July – August 1946

JESUIT MISSIONS

Holy Week in Rome

July-August **JESUIT MISSIONS** 1946

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COVER—Pope Pius XII, who has granted so many audiences to service men and women since the liberation of Rome, broke a long standing precedent by granting three special audiences to the men and officers of the U.S.S. Missouri during Holy Week, one of them on Good Friday. Cover shows the chaplain of the "Big Mo," Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., being warmly welcomed by the Holy Father.

CONTRIBUTORS

Clement J. Armitage, S.J.

■ Father Clement J. Armitage, S.J., from Boston and Worcester, Mass., later of Baghdad, Iraq, and currently of Weston, Mass., is the type of author for which editors write to Santa Claus year after year. As far as records for several years show, no article of his has ever been rejected by this magazine.

Another one is on file now waiting to appear in due time. Just when we need more stories on Baghdad, we know the mail will bring others from his gifted pen. He is "Father" Armitage, now, by the way, in case you didn't notice. Last summer he and several of the Baghdad scholastics, who had been marooned for four years in the Near East by the war, were ordained at Weston in a special ceremony.

■ Father Walter J. Miller, S.J., astronomer extraordinary and former graduate student of Harvard University, and one of the first Jesuits to go to Rome since the outbreak of the war in Italy, is on the staff of the Vatican Observatory at Castel Gondolfo, less than twenty miles outside the Eternal City. Brother Timmers, S.J., of whom he writes, is the Jesuit Brother who discovered a comet, now officially bearing his name. Besides paying tribute to the Brother's accomplishment, Father Miller (and we join him) takes the occasion to indicate the need for Brothers and the opportunities they have for using their skills in the service of the Church.

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■ **Father Joseph Reith, S.J.,** needs no introduction except to those who are only now beginning to read *Jesuit Missions.* (Incidentally, it would be interesting to find out how many of our first readers in 1927 have never missed an issue and how many of our present readers never saw our magazine before 1945.) For those who would like to know more of Father Reith, we recommend the April issue of 1946.

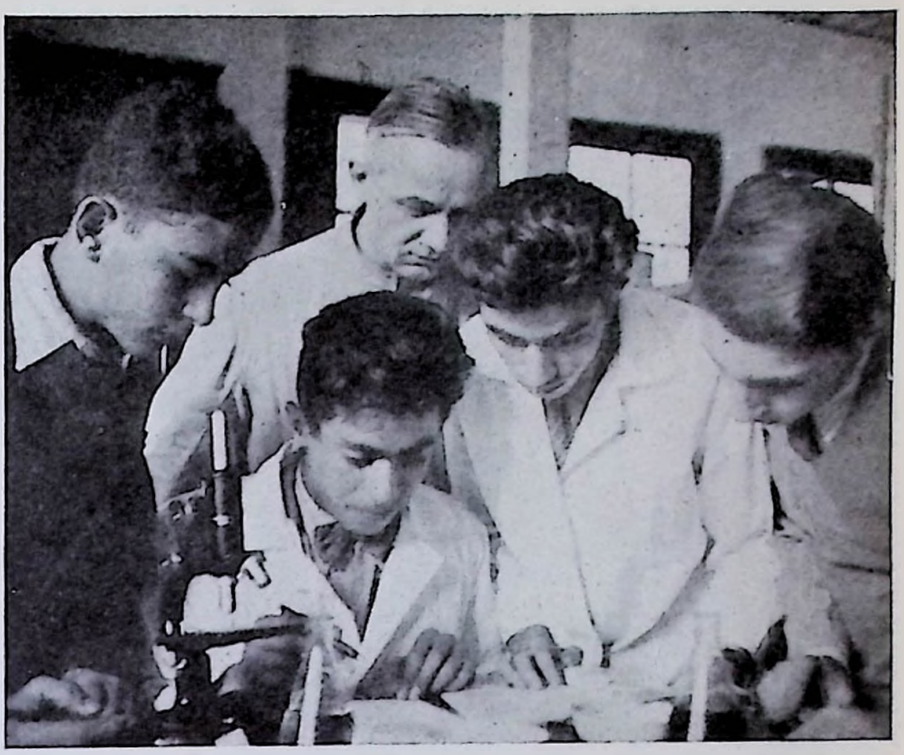
Joseph Reith, S.J.

■ **Father Maurice Meyers, S.J.,** is a Chicago Province Jesuit from Fort Wayne, Indiana, who joined the Byzantine-Slav rite of the Catholic Church in Rome just before the war. His work at present is with Russians in Shanghai. The absence of real religious freedom in Soviet Russia is the only thing which prevents him from laboring as a priest in Russia itself. Just in case you are wondering, he is a real Jesuit, a real Catholic, and a real Oriental rite priest who received his early training in the rite at the Pope's Russian College in Rome dedicated to the Little Flower. The "Russicum," as it is called, is conducted by the Jesuits for candidates from all over the world to the secular priesthood in the "Russian Rite." The Jesuit candidates for the rite live in the large international Jesuit Scholasticate, study at the Gregorian University, but follow some courses with the students of the Russicum.

Maurice Meyers, S.J.

■ **Father John L. Uhl, S.J.,** who authored the center story on Our Lady, is in Cincinnati, Ohio, at St. Xavier's. On special occasions he has written for us before, although he is not strictly a missioner. His work for U. S. negroes, however, and his interest in our work is title enough.

The Medical Mission Sisters, the Holy Cross Fathers, and the Jesuit Patna Mission Service are collecting food for the starving in India. (See inside back cover.)



No Danger—Men at Work

There's no danger of the devil making this laboratory his workshop. The boys at Baghdad are kept too busy. They complain at school, of course, but at home they brag about Baghdad College; *they're proud of it,* as proud as they can be.

They have reason to be proud. The Jesuits at "B.C. on the Tigris" aim to make Baghdad College *the best school* in the Near East, its students *the best trained,* its alumni *the most upright* and *most valuable* men in all Iraq. Already its graduate students are a credit—in Beirut, Stamboul, London, Edinburgh, M.I.T. in Boston, University of Michigan, Fordham, Santa Clara, etc.

How could a young mission college do it? Read the first letter on page 166. "V.A.G., S.J.," is Father Gookin, biology professor with the group above. Hard work and American aid to the missions made Baghdad's record possible.

The faculty there are giving their whole lives without a cent of salary. The boys work harder than most American boys. The church and their country need them. Help the school become *"the best"* by your donation for Father Vincent A. Gookin, S.J., of Baghdad College.

Send your "gift for Father Gookin" to:

Rev. Coleman A. Daily, S.J., 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N.Y.

Eight Long

George Marin, S. J.

July 7th, 1937. Little did I dream on July 7, 1937, when leaving Suchow for Peiping, to open a house where newly arrived Jesuit missionaries could study the Chinese language, that I was traveling on a history-making day. The following morning I learned that a shot had been fired at Lukowchiao (or Marco Polo Bridge not far from Peiping). It was the pretext for the so-called Sino-Japanese "incident." We thought this would be only a small quarrel, soon to be patched up like so many before. But it turned into a terrible war in which China gave ground but never gave in, then became a part of the Pacific War and thereby merged into World War II. China has been in it then for more than eight dreary years, longer than any other belligerent, with the exception naturally of Japan. Eight years is a long, long time to be at war. How did our Jesuit Missions pull through it all?

Jesuit missions stretch from Peiping, former capital in the North, to Hongkong and the Portuguese colony of Macao in the South, nowhere very far inland. In North China there are now three missions: Sienhsien, with its flourishing University and Middle School in Tientsin, confided to the Jesuits of the Champagne Province of France; Taming, evangelized by Hungarian Jesuits, and Kinghsien in the care of Austrian Fathers. In Peking, Chabanel Hall for language study is a house

Years

common to all the Jesuit missions in North and Central China.

In Central China, in Kiangsu and Anhwei, the Jesuits of the Paris Province formerly labored but since 1922, this territory has been given over to several other Provinces of the Society and to the native clergy, the mother mission keeping what is now called the Shanghai mission. Two Spanish Provinces take care of the Wuhu and Anking missions, the Italian Fathers took over the Pengpu mission. All three are in Anhwei Province. In Kiangsu Province, Suchow mission in the north is administered by Canadian Fathers, and Yangchow mission by the American Jesuits from California.

In South China the Portuguese Fathers work in the diocese of Macao, confided to the secular clergy. But the present Bishop, H. E. Mgr. Ramalho, happens to be a Jesuit. Some Jesuits are helping in the diocesan seminary, but most of them are laboring in the interior, northwest of Macao, in and around the city of Shiuhing. The Irish Fathers have all their work in Hongkong: Regional Seminary for the South, Wah Yan College for Chinese boys, Ricci Hall . . . a hostel for students of Hongkong University where some of the Fathers have often given lectures, and Loyola Hall where newly arrived missionaries learn Cantonese.

At the beginning of the Pacific War all these missions together counted about 750 Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers. The territory entrusted to the Society by the Congregation of Propaganda had approximately 58,000,000 inhabitants, of which, according to mission statistics, 504,804 were Catholics in 1940. Now what did the war do to these missions? Churches, schools, residences, chapels have been burned, bombed, damaged. Some suffered no damage whatever but unluckily fell under Communist control. As a result, sometimes a whole mission compound would be completely pulled down, brick by brick, until nothing was left of a formerly flourishing mission center. All the building material was carried away by them. If I attempted to enumerate all the damages, the list would be too long. Most of the buildings of our Fathers in Hongkong were hit by shell fire, but losses from looting were more severe.

WHAT is much more serious is the loss of mission personnel, especially of missionaries. The laborers are all too few in this vineyard of the Lord and their formation requires so many years! Almost at the beginning of the war in 1937, a young missionary, Fr. Sontag, was killed point blank by a Chinese sentry, probably through some mistake. And all during the war the Japanese time and again accused the mission of various crimes, arrested missionaries, seminarians, catechists, servants, kept them imprisoned, sometimes for long periods, tortured them and killed many. Some died in prisons from maltreatment, many were bayonetted to death. In this way, at Sienhsien alone, 4 Fathers died, 1 Scholastic, 1 Brother, about 10 seminarians, more than 20 catechists, 4 or 5 servants.

In one center, while I write this, one mission, now in Communist controlled territory, is undergoing martyrdom. The compound has been thoroughly looted, the Fathers are accused of divers crimes for which they are fined 67 billion dollars (Red money) . . . at the present rate of exchange (fixed by them) anything from 500 million to one billion U. S. dollars! ! ! ! Almost all the Chinese Jesuits have succeeded in fleeing from one mission walking through fields at night, hiding by day, and this in the dead cold of winter with nothing but the clothes they have on their backs. Outright persecution has thus driven out of their house Philosophers, Juniors and Novices. The valuable mission library will perhaps be a total loss. The printing presses have already been confiscated. Humanly speaking it is the end of a prosperous mission. But God's Providence is guiding everything and one day the Church will be rejoicing there with an even greater number of faithful children.

The Shanghai mission can boast of two glorious martyrs, two Chinese secular priests who in the beginning of this war were mur-

dered for attempting to protect the chastity of women whom the Japanese soldiers were demanding. Elsewhere Fr. Simons, an American, Fr. Gonçalves and Fr. de Gassart were all murdered by unruly elements during the war.

Suchow mission also lost several missionaries. Frs. Dubé, Bernard and Lalonde were shot by the Japanese in March 1943. Before that, a Brother had been killed by a Japanese sentry and another so seriously wounded that he has never been able to recuperate sufficiently to do his work as formerly.

Anking Mission lost a Brother and four Presentandine nuns who were drowned when their boat struck a mine on the Yangtse River. In Wuhu mission Fr. Ponsol was killed. Fr. Calavia almost lost an eye and suffered other severe injuries when his Mission station was bombed. Fr. Gurrea was also seriously wounded one day when Japanese soldiers threw hand grenades into the cellar where he and other refugees were huddled trying to avoid shell fire.

