

September 1948



Back to School

September 1948

JESUIT MISSIONS

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COVER. September means back to school again and look to what lies ahead. For some boys September means the hanging up of swim trunks and baseball bats. For this young shaikh of the powerful Shammar tribe of Iraq it means the handing over of his guns to Father Joseph P. Connell S.J., Principal of Baghdad College, and the laying aside of his graceful Arab robes for the lacklustre Western dress.

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CONTRIBUTORS

□ Father Joseph I. Stoffel S.J. needs no introduction to the readers of "Torrid Times," the interesting account which



Father J. I. Stoffel S.J.

appears every two months or so and describes the experiences of a Philippine missionary. It had its origin back in 1934 when Father Stoffel was sent as a scholastic to the mission. During his three years of teaching at the Ateneo de Manila he recorded in diary form his impressions from

day to day. When he returned to Woodstock College for theology he wrote *finis* after the last entry in his diary and placed the record in the Woodstock archives.

Eight years passed before the "Torrid Times" appeared again. Father Stoffel was in the midst of Tertianship and preparing to return to the Philippines when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. That meant a delay of three years for the young missionary. He was appointed pastor of St. Michael's Parish, a rural mission in the town of Ridge in Southern Maryland. He spent two and a half years there and discovered that all the hardships are not restricted to missions far from home. In the beginning of 1945 he taught at Gonzaga High School, Washington, D. C., until the golden morning of September 5th, when word came that he was one of the fifteen men who were to return to the Philippines for the work of reconstruction after the havoc of war. He arrived there on February 3, 1946, and once again the "Torrid Times" was in existence. Now he is stationed in Lamitan, Zamboanga, and in July he opened up a high school there.

■ When Paul A. Nash S.J. of Baghdad College was playing shortstop during his philosophy days at Weston College someone remarked, "He's always just a little bit ahead of the batter."



Paul A. Nash S.J.

"When you read his article, "The Russians Are in Palestine," you can understand that his imaginative foresight is not restricted to the baseball diamond. We might even wonder how much a part that trait played in his

being in Baghdad today. He left Boston College after three years to become a Jesuit. If he had finished out his course he would have been leaving Weston College for his teaching period in a year when no scholastics were being sent to Baghdad. Now he has finished his second year at the College in the Desert and reports have it that the young Iraqis are learning to shift to left or right just before the batter meets the ball. That characteristic is going to be of great advantage if the youngsters can translate it into the other activities of life—as has their missionary teacher.

All the Nash family are in jobs that serve other people. One son is in social work; another is a teacher-coach in Bristol, R. I.; a third is a Major in the U. S. Army Air Corps; and then you have the Baghdad missionary. Somerville, Mass., has reason to be proud of the family.

■ On March 24th Father Herman I. Storck celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. Since the summer of 1941, Father Storck, septuagenarian, has been pastor of historic St. Ignatius' Church, St. Thomas' Manor, Bel Alton, Maryland, which celebrates its sesquicentennial this month. For generations St. Ignatius' Church has served the whites, Negroes, and that ethnic anomaly, the "We-sorts," of Charles County, Maryland. For an idea of Father Storck himself there is a chalice at Loyola College, Baltimore, fashioned from scholastic awards won by himself and his brothers during school days. The base of the chalice depicts the historical characters, fauna and flora of colonial Maryland, and is a work of Father Storck's research and art.

JM



Dear Friend:

Within a day or two after arriving in the States, Father Linehan, Superior of the mission at Ceylon, stopped at 962 Madison Avenue. He came explicitly to thank the office staff and the subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS for their wonderful help given to him and to the missionaries at Ceylon.

It is always a treat to have the missionaries stop at the office. We usually have fifty-five questions ready for them. As Father Linehan went along with his fascinating story about Ceylon he mentioned that Bishop Glennie, consecrated last year, now has twelve native priests in his care. These priests receive no salary and, hence, are dependent in every detail upon the Bishop for their needs--food, clothing, supplies for their Churches, etc.

To support his priests Bishop Glennie depends greatly upon Mass intentions. At present, he has no Mass stipends and he needs them desperately. This is a very urgent appeal. Would you do your best to respond as quickly and as generously as possible?

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

Quennan A. Ailey.



School of

As the new India struggles with its problems of nationhood, the educational system for its Catholics is described by Father John J. Barrett S.J.

When the school bells ring this September, your American schoolboy with shining morning face may trudge unwillingly back to the classroom, reluctantly leaving the freedom of Summer behind, but here in India the village schoolboy slips off the back of the black buffalo cow and races gleefully to school at the sound of the bell. To him, that bell beckons to opportunity. Only the fortunate few get an education in India, and they are ready to make great sacrifices to do so.

India today is in the pioneering age, very much as the United States was in 1778. As a new nation she is not yet one year old. But she differs from early America in this, that whereas the infant American republic had to provide for the welfare of less than one million citizens, young India must plan for the destiny of 400 millions . . . one-fifth of the human race! Education is her biggest social problem. Today only two percent of her women are literate, and only twelve percent of her men. Yet, without education there is little hope of progress in agriculture or industry without which she cannot rise from poverty. The wise men at Delhi shake their heads woe-fully at the prospect of building schools, finding

teachers, and financing the education of 100,000,000 children!

* The little red schoolhouse of America has its counterpart in the little mud schoolhouse of India. Both are the nucleus of a free, democratic, progressive country. The Indian school has thick mud walls, a few apertures for windows, a bamboo and tile roof, and an earthen floor. As in the American school, all the pupils sit in this one room (or outside in warmer weather) and all are taught by the one master, usually a youth who did not finish high school. Nonetheless, that school and its teacher are the pride of the Indian village, for in it is preserved the magic carpet that carries the children out upon the larger world where they will see in other countries what India might become.

American youth today are thrilled by the example of Abe Lincoln doing his lessons on a shovel by the light of the open fireplace in the log cabin in Illinois. The boys and girls of India unconsciously emulate that Great Emancipator while they work out problems on their broken slates under the glow of the flickering candle. They do not need to look to America for an ideal, however. They have a national hero

Opportunity

in Dr. Bhimrao Ambedkar, the legal adviser who helped to draft India's new constitution. His parents were poor, low-caste people, and although there was a school nearby, he was excluded from it because of caste. No one could prevent him, though, from sitting outside under a window and listening to the lessons. Eventually Ambedkar acquired sufficient learning to make his way to democratic America and attend Columbia University from which he obtained a Doctorate in Education.

