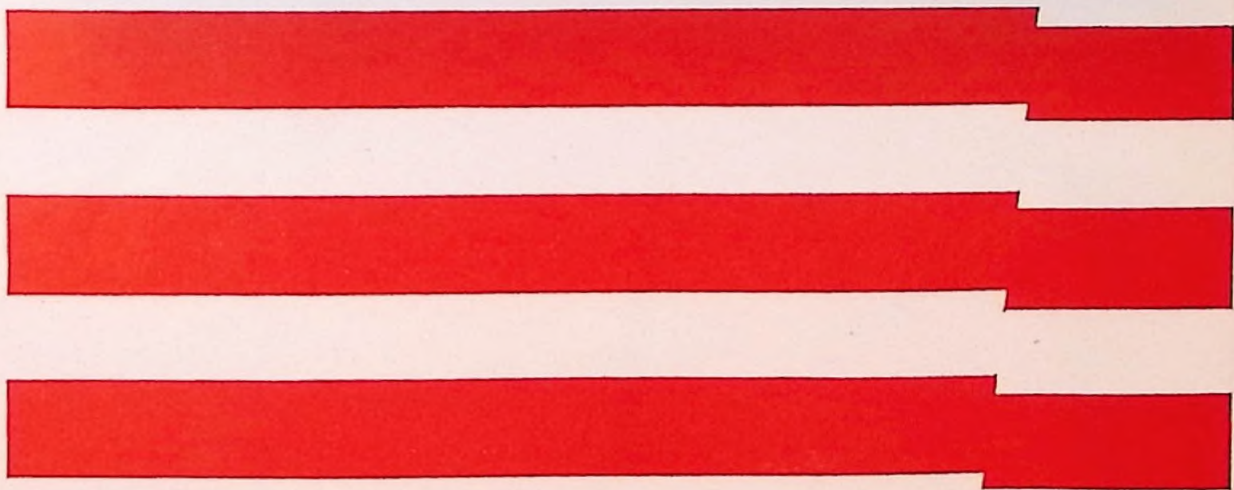


July August 1959

JESUIT MISSIONS



The Indian





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**

July-August, 1959, Vol. 33, No. 6

VICTORY DANCE OF THE DEFEATED

Theodore F. Zuern S.J.

Twilight in the Dakotaspage 2

MY SON IS A MISSIONARY.....Mrs. Muriel E. McGauley

Even his Bishop admits it.....page 6

MILESTONE IN JAMAICA

And an important one.....page 9

MY LITTLEST ANGEL.....William J. Walter S.J.

He eases any heartache.....page 12

THE "BE-HAPPY-SLOWLY" PEOPLE

Time has not hardened them.....page 16

ON A QUIET SUNDAY.....John C. Murphy S.J.

All the shooting wasn't over.....page 20

INDIA'S OWN CASEY JONES

Francis J. McGauley, S.J.

He died as he had lived.....page 24

"THE FACE OF MY GRANDCHILD"

Robert M. Flynn S.J.

A noteworthy "first" in Japan.....page 26

CANVAS CATHEDRAL.....James E. Poole S.J.

A priest on the salmon run.....page 30

S T A F F

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.

First priest (left) from St. Michael's Seminary in Jamaica is Father Henry Williams, ordained in the beginning of July by Bishop McEleney S.S.J. at Kingston's Cathedral. He finished his major studies in the Dominican Republic with a brilliant scholastic record. See page 9.

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N. Y., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Second Class Postage Paid at New York, N. Y.





THE FOURTH OF JULY is powwow time for the Sioux of the Dakotas. They will gather again at Grass Mountain in the broad green canyon of the Little White Earth River in South Dakota. Will their victory dance have an even greater emptiness than the one I witnessed last year on the Fourth of July?

Grass Mountain is a Sioux Indian community on the Rosebud Indian Reservation. It is scattered along a canyon strewn with dark pines and cut deep into the prairie west of the town and Mission of St. Francis. There the Sioux gathered for the Fourth of July, 1958. A century ago their ancestors battled and skirmished with the blue-coated U.S. troops who had brought total war to the Indian tribes of the prairie. Many of them, born sons and victims of total war, had more recently become veterans of the world's greatest total war, and now honored the conquered traditions of their tribe and its war-won independence.

At dusk and through the early evening of July 2nd Indians began gathering on the level meadow beside the Little White Earth River at Grass Mountain. Some came with horses and wagon; others arrived in dusty pick-up trucks; most rode in mud-splattered, second-hand cars. While most non-reservation-Americans in the traditions of efficiency, economy and production worked on July 3rd, the old Sioux tradition of the three-

day powwow dictated the arrival of many reservation-Americans. To those who understood, here was further revelation of the bewildering battle of traditions that confuse the Sioux who remain on the reservations or have moved to the spreading Indian slums of neighboring cities and towns.

Camp fires flamed as each group pitched its white canvas tent—no tepees in 1958—on a spot that offered thick June grass for a natural mattress, drainage in case of rain and easy access to the dance ground. About the fires and in the dark, soft Sioux syllables sparked with the guttural accents that made them words. It was good. Old friends were gathering again.

Off in the middle hours of the night when a wandering thunderhead stumbled on the canyon rim and dropped its burden of rain, drowsy Indians woke to the steady splashing on their canvas roof. Snuggling in their robes and blankets, dry, warm, they felt the deep, primitive joy of victory over a force of nature which water-proof canvas was winning for them. This was good—rain splashing off the tent, sleep settling inside.

The next three days combined and strangely mixed fragments of opposing cultures, shreds of diverse traditions. Four American flags flew before the row of Indian tents, a sign of peace between the Sioux nation and the United States

Victory Dance of the Defeated

of America. Yet for thirty years now all Indians have been citizens of the United States. A traditional circle of Indian dance ground was marked by stakes flying red, white and blue streamers.

When the ceremonies began men and women gathered in the brilliant costumes of their ancestors—doeskin, buckskin, elkskin; white and cream and tan; gray eagle feathers tipped in white, in war bonnets trailing to the ground or stuck by pairs into a headpiece of porcupine fur; ornaments of bead work, shells, dyed fluffy feathers in reds and greens and yellows, blues, violets and orange, complements or contrasts to black shining hair and rich tan-toned skin.

The big drum was beaten by Sioux men content to wear the daily clothes of cattle country—jeans and jackets and broad-brimmed hats. And between these extremes were the compromise costumes of felts, cottons, wools cut along the lines of old Indian garb.

A gas generator puffed, purred and popped, producing electricity for the public address system. Introductions, announcements and speeches were made in Sioux, but English was used too, especially for "Let's give 'em a great big hand" at the end of a dance.



Ceremonial dress is worn by Mrs. No Turnip only for formal occasions. Then back to the drab garb and the deepening rut.



Buffalo dance headgear is worn by Chief Ben American Horse, relative of Red Cloud.

On the afternoon of the Fourth the dancing was stopped while a dozen or so Sioux veterans reenacted the raising of the flag at Iwo Jima. Dressed as they had come but wearing white helmet liners and firing blanks from their carbines, they dashed and wove across the open grass or crawled between the pines and around the bushes which spotted a hill off toward the canyon's north wall. Steadily, singly they climbed, each white headgear bright against the varied greens. Then near the top five or six men dashed, and in clear relief against the sky raised "Old Glory."

It was a reminder of Ira Hayes, the Pima Indian and one of the Marines who had raised the original flag over the real Iwo Jima. But he was dead now. He had not won the war of the conflicting cultures, the opposing traditions.

As the men came down, horns honked as they had honked for the dancers of the old Indian dances. The mixing of cultures continues. Two visitors from Latin America to St. Francis Mission agreed to sing some Spanish songs, and Father Superior was asked to preach a sermon. One veteran introduced with

dubious success his Sioux translation of some rock-and-roll lyrics.

The performers and their families gathered in a wide circle beside the river for their meals in common. They ate elk and buffalo meat but factory baked crackers and bread. Then on the evening of July 5th most tents were struck, and families began to depart though some waited until morning. The Fourth of July powwow was ended.

Whenever, wherever two cultures mingle, strange combinations of ideas and ways of living result. Often a third or new way of life is born. But today in the United States a new way of life born of Indian and non-Indian ways is impossible. The Indians are a very small minority. They total less than a half million, and half live off the reservation, somehow remolding their ways, often painfully adjusting or failing to adjust to new ways. The less than a quarter million Indians living on the reservations can no way form a new way of life.

For the Indian in the United States there is only a dominant American culture to which he must adjust for his own welfare while the subordinate Indian culture, which for the Sioux is originally a nomadic, wandering way of life, is what he wants. The tragedy lies in this—the old Sioux way of life simply cannot exist today (the buffalo are gone and the prairie has been fenced), and the way of life which the reservation Sioux follow is a hopeless mixture of fragments from the old Indian culture and the steady changes dropped by the decaying decades of subjected isolation on the reservation.

Probably the few tourists who stumbled upon the Sioux powwow version of the American Fourth of July west of St. Francis Mission, were impressed by the colorful costumes, strange chant and peculiar blending of events. They may have assumed that healthy adaptations are being made by the Sioux to modern

developments. Actually the reservation Sioux has developed a third way of life. He lives neither the life of his forefathers nor the life of his non-Indian contemporaries, and his life is far poorer than any his forefathers knew or his contemporaries know. In primitive times his forefathers could take off for three days of powwowing. It is impossible for a modern non-Indian community to just close shop and go off to a municipal park for three days of celebrating. Those who think only in terms of American economy, efficiency and production can easily condemn such powwow planning. Such condemnation is unfair; the reservation Sioux has certainly not grown up in a tradition of economy, efficiency and production. He has been isolated on a

reservation where the only progress has been his loss of land to efficient non-Indian ranchers.

To find his place in modern America the American Indian must at least be educated to understand what economic, efficient and productive planning is. That is merely one factor in the broad education he needs.

