

JESUIT MISSIONS

MAY 1963



MARY'S MONTH ALL OVER THE WORLD





Jesuit Missions

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◀ Greetings and have a happy month of May! This fruit seller in Tsuying on the island of Taiwan has a merry wave for photographer Fred Foley S.J.

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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- Baghdad is twelve centuries old but a real modern city is gradually developing on the Tigris.
- The lay apostles (l. to r.) Mike Hanley, Bill Joern, Bill Johnson, Bernie Bebel, Chuck Faucher, Richard Zulkey and Gene Mulcahy still carry on the Boston College-Holy Cross spirited rivalry.





A LAYMAN LOOKS AT BAGHDAD

GENE MULCAHY

*An illuminating insight into a
lay apostle's work and thoughts
and the responsibility he bears*

IN SEPTEMBER, 1962, when Baghdad College and Al-Hikma University opened their teakwood doors to the twelve hundred students they serve, seven young laymen took their places behind the teacher's desk and began their work in the missionary apostolate. At Baghdad College, the young men became teachers of English, Chemistry, Algebra, or Religion, while on the other end of Baghdad, the Al-Hikma laymen accepted the exalted title and role of professor of English, Philosophy, or Economics. The four Baghdad College lay apostles are graduates of Holy Cross College, while the Al-Hikma contingent springs from the athletically superior Boston College. (Editor's note: opinions expressed in articles are not necessarily those of the Editors—except in this case.)

Our duties in Baghdad are as varied as an Arabic alphabet soup, and as limited as our wild imaginations. All of us teach, but that is hardly the boundary of our labor. On campus, there are teams to be coached, debates to be moderated, plays to be directed. Bernie Bebel, our distinguished professor of Economics, has instituted, and directs with great vigor, the Al-Hikma Women's Athletic League.

Three of us have taken on evening teaching responsibility at the American Institute of Language where we are able to aid Arabic-speaking adults to gain a speaking knowledge of the English language. Here we take an active role in the America for International Development (AID) program of the United States government. Our teaching schedules may hold twenty-five or more hours per week.

Special Assignments appear momentarily—like the day Mike Hanley was casually reading a good novel and Father O'Connor S.J. mentioned in an offhand way: "Say, Mike, did I tell you that you're addressing the Sodality banquet tonight?"—or the day I mentioned to the dean that I saw a wonderful opportunity for the Al-Hikma students to hold a Christmas observance. I didn't intend to manage this undertaking.—or "Say, fellows, you're singing High Mass tomorrow." None of us sings, but that doesn't disturb anybody (except perhaps the congregation).

We visit the homes of the people, play soccer with the kids in the street, go picnicking with our students and swimming in January, or out to the desert for a *kuzi*, a jazzed up version of a barbeque, only instead of broiling lamb chops, they are likely to roast the whole sheep. You can go swimming in the Tigris or cross the Euphrates on a boat employing the most modern method of propulsion—one grasps a cable firmly and pulls against the current to the opposite shore. One afternoon we stopped by a lake to help some Arab fishermen haul in their nets, in the same fashion that Peter did on lakes not far from here.

Then, there are the busses. One may ride First Class (15 fils) or Second Class (10 fils). I recommend Second Class with the ducks, chickens, sheep, and children. By the time you leave, you will have shaken the hand of fifty people, and if you are enough of an extrovert, sung, danced, and entertained. On our Christmas trip through Syria, we managed to assemble a massive crowd whom we serenaded and marched through the city. They responded in typical Arab gratitude and hospitality by rendering several Syrian folk songs and encouraging us to join them in some folk dances.

But with our work on the mission, come several unique responsibilities. First, as Americans what we do reflects

on our country and through us the people form judgments of our homeland. The great responsibility we bear in every minute of our day and evening in Iraq is our recognition that we are Catholic men, dedicated to the teachings of Christ and devoted to His living Word. In the corridors of our schools, in classrooms, on picnics, and in busses, we are observed and listened to as living examples of the logical conclusion of Christian teaching. For me, at least, this is the gravest responsibility of all in our missionary endeavor. People somehow expect the priest to live up to the Christian ideal almost as a matter of course, but these same people will concede for them, for any layman, it is utterly impossible to live the true Christian life amid the temptations of living in the world. By our example, we must disprove this belief. The lay apostle is by no means a junior member of the missionary endeavor. On the contrary he has a job which only *he* can do.

Paradoxically, the most gratifying part of the lay mission experience derives from this very proposition. Teaching, in itself, is a satisfying duty, but teaching here in the name of all that we call "Christian," brings greater joy still. The great privilege is to be allowed to share in this vital effort, to be permitted to labor in the garden of growing things. We cannot be so proud as to imagine that we have something to contribute, but we must be so humble that we see that we can be used as a tool, though of base metal, in the palm of God, used as His will determines.

In the Fall of this year, some of my colleagues will return to higher studies, to professional life: three of them have asked to remain still another year in the lay apostolate on the missions. Each has shared in a similar experience, sought for the same ideal, been tested in the same ways. In leaving, we shall hopefully prove that the laity hold a growing and vital role in the mission apostolate.

SISTER M. EILEEN GRAN, O.S.F.

A FEATHER FOR YOUR HEADBAND



*A Sister with imagination sparks her second grade class
to a knowledge and interest in American Indian missions*

TODAY'S TEACHER IN the elementary grades constantly seeks a new approach, fresh motivation, and challenging methods in presenting the materials of the curriculum. This is especially true in the primary grades.

Would you believe that a feather can work magic in your classroom? It can be used to encourage self-discipline, generosity to the poor, library reading, the mastery of word drills, arithmetic combinations, and spelling words, as well as promoting parents' attendance at school functions and class activities. All this can easily be effected by means of an active mission project, based on a keen understanding of a real Christian's duties and responsibilities to the spiritually and materially destitute souls in Christ's Mystical Body, the Church.

This is how I approached a group of second graders: "How would you like to begin a little mission club of your own to help poor Indian children in South Dakota as well as poor people all over the world? You could pretend that you

were real 'Little Sioux' holding council by: sitting on the floor 'Indian style'—cross-legged and with folded arms—right here in the reading circle. You could wear a headband and feathers of your own, call your meetings to order by the beat of a Tom-Tom, and answer roll call with a real Sioux name.

"You could elect your officers and appoint committees to take care of the fish, the plants, the library, the ballet and milk list. You could give reports, read stories from mission magazines, and do many more things in working for our special mission project.

"A club could be lots of fun! First you would have to sacrifice until each of you had saved a dollar. Then send it away to an Indian Reservation where real Sioux live, and ask them to make you an honorary council member of that tribe by sending you a real Sioux name, which would make you a 'Little Sioux.' You would then learn to write a letter and address an envelope!

"A real missionary will enroll you and

+

3521 W 25th Ave.
New York 21, N.Y.
Oct. 17, 1962

Dear Father Pates,

Please send me a real Sioux
Indian name and make me a
Council Member.

I am seven years old and I
am in the second grade at St.
John's School. Sister Claire
is my teacher. We have 36
boys and girls in our class.

What are the children like
at your mission school?
I will pray for you.

Your little friend,
Billy Joe Egan

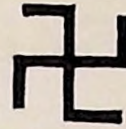
■ The first step, after a mission "piggy"
bank has been set up, is to send a letter to
South Dakota, asking to be made an hon-
orary council member of the Oglala Sioux.

