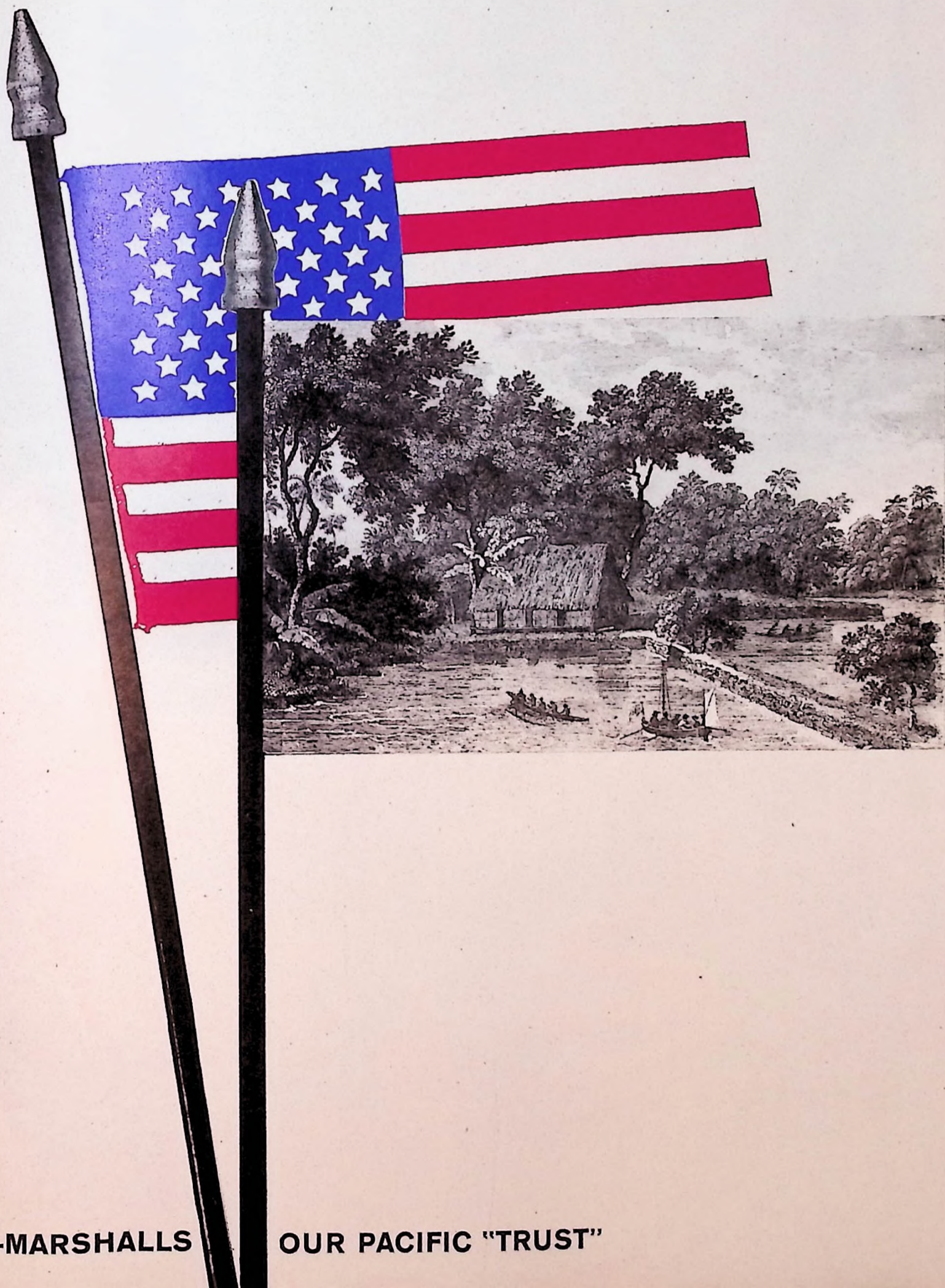


# Jesuit Missions

MAY 1964 25¢



ROLINE-MARSHALLS

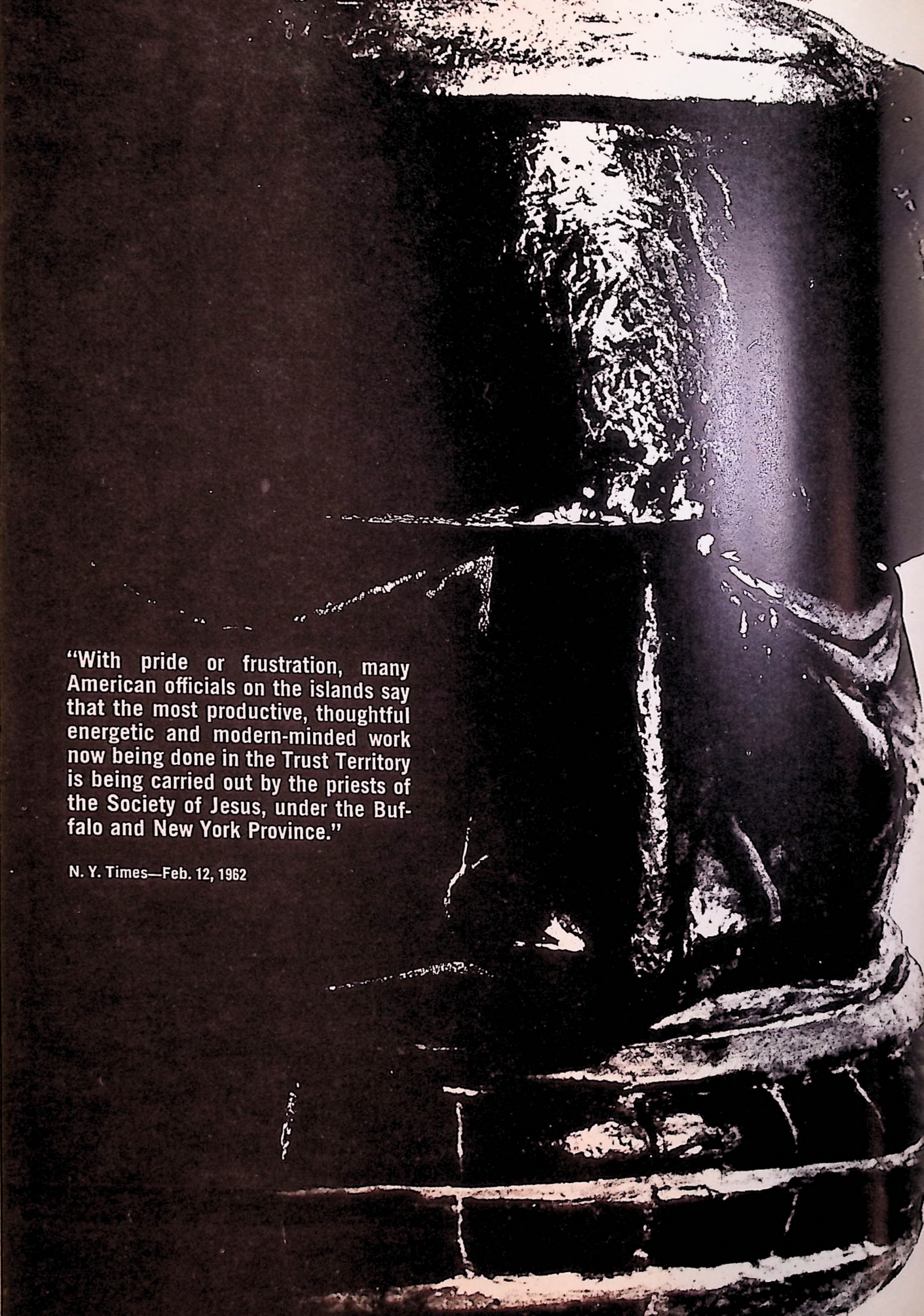
OUR PACIFIC "TRUST"





America, America,  
God shed His grace on thee  
**And crown thy good with brotherhood**  
From sea to shining sea.

UPI PHOTO



**"With pride or frustration, many American officials on the islands say that the most productive, thoughtful energetic and modern-minded work now being done in the Trust Territory is being carried out by the priests of the Society of Jesus, under the Buffalo and New York Province."**

**N. Y. Times—Feb. 12, 1962**

# OUR PACIFIC "TRUST"

Clement J. Armitage S. J.

The Caroline and Marshall Islands—that Pacific paradise which stretches westward to the sunsets and into tomorrow. Whoever first called it a paradise probably never looked beyond its natural tropic beauty and the easy satisfaction of the sensual appetites. But there is even more of the primeval Eden here, the Eden after the Fall when Original Sin first began to enact its heavy toll and man found danger on every side. Twenty years ago an angel with a flaming sword passed over these islands and the ravages of that passing are still etched on land and hills. And, since that time, some have claimed to hear an echo from a cry just beyond the first Eden, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

These are the islands which, together with the Marianas, form the Trust Territory conceded to the United States. The record of that guardianship of almost twenty years is as bright one; in fact, the Communist bloc and the United Nations have shown their glee on the occasions when UN investigating committees have ticked off the areas in which the U.S. has failed to live up to our responsibilities to the peoples given over our charge. It might be well to review the situation in these islands, for some times our preconceived notions are as far from rea-



*A Likiep woman kneads breadfruit dough. In the morning she prepares the food for the day and each member of the family eats whenever she or he desires, but men and women do not eat together.*



lity as the true story of His Majesty O'Keefe is from the novel and the motion picture. (When the latter was shown on Yap the people, many of them well acquainted with the O'Keefe story, didn't realize that this film was supposedly about their islands and a man they knew.)