Only education and understanding can remove this lingering bewilderment and confusion. By appreciating the conflict of cultures struggling within Indian souls, the missionaries and teachers at St. Francis Mission can approach realistically the basic problem of the Sioux. Years of work remain, but there is hope because they know what must be done to ease this bewildering dilemma.

Homeward trek from Fourth of July powwow is begun by this St. Francis Mission family.





Boston-born Father McGauley attended Georgetown before entering the Jesuits.

*A mother tells of her India visit
and mission experience*

My Son is

YOUR SON is a wonderful missionary, all charity and smiles to everyone who comes to him. His zeal for souls knows no bounds. I am extremely pleased with him in every respect. I do hope that Chakradharpur will soon become an example of Catholic life under the able care of Father McGauley." What heart-warming words for a mother to read upon her return from a visit with her missionary son—words written by his bishop! Please forgive a mother's pride.

In 1957 Father Frank was assigned as Pastor of Christ the King Parish in Chakradharpur, India. The parish extends 22 by 68 miles and Father covers it by train, bus, cycle, walking and, many times, by wading streams.

At the entrance to the church stands a lovely grotto in honor of Our Lady. The church, rectory and godown are all very old and badly in need of repair. The church organ is hopeless and I sympathize with the good lady who exerts every effort to put melody forth for the Lord. As for the rectory, I had fortified myself to the realization that I must "rough it" but little did I realize how rough "roughing it" would be. The godown has three rooms; one serves as a schoolroom, one a home for the schoolmaster and one a kitchen in which Mohammed, the cook, does a fine job on his "stove" of bricks with wood and coals—no oven of any kind.

In February of 1958 Father opened a primary school on the rectory veranda for 38 children, one teacher and no blackboard. In June the number increased to 68, two teachers and a blackboard; and in September three classes, 78 children and three teachers. Two classes are held on the rectory veranda and one in the godown, windowless. Of these children, 55 are Catholic. Were it not for this school the children would not be educated, since the Railway School is for Anglo-Indian English-speaking children only.

It is sad indeed to see these poor little ones, ranging from 5 to 11, sitting on the cracked veranda floor working away on their worn-out slates. Their only protection during the monsoons is a sackcloth awning. These sacks formerly contained rice, corn and wheat stamped "Donated by the Peoples of the United States." Sacks of milk powder are delivered to Father monthly through the Bishops' Relief Fund, and on each Wednesday and Saturday after seven o'clock Mass long lines form to receive allotments of milk powder, etc.

I made several parish "tours" and I would like to tell you of one. At 7:30 one morning Father, Alois the catechist, and I left via bus (the like of which you've never seen) for Annilore, the nearest mission station. I sat on a hard wooden seat behind the driver in the women's

and how eminently worthwhile it all is

a Missionary

compartment and Father and Alois stood in the overcrowded men's compartment. After an hour's ride, we were met by the men of the village who serenaded us with tom-toms during our walk over the fields and up the hills—Father and Alois carrying Mass vestments and supplies in wooden boxes. At the end of the climb we were greeted by smiling women performing the hand-washing ritual. They had arranged a beautiful arch of boughs and flowers at the entrance to the village. After confessions, Mass was offered in a tiny mud hut, crowded with people, some standing outside. Many had walked over ten miles, carrying babies with small tots trotting alongside. The only light on the improvised altar came from two small candles and a ray of sunlight sneaking in through the little hole in the thatched roof. I knelt at the wooden case beside Alois who served. The people sang in Munda during the Mass. In this little mud hut the realization was very vivid that Mass here brought the same glory to God as Mass in our great cathedrals.

Later in the morning there was a singing and dancing program for me, with a presentation speech and gifts of

Roughing it is all part of the game and one little question, "Where is your missionary spirit, Mother?" was always enough to set the author moving.



My Son Is a Missionary

a burlap sack of rice, fresh vegetables, an egg, live hen and a goat.

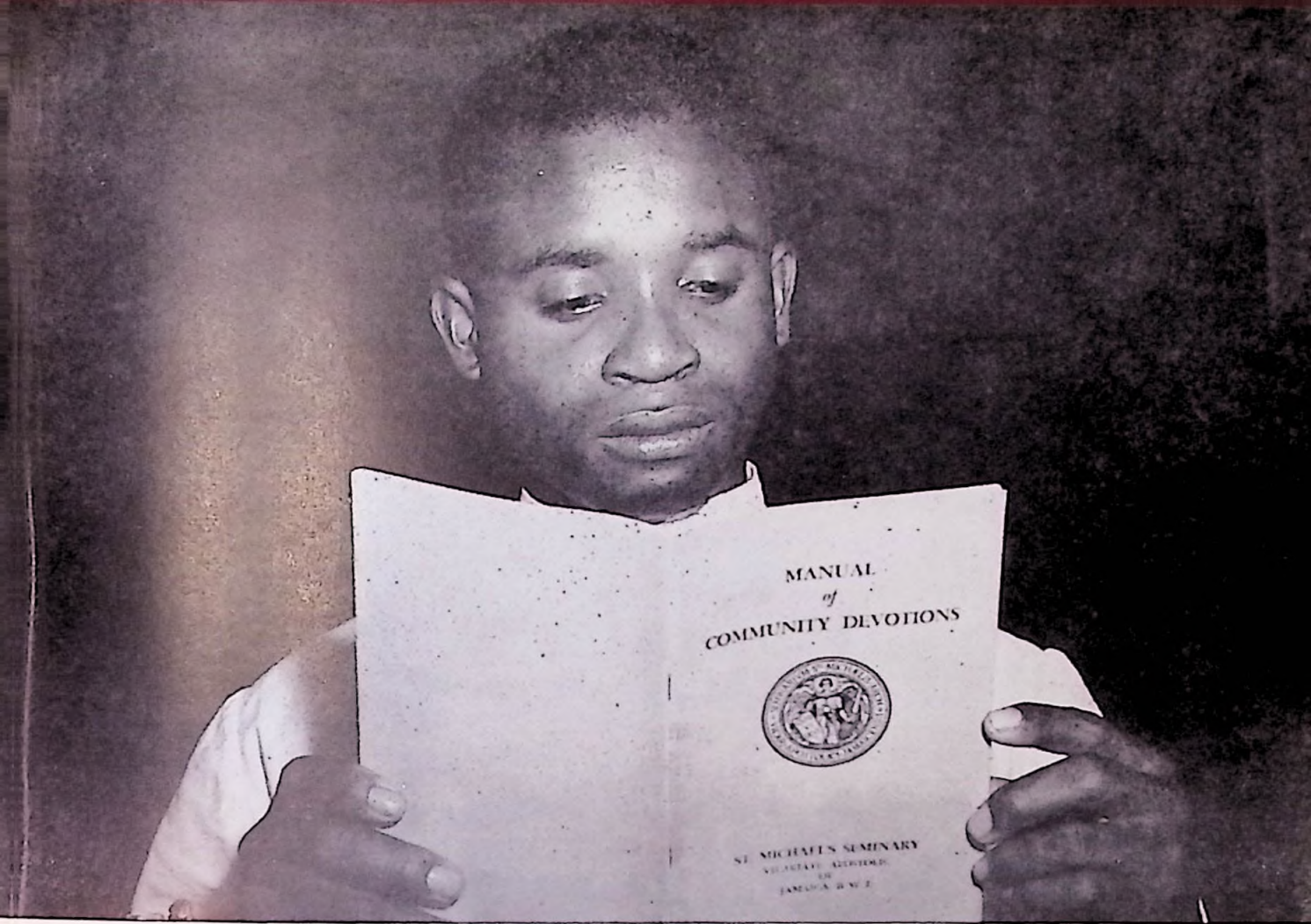
All these happy days had to come to an end. The night before I left the parishioners gave me a farewell party. It was sincere and inspiring and I was grateful in the knowledge that my son was shepherd of this flock, numbering over a thousand people—a flock that

loves him and will help him increase Catholicism in Chakradharpur.

As I said goodbye to my son at the airport in Calcutta my heart was heavy for, somehow, the hardships seemed to have disappeared and I longed to stay on. My prayer is now that those who read these lines will say a prayer not only for my boy but for all the priests and Sisters who are working, happily and unselfishly, in our vast mission lands.

Welcome is very evident in both smile and bouquet of this Indian girl when Mrs. McGauley visited one of Chakradharpur's outposts. She handled the flowers better than the goat gift.





Milestone in Jamaica

THE ORDINATION in early July of Father Henry Williams (see inside front cover) is a milestone in the history of the Catholic Church in Jamaica. For he is the first graduate of St. Michael's Seminary to be raised to the glory of the priesthood.

St. Michael's was founded in 1952 by the ordaining prelate, Bishop John J. McEleney S.J., with the hope and vision that the diocesan clergy of Jamaica be trained in their homeland. The beginnings were humble enough, a small cottage behind the Cathedral in Kingston and the seminarians totaled only three. Father Robert I. Burke S.J. was appointed Rector and still continues in that position. In a short time the increased number of applicants forced a shift to less cramped quarters and a beautiful site was found a few miles north of the city,

with a magnificent view encompassing the harbor and the pulsing heart of the island so important to the Caribbean.

It took courage and foresight to embark on such a project for even today the number of ordained diocesan priests is only a handful. But Jamaica needs, and needs desperately, its own priests and those who were responsible for the launching of St. Michael's are deserving of the highest commendation. The Church in any country must ultimately depend on its own sons and daughters for its forward march. Today, in the person of Father Henry Williams, the first flower of St. Michael's garden has bloomed in glorious hue.

There will be others, but there is a justifiable pride of accomplishment which always accompanies a first. St. Michael's can be proud today!

