

JESUIT MISSIONS

JUNE 1960



Far Islands of the Pacific

JM

JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuits



MISSIONS

in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

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 - Puerto Rico - Chile - Peru

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Hand-in-hand in nature's wonderland (left) two Taiwanese youngsters
glory in the springtime. All the world over, spring comes on
triumphant feet, fresh and clean as the garb of these charming little
flowers, redolent with the breath of new life as the buds on the trees.



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Operation Mercy

Rochester Eye Bank. He died on the 13th of January, and thus the following day the pair of eyes sent in response to the appeal from Dr. Caccamise were the eyes of his highly esteemed colleague.

Packed in a sterilized phial inside a thermos container, which was labelled in large letters "human eyes," the precious cargo was flown the 9,000 miles to India by a Pan American Boeing 707. The

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for the month of June is "that spiritual and material aid will be given with Catholic cooperation to less developed regions." A concrete example of this is the story told on these pages of the American doctor giving time and skill in a hospital in India run by Medical Mission Sisters.

eyes had to be used within 72 hours after the death of the donor, so on arrival in Patna they were rushed out to Holy Family Hospital, where Dr. Caccamise was waiting to perform the two corneal transplantations, and it was only then that he learned that the donor had been his colleague, Dr. Leonard Jones.

Fortunately, both transplantations were highly successful. They opened windows on a whole world for the two lucky patients to whom they gave new sight. In the case of Shyam Bihari especially we can imagine the ecstasy of joy and wonder that he experienced when for the first time he beheld the beauty of color in a bed of flowers outside the hospital window. As a poor, simple peasant lad he has no idea what is meant by a corneal transplantation, but overwhelmed with happiness and gratitude he is perfectly sure that Dr. Caccamise performed a miracle for him, and equal-

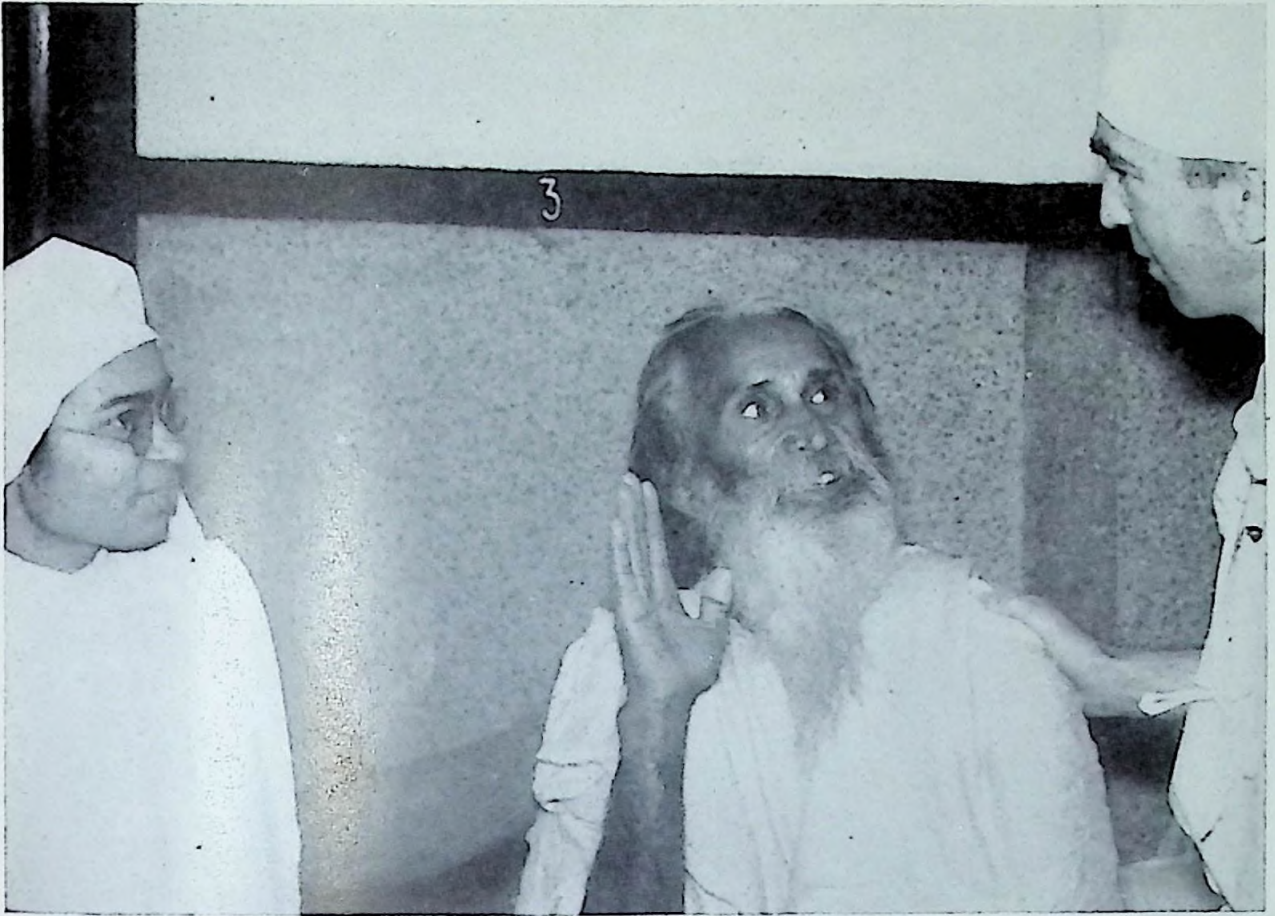
ly sure that the doctor is God.

Dr. Caccamise was deeply moved by the efforts that the patients made to assure him of their appreciation for what he had done for them. There is one poor woman in particular whom he will not soon forget. By removing cataracts from both eyes he had restored her sight, and when saying goodbye those sparkling eyes kindled as she smiled and, with considerable effort, spoke just three words: "Nice! Thank you." At first



those three words sounded quite prosaic, but Dr. Caccamise got a lump in his throat when he learned that they were the only English words that the good woman knew. She had somehow managed to memorize them and was so anxious to make them convey to Dr. Caccamise the gratitude deep in her heart.

There is still another patient whom Dr. Caccamise will surely not forget. He is quite a colorful figure, a Sadhu or wandering Hindu holy man. He wears a large string of beads around his neck, and his hair long, but piled like a coil of rope on top of his head. And, except for a mere loin cloth, his body is naked and smeared with ashes. He somehow came to hear of the "wonder-worker" from the West who was restoring sight to the blind at Holy Family Hospital. He was all but blind himself with cataracts, so he dropped around to inquire if anything could be done for him. Dr.



Age and skill meet at Holy Family Hospital as Doctor Caccamise questions elderly patient.

Caccamise not only removed his cataracts, but he also found the Sadhu such a charming personality that he lost his heart to him. Of all the pictures that Dr. Caccamise took back to the States, the one of his good friend the Sadhu will surely rate a special place of honor.

