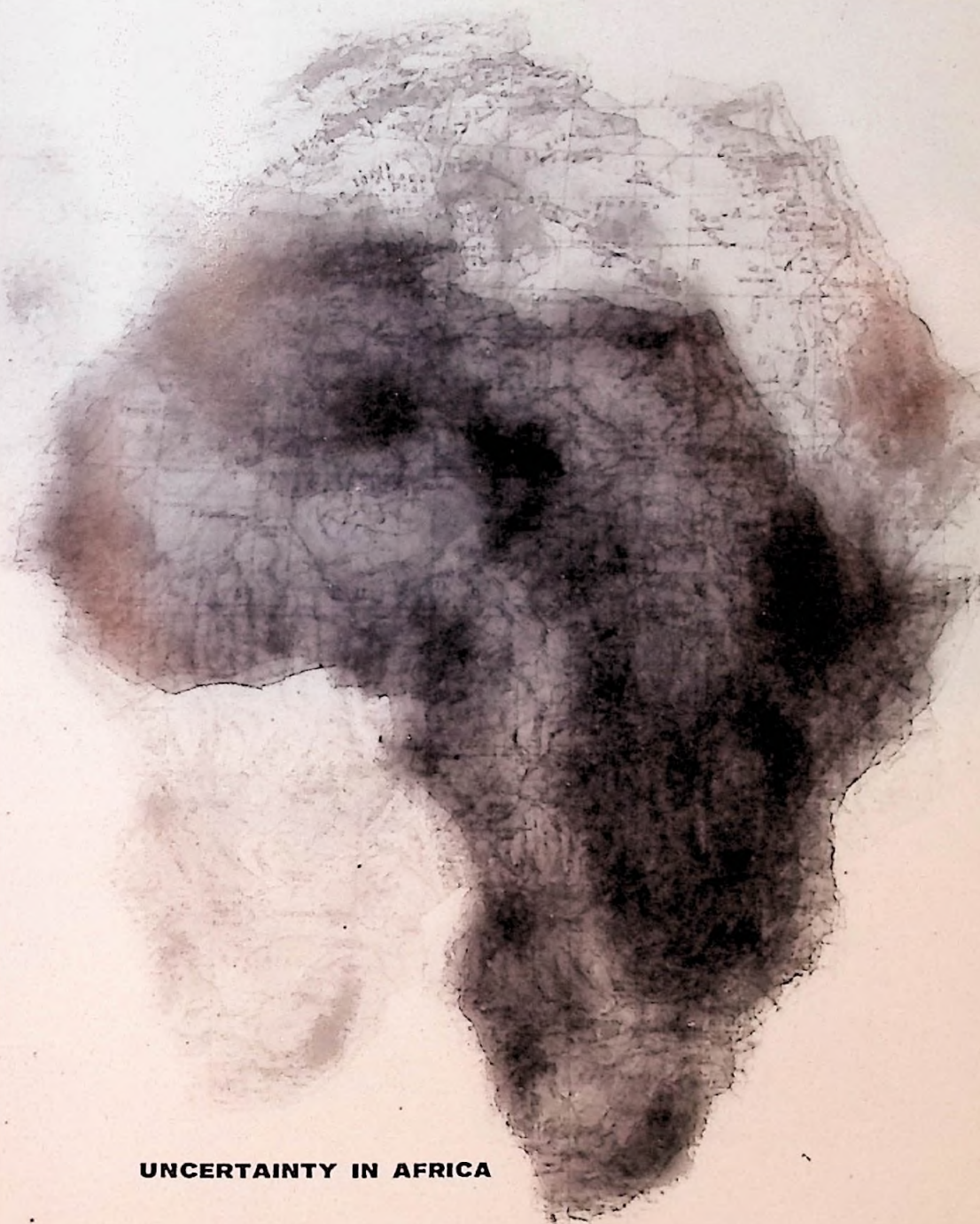


JESUIT MISSIONS

SEPTEMBER 1963



UNCERTAINTY IN AFRICA





Jesuit Missions

NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS IN THE MISSION FIELDS
ASSIGNED THEM BY THE HOLY FATHER

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Page 2	<i>African Cauldron</i>	Clement J. Armitage S.J.
Page 6	<i>The Ugly Duckling American</i>	Paul C. O'Connor S.J.
Page 8	<i>Sisters of Scheherazade</i>	Alfred J. Jolson S.J.
Page 11	<i>No Room for Loneliness</i>	John K. Slattery S.J.
Page 14	<i>Window on the Mission World</i>	
Page 16	<i>Portrait of a Missionary</i>	Charles W. Polzer S.J.
Page 18	<i>Jamaica's Vacation School</i>	
Page 21	<i>Postscript to How The West Was Won</i>	John M. Scott S.J.
Page 24	<i>Typhoon on Saipan</i>	Sister Patricia, M.M.B.
Page 27	<i>Meet a Jesuit Brother</i>	
Page 28	<i>"The First Concern of the Roman Pontiff"</i>	Calvert Alexander S.J.
Page 30	<i>Feast of Hungry Demons</i>	Fred J. Foley S.J.

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◀ The new Africa is symbolized by this Ruanda soldier standing guard before the villa of President Gregoire Kayibanda in Kigali. (Photo credit: United Nations)

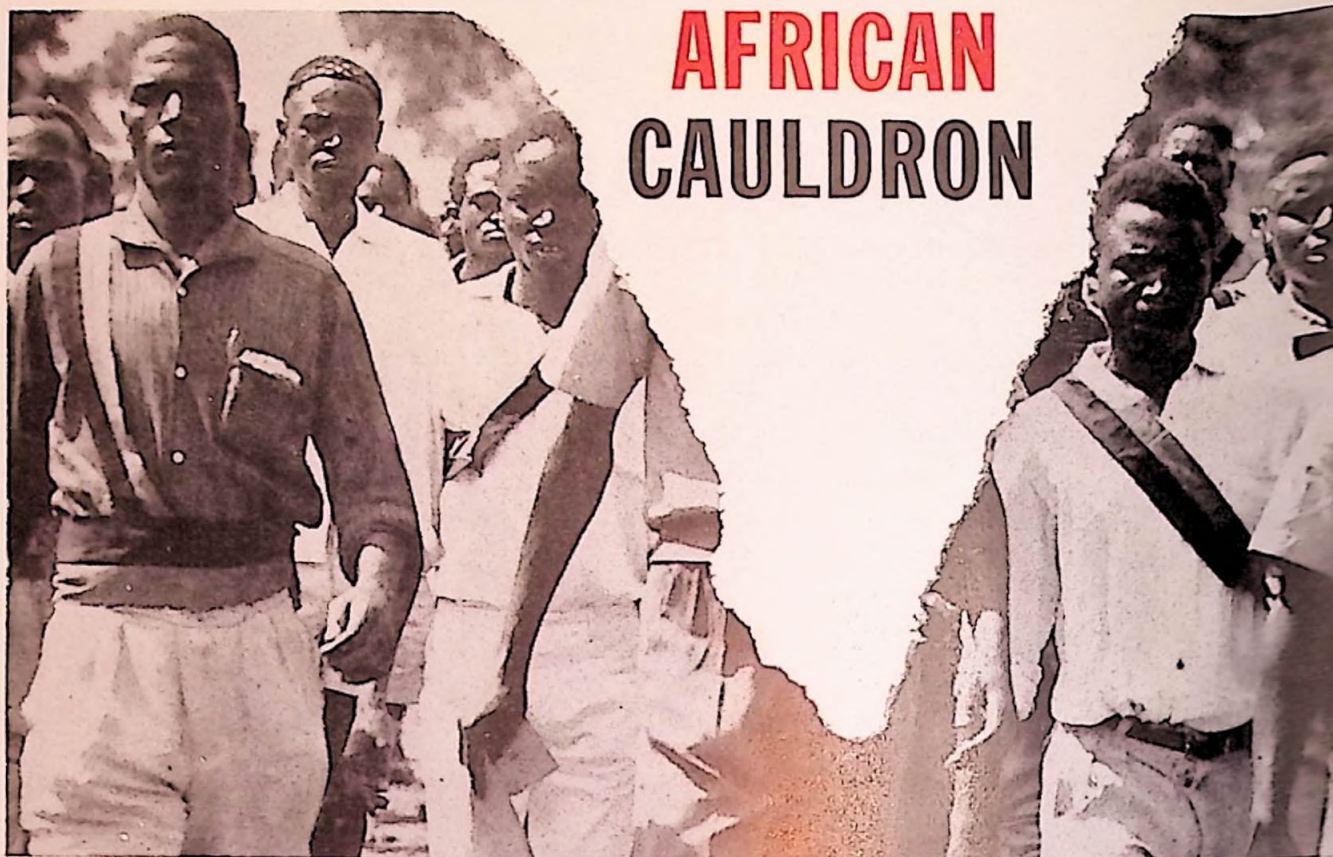
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AFRICAN CAULDRON



■ The pulse of Central Africa is throbbing excitedly as its peoples march, like the men of Ruanda (above), into an independence for which many are not ready. What does a woman of Togoland (left) think about it?



FROM SOUTH OF THE Sahara to the grim boundaries of the Union of South Africa the people across the broad belt of Central Africa are on the march, restless and impatient. They do not form one homogeneous mass; they are split in a dozen different ways, the varied ingredients of a cauldron close to its boiling point and the heady spice of independence strong in the air. What the future will bring no one dares say. Was the fire under the cauldron built too fast? It had been smoldering for ages and it may have been fanned into too high a blaze in the few short years just passed. The only certain thing that can be said is that today and tomorrow are uncertain.

