

JESUIT MISSIONS

MAY 1961



THE LAITY
Vital foundation
of the mission





JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Jesuit



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Staff

Editor, Calvert Alexander. Managing Editor, Clement J. Armitage.

Associate Editors, Leo Birney, Thomas J. M. Burke,
Cecil H. Chamberlain, Edward S. Dunn.

Business Editor, Coleman A. Daily.

Business Office, 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, New York.

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

They're worlds apart but only geographically. This is a scene in Taipei and not on Main Street, Ohio. Youth will be served and the Taiwanese teenagers appear to have the same tastes as their American counterparts. Records sold are often pirated.



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The success of the greatest job on earth depends on teamwork but only in recent years has the lay apostolate movement started to flex its muscles and become a very vital part in the building of the Church in the missions

THE LAITY Vital Foundation of the Mission

WHEN A JOB has to be done which requires more than one person, then teamwork is necessary. When the job happens to be the most important one on earth then the teamwork takes on added importance, too. Americans have always prided themselves on the way they pull together, probably because our country is a young one and it took teamwork to put it on its feet. But sometimes

in the heat and hurry of doing a job our concentration on it can dim the vision of what must also be done in the field across the way.

Almighty God made each of us for one purpose. He didn't create a man to be a doctor, a farmer, a maintenance man, *in se*; that would only be the accidental channel a man follows to reach his goal. God made us for Himself, to His own





Alaska lay apostles at St. Mary's Mission at the foot of the Andreafsky Mountains. There are twelve of them engaged in various activities; nursing, teaching, cooking, secretaries.

image, and our life is directed to achieving that and so entering into our reward. If the economic system in which we live tends to distract us from that, or to minimize it, then it is the system that is at fault, not God's purpose.

That purpose embraces all men, and the road to success has been clearly charted. We call it the building of God's Kingdom, the winning of all souls to Christ. And no one is exempt from playing his part in that building. The difficulty lies in seeing clearly what that part involves, exactly what the dimensions of the job are. For our energies can be spent in building our own social and economic niche in which parish activities have a place and we move so rapidly under bright lights in our endeavors that our vision of what lies beyond becomes dimmed—our diocese; the priestless stretches of our nation; the world for which Christ died. The greatest danger lies in the possibility that the blurring of our vision may

carry over into our intellectual view.

For instance, Bill O'Loughlin packs up in Wooster, Ohio, takes his wife Ruth and their three children, and heads for New Guinea as a volunteer for mission work there. Behind him he leaves a \$7300 a year job; before him there isn't much in the way of material comforts. Or Christine Vogel of Wilmington, Del., a graduate of New Rochelle College, joins four other girls on the lower Yukon in Alaska where their cottage has no plumbing, the salary is non-existent, the weather hovers around 20 below zero and the constant moosemeat becomes somewhat trying. Yet this group is only part of the 41 lay apostles serving this year on the Jesuit missions in Alaska. Or consider the ten men, eight graduates of Boston College and two of Northeastern University who are giving a year for God, along with a good number of others, on the island of Jamaica.

Do you know of anyone who would



First three at St. Mary's were (l. to r.) Bill Kelly, Miss Monica Smith and Miss Pat Sanford.

be inclined to ask, when told of this, "What in heaven's name are they wasting their time doing that for? Don't they know that they will be only young once?" Yet how often the same thing has been said about priests and nuns and brothers who go out to mission fields "when there is so much to be done here at home."

Let us admit that there are people who are tempted to pass judgment in the dim light of the values they themselves live by. They wouldn't so judge if they had a

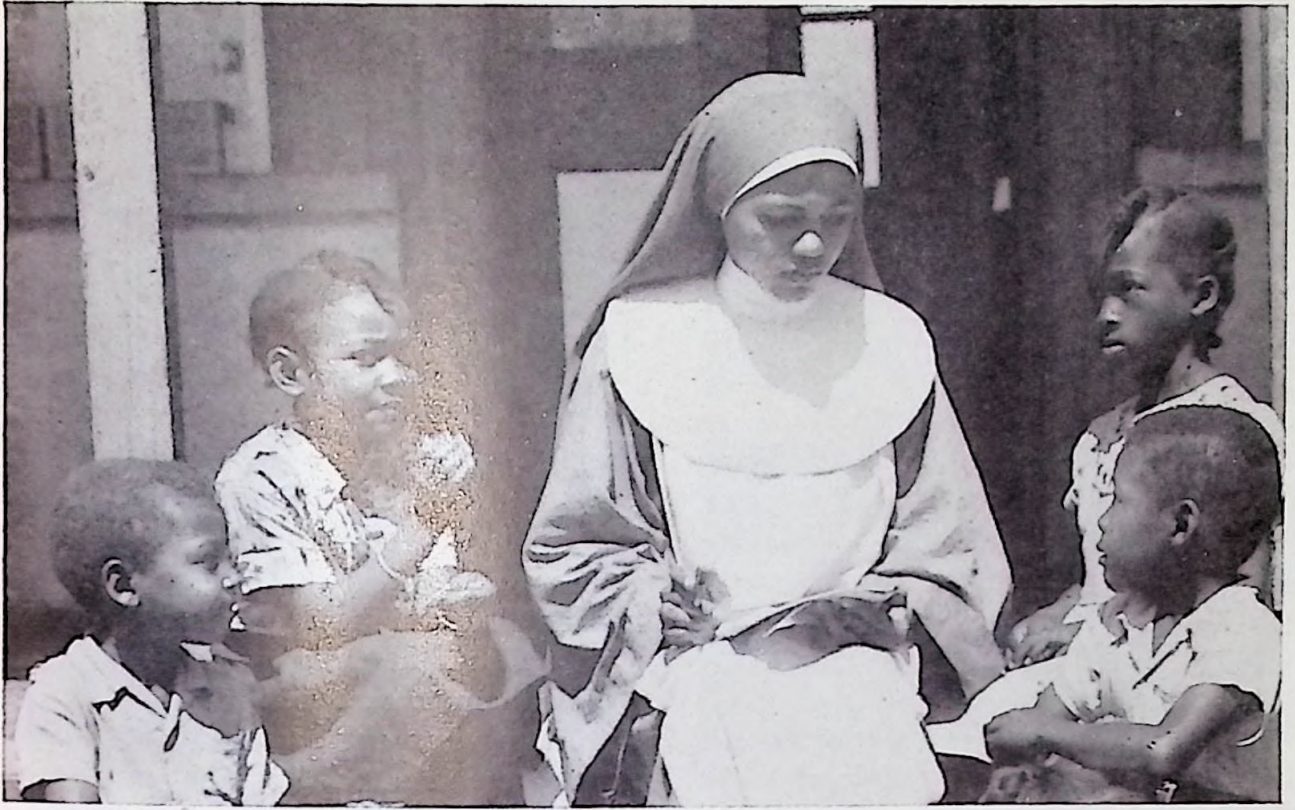
He needs help and Fr. Cullen of the Philippines knows how much lay apostles can do.



crystal clear picture of God's plan; of His purpose in creation; of His agonizing death for every single human being; of His desire that all men be saved and be happy with Him forever. Yet it is into that framework that the mission picture is fitted and if the light is poor for the whole it must also be for the part, the detail of the overall sketch.

There are several key figures in the mission picture, the priest, the nun, the brother—and the lay apostle, which is you, and the one next to you in the bus, and that wise-cracking youngster who has the heart of a Xavier. All of these key people must work together in building the Kingdom of God. None of them can do it without help; it calls for a teamwork according to the divine plan.

This is not a new idea by any means. In his Mission Encyclical, "*Princeps Pastorum*," the Holy Father Pope John XXIII repeats the concepts of Pope Pius XII: ". . . From the first days of Christian history and in all succeeding epochs it was through this collaboration of the laity that the Bishops and clergy were able to work efficaciously among the people, both in the field that is strictly religious and in the social order. This collaboration is not less but indeed much more necessary in our times, when needs are increasing daily, when ever increasing multitudes are in need of the nourishment of proper spiritual doctrine and when conditions seem to be more complex . . ."



Sisters of their own are what any people need most, for they can be far more effective than a foreigner ever can. This Blue Sister of Jamaica has an audience not easily shaken off.

From the Boston area ten lay apostles depart for Jamaica. From left to right they are John Sheehan, Clark Duncan, Arthur Hull, James Nuttall, Peter Hickey. The second tier is composed of Robert Greene, John Enright, Robert Riordan, Charles McNamee and Leo Shea. Eight of them are Boston College graduates while two are from Northeastern University.



The Pope outlines the role of the laity in the life of the Church, the objectives in the formation of the laity in mission fields and their various duties of living up to their beliefs. He quotes St. Thomas Aquinas: "Everyone is held to spread his faith to others either for the instruction of other Christians or to strengthen them, or to repel attacks of those who do not believe." Then he sums up the duty of Christians in all the world with the words of St. John Chrysostom, "There should be no pagans if we were true Christians."

In the fourth part of the Encyclical the Pope gives the directives for the lay apostolate in the missions—the preparation needed; the training of catechists; the understanding and the need of Catholic Action; the formation of lay leaders; and the further development of local talent according to its various functions.

So the teamwork has been there for centuries; the scope of each segment has been carefully outlined; now it remains to set in motion the tremendous power of the Catholic laity. President Kennedy plans a "Peace Corps" of the young; the Communists have intensified their efforts to thwart the coming Ecumenical Council with its possible forging of a common bond against the materialism which, in the East, has taken the form of Communism. The one great obstacle in our own country to activating the laity might be found in the heresy which the Council hopes to combat in the West. That is the materialism which has penetrated into the lives of so-called Christians and has softened them to ease and luxury. It is only too easy when one breathes the same air to become infected. And that kind of infection affects the heart; it produces a

Letters from Lay Apostles . . .

. . . It's still hard to believe all this is happening. Many times Rita and I say it is like a dream and we will wake up back in Cleveland. We want to shout to the world how good God has been to us . . .

Carole Olle—Alaska

. . . I am enjoying my second year in Alaska even more than my first. One of many things I can give you is the recipe for Eskimo ice cream, called "Ah goo duk." So: 3 heaping tablespoons of tallow; 4 tablespoons of seal oil; 6 cupfuls of drained fish meat; 4 level tablespoons of lard; 1 cup of sugar and 6 cups of berries. Put tallow in hot pan; add seal oil; mix in fish, then lard. Add sugar and mix until fluffy; add berries. Serves 12 if you can find that many interested.