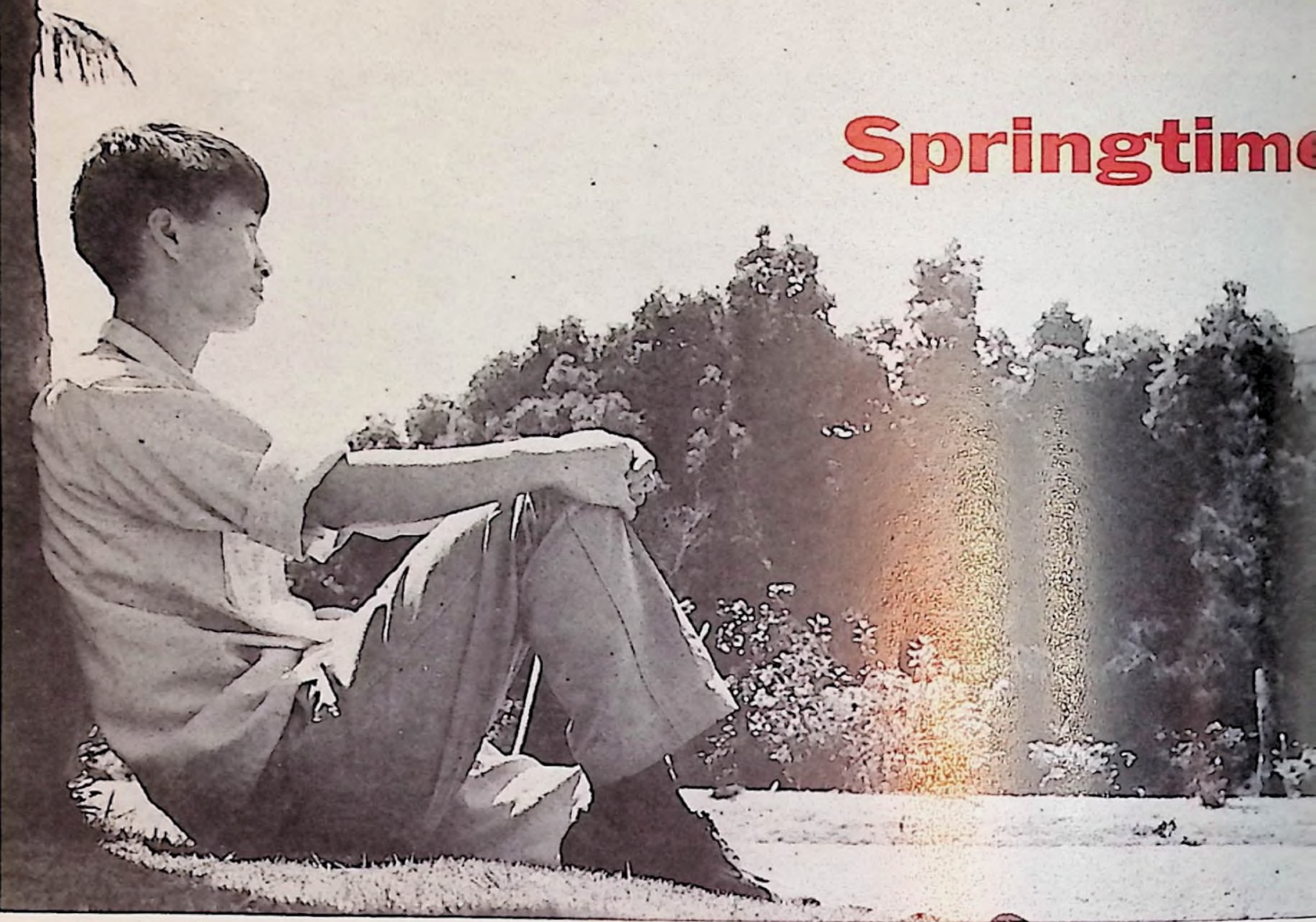
It was not only the patients who manifested their appreciation for the mission of mercy that brought Dr. Caccamise out to India. His marvelous work and the glowing example of his self-sacrifice and charity aroused a widespread interest that amounted almost to a sensation. His name has gone far beyond Patna, for patients had come all the way from Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, and other distant parts of India. The local papers poured out their praise in feature articles and editorials. One editorial lauded Dr. Caccamise as "A noble son of a noble father."

This reference to his father was espe-

cially dear to the heart of Dr. Caccamise, for the late Charles William Caccamise was also a doctor, and it is to his inspiration that his son attributes all that he has achieved in his medical career. As a token of appreciation, he named his eye-clinic in Patna "The Dr. Charles William Caccamise, Sr. Eye Clinic" in memory of his father. And he commented: "If I can live up even in a small way to the standard of service to ailing humanity that my father attained, I shall be happy and satisfied."

Dr. Caccamise was naturally anxious to get back to his wife and children, and to resume his practice in Rochester, New York. But even before leaving India, he had already initiated plans to return after two years. And the next time he hopes to bring another eye-surgeon as companion. His host of friends in India will be praying that those hopes will surely be realized.

Springtime



Daydreaming is an integral part of springtime and this university student revels in the art.



Spring's lullaby has worked its charms and the warm air has claimed a tired boy. No need to walk softly, for even the clamor of Hsinchu's street stalls have failed to pierce the armor which the slumber of spring inevitably brings.

Picnic in the woods on a Sunda and is there any other possible way of travelling down a beckoning path than hard-in-hand? Yet this is the island of Taiwan and across the narrow stretch of water the Communists are armed and waiting for the day

in Taiwan

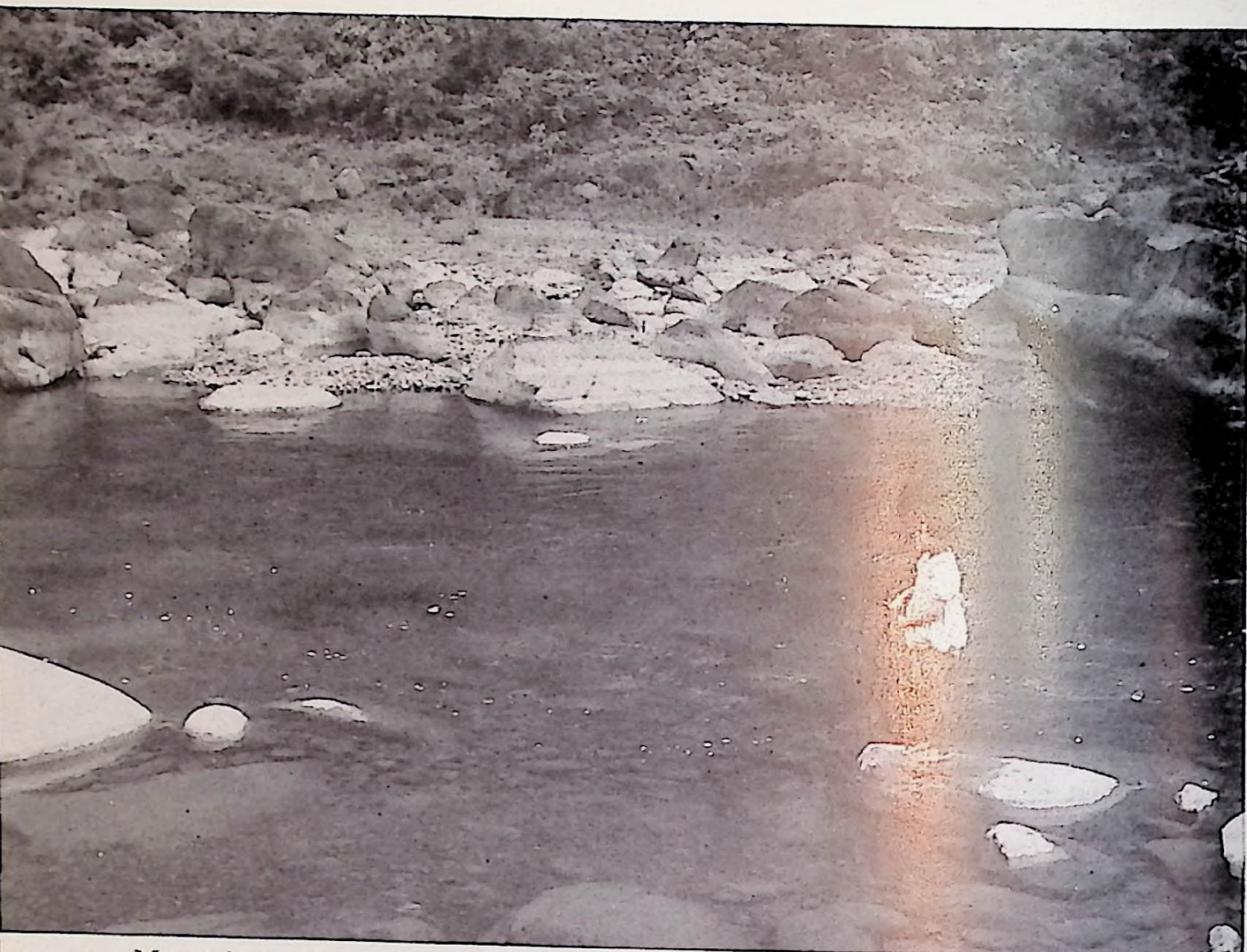


The breeze steals in from the China Sea and it is soft yet stirring. It drives before it all the cares and chills of the hard winter and it opens up a new world. This is the time for dreams, for planning the never-to-be things, for youth at its noblest and best. And if you think that springtime is different in other countries then follow Father Fred Foley S.J. and his camera as he wanders various ways in Taiwan.

Spring is the time when a young girl searches her heart and who is more apt to understand than He who shaped that heart to fit His own? This is a moment to treasure, a moment that may be more important than any other in her life.