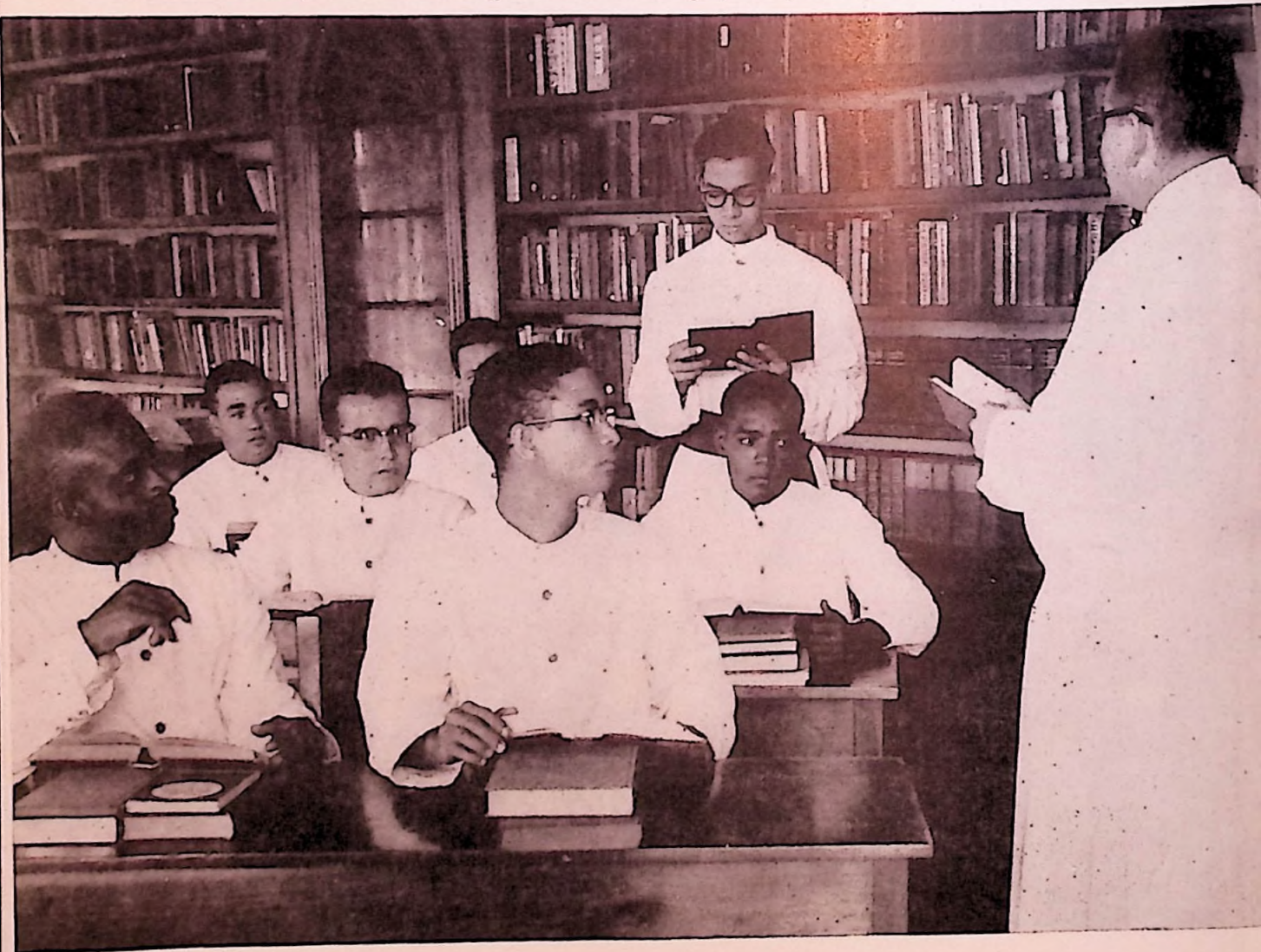
Milestone in Jamaica

The daily life at St. Michael's is that of seminaries the world over. It is built around the service of God, a spiritual foundation which also leaves room for the intellectual and physical development. But, as in every mission country, the diocesan seminary is the most important undertaking of all for it is the seedbed upon which the Church depends for its full flowering.

Prayer is the foundation stone on which the seminary life is built for priests-to-be must be ever men of God.



Class at St. Michael's is conducted by Father Robert Burke who has been in charge of the seminary since its inception and is largely responsible for its successful growth.



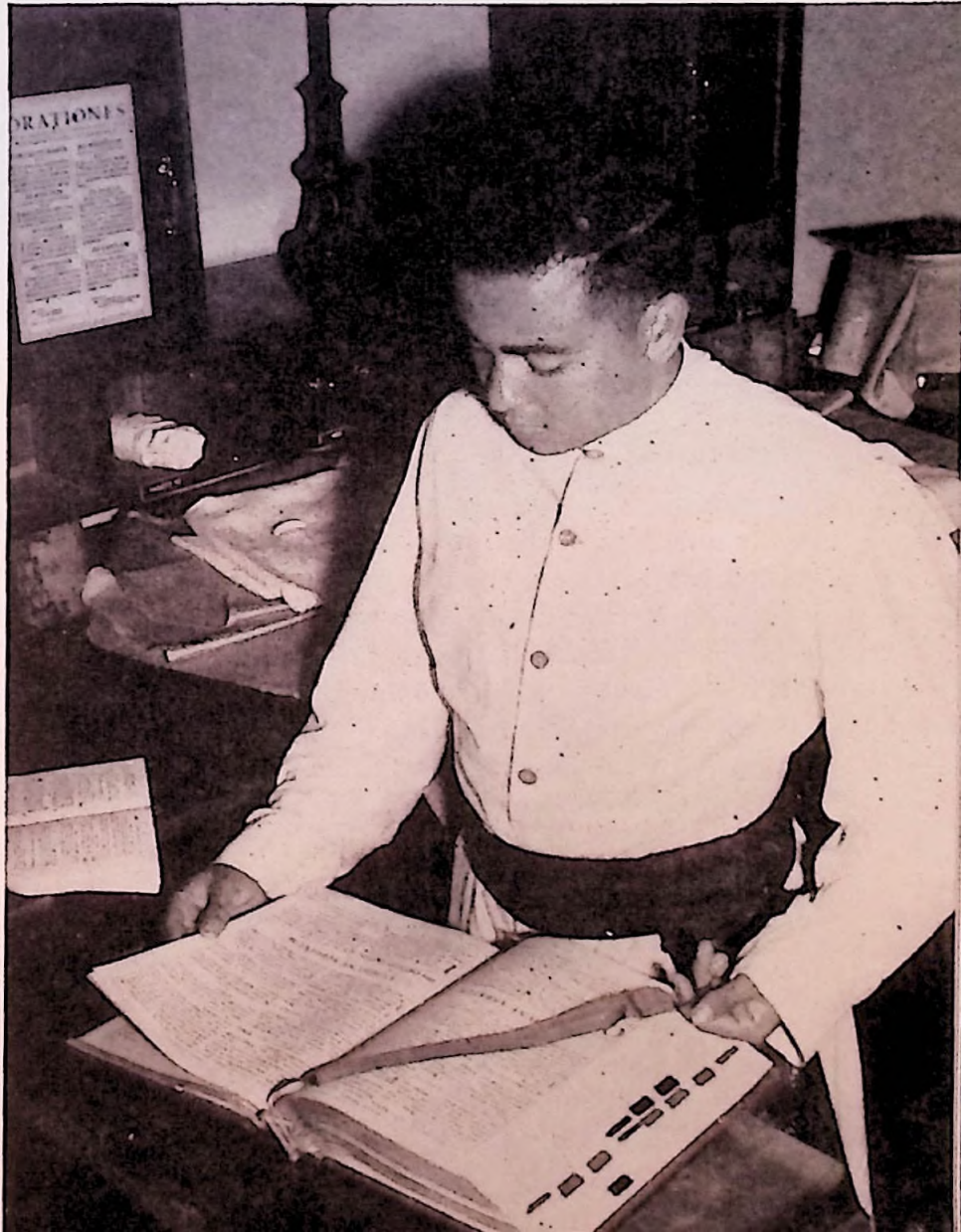


Manual labor . . .



Gives way to an occasional picnic in the hills.

Preparation for Mass by seminarian acting as sacristan foreshadows the life he will lead as a priest and shepherd of his own people. Among the 3,000,000 people of the West Indies Federation the Catholics number about 20% but the proportion in Jamaica itself is much smaller so there is considerable work ahead for the young men of St. Michael's. May they persevere in the great calling which will demand so much of them so soon!



The charming story from the South Pacific

of the tiny youngster who has stolen

the big heart of a veteran missionary

My Littlest Angel

LIKE SAINT PAUL, every missionary has his trials and tribulations "when all is conflict without, and all is anxiety within." Then it is that thoughts of little Georgie Falutache come to the rescue here in the Western Caroline Islands.

Georgie is a small boy just eighteen months old and less than two and a half feet tall. Being a little toddler does not handicap him; in fact he gets around quite well by himself and tries to investigate everything he sees.

But Georgie is at his best in church. He can sing two of the hymns; he makes the Sign of the Cross and says short prayers like, "God bless mommy and God bless me." His mother carries him on her hip whenever she goes to Confession or Communion. If she left him by himself he might climb through the Communion rail and make his way up to the altar. So, while his mother is confessing her sins he leans toward me and with wide eyes and a bright smile softly says, "Hello, Padre!" And when during Mass she comes up for Communion he sits on her left hip, his hands snugly pinioned to his sides by her encircling arm lest he reach for the Host. He leans his head forward and opens his little mouth. But I always pass him by and he expresses his disappointment in these words, "Fang'yat halai, Padre!" "Give me to eat, Padre!"

After Mass one day as I was unvesting at the altar I heard the *Sanctus* bell

ring. I turned my head and looked over my shoulder and there was little Georgie with the bell in his hand and his head bowed. For once he had slipped away from his girl-mother and done what he had seen the altar boys doing.