Bill Kelly

. . . Never dreamed I could use again my little bit of dental-assistantology. But Doctor Magnen dropped into Holy Cross

for his monthly visit. Wouldn't you know it? I spent two nights until after 11 p.m. on "extraction" problems. We only had an upright chair, a granite pan and a table with a meager array of forceps. Not much of a dental clinic but the work was accomplished. So now I have to prepare for the doctor's next call!

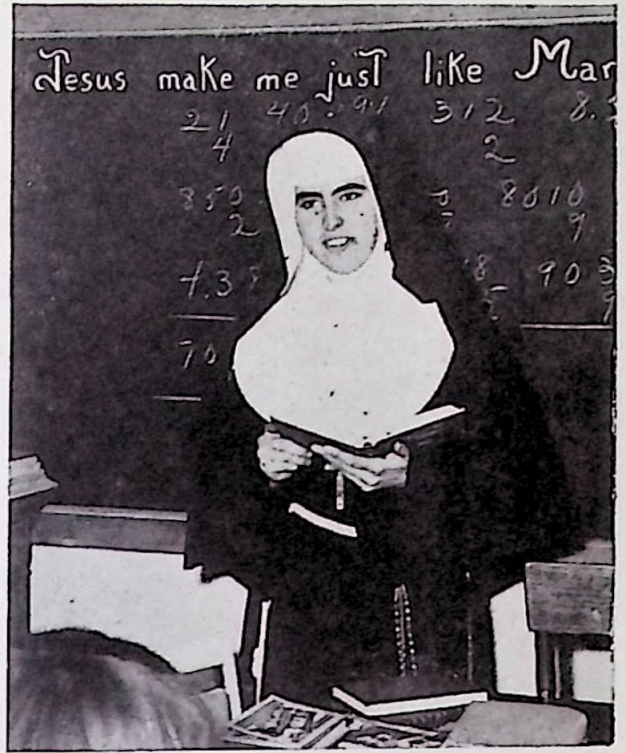
Rita Berilla

. . . With me here at Above Rocks are Clarke Duncan and Jack Enright, also from B.C.; Charlie McNamee from Northeastern; Judy Muth of Maryland and Manhattanville; and a Canadian, Reg Whelan of St. Dunstan's University. We are all up to our necks in work and perfecting (a boarding school requires incredible attention) and we do not have the time to lament that we are far from the lights of Kingston, not to mention the brighter ones which burn in the areas back home.

Bob Riordan—Jamaica



Priest in parka is Father Fallert of Copper Valley, Alaska, where lay apostles are gold.



Sister in school on American Indian Reservation knows that two hands are never enough.

... The days never seem long enough for me. The papers are usually piled high and many improvisations are in order every day. But we love it . . . Now, don't worry about our eating up here. Edna is a wonderful cook and must know about a hundred different ways to fix moose. And our bread is home-made!

Carole—Alaska

... Don't think of Jamaica as just one big beautiful resort. You should see the mission stations which Father Grenier has to cover on different Sundays. We just can't make it by car—and a place like Mount Joseph can provide only one horse for the roughest part of the journey. The people are poor, but wonderful.

Art Hull—Jamaica

... Something we need very much up here is prayers—tons of them! The spiritual life is very weak. It hurts me to see all the beauty God has given these peo-

ple and how minute their gratitude is in return. So get those prayers going!

Rita—Alaska

... Nestled snug in a grove of evergreens at the foot of the Andreafsky Mountains smoke rises straight up in the 20-below atmosphere. How peaceful and quiet. The trees are trimmed white with snow and one gets the impression that Christmas is just around the corner all the time.

Bill Kelly—Alaska

... Louise Reiman, a Swiss nurse is here as a lay apostle. She has taken over the direction of the housekeeping and what a change! Father Garavaglia isn't used to neatness of that sort . . .

Jack Enright—Jamaica

... Up here it isn't too hard to accept God's will. Happy are we for such experiences as they make us more appreciative of all . . .

Carole—Alaska



Local catechist in India provides an invaluable help in teaching his people.



Missionary first but Father Llorente of Alaska is also first priest in Legislature.

hardening which makes men and women capable of laughing at those who speak of Christ and who follow the blueprints which He drew to happiness.

The lay apostles who go forth to do the work of God need no word of praise. They are our best—but there should be many more of them. That is why understanding is so important. What is it that sends Bill Kelly into the harshness of Alaska or why is Jim Nuttall stumbling up the Jamaica hills for a people who, in one sense, will never be his own? Why does Carole Olle smile, in 30-below-zero weather on the Yukon, as she writes home by candlelight in the wee hours of the morning?

Because once there was One who dragged His broken body up the slope of Calvary and died in agony for each one of us. He did it so we would understand what is important and what is not. And there is only one thing that is important, the building of the Kingdom of Christ, which is the job of each one of us. May He help us to understand!

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

Bro. Perri in Alaska is one of the loyal corps of brothers on whom missionaries depend.



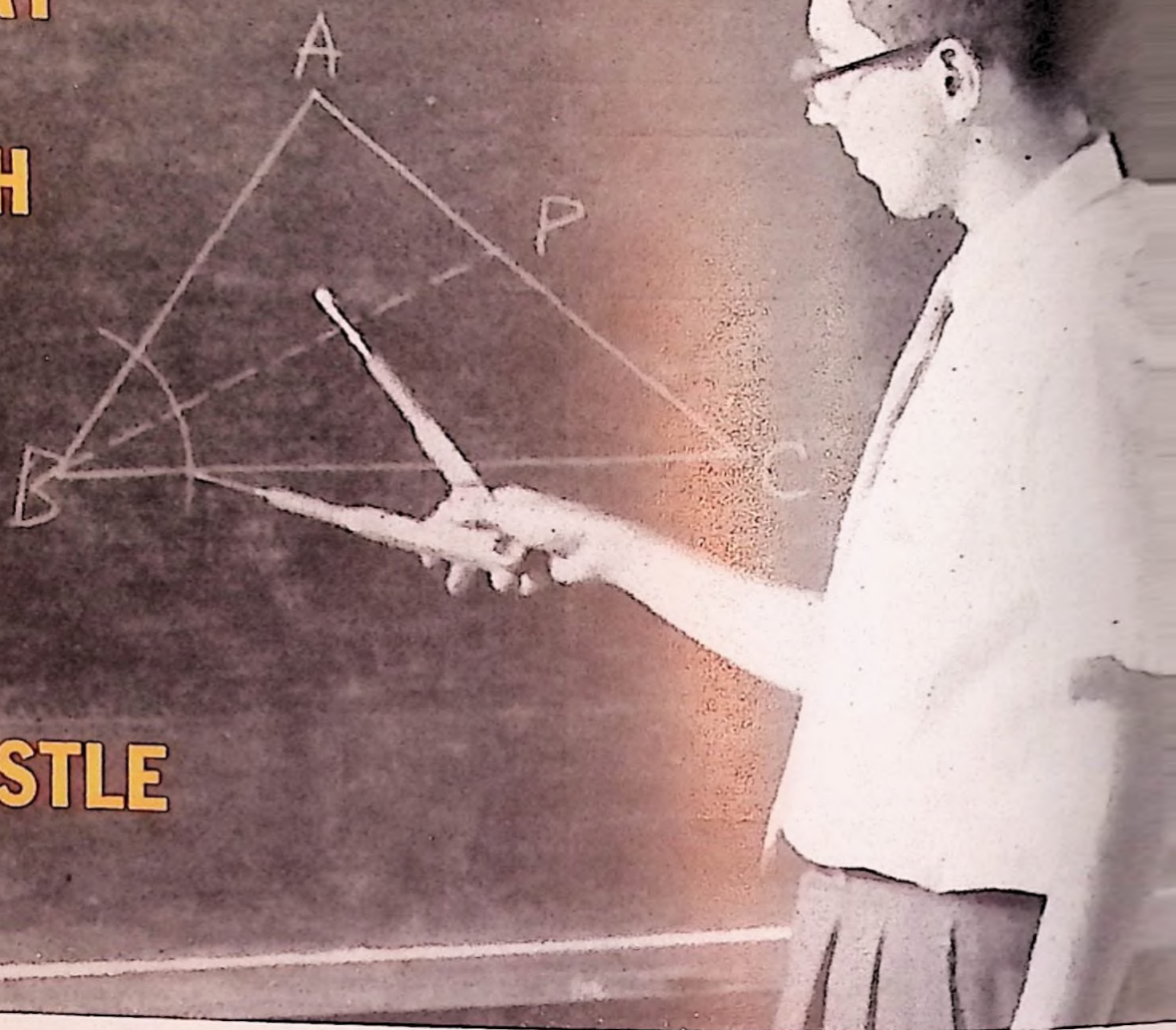
OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE LAITY

Organization	For Whom	Mission Areas
Association for International Development (AID) 374 Grand Street Paterson 1, New Jersey	Single men and couples, 21-45	Africa, Asia Latin America U.S.
Grail Institute for Overseas Service, 308 Clinton Avenue Brooklyn 5, New York	Single women 21-35 with professional or technical skill	Australia, Asia Africa, Europe North & South America, South Sea Islands
International Catholic Auxiliaries 1734 Asbury Evanston, Illinois	Single women 17-30, high school graduates	Asia, Middle East, Africa Europe, North America
Lay Mission Helpers Association 1531 West 9th Street Los Angeles, California	Both men and women, single or married, 20-35 years old	Africa Latin America Pacific Islands
Lay Teaching Apostolate Regis College Weston 93, Massachusetts	College graduates and retired teachers	S. & S.W. areas of U.S., Alaska, P.R., Latin Amer.
Southmission P.O. Box 532, U.S.L. Station Lafayette, Louisiana	Married; Single; Men; Women. All professions and occupations	Clearing Center for missions in South & S.W. U.S. & Latin America
Women Volunteer Association (WVA) 1237 16th St., N.W. Washington 6, D.C.	Single women 21-35 with professional training	Africa, Asia Latin America
Volunteer Teachers Mission Service (VTMS), P.O. Box 584 Killeen, Texas	Married and single college graduates; 20-35 years of age	S.W. United States, Alaska, S. Amer., Africa E. Pakistan
Young Christian Workers Extension Program 1700 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago 12, Illinois	YCW members—at least 22 years old with 18 mos. or more of YCW experience	Asia, Africa Latin America
Women Volunteers for Africa (WVA) 5401 16th St., N.W. Washington 11, D.C.	Single women—23-36 who have already completed professional training as nurses, teachers, etc.	Africa only

Doctors write: Mission Doctors
1531 West Ninth Street —or—
Los Angeles 15, Calif.