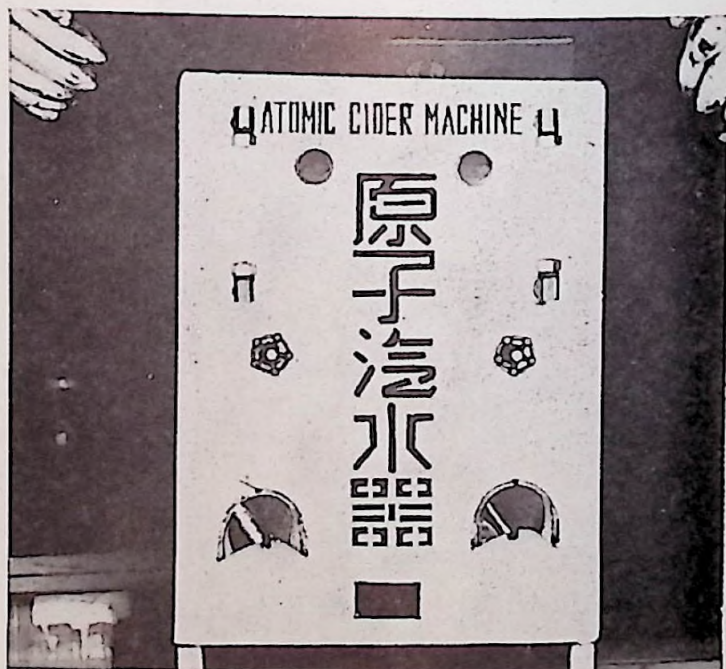


Springtime in Taiwan



Mountain streams have a fascination all their own as nature again breaks forth anew.

Anything goes in the springtime and who would be surprised at an atomic cider machine? But does that word "atomic" go with "cider" or with "machine"? It leaves room for speculation—but only the suspicious would be wary, and the suspicious have no place in spring.



There's no time for clowning under
the big tent of the Jamshedpur Mission

Jealgora's Three-ring Circus

AN AUSTRALIAN Jesuit who recently visited Jamshedpur, India, summed it up this way. "The man is a blooming genius, running a three-ring circus up there in Jealgora." The circus master to whom he was referring is Father Francis X. McFarland S.J., and his present three rings are a Cambridge School, a Welfare Personnel Training Institute and a thriving parish named after the Little Flower.

In 1955 Father McFarland was sent to Gomoh as roving parish priest of that entire northern territory, except Dhanbad town. One of his many contacts was the head of the National Fuel Research Institute at Digwadih who expressed his desire for a Cambridge School for the sons of technicians in the Institute. Negotiations got underway and in February of 1956 the first 35 boys arrived for classes held in a private home. Four years and 170 boys later, classes are still being held there, but a new and much larger De Nobili school is now being built.

From 600 to 800 students are expected on the rolls when the new school is completed. The Mogul-style, three story building, an architectural gem that will be the Taj Mahal of the Mission, is the result of the combined planning of Father McFarland, Father Herbert Coverly S.J. and Brother Guy Ames S.J. The present reputation of the school and the excellent results of its graduates are ample proof of how well Father Circus-master has done his job.

The second ring is the Welfare Personnel Training Institute at Bhuli, a project of the Central Government's

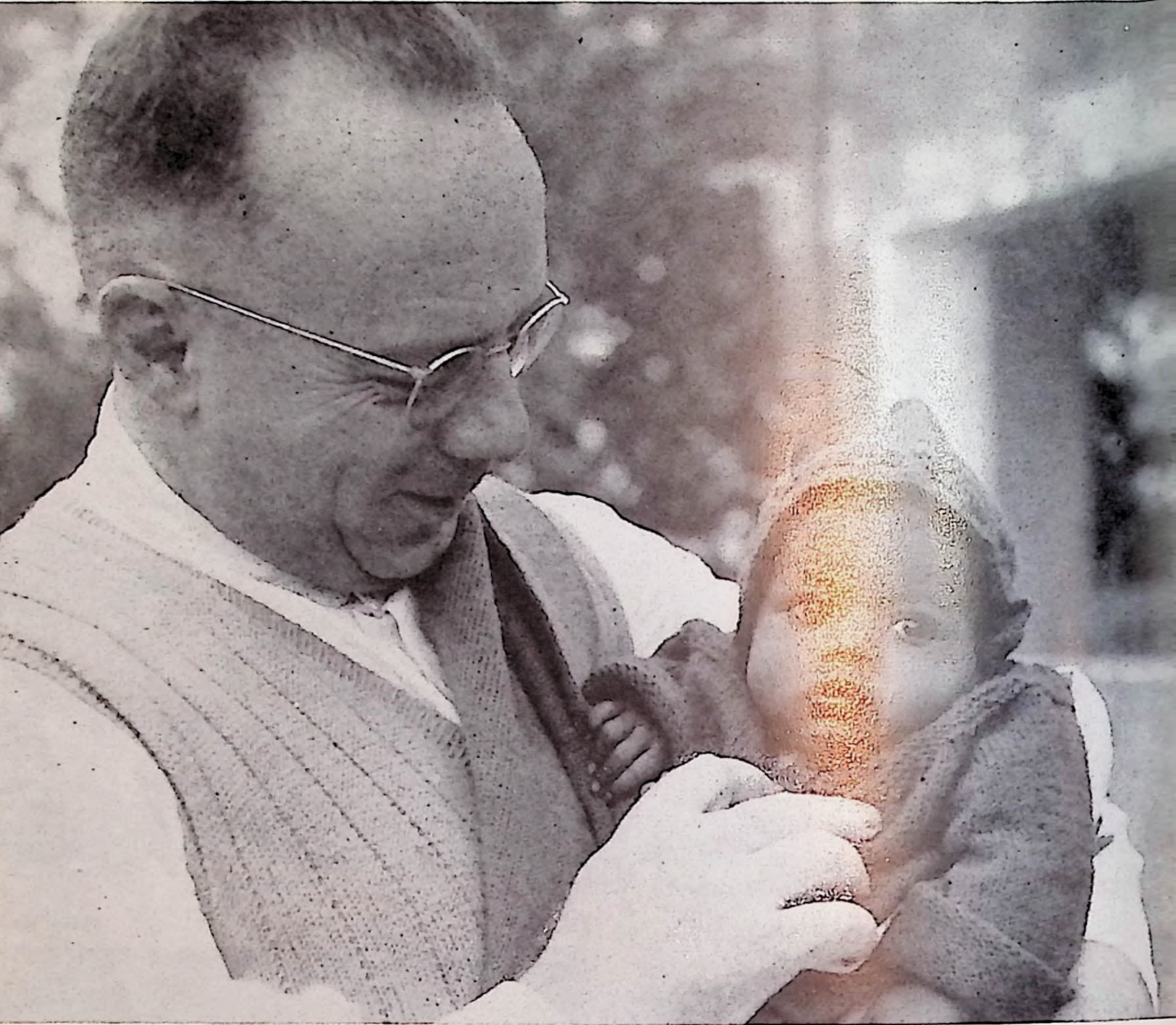
Ministry of Labor and Employment and its Coal Mines Welfare Organization.

Sixty percent of India's coal and eighty percent of its metallurgical deposits are found in this area, which is fast becoming the greatest industrial region in all India. When the local coal industry started the Welfare Personnel Training Institute in 1958, Father McFarland was invited to be organizer, lecturer and advisor at the Institute. Since that time he has seen over 100 students pass through his Workers' Education Scheme whereby literate and ambitious miners are trained as worker-teachers. The students who attend get a certificate from the Central Government which supports the Institute.

About 500 Welfare Officers will be trained there in the next three years.



De Nobili students appear to be a bright and happy lot, even before new school is up.