Daily, immediately after unvesting, I bring Communion to the sick and feeble. The last to be visited is Pedro Ragmai, the eighty-year-old patriarch of Mogmog Island. Two altar boys precede me through the village, one carrying a lighted lantern that cannot be blown out by the trade winds, the other ringing the bell as a sign that Christ is coming in the Eucharist. After we have left the church the congregation remains to finish the prayers of thanksgiving and then disperses. By the time Pedro has received his Communion, and we start back to church Georgie is usually in sight straining to get away from his mother. One day recently I asked Cecilia, his mother, to allow him to follow us back to church. As soon as he was free Georgie rushed over and grabbed the bell from a four-foot altar boy. With perfect confidence and complete absorption he took the lead and walked down the path to the church, solemnly ringing the bell all the way.

Maru, the pet dog of the village, nuzzled up to him but Georgie paid him no heed. People stood along the pathway and smiled at him but he was not to be distracted. With firm and determined



steps he led the way in silence like a well-trained veteran altar boy. Unerringly and without the slightest hesitation he walked up the aisle. He did not go around the Communion rail for at his age he did not need to. *He climbed straight through it* and went right up to the first step of the altar where he knelt reverently. And when I had finished putting everything away I told Georgie to put the bell away, which he did capably and promptly. Then he came and threw himself into my arms.

How Our Lord must have chuckled at what had transpired! How pleasing to Him is this littlest altar boy so earnestly striving his utmost to be a grown-up! And how pleased Our Lord must be when we, His grownup children, do our utmost to serve Him like this little child!

So say a little prayer for Georgie. If all goes well he may some day travel to Yap and attend our mission school. And if his love for the altar continues on through the years he may even enter the seminary and—a priest is born!

Window on the Mission

The Crying Need

DURING the month of August the Holy Father asks us to ponder and pray over the question of increasing vocations among the peoples themselves in mission lands. In this issue that crying need is spotlighted in Jamaica (see page 9) and in Japan (page 26) but one can readily perceive that the obstacles in these two instances are of a different nature. Each area will present its own peculiar difficulty for the boy or girl who wants to follow Christ.

Yet it is imperative that vocations be fostered among the young in mission countries. For one thing, the day of the foreign missionary appears to be coming to a close. Night has already fallen in the Communist countries but there are other sections of the world, such as India, Indonesia and parts of Africa, where rising nationalism has hastened the setting of the sun for the foreign missionary. The future existence of the Church in such lands must rest squarely on the shoulders of the native-born.

What is the present picture in regard

to those being prepared to take over the spiritual leadership of their own people? At the beginning of the year there were about 4700 students in major seminaries in mission territories. Experience shows that about three-fourths of them will finish the course of studies and be ordained. So about 360 native-born priests will be entering the pastoral field each year. Against that gain we must put the loss resulting from the deaths in the field of other native-born priests, about 300 each year. If the foreign missionaries had to withdraw from the field the 60 new priests could never make up the difference. As a matter of fact there are districts in Africa today where the number of recent converts has been so large that there are not enough priests to care for the Catholics, much less to preach to the pagans.

But in the August Mission Intention the Holy Father stresses one angle of this entire problem of vocations. He asks us to pray that these so necessary vocations be not held back by a lack of financial backing. He points out that the Society of St. Peter the Apostle, the Pontifical Association dedicated to the formation of a native-born clergy, aids over 100 major seminaries and about 300 minor seminaries. Last year these institutions petitioned the Society for over seven million dollars for their most necessary expenses and it is to the glow-



Cover. Last year on the Fourth of July this Sioux Indian watched his tribe gather for their annual powwow in South Dakota. How many times had he watched before? How many things have changed since he battled against the forces carrying the flag for which his people now fight bravely! Design by Martin Gustavson.

ing credit of the Association that five million dollars was collected for that purpose. But that still fell two million dollars short of the sum needed—and when we think of the amount of money being poured out by Foundations in this country for far less worthy purposes than that of training priests for the work of God, then we can wonder.

So let us pray during the month of August that this tremendously important work of training priests to serve their own people may not suffer because of a lack of material assistance.

By-ways

Bright example of the influence a priest has on people who look upon him as one of their own is afforded by the work of Father George Toruno S.J. in Honduras. Although educated in the U.S. and a member of the Missouri Province, he was born in Central America and has been working there in recent years. Some months ago he was assigned to the Yoro Mission in Honduras where he will be the Director of the Apostolic School, the long-planned seminary for Jesuits of that region. Until the school formally opens Father Toruno has been giving parish missions and the Superior of the Mission, Father Francis Hogan, reports that the very first effort resulted in 67 marriages! Anyone who knows the social climate of Latin America can appreciate the meaning of that.

Father Hogan also reports that Father Toruno intends to develop a group of catechists, a more immediate need to preserve and spread the Faith until the Apostolic School is able to provide the priests so badly needed.



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.
284 Stanyan Street
San Francisco 18, Cal.

INDIA AND U. S. INDIANS

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

INDIA AND BURMA

Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.
Baltimore 2, Md.

IRAQ AND JAMAICA

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

JAPAN

Rev. Thomas J. Sullivan S.J.
1535 W. 8th Street
Los Angeles 17, Calif.

KOREA AND U. S. INDIANS

Rev. Charles F. Mullen S.J.
3400 West Michigan St.
Milwaukee 8, Wis.

PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

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

The "Be-H



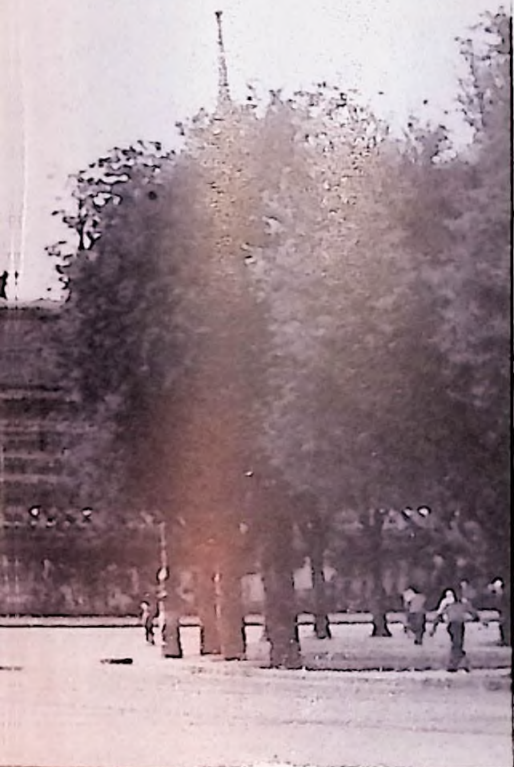
Serenity is the keynote of life in Thailand. The Emerald Buddha temple in the center of Bangkok prov



Buddhist monk is a familiar sight throughout Thailand. Religion is a very immediate and practical thing to this people and every young man is supposed to spend two years in the Buddhist priesthood. The yellow robes of the monks are regarded as a badge of the highest honor.

Sampans are permanent floating homes for a vast majority of the 19,000,000 people. Thailand is laced with canals which serve both as highways and means of living. Boats are the principal way of transportation and the center of social life with its quiet tempo.

Happy-Slowly" People



the background for this scene.

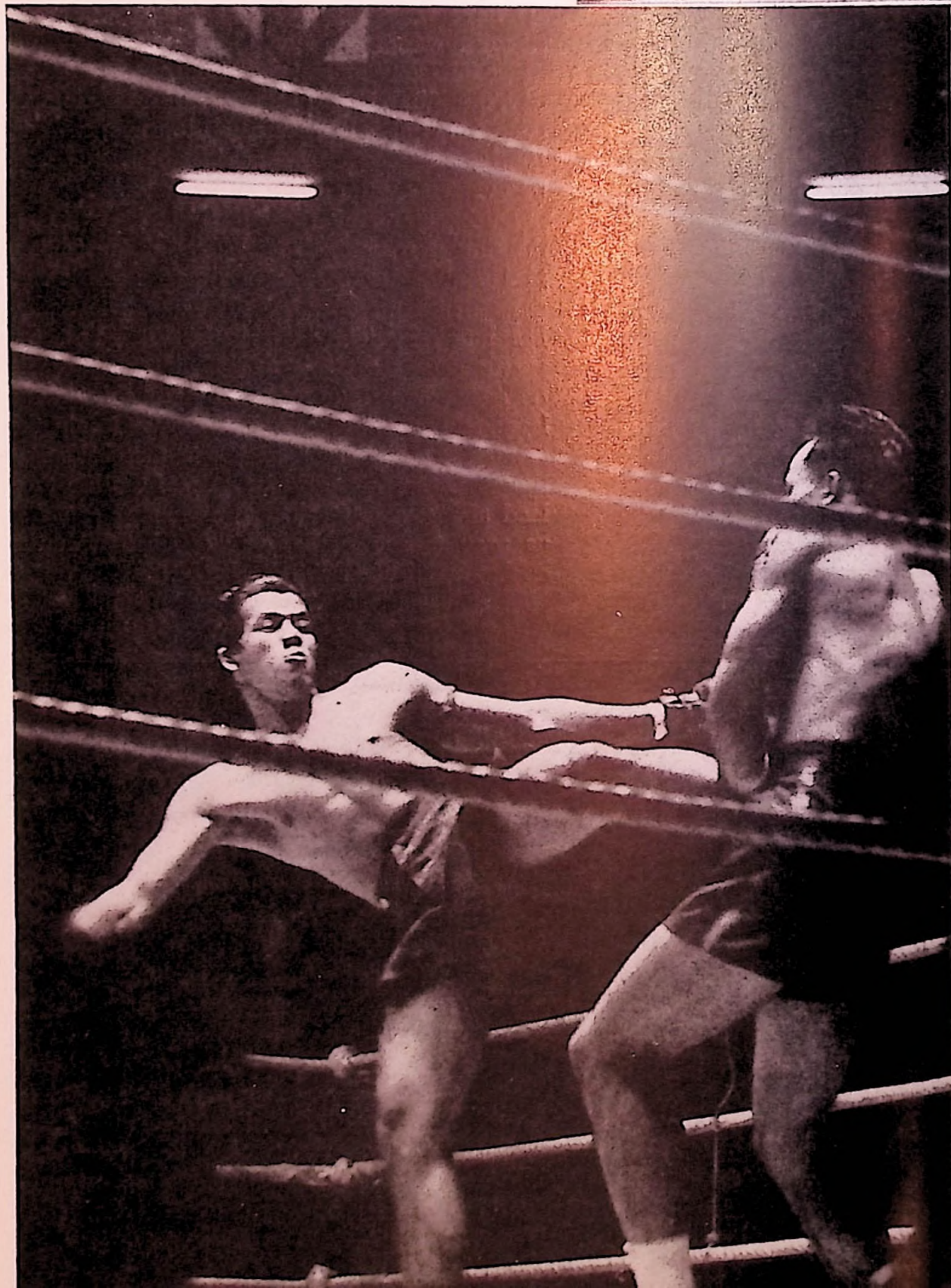
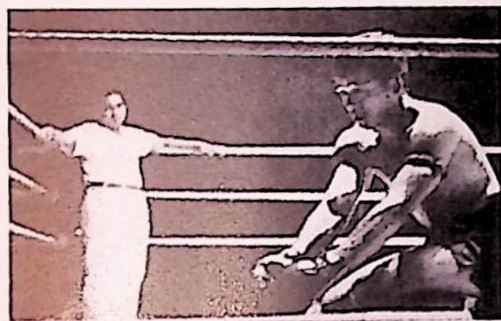
THE PEOPLE of Thailand, once called Siam, have been characterized as "those drifting slowly towards happiness to taste its full riches." Their today has not yet changed from their yesterday, despite the upheavals in all their neighboring countries. But is their turn still to come; will this gentle, quick-to-laugh, hospitable people also be overrun by the brutal Communists?