In the Trust Territory are less than 80,000 people (a smaller population than Quincy, Mass., or New Britain, Conn., or Schenectady) and they are scattered over 2,200 isles and two million square miles of ocean. It is not a homogeneous group for there are at least ten different, mutually unintelligible languages, and numerous dialects. Most of the islanders never travel beyond their own areas so what the Trust Territory consists of is six different worlds. To try and mold these into one political unity or to instill a national consciousness is a problem with no ready solution, according to those who have seen it from close up.

None of these people have ever known real independence. Even the oldest inhabitant has never known a time when the islands

were not dominated by a foreigner. First was the Spanish; then the Germans took over at the turn of the century, only to lose possession to the Japanese during World War I. The latter paid a lot of attention to the territory but strictly from the viewpoint of their own advantage. They held on until the close of World War II, the time when this remote part of the world was written forever into American consciousness and history with the bloody names of Kwajalein, Peleliu, Angaur, Saipan, Tinian and a score of others. So only the teenagers of today have known the American rule; the adults remember how things were in the days of the Japanese.

That last point is still a factor today. In the time of the Japanese there was a different atmosphere in the islands. The rulers were trying to get as much out of the territory as they possibly could. They built up the fishing industry, sugar mills, mining of phosphate and bauxite, the pearl and the copra industries. In doing this, they brought in Japanese and Okinawans until the native population was outnumbered by these colonizers. Yes, the atmosphere was different there was a stir and bustle as the economy hummed, but the advantage to the Micronesians was only a byproduct. They could lease their land or get a common laboring job but they stood outside of the real activity and they had no voice in the government. There were schools but they consisted of only five grades so that education was a minor thing and their moral development was blocked by the repressive measures of the Japanese toward the Spanish missionaries who in the beginning of the 1920's had replaced the expelled German missionaries. The policy of the Japanese was to place as many obstacles as they could in the way of the Spanish Jesuits, hoping to force them to leave the islands. They refused to abandon the people trusted to them, and as a result, a number of them paid the supreme sacrifice during World War II.

At the end of the war the islands of the Trust Territory did not present a pretty picture. The American bombardment had

Wasted the heavily fortified Pacific bastion off the Japanese, and along with the military installations every evidence of modernity which the Japanese had built during their tenure had also disappeared. The island of Koror in the Palaus had been known as Japan's "Miami Beach" for it had served as a beach resort with all the up-to-date amusements. Now the streets, the cafes, the Japanese houses, were wiped off the map. So were the churches and the schools which the Japanese had taken over — extremely few buildings of any substance survived in the islands.

So the Americans came in, to find ruins and a people still living a life of stark primitiveness, a life concerned with the basic idea of mere subsistence. The few touches of modernity which had lightly brushed them during the Japanese tenure had now evaporated and they were back to the simple living (from which they had never strayed very far) of generations past. And their new rulers were the ones who had destroyed so much of their own possessions, their villages, their canoes, their brief contact with a faster tempo of peace.

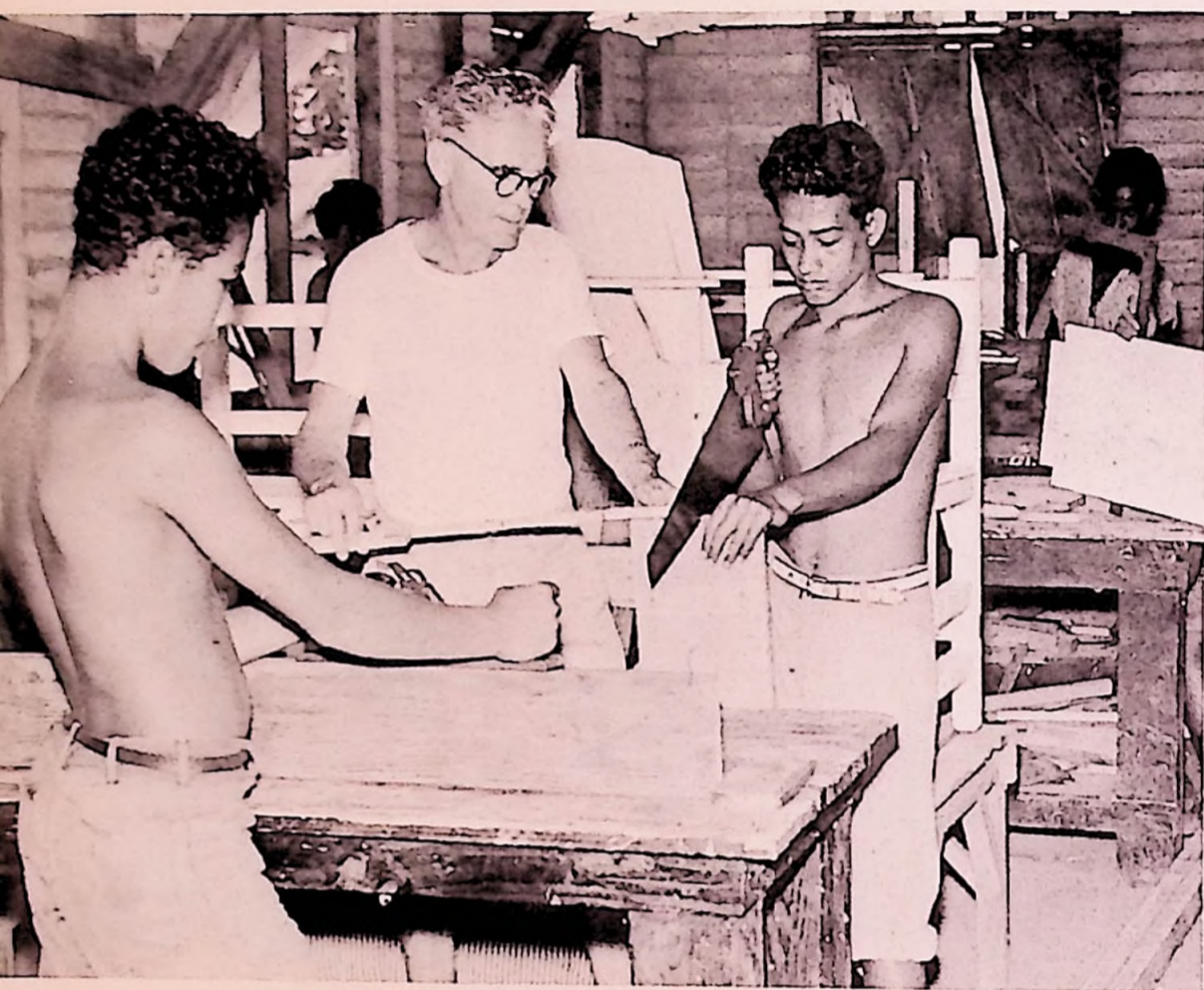
What is the criticism which has been directed against the United States since it has undertaken the Trusteeship? In general, it is that the U.S. has done very little for the islanders, almost nothing if looked at in the light of what could have been done. Is it a valid criticism? Yes, up to a point—and up to a time. And the first to admit it are the Americans closely connected with the job of administering the territory.

Where has the failure been? One of the first complaints is that the war wreckage has never been cleared up. That is true for the most part. When Father Fred Bailey S.J. landed in Yap in 1947, the airfield was strewn with the wreckage of 22 Japanese zero planes, surprised on the ground one fine morning by the U.S. Air Force. Now in 1964 you can still find that wreckage close to the Yap landing strip. That is true in the other islands, too. Along the beaches and close to the harbor entrances are the wrecks of landing craft, and the rusting gear of

*Island life revolves around two staples, fish from the sea and fruit from the land. A boat is beached on the shore at Kili and (bottom) on Truk a family husks coconuts, copra being the one money crop.*



*In the Caroline Islands Dick Finn (who volunteered with his wife for the mission) supervises boys in carpentry shop. This kind of training is basic, for skilled labor is lacking in Trust Territory.*



modern warfare still clutters the islands. But on the other hand, there was never enough personnel to undertake the vast clean-up job; those on hand had more immediate and more important problems; and it was left to the jungle and the sea to slowly veil the disfigured paradise where the angel with the flaming sword had wreaked devastation.

However, it was not a complete waste. Father Edwin McManus, who with Father (now Bishop) Vincent Kennally led the contingent of American Jesuits to the islands in 1946, recounts an incident of those early days. "When the American troops evacuated the Palauan islands of Peleliu and Angaur, they left behind a lot of equipment, and the natives still manage to operate it. The other day I saw a man collecting coconuts with the aid of a mobile crane. He raised the boom to the top of the tree, calmly walked up the ladder-like boom, cut the coconuts and dropped them into the cab. Then he walked down the boom and drove off to the next tree. Modern civilization cut down to tropical size . . ."