Central Africa (sometimes termed Equatorial or Tropical Africa) is not only a different world but a dozen different worlds. Last May at Africa's first "summit conference" of thirty heads of state at Addis Ababa, Ghana's Nkrumah attempted to compare that meeting with the 1787 Constitutional Congress in Philadelphia. There, he claimed, the delegates did not consider them-

selves as "Virginians or Pennsylvanians, but simply Americans. We meet here today not as Ghanaians, Guineans, Egyptians, Algerians, Moroccans, Malians, Liberians, Congolese or Nigerians, but as Africans." It is not as simple as that. The only common denominator there is one of geography—and it is a geography that embraces an entire continent. There is no one link of race, of language, of religious or moral beliefs. Even the customs of their tribal life, the core of their society, vary widely. That is why there is no one Africa, even as there is no one Asia.

These countries which have attained their independence in the last few years did not leave the starting gate equally equipped. Some were well trained and ready for the fast course of nationhood; others were pushed too fast, poorly prepared, and they broke out into the open without being able to cope with their situation. The Congo, of course, drew the most headlines, not all of them accurate, and in doing so the other new nations were overshadowed and not given the credit due to them.

For example, consider the foresight of the French in readying their former colonies for freedom. Since World War II France has followed a deliberate policy in building up her African States for the day when their own peoples would rule them. Elections were held and the local government affairs were entrusted to those elected. These States also sent representatives to the National Assembly in Paris, a valuable experience which also meant a widening of vision. African army officers were trained at the famed Saint-Cyr and commissioned in the French army. The Quai d'Orsay had a regular course for future diplomats who got their practical experience in various French embassies around the world. Probably most important of all, the French emphasized the need of an education to produce the doctors, engineers,

■ Chief Ahamadu of Dey tribe (striped robe) dictates letter to Liberian president for help.



bankers and teachers so necessary for a republic just beginning to stand on its own feet. As a result, in the years from 1950 to 1960, 15,000 Africans from French territories received degrees from French universities! No wonder the dozen or more new countries passed quietly and peacefully into independence without the fanfare and the strife of other new nations.

Contrast this preparation with the situation in the Congo when that country became free. There was no Congolese doctor, no Congolese engineer, no Congolese judge—there was just one Congolese lawyer. At the time of independence there were only 15 Congolese with university degrees! Against that background it is easier to understand the trouble which is still going on there.

Generalizations on Africa are impossible for there are always a dozen examples to prove that the sweeping state-



■ Even in her own lifetime this woman of the Mahafaly tribe has seen great changes.



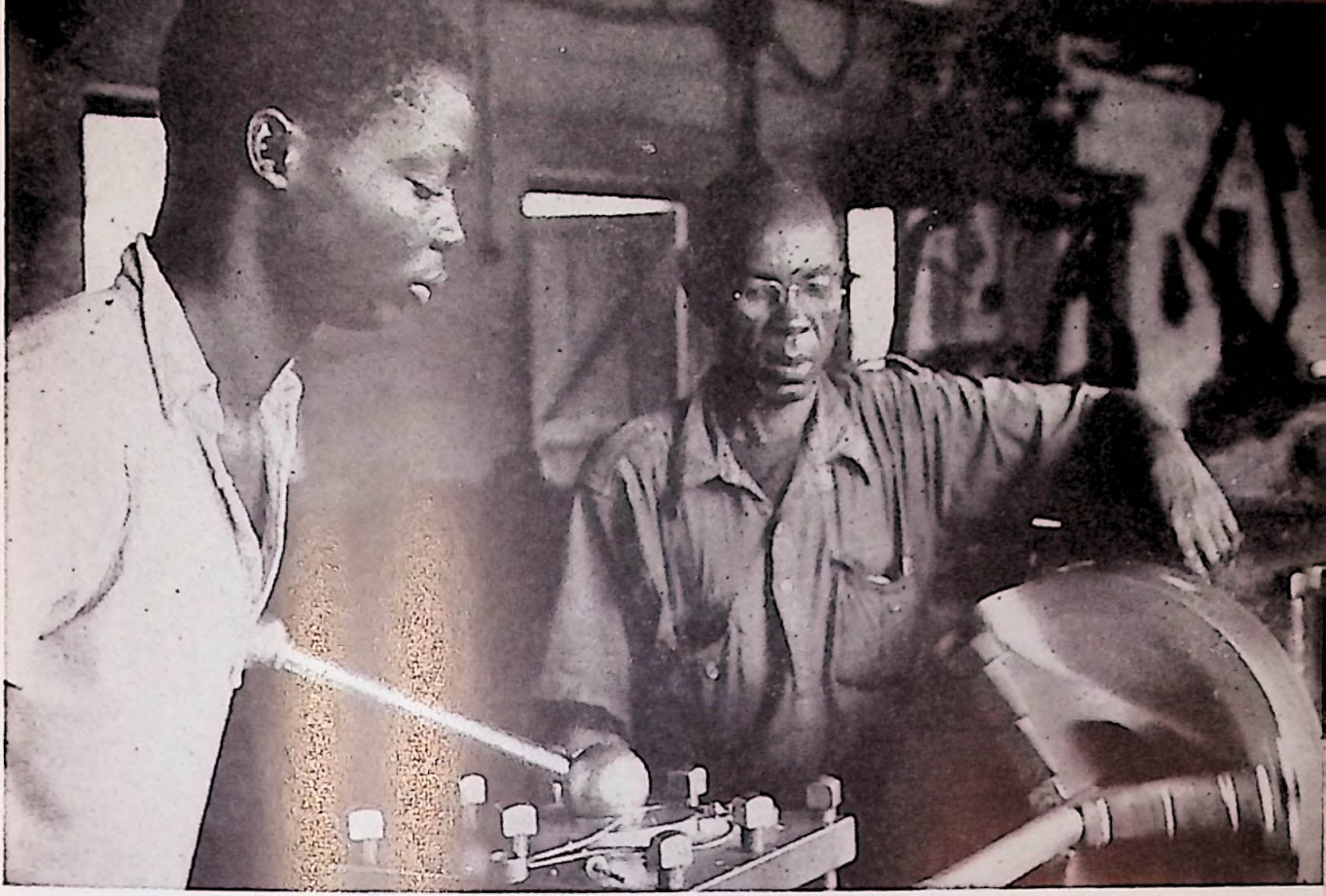
■ This language chart is one attempt at solving the problem of the hundred different dialects.

ment does not apply in these cases. The Central Africa of which we speak covers about 8:5 million square miles, about three times the size of the continental U.S. It embraces all kinds of climate and every gradation of landscape from the swamps of the West Coast to the interior desert, from lowlands to savannas to lofty mountain ranges. The lushness of its jungles and skin-tingling swamps soon peters out and the soil grows rapidly poorer so that at least a third of the entire area offers only marginal existence to its dwellers. Geography had a lot to do with the development of Tropical Africa for it swayed the colonizers towards definite regions and without these men from outside the old Africa would have drifted along as it had for centuries before.

The European colonizers fled from the malarial coasts and settled in the uplands, as in Kenya, South Africa and the Rhodesias. So the West Coast, the "white man's graveyard," was never a center for white settlers and today it remains

one of the most primitive areas in the world. This is the Africa of witchcraft and black magic, of the "mammy economy," of the steaming lowlands which breed yellow fever, malaria, hookworm, leprosy and a people of lethargic surliness. Nine new nations, from Senegal to Cameroon, line this Guinea Coast but they are not nations in the ordinary sense of the word. Their boundaries follow the traditional lines of the "spheres of influence" set up long ago by the European powers without regard to the homogeneity of the people. Because the colonizers did not settle here and set up a rule by a resident racial minority, in these countries the economical development lagged behind that of South and East Africa. As a result, today there is no color bar in these regions and they are politically far advanced.

One of these nations, Nigeria, is the showcase of Africa. Its skeleton history is this: the mosquito drove away European planters; missionaries, however,



■ Nigerian miners in Nigeria Coal Company workshop at Udi Siding. Until recently this country of 43 million people subsisted mainly on agriculture but foreign investment has helped bring heavy industry to the forefront. (All photos, page 2 to 5, courtesy of UNations.)

streamed in and started mission schools; four generations of Nigerians have been educated and their professional men are numbered in the thousands; the British encouraged economic development and self rule. When independence came an educated, politically adept people calmly accepted freedom. They are rapidly modernizing, emphasizing the growth of industry, and foreign investors are willingly bankrolling the progress.

If this had happened in every country in Central Africa there would be no cauldron today approaching its boiling point. It was a question of preparation, of needed maturity, of men, white and black, with vision. An American Jesuit wrote a couple of months ago from Northern Rhodesia, "Lots of talk about civil war in Southern Rhodesia if England grants independence to the 'white supremacy' government down there. Since December we've had a black coalition government up here, working not

too badly. We're a protectorate at the moment but expect independence soon. Frankly, most of the missionaries are quite frightened about what will happen when the Africans have complete control. We Americans are considered quite naive since we always seem to be on the side of the Africans. But the Archbishop thinks much the way we do, that our Africans are politically more mature than the Congolese . . ."

So the cauldron simmers and the heart of Central Africa is beating rapidly, excitedly. We can only watch, and pray, that none of the score of different sparks ignites a conflagration. The movement cannot be stopped but may God grant it be a peaceful evolution, not an eruption. A Swahili proverb runs: "Whether the cock crows or not, it will dawn." There is no turning back the clock; the new day is uncertain but it must come. May that dawn be calm and clear.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



THE UGLY DUCKLING AMERICAN

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

LITTLE PUBLICITY has been given to a battle now being waged between game officials and the Eskimos. The latter are forbidden to hunt wild goose or duck. I have been brought up-to-date on this skirmish by Senator Gruening. Both our Senators and Representatives are doing their utmost to give the State Department a better understanding of the situation. It seems that Fish and Wildlife agents are more anxious to cater to our sportsmen rather than to a hungry people.

Father Norman Donohue took up the cudgels in a stinging letter that fell into the hands of Secretary Udall. Our Secretary of the Interior blandly dismissed it with the remark, "The basic conflict is the desire of the natives to continue primitive customs and yet live in civilized communities."