During July the Holy Father asks us to remember prayerfully the progress of the Church in Thailand. Its real start has been a recent one, approximately only thirty years ago. The Catholics number slightly over 100,000 against the vast majority of 16,000,000 Buddhists. The battle against Communism will be probably on the level of social justice and charity and only the Church can fight successfully in that field. But the Thais are a wonderful people; the life they lead almost seems to be an enchanted one. Let us pray it remains so, ever enriched with the enchantment of Christ.



The "Be-Happy-Slowly" People

Boxing is a popular sport with its own Thailand set of rules. Feet as well as hands are used (below) and the winner's share of the gate receipts is a large floral bouquet. A moment's prayer (right) before the contestant sets out to rip apart his opponent.



Beauty is a cult with the Siamese, both beauty of person and of adornment. The court dancers, once wholly dedicated to Buddhist shrines and the royal court but now appearing at public functions, are ornamented in formalized dress and headpiece of jeweled silks in patterns of intricate but remarkably blended colors and textures. Their postured graces and slow rhythms are stylized to the mystical element in much of Southeast Asia's music and dancing. This is a typical pose in the classical dancing of the "be-happy-slowly" folk.



Behind the ears is also disliked in Thailand and the boy in this scene from Walt Disney's technicolor production "Siam" reveals the universal reluctance of such unnecessary washing. But the father plays the leading role in bringing up a boy and water has a prominent place in their existence, living on sampans and working the rice fields which make Siam "the rice bowl of Asia."

JOHN C. MURPHY S.J.

A sleepy village in Central America

is untouched by the Twentieth Century

but not by the timeless human passions

On a quiet Sunday

EL NEGRITO is a small Honduras town that looks as if it belongs to another century. As I look out the window this morning, no less than twenty pigs are grazing in front of the rectory. Two small cows are lying in the shade of the one tree which graces the plaza. A boy rides by on horseback. At the doorway of the adobe house across the street, a woman is idly standing. Children stroll by, doing errands. El Negrito has never heard the sound of a train whistle or of a street car or even a bus.

Yet only two days ago it was different. I was preaching my Sunday sermon when someone suddenly started shooting a pistol—and frequently. It was not the kind of sound which helps the attention of either preacher or congregation. So after Mass, I immediately made inquiries as to the reason for this disturbance of the Sabbath calm.

Roberto (let us call him that) was on a rampage. His son had stolen a good-sized sum of money from him and Roberto, in his rage, had promptly started drinking and shooting up the town. I had hardly gotten this information when the sound of more shots brought me to the doorway. Roberto, pistol in one hand and beer bottle in the other, was accusing two truck drivers of complicity in the theft and was punctuating his accusations with shots at their feet. They

were really frightened. Across the plaza a soldier was watching the affair but not daring to interfere.

Finally Roberto stopped his threatening and left the cowering truck drivers. He was evidently heading for the lower part of town and another bottle of beer. As he passed the door of the rectory, I stepped out and shouted, "Roberto!" with more authority than I actually felt. He whirled around, amazed that anyone should address a *pistolero* in such a tone. But when he saw me, his braggadocio

Worries seem to be part of the daily routine for Father John C. Murphy of St. Louis as he talks with villagers of El Negrito, his headquarters in Honduras.

left him. The beer bottle went under his coat and the pistol into his pocket. "Padre, perdon," he muttered.

"Roberto, you better give me your *pistola* before you hurt someone," I suggested, for I well knew that he was in a condition to do exactly that. Shamefacedly he agreed, and he tried to draw it from his pocket. But it was snagged there, so I hastened to help him get it out before it went off by accident.

I saw him to his home, which he entered without objection, and then I re-



turned, still carrying Roberto's pistol in my hand. The people were now emerging from their houses, and I may have subconsciously wondered if the Marshal's job in Dodge City was open.

But I had to hurry to say the second Mass of the morning at Morazan and then go on to Yoro afterwards. So I did not return to El Negrito until the following afternoon. When I did, I went to the back of the rectory to inspect some carpentry work. The carpenter silently pointed to the porch next door of the combination town hall and jail.

There stood a coffin with a few cheap candles burning around the corpse.

You can guess the story. Roberto had again gone on a rampage, had entered a saloon and shot the man whose body now lay next door, completely unattended. Roberto himself had escaped, but it was only a question of time. I had thought that I had averted any possible disaster but I knew now that I had failed. It took all the sunlight out of the day. El Negrito may drowse in the sun, but I know now that the lightning of human passions may strike at any moment.

Our Glory and Privilege

“YOU SHALL be witnesses for Me.”
In these words Our Lord describes very simply the work of His Church until the end of time. Some think that witness is given to Christ only by preaching the Gospel and teaching Christian truth. However, the Lord reminded us that all men will know that we are His disciples, because we have love for one another. Therefore, the witness to Christ given by our love of others is often the most impressive testimony to the meaning of Christ and the Church. This is a proof of Christ which all Catholics can give. One may say that one is not sufficiently trained to be able to defend and explain the faith to others. But no one can say that one cannot give the argument of love. It may well be, too, that the argument of love is more necessary for our times than the demonstration of truth, since truth does not appear to stand very high in the estimation of many people nowadays. They are impressed more by what they call service of mankind and what we must call love of mankind.

Catholics have always revealed this love of others, especially of the poor, the afflicted, the oppressed. It was Catholicism which taught a pagan world the real value of every human being by ministering to the least attractive members of society. Love and care of the forgotten man was the invention of the Church, not of the Twentieth Century. No one but God can measure the devotion to and care of widows, orphans, lepers, the maimed, the poor and the ignorant given by the Church and her members. This love is based on a very exalted truth revealed by Our Lord Himself, “As long as you did it to one

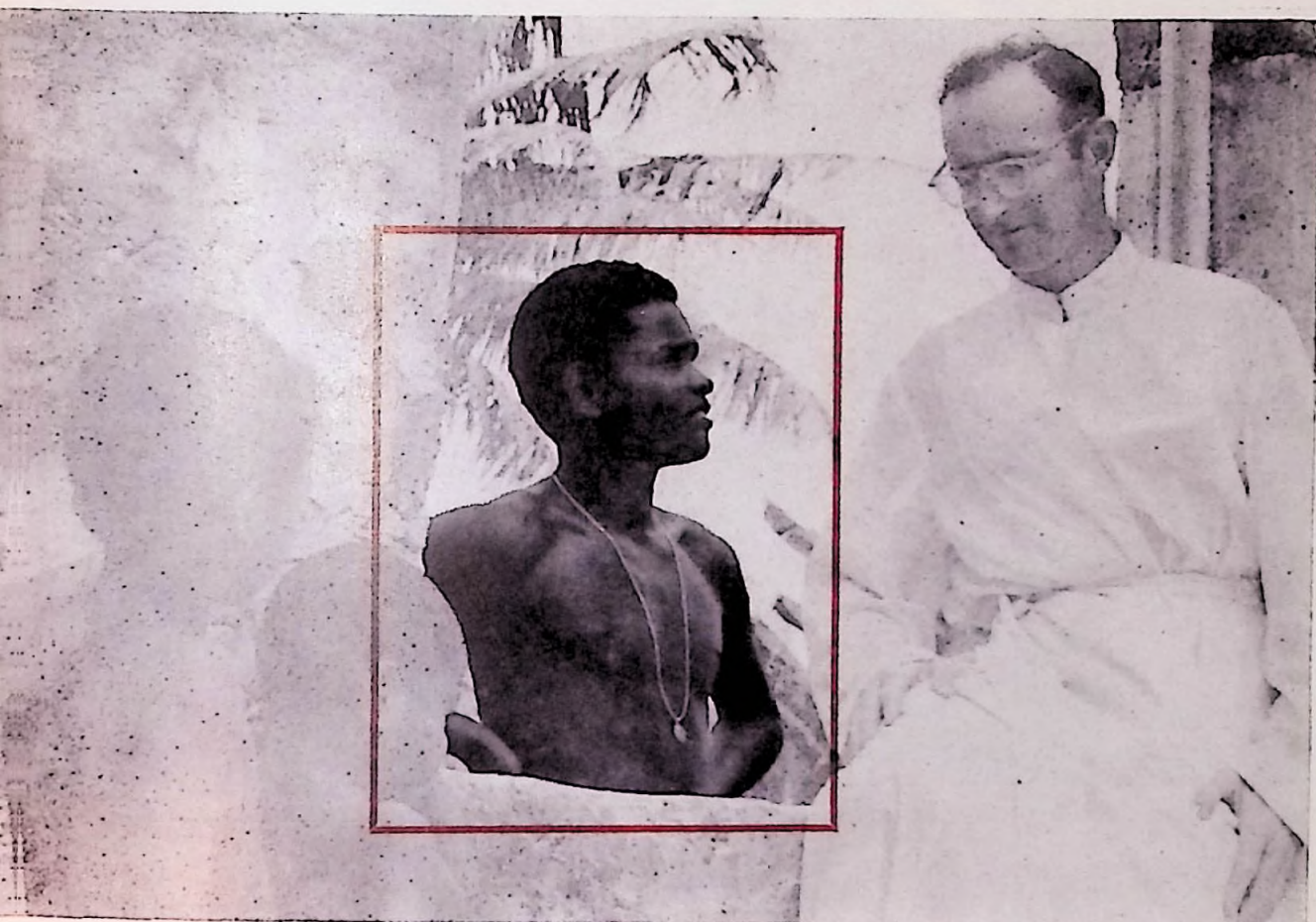
of my least brethren, you did it to me.”