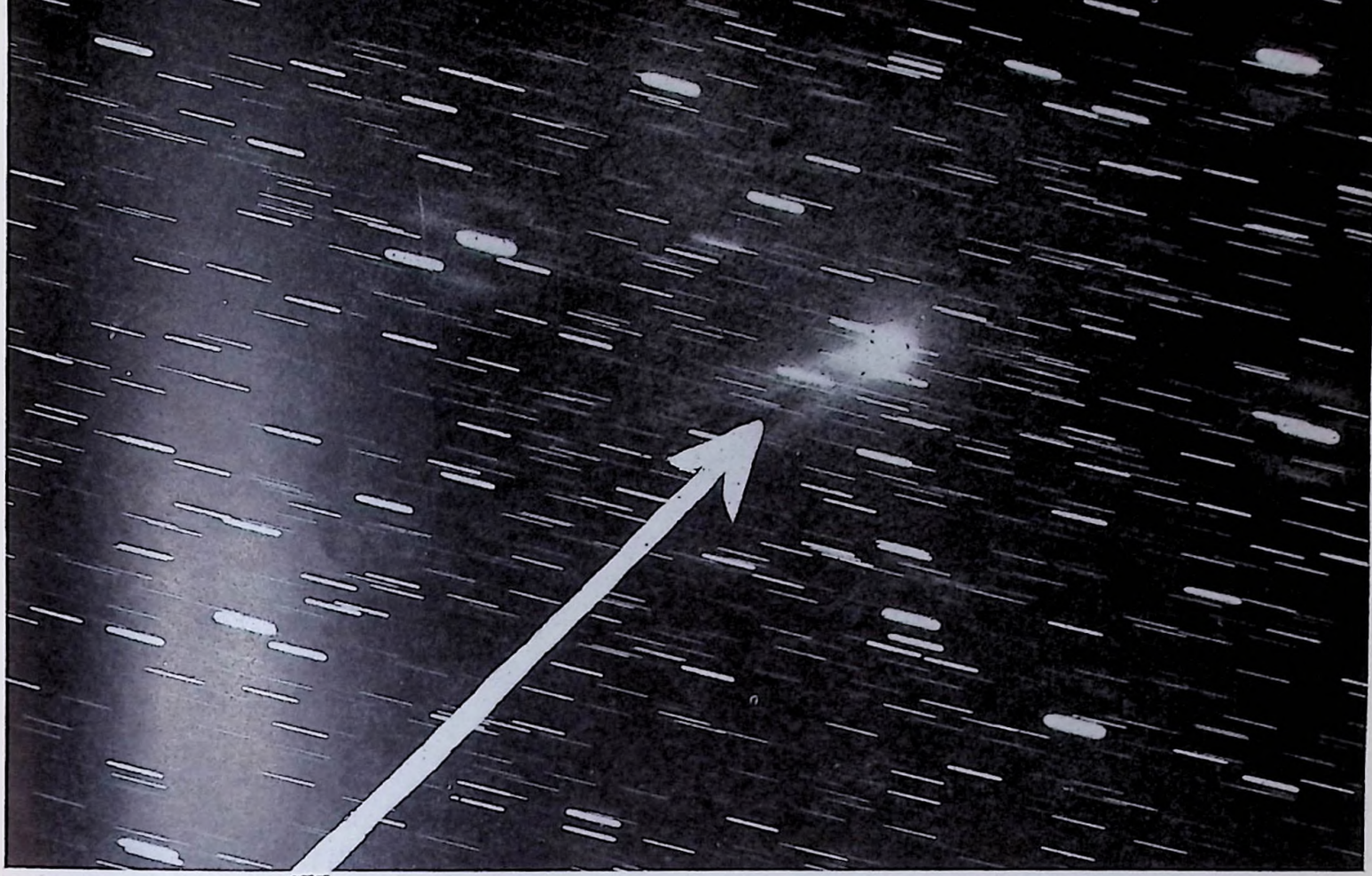
How many missionaries have aged prematurely, how many fine strong young priests have become run down as a result of dangers continually undergone, internment, hunger? From 1941 until today in 1946 not a single missionary has come from abroad, whereas in normal times about forty missionaries on an average would arrive yearly for our China missions. During these five years about 200 new men would have normally come to keep up the work already begun and to push ahead. For in a mission country, the ideal is not just to keep things going, but to keep advancing into the surrounding pagan community. Will those 200 who would have come, ever come? Alas, probably only a small portion, and there's the saddest loss of the Missions.

A church now ruined.

During the first two years, when Japan was attacking vigorously, refugees poured into mission compounds everywhere, and the missionaries multiplied themselves heroically to help anyone and everyone. They did their best to protect the population against cruelty and injustice; they took care of the sick, the wounded, the orphans, the widows and the aged. As a result, thousands of pagans came into contact with the Church, began to know her, were struck by the charity of Christ which the missionaries tried to imitate. Consequently thousands of conversions followed. But as the occupation dragged on and things began to settle down more or less, occasions for practicing charity diminished, became less striking for the multitudes, and the refugees returned to their former ways of living. Hardships of all kinds increased as time went on. The country's whole economic structure was upset, prices kept skyrocketing. Never before were the people so hard-pressed to eke out a miserable living. Taxes of all kinds were imposed on the people by all sides: the Japanese, the guerillas, the puppet troops of Nanking, the Reds. Soldiers and workers were drafted right and left. Life became a nightmare. The troubled state of the country often prevented the missionaries from visiting their flock in the out-stations. The faithful were often prevented from going to church on account of distances, unsettled conditions rendering all travel dangerous, and so forth ad infinitum. Catechumenates therefore little by little closed down. Many schools did likewise, principally for lack of funds. Of late more of our schools have been closing in Communist controlled territory, because the Communists prohibit all schools but their own and because the children are kept busy from morning to night by propaganda organizations. Result: many children born of Catholic parents are still unbaptized, invalid marriages have greatly multiplied, and thousands of children have grown up without Catholic training. This is the saddest of all.

What has sorely tried the missions during the war was the impossibility of receiving financial help from abroad. Money restrictions by the Japanese, and by most other countries, too, made it almost always impossible to get money, and if it did come, on account of controlled exchange, only a wee little rivulet trickled in instead of the stream that had been contributed. Since this was the case, our procurators at home wisely held back money destined for the missions. Perhaps the money is over there in the U. S. A. or in Europe waiting for the dikes to give way, but in the meantime missionaries have to live parsimoniously. The mission personnel is reduced to a skeleton staff, poorly paid. Everywhere sacrifices have been made to keep the seminaries going and in none of our Jesuit missions, thank God, have these been closed down. The future of the missions depends on them. Nowhere have our colleges and universities shut their doors. We have maintained them at enormous costs and under most trying circumstances. They are now flourishing as never before. But with the return of government schools and Protestant staffs and millions for private schools, competition will now start most seriously. And unless our finances receive a great boost, we will hardly be able to keep up the pace others will set.

What will the future of the Church in China be? In order to repair the enormous spiritual losses, in order to be able to make inroads in the millions of pagans waiting for the light to dawn, if we wish to break down the terrible danger of Communism in this country and save China for the Faith, if we want our schools to be truly Catholic, Catholics everywhere must get together and pray fervently that the Kingdom of Christ come soon in China.



It's "Timmers' Comet"

Walter J. Miller, S.J.

A Jesuit Brother has his name written among the stars

Newspaper columns and radio broadcasts in Europe and in America recently carried the announcement of a new comet discovered at the Vatican Observatory by a Jesuit laybrother. Let's see what is the story behind that story.

When Brother Matthew Timmers entered the Society of Jesus, his only ambition was to help the Jesuit Fathers in their work in any way he could. At Christmas time in 1932 he had made a three-day laymen's retreat at St. Ignatius Retreat House near his home in Spaubeek, Holland, and he had admired the zealous spirituality of the Fathers there. His vocation was at once clear,—he would spend his life helping the Jesuit Fathers in their work for God.

It wasn't easy for Matthew to leave home. He was the seventh child in a family of nine. His father was a blacksmith specializing in the making of plows. His eldest brother Alphonsus had managed to pay Matthew's way through a technical school at Maastricht, and thereafter his talents as a mechanic and electrician were needed and used for six or seven years to build up the little electrical business started in the neighboring town of Schimmert. Their mother had planned on having Matthew at home with her when the other children had established families of their own. Then came the retreat and the decision, a real crisis in the family. At first the mother was adamant. "I'll never, never come to visit you, if you leave home to become a Jesuit." (As a matter of fact, she was the very first to visit her son at the Jesuit Novitiate in Mariendaal!) The wise father made only one condition,—Matthew must stay at home until he had trained his youngest brother Servass in the electrical business. Through all of this, Matthew persevered in his dream of a vocation to the Society of Jesus, and finally in

(Above) Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer villa overlooking Lake Albano, with the Vatican observatory on top of the palace. (Right) Brother Matthew Timmers, S.J., assistant in the Papal observatory, discoverer of a comet recently named officially after him, stands at the valuable Zeiss telescope.

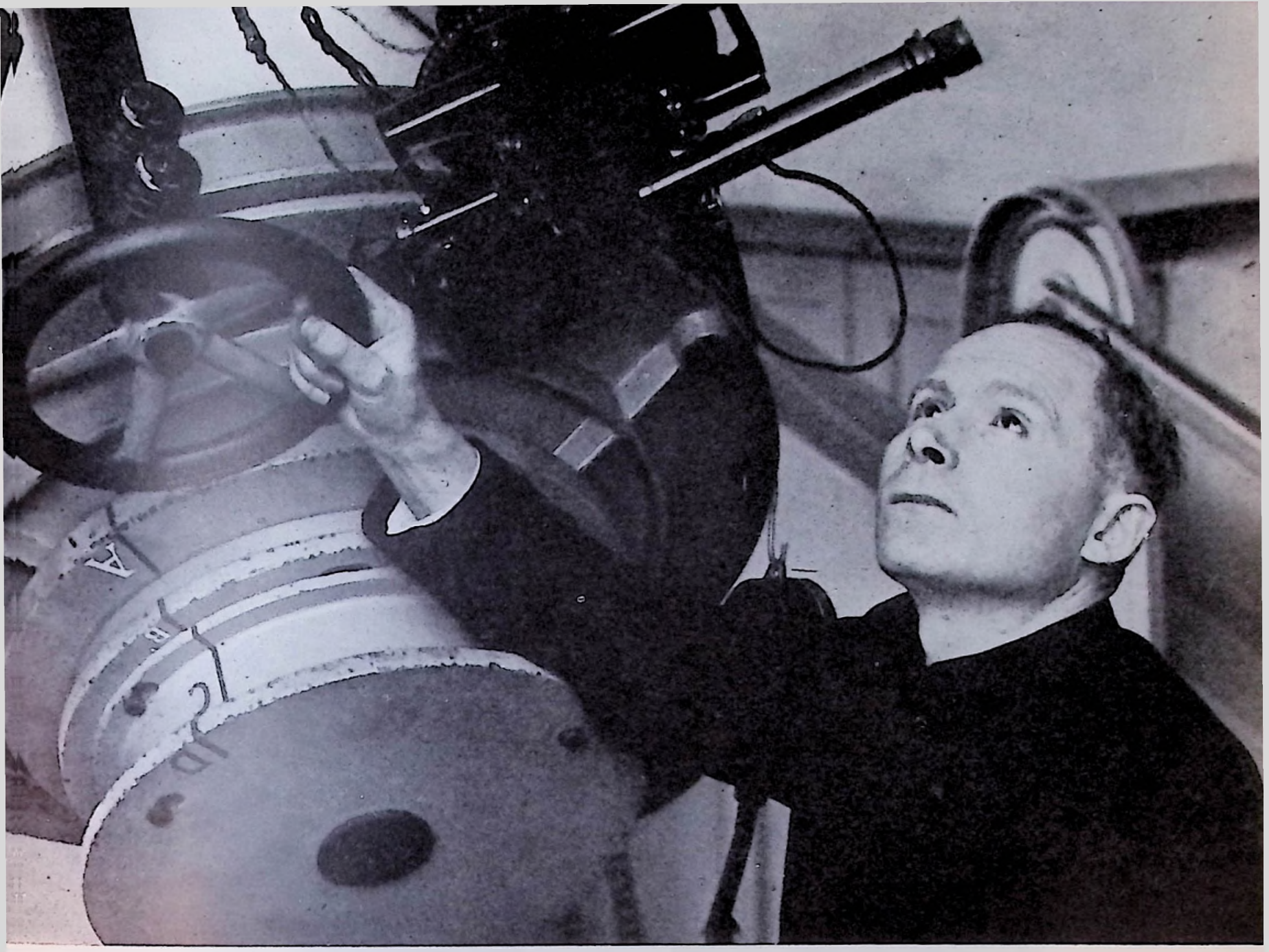
January of 1935 at the age of 27 he at last became a postulant laybrother novice at the novitiate of the Dutch Jesuits.