The criticism that the U.S. has done for the islanders during the time of the Trusteeship is a major one and, in the face of the record, a very damaging one to the prestige. No one denies the truth of it, but there is no simple explanation for that failure. Part of it can be laid at the door of the bureaucracy and the very human, very near-sighted policies of departments which loathe to handle any baby which is not clearly their own. On one hand, the Micronesians were foreigners so no domestic agency could help in agriculture or health or welfare. This was the view also held by the Federal Communications Commission so no aid was forthcoming from that quarter. On the other hand, agencies directed toward aiding foreigners—the Peace Corps, the foreign-aid department, the Voice of America—chose to regard the islanders as a domestic concern, insofar as it was U.S. administered, and therefore not eligible for their services. One result of this was that for years the islands listened to broadcasts from Moscow and Peking, in Japanese and English, but had no opportunity to receive the other side of the story. The agency which had direct control of the islands, the Department of the Interior, had enough other problems at its headquarters 6,000 miles away in Washington.

But the main reason for the stagnation of the islands during a dozen and more years was simply the fact that not enough money was allocated to accomplish much of a positive nature. The annual appropriation was around \$6,000,000 and most of this was funneled off in salaries, administration and heavy costs of transportation. As the years went by, expenses increased but the overall sum remained the same. As a result, there was very little left over to put into concrete improvement programs for the people of the islands.

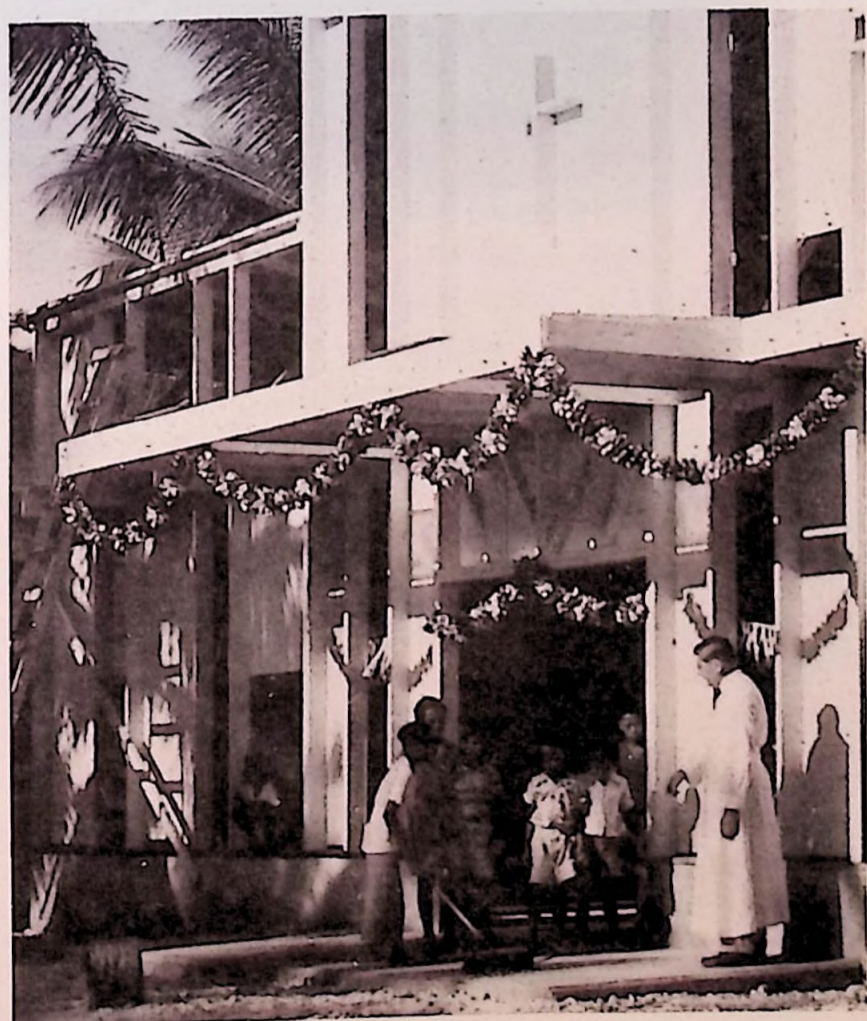
Added to this was the attitude of various officials toward the islands and outsiders. Very early in the Trustee days, districts around Kwajalein, Eniwetok and Bikini were blocked off for atomic and nuclear experiments. Saipan became an important intelli-

gence center and it would seem that the watchful attitude which surrounded these places permeated throughout the other isles. Any visitor to the territory had to have security clearance, tourists were discouraged, and the investment of outside private capital was prohibited. And finally, for too long there existed an attitude toward the people, born in the early days of the Trusteeship, which can be summed up in the quotation, "Let's not civilize these happy people." This "sociological museum approach" colored the philosophy of administration for a number of years; the concept that the people were so primitive that it would be wrong to push them ahead too quickly. As a result, the pushing was more of a downward nature than from the rear.

That was the situation which existed up until two years ago. In the light of that we can understand the tribute which the N. Y. Times correspondent, A. M. Rosenthal, paid to the American Jesuits at that time. "With pride or frustration, many American officials on the islands say that the most productive, thoughtful, energetic and modern-minded work now being done in the Trust Territory is being carried out by the priests of the Society of Jesus, under the Buffalo and New York Provinces."

It is a tribute undoubtedly deserved, but it is only fair to see it against the entire background. There were many outstanding men in the Civil Administration during those years but they were hampered by lack of funds, by a quick turnover of assisting personnel, by the vacillating policies of superiors. How can you run a school when there are no teachers available, or a hospital without medicines and equipment and trained attendants, or an agricultural project which will wither on the vine once you yourself have turned to other activities? How can you reach a people who are not your own, who have learned through generations of foreign domination that the stranger is to be kept at arm's length? There are many zealous Americans who have never received due credit for their efforts and labors in a frustrating vacuum.

*A Maryknoll Sister at Mindzenty School, Koror. The Maryknoll Sisters are also on Yap, Likiep and Majuro. (Bottom) Father Hacker S.J. in front of the Majuro school, a good example of the Jesuits' work.*



*Several good reasons why the "sociological museum approach" was wrong. The primitiveness of the islands is very real but the missionary looks beyond that to the souls also redeemed by Christ.*



But now a breeze of new hope is stirring in the palm trees. Two years ago, under the sting of UN and Congressional criticism, the Kennedy Administration drew up a program consonant with American potential. The budget was given a hefty boost to \$15,000,000 and may even run a little higher this year; a program for recruiting American teachers, 120 to 130 or so, is underway; security clearance is expected to be done away with shortly; there is talk of the Peace Corps moving in and hope that private capital will soon play a part in the economic development of the islands. So the day may not be far distant when we can be proud of our Pacific "Trust".

Why was it that, during the painful years from 1946 on, the missionaries were able to so carry on their work that they would be singled out for special mention? For one reason, they did not have the "sociological museum approach". They recognized fully the primitiveness and simplicity of the people but they saw deeper than that in the

light of their God-given vocation. So Father Edwin McManus wrote from Truk in December, 1946: "I have just returned from a 3000-mile, 2-months trip to Yap and Palau . . . The last missionaries in the area were murdered by the Japs and the islands have been neglected for the last four years. Before I started off, I had a vague hope that I'd be able to remind the natives that they had once been Catholic, and perhaps stir up a few embers of devotion. But I was amazed and edified to find people with simple, but strong and devout faith. Many of them have assembled every day for years to say the Rosary . . ."

Other missionaries early on the scene—Father Bailey of Yap, Father Walter of Ulithi, Father Donohoe and the late Bishop Feeney in the Marshalls, Father McGoan of Truk and Father Costigan of Ponape—all reported in similar fashion. The people welcomed them, trusted them, realized that they were there to help the islanders. And they were not transitory (an important point) but they were there in permanent fashion.

The Jesuits concentrated on setting up schools on all the main islands. The Mercadian Sisters, 12 were still left after the war, were already there to assist and the Maryknoll Sisters arrived shortly. Many of the islanders might still cling to G-strings and grass skirts and the age-old customs but they wanted schools for their children, more than the missionaries could supply with their limited personnel. Today the Catholic schools throughout the Carolines and Marshalls educate almost 2500 grammar school children while the Jesuit High School on Truk has about 100 students from all the islands. (Only now is the Civil Administration erecting high schools in the six main districts of the Territory.)

This is the first and most important step in bringing the islanders out of yesterday into today. There have been other projects, such as Father Costigan's agricultural center and industrial school on Ponape and various co-operative movements. But until the young are trained to the meaning of today there is no use planning for tomorrow.