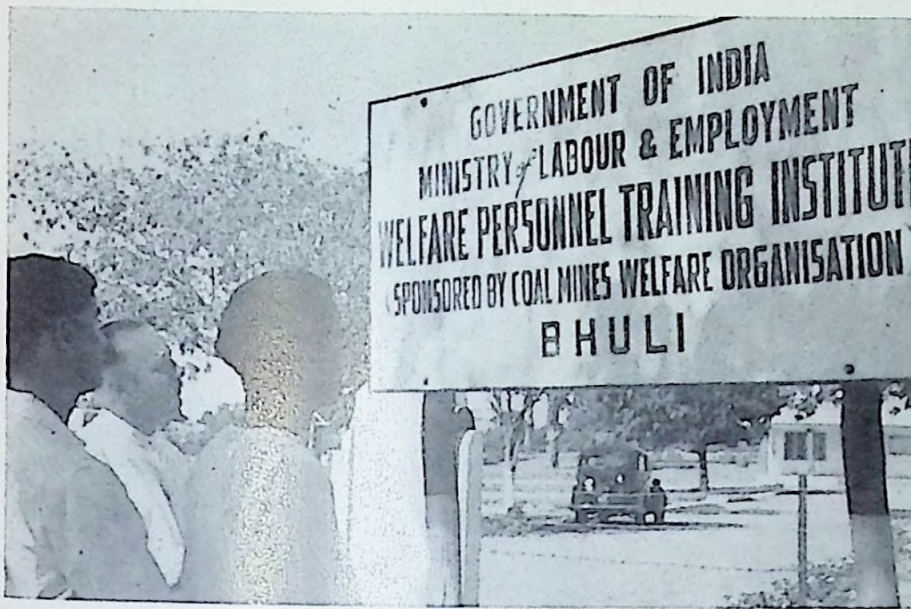


After graduation, these officers return to the mines where they organize units of 15 to 25 fellow workers to whom they give two sets of 42 lectures on labor laws, civics, unions, etc. This work among rock bottom laborers has proved an unqualified success. Through his lectures, Father McFarland is in a position to exert profound moral influence on the social thinking and responsibility of the workers, so important in India today.

The third ring under Father McFarland's supervision is the Little Flower

Parish of Sindri. This thriving parish includes a church which was built by the people themselves in 1955 and later enlarged by Father McFarland. In 1958 a spacious Recreation Center was opened, and its piano, checkers, billiards and well-thumbed Catholic library are available every evening for the use of parishioners and their friends. During school holidays it is open daily for the parish children and offers supervised recreation for the youngsters.

The Parish Christian Credit Coopera-



Second ring of the circus is the Welfare Personnel Training Institute at Bhuli where miners are educated to be worker-teachers. But let no punster try to tell its Jesuit organizer, "Bhuli for you!" It's too important for India's industry.

tive has over 40 members and a capital of 5000 rupees (\$500). Over 3200 rupees have been loaned out to members, and to date there has not been a single case of default in repayment. The Parish Cemetery Fund has more than 50 families on its register who give small monthly subscriptions depending on the individual salary.

doing all three. He has driven long hours over deep rutted roads in search of illiterate, dust-coated, tuberculosis-ridden Catholic miners. He has presented the Catholic position on science, labor and social welfare in lecture halls before audiences of graduate technicians and sophisticated young non-Christian engineers. More than any other man in the Vice Province, he has left and continues to leave his mark on the whole industrial belt of the North. We think he should rate the title of "Jamshedpur's Man of the Year."

New member of the Little Flower Parish at Sindri is held by Father McFarland after baptism ceremony—and both seem glad.

Within the parish boundaries Father McFarland has two convents of nuns: the Apostolic Carmelites who run a Convent School for girls at Digwedih, and the Sisters of Charity of Milan who staff the Tata Central Hospital at Jamadoba, which serves 15,000 workers in the collieries.

To be a parish priest, a Cambridge School Principal or a founder-organizer of a Labor School—any one of these jobs is usually enough for any one man, but Father McFarland has done and is still



Hospital Sisters, both Italian and Indian, who staff Tata Central, with their pastor.

In the lifetime of a single man a way of life

came to an end and enemies became U.S. defenders

TOMBSTONES

JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.



Iron Shell was a warrior in the days when the Sioux battled the white men.

Today's Sioux and their allegiance are typified by Staff Sergeant Ben Graham and Navy Petty Officer Ben Tibbitts.



ON A WINDSWEPT prairie in South Dakota there is a cemetery whose silent tombstones speak eloquently of the transition of the Sioux Indian from bitter enemy to comrade-in-arms of the white men. A visit to this cemetery on the grounds of Holy Rosary Mission evokes memories of a not too distant past when the fierce Sioux warrior chiefs led their people in the desperate fight against the white man's invasion.

The most striking monument here is the tomb of the last great leader of the Sioux, Chief Red Cloud. A master of strategy, and possessor of a keen mind, this revered chief guided his people through the final battles and the first years of their inevitable defeat.

But he is noted for more than his leadership in war. Baptized into the Catholic faith in 1884, he petitioned Washington three times to send Jesuit Blackrobes to his people. His insistent

pleading led to the lifting of the Federal ban on Catholic missions in the Pine Ridge area and to the founding of Holy Rosary Mission in 1888. It was this mission that sheltered the survivors of the infamous massacre at Wounded Knee, S.D. in 1890 when the U.S. cavalry sabered or shot to death scores of unarmed Sioux men, women and children. Following the massacre, Red Cloud prevailed upon the Sioux to surrender to the "white eyes" and make peace.

In the years following 1890 many Sioux braves used their skill in the service of the United States Army. Tombstones in the mission cemetery identify some of the Indian servicemen buried here. *White Bird, Cpl. Indian Scouts—September 9, 1897; Runs Close to Lodge, Indian Scouts—November 25, 1924; Ben J. Red Bear, Sgt. and Fast Whirlwind, Indian Scouts—March 2, 1935.* These stones reveal the changes.



Final blessing is given to James Red Cloud by Father Edwards S.J. Senator Mundt of South Dakota paid him this tribute, "He should serve as a model to his own people as to all of us."

Three tombstones from World War II brought home to me how far the pendulum had swung since the bloody battles of the previous century. The names chiseled on the markers belonged to Sioux boys whom I had taught at Holy Rosary Mission. *Francis J. Killer, Cpl. 5th Armored Div.—March 23, 1945; Clement P. Crazy Thunder, Pfc., 5th Marine Division—March 11, 1945; Philip White Rabbit Jr., U.S. Navy veteran—October 22, 1947.* They had been good Catholic boys whose manhood was a credit to their country and their warrior ancestors.

The most recent marker in the cemetery is over the grave of Chief James Red Cloud, hereditary chief of the Oglala Sioux, who died on February 16, 1960. Grandson of the great Chief Red Cloud, the 83-year-old leader had been a link between the old and the new among his people. Born in 1877, the year following Custer's annihilation at

the Battle of the Little Big Horn, James Red Cloud was 13 years old when the power of the Sioux was broken by the Wounded Knee massacre. He was educated at Holy Rosary Mission and later toured the country with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. In his mature years James Red Cloud proved a worthy descendant of the last Sioux war leader. He had inherited his grandfather's strong belief in the value of education and never tired of preaching this belief to the youth of his tribe. In an era of peace his fighter's heritage sent him to Washington, D.C. eleven times in behalf of the rights and welfare of his people.

A model of simple faith in God and in the honor of his people, James Red Cloud now lies in ground made sacred by the blessing of the Church and the memory of former Sioux warriors, both those who fought against the U.S. and those who died in our defense.

Window on the Mission

Let's Get Together

WHEN PEOPLE think about the sorrow of the divisions in Christianity, usually they think of the Catholics, the dissident Eastern Churches and the many denominations of Protestantism in Europe and America. But that is only part of the tragedy of separation. Perhaps even more tragic is the spread of these divisions to Asia, Africa and Latin America by the missionary effort of the Protestant denominations.

It is bad enough to have these divisions in old established centers of Christianity. It is worse to spread these divisions to people who are just coming to Christianity. Just when many of them are advancing to a sense of national unity, the representatives of Christianity offer them religious division. Christians are a small minority in Asia and Africa, but they are weaker than their numbers because of the many separations. The commission to preach the Gospel to every creature is difficult enough when Christianity must face ancient systems of culture. But the commission becomes painfully difficult when the Gospel is preached by so many groups opposed

to one another who spread their oppositions across the world. Now Christianity must confront not only non-Christian religious systems; it must face the divisions within itself.

It should be remembered that the Catholic Church was in Asia, Africa and Latin America more than two hundred years before the Protestant missionaries arrived. Therefore, the divisions spread in these areas cannot be blamed on the Catholic Church. The Protestant missionaries are in a sorrowful position. They must talk about the necessity of unity in true Christianity. But they must spread Lutheran, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and many other divisions of Christianity. They are condemned to contradict themselves before new peoples coming to Christianity. Beyond that, they are committed to attacking other forms of Christianity, especially Catholicism.