American Catholics appreciate the value of their parochial school system. They know that the Faith

American mid-west state, are forty-six village schools in which boys and girls are taught to the fourth grade. Less than half of these children advance any farther. The fortunate few are those who show unusual promise and are sent from these Primary schools to board at one of the six Middle Schools which carry them to the eighth grade. Here an important decision is made: the best qualified go on to Krist Raja High for boys, or to St. Teresa's for girls, both at Bettiah, and the others go into industrial occupations, or help the Fathers in the Mission, or return to their home villages as progressive farm-

THE HOPE of a truly Catholic community lies in the Catholic school, at home or on the missions

is alive, strong, pulsing in their daily lives because of the Catholic school education they received, and they are determined to provide that same education for their children, whatever the cost may be. If Catholic education is necessary in a supposedly Christian country, how much more indispensable is it in non-Christian lands where customs, traditions, the whole environment is foreign to the Catholic way of life! Missionaries since the time of St. Francis Xavier have universally discovered that a wholly Catholic life can be formed only by educating the child. The adult convert makes a good Catholic, but limited. His heart is full of good will, and that is sufficiently pleasing to God. But his intellect refuses to learn the real beauty of Catholic doctrine because it long ago declined to acquire anything new. He accepts and follows Catholic customs, but habits formed long before his baptism still continue. No, the hope of a truly Catholic community lies in the Catholic school whether at home or in the missions.

The Jesuits of Patna Mission recognized this principle from the very beginning of their work in India twenty-five years ago. Today the Mission maintains an extensive school system from kindergarten to college level. Spread over an area as great as an

ers, shopkeepers, leaders of their communities. To date no Catholic college for men has been started, so the Krist Raja graduates are sent to Patna University; but the Apostolic Carmelite Sisters opened the Patna Women's College seven years ago, and now enroll 272, only a small percentage of whom are Catholic girls.

The Patna Mission school system involves a huge financial outlay, that is, for missionaries who beg for their living. The village schools are erected on the spot, and nothing is cheaper than mud, but the door, two glassless windows, and the bamboo and tile roof will run construction costs to \$150. Generous American benefactors have already provided forty-six such schools. The Middle Schools represent a heavier investment, for they are made in brick and concrete. Fortunately, Krist Raja High School came as a gift in 1928 from an outstanding Catholic lady of St. Louis, Mrs. Margaret Blake, who now lies buried at the Jesuit Novitiate in Florissant, Missouri.

The world is well acquainted with the appalling fact of India's low standard of living. Still, we attempt to finance our schools with fees paid by the pupils when most of them cannot provide even the slate or paper and ink and few textbooks essen-



For many of India's children education is only a dream—and must unfortunately remain so.

tial to their schooling. Teachers in any other country would quit the profession on salaries paid to our Indian masters who earn as little as \$15 a month. That is a small amount, but the schools employ 180 lay teachers, not counting the priest and nun teachers, and this recurring payroll is a far heavier item than the initial cost of construction.

All the same, this is the most profitable investment the Mission could make! The 3,543 boys and 1,730 girls enrolled in the schools today will be the bulwark of the Church tomorrow. In a land nearly devoid of education, the Catholic Church has gained great prestige through her educational institutions, but even more famous than the secular knowledge given the students is the moral training that makes them ardent Catholics and loyal citizens of India.

The least impressive, but the most important cog in our Indian parochial school system is the village school. The Primary school brings the Faith to the village and there creates a Catholic atmosphere; besides it trains the child during his most impressionable years. It provides education at the lowest possible costs since the children live at home, and the mud construction of the school buildings is the cheapest possible. Again, the village school equips the student with the intellectual tools for more rational farming, and it does not disturb the serenity of village life.

Father Nicholas Pollard S.J. pointed this out while on a tour of his village schools around Shahpur. His missionary territory is 200 square miles radiating out eight miles in all directions from his headquarters. In that area are 400 villages, averaging from 250 to 300 persons. Yet, he has been able to provide

only nine schools among so many. In these one-room mud schoolhouses we found an average of 35 pupils in ages from five to fourteen, all studying in the first three grades. The schoolmasters are local men, products of our Middle schools, or from Krist Raja High, all zealous Catholics.

Father Pollard allows pagan children to attend the schools, but not to exceed one-third of the enrollment. Classes run six hours a day all year round, and the amount of knowledge the pupils pick up in reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, under the one-teacher system does credit to the



In the hot weather class is held outside one of our schools. These poor and simple structures are the basis of the whole system of Catholic education in India.

Jesuit missionary and his village masters. Above all, their spiritual development in Catholic belief and devotion justifies our hope for a strong Catholic laity in the future. And never before in India's history was there such urgent need for a strong laity.

Perhaps a future Prime Minister of India now scribbles over a slate in one of these schools, another Lincoln or Ambedkar. It may be that a future Bishop of Patna puzzles over the Hindi alphabet, unaware of God's designs on him. Certain it is that priests and nuns will one day come forth from the little schools hidden away among the bamboo groves. Will that national leader, that future bishop, or the stalwart parents of the next generation be your protege, one whom you have educated? Patna Mission needs 100 more schools. Catholic America, are you ready?



Father Nicholas Pollard S.J. chats with one of the older of his parishioners, to whom the opportunity of education was not given.

Father Henfling had served his people for years

It was somewhere around 1931 that Father Frederick Henfling S.J. began inviting me to visit Bukidnon. He had come out to the Philippines before me, and already he had become famous as "the little man with the big heart" in the mountain Province of Mindanao. In those days of primitive roads, travel amid the mountains and canyons was breathtaking and occasionally lifetaking, but Father Henfling was everywhere in his quest for souls. Later when I was assigned to the counterpart mission of Lanao a rivalry sprang up between us over Bukidnon oranges and Lanao oranges; Bukidnon scenery and Lanao scenery. As often as we met in Cagayan, Father Henfling would always say, "Well, come up to Bukidnon and see for yourself." And I would invariably promise to come up some day and prove to myself that Lanao was better than Bukidnon. But for seventeen years I never went—except when the Japanese imprisoned me there for six weeks during the war.

But now I am in Bukidnon, at Malaybalay in the heart of the Province. The oranges Father Henfling praised are growing outside my door; the people he befriended and labored and sacrificed for are now my people; the roads he laboriously trod up hill and down vale flash by beneath my jeep. But Father Henfling is not here; the golden smile and the twinkling eyes of the little man are nowhere to welcome me in the Mission in the Mountains. People ask, "When will he be back? He loved us and worked hard for us."

Recently, as the rains were beginning to fall again in Malaybalay, a telegram came from Bishop Hayes: *Father Henfling is seriously sick in Buffalo. Ask prayers of the people.* They wept when I told them. "We want our little Father back with us." So I wrote Father Henfling an air letter.