After pronouncing his First Vows on Juy 11, 1937, Brother Timmers applied his useful talents as mechanic and electrician at Mariendaal, never dreaming of the possibility of his ever doing the same thing at the Vatican Observatory in the very household of the Holy Father. But the papal observatory, recently moved from Rome to the Castel Gandolfo, Summer Palace of the Pope, needed him; and the Provincial of the Dutch Province generously gave his consent to the request of a distinguished member of that province, Father John W. Stein, S.J., Director of the Vatican Observatory. In November of 1938 Brother Timmers came to Castel Gandolfo.

The Vatican Observatory is an up-to-the-minute modern observatory equipped at papal expense with powerful photographic and visual telescopes and elaborate auxiliary apparatus for measuring the position and brightness of stars. It is housed in the Pontifical Summer Palace high in the Alban Hills. It overlooks the Lago di Albano which nestles in the hollow of an extinct volcano, and from its terraces there is a breathtaking panorama of the Mediterranean and the entire Anzio beachhead, of Rome and the Sabine Hills, with the Apennines in the far distance. The Observatory and its associated Astrophysical Laboratory are staffed by nine Jesuits,—six priests and three lay-brothers. The Community is definitely international, comprising at present two Germans, three Austrians, two Hollanders, one Spaniard and one American.

Brother Timmers soon made himself an indispensable member of the Community. Day after day he utilized his talents as electrician and mechanic, rewiring and repairing and rebuilding wherever necessary. But he also devoted all his precious free time and many of the evening hours to astronomy. Every morning he could be found in the observatory darkroom, carefully developing the previous night's photographic plates. He used the thermoelectric photometer to measure stellar images on the plates, so that the Fathers could calculate the magnitude or brightness of each star. He kept the various instruments in perfect running order, and on every clear night he took his turn photographing the stars.

Such zealous industry received a spectacular reward on the night of February first of this year. Brother Timmers made a routine two-hour photograph of a star field on the regular observing program, and early the next morning he went to the darkroom to develop and "fix" the plate. Since the plate used for the long exposure was the first one from a recently received shipment of Eastman Kodak plates, Brother Timmers, painstaking as usual, wanted to find out the developing time best suited to the new emulsion. So he cut a test-strip from one end of the plate, divided that in turn into three parts, and developed each part for a different length of time. Imagine his surprise when he turned on the darkroom lights and found on one of the three test-pieces a bright trailed image with nebulosity on one side of the streak. That

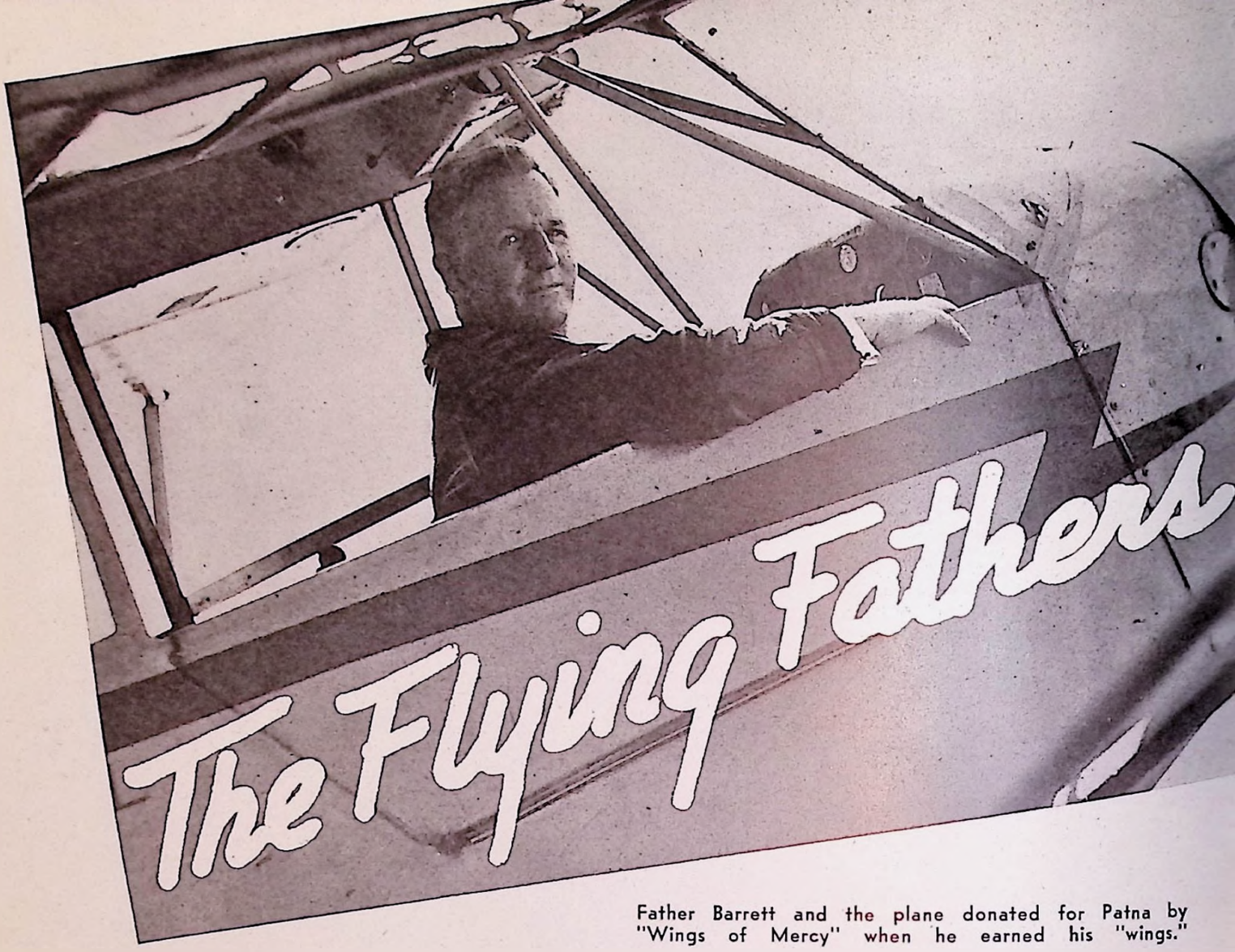


trail might be due to a comet moving apparently among the stars, which show up as round images on the photographic plate. Since only one plate had been taken of this particular star field, he would have to wait till darkness came again before the celestial object could be definitely identified as a comet.

That night both the visual and the photographic refractors were trained on the skies, and it was soon found that the object had moved among the fixed stars by about ¾ of a degree, a distance half again as great as the angular diameter of the sun. It was a comet, and cables giving its exact position and daily motion were sent at once to the observatories at Copenhagen and Harvard. Dr. Whipple searched the plate library at Harvard and verified the discovery on four patrol plates. Harvard Observatory printed and sent to all observatories the announcement of *Comet Timmers.*

Since then several astronomers have computed preliminary orbits for the comet. They show that the comet was nearest to the earth on February 6th, when it was 90 million miles from us and possessed a tail extending a million miles into space. Just before Holy Week the comet was closest to the sun, at a distance of 160 million miles, and travelling at the rate of 20 miles per second. Due to its great distance from us, Comet Timmers will probably never be visible to the naked eye. During the month of May, it was telescopically visible in the sky near the North Star. Its apparent circumpolar position during these months has permitted many precise observations to be made at observatories in the Northern Hemisphere. At present the Vatican Observatory alone has contributed more than 100 accurate positions, and from such observations a definitive orbit will later be computed for the comet.

Meanwhile, it is enough glory for Brother Timmers to have discovered the first comet of the year 1946 and the first comet ever discovered at the Vatican Observatory at Castel Gandolfo. At the end of this year the Astronomical Society of the Pacific will award its Donohoe Comet Medal for the first time to a Jesuit laybrother. But a special source of satisfaction for Brother Timmers lies in the fact that he has really helped the Jesuit Fathers in their work, and that the Holy Father himself was so pleased with Brother Timmers' work that he sent the Jesuit laybrother astronomer a beautiful rosary accompanied by a special blessing from the Vicar of Christ on earth.



The Flying Fathers

Father Barrett and the plane donated for Patna by "Wings of Mercy" when he earned his "wings."

"Too much inside rudder in a turn, and what happens? You skid the plane, like this. See?" Phil Zampini, the Instructor, manoeuvered the model ship in one hand. "If you fly by feeling, that won't happen. Remember, a good pilot flies by the seat of his pants!"

As Chief Flight Instructor in the Army, Phil had explained the fundamentals and intricacies of flying to thousands of cadets, but never had he a class such as this. These students were the Flying Fathers, young priests destined for the missions, to whom aviation was the newest aid in their apostolate. Two young Redemptorists would soon be landing their amphibian on the Amazon, the Divine Word Father would pilot his way around New Guinea, the White Father would cruise the vast stretches of the Sahara, an Oblate would carry supplies to the far flung Hudson Bay stations, the Jesuit would speed his travels over India, and two Sacred Heart missionaries would fly the skies over New Britain in the South Seas. Phil had found his vocation, too; this was not merely teaching men to fly, it was spreading the Kingdom of God through the men to whom He gave wings.

"Wings of Mercy" was organized one year ago by a missionary who had been a flier in the first World War and had later proved by actual experience in Africa and the Arctic the necessity and feasibility of flying in the missions. The organization trains the Flying Fathers free of charge and donates a plane to their mission when they have successfully completed the training. The whole cost of the work is contributed by generous people who see in this modern venture the accelerated development of the missions.

The new "Wings of Mercy" airport is located at Belleville, Illinois, fifteen miles from St. Louis, in ideal surroundings, and has merited a high Civil Aeronautics Administration rating. The former Oak Hills Golf Club was acquired by "Wings," and though the golf club still operates, part of the holdings were converted into the airport on which there are two runways, 2700 and 2200 feet long. Nestled in a shady grove nearby are new buildings providing a lounge, dining room, and kitchen for the fliers, and separate buildings for sleeping quarters. A beautiful little chapel stands apart, and at the edge of the field is the flight office. Three small hangars have already been erected to house the training crafts, and three large army planes are lined up along the field for laboratory lessons in aviation engineering for the student pilots.

Father Depiere, O.M.I., Northwest missioner with wings.

During their training the Flying Fathers have the time of their young lives. The future flier, sent by his religious Superior, arrives at Belleville as green as any military cadet. The camaraderie of the group in training immediately makes him one with them. On the first morning Phil initiates the novice with the order of his new log book, and leads him out to the Piper Cub. This is going to be just a ride. Phil takes the front, the student the rear seat. Safety belts are fastened. The prop is swung, and down the runway races the little Cub. The student is surprised to find himself off the ground so quickly. He is more surprised when Phil tells him to "take over" . . . and he is actually flying. So simple, and yet there will be weeks of flying before he is a finished pilot.

In the days that follow he will fly with Phil until one fair day when that instructor will climb out of the plane and send the student off on his own first solo. A fervent prayer, and it is done. That is the thrill of a lifetime, when the plane is in his hands and he is in God's. Thereafter he will alternate between solo and dual flights, each day acquiring some new technique, perfecting his co-ordination. He will not regard it as joy-riding, for when he is up the student is practicing stalls, spins, steep turns, and a variety of ground patterns. Each time he comes down it is to practice a perfect landing. And in between flights there are hours of "hangar flying" when he picks up words of wisdom from the instructor and learns from the experiences of his fellow fliers.

After eight or ten weeks of training, when flying has become as natural as breathing, comes the final test. All that he has learned, the Flying Father demonstrates for the C.A.A. test pilot, and if successful, he receives his private license. Then the graduation . . . not from "Wings of Mercy," but from the little Cub into the bigger Stearman. He is now a pilot, but not yet perfect. Very patiently Phil helps him through further manoeuvers, and in a few weeks he receives the instructor's approval to take off for any part of the world, a pilot for Christ. When he leaves Phil Zampini's hands he may be confident that he is truly a flier, for the "Wings of Mercy" motto is perfection.