Dr. Chester Maternowski
Blodgett Med. Bldg.
Grand Rapids 6, Michigan

A DAY WITH A LAY APOSTLE



*The Jamaican sky is cloudless and the Caribbean whispers nearby
but there are still a thousand things to do as a lay missionary*

Photos by LOUIS L. GRENIER S.J.

THE ISLAND of Jamaica in the Caribbean has been fortunate enough to have a good number of lay apostles acting as the sturdy right arms for the missionaries. One contingent alone this year was made up of eight Boston College graduates and two from Northeastern University.

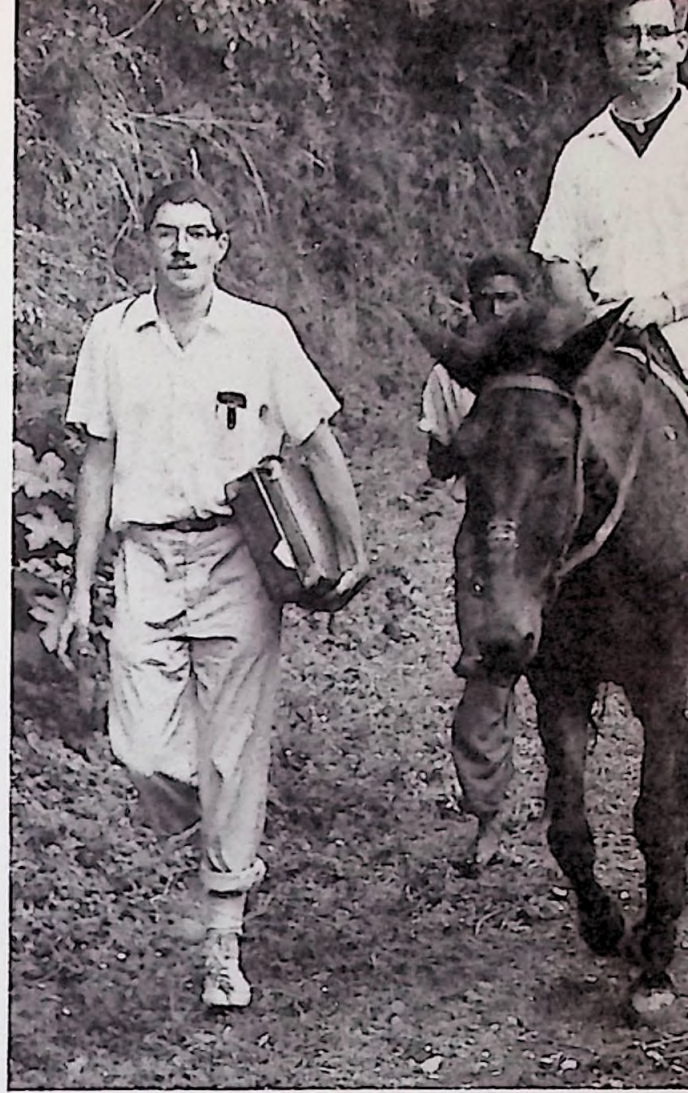
After their arrival on the island the group was broken up into three segments—one to assist at St. George's College in Kingston, the second at St. Mary's College at Above Rocks and the third at the Annotto Bay station on the north coast. The three men at the last place work with the pastor, Father Louis Grenier, who decided one day to follow one of them around with his camera.

Their schedule calls for a fast pace if anyone is to keep up with them. They rise at 6:00 a.m. and a half hour later attend Mass, at which they take their turns in serving. Then after breakfast, considerably different from their customary New England fare, they spend an hour preparing for classes which run until 12:15. Forty-five minutes for lunch and they are back in school until 3:00. The next couple of hours are varied; a game may call for supervision, or a little extra tutoring may be in order, there might be a chance to sneak in a bit of reading, or one of them might hop on his bike for a quick trip to the Post Office.

From 5:00 they are on their own. The blue waters of the Caribbean which lap



Suppertime is not Boston-style but it helps in the weekend work with Father Grenier (r.).



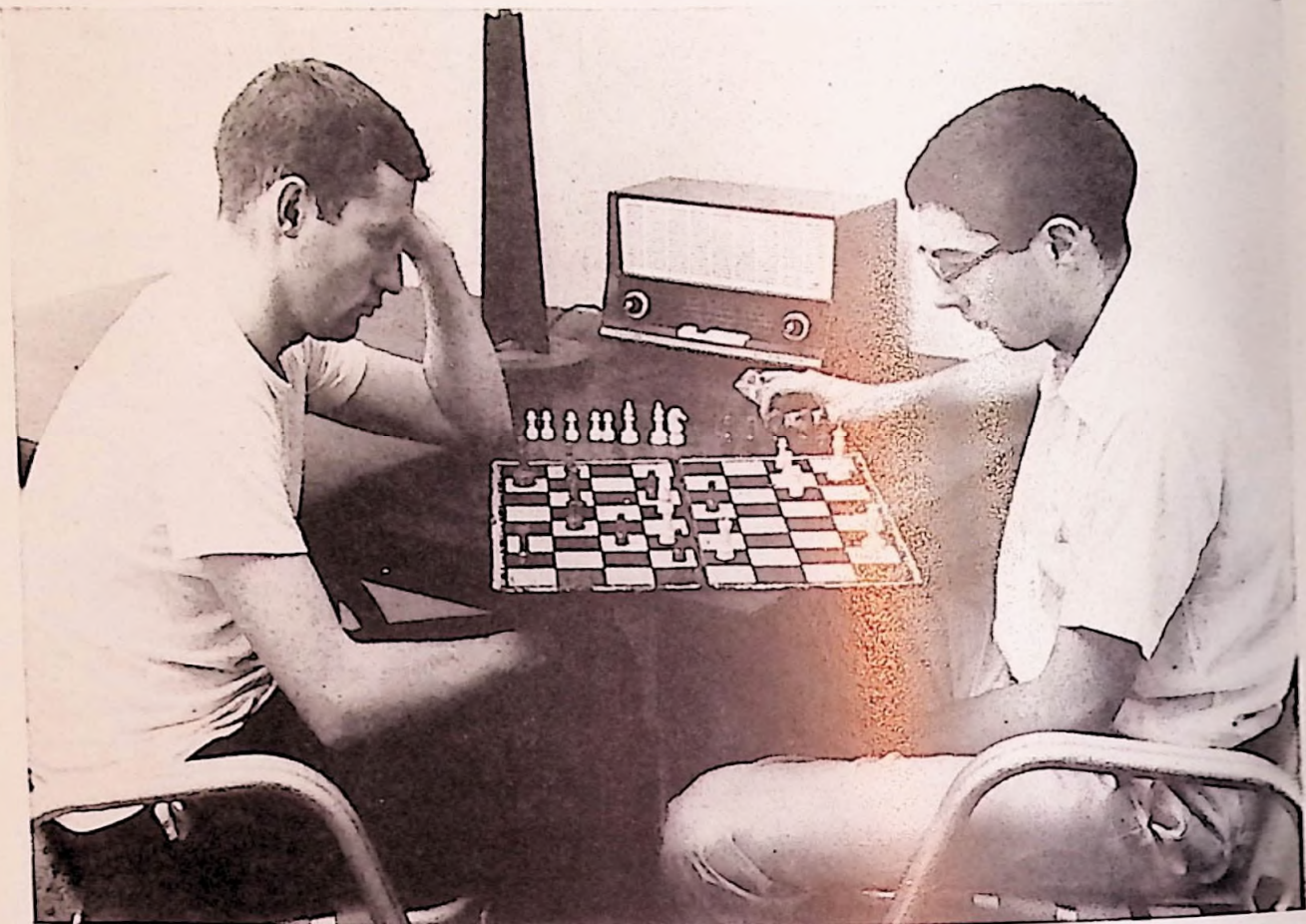
the very edge of their compound may beckon for a swim or some other form of relaxation may be in line until supper and the consequent preparation for the next day together with the unfading hope that there will be time for a letter home. At some time during the day they manage to squeeze in a Rosary and spend a little time in meditative prayer.

But their activities are not confined to Annotto Bay only. Father Grenier has some rugged outstations like Mount Joseph, May River and Belfield Line. So on weekends they hit the road for one of the outlying churches where they will teach Sunday School, instruct the altar boys, act as commentators at Mass, etc. This is the time when they feel their apostleship most keenly.

But they are also well aware of the importance of their weekday work. At Mount Carmel, the strict title for the Annotto Bay institution, there is a high school, commercial school and a preparatory



Mail call is the same the world over and we hope Box #5 at Annotto Bay has its reward.



Intercity rivalry at the chess Board for Jim Nuttall of Northeastern has two Boston College grads working with him at Annotto Bay, Arthur Hull of Norwood and Bob Green of Milton.

school. There are about 100 students in the upper school and over 200 in the lower grades. The lay apostles teach English, Literature, Latin, History, Scripture, Religion and Mathematics, mainly in the high school. Three Jamaicans are also on the staff.

There is never an empty moment, for Father Grenier is also Diocesan Director of Education; he is NCWC-CRS representative for the distribution of surplus foods and, all in all, is one of the busiest men on the island. So some of this is bound to rub off on his assistants—but the kind of men and women who volunteer as lay apostles usually walk into the job with eyes wide open.

So the days are busy, as these photos of James Nuttall, Chemical Engineer from Northeastern, indicate but they are days spent for God and have their reward. This time in Jamaica may be the richest of his life.

Extracurricular discussion is carried on with two girls attending St. Catherine's High.