It is really amusing to hear these complacent words—"primitive customs." Since when has eating a fresh fowl after a long winter of frozen fish and very little meat, been a primitive custom? Mr. Udall would much rather put the Eskimos on a poverty diet of social benefits of canned Spam and forget about a goose for the family. He wants of course to save the goose for the sportsmen in the lower forty-eight States.

About the only way to make bureaucrats see the difference of living in the Arctic and living in Washington, D.C. is to go up there and live. Washington of course feels that all problems can be solved by relief. In Alaska this means canned goods. The Eskimos must sit on the bank waiting for a government check while fresh fowl of every description is flying all around him. He waits for the plane, then rushes to get some canned food at exorbitant prices at the Traders'

store. This is the benefit of civilization in a land teeming with wild life!

While living on the Yukon I have known of a game official shooting down the river in a high-speed power boat and spotting a lone duck in an old row boat manned by an ancient Eskimo. The Warden summarily steals both the duck and gun. He invokes the law as interpreted by himself. Not a word of course is understood by the Eskimo. The Eskimo goes home without his gun, a rather necessary article in the bush, to a few scraps of dry fish which he has been eating all winter. The game official goes his way—a perfect example of the ugly American.

I startled a game warden one time by telling him that a pair of omnivorous sea-gulls is a far greater predator of game birds than a whole village of Eskimos. I have seen two sea-gulls in turn worry a mother duck or goose to distraction and one by one gobble up her whole brood. This goes on yearly over the whole tundra.

How rash a legislator who presumes to lay down hunting regulations far from the scene. Is it any wonder that you find both Eskimos and Indians wondering when the Whites are going to understand them? This is of course irrelevant to the White. It is the business of the Eskimo to understand and appreciate the "benefits of civilization" which the Whites are giving them! The Eskimo sees a white hunter come up to the Arctic with a plane, fly all over the Arctic coast, spot a polar bear—get out of the plane and kill it, and then leave over a 1,000 lbs. of meat to rot on the ice. The Eskimo of course has his social security!

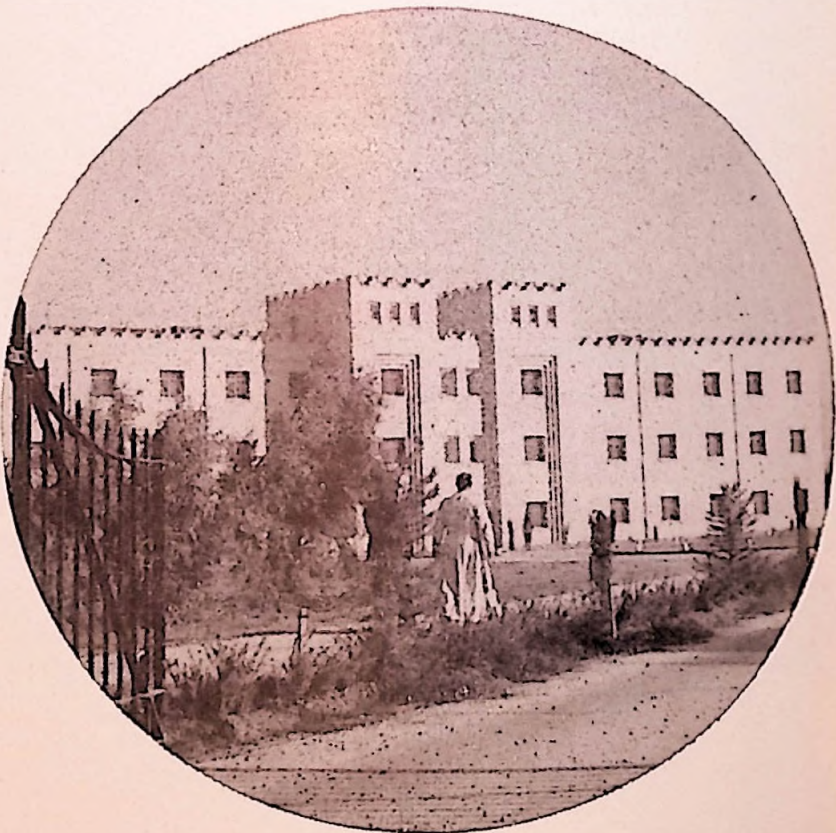
Who's kidding whom?



■ Al-Hikma University was built in the desert but its campus grows lovelier with the years.



■ The dark-eyed magic which Scheherazade wove into her Thousand and One Nights tales still lives on (left). Below is Al-Hikma gateway and Spellman faculty hall.





■ Even the ranks of the faculty have been invaded and laboratory assistant Miss Sultani explains point (or the fish that got away?).

SISTERS OF SCHEHERAZADE

ALFRED J. JOLSON S.J.

SEPTEMBER, 1962 AT Al-Hikma University must be recorded as a significant month in the thirty-year history of American Jesuit education in Iraq. In this month Al-Hikma University accepted its first female students—50 in all—and went co-educational! Now the school year is finished and we can record our experiences with these sisters of Scheherazade, that long ago relater of the “Arabian Nights.”

It wasn't a step taken lightly, but after many considerations of the needs of the land and the consequences of this change. Once the first woman student had been accepted it was clear that the young woman has arrived and has become a permanent part of the university life.

Many wondered just how the male student body would take to the change. It was only recently that the ancient obstacles to female education in this part

of the world had been removed. It was my personal opinion that there would be a long period of cool reserve between the two groups. This opinion revealed just how far removed from reality I was! Subsequent events clearly demonstrated my lack of contact with the present in this sphere of human relations. Within two or three days, women students were studying with the young men and comparing notes. Within a week, young men were seen challenging the stronger sex at the pingpong tables and even at the *tawli* (backgammon) board—one of the sacred male prerogatives and preserves of this part of the world!

This does not mean that the arrival of women here has been uncomplicated and without problems. The careful prior considerations did not uncover all of the consequences. Father Thomas Mulvehill, Dean of Men, finds his tasks broadened and beyond his powers and is urging strenuously the appointment of a Dean



■ Father Jolson appears on the wary side as he is besieged by Al-Hikma coeds. Life in Fairfield, Connecticut, was not so complicated as in Baghdad when something new is started.

of Women. This had been thought of beforehand, but certain problems have to be considered before the step can be properly taken.

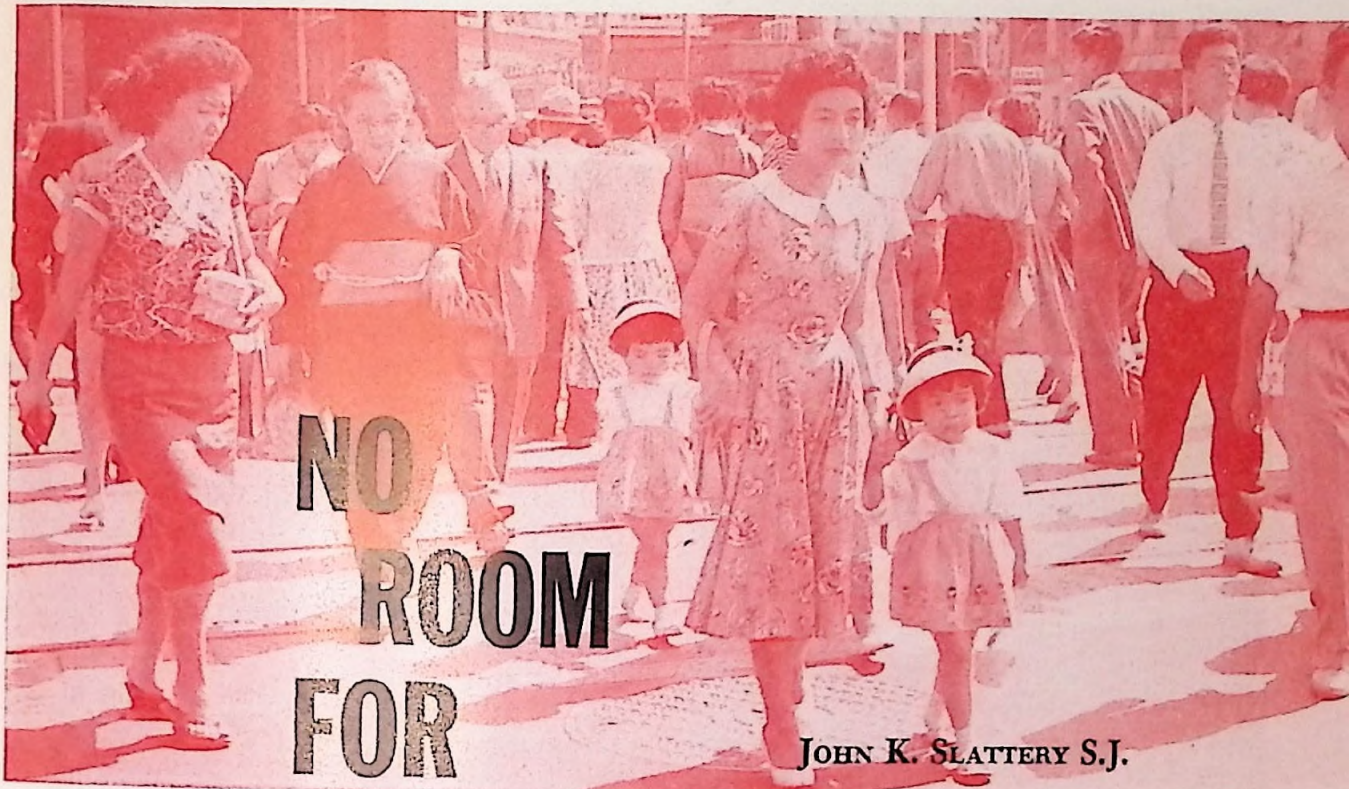
Father William Ibach has had his first experience with the bitter tears and sobs of women students. Father just threw up his hands—"What could I do? She cried the entire period!" Fortunately the good mother who accompanied her daughter to the entrance exam and had stood guard by the door for four or five hours abandoned this somewhat excessive care after the first day of school and was not sitting outside of Father Ibach's class!