To admit that one has been wrong is a very difficult thing. Yet somebody must admit to being wrong in the spread of divisions in Christianity which so misrepresent the Mystical Body of Christ and the revelation of Redemption. More difficult is the decision to stop spreading division. There does not seem to be much point in bemoaning the divisions in Christianity and the scandal such divisions are to other peoples, while at the same time the denominations spend more and more personnel and money in spreading their divisions. Eventually



Cover. Since time began, the waves of the Pacific have washed over the thousands of tiny islands where life goes on much in the old, old way. To artist Phil Franznick this little known world is a medley of faces as different as the varied isles which the constant sea has sculptured.

the facts must be faced courageously. Catholics can admit the failures of Catholics in the past. But that is not the heart of the problem, as some would like to think. The central fact is that the Church of Christ, His Mystical Body, is one Body, not two hundred and fifty. It is a "hard saying" to tell people that they must return to the Catholic Church if they wish to live the life of the one Body of Christ. But Our Lord had to say hard things at times. So let us pray that all Christians may have the strength to restore themselves to unity in the Church.

Mission Milestones

IN KOREA on Easter Monday the Jesuits of the Wisconsin Province opened their new college. It is named Sogang (pronounced "Suh-gahng") College, which means West River and as such readily identifies its location for anyone who knows Seoul. This is the first Catholic venture in higher education in Korea although Protestants have been conducting colleges and universities for seventy years.

American Jesuits have been ordained to the priesthood in various mission lands this year. In India Fathers Eugene Welch and Richard McHugh were ordained for the Jamshedpur Mission; Fathers Jerome Durack and Joseph Knecht will serve in Patna; and Father Joseph McGill, who studied with the others in Kurseong, was raised to the priesthood in Ceylon. In Taiwan Father Gregory Aherne was ordained and across the East China Sea three more Americans had their big day in Japan, Fathers Walter Brennan, Robert Becka and Robert Arrowsmith.



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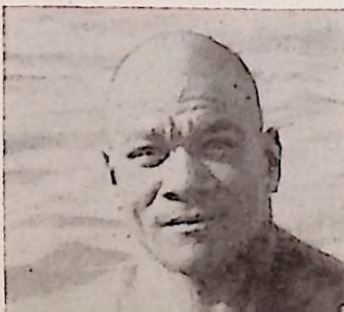
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Down to the sea go these lads with their goggles and small metal spears. Fish spears are used in day fishing and at night with palm torches.



Karichu (left) formerly captain of the "Romance" of Father River. The bald man below is also Karichu.



Out-riggers made their way from island to island where. The different local conditions needed some plan.

The waves of history break over the remote

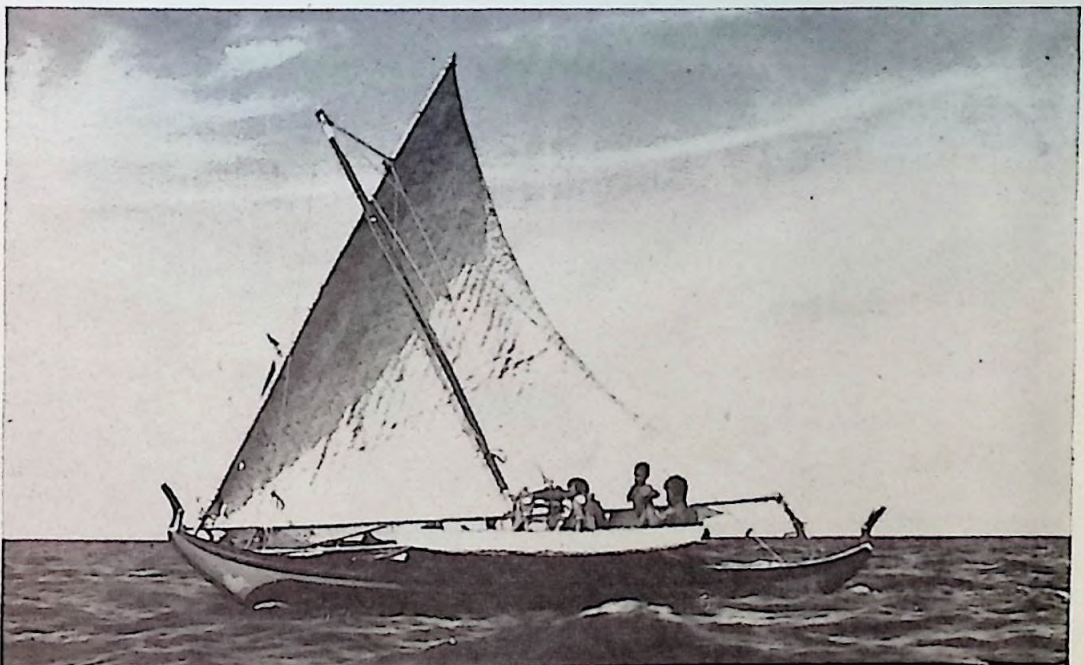
Caroline Islands but leave little impression

The Far-away Islands

THE NEW YORK Province Jesuits who staff the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission are well aware that it is a world all its own. The heart of this watery world lies in the Eastern Carolines, in the atolls of Truk, Ponape and the Mortlocks. East lie the Marshalls and to the west are the groups like Ulithi, Yap and Koror—where two hundred and fifty years ago the first Jesuits landed, and died.

It is a vast world spanning two million square miles of the Pacific and so we focus on the Eastern Carolines, concentrating on one segment of this area, where a way of life centuries old still follows its time-hallowed groove, unshaken by the waves of war which have rolled over it, torn by tides but untouched by time.

Seafarers by necessity, the young boys of the islands cannot learn too soon all the tricks and whims of the sailing canoes. Ocean-going canoes are still used in some parts, especially Truk and Yap, and the Marshalls.



The Far-away Islands

These islands of Micronesia are generally divided by the inhabitants into the low and the high islands. The former are composed of sand bars washed up by the waves on coral reefs while the high islands are usually of volcanic origin. Most of the low isles are atolls, a ring of coral reef with sand islands astride it and a lagoon in the middle.

Nearest to the sea grow the coconuts and pandanus; further inland, in a more protected area and where the water is fresher, breadfruit is cultivated; in the very center the swampy ground produces taro. These few things, plus what comes from the sea, are the fundamentals around which the islanders have built their lives. It is not a complicated economy but simple almost to extremes and one can readily understand why the modern business world has bypassed this region.



Medical attention is given to boy with earache on the island of Ulul in the Carolines. Trained medical corpsmen are a blessing in absence of regular doctors.





Breadfruit is one of the staples and is a source of starch food. It is cooked just as it is about to ripen in a kettle until it reaches the consistency of taffy. Then the pounding begins.

Further step in the preparation of breadfruit is to place the cooked meal on a washboard or slab of wood and pound for 10 to 15 minutes. Sometimes the ripe fruit is fermented,

Rounding out the process, the well-pounded breadfruit is rolled into balls, put in a basin and flavored with coconut juice and grated coconut. Shades of Bligh and the *Bounty!*



The Far-Away Islands

Yet these are people for whom the Son of God laid down His life and for that reason they will not be bypassed by those who serve Christ. So the missionaries travel the watery ways (distance is the number one problem in their work) and establish centers in the most likely places. There are forty Jesuits now, aided by several groups of Sisters, attempting to cover this vast territory. It is a gigantic task, but little by little the Church is building a sturdy spiritual vitality in these people who have so little of material goods—a Rock of salvation for these typhoon-swept islanders.



Calypso is not part of the dance routines in the Carolines nor is jig readily identifiable which Brother Walter is performing for the edification, more or less, of Father Fahey and Father McCarthy. The former works on Polowat and the latter on Likiep.

Chef des iles. Faustino is the cook for the Jesuit community at Xavier High School, in Truk. He learned the art while in the Navy and for the past several years has kept the Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers happy with his work. And there are no supermarkets in the islands.

Trim ship carries both meanings for Brother Raymond Whalen who is charge of the "Star of the Sea" out of Tunnuk in the Moen district of the Truk headquarters.