Twenty-two Flying Fathers have so far received their training from Wings of Mercy. They include Oblates, Vincentians, Divine Word, Benedictine, White Father, Redemptorists, Jesuit, Sacred Hearts, all for the foreign missions, and eight diocesan priests for the home missions. Recently "Wings" has also accepted for training six young laymen, some of them ex-service men, who desire to aid the foreign missions, and upon completing their training will go to any part of the world where missionaries desire their services.

Great changes have taken place in the world since Father Adam Schall walked from Rome to China, since St. Francis Xavier spent two years sailing from Portugal to India. In many parts of the world the missions are still handicapped by primitive methods of travel, and great men wear themselves out reaching hidden corners to preach Christ to pagan peoples. The Flying Fathers, through the magnificent help of Wings of Mercy, will render the task more easy and speed the spread of the Kingdom.

"Wings of Mercy" is the organized effort to give "Wings" to the Word of God and to charity to save immortal souls and to bring medical aid to the most isolated. Every order is welcome to ask help to have one of its own members educated as a Flying Priest or Flying Brother. The flying course is at the expense of "Wings of Mercy," Wings of Mercy Airport, Belleville, Illinois. Twenty planes have already been donated for this work. Keep them flying!

John J. Barrett, S.J.

Grand Vizier of Baghdad

Clement J. Armitage, S.J.

We think it is time you met Father Devenny of Baghdad. Occasionally in Jesuit Missions there has been a tiny glimpse of him, a sort of side view as it were . . . and a side view hardly does justice to Father Devenny. For he is made up of all the things that come to mind when you think of Baghdad and the land between the two rivers. Whether you think of Iraq in terms of literature, or Bible history, or as an interesting spot for a tourist, you will have unconsciously touched upon one of the many characteristics of Father Devenny. (I hope no one immediately thought of the Forty Thieves . . . but even there he would steal your heart.) For he is Haroun Al Raschid's grand vizier, he is "Nimrod, the stout hunter before the Lord," he is another Grover Whalen at the Tower of Babel. Consider him in all these capacities.

Do you remember how Haroun's vizier would travel around Baghdad in search of information well to know? Now don't think that Father Devenny goes slinking off at night, swathed to his chin in the dark robes of the Arab. He has not the keyhole tactics and is absolutely incapable of slinking anywhere at any time. But he does know Baghdad—and not merely in a topographical sense (although that, too, is an achievement). His grasp of what we might term "the Baghdad situation" arose from the fact that he was appointed Principal of the College even before he first set dusty foot in the City of Peace. (Having bounced with him across the Syrian desert on that trip I can vouch for the foot.) As Principal he came face to face with such problems as the various Christian rites, the social strata of Baghdad, the sensitive religious divisions of Islam and the dark-eyed boy who was not exactly the same lad that he had taught at Boston College. So he unraveled those problems. Now it is a commonplace to go to Father Devenny with questions of this kind: "Just who is Abdul So-and-so?"

Father Austin Devenny, S.J., in state and on the job.

"Would Said's family be Sunni or can he go home for the Shia feast?" "What fast days must the Chaldean boys observe?" "Young Yohanna isn't doing so well in class. Has he got any family troubles?"

So the Grand Vizier unravels the tiny knots that tend to complicate the smooth weaving of the Baghdad College pattern. Like all master weavers he does it without harm to the other threads in the design. Young Aziz may present himself at the boarding school on the prescribed day, wide-eyed and nervous, and his only solace on this first night away from home is that his place in the study hall and dormitory is a good distance from his family enemy Hassan, also wide-eyed and nervous. He does not know that on the day his application for admission arrived Father Devenny was suddenly moved to quote a few lines of Shakespeare anent the Montagues and Capulets.

In a school made up of Jews, Moslems (Sunni and Shia) and Christians (Catholics, Orthodox and Protestants) there is a chance you may encounter a few delicate situations. There is a possibility of meeting up with a bit of embarrassment when your student body contains Arabs, Persians, Assyrians, Kurds, Syrians, Indians, English, Turks and French. So it is nice to have a "troubleshooter" around; one who can foresee most of the difficulties because he has gone to pains to learn what those difficulties might be and one who can step into the breach when the sharp spontaneity of youth has exploded. Father Devenny is our man for the breaches. There is a gallant Georgian lady (now resplendent in Heaven) who imparted to her son the unaffected courtesy and charm of the deep South. There is a quiet Irish scholar who rejoices with God that his son on earth has the gift of Erin's laughter. Besides that, Father Devenny has a stomach. Now that's not a matter for smiling. For every visit in Baghdad, at the school or any home, demands the consumption of extraordinarily thick Turkish coffee together with an unusual amount of cloying sweets. But he does it (heroic, yet the very act excludes him from "the thin red line of heroes") and in such a nice manner that even to the French of Syria, masters in the art of diplomacy, he is *tres distingué*.

But you must not get the impression that Father Devenny is just a FRONT man. There is far more to him than that. His past is always creeping up on him and you will find him of a quiet evening delving into the subtler parts of Thomas Aquinas, or paging through some German historical work, or he might even be relaxing with a tense problem of Riemannian metrics and orthogonal ennuples. A well-rounded man, our Father Devenny, with tastes that range from a bass viol to those heights of dialecticism, a philosophical argument with Father Madaras.

Does that make him sound a bit stuffy? Then remember "Nimrod, the stout hunter before the Lord." It is not every man who sails away (with colleges in this country asking for his known ability in mathematics) to walk the lonely paths of an exile for Christ. "Drifting sands, and caravans, and the desert's endless space. . . ." A touch of the romantic, perhaps? But there is more than a touch of romance in those men who go down to the sea in ships for the Name of Christ. They are kin to Richard the Lionhearted and St. Louis of France; to Xavier and Jogues and Spinola and the rest of that Flying Column of the Church. "Of His kingdom there shall be no end." No, not as long as there are men and women who can smile quietly as they walk up a gangplank that for them is a one-way street. Lighthearted, gay, reckless adventurers, (I have never met a stuffy one) they go forth to build anew Christ's kingdom.

Next Month

Next month, as far as this magazine is concerned, means September. That's a long way off this mid-May morning as we write this column. Any number of things can happen. "Next Month" we hope no mistakes will appear in these pages . . . like the two wrong dates given for Bishop Rice's death in the May issue. The correct date was February 28, 1946. It was March second when we received the news, just as we were finishing proofs on the April issue, laying out the May issue, and planning for June. With a schedule like that, it is not always easy to know what month it actually is. That is why the last day of April could slip into the text instead of the last day of February. This is just to assure you that we did not know beforehand when Bishop Rice was going to die.

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And, of course, when we put Father Lalin's name on the inside back cover of May for the picture of Father Marin, that was an error, too. We wanted to be sure to give credit to both secular priests working with the Jesuits in British Honduras. But that was not quite the way to do it. All we can do now is to apologize for the error and again salute two heroic priests.

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Next month, therefore, we hope there will be no errors. Least of all in the article with which the September issue opens—"Thanks to the Indians." America was discovered because Europeans hoped to find the Indies (of Asia). The Catholic church was planted first in America because missioners hoped to convert the American Indians. Do you know how much we owe to these Indian missioners?

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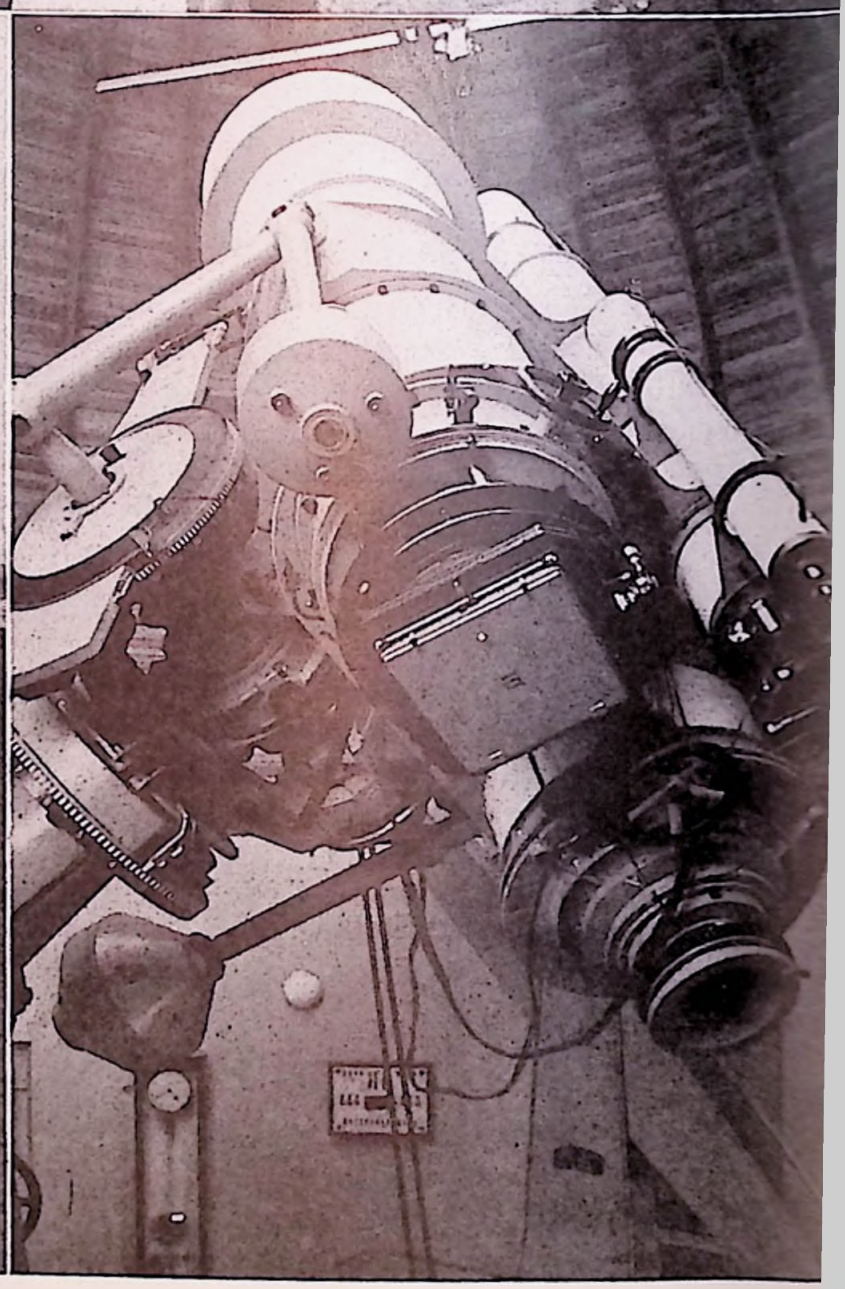
Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., the handsome, veteran missioner of Alaska, seldom writes articles for us, though he writes pages and pages for several Spanish publications, and though his command of English is extraordinarily good. We've just found out why. Our articles are too short! But next month he will appear with a charming piece on Alaskan "potlach."



(Top) Teresa Neumann of Konnesreuth, Germany, photographed with her pastor (left foreground), her two little nieces, an American soldier (to her right) and Father Ralph Schenk, S.J., Army Chaplain of the Missouri Province (to her left). It is about 20 years since Teresa has had any food whatsoever, except for Holy Communion. She works every day on the farm, except when in vision and ecstasy she undergoes the sufferings of Our Lord's Passion. She has perpetually the wounds of our Lord's crucifixion. Notice the wound on her left hand. (Lower left) Father Gordon Fournier, a White Father of Africa, dedicated to work among the Mohammedans, is now a pilot, thanks to "Wings of Mercy." (Lower right) The complicated telescope of the Papal observatory at Castel Gandolfo, which photographed "Comet Timmers."

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

THE FIRST CHURCH KNOWN TO BE erected in honor of Blessed Francesca Xavier Cabrini ("Mother Cabrini," to be canonized a saint in July) is not in Italy where she was born, nor in the United States where she became a citizen and won her crown of holiness, but in far off China where her spirit and name has already spread.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THIS SPRING the first priest missioners landed in Maui in the Hawaiian Islands, to find waiting for them 4,000 converts all instructed and prepared for Baptism. One layman, Helio Koaeloa, in spite of bigotry and government opposition, prepared all 4,000 catechumens for the coming of missioners. The Picpus Fathers, of whom Father Damien of Molokai was one, were the priests who arrived to reap this harvest. Solemn thanksgiving services, at which Archbishop Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Archbishop Mitty of San Francisco, Bishop Baumgartner, recently appointed Vicar Apostolic of Guam, and Bishop Sweeney of Honolulu were present, commemorated the anniversary of this unique lay apostle.