As a spiritual advisor and Sodality moderator I found myself faced with a problem when one of the new women students asked, "Father, what is the meaning of 'closed retreat'?" We just hadn't thought of that problem in drawing up the schedule of the annual closed retreat held on campus—when the retreatants all live in one large dormitory! The sodalists themselves are asking

whether we will take the new students into the Al-Hikma Sodality. One actually proposed one young lady as a very good candidate and wondered if the moderator knew her. His reply of, "Isn't she the one I see you walking to school with?" ended that discussion.

Besides the first arrival of young women on the campus we have another first this year—our first Sister student! Sister Joseph Pelletier of Connecticut has enrolled in several courses as a special student. Naturally Sister has not added to our problems, but even in the few short weeks since the opening of school she has helped many of the young women by her example and counsel. Many of the new students have been her students over the years.

Another first is our first female laboratory assistant. So there are changes on the Tigris in keeping with the educational needs of this developing nation. At the same time there are new problems to be solved by the Jesuits in this their thirtieth year in Iraq.



NO ROOM FOR

JOHN K. SLATTERY S.J.

LONELINESS

I WILL WAGER YOU TOO have envisioned the life of a missionary as desolate and solitary. After all, you reason, he leaves his relatives and lifelong friends and goes off by himself to a land where he is stranger. Most often he settles in some region where human beings are few and far between, and where he often has to battle with a difficult language to communicate with the few there are. "What a lonely existence!" you say. Brother, you should see us in Tokyo.

No one has a chance to be lonely here, even if he wanted to. No other area of equivalent size in the world has, quite so many people. Imagine, if you can, the entire population of the ten westernmost states of our continental United States, with the exception of California, all moving into the same city. Add in for good measure all the people from our newest states, Alaska and Hawaii, and Tokyo will still have the edge. If there's one thing we have here, it's people.

No Jeeps or Landrovers are needed to bump for miles over dusty terrain to get to a settlement; subways, elevated trains, streetcars, giant buses move swiftly to every part of town. Just dodging the automobile traffic is a job in itself. There are half a dozen means of conveyance to get from one part of the city to another for confessions, sermons or classes. And those means most certainly don't include the rickshaw any more. So long as you try not to move during the morning

and evening rush hours, and try to avoid walking in the narrower streets, you have a good chance of getting there and back alive.

Sometimes I have friends pass through Tokyo, and usually I try to get them to take a subway or train ride with me, to get in the spirit of this bustling megapolis. One such visitor recently remarked after a ride of a few stations in the subway, "You certainly aren't working out in the wilds here, are you?"

Again, there's no possibility of a missionary in Tokyo feeling that he's away from the center of things, that he's losing contact with the rest of the world. The capital of Japan is now surely one of the world's most important cities, and whatever happens in the world is known here immediately. Great electric signboards on the top of newspaper buildings give the latest information in swiftly moving Chinese and Japanese charac-

ters. Shops in every street sell television equipment, and usually several of the sets are turned on to various outlets so that the passing public can judge the clarity of the set, or just watch what's going on. Radio programs originate from Tokyo in almost every language on earth. American and European newspapers and magazines come out on the streets, in some cases simultaneously with their appearance in their home country. The problem for the missionary in Tokyo is not so much to keep up with what's happening as to keep a quiet place in his soul for himself amid all the bustle and noise. It can and is being done, but it's not easy.

The problem of communicating in the language of the country where they are working is one which all missionaries share; it will never be completely solved as long as human beings retain their native ingenuity for saying new things in

■ A Tokyo suburban railway station. All the forms of transportation help you meet people.



different ways. But here too the problem has some unique facets in Tokyo. Japanese is diabolically difficult to begin with. Even the people of the country shake their heads over it, but realize that they are stuck with it. Since the war, however, English has been all the rage, and thousands of English words have been incorporated into the language, especially in the Tokyo speech. But very often the meaning given to the words taken over, and the pronunciation used for them, make them unrecognizable to native English speakers. Hence the missionary must often resort to the use of words which are basically English, but which have a different meaning in real English, while at the same time giving them a Japanese pronunciation—in order to make himself understood in Tokyo! Not only must he be a linguist, but he must have a sense of humor too.

But is all this work in Tokyo really missionary work? In such a situation, where the priest is living at the very center of a vigorous civilization, where the traditional loneliness of missionary life loses most of its meaning, can his work really be called missionary work? Indeed it can! For missionary work means basically the bringing of a knowledge of Christ and his teachings to those who don't have them. And there are millions—literally millions—of people in this great city who have no such knowledge. Even those non-Christians who have read or heard something of the teachings of our Lord have very little comprehension of their meaning. As one goes about the city by subway, train or bus, he must ever be ready for the university student who comes up to ask why Catholic priests don't marry; for the housewife who wants to know who Mary is; for the old man who wants to know what that strange collar means. (Ail of these, and many more, I have been asked in public—as often as not with hundreds of nearby ears alert to hear my answers.)



■ Everybody seems to be going in a different direction all at once and not so very happily.

One has the feeling in such a huge population, where you could travel every day and not meet the same man twice in a lifetime, that he is forever and again starting right at the beginning. The missionary can only hope and pray that some of his words will bear fruit.

So it's not a lonely life we have here, and it is an interesting one. Most Japanese are noticeably reticent in public with foreigners, partly because they are reticent among themselves with people they don't know, partly because it is natural to them to wait for the other fellow to make the first move. But once the move is made—it may be only a "Good morning!" or "Good evening!" in Japanese—the dam sometimes bursts, and all kinds of questions and comments and ideas come pouring forth. By this time the contact is made, the missionary can suggest a few good ideas of his own, and God is already working in another heart and mind in this immense city.

Window on the Mission

LOOKING INWARD

ORDINARILY OUR Mission Window is a one-way affair, looking out to some happening far distant from the House on 78th Street. But for this once may we be forgiven if we look inward to an event which very intimately concerns JESUIT MISSIONS and which we feel should be mentioned?

Since the last issue of JM appeared Father Calvert Alexander has resigned as Director and Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS. He held that position for twenty-five years and during that time was an outstanding figure in the growth of Catholic mission work. Those of us who were privileged to be associated with him in what we have always felt to be one of the greatest jobs in Christ's Kingdom are truly appreciative and grateful for that leadership.

During his twenty-five years here, Father Alexander has guided the development of the office that is today a major missiology, publishing and public relations center. He was also instrumental in the founding and growth of the local

Jesuit Mission offices in each of the eleven Jesuit provinces in this country. He is the founder of the American Jesuit Missionary Association, organized to coordinate mission activity. His name is probably the most familiar of all to the more than one thousand American Jesuits overseas who owe much to his advice and support. Long an advocate of more thorough preparation of missionaries for their work, Father Alexander also pioneered the development of the new missiology which sees the "whole Church" in a state of mission. He was a founder of the Fordham Institute of Mission Studies, the first American center for missiological studies.

For many years he was a member of the Advisory Board of the Mission Secretariat, established under the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in 1948. He has been a speaker at many of the Secretariat's annual meetings; at the 1961 session he delivered a paper on the need for "a new mission spirit in a new age" that was widely acclaimed.

In recent years, Father Alexander was instrumental in turning the attention of American Jesuits to Latin America. Although hundreds of Jesuits from other countries now work there, most American Jesuits were assigned to fields in Asia. Within the past few years American Jesuits have launched programs in Chile, Peru and Argentina. Father Alexander also gave early encouragement

JESUIT MISSIONS



COVER. A whole continent is out of focus and artist Bill Thompkins of the Franznick-Meden designers has chosen this way to graphically depict the dark uncertainty shrouding Africa.



to the lay movement in the United States.

After attending St. Louis University he worked as a newspaperman for the *Globe Democrat* and the *Star Times*. (Two brothers are well known in the news field: Roy, the Senior Editor of *Time Magazine*, and Jack of the *Satevepost*.) As the *Globe Democrat's* Aviation Editor he covered the Pulitzer Air Races in 1924, the same year he entered the Jesuits. The year before his ordination in 1936 he published his "The Catholic Literary Revival" which is still a standard reference work. So he had a very practical background when he came East in 1938 to take over as JM's Editor.

There are very few men who know the missionary field and all aspects of mission work and publicity as well as Father Alexander. We are grateful that he will remain on the JM staff for his experience and public relations ability are invaluable. We do not hesitate to say that he has done as much, if not more, than anyone else on behalf of the missionaries and their cause.

The new Editor is Father James P. Cotter who joined the JM staff a year ago. He is a graduate of Canisius College in Buffalo, New York, and attended Georgetown University Law School. During World War II he served with the Marine Corps (a thought that tends to give us pause). He entered the Society of Jesus in 1951.

September Mission Intention
**FOR THE CATHOLIC
CHURCH IN THE CONGO**

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Portrait of a Missionary

CHARLES W. POLZER S.J.

*A famous Jesuit who established twenty-five missions
in Arizona and Mexico is still remembered in the Southwest*

EUSEBIO FRANCISCO KINO is not forgotten. Royal archives retain no description of him. His grave is lost beneath the sun-scorched streets of a Mexican town. No painting has survived, and even the churches he built in life have weathered into the sandy washes of Sonora. By rights he should live on only in a dream.

Yet this new portrait of Kino, by Frances O'Brien, is not just an artist's dream. She sought his living features in surviving family strains. She grew to know the man behind the pen that recorded the first thrusts of civilization into the land she calls "home." She knew the desert that became a part of him. She felt his strength reach out in unexcelled charity to the destitute Indians of America's Southwest. And she saw a giant loom through the haze of time. Who wouldn't recognize his face in its passage from reality through mind to canvas?