Customs vary from island to island and the people themselves are not a homogeneous group. So the form of their political unity in the future is still very much of a question mark. The church at Kitii in the Ponape district (below) is administered by Father William McGarry S.J. At right, Father Bailey celebrates Mass on Map, one of the Yap group.



The new attitude towards our Pacific Trust will not change things overnight. The islands are still economically stagnant. The phosphate is gone from Angaur, the copper is not worthwhile for us, the fishing industry is still only potential. The main products are still copra, trochus, vegetables and handicrafts. It is a difficult economy to work with, but, given the tools, much can be accomplished. The small number of young men and women sent elsewhere for training will be augmented until the time comes when the islands are sufficiently advanced to provide their own experts.

One milestone was reached this year when Bishop Kennally ordained a young Palauan to the priesthood, the first ordination ever held in Micronesia. It is a sign of growth, a sign that was in no way visible when the American Jesuits landed on these devastated islands almost a score of years ago. And it is the kind of growth that typifies what can be done to point our Trust Territory along the way to a Pacific paradise.



# WORLD MISSION & THE LAYMAN

## A Mystique for International Cooperation

**A**mericans, one hears ceaselessly, are a practical people. They are also great-hearted and generous folk. When the United States was catapulted into world leadership a few years back, our hard-headed practicality, informed and tempered by a big-hearted generosity, was looked to as the new success formula for world peace and prosperity.

Endemic honesty, too, is thought to be among the characteristic virtues of our people and policy-makers, despite Scott Fitzgerald's contention that he knew only one completely honest man—himself.

Without doubt, a new chapter was written at the highest governmental level with the late President's emancipation of the political. His love and respect for, even his evident enjoyment of politics as a thing good and worthy in itself, freed it from much of the cant and hypocrisy of earlier days. His "theology of politics" was unmistakably (if only implicitly) incarnational.

**O**ne would expect to find these virtues nowhere so well exemplified as in our programs of international assistance. And there they are, indeed, these good and calico-plain virtues of practicality, generosity and honesty. The Peace Corps is a good example. The Marshall Plan still remains the probable high-water mark of success, due especially to favorable factors built into the situation. The other aid programs, while less clearly successful, are still put forth as further examples of these national traits. Whether an insufficiency of one or another of these virtues is more responsible than some external factors for the middling success of, say, the Alliance for Progress, is not at issue.

Our real question is: Are these virtues, even when present in an exceptional degree, as in the Peace

Corps, really enough? Is there not a need, today especially, for something which transcends these good and plain and useful virtues? True enough, practicality implies competence and response to a real need; generosity includes good will, openness, cooperation; and honesty demands much, including profound respect for the other man and his ways. All of these are the sine qua non conditions of successful intercultural or international relations. But are they enough?

Marx, it will be remembered, expressed his concern for the exploited masses in terms of a sense of personal bondage. "It is quite easy for Mr. Hegel in his well-heated office in Berlin to resolve the problems of man's captivity in speculative fashion and to explain all human contradictions on the plan of a dialectic philosophy. But while there are women and children working 18 hours a day in the mines of Manchester, I cannot feel myself free."

**A** story is told of Che Guevara when he held a minor job in Guatemala's agrarian program in 1953. He came upon a group of undernourished belly-bloated children and went into one of his rages, cursing everyone from God to the United

Thomas E. Quigley

fruit Company and winding up with an asthmatic attack that lasted two hours. Commenting on this, Fr. George Dunne, S.J. said, "what is needed is the image of an angry people, people who react, not blasphemously like Guevara, but like Christ in the temple, against a social structure which creates, perpetuates, and tolerates human misery anywhere." (*America*, 5/13/61).

Something more than a desire to do good and help others, even with competence and even with love, is needed. True concern and commitment that amount to a passion are also needed. But is even this a sufficiently full concept?

Tad Szulc, in his recent book *The Winds of Revolution: Latin America Today and Tomorrow* (Praeger 1964) maintains that the "partial failure" of the Alliance for Progress is fundamentally the failure of the United States to give it an ideological mystique. Dan Kurzman, reviewing the book in *Bookweek* this March says that Szulc "sees the Communists offering an ideology that flows, at least on paper, while we offer material aid haphazardly and devoid of spiritual spice."

Some years ago, an article in *America* quoted a Chilean doctor

as saying that, "from the United States I get no sense of a mystique. From the Communists, I do."

We are somewhat chary of mystique in this country. It's an elusive concept and makes the "practical man" uncomfortable. We glory in our pragmatism. Yet even those practical virtues evident in schemes of international aid and cooperation are, to a large extent, still derived from the unused portions of a once vibrant mystique—Christianity.

Can anyone but the Christian provide the needed mystique for international cooperation today? The long-oppressed masses of whole continents, everywhere in the throes of revolution, are seeking it and finding only the paper ideology of Communism. The forms of Christianity they see are all too often either comfortable or tired or "merely practical", and always irrelevant. They do not see the Christianity that seeks, at the same time, the ultimate spiritual perfection of the individual and the collective perfection of the human condition, of man in society. The second part needs great emphasis because so often denied or ignored by Christians. But it is the whole concept, our participation in the

Creative-Redemptive mission of Christ, that is the basis for action.

Christians above all are "challenged to reconcile" as Ian Travers-Bell, S.J. puts it (*America* 12/7/63): challenged to reconcile otherworldliness with this world, to reconcile East with West, rich with poor, Christians with each other and with non-Christians. The Incarnation was the great act of Divine reconciliation and it provides us with our needed mystique of service, of brotherhood and of mission. In short, Christians have a mystique of international cooperation; it needs but to be articulated and put to work.

THE  
MINE OF  
TOMALOMANCO



## Nick Ellena

Intent on climbing some of the snow peaks of the Cordillera Blanca 300 miles northeast of Lima, Peru, we were on the way to establish a base camp last June in the Quebrada Honda. In this desolate wilderness our interest had been drawn, a few days before, to a slender column of smoke curling up toward the Copap Glacier. Crossed picks on our maps indicated a mine with the intriguing name: *Tomalomano*, or the "Take My Hand" mine. Some of us made mental notes to visit a Peruvian mine if the chance arose between climbs.

We had read that the rich ores—gold, tin, silver, iron, copper, lead—had played a most significant part in Peru's turbulent history. Their presence had made the country a prize for the Conquistadores, and they still flowed from the mountains. Foreign interests had developed many large mines, carving huge industrial empires from the unyielding peaks by means of modern science. But at the Tomalomano we were to find something quite different. There was a mine of sorts, it is true. But there was also a man and a boy and the Sign of the Cross. The memory of their presence in this vast isolation is with us still.

Five of us reached the Tomalomano one morning after a slow climb, fighting for breath at the 15,500 foot altitude. The trail wound through sparse grass and black earth toward a little cluster of stone huts perched precariously on the steep slope. High above, the Copap Glacier peered ominously over the rim, as if ready to send tons of ice crashing down the side of the canyon.

We reached the first of the huts. It was a small windowless structure, very old, with

rock walls, a thatched roof and low doorway. A cross over the door should have alerted us to the pleasant surprise within. The interior was newly whitewashed and its clean, anti-septic look contrasted starkly with the wild cliffs, the drab huts and the black leavings of mined earth through which clumps of grass and lupin struggled valiantly for life. On a crude but brightly gilded altar stood a cross, garlanded with fresh flowers. It was incongruous, and yet fitting that it should be there somehow. It softened the desolation, and the looming intensity of the mighty Palcaraju, towering 20,000 feet into the sky across the canyon.

Leaving the little chapel we passed the first hut and saw a figure sitting on a crude bench. He seemed carved of the rock itself. A cloak of gunny sacking hung in tatters around his shoulders, covering an old suit jacket. His head was wrapped in a piece of blanket to ward off the piercing Andean cold and a battered fedora hat surmounted it. The fine dark earth seemed to have worked itself permanently into the creases of his face. He turned and watched us with lidded, distrustful eyes as we approached. But, at our "buenos dias", a smile appeared and his echoed "buenos dias, senor", like that of most of the Quechua Indians we met in the back country, was warm and sincere. He looked at us. We shifted our feet and looked back.

"Do you work here?" one of us asked.

Yes, he worked here. He was now a supervisor. His duty was to strike the rusted triangle that hung outside his hut. The tones

*Herardo stands at  
entrance of the mine shaft  
holding his carbide lamp.  
Across the canyon  
looms the mighty  
snow peak, Palcaraju,  
which towers 20,000 feet  
into the skies of Peru.*

signalled the start and end of work for the day. Six days a week. But, of course, the Sabbath must be observed. Did we see the chapel? It is very pretty, the cross, no? For many years he had worked inside the mine, but he was old now. His name was Herardo.

We took some cans from our packs and had lunch, sitting around Herardo like courtiers. The attention pleased him. He accepted a can of tuna and a chocolate bar, thanking us graciously. What did he usually eat? "Patata" (potato). How about meat? He shrugged and laughed. Not often. Once, or twice a month perhaps.