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SCHOOLS CAN DO IT. CARDINAL TIEN, S.V.D. stated in Washington at the interview given in the Chinese Embassy, "Our greatest need in China is education. We must build schools and seminaries and universities . . . to spread Christian principles and thus lay a solid fundation for Christianity in the Far East. . . . As first Cardinal of China, I plead with the Americans to send us more religious orders, congregations and societies. . . . Schools equivalent to American High Schools staffed by American missionaries the greatest specific need. . . . Scholarships for Catholic Universities in Peiping and Shanghai . . . but also Chinese students in every American Catholic college."

Fifty-nine U. S. Marines have enrolled for classes at Fu-Jen University in Peiping built in great part by donations of American Catholics for the missions in China.

In Manila, according to Father Crafton, Columban missioner, "Everywhere you look, thousands of Manila's children are in the streets, paddling in water, squatting by the roadside, begging rides in trucks and jeeps. Some schools are in operation but far too few to accommodate the thousands of children roaming the streets."

The students of Xavier High School in New York City donated for the Philippines $4,500 they saved by Lenten mite box collections and from proceeds of an Easter dance. Schools can do it.

MISSIONERS ARE RETURNING IN A STEADY stream. Six Capuchins returned to Guam to help rebuild the badly shattered mission in which only temporary places of worship for the most part are available. Eleven Passionists left Long Island for Hunan Province in China, where there are 5,000,000 people in 15,000 square miles. American Benedictines have received approval to open a house of their Order in Chowtsun vicariate of China. Thirty-six Jesuits leave for the Philippines. They include six Filipinos, nine missioners repatriated during the past year, four missioners of former years, and seventeen new missioners going to the Philippines for the first time. Three Sacred Heart Brothers leave for Basutoland, Africa to teach in Roma College, in the Oblate Mission of Basutoland. Three Oblates of Mary Immaculate sailed for their mission in Natal, Africa, where for 13 years the Oblates have worked among the Zulus. Eight Marist Sisters left Bedford, Mass. for Marist Missions in the South Seas, three of the sisters specifically for leper work in the Fiji Islands.

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"THERE NEVER WERE BETTER OPPORTUNIties for spreading the Faith in any mission land. The possibilities are staggering and may never come again." These are the words of a veteran Maryknoll missioner, Rev. Leo Steinbach, about Japan.

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"SHINTOISM AND BUDDHISM ARE DEAD religions. I am convinced that the Japanese people are starving for religion. Any kind of a vital religious movement in Japan will be successful now. Christianity is the only remedy to save the morale of the people," Wataru Narahashi, young Minister without portfolio and Secretary of the Japanese cabinet stated in an interview with Father Patrick O'Connor, Columban missioner, editor of The Far East, and correspondent of the N.C.W.C. in the Pacific. After this statement was published in Japanese newspapers, Shintoists and Buddhists threatened Mr. Narahashi, but when the young lawyer ran for election, hundreds of thousands of Japanese voted him into office. He is not yet a Christian himself.

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THERE IS NO CATHOLIC MISSIONARY TOday in the group of Marshall Islands around and including the Bikini atoll, scene of the A-bomb test this summer. Out of 10,000 people in the islands, only 750 are Catholics. Protestant missionaries were there ahead of Catholics who arrived in 1891 in the person of one visiting priest and one Brother.

The QUEEN

John L. Uhl, S.J.

She was a very small queen at first, and her subjects were her parents, Joakim and Ann. As a young mother she was a very cherished and honored queen, and her subjects were Jesus and Joseph. Later, Peter gave her his loyalty, and John, and James, and all that first group of the Crucified's followers.

Then she died.

The court of Heaven had been awaiting that moment and were expectant: Cherubim and Seraphim, Powers and Virtues, Archangels and Angels, and all the glorified spirits of men; and perhaps in that breathless moment of her entrance it was some great archangel like the warrior Michael who, in the thought-language of spirits, announced gravely and with all due solemnity, "Angels, and Spirits of Men, . . . the Queen!"

At that moment Heaven gained a queen. The queen was a very wide-eyed spirit as she looked in wonder and ecstacy at the infinite beauty of God and the glory of the angels and saints.

". . . the Queen!" It echoed not only through the courts of Heaven, but throughout her own being. She was face to face with the exciting realization that these words referred to her: she was that Queen! "I, Mary, the daughter of Joakim and Ann, am the Queen of Heaven. 'He that is Mighty has done great things to me.' . . . 'He hath exalted the humble' . . . 'All generations shall call me blessed' . . . !" This, then, was the reality concerning herself of which she had spoken in her young days on Earth in words of faith! All the generations of the past were now acclaiming her; and all of the generations of the future, in times to come, would continue to acclaim her.

Calmly, and with dignity, she presented herself before the Infinite Splendor which is God and received the welcome of Him who is Eternal Father, of her Imperial Son, and of her All Powerful Spouse, the Holy Ghost. Then turning, to the others, received them each one in turn. How proudly the Angels and Archangels watched her: they would be her messengers! The whole atmosphere of Heaven buzzed with excitement: this was a supreme moment of Heaven's history.

She was the new Queen of Heaven! But she was destined to be more than that. In God who contains all truth she began to see the whole of the Earth spread out before her: oceans and continents, all of its cities, all of its countrysides, —every one of the dwelling places of men. As an effect of seeing God Himself, she would also see each one of the millions upon millions of those who dwelt on the Earth: their persons and actions, their thoughts and desires, the

records of their past lives, the circumstances of their futures.

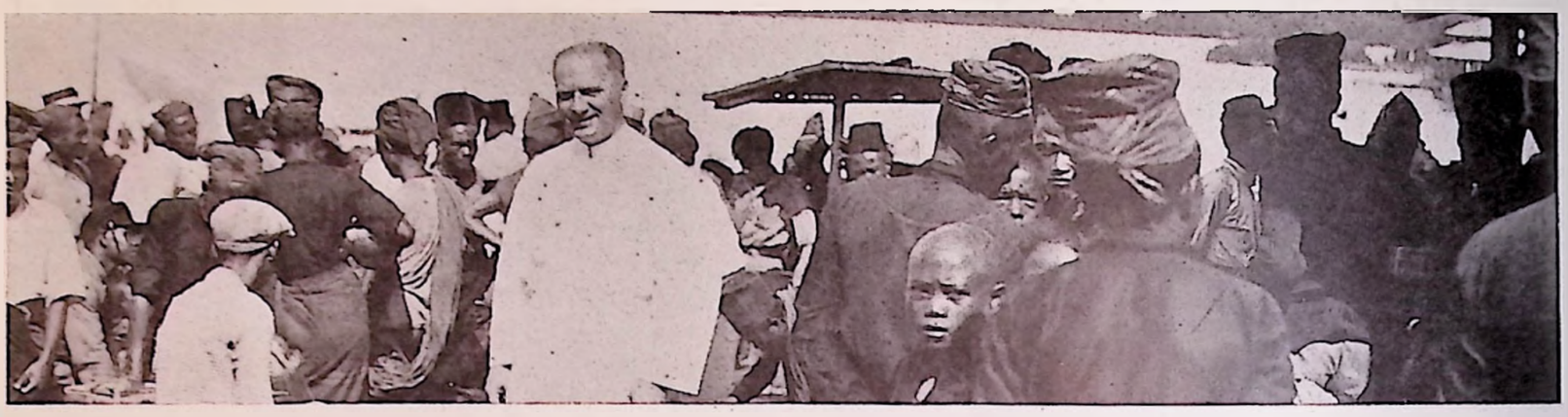
With Mary this power to know and concern herself with the intimate details of every man and woman's life was to be the foundation of a queenly role. Mary was not merely to know, and to grant occasional favors; she was to be a queen, asked by God to distribute all the countless graces that He has destined for men. She now has a thousand million interests filling her life as there are a thousand million who are her subjects on Earth. There is no land over which she does not exercise the greatest solicitude, the greatest concern; no race of people for which her plans are not laid with the greatest interest and in great detail.

An old man in Port Said is about to die. He has all of Mary's queenly concern. His pride must be broken in these last hours and the grace of repentence at least offered. A young man in China is about to meet his first serious temptation. He must either have the grace to avoid the occasion of evil or the grace to come through those circumstances unscathed. The infant son of one of her devoted admirers in Minnesota has just suffered accidental death. She must arrange for great graces to console this young mother and her husband and render it easy for them to bow to God's Will. A young man who has loved her from his earliest years is about to enter the married state. The ceremony in a little chapel in Alaska is before her spirit. She must ask God to give him and his intended bride extraordinary gifts of grace in the reception of the Sacrament of Matrimony as her personal wedding present. A little servant of hers in Congoland is praying that his father may recover from a serious illness, his two little mud-caked hands are pressed closely together and his large eyes, manfully holding back some tears, are looking up to her confidently.

And so her heavenly life goes on, filled with a complexity of detail that would bewilder any mind which could not look upon Infinite Truth and very simply see all of it there.

For example, she will have to see to it that by a certain time some small village in India has a priest and some Sisters to care for its people. A half a century beforehand, at least, she must begin to ask God for special graces for certain men and women. Children, yet unborn, must have good parents and a good home. All through their various childhoods these children must have special graces so that they will grow in virtue, unselfish and generous in their actions towards others. Circumstances must allow them a good education. Eventually the grace to leave their homes for the service of God must be given and accepted. Finally, there must come about all of that complex set of circumstances and decisions of others which will send them across the seas and to this particular village. After a half century of execution, Mary's plan materializes, and the village has the priest and Sisters she planned for it. It seems so involved as to be impossible—but not to Mary.

The Queen of Heaven has such complex plans by the thousands and tens of thousands. In every corner of the world, in every age, it is man's privilege to look up to Mary; and, with a profound consciousness of her greatness over both Heaven and Earth, to murmur proudly: ". . . my Queen!"



Home After the Wars

Joseph Reith, S.J.

Transported by the slowest steamship in the world, by jeep, by sailboat, by landing craft, by truck and by duck, I finally bumped into Mindanao. It was August 16, 1945, three years after I had been conducted away from the Island in 1942 as prisoner of the Japanese. There were no bands or flying flags, and for that matter, no bullets either, to welcome me as I jumped ashore.

The once beautiful church of Balingasag is a ruin, a monument to those dead Japs who held out in its towers against a hundred Filipino guerrillas. The memory of its destruction would be entirely shameful were it not for the heroism of Father Risacher, S.J. who thrice mounted its towers to parley with the besieged Japanese, resisting desperately, before the flames licked their flesh. The convento is held together by a chain tied around it. The parish cemetery once the best kept in the South Pacific, is now obliterated by cogan grass. The town is wreckage and its people slump around in sack cloth and mosquito netting.

I journeyed to Tagoloan for a memorial Mass to commemorate the countless dead. Fr. Daniel Sullivan, S.J. had built the school in Tagoloan, the best parochial school in Mindanao, and Fr. David Daly, S.J. had spent fruitful years ministering in the church and parish. Now school, convento, and church are dust and ashes.

Father Henfling, S.J. at Cagayan needed help for the town fiesta. It was appropriate and easy to preach on the text of the patron, St. Augustin, "Man is made for God, and shall not rest until he rests in God;" the ruined walls of the former Cathedral were preaching the same sermon. Roofless, crumbling, stark,—the relics of Bishop Hayes' beloved church are noble in destruction. Neither bomb, nor fire had levelled the altar, and the Prince of Peace was enthroned upon the bones of the Martyrs entombed in the altar slab over which the fright and might of war had passed. The "new" convento measures precisely 8 x 14 feet of bamboo and nipa, and in it we two priests and two Brothers slept, ate and tried to live under the thatched roof. There used to be a St. Agustin's School, a Lourdes Academy and a proud Ateneo with grand ambitions—used to be!

But there is hope—plenty of it—and expectation of resurrection, and signs that great good will come of great evil. Brother Valero, S.J., who has cooked for the missionaries of Mindanao for over thirty years, and was himself almost cooked in a fox hole when the American bombs blasted the Cathedral, told me that mine were the first fiesta Masses in Bayabas and Puntud.