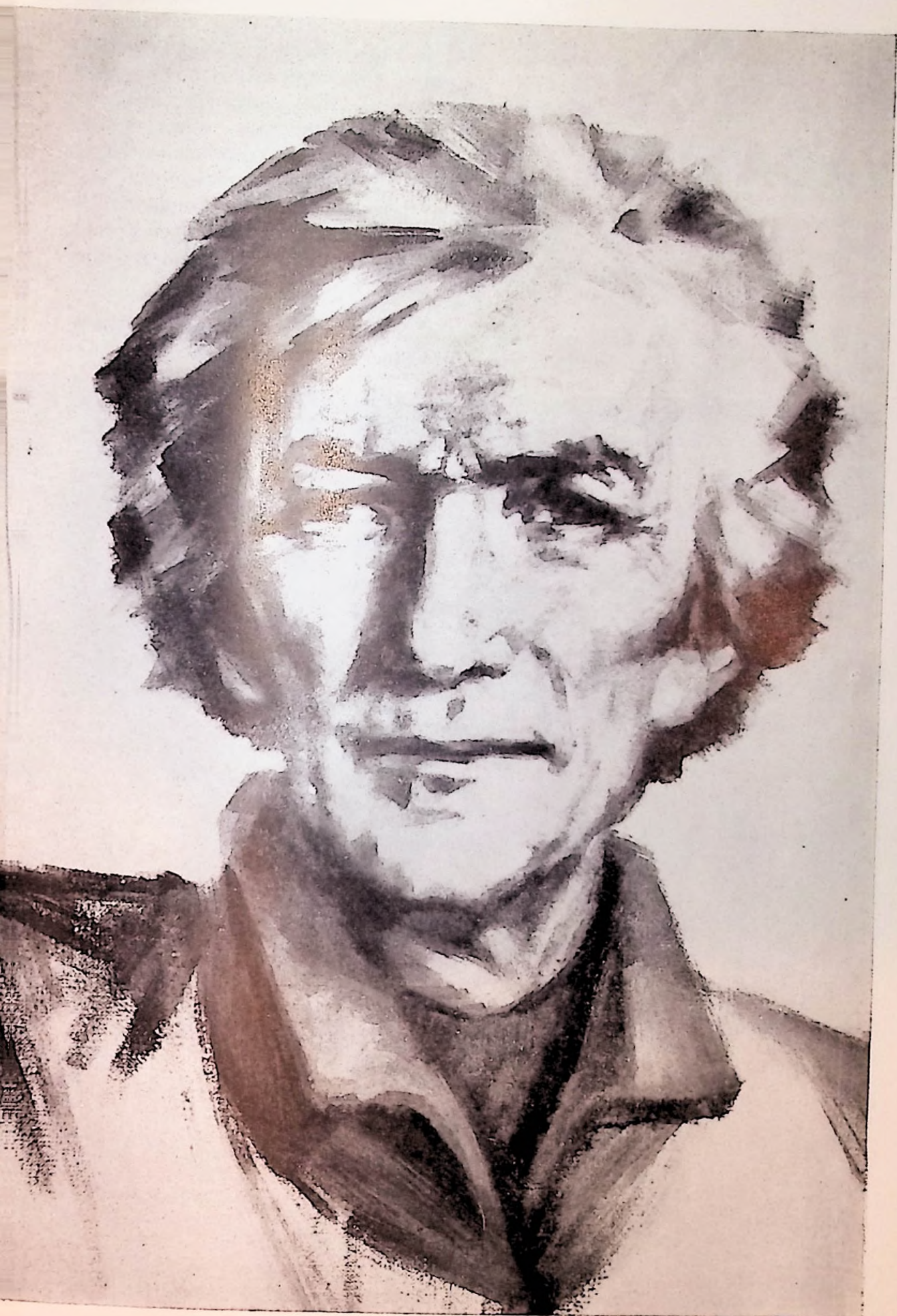
. . . the desert had etched determination in his face. His eyes glinted with the coming of an age. Poised on the very rim of Christendom, Kino scanned the vast horizons of hope and carried the message of Christ to peoples who knew a thirst greater than for water. While

winds of trackless wastes swirled dusty memories of death across his path, he rode to sow a newer life that would never cease. The hoof beats of his horse were rhythm for the love he found in Christ.

. . . and there's a quiet power in his face. Though the desert had reduced her children to gnawing poverty, it could not bake away his hidden spring of strength. The harsh desert met its match in this man of God.

He traced the shimmering secrets of her trails. He turned her sprawling river lands to fields of grain; he studded the slopes with trees of fruit; he bred cattle in her ravines. He joined her peoples in peace and laid foundations for cities to rise along this frontier of faith.

His portrait is more than the stuff of paint. It's the prosperity of a region now shared by sister nations; the common, enduring faith of her Christian people—the tolling of a mission bell in the desert distance. And this tribute in oil to Padre Eusebio is more than the studied strokes of brush and knife; it is the symbol of a tradition of missionary greatness, a proof that we stand upon the past as the future rests upon the present. It is a true portrait of a great missionary.



JAMAICA'S VACATION SCHOOL

TO THE UNINITIATED, a visit to any of Jamaica's Religious Vacation Schools conveys the impression of disorganized mayhem. Classes conducted by volunteer priests, scholastics, nuns, lay teachers and high school students are everywhere. If there are classrooms all of them are jammed. The church itself has two to five classes running simultaneously. In the rectory, every chair and space

■ The church is used: the halls are used: the house is used: the shade becomes a classroom. The Religious Vacation School uses all facilities to teach youngsters about God.



for sitting, including bed and floor, are utilized. Father's car sits in the hot sun so the car-port can be filled with benches for students. Still there's an overflow. So many youngsters learn the Ten Commandments or Dialogue Mass in the shade of a tree.

The makeshift facilities might seem like bailing wire and bent hairpin tactics. But the Schools started in 1952 by Fa-

ther William Feeney of St. George's College with only 100 students now require that many teachers to instruct over 6,500 students in the truths of the faith. A year ago almost 400 non-Catholics celebrated the end of the Vacation School by being baptized; hundreds of Catholics receive their first Communion after the school; and thousands are learning more about God.

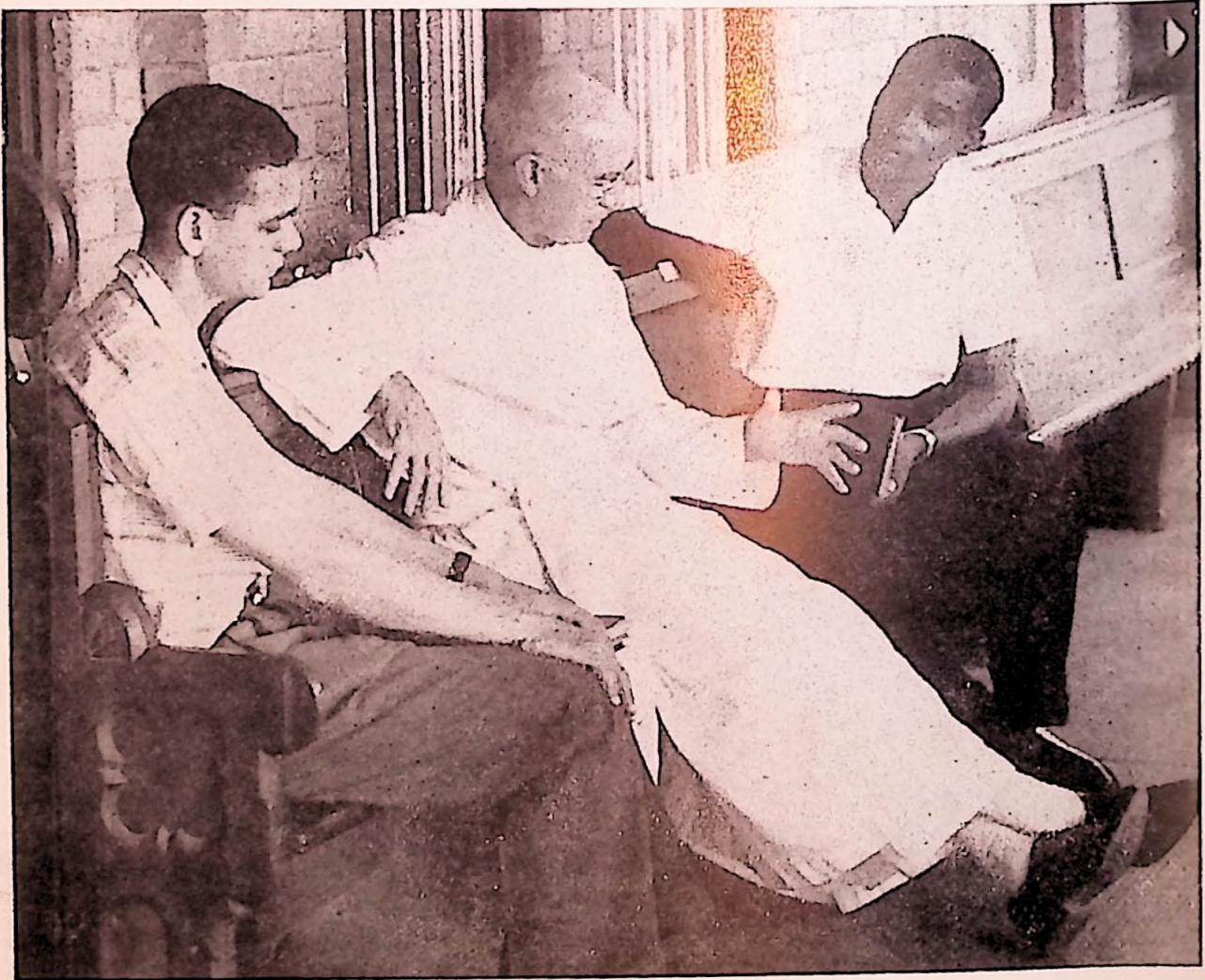
PHOTOS BY FATHER FRED FOLEY S.J.