Billy Joe Egan
% Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Egan
3521 W 25th Ave.
New York 21, N.Y.

Rev. Fr. R. G. Pates, S.J. Superior
St. Francis Indian Mission
St. Francis, So. Dak.



This Is To Certify That



Billy Joe Egan

Has Been Enrolled In The

St. Francis Sioux Tribal Council

Under The Name **SI OUX**

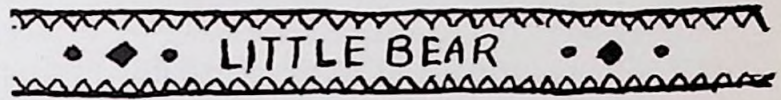
LITTLE BEAR

And Is A Member In Good Standing, Entitled To All
The Benefits And Privileges Thereof.

St. Francis Mission

Chief Many Thunders
Rev. Richard G. Pates, S. J.
St. Francis, South Dakota

■ The certificate of enrollment and the privilege of making a headband which will hold many feathers won for scholarship and devotion.



send you a letter with your Sioux name and membership card.

"Then you will be ready to make your headband, decorate it with your new name and pretty Indian designs of many bright colors. From then on you are ready to earn a headband full of feathers by doing good work in your lessons and by working on our mission project."

This presentation fires the class with the desired enthusiasm and puts our mission project into orbit for the year.

Every teacher realizes that there will always be a few students who will be unable to save enough money for an Indian name. This is where a mission "piggy" bank comes in—everyone sacrifices pennies now and then. After a dollar has been saved these few students draw a straw to see who will get to send it away for a Sioux name. In this way all will soon be decked out with name and headband without working a hardship on any.

Those who are awaiting headbands also participate in the meetings and are given an opportunity to earn feathers, which they save until they have a headband. The headbands are kept in a prominent place at school, but the enrollment

cards may be taken home and displayed. Most children are so desirous of having their headband and feathers that they succeed in having their parents visit school.

After everyone in class has a headband, the "piggy" bank money that continues to accumulate is used for whatever project the class may have adopted.

The most important aspect of the mission club should be the prayer aspect. For this we had a "Prayer Bank." Intentions for the prayers to be offered were decided at meetings and then everyone prayed for that intention. Each time Mass was heard, or Holy Communion was received, or prayers were said, a tag-board penny was deposited in the "Prayer Bank." This kept everyone mindful of our intentions, and encouraged the little ones in their prayer life.

Once a child has a headband he will work most eagerly for any class project suggested at the promise of a feather.

This in general was my mission club, a source of encouragement and reward in all class subjects and projects, besides teaching the group racial tolerance and kindness to the poor.

Alaska's Radio Nurses

JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

*Her voice carries across the vast waste of the icy tundra
and her diagnosis of an illness may save a person's life*

"KIK732-KIK732, THIS IS EXA27 St. Mary's calling Bethel Hospital. We have medical traffic. Do you copy? Over."

Bursts of static from the arctic weather stretches atmospheric gibberish and finally . . . "EXA27 St. Mary's, this is KIK 732 Bethel. You are not very clear . . . I'll call you at the end of the schedule."

Then begins a long series of kilocycle miseries. Kwiguk has an old man with a broken leg. There is a little girl with

vague head pains in Mountain Village. The teacher at Hooper Bay tells a sad story of a baby with pneumonia. Village after village checks in with the doctor and relays the symptoms of illness of their residents. Across the miles, with the radio as his sole diagnostic tool, the doctor diagnoses the illnesses, and orders appropriate medication.

Finally our volunteer nurses, Mary Ann Reitman and Mary Grogan, hear the last village check in with Bethel and

■ The author (right) with two Eskimo children of St. Mary's Mission. Nurse (below) waits for Bethel Hospital to finish its round of calls and signal for EXA27 and its diagnoses.





■ Mary Ann Reitman and Mary Grogan, volunteer nurses at St. Mary's, stand by radio.

stand by for their call, hoping it is clear.

"KIK732 Bethel Hospital calling EXA 27 St. Mary's . . . are you reading me?"

"EXA27 back to KIK732 . . . Roger, doctor—you are loud and clear. We have a girl with abdominal pains, temperature 104, nausea—please advise . . ." Then follows several minutes of consultation between the doctor and the nurses.

"KIK732 back—doesn't sound so good. We better get her over here by plane . . ."

"Roger, Doctor. We'll send her on tomorrow's mail plane. Thank you, Doctor . . . EXA27 over and out."

Only a part of the job of being a lay volunteer nurse at the Mission, "radio medicine" is at times very interesting, but more often tedious and repetitious. Hundreds of listeners across Alaska hear the "Misery Hour" and all try to prescribe the right treatment in their own mind before the doctor answers.

St. Mary's Mission is hundreds of miles from the nearest hospital in Bethel and this contact with the doctor is a very vital one. The radio has saved many lives along the rivers and sea coasts of the Alaskan interior. Each evening the doctor goes through the list of villages. If Alaska is in the throes of an epidemic, this schedule takes many hours to complete.

For Mary Ann and Mary it is usually the last duty of a busy day. We have about 200 people here at the mission and another 200 in the village close by. With clinics, visits to the village, cold and flu outbreaks and assorted tasks such as Girl Scout leaders, First-Aid Club meetings, health classes for the village women, and a health program three times weekly on the Mission radio station, the nurses are kept busy from morning until night.

According to our nurses, one of the most rewarding experiences is assisting at childbirth which sometimes entails a swift dog sled ride in the early hours of the morning. Delivering a baby in a one-room house lit by a gas lantern, no electricity or running water, is indeed a challenge. Quite a difference from the sterile hospital delivery room back in the States! After spending anxious and prayerful hours during labor with the mother, the baby's first cries are a most welcome sound—no sweeter music could be heard anywhere. After getting mother and baby settled comfortably, Mary Ann and Mary hurry back to the Mission, full of joy and wonder, and anxious to tell all about the newest arrival.

The Lay Volunteer work on the missions is growing each year and fast becoming a very integral part of the whole mission effort. Teachers, nurses, workers and helpers of all kinds, give to priests, Brothers and Sisters "other hands" to double the work they can accomplish for the Kingdom of Christ.

Most lay volunteers apply for one or two years' work on the missions. Some come to stay for one year and end up staying five. There is something about giving up everything for God that inspires greater love for others. It certainly shows up in the dedication of these people. Whether it is by using a radio to try to save a person's life, or in the classroom, or by use of hammer or saw, the Lay Volunteer is the greatest find in Church development of this Century.



■ Refugee children (above) line up for mid-day rice at Pathway School. There is very little rice these days in Communist China. The group below escaped by their sampan.



MEET OUR REFUGEES

JOHN FOLEY S.J.

*Hong Kong welcomes them,
a patient people to whom
hunger has brought quiet*

SINCE THE COMMUNISTS seized the Chinese mainland more than a million Chinese refugees have come to safety and freedom in Hong Kong and they still come, day by day, stealthily and in smaller numbers. In the spring of 1962, word spread that the Communist guards on the Hong Kong frontier were allowing people to pass into Hong Kong. Whole districts of people beyond the frontier began to pour in streams of thousands into Hong Kong.