Did he have a family. "Ah, si," he smiled broadly. "I have a wife and four sons." Where are they? He pointed to the West and mentioned the name of a town. When does he see them? Oh, once a month he goes home. It is a long journey. And what metal is mined here? Lead. Also some silver. Who owns the mine? The dueno who lives in Huaraz. He has much money. How much does he pay? Ten soles a day (a sol is worth four cents). Those inside the mine get five soles. Do you like to work here? Si. The dueno is a good man. He sends meat up once a month at least.

"How many are you working in the mine?"

"We are five. Oh, five and the boy."

"The boy?"

"Yes. He works here."

"How old is he?"

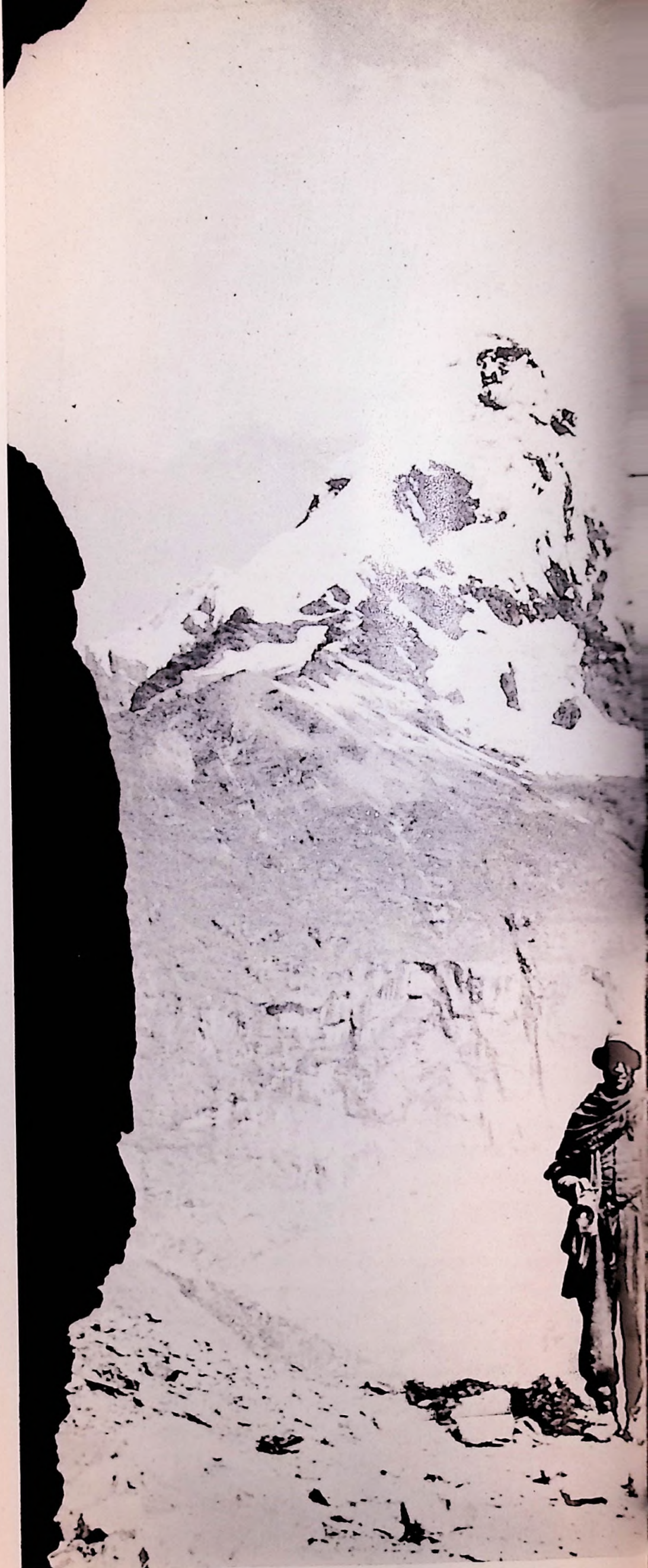
"Miguelito? He is 14."


"Is he in the mine now?"

"Of course. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes, is it possible?"

He rose and pushed open the door of his hut. He came out with a small carbide lamp





and lit it. Then he led the way into the shaft that bored into the cliff. Soon we were stumbling in darkness, following the feeble, dancing light of Herardo's lamp. We wound from one shaft to another, plunging deeper into the mountain. Ducking under a low place we came into a narrow cavern. Another lamp burned on a niche in the rock. As our eyes adjusted we noticed a pit gaping at our feet and an Indian standing beside a crude windlass. A thick rope led down into the pit. The sound of metal on rock reverberated from the darkness. Herardo pointed down.

"Miguelito?" we asked incredulously. "Is he down there?"

"Si, senores."

A voice called something from the pit. The Indian turned the creaking windlass. A small piece of sacking filled with ore rose from the darkness. The Indian emptied it into a wheelbarrow. The empty sack was sent down again. Incredible! I asked if they could send the boy up. But no, he could not come up until 5 p.m. That is when work stops. How about lunch? There was no lunch. Two ten-minute rest periods were allowed during the day, however. What time did work start? At seven. There was a cough in the pit and it started a chain reaction of coughing among us.

"Why must a young boy work in a place like this?" I asked.

"A boy must eat as well as a man, senior," Herardo answered gently.

"How long will Miguelito be here in the mine?"

"Ah, who knows? A man works till he dies."

We made our way back and it was a relief to step outside into the chill pure air. The

sun shone brightly and small clouds were wrapping themselves around the summit of Palcaraju. We said goodby to Herardo and started down the trail. He stayed by the shaft waving to us. As we passed the little chapel we looked inside once more. The flowers on the cross had been woven with love and by hands that understood the crucifixion. I thought of the many long years Herardo had spent in unalleviated toil in this hard place, and of the long years that stretched barrenly ahead for the unseen Miguelito. But then I thought of Herardo's dignity and his gentleness and his faith in this remote corner of the world where he would spend the remainder of his days. And the answer seemed to lie in this little white-washed sanctuary with its crude altar made from a packing case and a garlanded cross at the center of its humble interior. *Tomalomano*. Did the Crucified whisper this to these lonely ones? "Take my hand . . . I understand."



From Jamaica to Alaska-  
in tropics and northland  
the spirit of unity grows



In the scene above, history is being made on the island of Jamaica. In the pulpit of the Jewish synagogue on Duke St., Kingston, stands the Most Reverend John J. McEleney S.J., Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston. Listening to him is a congregation of Jews and non-Jews, including the Prime Minister of Jamaica, Sir Alexander Bustamante. Rabbi Maurice Perlzweig, head of the International Affairs Department of the World Jewish Congress, said of the occasion, "This could never happen in New York, it could never happen in London. It is the first time in the history of any country in the world that such a thing has happened."

Bishop McEleney gave an illuminating and inspiring talk on the purpose of the Ecumenical movement. He pointed out that this occasion was not the first for Ecumenical discussions in Jamaica and that the atmosphere of unity was a wholesome one in the Caribbean island. But no words could make a deeper impression than the presence of a Catholic bishop in that particular pulpit.

Bishop McEleney's titular see is that of Zeugma in Asia Minor, the "bridge" on the upper Euphrates. In very practical fashion he is living up to that title, making himself a "bridge" for unity in Jamaica.

# ECUMENISM

John J. Morris S.J.

It was late January. The temperature hung at a frigid -43, and thick ice-fog enfolded the city. From out along the snowy wastes missionaries, Jesuits and Episcopalian, each with his own unique style of winter-gear, broke through the ice-fog to gather in the city of Fairbanks, Alaska. Each of them had left behind them a culture in crisis, and they were coming to the second annual socio-economic conference of the Catholic and Episcopal Churches.

Christopher Dawson in his *Religion and Progress* lauds the people of this harsh northern climate, stating that they manifest "one of the most remarkable instances of the triumph of man over nature that the world can show." Today the highly competitive American culture, blind with acquisitiveness, is doing what centuries of climate could not. The gentle, human live-and-let-live culture of the Alaskan natives is going under.

Two years ago Father Jules Convert, S.J., a fiery Frenchman with more than twenty years experience in the isolate bush missions, conferred with Bishop Francis Gleeson, S.J. about the possibility of joining other religious groups in a cooperative effort to solve native problems. Other than the Catholics, the Episcopalians were the only large, organized body of missionaries throughout the gigantic 900 mile-long Yukon Valley.

After a preliminary meeting, a full session of both Catholic and Episcopal missionaries was called. Government people from nearly a dozen different departments and agencies either petitioned or were invited to attend. The Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs flew in from Washington, D.C.