Jeeping from Xavier High School to the base. Motor transportation is mainly confined to the high islands where the roads are not in danger of being washed away as they would be on the low isles. Jeep was gift from a benefactor.



The Far-away Islands

Education is the crying need and the tiny isles in the various atolls are now dotted with schools. In the entire mission over 2,000 children attend Catholic grade schools and there is a Jesuit high school on the Truk atoll with over 70 students. Vocations are increasing, a sure sign that education is breaking down the barriers of the past, and we should pray fervently that the day will soon come when there will be no further need of missionaries on these far-away islands in the Pacific Ocean.

Ritual of filling tank for outboard motor is something to be strictly adhered to in this world of constant and dangerous travelling on waterways.



Edmund Campion lives again on the far-away isle of Truk in the Pacific as high school students enact drama. Education is the key that will open up new worlds for all of them.

HURRICANE!

A hurricane named "Harriet" swept over the island of Pulusuk recently. Result, houses smashed, trees broken, shrubs uprooted. Food destroyed. Starvation in prospect.

Father William Rively, the man in charge, needs help. Can you find it in your heart to contribute something for this shattered mission?

Any size gift will be welcome:
\$1 to \$5,000.

Send your contribution to

JESUIT MISSIONS

211 East 87th Street,

New York 28, N.Y.



The weather might have indicated otherwise

but the gathering in Alaska was a real summit

Meeting on the



Carry your bag, sir? It looks as if the missionaries have left everything for Father Provincial (center) and Fathers Fallert (left) and Poole to convey from plane to residence.

Yukon

JM's own Father Murphy, well parka-ed.



ST. MARY'S on the Yukon was buzzing. Bush planes kept dropping out of the sky to land on the Andraefski Slough in front of St. Mary's. The Eskimo and Indian children of the boarding school looked on in awe as the fur-clad passengers came laughing and waving up to the residence. Were all of these people priests? But the youngsters just couldn't believe Alaska had so many.

As a matter of fact, the Alaska Mission was making a bit of history for this was the largest gathering of missionaries ever held in the Northland. They had come to make their annual retreat under Father Edward L. Murphy of the staff of *Jesuit Missions* and to hold a subsequent meeting to discuss problems with this expert in missiology.

Bishop Francis Gleeson S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, was present, as was the Provincial of the Oregon Province which mans this mission, Father Alexander McDonald. Twenty-five missionaries came in from their remote posts and their varied nationalities resembled a miniature League of Nations—American, French, Belgian, Russian, Dutch, Spanish and Italian. The veteran in the group was Brother John Hess from the Copper Valley Mission, who has spent 47 years in the Northland and this year celebrates his Golden Jubilee in the Society of Jesus. He appears Alaska's best advertisement.

Veteran Brother Hess, 47 years in the mission, celebrates his Golden Jubilee.



Meeting on the Yukon



Ready to mush back to their respective missions of Tununak and Chifornak are Father Paul Deschout (left) and Father Paul Linssen.

At the meeting the missionaries reported on their work among the Eskimos, the Indians and the whites who have come to Alaska in large numbers in recent years. Some of the subjects discussed were liturgical adaptation, use of the vernacular, the type of education best suited for the less developed, catechetics, economic and social problems, the transition taking place through the entrance of people from the United States, vocations, etc. When your mission activity ranges from the civilized cities to the remote villages of the Arctic Circle then you encounter every possible problem in the field.

One facet of the many-sided mission situation was revealed in the surprised question of the students one morning. "How is it that a Russian Orthodox priest is saying Mass in our church?" they asked as they left the chapel after making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The answer was that it was not an Orthodox priest but a member of the Eastern Rite of the Catholic Church. Father Sevolod Rochkau, the priest in question, was born in Moscow, studied in France, and was ordained at the Russian Seminary in Rome about thirteen years ago. He arrived in Alaska five years ago and now has his mission at Dillingham. With him at St. Mary's was Brother Lindowski, his official reader.

The hospitality shown by the Ursuline Sisters and the two host-Jesuits, Fathers Poole and Haffie, was of the sort to melt all the ice on the bleak outside. They did not have an easy job, either, for school was in regular session and the extraordinary number of guests meant a shuffling for space and a tremendous

New bonnet which is better kept for milder weather is modeled by Eskimo lassie and is duly admired by equally gleeful boy friend

Meeting on the Yukon



No beatniks at all but a priest of the Oriental Rite, Father Rochkau, (at right) and his official assistant from the Dillingham station.

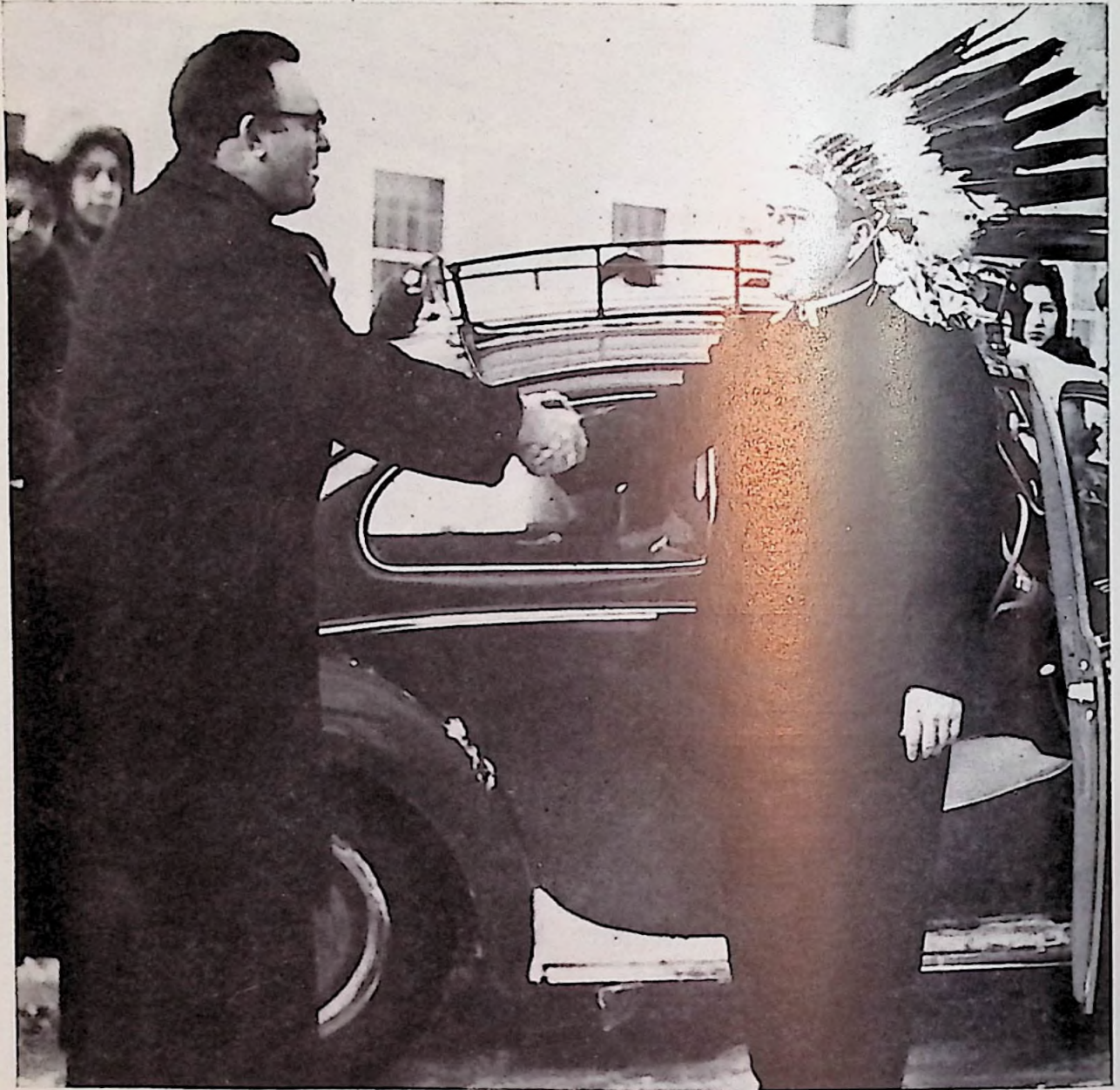
Goggles may mean skin diving to you but this Chifornak lad uses them for protection against snow blindness.

burden on the kitchen. Everybody pitched in with enthusiasm and good will.