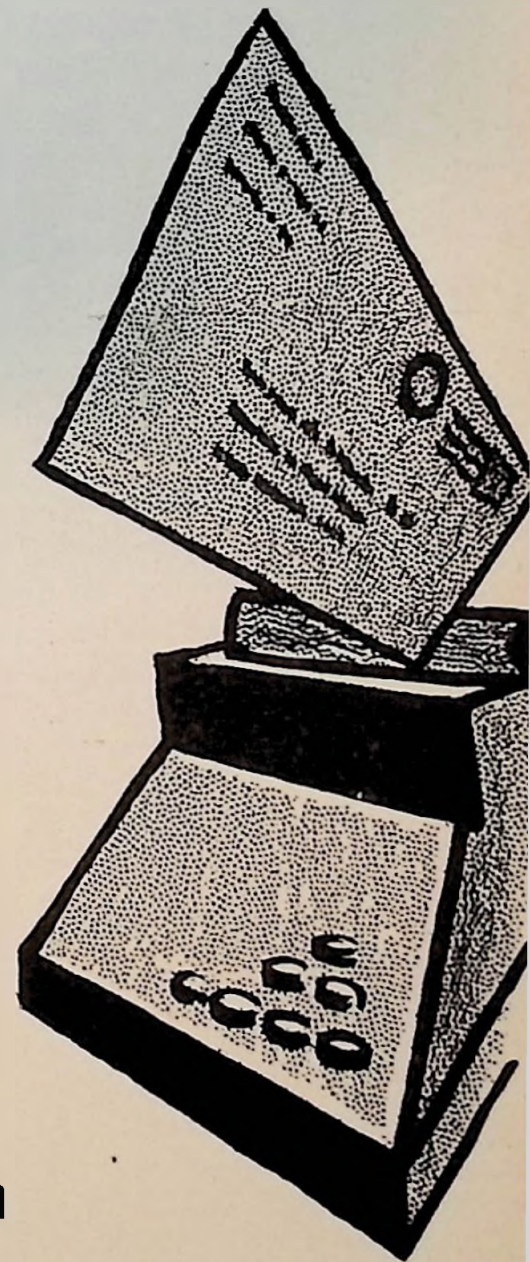
"Dear good Father,

"As I kept promising you for seventeen years, I am visiting Bukidnon now. In fact, it looks as if it is going to be a long, if not permanent, visit. But you are not here; and not only I but all the people, your friends for whom you labored and prayed through the best years of your life, miss you. Now we hear that you are sick; and the people have asked me with tears in their eyes to tell you that they sympathize with you in your illness and are praying for you. You are not here. But the memory of you is, and what is more, the fruits of your noble labors are here. These people are good because you taught them to be good; they come to Mass and frequent the Sacraments because you grounded them in the elements of the true faith; they live in peace, albeit in poverty, because you taught them to be contented under God and charitable to each other. The structures you built—churches, schools, convents, dormitories—are gone with the war. But the in the hearts and minds of these people there remains a love and a gratitude for all you did for them. This is your monument in Bukidnon, this the testimonial of acclaim of the little Father of the big heart of Sumilao, Malaybalay, and all the hills and canyons among which you have stumbled and walked and ridden."

"And now that you are not here and I am, I'll even concede that Bukidnon oranges are better than those of Lanao."

But the letter came back. Father Henfling, the little man with the big heart, had died on the Feast of Corpus Christi in Buffalo.

THE UNOPENED LETTER



Father Joseph Reith tells of their love for him

JAMAICA'S

by
John
Alexander
S. J.



THE STORY IN PICTURES:

● In the upper left hand corner, Leslie Russell S.J., soon to be Father Leslie Russell, moves forward, candle in hand, to the ceremonies which will make him the first native Jamaican ordained to the priesthood on that island. ● Beneath him, the smiling face of his father reflects the pride mingled with sadness of which the author speaks. ● At the foot of the page, the procession to the church for one of the high points of any young priest's life, the First Solemn High Mass. Preceding Father are his ministers on that occasion. ● On the opposite page, the most dramatic of moments, when Father first lifts the Host before his family and friends. ● Finally, Father Russell himself at the close of the ceremonies which marked Jamaica's big day.

On Saturday morning, May 29, 1948, a solemn procession moved from the Bishop's Residence opposite the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. The procession slowly crossed the street and entered the thronged edifice. Few occasions, if any, had ever boasted so large a crowd. It was an event, the writing of a new page in the history of Jamaica. It was the morning of the ordination of the first Jamaican ever to be ordained a priest on his native isle. The faithful filled the Cathedral, jammed the vestibule and overflowed into the yard.

As His Excellency, the Right Reverend Thomas Addis Emmet, S.J., entered the Cathedral the choir burst into the strains of the *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*. The ceremonies began and forty minutes later Leslie Xavier Russell was ordained a priest of the Society of Jesus. Following the Bishop, and according to the traditional rite, nearly sixty priests from all parts of the island, including four native Jesuits and one native diocesan priest, filed by in turn and laid hands on the head of Father Russell. As the historic ceremonies moved to an end, the newly ordained gave his first priestly blessing to his father and close relatives and then returned to the foot of the altar. There he waited until the end of the singing of the *Tu Es Sacerdos*. Then Father Russell ascended the steps of the High Altar and with voice clear and loud gave his priestly blessing to the assembled throng. The people had flocked to see their first fellow Jamaican raised to the honor of the priesthood on their island home. So deeply impressed with the rites were all present, that even the non-Catholics could scarce restrain the tears that welled from hearts so deeply stirred.

There was but one thing to mar the happiness of Father Russell as he raised his hand in benediction



OWN PRIEST

over his father. His mother was not present. As the ceremonies ended, he was whisked away to St. Joseph's Hospital. There his mother watched in wonder as the priestly hand of her son traced the sign of the cross over her prone figure.

It was because his mother was so seriously ill that Father Russell was ordained in Jamaica. Her health has so failed her through seven long months that it was extremely doubtful that she would live to see her boy a priest. With the permission of the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, Father Russell was allowed to be ordained outside the seminary in America where he had made his studies. Thus the climax of long years of prayer took place at the bedside of an ailing mother. In spite of the sadness that must have tinged the scene for onlookers, her happiness was undiluted.

There were other reasons more comprehensive in their import as to why it was fitting that Father Russell should be ordained in Jamaica. The island is yet to be converted and Father Russell is himself a convert, the last of his family to enter the fold of Christ. His mother had been the first. The ordination of a native convert could not help but be an influence for the spread of the faith and the establishment of the Church, taking place, as it did, in the presence of so many of his people.

The new priest was born in Spanish Town on the 16th of June, 39 years ago. He attended Beckford and Smith High School and Calabar College in Kingston. His higher education was completed in the United States. He attended Howard University in Washington, D. C., and the College of the City of New York. An avowed Communist in his early days, his mother's prayers finally brought him to seek baptism at Spanish Town on March 3, 1936, at the hands of Father John J. Williams, S.J., a

Jesuit missionary from Boston. He entered the Society of Jesus at Shadowbrook, Lenox, Mass., on August 14, 1939.

On the morning following his ordination, with the Very Reverend Walter J. Ballou, S.J., Superior of the Mission, as arch-priest, and for his server, the author, a Jamaican scholastic and a close friend of the family, Father Russell celebrated his first Mass in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Hospital. His mother's room adjoined the Chapel and through its open window she watched with eager eyes as her boy brought Christ down on the altar for the first time. Next to her bed, on a *priedieu*, knelt the priest's father. After receiving his Sacramental Lord himself, Father Russell first gave Holy Communion to his mother, then to his father and then to the relatives and friends who had crowded into the Chapel to see him celebrate his first Mass.

The following Sunday Father Russell returned to the scene of his boyhood, Spanish Town. He had been baptized in St. Joseph's Church and confirmed there at the hands of the same prelate who ordained him. Now the church was to provide the setting for his first Solemn Mass. The presence of the ever cheerful, ever prayerful priest who had baptized him, Father Williams, completed the picture.