Never had the northland witnessed such

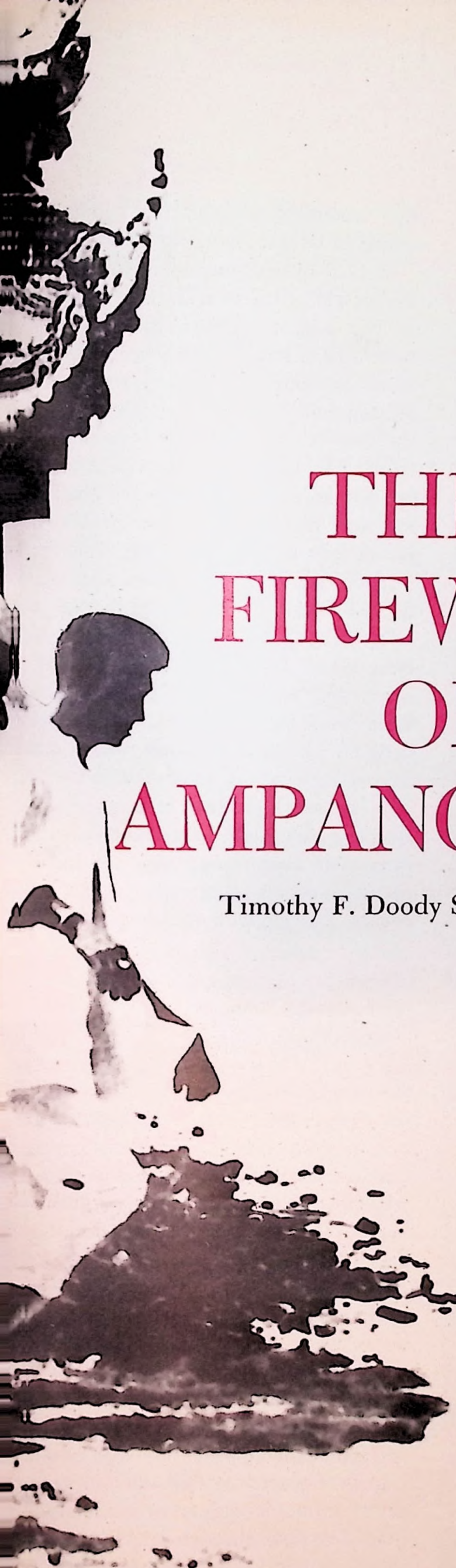
a significant gathering of Church and secular leaders, and never certainly had so many Protestant and Catholic missionaries joined together to solve common socio-economic problems. Behind it all, from the first idea on up, were the persistent efforts of Father Convert.

Very important government people heard the two most important religious bodies in Alaska speak in one voice, and they could not fail to be impressed by their unified petition for a constant awareness on the part of government to the spiritual-human values in determining policy. Never before had so many government people come face to face with such a pool of living experience and sensitive and sensible knowledge of native problems.

This year the gathering was designed for the mission groups alone with a mere handful of government experts invited to address the crowd. Things were casual and informal. With Father George Boileau S.J., Mission Superior, doing yeoman service, the minutes read: "Meeting called to order by Bishop Gordon (Episcopal). Bishop Gleeson (Catholic) offered opening prayers. Purpose of the meeting will be limited primarily to two problems: Alcoholism in the villages, and the native land-rights problem." The future looks promising!

How else are mission problems going to be vanquished, and how is the growing tide of unbelief in the world going to be turned back except by such cooperation? Pope Paul VI states very clearly that "the true sociology of human peace takes its rise from religious unity." And in mission work there cannot be peace, concord, nor progress without love between those who preach love.





# THE FIREWALKERS OF AMPANG

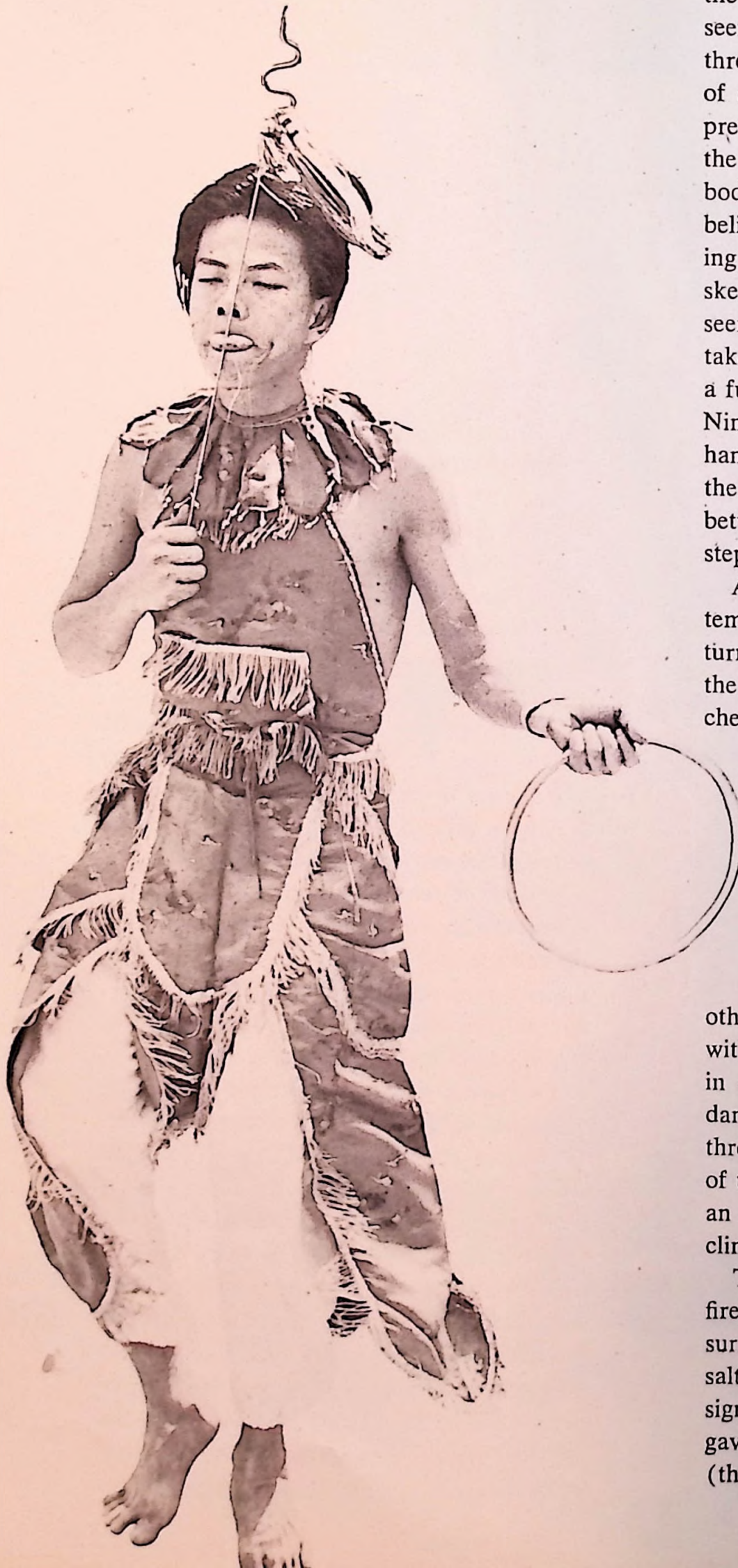
Timothy F. Doody S. J.

The atmosphere was tense and oppressive. A tropic storm threatened. But nothing could dampen the excitement of the devout and the curious who thronged the temple square. It was the Ninth Day of the Ninth Moon at the Nam Tian Kong Temple at Ampang, a little tin mining town about six miles from Kuala Lumpur, the federal capital of Asia's newest political entity called Malaysia.

The temple was built to honor the Nine Brother Emperor Gods who, according to the story, were invoked about 80 years ago by a rich tin mine owner when all his workers fell ill. They recovered, and every year, after a novena of devotions and abstinence, the people of the district gather to commemorate the miracle and do honor to the gods. Since I was a newcomer, and since the temple is not far from where the Irish Jesuits are working, I simply had to go and see.

Two areas before the temple were cordoned off with ropes, one within the other. The crowd, almost entirely Chinese, thronged an outer barrier. The focus of attention lay within the inner barrier—a pit of glowing charcoal about twenty feet long by ten feet wide. Above the pit the air shimmered with the heat. I gazed with fascination at this bed of coals over which the firewalkers would presently walk, carrying images of the Emperor gods. A faint blue smoke rose from the pit. Joss papers thrown on to the charcoal immediately burst into flames. Distant thun-

# FIREWALKERS



der drumming through the oppressive air added guttural footnotes to the strange scene.

A buzz of excitement turned all heads to the temple porch. A man, bare to the waist, seemed to be struggling in the arms of two or three others. It was as if he were in the throes of an epileptic fit and they were trying to prevent him from hurting himself. He was the first of the "media", men into whose bodies the spirits of the Nine Gods were believed to enter. Suddenly the accompanying men pierced his tongue with a metal skewer about 18 inches long. This did not seem to overly worry the medium, and was taken by the crowd as a sign that he was in a full trance and "possessed" by one of the Nine Gods. Gripping the skewer with one hand, and a short sword with the other, the medium then proceeded to make his way between the rope cordons with a dancing step often seen in Cantonese Chinese opera.