■ Fr. Mallette and Sister plan day's class. Sisters often give up vacation for School.



■ Mr. Madden S.J. tries to convince class they can learn as well outside as in. Below, Fr. Feeney S.J., founder of School, in another of his many roles, director of Cuban Refugees. He teaches, too, and edits a magazine.





■ Father John Scott chats with actor Henry Fonda during the filming of "How the West Was Won" at Custer State Park in the Black Hills of Dakota.

Postscript to **How The West Was Won**

JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.

TWELVE-HUNDRED BUFFALOS thundered over the sun-baked Dakota hillside, and fanned out 50 abreast to trample into the dust a handful of sheds and topple the water tower of a railroad construction camp. It was an experience unique in my life to stand behind the giant, three-eyed, cinerama camera and watch M.G.M.'s sweeping production of "How The West Was Won."

Thirty feet in front of me Henry Fonda reined in his sweat-streaked horse, and leaned over the pommel of the saddle to speak intense words with Richard Widmark, the ruthless railroad builder spearheading steel rails through the heart of the Indian country. On the steep hill to my right, Sioux Indians emerged from their tepees to watch the encounter between mild-mannered Fon-

da, and the tough-as-nails railroad boss.

At high noon the director's voice roared out over the bullhorns and echoed through the pines of the Black Hills, "Cut." In response to the command, over two-hundred and fifty Indians, scores of railroad workers, and soldiers in blue uniforms gravitated to the big mobile unit that provided a hot lunch. While the hundreds of extras sat around under the shade of pine trees to eat their noon-day meal, I had lunch with the stars in a big tent next to the mobile kitchen.

Henry Fonda sat next to me on my left. Opposite me was George Peppard. At the corner of the table sat Richard Widmark. On my right was Earl Wingard, M.G.M. director of publicity who made my adventure into cinerama land possible. During the meal I chatted with the stars and found them most gracious and hospitable. At one time during the

meal we ran short of bread. Rather than inconvenience anyone, Fonda himself got up and went over to the mobile kitchen to secure the needed item.

After lunch, before he climbed back into the saddle again, Fonda gladly consented to having his picture taken with me. While we waited for the cameraman, Fonda told me that he was a former Omaha boy, and that I should relay his greetings to his sister when I came to Omaha.

During the afternoon filming of "How The West Was Won" I watched Sioux Indians from Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, take their part in the stupendous motion picture that portrays the dynamic story of America's westward expansion. Foremost among the Sioux from Holy Rosary Mission was Robert Means whose Indian name is Mapiya Waka-doya or High Cloud.

Twenty-year-old Robert played the part of Medicine Man. That Robert was chosen for this important role comes as no surprise when we review his dazzling record at Holy Rosary Mission High School where he was President of the Sodality and on the Junior Tribal Council. He was chosen as representative to the Midwest Sodality Convention in Fargo, North Dakota, and then representative to the National Sodality Convention in Denver, Colorado, where he won first place in the talent show.

It is interesting to note that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's release of "How The West Was Won" coincides with the 75th anniversary of Holy Rosary Mission. And it is truly right and proper that the Black Hills section of this \$14 million cinerama production was made with the help of Sioux Indians from Holy Rosary.

For a complete story of "How The West Was Won," however, we should continue where cinerama leaves off and call to mind the wonderful work done by the Sisters, Brothers, and priests of Holy Rosary Mission during the past

75 years. Minnesota State Senator John M. Zwach paid a visit to Holy Rosary Mission, and his glowing tribute to the Mission forms a fitting climax to its 75th Anniversary.

Senator Zwach is Chairman of Education Committee in the Minnesota Legislature, and has been Superintendent of Schools in Minnesota for many years.

"Holy Rosary is a boarding school—the largest mission boarding school for Indian children in the Nation—located on the great Oglala Reservation, the Nation's largest Sioux Indian reservation. These are the vast, wide-open spaces under the 'big sky.' Students come from a radius of 100 miles. Many live as far away from the mission as 300 miles. There are more than 500 Indian boys and girls who come here to learn the white man's books. They go from the first grade through high school.

"'Well and good,' you may say, 'but there are many Indian missions. What is so different about Holy Rosary?'

"As one who has spent the most of his life in education, I would say the great, important difference is this: Of those students who graduate from Holy Rosary High School, the number who go on to college or other higher learning such as nursing, is twice the national average of all high school students. These are Indian children. These are children whose great-grandfathers were literally born in the stone age. How does Holy Rosary do it? What is their secret?

"Part of the answer, of course, lies in the children themselves and their wonderful eagerness and ability to learn. Part lies in the fact that the Jesuit fathers and Franciscan nuns recognize the great potential of these noble people and with infinite patience and understanding have learned how to develop it. Holy Rosary is the most remarkable school I have ever visited. No institution I have ever seen is more deserving of our Christian and American help."

Catholic Church
Mariapore, Jehanabad P.O.
Gaya Dt., India

Dear Father:

There is a poor man here, Raymond, who has polio and is going about with two sticks dragging his enfeebled legs. His whole house has collapsed. He has asked me: "Father, please help me build my house. I am getting my bread from the villagers. My wife must work to keep us going."

In the meantime my own roof has also come down, eaten by white ants. Could you help Raymond, his family and me?

A house for Raymond -- \$200.00

A pair of crutches

My own roof --- \$150.00

Help for education of Raymond's children
-- whatever you can give.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

A. GOVEAS S.J.

Can You Help Father Goveas, Raymond and his family?

Send \$1, \$5 or more

I want to help Fr. Goveas, Raymond and his family.

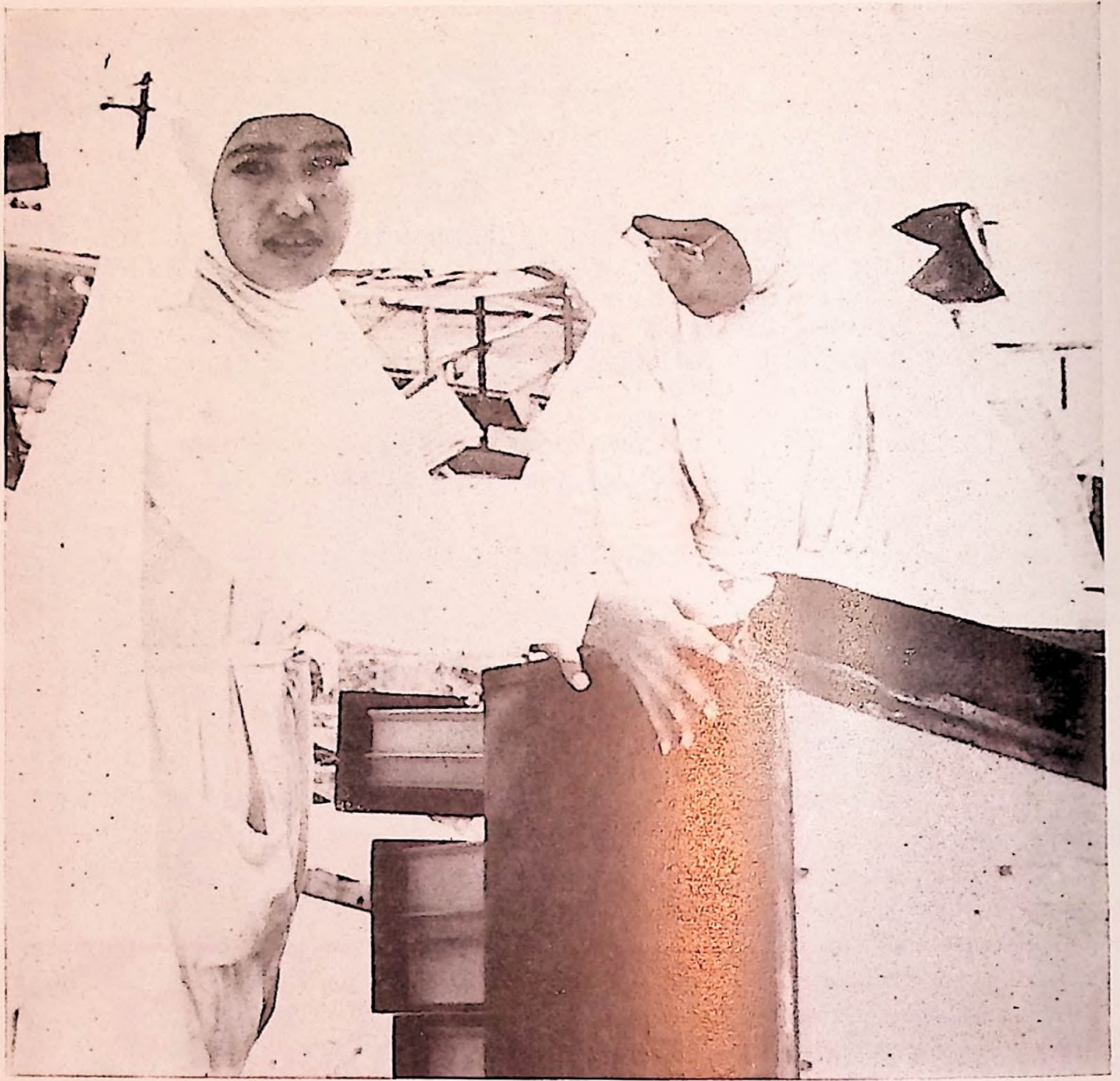
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■ After typhoon "Olive" had devastated the island of Saipan, two Mercedarian Sisters search the wreckage of Maturana Hill in an attempt to salvage whatever can be used again.

■ Girls from all the six island districts of Micronesia come to Saipan for their religious formation at the novitiate of the Mercedarian Sisters.





■ The former Naval Hospital whose ten Quonset huts were turned into the novitiate by the work of the Sisters themselves, the “do-it-yourself” convent, is now a mass of rubble.