At the Regional Seminary at Aberdeen, seven miles from the city of Hong Kong, we often meet refugees, usually fishing people from along the coast of China. Meet some of them. It is 11:00 a.m. and we are passing along the verandah to class; there is a group of people sitting on the pathway at the other side of the football field and facing the Seminary. They are bunched close together as if for a photo group. They are refugees; without going over to them we know they



■ These two girls do not speak the same dialect but they easily understand each other. The girl with the frown is Cantonese while her companion in the hat speaks the Hoklo dialect.

have come to us for a meal. They are sitting quietly and not talking, the children in front, the older ones behind; they are quiet because they are hungry, patient because they are a patient people.

The students prepared a meal for them; there is the wooden tube of white rice and the container with meat and vegetables mixed, the "sung" of the Chinese. When they had eaten we talked with them.

There are 21 persons there, 4 adult men, the eldest about 40 years of age; 2 women, 3 teenage boys and 2 teenage girls, the rest, smaller boys and girls, from 3 to 14 years. The junk they had come on was a small type of fishing boat, in length about 20 feet and width about 4 feet at the middle; it was rowed by three men standing and facing forward, one on either side, the third at one side very close to the stern. There was no covering, no seats; all squatted down on the floor boards or on the rather broad stern.

"You're not all one family?"

"No, part of four families."

"How long did it take you to come here?"

"Two days and two nights and one stretch was very rough and dangerous."

"Is it hard getting away from Red China these days?"

"Now it is very difficult. Fishing boats are allowed out only during the day. At night they must be drawn up on the beach; they are locked together and a policeman guards them."

"How did you manage to get away?"

"We had planned it for some time. The women and children were to be on a beach and the rocks around, fishing and gathering firewood. We set out in the morning to fish, called in on the beach, all hurried on board and lay down and we set out for Hong Kong."

These people were looking healthy but thin. They had washed and tidied themselves on reaching Aberdeen. Their clothes were clean, old and very patched;

the oldest man, the leader, was wearing a good pullover, the children were wearing only coats and trousers, old, faded and patched. They did not look exhausted or frightened, they spoke in a friendly way and smiled as they spoke of hardships as the Chinese do.

"Are you getting more rice now?"

"No, never enough. We have not eaten ordinary rice for years, always rice gruel which lasts longer. We get very little vegetables—the people gather the leaves of wild plants as vegetables; we have very little cooking oil . . ." It is the same story from group after group . . . "We are the healthy ones; we could not take with us the old and the weaker ones; we will get work here and send back money and food . . ."

"Have you relations in Hong Kong?"

"There is one family we know but we do not know their address."

The children were looking at us with wonder; they were hearing the Cantonese dialect for the first time, for they are Hoklo people and speak their own dialect. Two of the students are Hoklos and spoke with them in their dialect.

We told the boat builder at the foot of the hill to fix up a cover over the boat. They thanked us sincerely and went away. They will find work in factories and on building sites, and they will refit their boat and make nets of plastic thread and fish and send money to their families on the mainland. Just 21 more of us.

Meet the refugee children. If you come to the Regional Seminary on any school day at 12:30 a.m. you can meet 350 of them neatly lined up in two queues waiting for dinner to arrive. These are all very poor children who live on old boats in an inlet of the sea beside the Seminary. Twenty years ago this was a quiet inlet, empty at low tide with a stream of fresh water flowing through it. Now it is packed tight with old boats adapted as houses (you could not count them they are so many); it is reckoned that

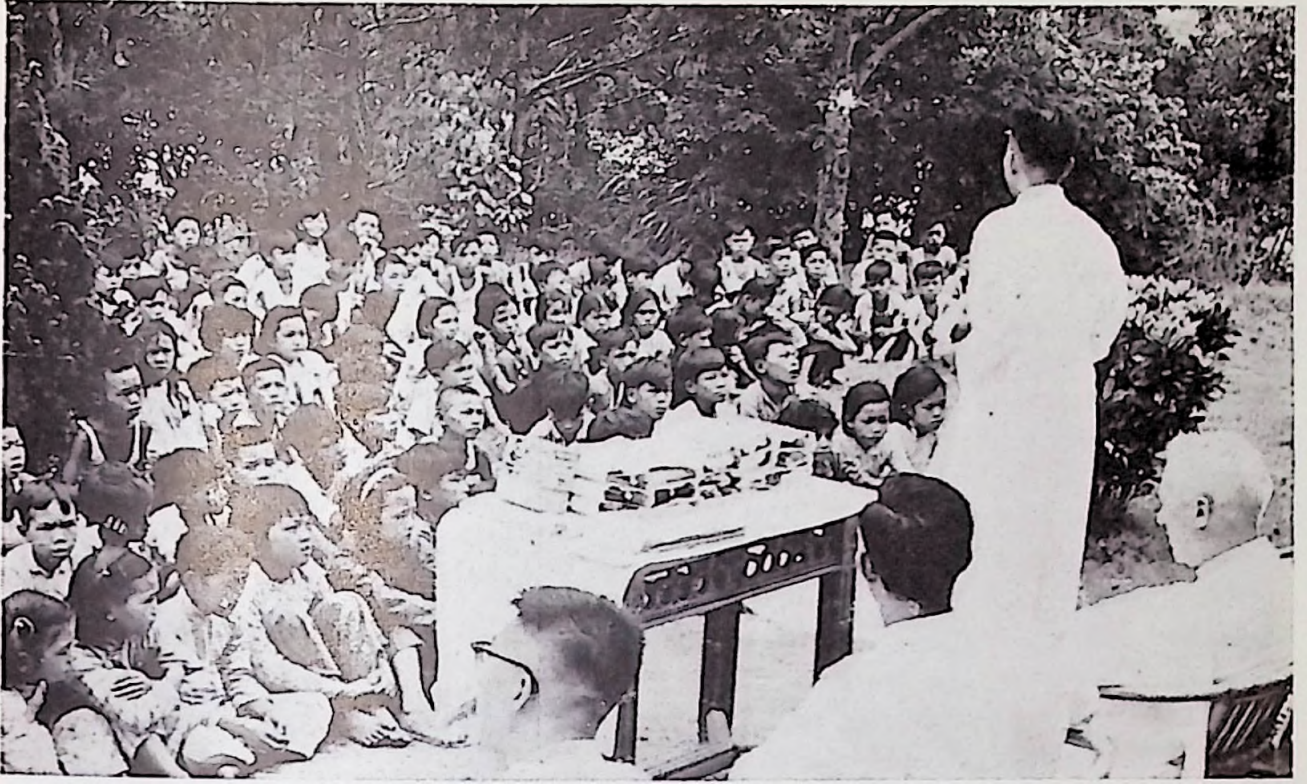


■ Noontime, and the unaccustomed treat of meat and vegetables with rice at the school.

10,000 people live there. Half of these people are reasonably well-off, that is, they have work and a wage. Many are very poor, the 350 children are among the poorest.

These children are from 10 to 13 years of age. At 12:30 a.m. a white van arrives and unloads three large wooden tubs of steaming hot, white rice and three large containers of "sung" the vegetables and meat or fish. Yesterday's empties are put into the van and it drives off. Three men, refugees, who on account of poor health cannot find good work, ladle out the rice and the "sung" to the children as they pass by. Each child has an aluminum lunch-can divided into two parts, the lower part for the rice, the upper for the "sung". Fifteen minutes and all have been served.