These were Aglipayan strongholds, and some of these Aglipayans hate Catholics. I walked into Puntud seeking the chapel. There were candles aflame in a distant hut, and I decided that was it. When I arrived I found an altar, and statues, a tabernacle and a bell. My boy cleared the candles off the altar and prepared for the Mass. Only an old woman and some youngsters were around, so I rang the bell, loud, often. In response a running girl came gesturing: "Father, Father! that's the wrong church. That's Aglipayan!" Somebody ought to decorate me with the Red Heart, or a piece of lead pipe—and probably the Aglipans will, if I do that again. The real church was only a covered table under a torn tent, and there was no statue of St. Nicolas, the patron. I suggested to the girl who gestured that she should get the statue from the other chapel. She was horrified. "Oh no, Father, that statue is not baptized in the Catholic Church." After the High Mass with piano accompaniment, I baptized a goodly number of Victory babies, starting them on the way, at least, to become saints in the Catholic Church.

APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

Mission Intention for July, 1946

AN END TO CHRISTIAN DISUNITY AS A SCANDAL TO UNBELIEVERS

World War II has presented to the world of the enlightened twentieth century a truly sad spectacle. It saw not only man pitted against man and race pitted against race but white men in such a fratricidal conflict with their own brethren of the same stock and color as themselves that, save for the mercy of God, they would have stopped at nothing short of total annihilation. By the end of the struggle we saw not individual combat, not mass army movements against each other, but block-busters and the unharnessing of atomic energy against helpless civilians. This has been a true scandal to pagans whom we are endeavoring to win over from the darkness of idolatry to the light of the service of God in the church founded by His divine Son. It is unhappily true that, because of their own cultural background founded on pagan philosophy, they have no means of knowing that strife and bloodshed are not the fruits of Christianity but have stemmed from aberrations from the true doctrine of Christ, the true Christian spirit. In this all but universal cataclysm of destruction they have been unable to perceive that there is only one power in the whole world capable of binding together with the bond of unity these souls ravaged and weakened by war, the holy Catholic Church. Ah, how much clearer this would appear to their eyes if, on the missions, they would see not a vast multitude of sects each striving to gain more and more catechumens under its sectarian standard masquerading under the aegis of Christianity, but one undivided Christianity summoning all to answer the call of their King and Lord under the standard of the cross, gently inviting them to be members of that undivided mystical body of which Christ is the Head, and our Holy Father the Pope His vicegerent. The indigenous protestants themselves are bewildered and tormented too in conscience when they see their own members, without fault of their own, breaking up into sects and factions, divisions caused not by themselves but by the errors inherent in the doctrines of the protestant missionaries from Europe and America who have come to evangelize them. In renouncing paganism our pagan brethren seek not a multiform christianity teaching different doctrines contradicting one another; they sigh for the yoke of Christ which binds the followers of Christ together in a oneness of faith. That they may find it we pray during June.

Mission Intention for August, 1946

GREATER ZEAL OF CATHOLIC NATIVES FOR THE CONVERSION OF UNBELIEVERS

In the Philippine Islands, in the Netherlands East Indies, in China, in Japan and in other regions one of the saddest sequels in the wake of the war was the lessening and at length the cessation of all activity of the missionaries belonging to the hostile nations. Colleges and schools were closed one after another, Catholic publications ceased to roll from the mission presses, priests, Sisters and Brothers were interned in mass groups causing works of charity established by the foreign missionaries—often with foreign funds—to come almost to a standstill. But in this hour of darkness of the missions, one ray of light burned with an ever increasing ardor—the zeal of its native hierarchy, small but powerful. On the shoulders of native priests, native Sisters, native Brothers and a well organized native laity under their native Bishops, fell in great part the burden of the apostolate. Let us cite the example of the Jesuits in the Philippines as typical of other groups in other lands. The fall of Bataan found Filipino Jesuit priests working hand in hand with the American Jesuit missionaries. The American Jesuit priests then outnumbered the Filipino Jesuit priests four to one. Except for a small group of Americans in Mindanao who were never interned but fled with their flocks to the hills at the approach of the Japanese forces, the American Jesuit missionaries were confined to internment. Their work—such as could be carried on during the war—was entrusted entirely to the native Jesuits in the Philippines. The war's end found them not only at their posts, the heroes of their flocks but thirty more young Filipinos had joined their ranks as Jesuit novices. The native flocks were left upon their own with no financial resources from abroad. But the faith was not only preserved, it was amplified and propagated. The native clergy as truly a sign of the establishment of the Church in the mission lands as the first frail crocus in the spring flowered during the blasts of the war. That this zeal inspired by the native clergy will continue in their flocks now that the war is over we pray during August so that the unbelievers of mission lands may be more easily led to embrace the true Faith.

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.

I Teach Russians Religion

Maurice Meyers, S. J.

(Left) Father Maurice Meyers in Shanghai. All priests of the "Russian" rite wear the cross. (Right) Fathers Wilcock and Milner, English Jesuits, with Father Meyers, two Chinese teachers and Russian boys of St. Michael's School, Shanghai.

How could we have picked a less auspicious time for opening our school for Russian boys here in Shanghai? We were putting the last touches on our building and looking forward to a grand opening in January, 1942, when December 8th (better known in America as December 7th) dawned in the East with its catastrophic news of the outbreak of hostilities between the invading lords of our city and the homelands of the Fathers. We feared that our work was over before it had started.

But for some reason, or possibly for no reason at all, we were left to carry on our preparations for our little work, while empires were crumbling about us. January 8th came; our modest group of future pupils gathered to watch our bishop bless the house and open it as St. Michael's College for Russian boys. With much uncertainty as to the future we began our work and found it went on quite well. The original thirty swelled to fifty by June. September saw us still on the job with another increase in enrollment and five Jesuits on the staff. The school already had won an important place in the Russian colony of Shanghai, and we had friends in every quarter. The local Russian business college had evening classes at our school; various language courses were being given here. In general, we had become an important and welcome center of activity.

This was, of course, too good to last. Christmas 1942 came and went, and at the end of January, 1943 two of the Fathers (all were either British or American) were informed that they must report for internment after one week. We did manage to avoid this batch of internees, but in April came orders that all of us were to be taken away. There was nothing else to do but find substitutes and pack up our things. So on a sad April 13, 1943 we left the school in the hands of a French Jesuit and an Irish Franciscan and went into the retirement of the Jesuit Residence at Zikawei, where the priests were concentrated.

For the next two years we were only spectators from afar. They were "tough" years of wartime privation, that was reflected on the student body. Finally even this existence was denied us. On April 1, 1945 we were kindly informed that our building was needed by the Japanese army to house a hospital staff, and we were given a few days to clear out. We emptied the house of our belongings and stored them where we could. There was no place for the boys, so the school had to cease functioning, except for the two lowest classes, which were able to continue after hours at St. Sophia's School for Russian girls.

We had already decided not to try to carry on even these two classes, the last spark of life of St. Michael's, when one August day the great news of the capitulation reached us in our internment via the usual short wave radio. It didn't take long to decide what to do. We had to get busy and put the school in order for reopening in September. The end of the war could hardly have come at a better time for a school. First

we had to wait for the Japs to clear out of our building—a matter of a week or ten days. Then we all pitched in as coolies and moved back all we had packed away a few months before. There was some refurbishing and repairing to be done before we could look respectable, though the Japanese had left things in tolerably good condition. The only definite touch they left was in the peculiar bath house they built in the yard, the infallible sign of Japanese civilization.

On September 10th, ready or not, we opened again with some fifty boys signed up. They range from seven to fourteen and are all of grammar school level, for we felt obliged to close the upper classes and start over. Our plan is to open higher classes later, till we finish with a complete middle school program, preparing boys for the Cambridge University examinations.

Who are our pupils? A good cross section of the Russian boys of Shanghai, some Catholics, most of them Orthodox; some stateless emigrants, some Soviet citizens—all fine lively lads, full of a maximum of fun and a minimum of work, as grade school boys are apt to be. Our Ivans, Serges, and Igors cheer a picnic and groan at a load of homework as demonstratively as any Bills and Jacks and Jims.

We teach them 5 R's: the usual three plus Russian and Religion. Our aim is to give an education suited to the conditions of Shanghai, where English is essential, and at the same time foster the love and understanding of their nation and its history. In religion we want to break the ice of a thousand winters. We Fathers are of the Slavo-Byzantine rite and perform Church services just as the boys see them in their own Orthodox churches. They are made to understand that the Catholic Church is truly universal and that she reveres and sanctions and has always upheld the sacred customs of the East. They learn that in almost all essentials Catholic and Orthodox doctrine is the same, and that division has come more from unfortunate political combinations than from doctrinal differences. Together we pray to the Virgin Mother and the great Saints of the Christian East to speed the day when there will be but one flock and one shepherd.

At present we are only three Jesuits at the school, two Englishmen and myself, a native of the Hoosier state. We have had a string of visitors lately from the American Army and Navy in Shanghai; to them I am Esau with the voice of Jacob, with my grizzly beard and flowing locks the background of an unmistakable Indiana twang. We are and, therefore, dress like priests of the Oriental rite, have nothing but sung Masses, baptize by immersion, have confession standing up, give Communion to infants and under two species, make the sign of the cross with three fingers, and to a western mind, backwards.

This isn't a disguise, but just another way of becoming all things to all men. We entered this work with our eye on Russia and our hopes high to contribute to making Russia once more a member of the family of Christian nations under Him to whom all the sheep have been confided. Our Shanghai work is a practical preparation for ourselves both in the language and in the psychology of the people. It is also the first step in our work towards forming the generation of the future on sound Christian principles. The work is fascinating, the field vast, but the laborers are few.

Book Reviews

Hunan Harvest

By Theophane Maguire, C.P.

In July of 1924 thirteen young priests of the Passionist Order set sail from America to take up missionary work in China. Father Theophane Maguire was one of this pioneer group. In 192 pages he has given all too brief an account of his labors, adventures and accomplishments in the four years Divine Providence was to allot him for work in the Chinese Province of Hunan. But this book is more than a brief biography. As Archbishop Cushing points out in the foreword, the author presents three facts concerning Missionary work which have long needed statement. The first is the finality of the missioner's separation from all that he has thus far known as home; the second is that missionary work is for the most part routine and commonplace; and the third truth is the constant challenge that only we of this generation can gather the harvest of this generation of pagans. Missions throughout the world today stand in need of American priests, nuns and financial support. Young America will respond to that need mightily if it but hears and understands the three truths that Father Maguire presents. This book should find a resting place (between frequent calls) on the shelves of the libraries of every Catholic school in America.

Bruce Pub. Co., Milwaukee. $2.50.

Our Lady and The Aztec

By Josephine M. O'Neil

It was in the year 1531, while Mexico was yet a mission land, that Our Lady appeared to a humble Aztec Indian. The story of Our Lady of Guadalupe is not, perhaps, as well known to American Catholics as it should be. Josephine O'Neil is to be commended for her fine presentation of the first visitations in visible form of God's Mother to our own continent. The book is written for children who will enjoy the illustrations of Father McCarthy, O.F.M., but mothers and fathers will also profit as they read to their kindergarten or first grade child.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson. $1.00.

The Splendor of the Rosary

By Maisie Ward

Another book on our Lady is always welcome. When it is evidently the fruit of much prayer and the product of a sound mind steeped in Catholic doctrine, it is also a joy. One might suspect that the combination of Maisie Ward's research, Caryll Houselander's poems and reproductions of Fra Angelico's paintings would be too much for the ordinary devotee of our Lady's rosary, but such a fear is utterly groundless. Quite the contrary, friends of the Mother of God, from the most learned to the most unlearned will find in these pages much to increase their devotion. In the first four chapters the author presents an explanation, the composition and the theological background of the rosary together with an explanation of the aptness of the artist whose pictures illustrate the various mysteries. In the remaining chapters are to be found reflections on the various mysteries and a summary developing of the statement, "Love is His meaning." The book is a veritable mine of information on the rosary and will provide abundant thoughts for meditation. For those who have read "The Reed of God" and "This War is the Passion," it is enough to say that Caryll Houselander's poems carry on the same spirit of these books.