Truly this was the day that the Lord had made. All Jamaica had been glad and rejoiced therein. For, though nearly two dozen Jamaicans have studied for the priesthood, this was the first occasion on which a native had been ordained on the island of Jamaica. We pray that the event will quicken in our youth the spirit of vocation. We look prayerfully toward seeing many more sons of Jamaica ordained in Jamaica. We ask that all Catholics everywhere join us in praying that the Lord will send more laborers into the harvest.



Everything is said to happen for the best, and whatever anyone may think or say about why the Chamorros should or should not be made to leave Yap, the way they went one Monday in April should profit all who witnessed it.

Rear Admiral Carleton Herbert Wright, USN, Deputy High Commissioner of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, Commander R. W. Kenney, USNR, Civil Administrator of Yap, officers, enlisted men, civilians and Yapmen who were on hand to see them go aboard the LST 803 witnessed an extraordinary display of fortitude. There were those among the spectators who shuddered just a little at the thought of how they themselves might have acted if they had been the ones and not the Chamorros who were leaving home.

It was four o'clock when the 803 slipped out of Tomil harbour through the mouth of the reef that rings Yap, and swung north, bound for Tinian in the Marianas, a promised land of milk and honey. Why were they going? Let us merely say that the authorities had thought it best.

Many of these Chamorros had been born on Yap. It was the only home that they knew. It was their native land. If nature has not seen to it that a man is born in a certain place, thus conferring on him the right to call that place his native land, I, for one, believe that suffering there gives a man this right, providing that he has freely chosen to settle there. Side by side with the Yapmen in fear, in labour, in want, through war and wind that hurtled out of the sky upon them, the Chamorros lived on Yap, some for fifty years because they wanted to. Yap, unlike the United States, is not a melting pot and so the two races, Yap and Chamorro, never mingled so as to form one people. Yap native customs and the culture of the Chamorros strongly militated against such an amalgamation. However, this does not mean that they never joined hands and even minds and hearts. Common tasks and trials, common cause for rejoicing and in many cases the blessing of a common Faith which bestows a wondrous union of Blood, the Sacred Blood of Christ, united many.

The Chamorros left their homes, humble ones to

be sure, but roofs under which children cried, laughed and played and grownups struggled, feasted and prayed. They left friends, men and women who had little to give them as a token of their esteem but who gladly gave what they could, good wishes, their prayers—and copra, gathered by them and their children that Tinian might not be without the coconut tree that played such a large part in the life of the Chamorros on Yap. From the lepers came money for Masses that peace, health, prosperity and the grace of God might attend them on the way and dwell with them in their new homes. They left some who were happy to see them go. But who has ever been able to call every man his friend? They left their native land, green again, but a land that held

Yet Yap was

no further promise of a decent living for them. They left their dead. The crosses over the graves on the hill above Yaptown looked down on them as they went—signs of benediction, suffering and resurrection. Some of them left their hearts. "Since yesterday, as I packed my things and prepared to bring them to the ship, I have been sad," said Henry Hofschneider. Sad,—not without cause. He had been born on Yap in 1897, the only child of a Yapwoman and a German. He grew up to be a leader to whom Chamorros and Yapmen came for counsel in family, business and religious matters. They disturbed him at five o'clock in the morning if they thought their trouble warranted it. He never complained. Nurtured in the school of suffering, he had unbounded sympathy for all and labored day and night for those who gave him their confidences when another man might have thought (and who could blame him?) that ten children were trouble enough. Henry is a man of better than average intelligence, industrious, patient and eminently self-sacrificing. May his sadness be turned to joy!

On June 15, 1913, while the German governed Yap, a young man arrived here from Jaluit, an

**Did you know that we send people
into exile? Father Frederick C. Bailey S.J.,
missionary on the isle of Yap, eye-
witnessed an instance in the Pacific.**

island in the Marshalls. He was eager for employment with the West Caroline Company, a flourishing export and import firm, maintained on Yap by the family of a famous Irish-American trader. Henry Fleming was the lad's name. When he came ashore in 1913, Tarang, a small island between Pekal and Nungoch in Tomil harbor, was a lively trading post with a warehouse, a store and a pier large enough for a six thousand-ton ship to come alongside.

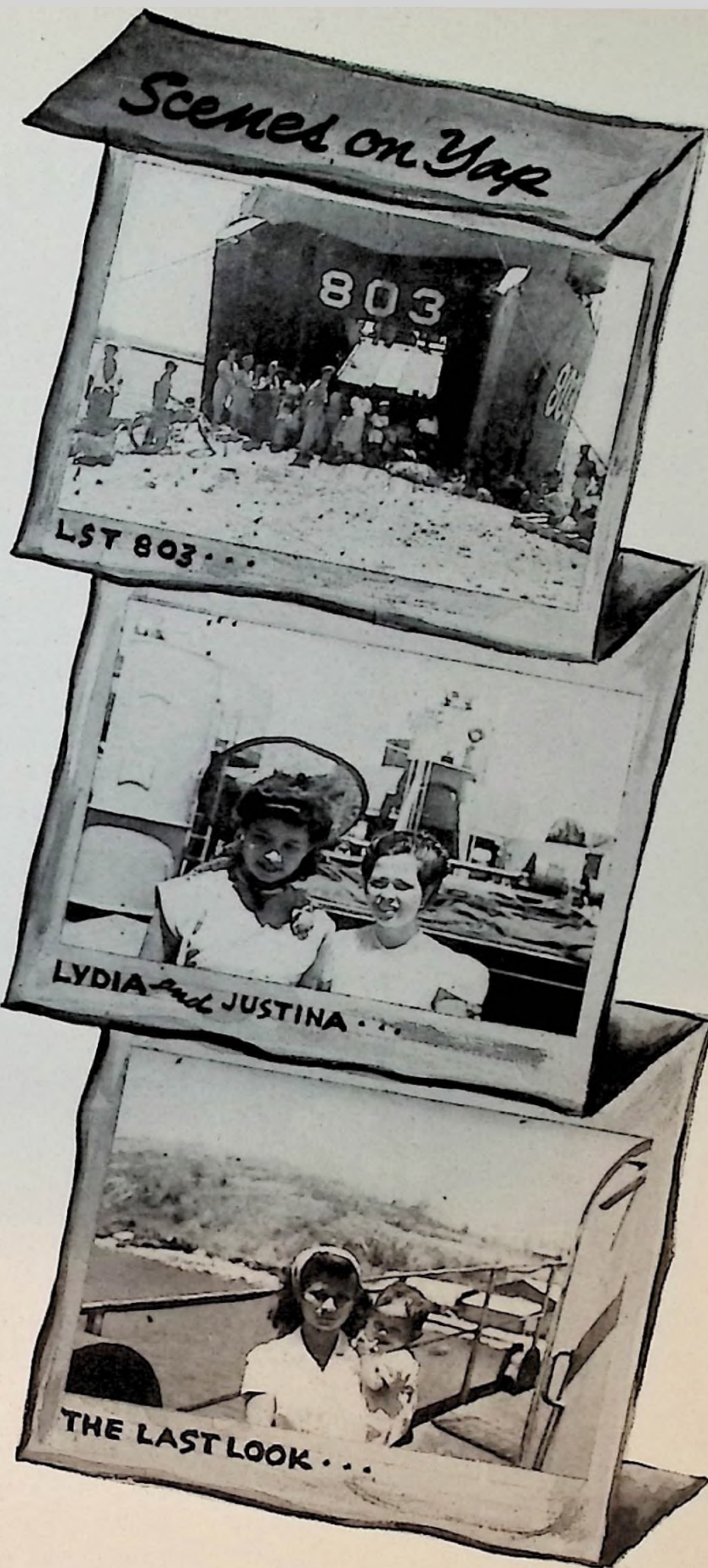
Yap meant opportunity then. That was thirty-five years ago. Now there are eleven Flemings. Home for all of them was, until last April, Yap.

their Home

"I have often thought of leaving Yap," Henry said, "but never this way."