Catholics have to be very careful now lest they absorb the hatred and contempt for human beings and the selfishness which are such a disgrace in our times. We must not allow the inhumanities and cruelties of this hour to dull our Christian love for all. Rather, these facts should sharpen our appreciation of an opportunity to reveal more vividly the love of Christ for all.

Division and hostility between Catholics are a contradiction of the very meaning of Christ. Yet they exist and surely weaken the cause of Christ in the world. It may well be that the advance of the Kingdom of Christ across the world has been retarded by a failure to show in ourselves that love and interest which Christ required of us. All of us can examine our consciences on our attitude toward the weak members of our own families, our neighbors, Catholics of other nationalities, those of other races.

This love is not reserved only to Catholics: It is destined to reach the whole world. The missionary Church shows this love in a hundred different ways to those who are not Catholics. All of us are to share in this manifestation of love by the missionary Church. We do this by our constant prayer and sacrifice for the salvation of souls, thus winning the grace necessary for this missionary Church and the people to whom She comes. We witness to Christ by the material help we offer that the Church may more generously minister in love to those who do not yet know Christ. This is the trust which Christ has given us by making us members of His Body. It is our glory and privilege thus to witness for Him.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.



He wants to be a Priest

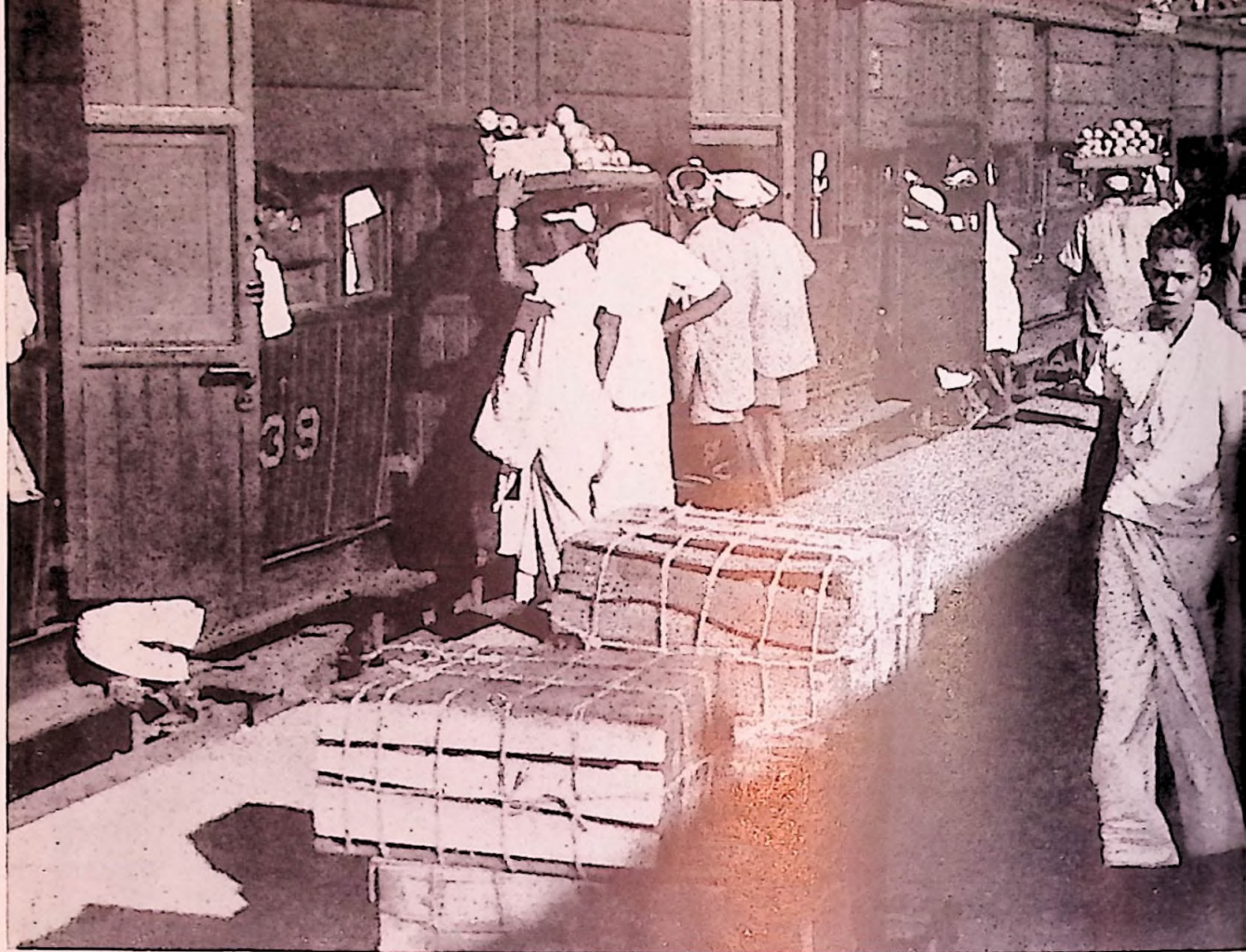
The young man in the picture above is one of several who have expressed a strong desire to become priests, thus delighting the hearts of the Jesuit missionaries in the Caroline and Marshall Islands. Unfortunately, the education of a priest is expensive: the young men are poor, and the missionaries have no money.

Help the Church in the Carolines and Marshalls become self-sufficient.

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

Jesuit Missions

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

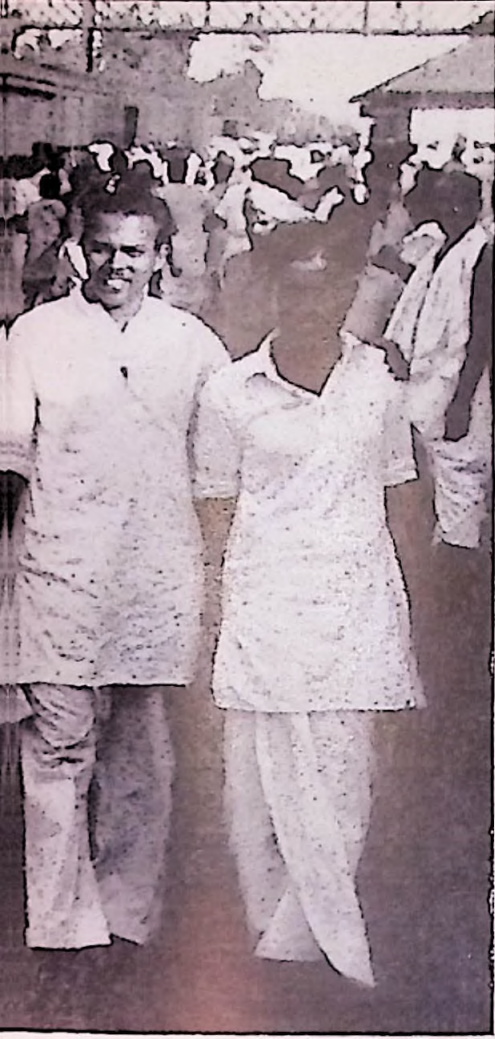


Standing room only is the order of the day on India's trains—and a crash means more dead.

PERCY D. CARROLL lived a life of sacrifice and he died a life of heroic sacrifice. A lanky soft-spoken man with a quick smile and a Gary Cooper ruggedness, Percy Carroll had risen to "the top" of his profession on the Railway as Driver of the Bombay-Calcutta Mail. At 49 he was well set for life with a comfortable home in Chakradharpur where he and his wife and two younger school-going children resided. Of his six children the eldest boy had gone to study for the Jesuit priesthood, two girls were working and another married.

Driver Carroll was respected for his devotion to duty and loved despite his exacting orders at work, because he was first of all demanding on himself. He suffered through a lifetime of sickness and operations, but he was always pushing ahead. His Jesuit son, Arthur, remembers him saying, "God has asked me for a life of sacrifice. I'll give it"—and he gave it cheerfully.