Sheed & Ward, New York. $2.50.

The Incarnation of the Word of God

By St. Athanasius
(Translated by a Religious of C.S.M.V., S.TH.)

Twentieth century readers of this classic treatise in 20th century translation will find that a Fourth Century writer has given food for thought for our own day, as modern as the introduction to the volume by C. S. Lewis. The fifty seven paragraphs into which the twelve chapters of the treatise have been broken may well serve as an outline for those who like to give a few minutes each day to mental prayer. The paragraphs of St. Athanasius are brief and to the point.

Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.

The Third Day

By Arnold Lunn

As a writer Arnold Lunn combines the qualities of a gifted essayist and lecturer with the zeal of an enthusiastic convert to the Faith. In "The Third Day" he examines miracles, the Gospels from external and internal evidence, presents the Catholic apologetic on the Resurrection in language that is not only not cut and dried, but so living and personal a manner that one can scarcely put the volume aside once begun. The concluding chapters "Christianity without miracles" and "'Miracles' without Christianity" reveal the two extremes of thought that reject Catholic Christianity.

Newman Book Shop, Westminster, Md. $2.75.

The Children of Fatima

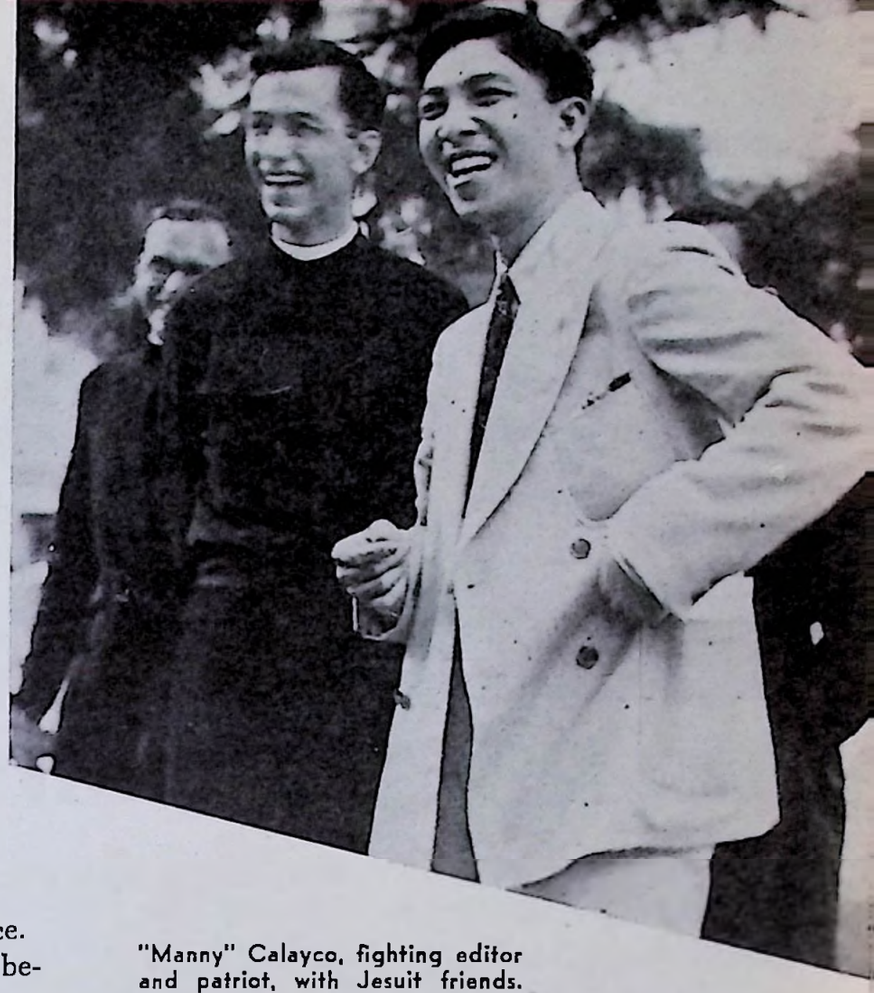
By Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Another children's book has come from the pen of Mary Fabyan Windeatt. The visions of Our Lady of the Rosary to the three children—Lucia, Francisco and Jacinta at the Cova da Iria and the other marvels of Fatima that were witnessed by thousands of souls in our own day lose nothing in their simple, childlike retelling for the young by the gifted author. The favorite prayers of the children of Fatima and the reprinting of the great promise at the close of the book should do much to foster devotion to Our Lady of Fatima.

The Grail, St. Meinrad, Ind. $2.00.

The Good Fight

Horacio de la Costa, S.J.



"Manny" Calayco, fighting editor and patriot, with Jesuit friends.

MANUEL COLAYCO loved a fight. He was always arguing. As a student at the Ateneo de Manila, he took zestful part in every debate, both in class and in the coffee shop around the corner. As editor of the *Commonweal*, he was in the thick of every controversy, often of half a dozen controversies at once.

He hit hard, but always for something that he believed was right. Very often it was for his Faith.

He remained an impoverished editor when he could have been a well-paid reporter, a successful lawyer, any of half a dozen more lucrative things, because he would not abandon the *Commonweal*. The *Commonweal* was the national organ of Catholic Action in the Philippines. It was a small paper; there was no money in it; but it fought a good fight, and it kept the Faith. He believed it to be the one clear voice raised above the rising clamor of partisan voices that confused the nation.

Lithe, taller than the average, with a square jaw that set firmly, eyes that appraised coolly and almost always correctly, a sardonic smile, he made enemies, but he kept his friends. And he made enemies only because, when he thought something was not right, he said so. Even to his friends. That is why he kept them.

We can see him yet, making ferocious faces at the microphone during the Catholic Hour broadcasts, *ad-libbing* gloriously, happy because he was in a fight. We had hoped that, some day, he might stand at the head of the nation. I am sure he will not mind my saying all this. He would have minded it once. But he will not argue the point now.

WHEN war broke out, he left his paper and enlisted: he fought at Bataan and was taken prisoner in the general surrender; he lived through the Death March and the horror of Capas, and was released. The Japanese did not think he could do them any hurt: a sunburned spectre, yellow beneath the tan, racked by malaria. They were wrong.

He got well. He got in touch with the Allied Intelligence Bureau, gathered a handful of friends and together they engaged in the most dangerous and effective of all guerrilla warfare—espionage.

Then, suddenly, General MacArthur was back. From the carefully hidden radio came the remembered voice: "By the grace of Almighty God, our forces stand again on Philippine soil. The hour of your redemption is at hand."

Leyte . . . Lingayen . . . the outskirts of Manila! Manny was waiting to lead the First Cavalry through the maze of land-mines to Santo Tomas.

As the hurtling spearhead roared past Espiritu Santo church, Manny shouted and waved gaily. The startled Fathers of the Divine Word recognized his white-clad figure in the swirl of olive-drab uniforms and dark steel helmets. For the first time in three years, Manny was completely happy. He was fighting in the open at last.

One of the guards at the main gateway of the internment camp threw a hand grenade which landed neatly on the floor of the jeep in which Manny was riding, and exploded. Father Hurley and one of the liberated internees stood by while Army doctors and nurses worked frantically on the shattered body. But the wound was mortal, and a few days later, Manuel Colayco was dead.

He died as he had lived: fighting for something that he loved. But he did not die before he felt for one supreme moment at the head of a flying column, cool and swift against his face, the wild wind of liberty.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father William J. Moore, S.J.

Father William Bennett, S.J., the oldest missioner in British Honduras, has returned to the United States for a visit. The 80-year-old veteran spent three years in the colony as a scholastic; returned to Belize in 1905; was here until World War I, when he went as a military chaplain to Bombay, India, remaining there from 1915 to 1924; and came back to the colony in the latter year. He has been 35 years on this one mission.

Father William Ryan has taken up residence at Benque Viejo, to relieve Father Kuenzel, who has spent over eight years there, much of the time alone. When a disastrous fire completely destroyed the wooden church at Benque in 1937, Father Kuenzel and his parishioners replaced it with a beautiful stone building. The old church bell melted during the fire. With Father Ryan there has gone to Benque a new 1,063-lb. bell which will proclaim the peace of God over the disputed Guatemala-British Honduras boundary.

The death rate in the Maya Indian village of San Antonio is still bad. (Cf. Jesuit Missions, May, 1946). During the first four months of 1946 there were 34 deaths and 9 births. Father Knopp has obtained $300.00 from the government with which to provide a recess lunch of milk and eggs for the 121 children in the school. He reports that one can almost see the children growing as a result of the enriched diet.

A puzzling telegram was delivered at the Belize presbytery on April 29. It said that Father Rochel had lost six feet. The hefty Cayo missioner could easily lose six pounds, but hardly six feet—unless he included those of his horse. The mystery was solved when Father Rochel arrived in person to see a dentist. Six teeth had been knocked out by an accidental blow from a piece of pinewood. Grinning a toothless smile at breakfast the next morning, the undaunted missioner calmly announced that while combing his hair another tooth had popped out—a tooth from his comb.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Half Way Tree
Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J.

We are in the midst of preparations for a Party to be conducted at Whitehall. It is being run by the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart, which I have recently established here. Several previous efforts to build up Whitehall ended in failure—a mission two years ago met with indifferent success, a Credit Union failed. The League of the Sacred Heart is our latest attempt and it is working. At our weekly Promoters' meetings we sometimes have as many as sixty people present—most of them spectators.

Our greatest need at present is a chapel at Pansford Avenue. How Father Kilcoyne can manage to crowd 380 people into his small classroom chapel is beyond me. Father has collected about 300 pounds towards a new church but that is only a small fraction of what he will need before he can begin to build.

On a recent trip to the dentist, Thompson, our handy man and general factotum accompanied me and offered a sage bit of advice, "A tooth-ache is the worst evil that can befall a man and when the ache goes in your head, then it feels like someone is pounding your head with a sledge. Only thing to do is cut it off!"

Father Leo Butler, S.J. is now with us. He is the veteran among the Fathers here in Jamaica, having spent 27 years on this mission. Years ago he taught

Track meet at Baghdad College. The College boys are the city (national) champions. Father Sullivan (left) of Stamford, Conn., backed an "also ran."

at Georgetown and Holy Cross, but his greatest work in the classroom has been accomplished here on the island. For 21 years he conducted classes at St. George' College in Kingston. At present he is Chaplain at Constant Spring and takes his share of the parish duties. Father Butler will be 68 on July 31st.

A list of Father Kiely's activities might lead one to suspect that he does all the work here. I'll risk that chance to give you some idea of his duties. During the Summer he manages retreats for men at Campion Hall and for women at Constant Spring Convent. He gives instructions at Listus School, at Nun Pen and in St. Joseph's College for Teachers. His latest hobby is a Boys Club. He looks after the altar boys and has charge of the Young Ladies' and Men's Sodalities. He is Chaplain for the Nuns in our Convent, has his own section of the parish to care for and takes a special interest in the Chinese of our parish. Besides this he counts the collection and acts as a sort of Treasurer. Oh yes, he has one of the regular convert classes also.

ALASKA

Kotzebue
Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

Now is the time to visit Arctic Alaska. It is really wonderful here in the Spring. Late February brings an end to the really tough weather during which darkness and storms have practically enforced hibernating on all. During March the days lengthen perceptibly until there is very little darkness. At this time the village seems to come alive after a long sleep. Old and young grasp every opportunity to be out in the open. There are still twenty and thirty foot drifts all over town but strong winds have smoothed out all the wrinkles and there are perfect sliding conditions at practically every home. As with children the world over, at this time the little ones find school at best more than usually dull and sometimes trail after me as I strike for the hills. They have every type of sliding apparatus that can be imagined. Many of the boys use barrel staves for skis. Others have wooden, skate-like devices and one-runner sleds. Still others will have seal skins used almost like a toboggan. One group I saw had brought a polar bear skin to the hills. It took five boys to carry it, but at least ten could pile on and shoot down the sharp incline with all the fun in the world. Incidentally, there is no better way to clean these big 12 foot polar bear skins.

The big news up here of late is a Hunting Lodge—

Father Leo A. Cullum, S.J, now Superior of the Philippine mission, and Father Kyran Egan, S.J., inspect graves of Jesuits desecrated during the war.