The van is a gift from the people of England, the rice is American (the children love it, "sweet" they will tell you), the "sung" is from the people of Hong Kong, the kitchen and equipment through



■ Graduation Ceremony at the Pathway School and the refugee students are addressed by Mark Cheung, one of the seminarians at the Jesuit-conducted Regional Seminary, Aberdeen.

German generosity. Chinese and Italian Sisters keep the organization moving.

There is no noise, no trouble, no fuss and if you meet the children they will say politely, "Thank you." They are undernourished and often unwashed because they cannot get water. But better times are coming for them and now big bulldozers are levelling out a nearby valley where Resettlement Flats will be built to give them better homes.

Meet some more refugee children. At 3:50 each child collects a large slice of bread. (Classes begin at 4:05. It may seem a strange hour to begin classes, but it is the Seminarians' break on class days and these children cannot find places in Hong Kong's crowded schools.) Any schooling is better than none. The classrooms are spaces on the path beneath the trees, the children fix the blackboards on the trees, they sit orderly on the path and receive their lessons in the three R's and once a week there is religious instruction. At 5:00 p.m. classes for the day are

over, books go back into the plastic net bags the children themselves have made and home they go.

This must be the simplest school in the world, but it has its Speech Day, prize-giving, examinations and promotions and all the ceremonies of a big college but in miniature. Once a week the "Caritas" van delivers paper bags of noodles from Monsignor Romaniello, the "Noodle Priest," and each child collects two bags on the way home.

Noisy, running, jumping, friendly, talkative, polite children, undernourished, rather thin, not well washed, but smiling, cheerful—they are our refugees.

May Mission Intention

"For all Religious Families (Orders, Congregations and Institutes) who are working together in the Missions."

Window on the Mission

NOT AS SPECTATORS

AT THE BEGINNING of this Lent Pope John XXIII addressed the half billion Catholics throughout the world. On Ash Wednesday he appealed to all of us to live our faith. Discussing the Ecumenical Council which reconvenes in September the 81-year-old Pontiff said the Council "provides the keynote of this year's Lent, placing particular stress on the duty of every good Christian to live the precept of charity rather than to watch the new blossoming in which everyone will want to rejoice. It is a commitment of authors, not of spectators."

The history of mission endeavors has had too many spectators, those who stood afar off and watched, not understanding that as Christians they were very much involved in this battle for the eternal salvation of souls for whom Christ had died. Only in recent years has that role of mere spectator been analyzed, and found wanting. Gradually the attitude is changing and our Catholic people are becoming increasingly aware of the very

vital part they play in the drama of salvation. They are not onlookers in the work of the Church, they are important participants in all its activity.

Consider this issue of *Jesuit Missions*. In it a layman describes the work being done in Baghdad by graduates of Boston College and Holy Cross, one aspect alone of a world-wide mosaic. Volunteer nurses are braving the rigors of Alaska; a nun in a classroom is striving to inspire her young students with a knowledge and love of the missions; the other hands of Christ are stretched forth welcomingly to hungry refugees in Hong Kong; young Catholic men and women in Jamaica band together to bring a taste of beauty to those who are soul-starved. In every case it is a question of giving, in one form or another, to those who have not.

In his Ash Wednesday address the Holy Father prayed that man be prevented from becoming "insensitive to the laments of the poor, of the sick, or orphaned children and of the innumerable brothers of ours who still lack the minimum they need to eat, to cover their bare bodies, to gather their families under one roof." How can man be so prevented? Only when he abandons his role of spectator and takes an active part in building the Kingdom of Christ on this earth. No man feels that a job is truly his until he has had an intimate, active association in its fulfillment. If he is content to remain on the sidelines sooner or later



COVER. Artist Bill Thompkins of the Franznick-Meden staff made use of a Japanese print to emphasize the universality of devotion to Our Lady. May is Mary's month and in every corner of the world her children respond with love.



his interest will wane. He will lose sight of the purpose and goal of the game, and his loss may be far greater than he realizes. His life may be one of constant labor yet at the end his hands are empty.

It is the duty, and the glory, of every Christian to live his faith. That means he must understand what that faith entails. Long ago St. Peter was faced with the situation of the Christians in Asia Minor. Christ had not been dead thirty years, yet already they were tending to forget Calvary and all it meant. Peter reminds them in words never to be forgotten: "What was the ransom that freed you? You know well enough that it was not paid in earthly currency, silver or gold; it was paid in the precious blood of Christ." Every soul that ever lived has been ransomed at that price; every soul is marked with the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. That is why men and women walk the lonely paths of the mission world, merchants of Life and of Love, their own lives and loves woven inextricably into His Sacred Heart.

No one of us is to be a spectator alone of this tremendous drama whose theme is based on Calvary and the first Pentecost. Circumstances may prevent us from actually working on a mission field but they need not blind us to that work and our bonds to it, forged by our faith. As Christians we are bound to make every effort to spread the Good Tidings, whether it be on our own street or beyond far horizons. All of us have a capacity and we can judge the extent of that capacity and how well it can be used in this greatest of causes. "It is a commitment of authors, not of spectators."

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■ To the accompaniment of the blowing of ten-foot horns and the music of the Monastery band Bishop Benjamin of Darjeeling is escorted by Lamas to the school playground in Manibhanjan.

ECUMENISM IN NEPAL

*Buddhist monks driven out of
Tibet welcome a Catholic bishop*

WILLIAM J. MACKEY S.J.

HIS LORDSHIP, BISHOP Eric Banjamin, was consecrated first Bishop of Darjeeling, in Malta, on his way to Rome for the Council. On his return to India, he had many interesting receptions. The most colorful was that of Manibhanjan, a small border village, cradled on the slopes of the Himalayas, at an altitude of 6,000 feet.

Megma Monastery is situated 4,000 feet above Manibhanjan. It was never very famous. However after the invasion of Tibet and homeland, Megma Monastery became famous over night. It gave hospitality to the head of a College of Lamas near Lhasa. He also happened to be a *Rimpoche*—an Incarnate God, a smaller Dalai Lama.

This *Rimpoche* is a member of the

Mahayama Sect of Buddhism, the Tibetan Buddhism as distinct from the Burmese and Ceylonese Sects. He is unmarried as can be seen by his bare right arm—from shoulder to wrist—jutting out from under his robes.

Late one sunny morning, His Lordship, Reverend J. Prendergast S.J., the Vicar General and I left by jeep for the 25 mile ride in the Border Town. The car was stopped at the entrance of the village. Here we were greeted by the blowing of 10-foot-long Tibetan horns and other music by the Monastery Band. We were escorted in procession by the Lamas to the school playground. Here the main function took place.

The "Ceremonial Exchange of Scarves" is the highest Tibetan honor that can be



■ The Ceremonial Exchange of Scarves is the highest Tibetan honor that can be shown to a non-Tibetan. But the small fellow at right of picture finds the horns a little too much.

shown to a non-Tibetan. The *Rimpoche* first approached His Lordship and offered him a scarf. The Bishop in turn offered the *Rimpoche* a *Khada* or ceremonial scarf. This was accompanied by riotous blasts on the Tibetan horns.