He echoed the sentiments of other men and women. A good business man, friendly and accommodating, a man blessed with an excellent judgment and a lot of common sense, a devoted husband and a loving father, whose fine home was thoroughly destroyed by the Japanese, his possessions stolen or scattered, living in a land that afforded little opportunity for his growing family, there must have been dozens of times over the years that he argued with himself about going but he always stayed. This June it would have been thirty-five years. He has gone. But how much of him remains. Young trees transplant easily; you have to cut the roots of old ones.

There are many others about whom I should speak,—Magdalena Flores Diaz, Andres Borja, Luis and Vincentia Villagomez, Juan and Maria Concepcion De la Cruz, Francisco Aldan and his sister Rosalia Aquino . . . who during the six months in in which I worked with them manifested real Christian virtue and the warm, splendid love of life that goes hand in hand with the Catholic family. But that would involve writing a history of these fine people. I leave that to more competent hands. To whomever that one may be, I offer this stirring episode in their lives as an inspiration. But most of all I offer these few words of the many that might be said as my thanks for the friendship, cooperation, utter Faith and Christ-like charity of those who bravely sailed away one day in April 1948. With them goes my priestly blessing.



Before the doors of the LST 803 swing shut upon them a group of Chamorros turn for a last look at the land which they had always considered home. On the deck of the LST, Lydia Fleming, one of the eleven children of Henry and Consolacion Fleming, and Justina Diaz hide their sorrow behind smiles. Margarite and Hedwig, the oldest and the youngest of the children of Henry and Anna Hofschneider.

BUCKING THE HILLS

of Basilan

"Whoa, boy!" I shouted nervously as my horse reared high on his hind legs and threatened to throw me off into the rock-strewn river.

I was returning from a sick call in a place called Buhi-Yakan and my horse was a little nervous from the difficulties into which I had driven him over this rough terrain in the hills of Basilan, one of the smaller of the Philippine Islands.

But I was not feeling so self-assured myself, for, from the beginning of the ride, I had been going through experiences quite new to me. The ride began at the limit of the extent to which I could penetrate with the jeep, where Danny and I were formally introduced to one another.

As a horseman, I must have been a great trial to Danny, displaying my lack of skill even when I first tried to mount him. He had a saddle but no stirrups and as I had never before ridden without stirrups, I tried to mount the horse from a rock while my guide held the bridle. The rock, however, was covered with moss, and I slipped as I tried to throw one leg over the saddle and down I crashed, nearly dashing my brains out on the rock and landing between the horse's feet. If you want to know how monstrous an ordinary, small, gentle horse can appear, by taking a worm's-eye view from the flat of your back with your head a few inches from the horse's hooves!

But Danny was a perfect gentleman. He stood still as a statue and even suppressed the horse laugh which he surely must have been tempted to indulge, though I think I detected an amused twinkle in his eye.

He had other remarkable qualities, too. For so gentle a beast he displayed an amazing courage. The trail led us through spots so rough and rocky that I thought only a carabao with his more flexible shanks could have negotiated them. But Danny clambered over boulders with equal agility, sometimes even dragging us up over a particularly high stretch with his forelegs as a carabao does, sometimes picking his way down a sharp, rocky decline as delicately as a ballet dancer where a slip would have broken one of his slender legs or a fall would have sent us both tumbling head over hooves.

But it was in the middle of a swift, stony river that Danny finally lost his confidence. Where the water was shallow and he could see the stones on the bottom he was confident and sure-footed. But when the water rose to his flanks he felt the strength of the current and could no longer see the bottom through the foaming, tumbling torrent; and there Danny decided that nobody with a grain of horsesense, whether man or beast, should be so foolhardy as to proceed further. Every place he put his foot there were only invisible round stones which



HILLS CAN SEEM
LIKE THIS



THIS IS ONE WAY TO BUCK THE F



OTHER METHOD SOMETIMES USED rolled beneath his hoof and made him stumble; so he refused to budge another inch. I coaxed; I threatened. But Danny was adamant. There he stood, and there I sat, awkwardly holding up my feet to keep them dry.

"Dig your heels into his ribs," shouted my guide.

As for myself, I was willing to accept the horse's judgment; but then it began to rain, and I decided that if I fell into the river I would be no wetter than if we stood there and got drenched by the rain. So, with an encouraging "Come on, Danny!" I struck the horse's rump with a twig I was carrying, and Danny made a dash for it. Stumbling and plunging, he rushed blindly through the foaming water regardless of rolling stones. And when we reached the high bank of the river, he made no attempt to climb it; he crouched a moment on his haunches and actually leaped to the top of the embankment. High and dry, he stood there trembling—and I was trembling, too.

We reached the dying man in time to administer Extreme Unction while he was still conscious, and it was in returning across this river that Danny had the accident which sent him rearing. He was reluctant to descend the steep river bank which he had previously taken in one leap. He remembered that river! I coaxed him into going down, half-hoping he would refuse. But he good naturedly yielded to me against his own better judgment. The smooth stones imbedded in the river bank were slippery with mud washed down by the recent rain and as the horse's hind hooves stepped on the slope they slipped beneath him. Up went the forelegs, pawing the air. As there were no stirrups to stand in, I grasped the saddle horn with one hand and pulled up on the reins with the other. Strangely, I wasn't frightened this time, though it frightens me now to think of it. By the time the horrified men from the house had reached us, I had safely wheeled the horse around and set his forelegs down on a small level spot.

Re-crossing the river was not as bad as anticipated and without further mishap we finally reached my mechanical steed, the jeep, which was patiently waiting at the end of the narrow trail. As I slipped off Danny's back I put my arm around his neck and whispered into his ear, "Danny, you're the gamest little gentle horse in the world."

But Danny didn't say a word. I wonder whether he will remember me if we ever meet again.



THE WAY THE AUTHOR CHOOSES

Father Joseph I.

Stoffel S. J. hits

the trail again

IT'S KEEN AT

Holy Rosary

Going to school at Holy Rosary is keen. It is just like a real little city in itself. We have a store, garage, shoe shop, farm, bakery, carpenter shop and blacksmith shop. We even have shows on Sunday afternoons and nights. Everyone of us looks forward to the shows, but woe to us if we are bad during the week, because we will have to miss the show! Most of us are good now, though.