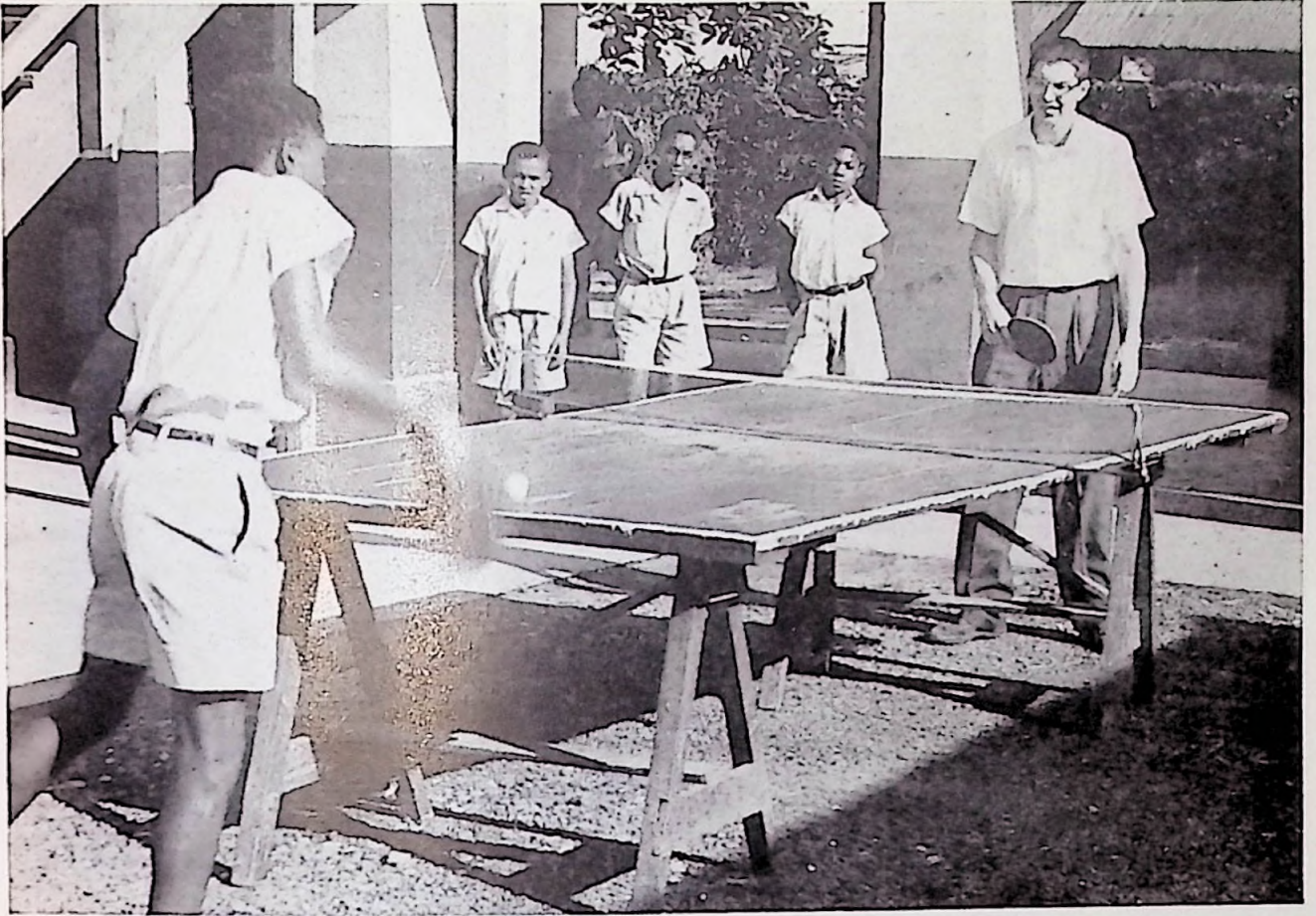
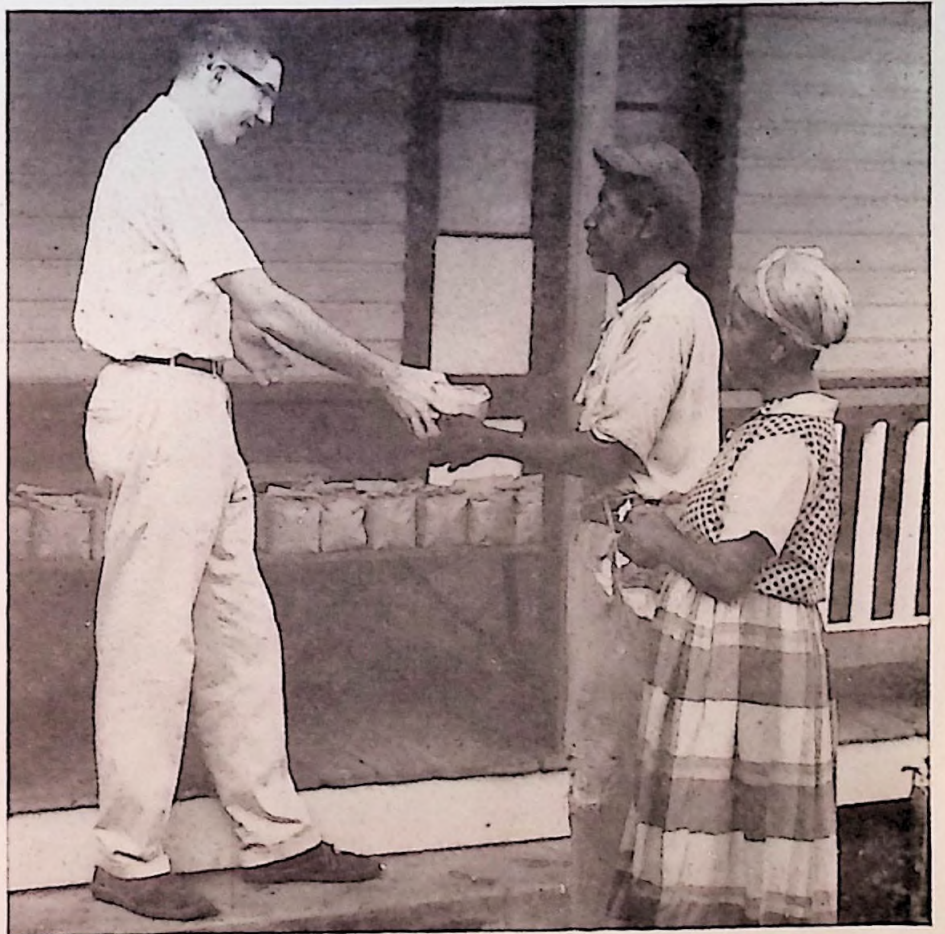


Table tennis before dinner which might be the famed "Stamp an' go" fritters or a dish of that national choice, saltfish and ackee. If you don't know what ackee is, then volunteer.



Surplus food is a misnomer when viewed from the angle of those who are too poor to be able to purchase it.

Window on the Mission

MAYTIME IS PRAY TIME

MAYTIME IS A merry month, and who will deny that its gay spirit derives from the spotless girl who once laughed in Nazareth? You can't walk hand in hand with God and be gloomy. That would contradict the shape of your heart, which He formed to fit the cup of merriment. That is why those who follow Him most closely are the happiest ones; even the quietest of them find the bubble of laughter ready to break through the surface at any moment. It is the one nearness, the one happiness which is completely unselfish. There is a longing to share that closeness with the whole world.

That is why we think Maytime is pray time and that the gaiety which comes with the month's beauty spills over into an extra batch of prayers. Those prayers are needed, because vocations are so desperately needed if Christ is to be made known to all the world. So the experts, those who live close to and know intimately the sweetness of the Saviour, long to bring others to that same knowledge and love. That is why the prayers roll out and up in these days—and be-

cause of those pleas a boy or a girl will choose a path where loneliness will not be a stranger; where hardship and misunderstanding may be constant companions; but the air will be forever clean and exhilarating and the heart will swell at the joy of His constant closeness. It is a path of love and it crisscrosses the entire world and everyone of us should try to follow that way as best we can. Then the Kingdom of God will rise up almost without our realizing it; the efforts we put into that work will seem easy, without strain; we work and walk in His love and before we know it time has run out and there is only the happiness, unending, untasted, gladsome beyond all our expectations, of being with Him forever in that love which God alone could mark out for us.

FLASHES

A few issues ago we mentioned an Old China Hand, Father John Magner, who had been appointed the Catholic Chaplain of the S.S. *Hope I*, the hospital training ship sent by the people of the U.S. to the people of Southeast Asia. Even though he had spent over twenty years in the Orient, Father Magner was much impressed by the reaction of the Indonesians at Djakarta, the first stop. "One nurse," he reports, "told me that the sight of five or six doctors standing around the bed of a single patient, combining the resources of their knowledge and skill,



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick sees the bedrock of the Church in the missions as made up of the laity; Alois, the catechist in India; Mr. and Mrs. Finn who have been working in the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission for some years; and Jim Nuttall in Jamaica for a year or so.



and giving of themselves wholeheartedly for each and every patient is a lesson that will never be forgotten—a lesson that explains in full the whole purpose of our mission . . .”

At Copper Valley School in Alaska Father Fallert received requests from 19 Kenya students for “scholarships.” Few mission schools are so honored. But, at any rate, arrangements have been made for two or three of these students and Copper Valley will be educating four great peoples—Indians, Eskimos, whites and these Negroes from Africa.

But the exchange is two-sided. The Oregon Province of the Jesuits (which staffs the Alaska Mission) is also sending men to Africa. According to an announcement by Father Janssens, Superior General in Rome, Jesuits from Oregon will be assigned to the Lusaka Mission in Northern Rhodesia. This district has hitherto been cared for by Jesuits from Poland but the Communist government in the homeland has prevented sending more men.

Getting Mrs. Mahoney’s goat is not an easy thing. The good lady lives in Chicago and she asked Father Dan Rice in India to provide a goat for some poor Santal family (of which he has many). So for over a year he searched for one but a good milk goat is hard to come by. At long last he found one, bought it, and being well aware of what happens in the India night he slept with it so it would not be stolen. Ah for a missionary’s life!

AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

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The May Mission Intention is “That the religious training of the laity for the missionary apostolate may be strenuously provided for.”



IT'S HARVEST TIME

From time immemorial the planting and the harvesting of rice has been an important preoccupation of the people of the Orient, and still is today on the island of Taiwan

Photos by FRED J. FOLEY S.J.

RICE IS THE most important Asiatic crop for more than half of the people on earth get the greater part of their food from the seed of the rice plant. In the U.S. the average yearly consumption per person is only six pounds but in Taiwan it is between three and four hundred pounds, or a pound each day for every person in China, Japan, Siam and Taiwan. Rice is more important to Asia than corn and wheat are to North America. Oftentimes rice provides the base for all meals—and often the entire meal.

In the Orient the old ways of growing rice are still faithfully followed. The seed is usually sown broadcast in richly fertilized seedbeds of half-liquid mud. Men and women wading in the mire transplant the young sprouts by hand in little bunches when they are a few inches high. They are left in standing water until full grown, the ground being kept soft by a “hoeing with the toes” raking.