The Lamas were very pleased because the Bishop recognized their *Rimpoche* as the Religious Head of the Tibetans while our Catholics were very happy to see the sincere welcome offered to their first Bishop of Darjeeling by the Buddhist monks. His Lordship was born and brought up in Darjeeling. Two of his brothers live in this village.

After a lengthy tea, we proceeded to the Prize Distribution of St. Paul's Primary School. Never did the children have such distinguished guests. The prize

winners approached the Bishop for their rewards and on their return, they bowed ceremoniously to the *Rimpoche*. This will be a long remembered day for them.

We were escorted by the Lamas back to the jeep for our return to Darjeeling. The setting sun was a mass of color. The grandeur and strength of the snow-capped Himalayas dwarfed our human pomp and ceremony.

As we drove back to Darjeeling, I could not help thinking of the many similarities between the two religions. The influence of Nestorianism can be clearly seen in the flowing robes, the multicolored mitres, the use of chant and incense. It would be interesting if some scholars were to trace the historical steps of this influence.

As part of the Independence Celebrations in Jamaica the Travelling Theatre was organized by Father Francis X. Shea S.J. from the Dramatic Societies of St. George's College and Alpha Academy. Presenting the morality play "Everyman" and a farce called "The Two Brothers," the troupe played in 28 towns in 15 days to an estimated audience of 35,000. Everywhere the group was hailed for the artistry of its performance.

JAMAICA'S TRAVELLING THEATRE



■ Father Shea rounds up his audience. (Right) In last minute of play Death calls Everyman to final destination.



Photos by
Fr. Fred Foley S.J.



■ Juanita Murdoch, student at Alpha, takes the part of Good Deeds in play "Everyman." Trevor Munroe (below) as Everyman grasps the crucifix as he nears the hour of his death, surrounded by Discretion, Beauty, Good Deeds, Confession, Strength and Five Senses. Back of the truck serves as dressing room while green hills act as backdrop.

The program for the Travelling Theatre followed a pattern: Mass around 8 a.m., breakfast for all (with Father Shea doing the cooking) and then a gathering at a nearby beach or recreational center until after lunch, the main meal of the day. Then the troupe would move into town and while some prepared the stage for the afternoon performance others would act as town criers to round up an audience. In carefree Jamaica people found it easy to drop whatever they were doing and attend.

Following the afternoon performance the troupe would pack up and move on to the next town where they would bivouac in a schoolroom, have a hasty supper and then head for the town center and the performance of two plays.

The Jamaicans loved it. As a people they have a natural sense of drama and their very speech is rich in rhetoric and exuberant expression. Again, it is rare that entertainment passes beyond city limits and the choice of "Everyman" with its stark, almost abstract, approach to the theatre is the very essence of drama. It was an experience to be remembered.





■ In between performances the players must eat. After the show in Porus the troupe moved down the road to the Shooters Hill Cricket Club where a meatball and spaghetti supper was waiting for them. Miss Susan Gusenhoven of Alpha Academy, chaperone for the girls, supervises the distribution. A food crew was part of the entourage. The entire tour engendered in the players a sense of cooperation, of confidence, and of power.



■ Makeup (left) in truck dressing room before play begins. Bernard Wilmot (below) as the character Goods was one of the most popular actors and his taunts of Everyman were one of the best appreciated scenes.



■ Setting up the stage. So practiced were the stage hands that within half an hour of arrival in town the stage was ready for operation. Father Shea's thesis that drama must go to the people and appeal to their imagination or fail in its purpose was well vindicated by this tour. The Travelling Theatre created an amazing amount of confidence in the players themselves and also a great deal of publicity. It was one of the best ways for the young people to come to know their own country and even though it was a Church-sponsored venture the reaction of the people themselves showed how much they appreciated the tour.



GUAM IS IN RUINS!

GUAM IS A TINY dot in the Pacific—30 miles long and 4 to 8½ miles wide, lush with coconut palms, flame trees, papayas and bananas.

Last November Guam was visited by a catastrophic typhoon named Karen. Karen wrought greater destruction than the World War II battle between the Marines and the Japanese—in some of the villages 95% of the buildings were destroyed. The loss for the Church was immense; Jesuits all over the Pacific felt the loss as though they had been the object of Karen's caress—for the U.S. Capuchins on Guam are our great friends.

Jesuit missionaries in the Caroline-Marshall Islands have enjoyed Capuchin hospitality on Guam for the past 15 years. When Jesuits were waiting for passage

to Truk in the Caroline Islands, the Capuchin Monastery was always open to them. Jesuits visiting Guam for medical treatment live with the "Caps" community. Time and time again our "Brothers in Christ" have proved themselves staunch friends.

When Karen whistled through Guam she destroyed much of the work of many years and we feel that we owe our friends a helping hand in their re-building efforts. It should not seem unusual for us to beg for another missionary group. In reality, however, they are not "another" group, since we all are working together to bring Christ into every corner of our world. They are "brothers."

We hope that you will be generous to our appeal in their name.

■ Dawn brings the first sight of the devastation wrought by Karen. Years of mission work perished in the single night and the priests and Sisters on Guam must start all over again.





WHEN TYPHOON KAREN WHISTLED INTO GUAM, Fr. Alvin LaFeir, O.F.M.Cap., Pastor of St. Francis, had just finished the work of many years. It wasn't paid for—but there it stood, a 27-room school. Karen wasn't very sentimental. She destroyed the entire school. We would like to help Fr. Alvin to re-build. Please be as generous as possible. Your gifts can help our friends on Guam to forget the night when Karen came to visit.

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

Please accept my gift of \$..... to help rebuild the devastated mission in Guam.