(Above) Sister Mary Angela watched the children coast. Father Carroll, S.J., lets her ride home in style.

(Below) Fathers John Morrison (our favorite photographer), Edward Goulet (Canadian Jesuit and Secretary-General of all Jesuit missions), Augustine Wildermuth (Superior of Patna mission), Father Padamattam (Indian secular priest) and Father Pettit, S.J.

a chalet, is the fancy word being used, I believe. A group of men have decided to make Kotzebue the headquarters for polar bear hunting, Arctic fishing, etc. It will be the only such affair in all the Arctic. Some $25,000 will be expended in a fully equipped hotel here at Kotzebue. Big planes can land here both winter and summer—the trip from Seattle is but a day and a half. So there is reason to think the venture will be a success.

From the great "Outside" our short wave brings all types of discouraging news—strikes, rumors of more wars, housing shortages, ration cards and what not. The Eskimos turn on their radios and listen and then come to me very much puzzled. "Father," they say, "white man, he funny guy—always doing, always talking, but never happy!" Usually I turn to them and reply, "Are you telling me?" No doubt they leave thinking I am just as crazy as the rest—and perhaps I am! In any case I say Mass, teach and catechize daily, and almost daily strike out for the hills with my youngsters on skis. The more I listen to the radio and white men speaking about money the more I am convinced that the only real pleasure in life is making kids happy.

INDIA

Our Lady of Sorrows Mission
Arrah, E. I. R.
Father N. J. Pollard, S.J.

Our mission territory here includes a strip of land some 35 miles in length and about 12 miles in width. We are kept busy consolidating our gains and trying to expand as much as possible. The people are very well disposed and at present the number of converts is limited only by the amount of instruction we are able to give with our present set-up. On my last tour I spent two nights in new villages which wish to enter the fold. They are well disposed and I am making arrangements for their immediate instruction.

Father Facundo Castillo, a native secular priest, visits the Mayan Indians around Corozal in northern British Honduras. A recent article in *Jesuit Missions* told of the ravages of malaria among the Mayans. Their death rate exceeds the birth rate annually. Latest reports confirm the earlier account and emphasize the need of medical aid soon if these good people are not to become extinct. Father John T. Newell, S.J., and Father Henry Sutti, S.J., are the priests of Corozal. Protestant proselytism is strong in this region. Catholics need books and medicine.

Recently we purchased some 8 acres of land in a village 20 miles west of here. We will open a new mission station as soon as possible, and that means building—a church, a bungalow and a convent, if we can find some Sisters to take up work there. Already there are 500 converts within a radius of 5 miles of this new center, and prospects of many more.

This new station faces the same difficulty that handicaps all our work in this territory—a lack of Sisters to work in the villages. Native sisters are doing grand work in this Chamar field with the two schools they conduct for girls. But these Nuns have little or no contact in the villages and their rules are such as to preclude village work. If we had the help of Sisters to carry on the work of instructing, dispensing medicines, etc., results would multiply a hundred fold. Now that the war is ended our hopes are mounting that God will hear our prayers and send several groups of Sisters to share in the spread of His Kingdom. May we count on you also to remember that intention in your prayers.

MOKAMEH JUNCTION

Father M. B. Batson, S.J.

Recently Father Pettit, S.J. accepted an oft-repeated invitation and came to Mokameh to visit the various stations. It is helpful to have an experienced missioner who is familiar in the field to come and visit from time to time. At a glance he can notice things to be corrected or emphasized. Father's trip was much too hurried but we are grateful for the time he could spare. I accompanied him to the ferry when he left. When the boat had docked we went aboard and prepared for Mass in the ferry's lounge. We were so quiet in fixing things that we did not awaken the two Mohammedan servants asleep on either side of the table we were to use as an altar. The whistle blew when the last things were being packed in the Mass-kit. The bell rang, the gang-plank was drawn and I had to leap for the dock as the boat began to shuffle her paddles and swing into the swift current of the Ganges.

Reverend Mother Anna Dengel, foundress and present Superior General of the Catholic Medical Missionary Sisters and her two companions, Sisters Augustine and Stephen were also recent visitors. They took in all the famous sites and visited most of our stations and seemed immensely thrilled by it all. It is certainly most encouraging to see Sisters come to the Missions where they are so much in demand . . . especially medical Sisters, doctors and nurses. Do all you can to stimulate interest in this great vocation and help them to secure financial aid. Mother Dengel has very ambitious plans and I have a hunch she will realize them all . . . sooner than even she suspects . . . because the good Lord has certainly indicated that He wants this work done. She is a grand person—very "go ahead" and courageous, with a delightful sense of humor and an all-embracing sympathy that is recognized at once by the Indians, the Americans, by everyone.

Prior to these visitors we entertained Mr. James Cox, S.J. and Mr. Daniel Rice, S.J. We tried our best to convince them this is by far the best mission in the world. I put the "hex" on them as they entered our gate and a double-hex as they left . . . so I'm sure they will return to this part of Patna mission when their studies are completed.

The latest guests were Very Reverend Father A. Wildermuth, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, and Reverend Father Goulet, S.J., Secretary of Jesuit Missions throughout the world. Father Goulet is visiting all the stations in our district and is very much on the go. After a thorough inspection of all departments, including the pigeonry, guinea piggery, peacockery, doggery, catery and pantry, we paused for lunch and a spot of much needed shut-eye. Next day our guests went on to see the wonders at Barh. They are bound to be impressed by the new Convent, the Indian Sisters and their school for girls, the technical school for boys.

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COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor:

Ten years ago a group of teachers at the Mather School in Dorchester, Mass. began sending me donations for Baghdad College. They have continued their generosity as regular as the seasons for these ten years, and their latest gift brings the total sum to about $300.00. These donations have always come through the office of the Propagation of the Faith in Boston and accompanied by a kind letter from Archbishop Cushing, when he was Director, and lately from Father Peter J. McDonough, the present Director.

I have always sent them our gratitude and also the history and progress of Baghdad College and they have been in many many Masses all these years. But, please tell them that JESUIT MISSIONS too thanks them heartily and prayerfully for all they have done. They have shared with us in the work of Baghdad College and every check that comes from them is surely written in the books of Heaven. To Miss Winifred Doyle, their chairman and to all the others whose names I do not yet know go a thousand thanks (too long to be written) from all of us at Baghdad College, from the "Al Baghdadi" and from JESUIT MISSIONS for ten faithful generous years from the teachers of the Mather School.

Yours in Christ,
V.A.G. S.J.

Dear Father:

If by any chance you should come across a Statue of Our Lady of Lourdes (46" or 48" tall) for our outdoor shrine, it would be grand. There is a niche but the wind and weather sooner or later affect the paint. However, plaster may be best after all. I was wondering if wood or metal might ever have been tried, or even composition. At present, we have a small plaster one built up on a pedestal and it does not do too badly with the weather. Of course, it is not cold weather!!

Sincerely in Christ,
REV. PHILIP J. BRANON, S.J.

Dear Father:

I am writing to you in behalf of our mission unit here at school. We do the best we can and would like to help missions as much as we are able because we understand the great need there is for help.

We have come to help you! Would you be so kind as to send a number of addresses to me so that I may distribute them among some of the girls who are interested in writing and contacting and helping a missioner with his work personally instead of just as a group. Many of our girls are graduating this year and will be able to continue this work out in the world as a small contribution to their Catholic Church.

May God bestow His graces over you for your great work and we hope to hear from you soon.

J.F.

Dear Father:

I have tried your idea of forming a mission club on the fellows at work. I hope we will be able to send you $5.00 a month to support a catechist in India. All of us have a few children attending parochial schools. All the fellows agree that we would like to let the children of India have the same advantages as our own children. There is nothing like a knowledge of the Commandments to make the children good and, incidentally, respectful to their parents.

Lots of luck with your work from my four buddies at the plant.

M.C.R.

XIII

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War damaged mission chapels in China and the Philippines and new chapels in India, China, Ceylon, British Honduras, and Jamaica need:

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Editorial

Career for Adventurers

THE Church today needs adventurers! An adventurer is one who will dare, who will take the chance, who will pioneer new territory. Four hundred years ago men of Spain and Portugal stood on the shores of their peninsula and looked to the new worlds awaiting them beyond the Atlantic and around Cape Hope in the Indies. They went forth by the hundreds. Many were knaves, cruel, greedy, domineering, with the sole saving virtue of courage. But there were others, too, just as brave and enduring, who had the high vision and resolve of pioneering for Christ in strange lands. And not all of these were priests or religious.

In those days the soldier, the builder, the explorer knew that every art, every trade has a necessary place in the missionary adventure of the Church. There were some things they could not do as well as priests, there was much they could do better than any priest. They remembered that Christ did not say: "Go forth, you priests. . . ." He said to *all* Catholics, *all* who are of His Body:" You, therefore, must go out, making disciples of all nations. . . ."

The mission call is for everyone. That is as true today as it ever was. Everybody, lay or religious, is needed. For Catholic Missions is not just a matter of instructing and baptizing individuals until you drop with exhaustion. If it were, the priests alone would do. But it is the "making disciples of nations," it is the winning of nations to the Faith; and the nations are Chinese and Japanese and Indian and Eskimo and Arab and African: each nation with its own century-old traditions and language and customs, its own way of life.

Now the Church does not aim to make orientals westerners in order that they be Catholics. It means planning and thinking and acting to fit the Church to each of the hundred levels that go to make up a nation's life: an enterprise magnificent in scope.

Such a dream of conquest calls for a cooperative Catholic effort, over and above spiritual and sacramental work. For example, the war has meant to China the opening up of territory hitherto undeveloped. For the winning of China to Christ Bishop Paul Yu-Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking and Apostolic Administrator of Kiating, issues this call:

"China needs men to develop her material and her spiritual resources. . . . America is the hope of China. American Catholics should be to the fore—engineers, technicians, educators, journalists, doctors. . . . All will radiate Catholicism while going about the work of their own particular calling. . . . The souls of one quarter of humanity, the souls that Christ died for, are waiting for you."

The same story could be told of Alaska or India or the Near East—everywhere. It is not priests and religious only who will establish Christ in far lands. It is also the young Catholic American who has a plain secular skill plus the flexibility and initiative to adapt it to foreign conditions plus the vision and courage and generosity to live out an adventure—for the one King!

The call is not for everyone. Prayer and financial help will still be the only sharing asked of very many. But among the millions of young Catholic Americans there are surely some who have still the hunger for idealistic adventure. They know that far adventure is not all glamor, but they insist, "If we have to work a life away, let's do it for what is satisfying and will last." *Harry B. Furay, S.J.*

Wanted

Do you know anyone who can buy or give a tractor to a hard-working, land-loving community of Catholic Negroes in Southern Maryland who want to encourage their children to stay on the land and not move to the city for work, who have kept the Faith for centuries, who want to develop their own Catholic community by cooperative work? There must be someone in the United States who will help these good people in their need—$1500 for a tractor with plows, disc, planter, cultivator and mower.

Get in touch with:
Rev. Horace B. McKenna, S.J.
The Cardinal Gibbons Institute
Ridge, Maryland

✣

Out in Pendleton, Oregon, there is a mission and school for Indians which is dedicated to St. Andrew. Is there a golfer in the audience? The roof is leaking, the school needs repairs all over, and the heating system is dead. $200 would be needed and deeply appreciated as an aid to mission work for Indian children. Send your donation to *Jesuit Missions* for Father Ernsdorff, S.J.

✣

You can support a missionary for one dollar a day. A catechist asks only five dollars a month. Native school teachers in grade schools receive five dollars a month. A village school can be built for one hundred dollars.

✣

In India experts say that 10 to 20 million persons face certain death from starvation before the year is out. Unlike other foreign countries, there is not a single private agency working in the United States specifically for Indian relief—nor do Indians have relatives here who can send food packages, etc. Will you please send money at once to the Mission Organization listed below, to be used in buying powdered milk and eggs, rice, canned baby foods and other concentrated foodstuffs for the starving people of India? $12.54 will buy enough powdered milk to make 120 quarts of liquid milk for babies.

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What kind of books? School books, both for classroom and outside reading. But *especially REFERENCE BOOKS:* encyclopedias, dictionaries (Spanish, French, German, English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew), history, biography, fiction and good reading. Don't let books go to waste. They are needed by thousands.

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