When the rice straw begins to turn yellow the field is drained and a primitive sickle is used for the harvesting. The sheaves are stacked and dried before the threshing begins, a time-consuming method of drawing stalks across an iron comb or striking a flail upon a threshing floor. Then the *paddy* or hull is removed, and the rice is ready.

Twice a year in Taiwan, especially in the flat, fertile, and well cultivated western slope of the island, the tender seedlings are inserted in water-covered mud and the good earth is ready.





Important time in rice cycle is the shoring up of plants about one month after planting shoots.



A machine for taking the grain off stalks is dragged around wet paddies on sled, operated by foot power

One picture shows complete process: last year's rice, stored all winter, is now being readied for market.





Knocking heads off rice is still done in the old time fashion in Chiang Chun village.



Winnowing rice recalls Scriptural texts and the fact that it is a centuries-old process.

Rice harvested in front of the Jesuit residence in Taipei. A spiritual harvest is also being reaped by the California Province Jesuits who, with other exiles from China, labor here.



Patterns in

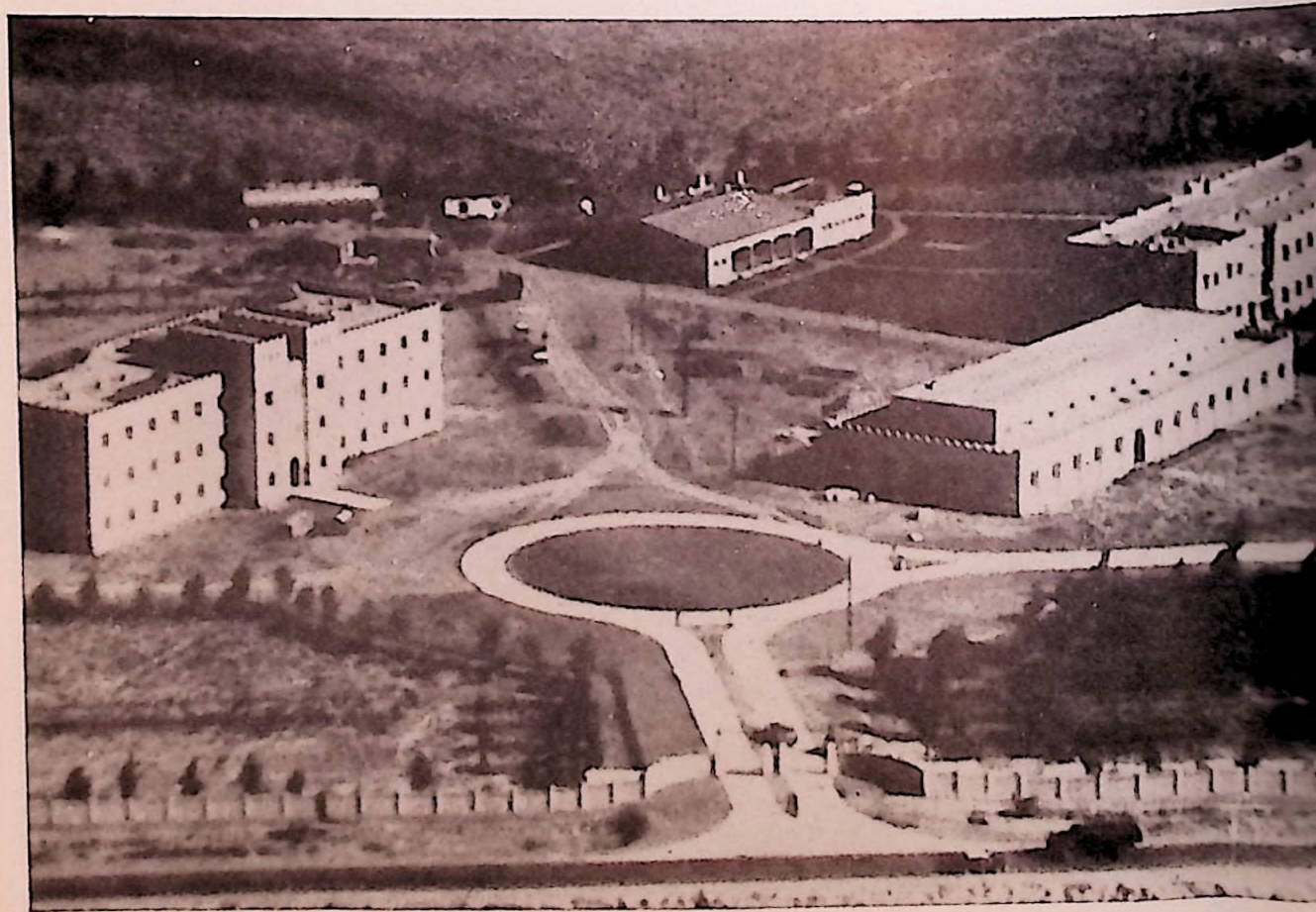
BAGHDAD

Camels nonchalantly ignore the speeding cars and the desert envelops in quiet arms a young university whose architecture spans the long history of Iraq

JOHN P. BANKS S.J.

STANDING ON THE roof of the Cardinal Spellman Faculty Residence at Al-Hikma, one can watch the various patterns of life evolve before his eyes. There is the sweep of Al-Hikma campus, the new buildings gashes against the dusty brown of the land—soon, we hope, to become green with our planned landscaping. The desert rolls away on all sides and one has the impression that he is standing on the bridge of a ship, with all life close at hand, and nothing beyond save an unending emptiness.

Along the road from Baghdad come four camels, bags slung across their backs, walking on one side of the road while their owner paces along on the other side of the strip. Between them, cars whiz—modernity mocking the way of yesterday. The first camel veers in toward our main gates, his eye caught by the three little four-foot ever-greens planted there. The driver rushes over to shoo him away and the other three camels are quick to take advantage for a fast nibble of their own.





Gulbenkian Science Building as it was at time of construction. Now it's humming.

Across the road to the west, sheep are grazing in the recently harvested fields and slightly larger dots which are workers move slowly across the open spaces. From the government housing project to the north comes the babble of children's voices and the quick movements of youngsters at play in their *dishdashers* appear like flashes of light. A model airplane is circling our soccer field to the south and to its rhythmical buzz is added the shriller notes of the workmen's chil-

dren chasing the ten turkeys which we are trying hard to fatten for a feast day.

Below me, Father James Larkin is stamping on the new concrete roads to test the workmanship (if they can stand up under that then they will endure forever). In the traffic circle in front of the residence Father Joseph Ryan interrupts the reading of his breviary to step aside for a taxi. Now there is a sight! From the inside of the taxi step eight men, our plasterers, and from the trunk emerge five boys, their helpers! Talk about how many people can get into a telephone booth—the real modern condensing machine is a Baghdad taxi!

That concrete paving on the main roads of our campus is a constant source of pride to us now. For it was an extraordinary winter in the amount of excessive rain—and rain here means mud of a mean nature. So during the worst times traffic became all fouled up as every driver tried to park on the concrete part then finished. One laddie parked astraddle the only usable gravel foothpath into the library. So Father Larkin, after sloshing through the mud to get around the car, decided to teach the driver a lesson. Removing one of his rubbers, he loaded it with mud, then made footprints up the back of the car, across the roof, and down the windshield and hood of the car!



Aerial view of the fast-rising Al-Hikma University in the Zafaraniyah section.

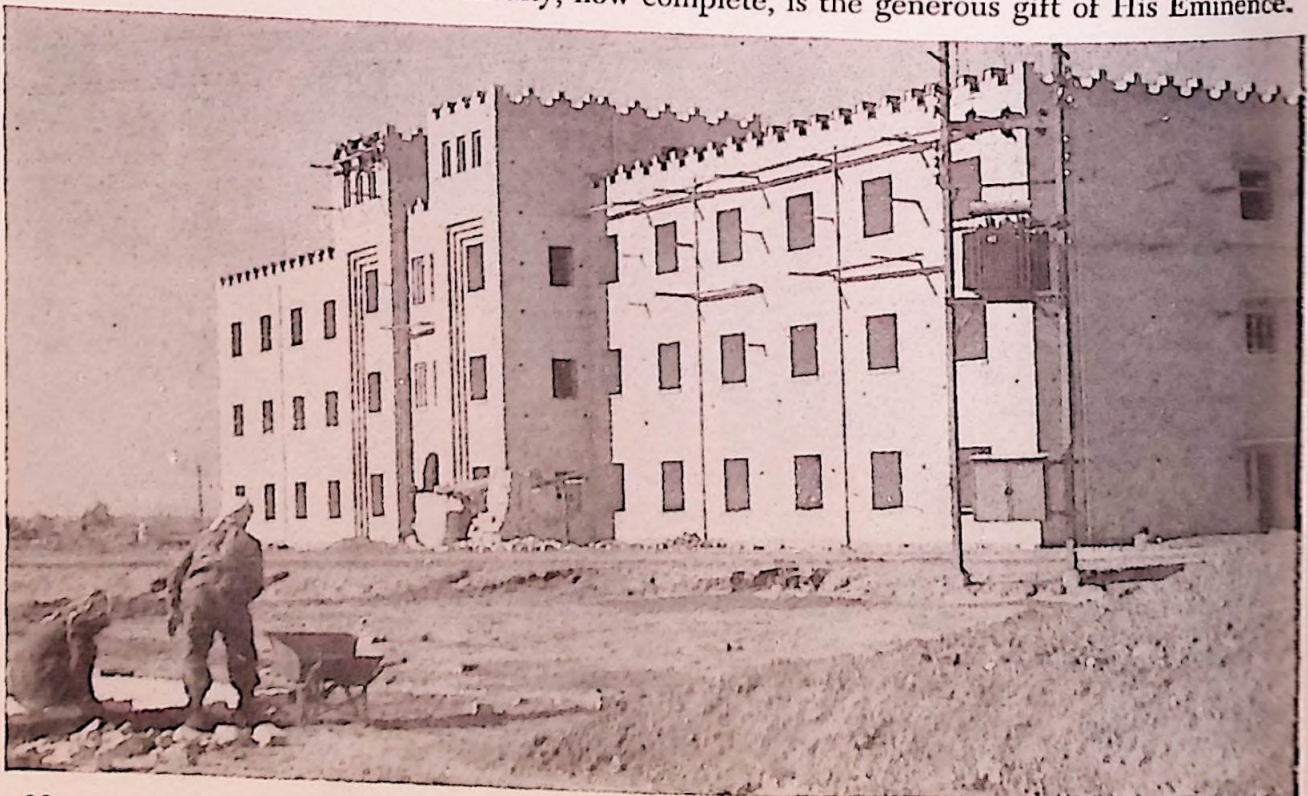


Careful inspection of acoustic walls in Business Administration Building by Father Larkin.