Name

Address

City Zone State

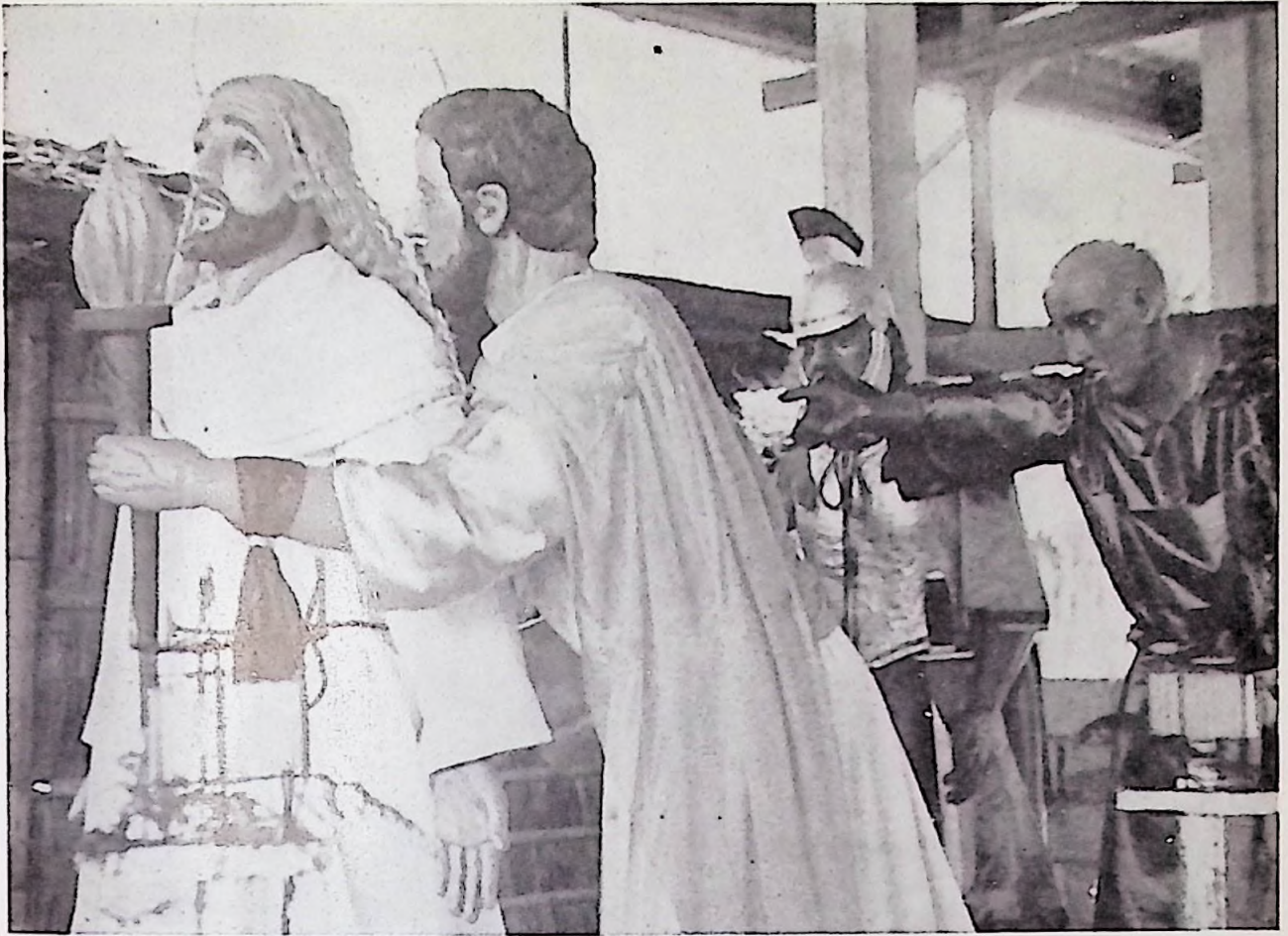
FILIPINO GOOD FRIDAY

■ The Good Friday processions in the Philippines stem from the days of the Spanish. In those cities rich enough to afford pomp but conservative enough to relish religious festivals the processions have become solemn and elaborate affairs. These photos by Father Hontiveros are of Roxas City.



■ In Roxas City the procession consists of nineteen floats, most of them mounted on wheels with an occasional one borne on the shoulders of sixteen men. The figures were sculptured by an amateur, free of charge, although it took him six months. Another parishioner donated the lumber and a third gave the truck to serve as a rolling base. In the scene below of the Last Supper the bread is real except for that in the hands of Christ.





■ The Kiss of Judas, with Malchus pointing. Early on Good Friday morning each *carro* or float is removed from storage, the carved figures are dressed by the women and the men bolt the figures to the *carro*. During the year the figure in the Scourging at the Pillar (previous page) is displayed in a glass case in the living room of the owner.



■ The Crucifixion. During the late war Roxas City was literally razed to the ground in the scorched earth policy of the Filipino-American forces. The floats were all destroyed at that time and only now are they beginning to approach the artistry of the pre-war ones. When darkness falls the brilliance of the floats stands out in a sea of candlelight and the impression is overwhelming. The deep devotion of the Filipino people is clearly evident on Good Friday.

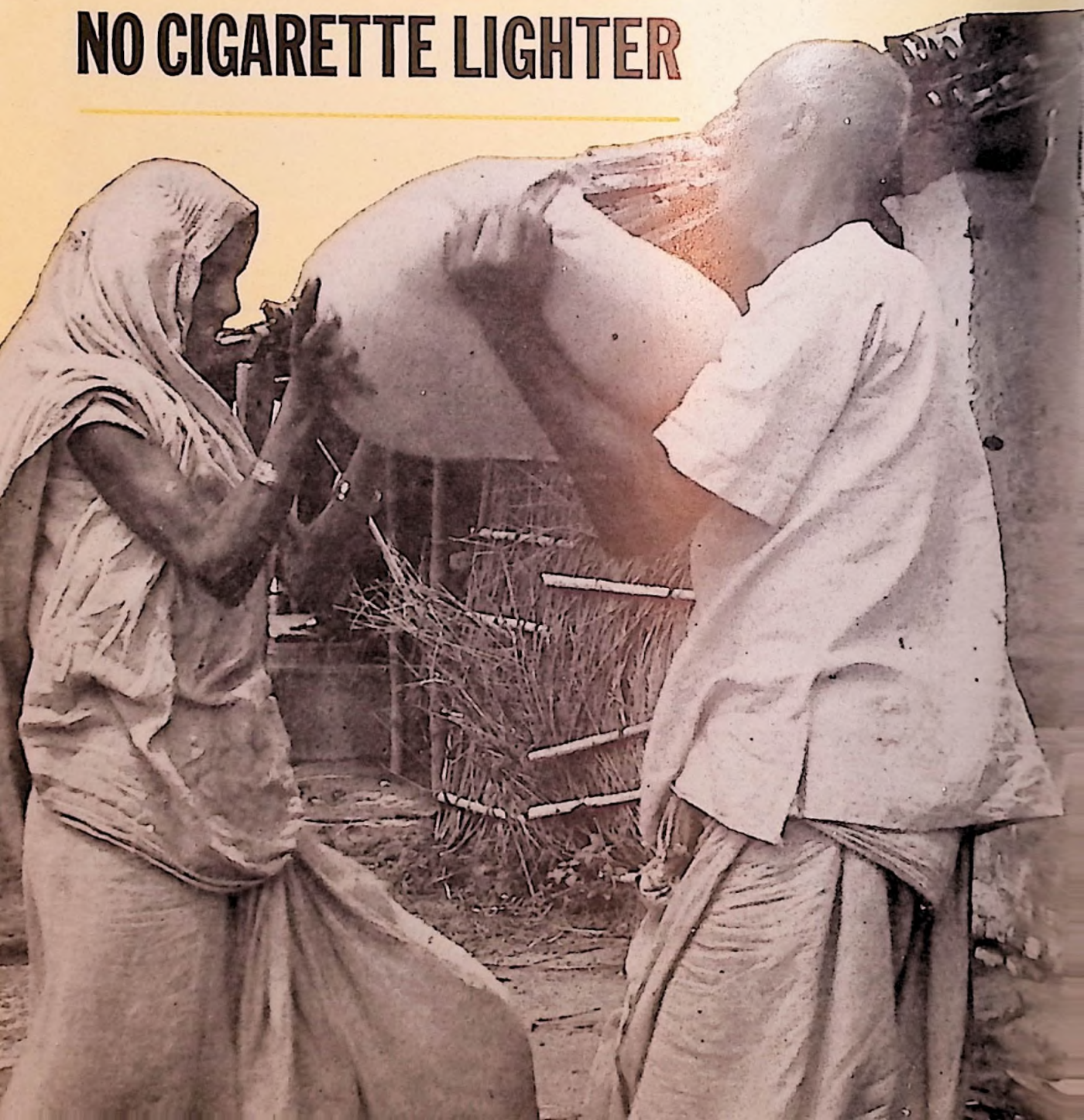
*Much is expected of the women of India and their days
are long ones, far different from their Western sisters*