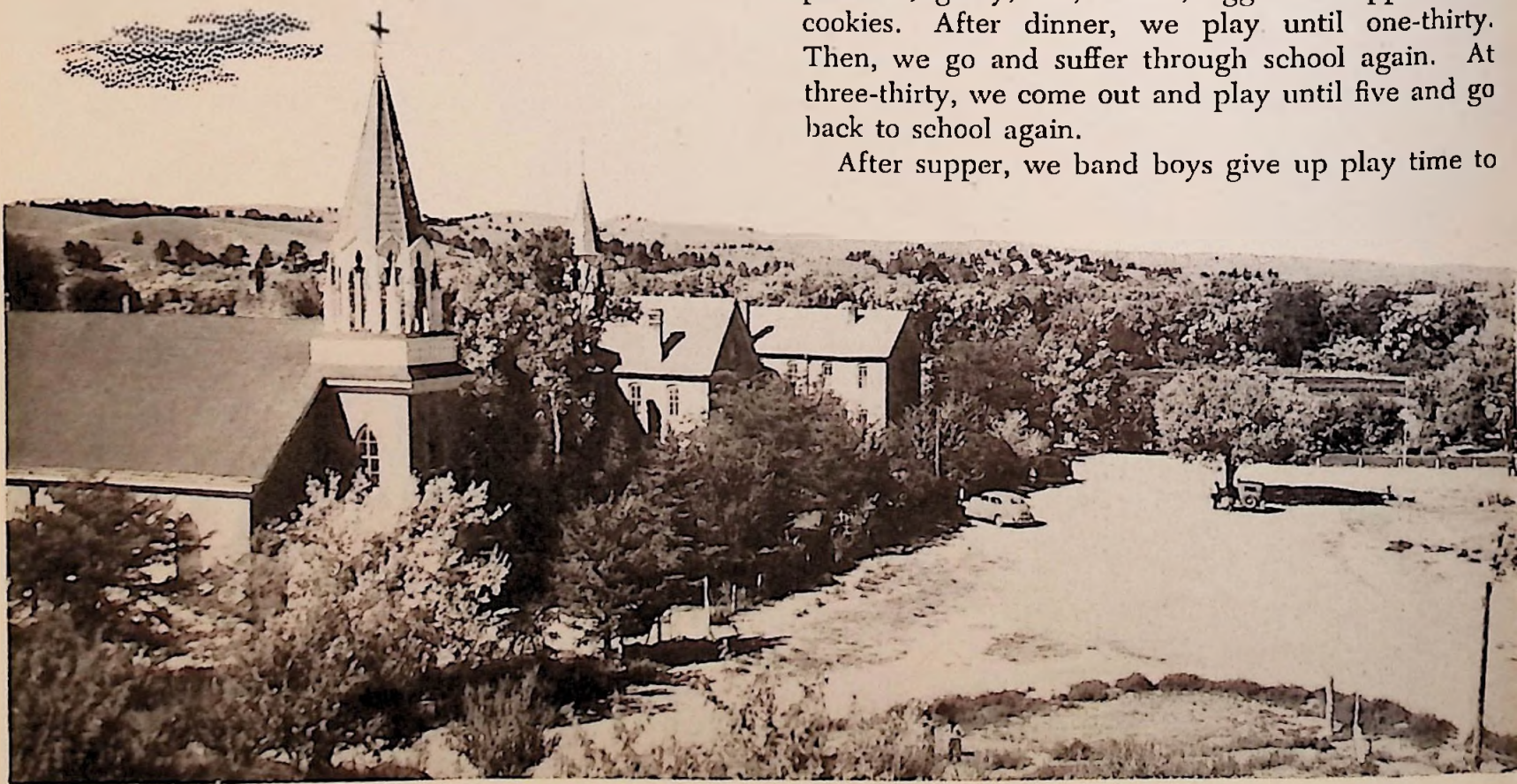
I am in the seventh grade. There are about fifteen of us boys in the seventh grade. We have a really smart teacher, Mr. Fagan S.J. He teaches the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades and really works us hard. I like this school because you can't get smarter any place else than in a Jesuit school.

My favorite subject is drawing. I like to draw and I can draw almost anything but a cat. I tried, but it just refused to come out of the pencil. We are diagramming sentences in the classroom now, and we take Arithmetic, Spelling, Science and Literature. I like Science the best of all.

We have a very busy day. Every morning we get up at six-thirty. At Mass, over seventy-five percent of us go to Holy Communion and it takes about fifteen minutes for two of the good priests to distribute Holy Communion to us. Every night during the month of May we go to Benediction and say the Rosary. After Mass, we go over to breakfast, and ummmm boy! we really eat good, too! After breakfast, we play all kinds of games, baseball, football, soccer ball, horseshoes and basketball. At nine o'clock, we line up and get ready for school.

We have school all morning and at eleven-thirty we come out of the classroom and play for a half hour or so and then go to dinner. We get meat, potatoes, gravy, tea, butter, eggs and apples and cookies. After dinner, we play until one-thirty. Then, we go and suffer through school again. At three-thirty, we come out and play until five and go back to school again.

After supper, we band boys give up play time to



Our youngest contributor, John Blue Horse, describes his happy life at Holy Rosary Mission



practice in the band. We have a thirty piece band which is only one year old. We are still improving, though. We really play hard pieces like "March National Emblem," "Under the Double Eagle," and "Our Director." I play the baritone. I hate to tell you but I am not the best one playing it.

After band practice we go into night school. We study very hard and toward the end, if we were holy enough, the teacher reads us a story from one of Father Finn's books. We like that very much and beg him to go on, but we have to go to bed and sleep. We hate that. We have a chapel in our building, so every night we make a little visit in the chapel of God. Then we go to bed and sleep the sleep of peace and start a new day over again.

On Saturdays we go for walks and have a great time. The Prefect tells us all about King Arthur, the Aeneid and the Odyssey, and all kinds of stories like that. We fish all afternoon, hike and everything. After we catch a mess of fish, we fry them and eat them. They sure taste good, too.

On Sunday we sleep longer because there isn't any school. About seven-thirty, we get up and go to Mass, and we usually sing the High Mass through. Sunday night there is the show, and as I was saying, if you were bad during the week you don't go to the show.

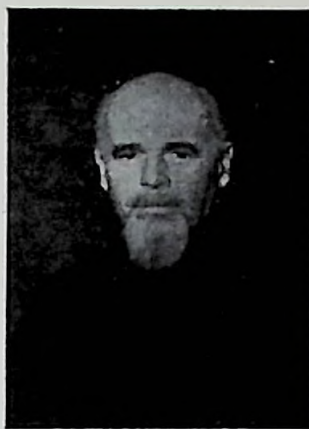
Our school has a great school spirit. Everyone is eager to work and the prefects have no trouble in getting volunteers for extra work.