One of the strange aftereffects of so much rain was that the public water-filtering system of the city was overwhelmed with mud. The silt in the Tigris stood at 45%, instead of the usual 1%, and that meant only one thing—you were

practically drinking mud. And then I saw an ice truck in Baghdad, carrying a load of dark brown ice! So the patterns change, ever new and ever old, and we are dreaming of the way in which Al-Hikma will fit into Iraq's future.

Cardinal Spellman Residence for faculty, now complete, is the generous gift of His Eminence.



A CAKE OF SOAP

We take things for granted and then we encounter someone who is overcome by a tiny gift from us and it gives us an insight into a different world and way of living

E. VINCENT GALLAGHER S.J.

HERE AT KOATH in India I work among leather workers, who are the poorest of the poor. A recent incident brought this home to me quite forcefully. A Catholic woman came in from a village ten miles away. She had a sick baby with her, a baby which looked about two months old but was actually a year and a half old. The doctor diagnosed anemia so we put





Cleaning fish is one of those jobs where a cake of soap might be welcomed afterwards.

them in a small room and began treatment.

After a few days I noted that the woman's clothes were very dirty, so I gave her a cake of soap and told her to take a bath and wash her clothes. That afternoon, the woman laboriously made her way over to my room and thanked me for the soap. I was saying my Breviary when she came, so I did not notice how painful it was for her to walk that little distance—about 100 yards—nor did I pay special attention to the fact that she had taken a bath and that her clothes were clean—that is, relatively clean.

It was only when I came over to the dining room that I heard the rest of the story. It had taken all the woman's strength to take a bath and wash her clothes, but she had been so supremely happy at having a whole cake of soap all to herself that she didn't mind the exertion. That long walk over to my room had been something like a pilgrimage to express gratitude for a big favor.

The other women had noticed all this and they were the ones who told me. I still didn't get the point and passed it off by saying that all I did was to give the woman a cake of soap. "Yes, but where does she ever get soap to wash with? And do you think that sari has ever been washed with soap before? And didn't you notice the radiant look on her face? She was walking on air when she went over to thank you for that cake of soap." That's because she generally washes her hair with mud when she can't stand the lice anymore—and she washes her clothes with mud when they get too sticky. She does this washing and bathing on the bank of the canal on a bright, sunny day.

All the women here were watching this poignant little drama and their hearts were all aglow with a kind of quiet happiness at seeing how utterly happy that woman was with her cake of soap.

When the women had spelled this all out for me—only a woman's intuition would notice the subtle little exterior manifestations of what the woman was experiencing in her mind and heart—I got a new light on something that happened about three years ago. A group of women were here for a week. For the first three days they made a Retreat. For the rest of the week they practised going to Confession, baptizing a dying person, getting anointed, etc. By Saturday afternoon they looked to me as though they needed a rest—and a bath! I got out about a dozen cakes of lye soap and that ended the "Retreat"—with a whoop the women set out for the "river" which is what people call a little creek nearby.

But the pay-off came the next morning when the women came to Mass. They were a different set of women from those who had come to the "Sand" a week before—clean inside from Confession and outside from soap! So never underestimate the power of little things, especially soap!

MEET GABRIELITO

JAMES L. McSHANE S.J.

He happens to be in Honduras but any missionary will claim that he has a twin brother in his own parish

I HAD NOT BEEN in Honduras very long before I met Gabrielito but it took me slightly longer to really know him. Gabe is a sixty-year-old, docile looking pixie done up in rags. He welcomed me to Minas for my first fiesta with a shy bow and smile and, fool that I am, I thought he was the man in charge, the majordomo. The row of medals across his chest is about a foot long, attesting his bravery in the angelic skirmishes. He does not know that he would probably drown if he went swimming with all those medals on, and who am I to disillusion him?

When a fiesta is to be celebrated, properly appointed officials receive a letter of authorization so that they may beg a few pesos or lempiras to pay for the fiesta. Gabe appoints himself, but he brought me one of his cronies who had an ancient tattered letter for another place and another time. I believe I can swear that this antique letter, still in use, was signed by the tremendous missionary who first brought Christianity to many of these people, Father Subirana himself. That's a letter!

Gabrielito hit the top point in his career when he gave a great deal of volunteer help at Confirmation. Like all bishops in the foreign missions, Bishop David Hickey S.J. has endless patience, at least so far as we can see and hear. After all the ritual and ceremony was over, the episcopal party mounted gracefully into the wide open carriage on our narrow gauge train. Smoke puffed majestically from the wide flaring stack of #99, the narrow gauge ground into a start, and Gabrielito put the bishop into eclipse by

leaning over him, and giving the customary triple blessing to all the people!

Father Luis visited scores of villages. Where a fiesta was about to explode, Gabrielito was there ahead of him. Father Luis finally called Gabe aside for a fatherly talk. "Gabrielito, you have lived a long life and done great work for religion. We have finished here in Sulaco. Why don't you take a well deserved rest and retirement from the hardships here, and go over into the state of Gracias a Dios to instruct the poor people there?" The versatile Gabe had tried teaching doctrine to tots in one corner of the chapel while el padre was orating in the other. Father Luis picked up with one ear, "My little children, Christ died for us as man, but He went to heaven as the Holy Ghost." With the help of Father Luis, Gabe was able to reduce his versatility and concentrate on the prayers of the tots—instead of doctrine.

At my first big fiesta, I started Mass at seven on a clear, cool morning. At least twelve feet separated all the people from the altar. Thus the communicants coming forward at the end would not be crowded into chaos, and the four year olds would not be mixed with those old enough to receive Communion. Friend Gabe arranged otherwise. The padre was starting the most solemn words of the service; Gabriel was herding ALL to the front. El Padre stopped, shooed all to the rear, and returned to the solemn words. Then the roof seemed to fall in.

Gabe knows that the important part of the service and of the fiesta is the Elevation time. He set off his bombs and



Simplicity is the keynote which fits the down to earth life of the Honduran farmer.

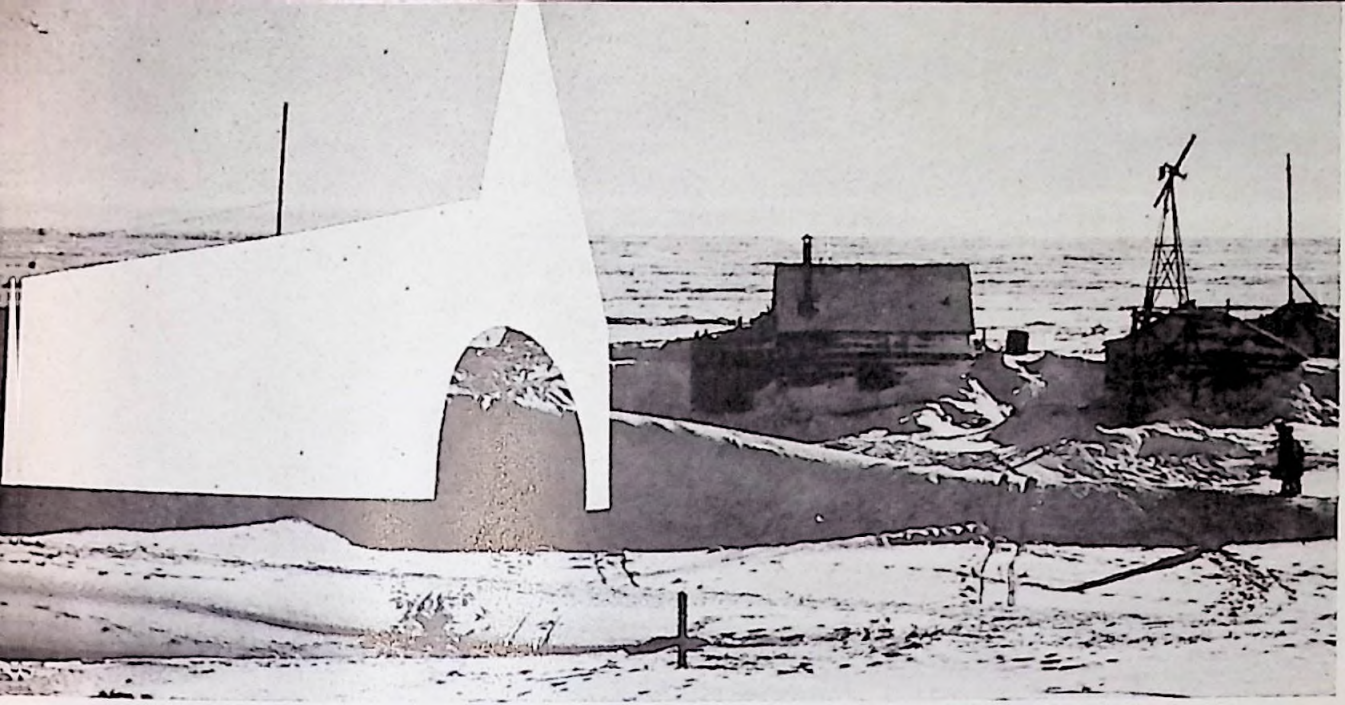
sky rockets. The tots ran screaming from the chapel. The padre gets the children quieted and back in place and goes ahead as best he can. Gabe slips back into the church. Knowing there should have been bells during the Elevation, he decides to ring them afterwards. It's all in the game.

Gabrielito concedes that ceremonies at the main altar really take precedence, but he is, naturally, devoted to his statues. Not one to do things by halves, he always carried two statues of Saint James. He can always carry on a conversation with Santiago and is sure of never being lonely. On one occasion while carrying some pesos for a fiesta Gabrielito was afflicted by the pangs of hunger and thirst. He put down Santiago, knelt down and talked to him. "Santiago, I am badly in need of food, may I take one peso?"

And Santiago answered, "*Tome dos, hijo, tome dos.* Take two, my child, take two."

What is a fiesta if there is no procession? And in order to have a procession worthy of the name then everyone in the village must participate, from the youngest to the oldest.





A Chapel in the Wilderness

"It is not easy to take proper care of my Catholics and it is almost impossible to instruct those who are not Catholics, without a church."