TYPHOON ON SAIPAN

*The Sisters had labored hard to build
and all at once only ruins were left*

SISTER PATRICIA, M.M.B.

ON APRIL 30, 1963 Typhoon “Olive” devastated the novitiate buildings in Saipan of the Mercedarian Sisters who conduct schools at the Jesuit missions in the Caroline and Marshall Islands. At that time 37 native girls from that mission, besides another 50 from the Mariana Islands, who were in training to become nuns, were made homeless. But, God be praised, no one was killed or injured.

When these Sisters from Berriz, Spain first expressed their desire to come to these Pacific islands in 1925, it is interesting to note that it was the *fear of frequent typhoons* which sent them a

refusal from the Jesuit Bishop there. But faith triumphed a few years later. The increase in native Sister vocations bears witness to God’s blessing.

After World War II, the Mercedarian Missionaries were able to open one novitiate on Ponape and another on Saipan for vocations from the Mariana Islands. The Islands had become a trusteeship of the United States and in 1946 the Sisters opened a house in Kansas City, Missouri, where their Spanish-speaking members could learn English. The American novitiate was opened there in 1953.

American Jesuits working in the Carolines soon had the aid of local Sisters, knowing the language and well-acquaint-



■ When you have worked hard to build up a place and then in a few hours it lies in ruins, it's heartbreaking to pick up the pieces.

ed with the customs of their people. In 1960 the novitiate was moved from Ponape to Saipan. Now there was one central house of training where girls from all the six island districts of Micronesia could receive their religious formation.

Not only from the Caroline Islands where the Mercedarian Missionaries work but also from the Marshalls girls came as aspirants to Saipan. The number of those in training grew, 50, 60, 70 . . . The small house in Chalan Kanoa was not large enough. Two new wings built for aspirants and Juniors were soon filled to overflowing.

It was necessary to have a larger novitiate but how? . . . And once again faith triumphed. In the summer of 1962 the Trust Territory government leased to the Mercedarian Missionaries a piece of property containing 10 large Quonsets. It had been the Naval Hospital of Saipan, built in 1945 and was located high upon a hill.

During the fall the Sisters worked to transform the buildings into a convent. Some outside help was necessary, that of plumbers, electricians, etc. The rest the Sisters did themselves: paint, saw

wood, hammer, put up partitions . . . A Honolulu newspaper described it as the "do-it-yourself" convent.

At last it was finished. There was ample room for all those in training: aspirants, postulants, novices and Junior professed. There was even an infirmary where the veteran missionary Sisters could spend their last years. And facing out over the sea there was a quiet, peaceful chapel. The new novitiate, called Maturana Hill, was inaugurated on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Dec. 3, 1962.

On April 29 and 30, 1963, Typhoon "Olive" came to visit the Marianas. It passed lightly over Guam, devastated by typhoon "Karen" last November. All its fury was being saved for Saipan where it hovered for over an hour, destroying all the island's crops and 95 per cent of the civilian homes. And Maturana Hill, the beautiful novitiate made from ten Quonsets, was turned into a mass of rubble. Not one building escaped from "Olive's" wrath.

Within a few days the 70 Sisters who had taken refuge in Chalan Kanoa returned to Maturana. They wanted to repair and rebuild but there was nothing left to repair. They salvaged what they could from the destroyed buildings and returned to Chalan Kanoa. Chalan Kanoa had been badly hit by the storm; Maturana Hill had been completely devastated. Typhoon "Olive" also brought heartbreak.

The Mercedarian Missionaries have had too much experience of God's Providence over their missionary work in the Pacific to be discouraged by this new setback. Maturana Hill will be rebuilt. More and more Micronesian girls will be able to follow their religious vocation and one day succeed in Christianizing their own islands. The title of one of the books salvaged from among the ruins is a symbol, not only of the past but also of the future. It is called "The Triumph of Faith."



Meet A Jesuit Brother

*John F.
Connolly S.J.*

The smile brightens Jamaica today but it was born in Ireland a half century ago. John Francis Connolly came to Boston as a boy where he worked in the daytime and attended evening school until he had obtained his high school diploma. Later he took special courses in Civil Service at Herricks Institute for there was a restlessness in this young Irishman that would not let him be content with mere routine. He lived near Boston College and his contacts with the priests and Brothers there set him thinking along even higher lines. He joined

the Society of Jesus and this year he celebrates his Silver Jubilee as a Jesuit, the last sixteen years of the twenty-five spent on the Jamaican Mission. The only noticeable change in that time has been a broadening of that infectious smile.

Brother Connolly is only one of many Jesuit Brothers working on mission fields all over the world. There is room for many more Brothers both on the missions and at home in the eleven Jesuit Provinces of the U.S.A. Are you interested? If so, simply clip the coupon below and mail it to us.

For further information send the following to:

BROTHERS VOCATIONS | Jesuit Missions
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“The First
Concern
of the

Roman Pontiff...”

THE CONTRIBUTION MADE by Pope John XXIII to the missions, during his short but brilliant reign, deserves to be commented upon. It was not an obvious contribution but it was certainly a comprehensive one.

The effort to determine the precise nature of this contribution, however, will prove disappointing if we restrict our investigation to what Pope John did for the Church in Africa, or Asia, or what new elements of mission theory he gave to the workers in “the fields afar.” He did less in this respect than his predecessors.

In fact, the unique character of what he did for the missions will be found in the fact that he stripped this activity of the Church of the geographical considerations that had clustered about it for centuries; he restored it to its primitive condition as an essential activity of the whole Church, not just a part of the Church. By word and by deed he strove to extend missionary action to the universal Church, conscious as he was that the movement of history had placed the Church everywhere in the “state of mission.”

At the beginning of his Pontificate—at his Coronation address, November 4, 1958—John XXIII gave a definition of “the scope and splendor of all missionary work,” and declared that this activity of the Church was the “first concern of the Roman Pontiff.” Declaring in this address that his reign would be a pastoral one in the sense of the parable of the Good Shepherd, he first described his duties to the faithful of the flock. “Then,” he continued, “the mind turns to even deeper thoughts: *Other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice and*

there will be one flock and one shepherd. These words sum up the scope and splendor of all missionary work. This activity is certainly the first concern of the Roman Pontiff, though not the only one, for even of itself it involves many cares that are no less important."

In placing the essence of missionary activity in a deep concern for "the other sheep which are not of this fold," the Pope was not giving either to missionaries or to mission theorists a new definition. Everyone who has given up home and country to preach the Gospel in other lands has been motivated by this concern for the "other sheep." Missiologists, especially in recent years, have increasingly tended to locate the essence of mission activity in a heralding of the good news of salvation to those who are not of the Faith—the *kerygma* of the early apostolic Church. Pope John's specific contribution to the missions is to be found in his denial that this concern for those without the Faith is for "export purposes" only—that the missionary who goes to pagan lands must have it, but those who remain at home can well neglect it. It belongs, he asserted vigorously, to the whole Church as an essential quality of its being, and to such an extent that the Roman Pontiff must make it his first concern.

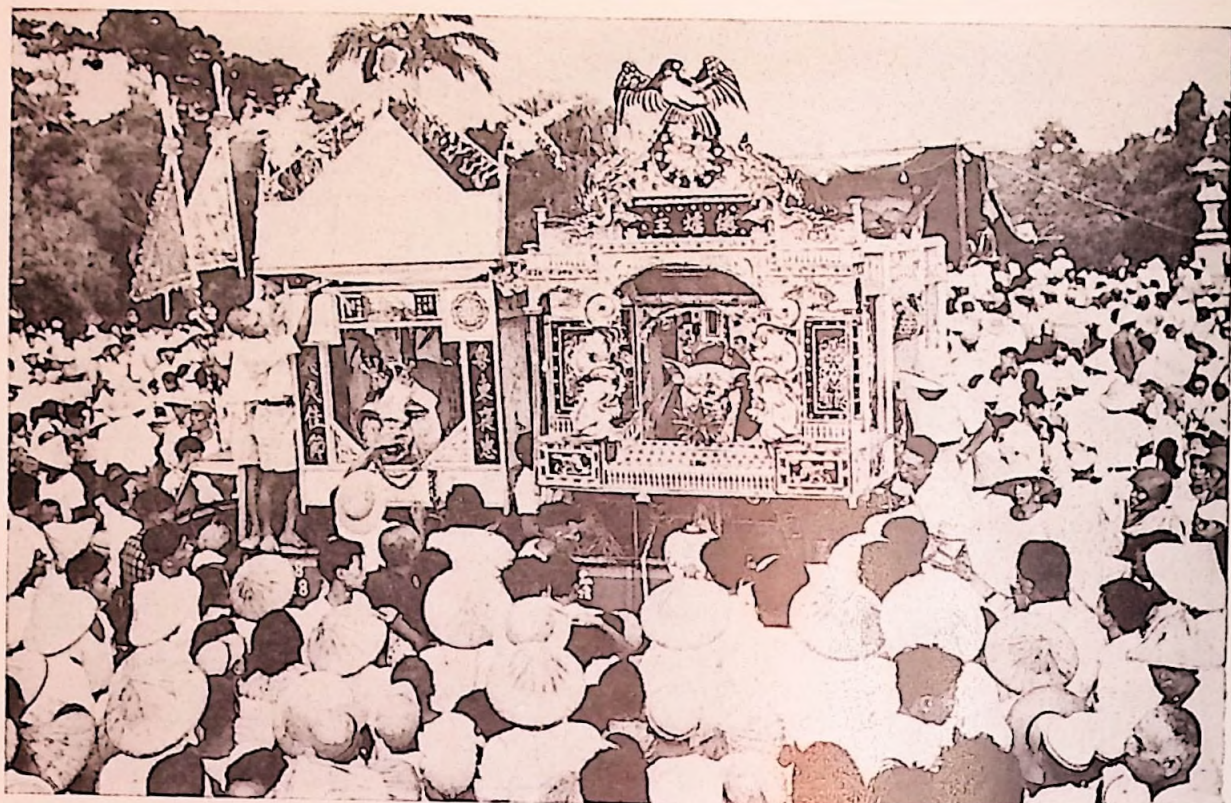
As we review the events of his reign it cannot be denied that he did, in fact, make this concern for the sheep who are not of the fold the outstanding mark of his pontificate, and he did this so effectively that never has a Pope in modern times received as he did the gratitude and affection of these sheep—the separated brethren, Protestants and Orthodox, as well as the large mass of unbelievers in the West and in the East.