Our basketball team is the great Rosary Crusaders. Four years out of eight that we have entered, we won the Catholic state title, and we won it this year, too. We are very proud of them. When we lose a game, we lose it fair and square, and when we win a game we win it the same way.

Every year we have a good conduct party for all those who were good. We have a servers' picnic for all those who serve Mass. We have a band picnic for all the band boys, and last of all we have the school picnic for all the students.

But the best thing about Holy Rosary is that they teach us to love and serve God here and to practice the Catholic Faith.

Come, follow me



WHEN the Christian Emperors of Byzantium, from Constantine to the second Heraclius, ruled over the Holy Land, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross was observed with great splendor in Jerusalem. It ranked in solemnity with the Pasch and the Epiph-

any. For eight days the rich ceremonial of the Eastern Church paid sacred tribute to the sign of our salvation. Bishops and clergy from distant cities, hermits from their mountain caves and desert fastnesses thronged to Jerusalem. And the faithful joined them there "to glory in the Cross of Christ, wherein is our salvation, life and resurrection."

The feast originated on the 14th of September in 335 when the True Cross was enshrined in the basilica of Constantine. It was a day of great significance to the Christian world. It was the climax of a series of events that had transformed the Cross from a secret and forbidden emblem to one of triumph.

In this sign, Constantine had conquered and was converted. Imperial Rome had accepted the faith of Christ. The Cross rose out of the dim deep catacombs to top newly-rising churches. It surmounted the imperial standards. It was emblazoned on the royal purple. It was a badge of honor for noble service. It was no more a gibbet of shameful death for criminals. It was the emblem of man's hope. Then Constantine built, about the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary, the first of the Holy Land's great basilicas to enshrine the True Cross that his mother, Saint Helena, had discovered in a cave near Calvary.

In the Western Church this feast commemorates the restoration of the True Cross to Jerusalem. Carried off by the Persians in 624, it was brought back with great solemnity by Heraclius fourteen years later and again enshrined on Calvary. When I last celebrated this feast in Jerusalem, it was my privilege to offer the Holy Sacrifice at the altar of Calvary, in the old Crusader church that replaces the basilica of Constantine. But it grieved me to think that among all the United Nations today there is neither a Constantine nor Heraclius nor Saint Louis of France. There are only scheming politicians who pay lip service to Christianity while they divide the Holy Land between Moslem and Jew. Whether the Cross survives there is the least of their concerns.



"Twenty Thousand Russian 'Pilgrims' seek entrance into Palestine," read the remarkable headline. They were refused admittance. They were not real pilgrims. They were but the vanguard of the Red Army seeking a foothold whence to grapple with the powers in the Middle East. Had they gained admittance, they would have been amazed to find Russians in Palestine before them. As they approached from the north and circled Jerusalem, seeking vantage points on the heights, like Titus and his Tenth Legion of 70 A.D., they would go straightway to Mt. Scopus and Mt. Olivet, seeking control of the six-story, 214-step Belvedere Tower. The discovery that this was already "The Russian Tower" would cause them wonder. Mounting this observation stronghold they would have a view for miles around—all of Jerusalem in front of them, the Temple, the Mosque of Omar, the ancient walls around the old city enclosing the sacred shrines. Far to the right in the distance the large Russian Hospice in the western suburb would be pointed out to them. The deceptively clear atmosphere would reveal to the east the blue waters of the

Dead Sea, seemingly near, but actually over 15 miles away and 3,900 feet below them. Turning their glances southward, Jericho far-off, and Bethany in the foreground would reveal themselves. Southwest of their position they would see the road to Bethlehem winding over the hills. On descending to the convent grounds below, Russian Orthodox nuns would take them to the church filled with religious art treasures, would point out the blood stains on the floor where years ago the Turks martyred their sisters, and then would stand there, clad in grey, awaiting a similar fate. There would be no resistance beyond the call of Russian heart to Russian heart. Would this be enough to stay the hand of execution?

After securing this stronghold, having planned and set their bearings, the "pilgrims" would charge down the Mount of Olives, and rush for cover into the seven bulbous-domed Church of St. Mary Magdalen and the small Russian Hospice nearby. They would find themselves in a Russian Orthodox Basilica built in 1888 at the expense of Emperor Alexander III. Again they would be amazed at the Russian

4, S. J



nuns are in Palestine

religious art all about them, and if their entrance was timely, they would see black-robed, blonde-haired, pale Russian girls, and be stirred to the depths of their souls by the sweet psalm-singing of these choristers of their own blood.

The call to advance for the capture of the old city would cause them to cast aside the soul-stirring thoughts within them. They would advance across the Garden where Christ sweated blood, cross the Kedron, ascend the steep slope to St. Stephen's Gate, and find themselves fighting their way along the Via Dolorosa. As they pushed on from one Station of the Cross to the next, and on, they would come to an abrupt stop after the Tenth Station, fifty yards from Calvary, and read: "Russian Excavations—Visitors Welcome!"

The Russian peasant who hates Stalin (and who has just hidden the six old nuns and warned the World War I Russian Consul-in-exile to seek safety) would cautiously open the door. Inside, the startled invaders would gape in holy awe and wonder at marvelous murals on all sides, sent from Moscow a generation before they were born. Most striking

among these lifesized Passion paintings is a portrait of Christ leading the souls of the just from Limbo after having broken the bonds that held them. This release is symbolized by the huge broken padlock and the chain shackles dangling free. It is here that their own spirits might be released from the bonds binding them. It is here that Christ's grace might start to flow within them, here in the shadow of Calvary and the Holy Sepulcher.

Will they rush to Calvary fifty yards away? On their knees will they become the real pilgrims God wants them to be? Will God so fill their souls with grace as to convert them into instruments of His use? Will their numbers increase throughout the years from the 20,000 Russians of Palestine to the 200,000,000 souls of the Soviet Union? Pray now to God through Our Lady of Fatima that this does happen, and quickly. Heed Our Lady's words: "I ask for the consecration of the world to my Immaculate Heart and for the Communion of Reparation on the first Saturday of each month. If my requests are heeded, *Russia will be converted*, and there will be *Peace*." There is the answer.

"... my last dim glance
through tears. . . ."



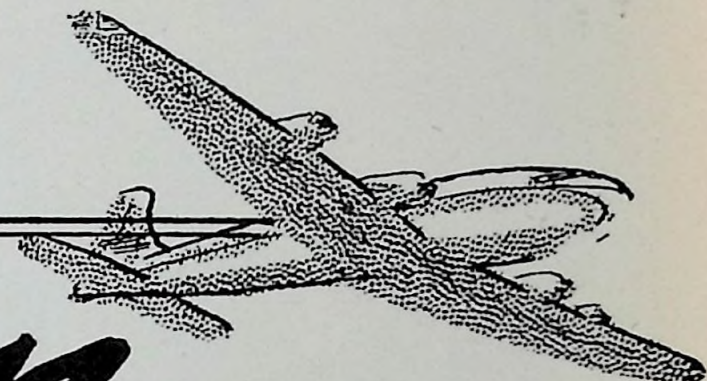
Shining

(Mr. and Mrs. John J. Burke of Oak Park, Ill., flew to India last year for the ordination of their son, Edmund. Here are a few excerpts from the last section of Mrs. Burke's Patna diary.)