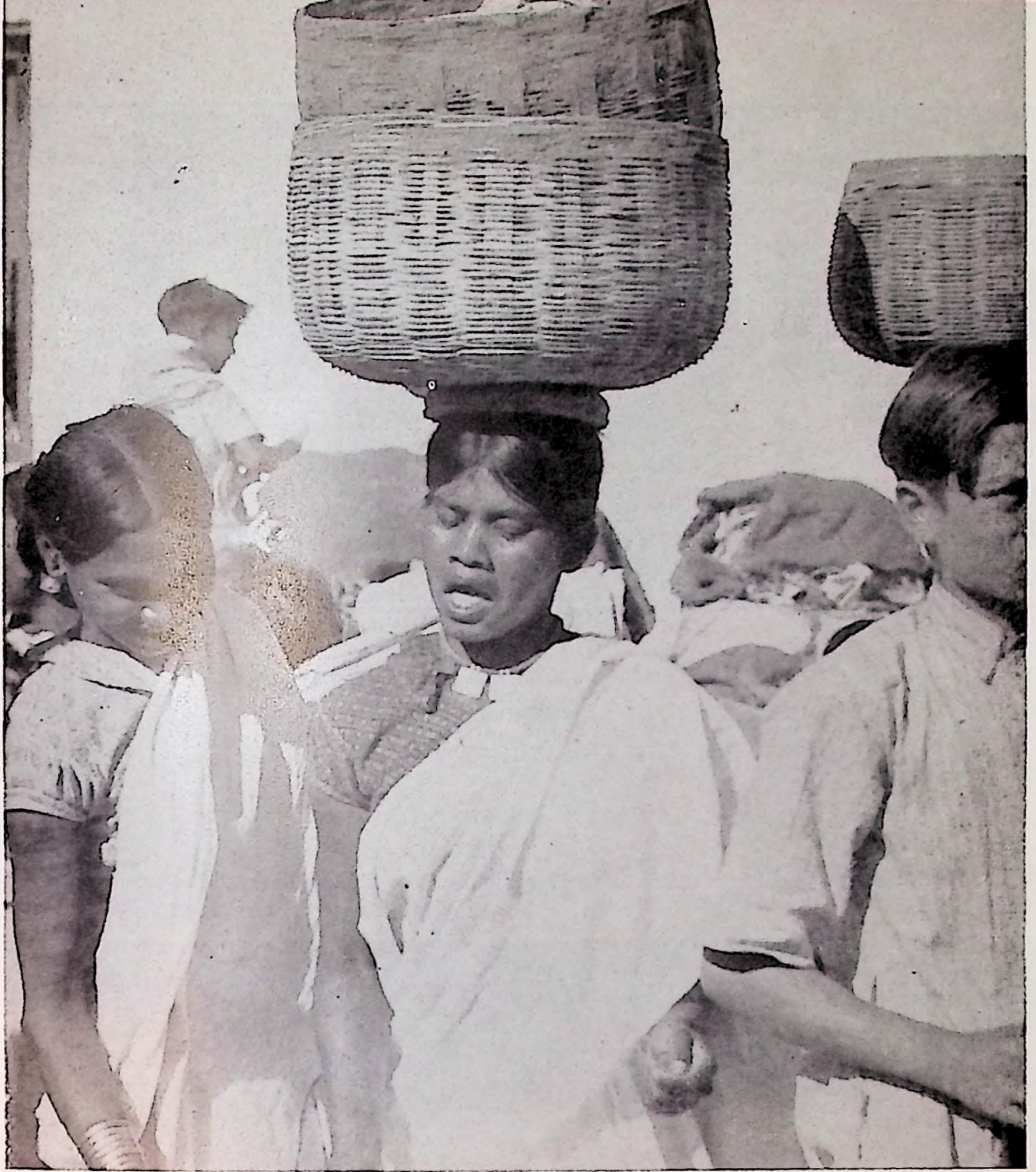
WILLIAM F. KEMPTON S.J.

A KENTUCKIAN ONCE boasted, "I have two things that work. A cigarette lighter and a wife." An Indian villager can't make the same boast simply because he hasn't a cigarette lighter! But his "better half" proves she is better by not only doing the housework, cooking, etc., but, in addition, many times she has to put in a full day's work in the rice fields or do coolie work in building.

There is a building boom in India at present and even in the smallest cities schools, factories and hospitals are rapidly being built and some of the jobs in this construction work are considered strictly "women's work." In general, the jobs of bringing bricks and cement to the masons, carrying tins of water, sand and stones to the cement mixer are reserved for the "weaker sex." The bricks (usually all of them), tins of water and buckets of sand are carried on the head

NO CIGARETTE LIGHTER





■ It is not the simplest thing in the world to examine the earthen pots in the Ranchi marketplace and then return them to their place while balancing the customary baskets on heads.

since this is the easier method to carry a heavy load rather than on the shoulder as we would do. (Try it if you don't believe me!) Of course, you should first make a little "gadi" or cushion from an old rag to absorb the weight of a bucket of concrete, otherwise you might find your brain down in your neck!

An Indian villager is so poor that his wife (or daughter) is forced to do this coolie labor if they want to "enjoy" the bare necessities of life. Many times the

young unmarried girls of 15 and 16 are happy to get this work because they can "show off" their working talents and thereby capture a husband.

When a non-Indian first sees these women engaged in such hard manual labor he is "shocked," but after a little reflection he realizes that present circumstances force such action and it will be from this "stern stuff" that a great nation will emerge. After all, didn't the American Pioneer women do the same?

The Leopard Came Back



A group of scholars match their wits against the cunning beast of the jungle but a third force was abroad in the Indian night and the triumph belonged to that unknown

RUBEN J. HERMO S.J.

■ The morning after and the community at Hazaribagh take a close look at the trouble maker while the "Chief of Staff" and his group of hunters have various versions to offer to all.



HAZARIBAGH IS A glorified village in the heart of North India. The meaning of the name is in dispute for some hold the translation of it should be "a place of many gardens" while others prefer the version "a place of many tigers." In any case the district abounds in gardens and tigers are by no means rare.

Besides these two features Hazaribagh welcomes every year a handful of newly ordained Jesuits who gather to complete their studies there. All of them have dedicated their lives to labor in India, but the majority come from the four corners of the world. In St. Stanislaus College English is spoken in every conceivable accent—Belgian, French, Spanish and even the clipped stylish tones of Oxford. Also in that medley of voices you can detect the characteristic speech of Chicago, New York, Pennsylvania, Boston and Kansas.

In a Jesuit community like this the order of the day, and of the night, is pretty much routine. But every now and then a note of novelty is struck—as the other night when a leopard suddenly sprang at our two watchdogs in the dark garden. One dog frantically escaped and managed to reach the main gate of the College. Trembling all over, the beast refused to emerge from the building as long as there was the slightest chance that the leopard was still around.

The second dog was less fortunate. To say that the leopard killed it would be an understatement. Rather, it wrenched the dog apart and, after drinking all its blood, it tore the body to pieces. The remains were found the next morning, dragged to a corner of the garden and hidden under some bushes. Leopards prefer dogs as delicacies. To get them they will go to incredible lengths. Not long ago another leopard chased a dog and killed it under a bed which had been placed out in the yard because of the heat. Msgr. Oscar Sevrin S.J., former Bishop of Ranchi, was in the bed at the

time and he will not soon forget the incident nor any detail of it.