Moreover, it can be asserted that he succeeded in transferring this missionary concern to the entire Church, not only by his summoning of an ecumenical council, but especially by the tone or orientation he gave to it.

In his apostolic constitution *Humanae Salutis* (Dec., 1961) in which he summoned the Council, he said that since the beginning of his pontificate "we have had in our mind's eye this two-fold picture: on the one hand human society laboring under a great need for spiritual gifts; on the other hand the Church of Christ flourishing with a fullness of life . . . As we gazed upon this picture we considered it a serious responsibility of our apostolic office to direct our thoughts towards having the Church, through the cooperation of all our sons, show herself better and better fitted to solve the problems of the men of this age. For this reason . . . we felt that the time was ripe for us to give the Catholic Church and the whole human family the gift of a new ecumenical council."

The enthusiasm with which the Fathers of the Council greeted this orientation of the whole Church towards the welfare of the human family has indicated that John XXIII's unique contribution to the missions and to the whole Church may be something permanent, and not just a passing concern of his pontificate.

CALVERT ALEXANDER S.J.



■ Crowds in temple area surround prize pigs which have just arrived for sacrifice. It is customary for about 1,000 hogs to be slaughtered by the 14 communities which surround the temple.

■ Ta Shih, chief of departed souls. Paper effigy will be burned later on in the night.



Feast of HUNGRY DEMONS

FRED J. FOLEY S.J.

IN TAIWAN THE seventh lunar month is specially set apart for devotion to the souls of the dead. Though it is a pagan religious celebration, a mixture of Taoist, Buddhist and various local folk customs, it is based on a natural religious belief in the immortality of the soul, the possibility of suffering and unhappiness of souls in the next life (our Hell and Purgatory), and the possibility of those on earth helping the dead (Communion of Saints, indulgences). The spirits of the

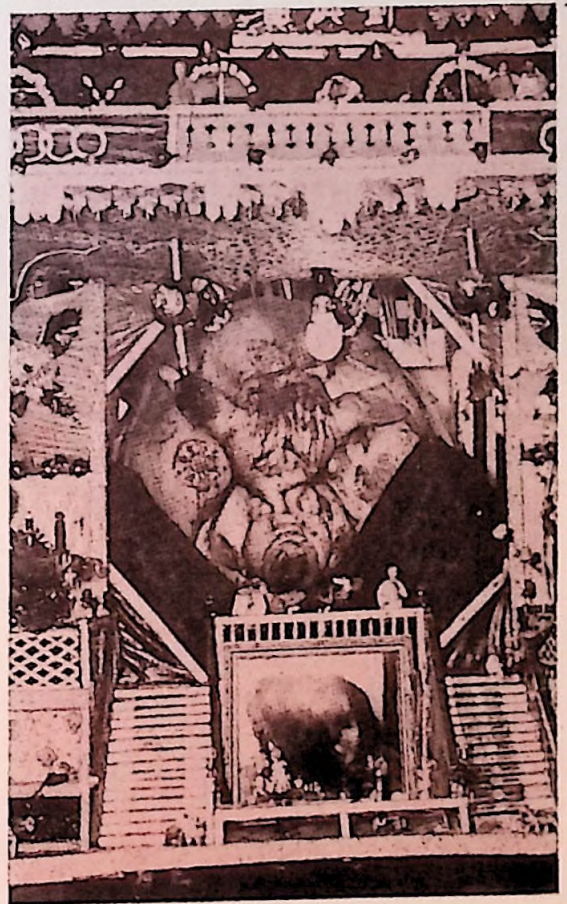


■ The idea of sacrifice and not of feasting predominates on this occasion although the scene might well be "Field of Pork."

dead are thought to be generally unhappy during this month, they leave the underworld, and roam about the world looking for a place of rest and solace. Water demons, or the spirits which inhabit streams are invited and placated by lanterns placed in small boats and floated on the river. During this month even though it is summer, swimming is generally frowned upon and swimming at night is strictly taboo because drowning is generally thought to be caused by water demons dragging the person under, and they are especially active during this month and at night. The souls of the departed, or the "hungry demons," are placated by a huge slaughter of pigs, a symbolic offering to the souls, followed by family and community feasts.

So the idea of this month of the Holy Souls is that the souls of dead people, at least some of them, are miserable, and unless they find rest through the sacrifices, offerings and prayers of the living, they will return to trouble us.

■ Similar to a human burial custom, image of pig is placed before him in temple shrine.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) A poor young boy in Ceylon wants to be a priest. He consoles his mother when she weeps because she cannot provide for her children and has told her *"when I go to be a priest you may weep but it must be tears of joy and not of sorrow."* To support him in the seminary will cost \$15.00 a month. Would anyone like to pay at least part of his expenses?

2) Down in Annotto Bay, Jamaica, New England Father Grenier's house is built near the ocean which is undermining it. To save his house from floating away, he has to put in a foundation. A gift of \$5.00 would help get it prepared for the storms of this coming Fall.

3) Mid-Westerner Fr. Brockman runs a fine school in Arequipa, Peru, to educate as many boys from Peru's desperately poor areas as he can. Tuition in the day school is \$3.00 a week; in the night school, \$1.00 a week.

4) Doctors don't often come to Darbhanga, India, where Father Cornelius Curtin S.J. is pastor. When they do, he wants to be ready. He begs for a stethoscope for the visiting doctors and dental pliers to do a bit of work for the old people who come to him in pain. If you are a doctor, perhaps you could help. Even if you are not, a small gift of a \$1.00 or \$5.00 would be most welcome.

5) With a good assist from J.M. readers, Father Ed Burke has completed his church in Buxar, India. He would like to put in two marble side altars in honor

of Our Lady and St. Joseph. They would cost \$1,000.00. Perhaps you would like to give one as a memorial. Even a small gift would please Mary and Joseph.

6) A typewriter that writes in Hindi (the language of India) is needed by Jesuit Father Paschal. He trains teachers in Patna, India. It would cost about \$150.00 but many people giving \$1.00 or \$5.00 could buy it for him.

7) We asked your help before for Father Sim Sunpayco, a young Filipino Jesuit just starting his life work in the rugged hill country of Mindanao. He has nothing to begin with but a strong faith and a good heart. He must build his church and then a house, find families to feed him on a rotation schedule, find the transportation to get to the 100 villages in his "parish." Just \$10.00 a week could keep him going.

8) The rains of Talakag, the Philippines, will be coming in on New Yorker Father Bob Cunningham within a few weeks. He needs a new roof and could put one up for \$200.00. Any size gift would help.

Dear Father,

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

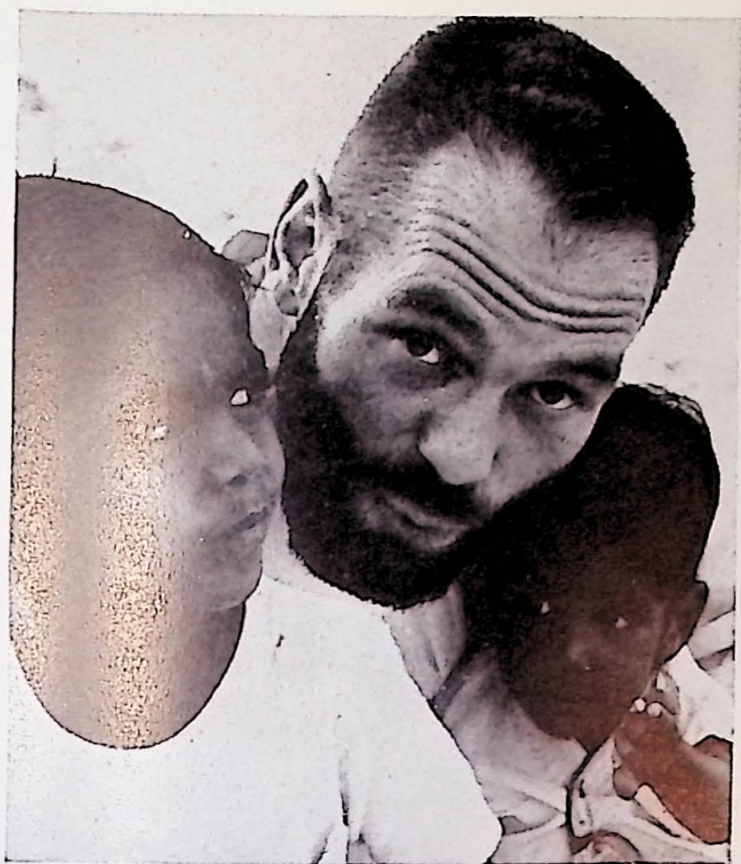
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



HIS HEART ISN'T BIG ENOUGH

Father Larry Dietrich, formerly of Philadelphia but now at Raj Anandpur, India, loves the poor and poor children most of all. But there are so many in India, not even his big heart can hold them all—he asks you to help.

“I have kids who walk six miles to school on empty stomachs; they ‘cave in’ by noon and just disappear into the jungle to hunt for food.” Even 50 cents a week or a day would allow him to open his heart for another child.

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



FRAMEWORK OF THE CHURCH

The framework of the Church on Yap Island in the Pacific, where New York's Father John Condon is pastor, needs a lot of help before the Church is finished. With a \$1,000.00 it could be done. But Father Condon begs your help of any size, one dollar or five.

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