A second "medium" emerged from the temple porch, then a third and a fourth. In turn their convulsions were restrained by the white-costumed attendants. One had his cheeks pierced with a similar skewer; the

*A "medium", before the ceremonial firewalk at Ampang, is brought out of the temple in a trancelike state and permits the attendants to pierce his tongue or cheek with a metal skewer. This is a sign that one of the spirits of the Nine Gods has taken possession of him as he is pushed into a dance around the pit.*

others submitted to a piercing of the tongue with no sign of pain and only a little blood in one case. After they had made several dancing rounds of the enclosure and the pit, three groups emerged from the temple. Each of these groups bore a sedan chair carrying an image of one of the Nine Brothers. The climax of the day's ceremonies was at hand.

The attendants became very busy with the firepit. With long planks they levelled off the surface of the coals. Four large panniers of salt were placed at the four corners. At a signal from the master of ceremonies who gave directions through an electronic hailer (these people gayly combine the 20th Cen-

tury with the barbaric), the attendants began to empty the salt on top of the charcoal. The entire pit took on the appearance of a muddy snow and a great fog of smoke arose as the salt began to burn.

As this smoking curtain grew, the media and the sedan chair bearers began their fire walking. It was a hurried "walk"; no one was pausing to meditate. There was plenty of heat, no doubt, but I felt that the fire itself was an inch or two *below* the surface. It was hot, but not so hot that people could not *hurry* across it unharmed, particularly people whose soles might be toughened by frequent or habitual barefoot walking. On top of this tolerable heat, a further layer of insulation was added by that layer of salt. No, I was not particularly impressed. I felt that if somebody made it worth my while, I too could duck across it without losing my sole, so to speak.

But I was impressed by something else. It was the actual fear I felt when one of the "media" passed quite near me as I was pressed against the inner rope. These men certainly acted as if they were in a trance. Their eyes were half closed, and the skewers quite clearly pierced tongue and cheek as they danced their way grimly around the pit. If in fact they were "possessed", it was not by the spirit of Christ. The entire ceremony was of a religious nature, and again what was offered the hundreds of entranced worshippers was not the spirit of Christ. One could not but feel uneasy when one wondered about the presiding spirit.

With the fire-walking ceremony, which only lasted ten minutes, the day's devotions were over. Many pressed forward to pick up pieces of the charcoal, which, or so it was believed, far from injuring the truly devout could actually heal. As sightseers began to drift away, only the faithful remained to pray to the Nine Brother Emperor Gods. As I made my way home the sky darkened on a strange afternoon. At the door the storm burst, washing some of the darkness from this tropic world.

*One of the sedan chairs, carrying an image of one of the Nine Brothers, is borne successfully across the pit of coals by a group of hurrying attendants.*



Jaime Fonseca

Editor of "Noticias Catolicas"  
N.C.W.C. News Service

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## A LATIN AMERICAN LOOKS AT PANAMA

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When the United States and Panama sit at the green table to smooth out the Canal crisis, they may be dealing with the last significant form of a colonial remnant as well as the surge of nationalism in the Western hemisphere. Here, too, is a collision of cultures with multiple possibilities of misunderstanding if emotion or pride becloud the issues. It is a crisis that is being closely watched by all of Latin America.

On the outcome could well hang the key to future relations between the United States and Latin America as a whole. With nations, as with men, it takes humility and courage for both parties of a quarrel to recognize mutual mistakes and to face up to new realities.

Many Panamanians see the position of the United States as a brand of paternalistic colonialism, or an "imperialism" which, they say, is untenable today. And many leaders in Washington view the Panamanian claims for a re-negotiation of the 1903 treaty as nationalism compounded with unrealistic demands, a dose of Communist agitation and politics (elections will be held on May 10).

In the meantime, vital interests of both countries are locked in the conflict. The U.S. risks further loss

of prestige abroad by closing its eyes to some evident injustices, and Panama is concerned for one of the major factors of her economy.

When mediation efforts by an Inter-American commission failed in March, amid a flurry of confusion and resentment (there had been solid promises of a solution up to then), President Johnson wrote to the Organization of American States:

"It is our obligation as allies and partners to review these claims and to meet them, when meeting them is both just and possible." He recognized that "the claims of the government of Panama and of the majority of the Panamanian people do not spring from malice or hatred of America. They are based on a deeply felt sense of the honest and fair needs of Panama."

*Just and possible* are the key words. The U.S. must do all within its power to find a just solution. The Panamanians, for their part, must be reasonable and not ask for the impossible. But, perhaps, something more than strict justice is demanded here. Cardinal Cushing of Boston, chairman of the U.S. Bishops' Committee for Latin America, made this point in his statement on the Panama crisis.

"Besides justice, a certain unanimity, breadth of vision and largeness of heart should help us to grasp the national aspirations of Panamanians for 'the fullness of a more excellent life' (*Mater et Magistra*) especially since so many live in dire daily need. That this should erupt into violence is deplorable, but that the Panamanians should have ser-

ous grievances is understandable given the facts: that the Canal is such a dominant national resource, and that our affluent standard of living taunts the numerous needy from the visible showcase of the Zone, which lies in their very midst, thwart their national soil, and giving much control of their destiny to officials to whom they have no regular recourse except by treaty.

"Appraising our own appropriate patriotic feelings and recognizing our own legitimate interests in the Canal, we must assess and even admire the proper nationalism of others. Withal, it is not surprising that the people of Panama seek revision of a treaty which so dominates their lives, that they want to update a contract already 60 years old, despite its claim to perpetuity."

Beyond the questions of sovereignty or the strategic or the economic, the Panama Canal poses the problems of cultural conflict. Recently Dr. Lewis Hanke, professor of Latin American history at Columbia University, wrote to some friends in Bolivia:

"Behind the battle of the flags looms a serious cultural conflict, often ignored in press dispatches. The North-Americans who built the Panama Canal have felt only contempt for the "natives", who led a life of grime and sickness, who did not speak English, were not whites, had a different moral code and, in a word, were strangers . . . These Americans developed *their* canal and expanded in *their* Zone a community, self-sufficient, needing the Panamanians only for domestic services and menial work.

"And at the end of decades of living there, many of them did not know how to order a beer in good Spanish. I doubt if their Zone high-schools have been teaching any history of Central America, or giving the U. S. students any idea of how the Panamanians really felt about the Canal Zone.

"The Panamanians, scorned as "pigs", reacted by coining their own prejudices against the "gringos" . . . For Panamanians, Americans were simply tall, blond, arrogant individuals, who believed themselves to be better men, who were immature and whose women were superficial, and whose country was run by Wall Street."

This litany of caricatures, as well as fair assessments, has long tended to abrade relations between U.S. citizens in the Zone and their Panamanian neighbors. Living in "golden ghettos", as they have been aptly described, the U.S. Zonians have been guilty of much of the cultural apartness and aloofness which Dr. Hanke describes. The flag incident was the final abrasive in a series of galling actions that led to bloodshed, tragic deaths and the present crisis.

What do Panamanians want? The answer has been given by Panamanian youths who came to the Balboa High School grounds to hoist their flag, as had been agreed to, and who paid for their gesture in blood. Although there has been no official spelling out of Panama's position, the following seem to be the gist of her demands:

"Titular sovereignty", the mere flying of both flags in the Canal

Zone, will no longer do. Panamanians want practical sovereignty as well.

To achieve this they ask that negotiations begin on a new treaty immediately. The old treaty of 1903 gives sovereign control over the Canal Zone to the United States in "perpetuity", with complete administrative control in U.S. hands from toll to mails, plus courts and military personnel.

Some extreme nationalists call for nationalization of the Canal, others for "internationalization." More realistic leaders talk of a gradual turnover of operations in a 10 or 15 year period to well trained Panamanians, adding safeguards for all nations concerned.

Panama also demands a better share in its great natural resource, the Canal. "Panama," they say, "has as much right as any other nation to benefit from its own natural resources, in this case our geographic position."

These are some of the problems that face the U.S., and the decisions made in the days to come will leave their mark on hemispheric relations. Nearly 60 years ago Elihu Root, then American Secretary of State, told Panama's Congress: "Our peoples—Americans and Latins—are very different in traditions, laws, mores, thought, and trade. Misunderstandings happen, with the best of intentions . . . Let us be mutually patient, let us believe in each other's sincerity, let us bear with each other . . . so that we can, together, fulfill our great destiny."

The challenge and the promise stand.

~~L. LOUIE~~  
~~GLORIA~~  
 FLORIAN  
 +  
 GLORIA  
 Heartaches  
 +  
 LILIAN  
 PAPA  
 MELINDA  
~~JULIE~~  
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# MANHATTAN MISSION

Sandra F. Person

Ask a New Yorker, who knows his city, what "Nativity" brings to mind. He will most likely tell you the story, not of Christmas, but of an old church on the Lower East Side. Nativity was built originally by Presbyterians in the early 19th Century. When Irish immigrants began to fill the neighborhood, the Catholics bought the church. In the mid-19th Century it was almost burnt down by an anti-Irish Know-Nothing mob. Over the years it has served other national groups who have taken up residence in the neighborhood. There were the Italians who followed the Irish, and today many of its parishioners are Puerto Ricans.