These words were written in a recent letter from Father Greif of Levelock, Alaska. This tiny village is small in population but large in area and from home to home it is often a quarter of a mile. There are very few Catholics there, most of the people being members of the Orthodox Church. These latter, while they have a church, hardly ever see their priest. The Liturgy, which is the same as the Mass, hasn't been offered them for years and their children receive no instruction.

This then is the problem confronting

Father Greif in this tundra region of Alaska. Without a church to accommodate his flock, Father is an ineffective worker for Christ. YOU can change the landscape of Levelock with a steeple supported by a new chapel. YOU can help bring the Faith to many who have never received the sacraments—never heard His Gospel. A new church in this area costs approximately \$2,000. What part will you give? We will gladly send on to Father Greif any contribution which you care to make for so needy a cause.

Jesuit Missions, 211 East 87 Street, New York 28, N.Y.

Dear Fathers,

I wish to contribute \$..... to help pay for Father Greif's Alaskan Church.

Name

Address

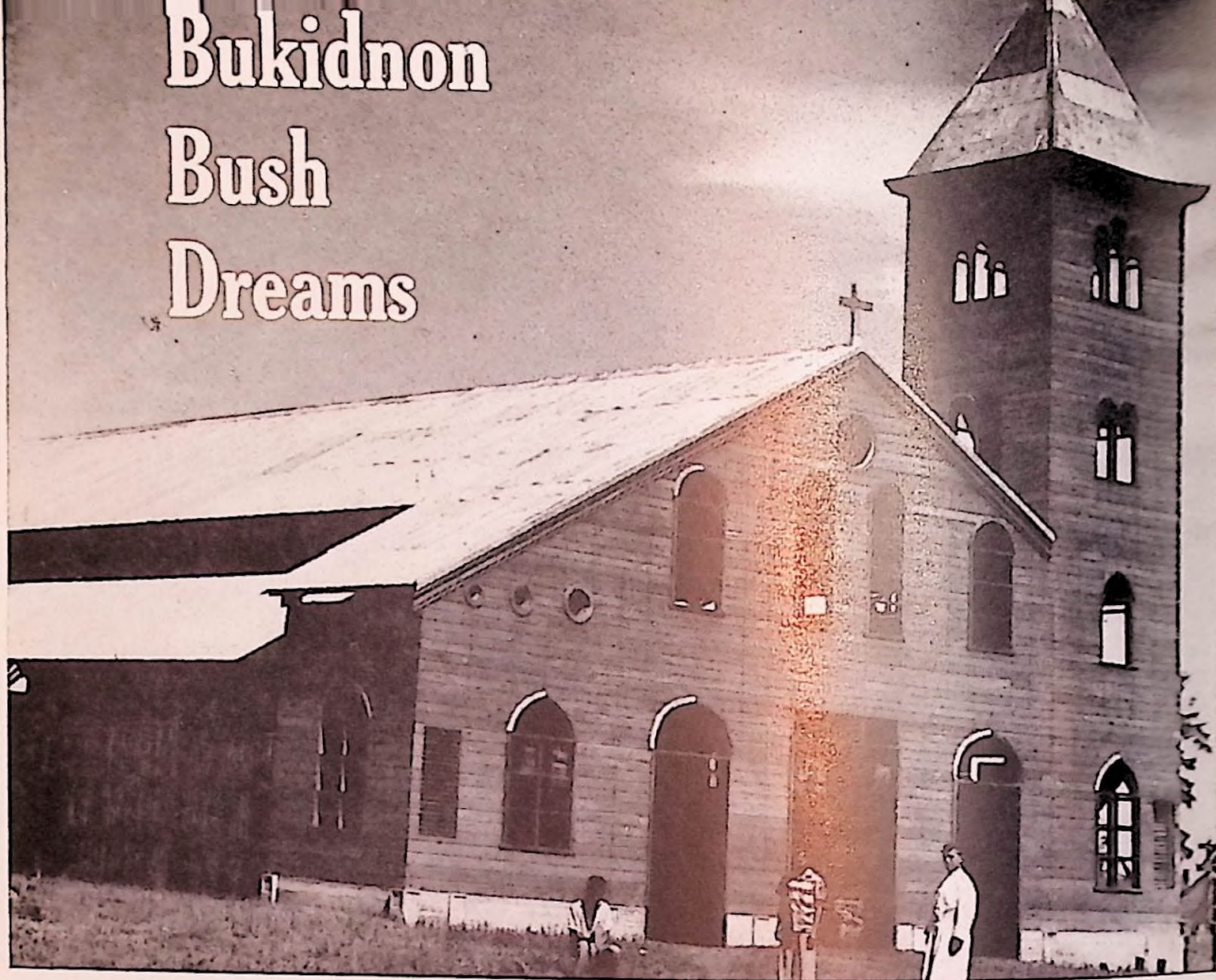
City

State

Bukidnon

Bush

Dreams



Chapel at Kibawe is hardly an architectural triumph but air conditioning is natural unit.

He may not be an out and out idealist

but he brings to mind the Scriptural sparrow

FRANCISCO F. CLAVER S.J.

FATHER SERGE CERUTTI S.J., had big dreams. Of all the missions on the Bukidnon plateau in the Philippines, none was more woebegone than his at Kibawe—*convento* and church and all. The *convento* vibrated sympathetically with every movement of its priestly occupant, and Father Provincial didn't at all like those vibrations, sympathetic or not. On one of his visits to the missions of Mindanao, he ordered Father to build himself a more decent home.

Father's church was all of a piece with his *convento*, small, decrepit, a liturgical eyesore. But it didn't shake as much, except when the typhoons blew, because it had the solid earth for flooring—it also had dust and mud, depending on the sea-

son, all over the place, on the pews, in the confessional, in the sanctuary itself. He would have to build a church, too.

That was five years ago. The new *convento* is now a reality, and so is the new church (half a reality, rather, for it is not yet finished). Father does not have to send overnight guests, as he used to do, on to Father Bittner farther down the road at Dancagan. Nor does his congregation get all dustied up (or muddied up) with good Kibawe dirt every time it meets to worship in the new church.

For prosperity-slow Kibawe, that's a lot of change in so short a time. But I have a lingering suspicion—no, a firm conviction—that the good Father still goes blithely on taking the Sermon on

the Mount too literally, that part especially about letting the morrow take care of itself, about not being anxious about life—what to eat, or about the body—what to put on.

I was with him for a few days three years ago and it was a constant source of wonder to me, his utter lack of care about what would ordinarily pass among other men as bare necessities of life. He ate whatever came along, whatever kind parishioners would give him, whatever his houseboys could scrounge up for him. More often than not, he didn't have the faintest idea where his next meal would come from. Tempting God, overmuch presumption on His providence? Or trust in Him, conformity to His will? However one looks at it, this much I know: it can be hard on the stomach.

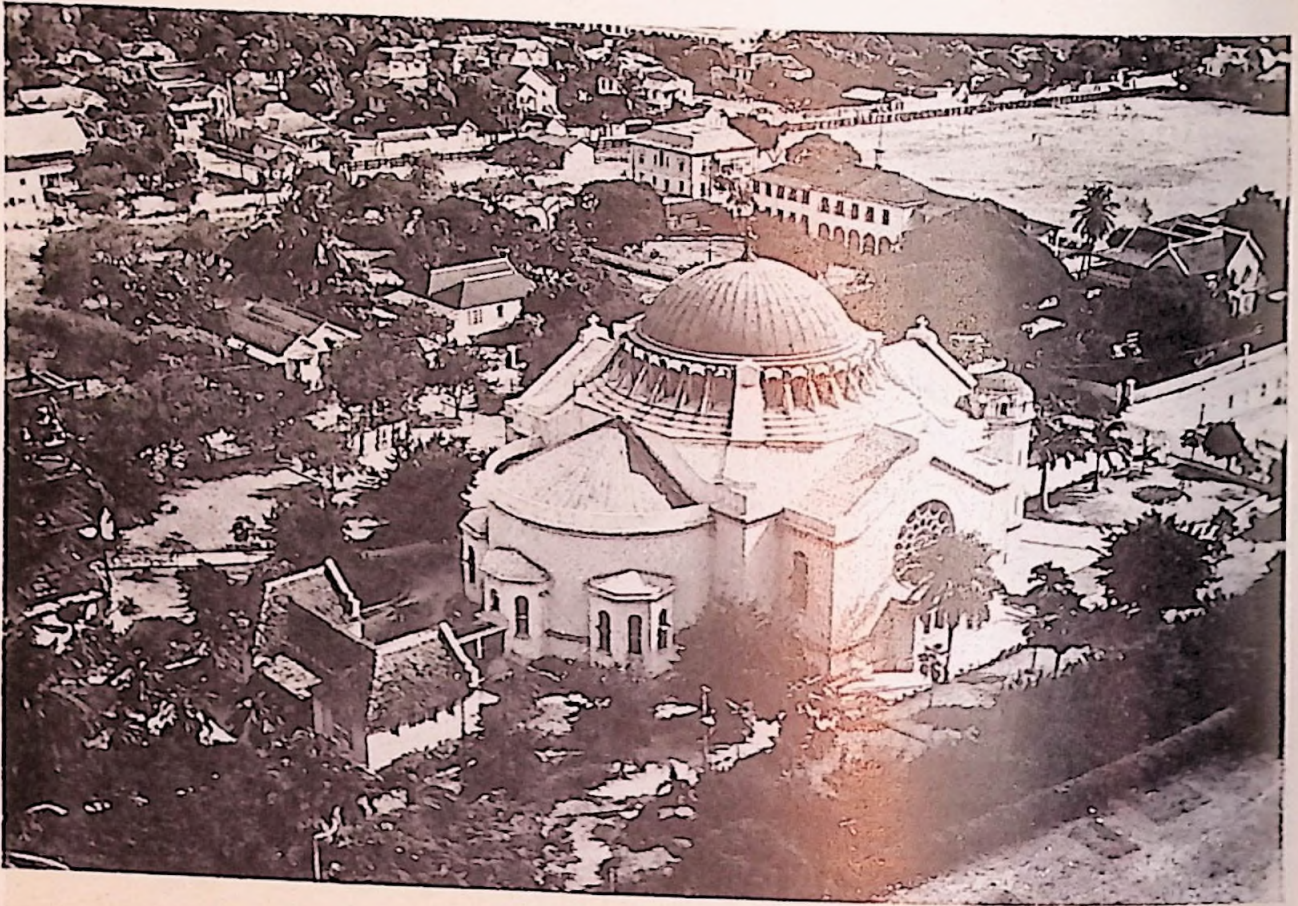
His disregard for clothing was equally monumental—not that he favored dirt or scanty dress. He recently celebrated his *first* (so he cheerfully describes it himself—he must expect to have a second) golden jubilee as a Jesuit, and he celebrated it in an old, tattered cassock.