On March 20th in the early morning hours after midnight Driver Carroll was just picking up high speed beyond Chakradharpur's outer signal with 2 Up Bombay Mail Steam locomotive when a Diesel Goods train rammed another stationary Goods train on the opposite track and sent wagons careening onto the track path of the onrushing Mail train. The Mail had received "All Clear" signals ahead and there was no time for warnings. After passing the front Diesel engine on the bend, suddenly Driver Carroll sighted the obstructed track at the rear. He pulled the brakes with terrible force, but he saw that a collision was imminent. He called to his firemen, "Jump for your lives; I'll save the train." He could have jumped and saved his own life, but he thought of the hundreds of lives behind him in the train. He refused to leave his controls. The momentum was too great. The speed had been lessened, but the crash sent



*All his life he had put first things first
and he still did so when he came
face to face with death*

India's Own Casey Jones

FRANCIS J. McGAULEY S.J.

the engine wildly off the tracks and spilling over the embankment. The wheels of the first car were derailed, but the train held the tracks with a shudder.

Driver Carroll had saved hundreds of lives, but he, himself, lay pinned beneath his own engine. The first rescuers tried to pull him out, but his leg was crushed beneath the twisted steel. Only the water gushing out from the boiler loosened the dirt and enabled helpers to dig him out. A lady Doctor from the Sind who had just returned from Surgeon's training in the U.S.A. was called from the train to apply a tourniquet and give immediate treatment which prevented death at the spot.

Fortified by the Sacraments, Percy Carroll put up a courageous fight for life, but even to the end he was unselfish in his dying thoughts and inquiries about the passengers. When assured that no one had been killed (18 were injured) he spoke to those at his bedside,

"I never got on the train without a prayer to Our Lady. She took care of them." He prayed the Rosary daily and he prayed his last Rosary together with those around his bedside as he weakly formed the Our Fathers and Hail Marys with his lips while holding the silver Rosary in his hands until his dying gasp . . . the Rosary in his torn and bleeding pocket at the accident.

News of the heroic act spread quickly. First, passengers from the 12-hour delayed Mail train had streamed to the hospital to inquire of, pray for, and pay their respects to the man who saved their lives. Children stood outside the hospital on their way from school where they had heard of Driver Carroll's noble act and they had hero worship in their eyes. Rickshaw wallas, clerks and officials came in steady numbers to read the condition of the dying man.

Christ had said: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Even those of Chakradharpur who have never heard of Christ or his words, understood it in the heroism of Percy Carroll, lover of Our Lady.

Tradition has a stranglehold on the Japanese people

and only the strong can break it



"Face of my

AT THE Immaculate Conception Church here in Kobe this year, with perfect timing and a rare coordination of nature and grace, the cherry blossoms fountained into full bloom on Easter morning. Splendidly commemorative of Our Saviour's triumph over the tomb, they were symbolic too of the spiritual emergence that was occurring at the church's altar that morning. For three newly-ordained Japanese Jesuit priests were offering Solemn High Mass together: Fathers Hyôdo, Yoshikawa, and Kanai.

Father Hyôdo had been among the first graduated from Rokko Jesuit High School; Father Yoshikawa is the younger brother of Rokko's pioneer lay teacher, and Father Kanai had taught at Rokko High as a Jesuit Scholastic. Just two weeks before, on the eve of the feast of St. Joseph, they became "priests forever." And this Solemn High Mass was a "first" in Japanese history: the first time that three neophyte Japanese Jesuits offered Mass together.

Here in Japan the maturing of a vocation can be aptly likened to the struggle of the cherry into bud, leaf and blossom. For the obstacles are numerous and enormous. Here a priestly vocation presents new and deeper demands upon one who ordinarily is a Christian of but a few years, and who still lives in an atmosphere and a tradition that are not Christian. I have always found it inspiring to see the sturdiness of their faith as it takes root and rises. They grip God

even when it means the service of God

"Grandchild"

in prayer, and the Presence in the Tabernacle is to them indeed Real.

But it is the opposition at home that one with a vocation finds the most painful; it calls for a different kind of sturdiness, pluck, and maturity. The case of one of our Japanese Fathers, ordained a year ago, is extreme but indicative. When, in the face of his parents' objections, he entered the Novitiate, they literally disowned him: "You have cut yourself off from the family. We no longer consider you our son." His letters from the Novitiate and all through the course of studies went unanswered. Never a visit; never a call. Notification of his father's death was sent late. It was not until the very day of his Ordination that a reconciliation came. On that day his mother was present, and you can imagine the joy he felt in giving her his first priestly, filial blessing.

This case was extreme in some respects, but quite typical of the fundamental opposition that rears itself in a non-Christian family when a son decides to become a priest. In the eyes of those who have no faith, such a "vocation" is looked upon as folly.

Several boys in their Senior year now are seriously praying over their vocations—and running into snags at home. "My parents tell me, 'All the other young men go to work for their families,' and say that I am selfish and ungrateful." This lad, who is as unselfish and dutiful a boy as I have ever met, cannot but be upset by such an unanswerable at-

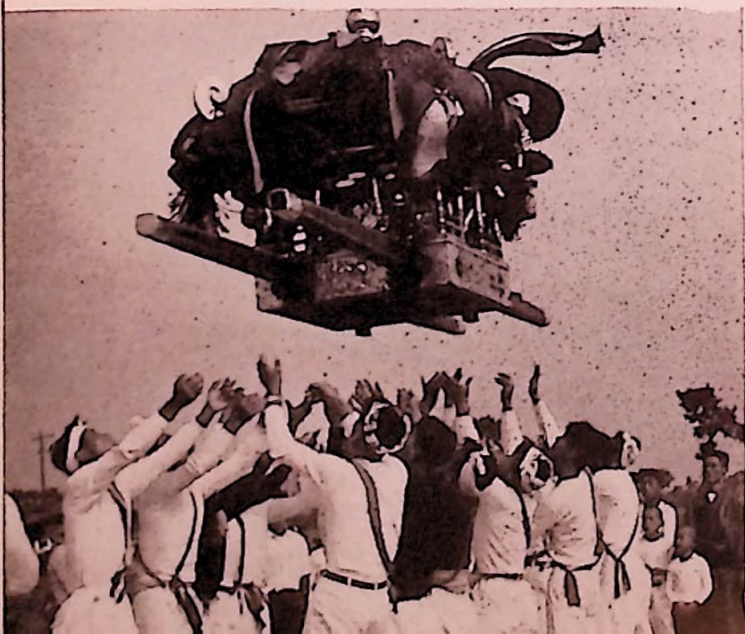


tack. At the same time, we should not leap to conclude that the parents are the selfish ones: their viewpoint is the fruit of a long and beautiful tradition, and the family solidarity it manifests is one of the strong points in Japanese society. Japan's culture and social thinking are the product of centuries of Buddhism permeated with Confucian teachings on family duties; and their family spirit, where it is true to pattern, is a strong and beautiful thing. So it is not surprising that they have no appreciation of a higher loyalty in the case of a priestly vocation: "I must be about My Father's



Children are inculcated at an early age in the traditional ceremonies and beliefs.

Buddhism, according to a missionary of over 30 years' experience, is at the core of life.



business." Nor can a non-Christian appreciate a vocation as ultimately a source of blessings on the entire family. No non-Christian Japanese mother could say what my own mother has said more than once, "God has blessed us all many times because of your vocation."

Another boy is being urged by his father, "Wait. Go to another university, get into a different atmosphere, and you may see things differently." Alas, it is true that he may. Here again we can acknowledge the father's viewpoint: an earnest desire to protect the son from following what he considers a temporary whim; though all too often that desire is intermixed with a hope that the "vocation" will vanish. In the eyes of the ordinary Japanese today a Catholic priest is thought of as sort of a "Christian bonze," and since the contemporary bonze is not held in very high esteem in comparison with a professional or business man, a father can feel no pride in his son's becoming a "Christian bonze"; he must needs wish, for the family's and the son's own sake, that the boy aim at something higher.

Especially where the boy is a *chōnan* (eldest or only son), a particularly poignant objection presents itself—the celibacy. As one mother expressed the clinching reason for her opposition to her son's vocation: "I want to see the face of my grandchild." Here once more it is not merely a grandparently instinct that is at work, but a deep-running current of family pride and a desire that the family not die out in the sands like a spent stream. And what answer can one give to one who has not yet the Christian faith and its view of eternity?

But the sap in the cherry tree is a vigorous thing, and aided by our prayers, these vocations too will surge into bud and blossom. To the Japanese people the cherry tree blossom, *sakura*, is the flower of flowers. May they see the beauty of the priesthood in the same way in the years that lie ahead!



*A brief story, a happy ending,
but it underlines the question,
“Why was he there, and for Whom?”*

Lost in the JUNGLE

THE JUNGLES of Central America are among the largest in the world. The underbrush makes them impassable and only one who knows the slender trails should venture into the maze. Father Eugene Coomes S.J. had traveled from Pueblo Viejo to Aguacate before, but even then his guides had lost the way. This time he had no guides and the landmarks he had noted on the previous trip seemed to have disappeared. But the heart of a missionary is like a violin, its strings sensitive to the most delicate touch but its wood of a special quality. Father Coomes had sweets for the children of Aguacate and it would be a rare treat for them.

So he stumbled down bewildering, endless trails for three days and two nights, the jungle with its mysterious, frightening sounds close upon him. His compass was true but the various trails would not agree with it. Water was hard to find and he had to eat the sweets in order to survive. It was an ordeal of insects, of futility, and of prayer. Finally a trail broke out on Aguacate and on the people who are his flock. It was typical of the man of courage to say embarrassedly to the children in those first moments, “I ate your candy.”



Knee-deep in fish is many an angler's dream but to the Eskimo it means his very subsistence.

MANY OF THE Alaskan creeks and "big strikes" of the Gold Rush days are pretty well "panned out." The too stable price of gold has driven many a prospector to other toil, or at least to carrying a geiger counter. But in the mighty Yukon River there is still much gold to be found. It's a seasonal gold, called salmon!