At the College an urgent session of the "Security Council" was hastily summoned. As a result, two task-forces decided to camouflage themselves in the jungle, taking up strategic positions from which they might survey the remains of the dog. There they waited patiently, as patiently as one can when the night is dark and the expected visitor is a leopard. They waited . . . but no sound was heard except for the occasional barking of a stray dog in the distant village. After a considerable time the Chief of Staff cast a glance at his watch (it wasn't for the first time either) and concluded in a loud voice, "It won't come!" There wasn't the slightest disagreement. The sacrifice of sleep and the incessant biting of the mosquitoes combined for hasty unanimity.

So the little band of hunters abandoned their ambush and returned to the house. Evidently, as soon as they made their move the more patient leopard made his. For the next morning showed that he had come back for his prey for only the head of the dead dog now remained. Where the leopard had hidden during the waiting nobody knew but there was a general suspicion that he hadn't been far away at any time, an idea which each one carefully pondered.

But the retreat of the Chief of Staff and his aides gave rise to certain com-

■ Those who prefer to translate Hazaribagh as "place of many tigers" have new argument.



■ Even in death the leopard appears formidable and some can be glad they didn't meet him alive in the darkness.



mentaries among the rest of the house and no matter what accent in English might accompany the comments they all boiled down to one and the same thing. Naturally enough, this caused a moral reaction in the hunters who preferred to face a leopard in the dark rather than the facetious criticism of their brethren in the bright light of day. So they resolved upon another expedition that night, promising themselves fervently that they would bring back that beast, alive or dead, preferably the latter.

This time they tarried in the house until a later hour, feeling that they had made their first move too soon on the previous night. Then when the late hours so cherished by leopards finally arrived they quietly set out. Their arms consisted of a 12-bore shotgun, loaded according to the best traditions with a single shell (a good hunter, they said, hath no need of more than a single shot) and two rifles to be used only in self-defense.

Stealthily they crept to the spot where the head of the dog had been partially concealed in the bushes. The spot had been carefully noted in their minds but the darkness brought a slight confusion. Gingerly they hunted for the right bush and it took some little time before they realized the truth. The head of the dog was now missing!

Somewhere in the night a wily leopard was devouring the choice morsel which it had left for the last, a fitting reward for the cleverness it had shown. Elsewhere in the dark the small group of hunters had only their pride to swallow. But there was the chance that the beast might return again so they decided to wait. No one was particularly anxious to return to the house until it was certain that all the curious and questioning residents there were fast asleep. So the vigil was taken up, not exactly wholeheartedly but as the lesser of two evils. Finally, a long time later, they stole quietly home.

The following morning questions from their confreres were the order of the day. But the explanations were interrupted by a yell from the garden. In came Brother Infirmarian and several others, carrying in triumph a huge, powerful leopard. It was dead, stone dead, but there wasn't a mark anywhere on its tawny, black-spotted hide!

Then came the truth. Brother Infirmarian, a keen hunter himself, had gone forth armed with a syringe full of a powerful poison called Folidol. He injected it into the head of the dog and the effect on the leopard had been instantaneous. All during the vigil of the hunters the leopard had lain dead within a very few feet of them!

Meet A Jesuit Brother

*Brother John
Hess S.J.*



Alaska has summer, too. Brother John Hess S.J. is a veteran missionary if there ever was one. He has been in Alaska almost fifty years. He is shown here in his experimental garden. Brother has proven that vegetables will grow during the short growing period of three months. His carrots, onions, potatoes, etc., are of the finest. With a bit of assistance he could provide a good supply of vegetables for the mission needs as well as the school.

His smile betrays his geniality. Behind that smile are many years of faithful

service to God; years wherein there has developed calm realization that there is nothing comparable to giving one's life for God on the mission field.

Brother is another example of the many Jesuit Brothers laboring, throughout the world, side by side with Jesuit priests for God's greater glory and the salvation of souls. There is room for many more Brothers both on the missions and at home in the Provinces of the United States. Do you know anyone interested in offering his life and work to God?

For further information send the following to:

BROTHERS VOCATIONS | Jesuit Missions
45 East 78th St., New York 21, N.Y.

Please send literature about the Jesuit Brothers.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missions

1) In Peru, Chicago Jesuits operate a secondary school in Arequipa. This city in southern Peru has been much disturbed by Communist influence among students. The Fathers want to give scholarships to poor boys. A donation to the scholarship fund of \$10.00 would mean much for the future of Peru, the land of St. Rose of Lima.

2) Father George Donohue, former China missionary now running a school for Chinese in the Philippines, writes: "We are meeting stiff competition from an atheistic materialist who has over 2,000 children under his control . . . to win these children to Our Lord we have to expand and develop. We need more classrooms." Your gift of \$5.00 or \$10.00 will help to build the needed classrooms for Father Donohue's school.

3) On January 13 in Bettiah, India, the American Jesuits' jeep collapsed in front of the railway station. The Fathers need it to cover five mission stations. "We need a jeep as badly as any institution in the States needs a telephone." The cost: One jeep—about \$3,000.00—Perhaps you don't have this much but a gift of \$50.00 would begin to buy a replacement for the late, lamented "work-horse" of the Bettiah Fathers.

4) Father Al Flores S.J. lives in Kadingilan, Bukidnon, P.I. He has a mountainous mission territory of several hundred square miles to cover. "As far as my personal needs are concerned I would

be happy if I had a horse and a saddle. Being somewhat isolated and in the interior, most of my barrios (little towns) can be reached only by hiking."

One horse — \$250.00

One saddle — \$150.00

5) People in New York and Cleveland have recent knowledge of what it's like to be without newspapers. Many of our missionaries have this experience day in and day out because they can't afford the subscription to the magazines and newspapers they should read. Your \$5.00 would cover an average subscription.

6) Father Joseph Sommers S.J. in Trincomalee, Ceylon, has developed a very promising catechetical program for that island-nation. To teach the children of the life of Our Lord and of the sacramental life of the Church he is in great need of film strips. A complete set would cost \$160.00. These simple pictures can make Christ live in the hearts and souls of thousands of Ceylonese boys and girls. He begs your help.

Dear Father,

The enclosed gift is for the item(s) above, numbered

Name

Address

City Zone State

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

WHAT DO WE NEED?



EDUCATION...

My people live on tiny islands in the Pacific, oppressed by the heavy atmosphere of centuries of paganism, says Father Tom Donohoe.

What we need first is Christian education.

Two American lay people—Mr. and Mrs. Binns—recently sailed out here to help me. They have given their life to Christ's work. Can you give \$10.00 or \$100.00? We could operate a small school for \$500.00 a year.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, New York

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT



OUR "MARY ACCOUNT"

SAVINGS ACCOUNT

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Devotion to Mary because she is Christ's Mother is not peculiar to Americans or Europeans. Boys in Yap Island, the Pacific, tell of her joyful mysteries in dance and her praises are sung at the lovely chapel in Mokameh, Patna, India. We constantly receive requests for statues (\$35.00 to \$75.00), altars (\$500.00) and chapels (\$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00). Our "Mary Account" is empty and in her month a memorial gift to refill it would be most welcome. Send it to:

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