There are parishes like it in all major cities of the United States: Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington. They are parishes whose peoples' appetite for God is dulled by ignorance and poverty and the hunger for better living conditions. Nativity, however, does have a spirit of "mission" that gives it a peculiar distinction.

Ten years ago when the Puerto Ricans began moving in, the pastor decided that the church had to go out to meet them. He did it by locating a "mission center" in an old tenement several blocks from the parish church. It was a startling departure from the accepted standards of parochial life in the heart of the largest city in the Western world, with the world's biggest ecclesiastical organization.

The pastor was formerly a missionary in the Philippines. He thought like a missionary, and this viewpoint had special application to his parish. These Puerto Ricans came from another culture, with Hispanic overtones much like the Philippines, and with different habits and tastes. Instead of violating the culture of these simple people, he

adapted the big city church to something they might better understand. His mission center spoke to a Spanish culture, and successfully.

Today the Nativity Mission Center has two full time priests, several sisters, and a host of clerical and lay volunteers. They all work hard because they must. All that can be evil in a big city is aligned against them, and their efforts are directed to preserving all that is good in an ancient culture while



Your heart has to be attuned  
to their needs, their hopes  
and even their despair.



introducing their people to the good in a culture still alien to them.

The two priests are Father Walter Janer, S.J. and Father Thomas Hession, S.J. They live on the top floor of the old tenement that serves as the mission center. The reflections that follow are their own.

“**T**o be effective in any neighborhood it is very important to know the geographical area, its structure, its culture and its sub-cultures. You have to know the area’s needs and institutions and people and their leaders. You have to know and understand the neighboring communities because they necessarily influence the one in which you live and in which you are trying to work.

“It all comes down to contact. You have to be so familiar with every street and every house that you can travel the area blindfolded. Your ears have to be attuned to the various noises, and your nose to the smells. You have to know the people: when they are out and when they are in, and why; where they shop and where the children go to school and where the adults work; why they decorate their apartments the way they do; where and why they have their parties; and you have to know their virtues and their vices. They will always have both in large quantities. Above all your heart must be attuned—to their needs, their hopes and even their despair.”

“**E**nvironment is one of the major factors. Sometimes we are so obsessed with the freedom of the will that we overlook the stark reality that not all of the will’s acts are totally free of outside impact. Many of these acts are conditioned. Environment enters here.

“With our people we must understand these conditions that impinge on their lives with such force. Their parents and relatives

the people they associate with, the type of apartment or flat they live in, the vistas they see when they look out the windows; the number of people around them, the tone of their voices, their likes and dislikes, their associations in the streets, the conversations and language they hear; the school; the accepted or unaccepted behavior, the religious beliefs of each and the extent and depth of their faith; their whole system of values, whether true or false; the newspapers they read, the impact of television or the radio if they possess either; the emphasis of advertising and the creation of a host of new wants; the weather, the food they eat; all of these factors make up their environment and inexorably color their judgements.

"Translate all this in terms of the deterioration of an old set of values and cultural standards which the Puerto Ricans experience today, add material needs in a society that makes physical well-being the very zenith of success and happiness, and you will understand what environment can do to a free will faced with choice in a culture alien to all they have known."

"Mrs. Cruz came in yesterday. She was complaining. Her complaints were the justified complaints of a mother who loves a son.

"Ramon is very intelligent, but living in the slums, with every frustration known to an adolescent—this can be a very dangerous thing. He is a big boy. He went to public school like the other Puerto Ricans in the area. No one took an interest in him. He never had much work to do, and the work he had was so easy that school became a bore. He was a big boy and a smart boy and school was a bore. So he quit.

"Ramon wanted to be a man. He began to work. He passed from childhood to an adult world not knowing how to cope with the responsibilities of an adult. Mrs. Cruz

Mrs. Cruz came in yesterday.  
She was complaining about Ramon.  
He had been on narcotics.



## MANHATTAN MISSION

came in yesterday. She was complaining about Ramon. He has been on narcotics for the past six months. Because others in his group were addicted, it is a sort of fad in this neighborhood, he may have followed the leader.

"Ramon is just one of any number of kids. They come in here, grow up here, and then break your heart. You never stop loving them, but it makes it all a little harder when you cannot do much to help them. They never stop coming back. This is the first place they felt they belonged and were wanted. Somehow the Center is not only a place where they can play; it seems to be often a substitute for their home. We and the old building become mother, father, sister and brother to almost every child that comes through the door.

"We do everything we can for people. But the greatest thing we do is to become involved in the lives of the little people who really do not seem to be able to find their way through the jungle of this city. New York has an anglo-culture. It speaks to the

Puerto Ricans in a foreign language. It has its own peculiar brand of racism. Juan de la Cruz never gave much thought to whether he was negro or white or mixed. It didn't matter before. Now he is afraid to mix in the race conflict. He is low man on the social ladder and in fear he shies away from the non-whites who seem to get the worst of the struggle. This leaves him suspended in the middle.

"They live, as a consequence, in ghettos. They are forced to this, partially, by social injustice, economic banditry, and the sheer lack of interest on the part of the comfortable people uptown. They can only find some sense of security in the little society of their own where at least some things are familiar and warm.

"These are some of the problems the Center tries to meet. It has all the features of a mission. Our jungle is not palm-lined or mountain-fringed. Our jungle is of brick and steel and cold cement, and survival is an endless struggle for life in an alien world. If we didn't care—who would?"

## Another Change

**M**ost of you have noticed the new look in JESUIT MISSIONS, beginning with the January issue. Change is with us.

And many readers have been kind enough to write and tell us of their reaction to the bigger and brighter format. (We'd like to hear from more of our readers). Your comments, we are happy to announce, have been generally on the happy side.

Now, however, we must announce another event in JESUIT MISSIONS history. We'd rather not, but it's something we must face up to. Since 1927, when we first began publishing a magazine dedicated to bringing about a wider interest in and knowledge of our missions around the globe, we've been able to send you JM at a subscription rate of only one dollar a year. Something happened to the dollar over the years, as you are well aware. It lost its stretch.

The increasing costs of publishing, as well as the needs of our ever-expanding mission endeavors around the world, make it necessary for us to do now what we have postponed for years. So it is that your next renewal notice will indicate a new subscription rate—two dollars for one year of JESUIT MISSIONS. As dollars go, (and how they go!), it isn't much; but as dollars go around the mission world it will make a world of difference.

We are confident you will understand the need for this change, and that you will continue your interest in and generous support of JESUIT MISSIONS.

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# WANTED

## for

# Jesuit

# Missionaries

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### HIGH ON TRUK

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The hope of the Church in the Caroline-Marshalls is the Jesuit high school on Truk. Boys from all over the two million square miles of the ocean territory come to study there. Most of them do so only because of the Christian charity of someone in the United States. The boys now in the school have asked us to beg your help once again so that others can follow them. Fifteen dollars would support a young boy from Yap or Palau for a month at the school.

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### CITY JUNGLE

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Fathers Walter Janer and Tom Heslop of New York's lower East Side are missionaries in any one's league. They are trying to expand their tenement center to accommodate boys whose home conditions make study and a decent life impossible. New York may not be Tanganyika, but the way out of the jungle of big city ignorance is just as difficult. A gift of five or ten dollars could help lift a boy's eyes, his mind, and his heart.

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### FILM FOR BAGHDAD

---

Baghdad's Father Joe O'Connor was born in Worcester, Mass., on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. As you might expect with such a background, Father Joe teaches religion. Film strips and film are the best way to teach the young of Baghdad, he has found. He asks your help to buy them for his growing classes.

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### 4. WAR ON POVERTY

---

Father Felix (it means "happy") Farrell of Denver and St. Joe, Mo., went out to India 35 years ago. He's been there ever since. Today in Chanpatia he is trying to build a \$1,000 school for destitute boys, recent converts. He says: "I know there are 1001 beggars besides myself: may they all get something." We hope they do, but we suggest that your gift of five dollars, or whatever you can give, could hardly go to a better purpose.

#### Chanpatia Saying

*"May the Giver give enough  
for the family,  
so that one's own may be  
filled,  
and that neither guest  
nor holy man  
go hungry."*

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### 5. HELPING HAND

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Father Jack Halligan, late of the Bronx, N.Y., is the only Jesuit working with Ecuador's 2,000,000 upland Indians. And he has just begun! His immediate needs are simple ones: a sick call kit (\$34.00), a small ciborium (\$50.00) and a dollar a day to help him live. This young missionary deserves a helping hand as he begins his priestly ministry.

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### 6. ALASKA'S FORGOTTEN ONES

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It's spring in Alaska and Father Boileau, the Jesuit superior, is getting ready to make his annual visit to all the mission stations along the northern rivers and the shores of the Bering Sea. He will find some of America's poorest people: the forgotten Indians and Eskimos of our 49th state. Please trust him with a gift of a few dollars to distribute in your name in Kotzebue and Nuleto, Holy Cross and St. Mary's.

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

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**DESIGN**

Franznick-Medén

**BUSINESS OFFICE**

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

**EDITORIAL OFFICES**

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

**AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS  
AND MISSION DIRECTORS****ALASKA**

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