But all in all, the meeting was an unqualified success and the missionaries went back to their posts refreshed spiritually and mentally. And the Arctic nights were the brighter for it!



Mission Moments

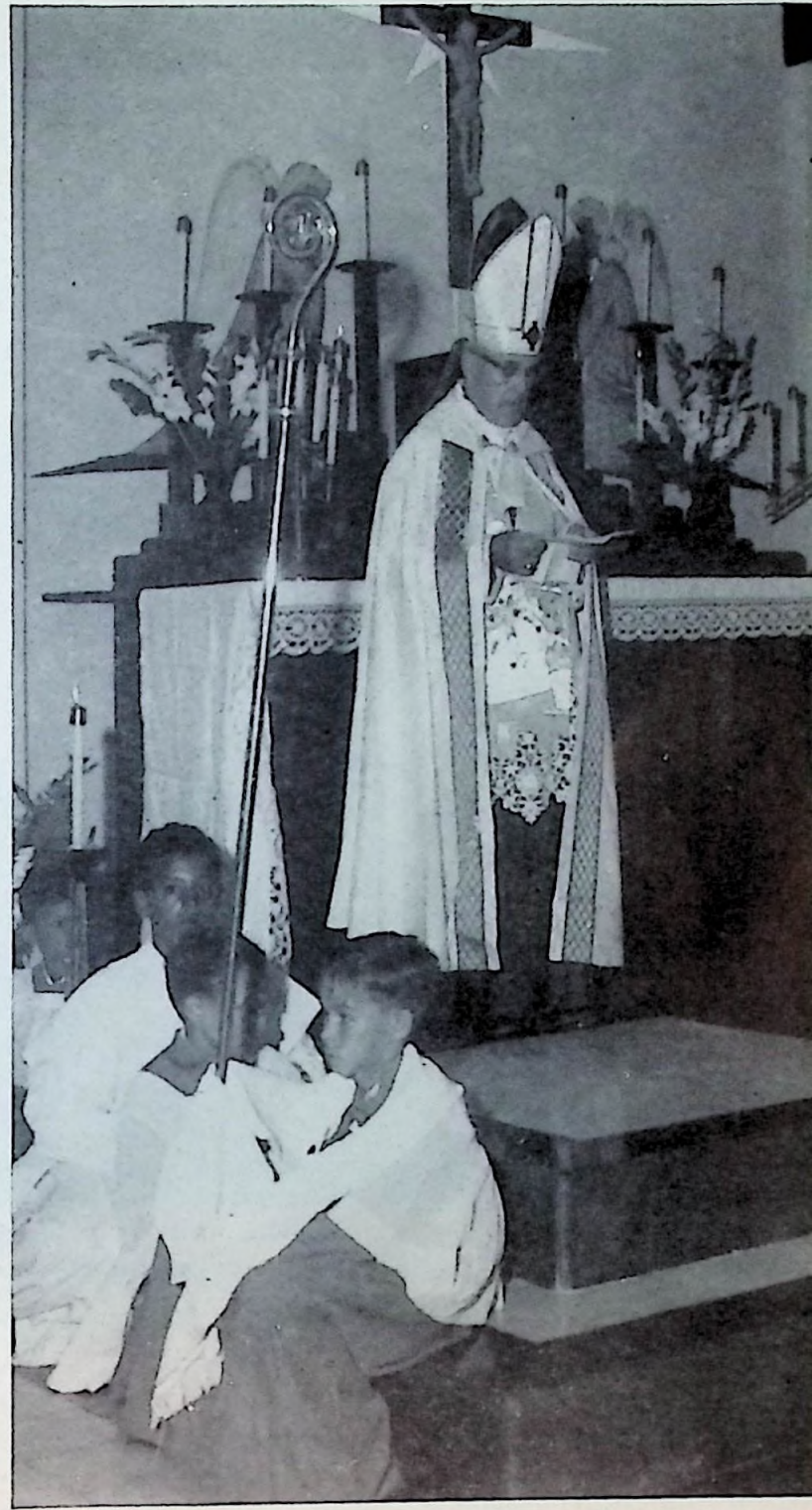


WHITE SHIELD is the name given by the Sioux Indians to Father John Bryde S.J. when they adopted him into their tribe. Father Bryde is the principal of Holy Rosary Mission at Pine Ridge in South Dakota, the largest mission boarding school for Indians in the nation. He also received a special commen-

datation for his scholarly work on a Sioux-English dictionary, now nearing completion. In the picture Father Lawrence Edwards S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary, greets Father Bryde on the latter's return from Hollywood and his appearance on the TV broadcast "It Could Be You" when he was formally adopted.

Grand Cayman in the Caribbean has a new glory. The first permanent church, St. Ignatius in Georgetown, was officially opened and blessed by His Lordship Bishop John J. McEleney S.J. of Kingston. The bishop headed a party of religious and laity who flew over from Jamaica for the ceremony. His sermon (right) was his first in this distant post of his diocese.

The new church (below) is surmounted with an eight-foot mahogany cross on its tower, the highest point on the entire low-slung island. This cross is illuminated at night and can be seen from far out at sea. Father Francis Jackmauh S.J. began the building which was brought to completion by the present pastor, Father Harry Ball. May it mean new life in the Caymans!



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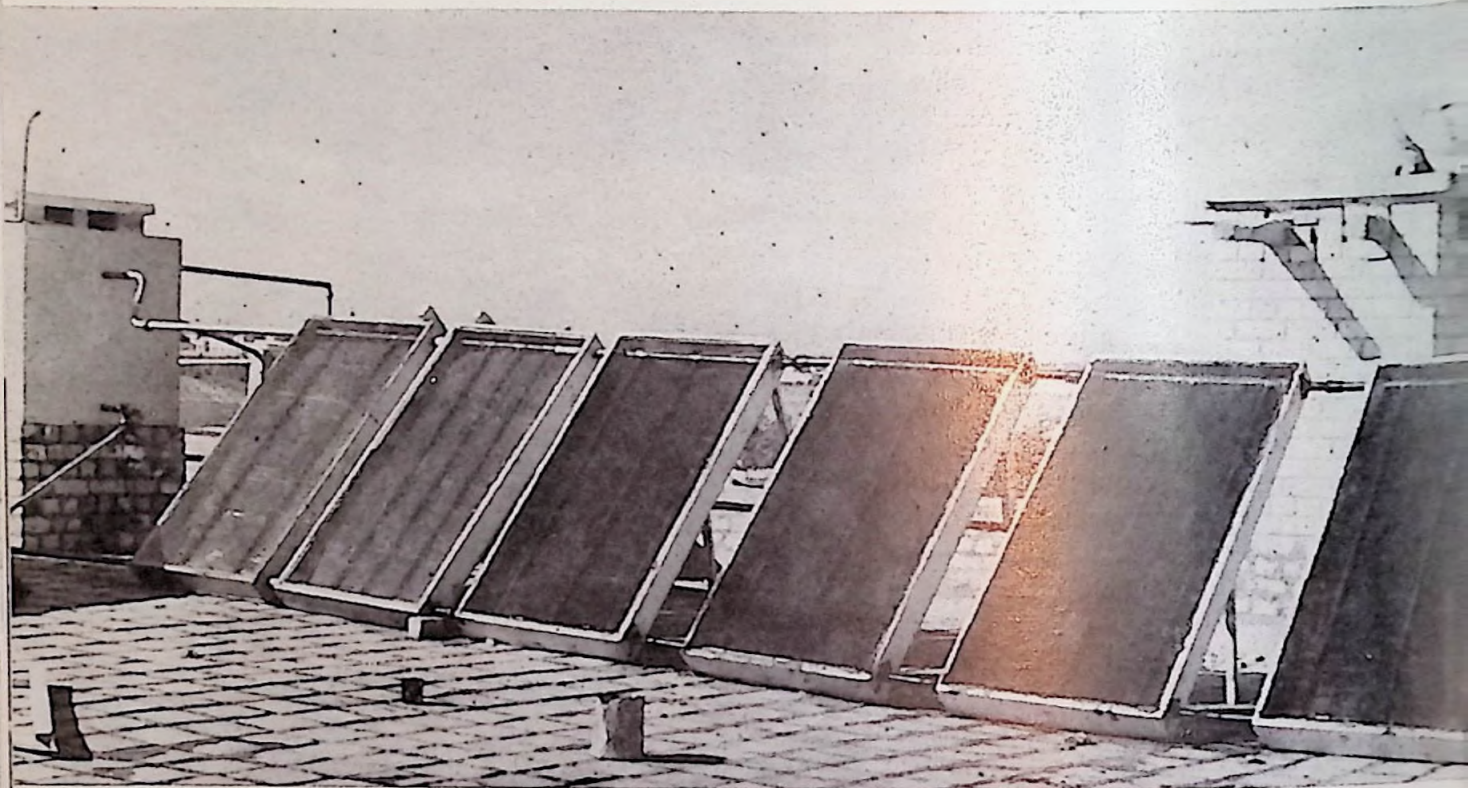
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In Iraq an American physicist turns an age-old
danger into a cooperative and welcome assistant

The Sun in Harness

CHARLES G. CROWLEY S.J.