The wonder is he is still alive, still dreaming great dreams, and thriving on those dreams. And if I know him, he hasn't changed his manner of life one bit, nor the quality of his dreams. He can't. So long as he has to sink every penny that comes his way into his unfinished church, into the other needs of his mission outpost, and so long as Kibawe remains the frontier town it is and the chief concern of its people is the killing struggle to keep soul and body together, he will go on dreaming his magnificent dreams and caring little about food and clothing—ah, but to him those dreams are the stuff of life . . . and of Life Eternal.

The man is not an out-and-out idealist. No, not by a long shot. Or, if he is, certainly not the absent-minded kind. His fellow-missionaries can swear to his uncanny way of correctly sizing up things. Indeed, it seems to me, it is precisely this down-to-earth quality of his that makes him lead such a life, a hand-to-mouth existence, if there ever was one—and great dreams are necessities in such an existence.

Cookout under the coconuts is part of the May fiesta in a Bukidnon barrio in the Philippines. One moment this was the scene; then a girl called, "Kodak!" and everyone promptly posed.





Jamaica Jubilee

Holy Trinity Cathedral celebrates its fiftieth anniversary



Cardinal Cushing distributes Communion at Jubilee Mass, assisted by Father Alexander.

THIS YEAR MARKED the fiftieth anniversary of the Cathedral in Kingston, Jamaica. It is the Golden Jubilee of the edifice which replaced the first cathedral, destroyed in the earthquake of 1907 which killed 800 people. Dedicated in 1911, today it is the official church of the Most Rev. John J. McEleney S.J. of Woburn, Mass., first Bishop of the Diocese of Kingston.

The colorful two-week celebration began when the West India Regiment led a huge contingent of Holy Name men from all over the island into Winchester Park where all were deeply stirred by the eloquent sermon of Father Robert I. Gannon, Superior of Jesuit Missions Residence in New York.

Before the week was out, the island



Holy Trinity Cathedral is the very heart of Catholicism in the lovely island of Jamaica.

was honored by the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Cushing of Boston who preached the sermon at the Solemn High Mass of the Jubilee on Sunday. He traced the history of the Church in Jamaica and of the old Holy Trinity Cathedral, begun exactly a century and a half ago, and the rising of this new Cathedral in 1911. He also dwelt upon the close bonds between Jamaica and his own Archdiocese of Boston which was the birthplace of so many of the Jesuit missionaries who have labored in this corner of the Caribbean. Later the Cardinal embarked on a whirlwind schedule across the island which left those accompanying him somewhat on the breathless side. "The pace of the tropics" will never fit His Eminence.

One of the outstanding events of the celebration was the production of a pageant, "Jamaica Jubilee," which was performed before thousands at Winchester Park under the skillful direction of Fathers Joseph Krim and Ralph Delaney. Practically every Catholic group on the island participated in one way or another and the affair was highly applauded.

The Jubilee came to a close with a Pontifical High Mass celebrated by Bishop McEleney and the singing of the "*Te Deum*." But although the occasion was the anniversary of the Cathedral, its history, as the Governor of Jamaica, Kenneth Blackburne, stated, "goes further back than 50 years, since its title dates from 1494 when Christopher Columbus dedicated Jamaica to the Trinity."

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

A cake of soap can work wonders on both body and heart, as Father Vincent Gallagher of India shows us on page 23. But this big-hearted missionary needs far more than soap to care for the women and children who depend on him. Can you help him with a generous gift—\$5 . . . \$500 . . . ?

In the Bukidnon mountains of the Philippines Father William Ahern is striving to build a very necessary residence. Any kind of helping hand would be deeply appreciated by him. After all, when there is no place else to go except home we would like it to be a half decent one.

It's never too early to look ahead and Father Paul Manhart knows how long the Dakota winters are for his Sioux Indians. He would like to obtain some indoor games like checkers, chess, monopoly, etc. We ask you to please send anything of this nature directly to Father Manhart, Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, So. Dakota.

There are many requests for the small things so necessary for the altar—Missal stands, cards, candlesticks, etc. A dozen different things cost less than \$25. Tabernacle veils and altar bells are only \$2.00. Could you send a small donation and fulfill some request?

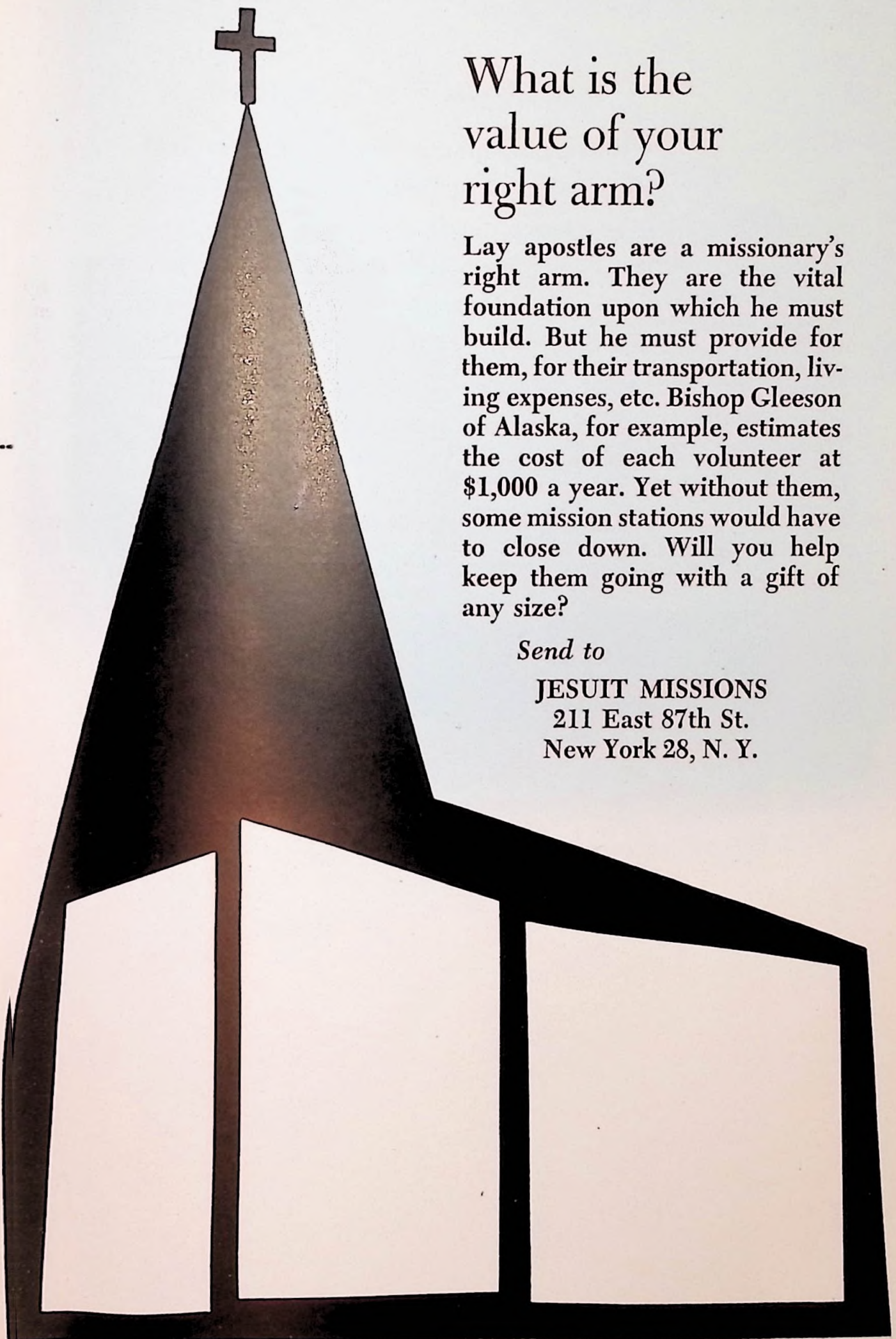
Al-Hikma University in Baghdad (cf. p. 20) is impressive looking—and it is an important project. But there are many things lacking on the inside before the

Jesuits *there* can do the job properly. Library *needs*, subscriptions to current engineering and business journals, all the *thousand* and one details needed for a university even in the City of the *Thousand* and *One* Nights. Could you help fill those needs with \$2, \$5, \$10 or more?

Baseball is *here* again and the Patna Jesuits in India are serving up a pitch which is crying to be knocked over the fence. The new Seminary on the Ganges can be put together with singles (\$1), doubles (\$2), home runs (\$5) and grand slams of \$10. Anything at all will be a hit with them and they will be most grateful for help in building this "must."

At Annotto Bay, Jamaica Father Louis Grenier broke up a busy schedule to take the pictures shown on pages 10-13. He himself didn't mention it but we know from another source that this good friend of JM has a rough time in trying to meet expenses. Would you be willing to help with any-size gift this zealous priest?

Training local leaders is a vital necessity for the Church. We have emphasized that in this issue. The number of requests for help on this score has made us acutely aware of the problem. Men like Father Dan Rice in India, Father Fox in Alaska, Father Cawley in the Philippines and Father Haas of Patna (plus many others) have begged for the very necessary support of their helpers—catechists, Catholic Actionists, etc. Any help would be most appreciated.



What is the
value of your
right arm?

Lay apostles are a missionary's right arm. They are the vital foundation upon which he must build. But he must provide for them, for their transportation, living expenses, etc. Bishop Gleeson of Alaska, for example, estimates the cost of each volunteer at \$1,000 a year. Yet without them, some mission stations would have to close down. Will you help keep them going with a gift of any size?

Send to

JESUIT MISSIONS
211 East 87th St.
New York 28, N. Y.

OUR MISSION MAY BASKET

Will you help fill our Mission May Basket? We need a lot of things for our missionaries—church goods, water pumps, generators, medicines and food. There are a thousand wishes in our May Basket. Could you provide the answer for at least one of them? Certainly Our Lord and Our Lady will bless you! And a missionary will be most grateful.

Jesuit Missions

211 East 87th St., New York 28, N. Y.