First the commercial catch of the monarch of them all, the King Salmon, provides a boost in income as they are

sold by the Eskimo men to the canneries and salteries. When the commercial quota is reached, there is still time to put up some of these rich and delicious finners for the family larder. The silver salmon and finally the Dog Salmon, each coming in their turn, add to the family stores for themselves and for their dog teams. This "Yukon Gold" is the turning point of local economy; the difference between go and stop. And it is for this reason that many Eskimos leave their

*When the salmon start to run, the Eskimos
pitch their tents beside the streams—and
the missionary follows his roving flock*

Canvas Cathedral

winter cabins and pack off in boats to "Fish Camp."

When this season comes, a missionary may stay home and catch up on his reading, but if he wants to bring God to his people, he must do it in season and out. So pack up and take off.

As you approach the camp and turn "in," they all turn "out," from grandpa with cane to baby in arms. After pulling your boat up, the usual Yukon conversational pieces are worked over. "How many fish?" The answer is "Not much!" whether the season be good or bad. Then, "Anyone sick?" The answer, whether reporting a cut finger or a case of pneumonia, is in the very same tone of voice. Among the supplies of the boat, there is medicine and vitamins, including that much hated "needle" of Penicillin. These needs taken care of, the time for services is discussed.

All the children are eager to pack the gear up to the chosen "Mass tent" and gas boxes are collected for the altar. Confessions are heard, some in English and some in Eskimo, and we are ready.

As Mass begins, you slowly become conscious of your congregation. The newly arrived little ones start wailing, the two-year-olds sit close by the altar and watch you with big, brown, unblinking eyes. The pups can be heard sniffing around the outside of the tent. But then you hear the Epistle being

read, the prayers said before and after Communion, and you thank God for the training, spiritual and mental, that many of these fine people have received at St. Marys, the mission boarding school in my district, staffed by the Jesuits and the Ursuline nuns.

There are a few distractions. A bell rung during Mass may cue in the dogs. Retired for the summer and tied close by, they open up in chorus. The twenty-mile wind outside may sound a hurricane within the tent. The mosquitoes think it very nice that the White Man stands so still as they target in, and the heat at the top of the tent makes you think of other climes besides Alaska. But as the priest turns at the "*Ecce Agnus Dei*," all of these things fade away to silence. Kneeling with hands folded, then moving up one at a time to receive Communion, they silently emphasize to the missionary that all the necessities are here!

Thanksgiving, a share in the family breakfast of "Eskimo Pancakes" and black coffee, a line of juvenile carriers back to the boat, a few comic books and some candy for the kids and a final "Pio-gwa" and off we go down stream.

As you go bouncing down the waves, there is a great feeling inside . . . a real satisfaction . . . you have just visited one of the most beautiful Cathedrals in Alaska . . . even if it is made of canvas . . .

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Will Georgie (page 12) receive the grace of a vocation to the priesthood? We don't know. There's reason for hope that even though Georgie may not be blessed with this special call there will be other boys who will become priests for their people in the South Pacific. Certainly if there are to be priests from this area they will receive their education at the mission school at Yap and their tuition will be paid through the kindness of American friends of Jesuit missionaries. Would you send \$1.00 a month for this vocational fund? Father Walter asks for your help.

No Electricity is available at the mountain chapels in Yoro but the priests do all right with kerosene lights. Father Brennan would like to have a kerosene-lighted slide projector in order to help out in the catechetical instructions to his people, most of whom cannot read. Would you give \$1.00 or \$2.00 for:

Projector \$50.00

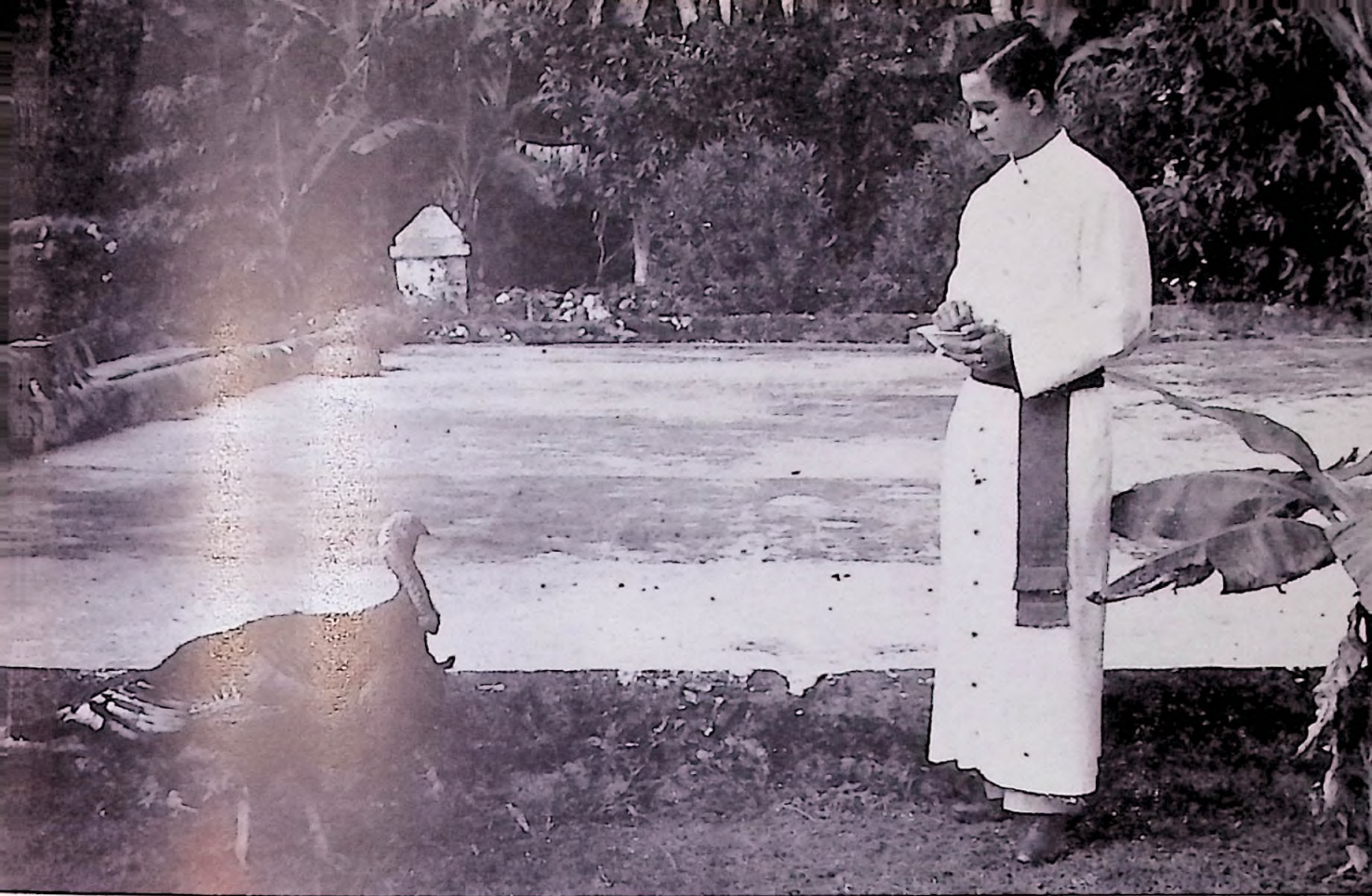
The Girl Is a Widow at the age of 16. Though Father Ernst had hoped to arrange a Christian marriage, the in-laws are insisting she marry a non-Catholic. They may have their way since the young girl had to pawn marriage jewelry to buy food and cannot return the jewelry to her husband's family. Father says that with \$10.00 he could clear up this girl's obligation and leave her free for a Christian marriage and adds, "This is not an unusual case." As you know, these complications are a result of the Bihar childhood marriages. Would you help?

A Mother never misses a thing. Mrs. McGauley (page 6) gives the latest proof of the efficiency of maternal observation with her report on her visit to Father McGauley's mission. She marvels at the boldness of her son in starting a school on the veranda of his house, with the equipment of gunny sacks as an awning but without even a blackboard. Since this is the only opportunity for education in the neighborhood the class has grown from 38 to 68 to 78. Father McGauley is bold? His income from parish collections is \$3.80 a year. Please help Father McGauley, if you will, with a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00.

In the Dock Area at Truk, Father Rively says his third Mass on Sunday at 5:30 P.M. Though the church is unfinished the congregation is large and someday there will be a resident pastor. To help furnish this church these items are needed:

Pews	\$ 10.00
Tabernacle	\$100.00
Candlesticks	\$ 10.00
Communion Plate	\$ 13.00

You Can Help many missionaries by helping *Jesuit Missions* to obtain a larger office. At present we are operating in quarters that are so crowded that our work for the missions is seriously impeded. Can you help us get more space? Your donation for this purpose will assist not one but many missionaries since it will enable us to carry on our work for them more efficiently.



The Seminarian feeds the turkey—

Who Feeds the Seminarian?

The Jesuit Missionaries who conduct St. Michael's Seminary in Kingston, Jamaica, take great satisfaction in the fact that the first St. Michael's priest has been ordained. (You'll find his picture in the inside front cover.) It costs a great deal of money to house and feed a seminarian for seven years—seminarians, like all young men, have hearty appetites, and they need books, cassocks, medicine, *everything*. But at the end, he becomes a priest of God, constantly and deeply grateful to all who helped him reach that goal.

Would you like to help?

Why not contribute \$10.00 a month toward the support of one of these splendid young men? He will be grateful to you forever—a priest forever. Arrange it with . . .

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



WATER

**Cool, refreshing, delicious—
absolutely necessary for life and health**

At St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, water is always a problem. There are 400 children cared for by Father Richard G. Pates. And there simply is not enough water for them.

**A new well is absolutely necessary. Won't you help protect
the children from thirst?**

The well costs \$5,000. And whatever you can send to help—
\$5, \$10, any amount, will be gratefully received at

JESUIT MISSIONS

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