Solar units on roof of Al-Hikma University building which attract rays of sun and convert that energy into heat for providing hot water. So Baghdad's sun becomes a friend.

IN IRAQ no one ignores the sun. You may take the nearly constant days of sunlight for granted but you soon learn to stay out of the direct rays in the summer and to look for them in winter. No doubt during the thousands of years since ancient Babylon many have dreamed of converting the sun's energy to some practical purpose in one way or another. But it took a newcomer to Baghdad to turn that dream into reality.

Mr. John Fitzpatrick, an engineering physicist from Washington, D.C., arrived here last September. He was to

teach physics at the Jesuit Al-Hikma University, just opening its doors for the first time on its new campus. Father Leo Guay and his men, after two years of labor, had three buildings ready for the beginning of school. But there are always last minute obstacles, even in the best of planned projects. One of these at Al-Hikma was the question of hot water. There were difficulties in producing it whether electricity or oil was used.

It was at this point that John Fitzpatrick stepped forward. A couple of years before he had been investigating

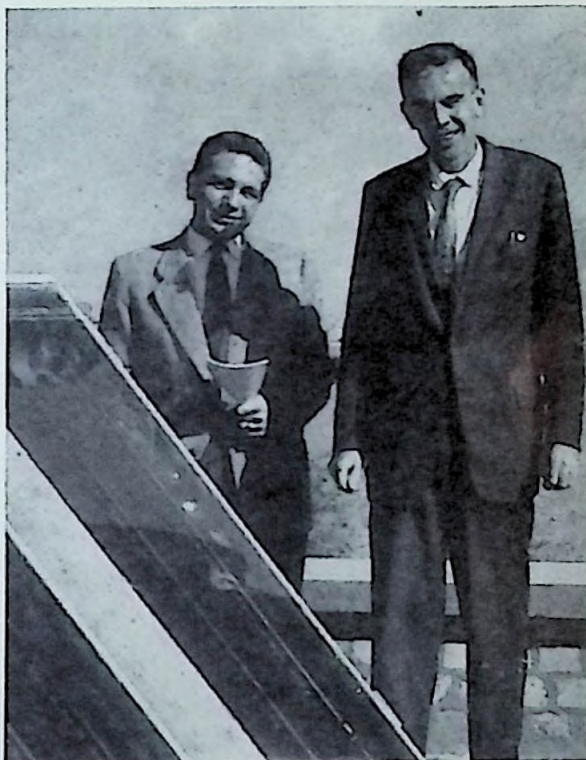
industrial plants in San Salvador. During that time he had set up several solar heaters, machines which would provide heat from the rays of the sun. Now he suggested the same thing for Baghdad. After a measurement of solar heat and mathematical calculations, he drew up a practical sketch of a solar water-heating system. Within two weeks the first of six units was completed.

The process was remarkably simple, with no moving parts, as the engineers would say, except for the water itself. Each unit is a sheet of metal—preferably copper—painted black, for best heat absorption, covered with glass and inclined towards the sun at an angle determined by Baghdad's latitude. The water pipes are welded to the copper sheets. Pressure from a 180-gallon storage tank provides the water supply. The water leaves the bottom of the tank, travels across the metal sheets where it absorbs heat, and returns to the top of the storage tank. The rising of the water is aided by the fact that warm water is somewhat lighter than cold. Thus the water circulation continues automatically, and with each trip more heat is absorbed.

During the testing period, the ladder leaning against the tank was climbed several times a day by Mr. Fitzpatrick and his aids, thermometers in hand. Between nine in the morning and three in the afternoon, with only one unit completed, they found the 180 gallons of the storage tank water rose an average of 10 degrees Fahrenheit. "It works!" was the conclusion of everyone, even the most skeptical. More units would expose more area to sun heat and it could be confidently predicted that six units would raise the water 60 degrees Fahrenheit during a full day of sunlight. Since the "cold" water in the tank at the beginning of the process was about 65° this meant a full tank of 125° F. water. It was found that the stored hot water dropped about 18° during the

night, so the next day the heating would begin at a higher temperature.

Baghdad temperatures often drop to freezing at night during the winter months and we have an occasional cloudy day. At this writing, the solar heater has given an uninterrupted supply of hot water all winter. Even after a rare stretch of three cloudy days in succession the stored water still remains



Know how is supplied by Doctor Fitzpatrick (right) and data is checked by Jalal Qasirat.

lukewarm. What will happen when the heater is exposed to the full force of the Baghdad sun between April and September? Mr. Fitzpatrick predicts it will go above the 140° winter maximum. But the water will never reach the boiling point since it begins to radiate heat to the surrounding air after a certain temperature is reached.

Judging from the many interested observers of our solar heater, we predict more solar heaters will soon be appearing on other Baghdad roofs. Then, to adapt the words of the song, "The lucky old sun will have much more to do than roll around heaven all day."

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The world's worst beggar is the way Father William McHale of Jamaica characterizes himself. This year he celebrates his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit, after 33 years of labor in Jamaica. He desperately needs a new church in his Holy Name parish in western Kingston. After all these years he deserves a crown for his labors. Could you help make his Jubilee really a Golden one with \$10, \$50, or whatever you can afford?

A new look and new hope have been brought to Santal villages in India by Father Robert Snyder. He has worked hard to give them schooling, a better way of life, and, most of all, Christ. It has meant considerable expense and at the moment he is stymied by lack of funds. One village in particular is ripe for the harvest if he can obtain a little help. Can you help him forward with a gift of a few dollars—\$2, \$5, or anything at all?

Winter in Korea is cold, as someone in your own family may know. The American Jesuits in Seoul opened their new college there in Easter week. But they still lack living quarters for the Fathers and a heating plant for the school itself. Are you in a position to make their winter a little more comfortable?

Another cold spot is Holy Cross Mission in Alaska. There Father John Fox is badly in need of a place where the children can play indoors. Most of the school year is too cold for outside recrea-

tion so the veteran missionary is trying to scrape together enough money for some kind of a gymnasium. Anyone who has the patience to wait the children underfoot most of the time deserves help, don't you think?

Calling all green thumbs. In India all kinds of seeds are wanted, vegetable, fruit or flower. Father Ludwig has over fifty people (orphans, widows, old folks) dependent on him. He must keep several cows in order to have fresh milk for the babies so seeds for good fodder are especially needed. But hybrid corn, etc. are also very welcome. Please mail them to Father Robert Ludwig, Rampur, P.O. Chauhatta (via Narkatiaganj), Dist. Champaran, Bihar, India.

The pleasure of singing is one of the few things the poor people of Jamaica can afford. Father William Connolly of St. Pius X parish in Kingston has the chance to get a fairly good organ for \$275. It would mean a lot to everyone concerned if he could get the necessary funds. Would you help to the tune of \$1, \$5 or more?

June is the month when most of the new missionaries prepare to depart for their posts. This is one of the largest single expenses of the entire mission operation. Could you spare a gift to help an apostle of Christ on his way?

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All God's chillun got shoes?

Some, obviously, like the lad above, need more than shoes. Father William Moore, of Yoro, has literally hundreds of youngsters in great need. Being a missionary, he is poor, and needs help to help others.

Can you assist him? Will you?

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

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The mission in Adra, India, is
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Sacred Heart

It is a terribly poor mission. The Church
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school is desperately needed. Father Neu,
the man in charge, cannot do it alone.
He needs your help. Won't you give it?
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