Jan. 8th. Mass in the chapel at 6.30 offered by Father Ed. After Mass had breakfast with Father Loesch, Father Stoy, Father Ed, Dad and myself. Dad and Ed stayed around the grounds until 9.30. After they left I read a book. We had dinner at twelve. Ed came in just after we had finished. Too bad because we had chops and mashed potatoes and salad. Went back with him to St. Xavier's and visited with Father Sontag who just came in from giving a retreat. I am so glad I did not miss seeing him. He is a grand old priest and so interesting. We also had another visit with Father Meyer who came in from Muzaffarpur to see Mother Ingrid about taking in some children that have no money. Guess Father Meyer will pay for them himself so I can see where his money will go when he should build himself a house to replace the mud hut he has been living in. Also met Father Charles Scott, Father Welzmillier, and had a short talk with Father Moran and Father Barrett. We watched a cricket game and baseball game in the park. Mr. Cox, Father Cleary, and Father Lane were out there with the boys.

Jan. 9th. Mass at 6:30 offered by Ed in the chapel. Just two more days to attend Mass here offered by our darling Ed. It has all been so grand but there is always an end to everything. Ed said to us many years ago after he left for India, "Thank God for our memories!" So many times I have remembered his words and never were they more true than now with these days coming to an end—these wonderful, beautiful days with Ed in India. Certainly India has been kind to us. I hope I will be able to comfort many a mother whose son has been given the special grace to become a missionary and be sent to India. . . .

More notes
from the diary
of Mrs. John Burke



in the Sun

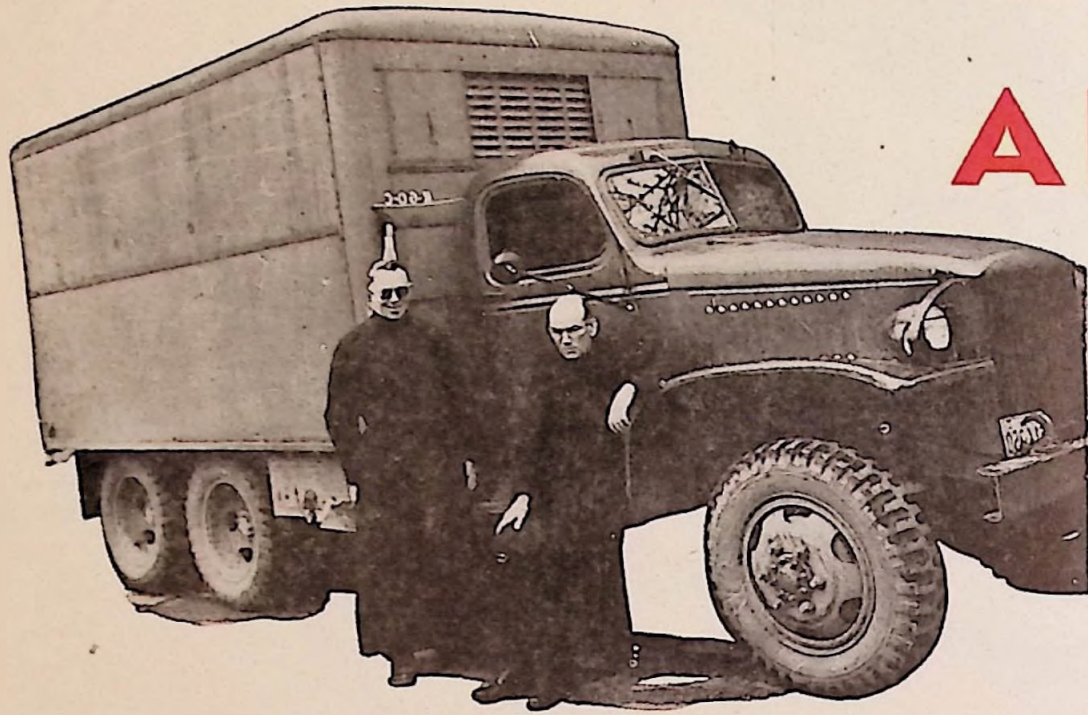
Mother Ingrid arrived home from the Superiors' meeting. Her train came in five hours late. I waited up until eleven, then took a bath and went to bed. At eleven-thirty I heard her in her room. She came in to see me. She was all in white with her white silk veil over her head and her flashlight in her hand. She was a picture of the Virgin Mary shadowed in the doorway. I shall never forget it and the way she pulled up the net and gave me a hug and kiss.

Jan. 12th. Our train arrived in Calcutta at noon today. Father Batson, God love him, was at the station to greet us, and had arranged for our hotel rooms. Father Ed offered Mass at St. Thomas' Church, run by the Jesuit Fathers. After Mass, Father Meyer had breakfast all ready for us. We talked a little and then started for the hotel and took care of the other errands we had to attend to. Got settled, went down for tea at three but we only had tea and one slice of cake. The Fathers were starved, so we started out to look for food. Dinner would not be until eight and we had missed lunch. We found a nice Swiss tea room. They made up assorted sandwiches and all kinds of Indian pastry. It was delicious. Father Batson, Ed, Dad and I cleaned everything up. Then we walked around town and decided to take in a show. Guess it was the best thing to do because I was getting to the point where I could not talk. Thank God, Father Batson stayed with us. The show was swell—all enjoyed it. We took a high four-seated rig back to the hotel which was fun. This is our last night in India. I gave a big hug and a big kiss, and a goodnight to my boy. It was a sleepless night.

January 13th. Ed arrived back at the hotel about 6:45. We were all ready and left for Mass at St.

Thomas'. This was our last Communion from our priestly son. Again the Fathers had breakfast for us. We left for the hotel, got the luggage ready, and visited until lunch at twelve-thirty. Father Batson arrived at noon to have lunch with us, which was a delicious one. When I went back to my room, I found a lovely orchid there from Father Batson. I guess he must have traveled all over Calcutta to get it. Father is a most wonderful person and priest. I pinned on my orchid and it looked lovely. At 4:15 it was time to say goodbye. That, I cannot write about. Thank God, Father Batson was there. It would have been awful if Ed had been there alone. Pray God that we will see him again some day! We went into the plane and they were allowed to come with us. Then followed tears and goodbyes. When they left the plane, we looked out of our window to see two white-cassocked Fathers waving at us. The minutes were going by. I know Ed was glad to see us get on that plane as healthy and in as good shape as we had come. He was like a mother to us all during our stay in India. The motors are beginning to roar and the plane is moving down ways for the take off. Now we're back again passing those two white-robed figures, their hands up in a blessing, as the plane passes by. I shall never forget that scene. Another picture of parting in my memory. The first was Ed's leaving for Milford, the second was his leaving for India, and now our goodbye to him in India. But I can still say God has been good to us and showered so many blessings upon us. It has been a blessed sacrifice. My last dim glance, through tears, is of the two white-robed Fathers, hands raised in blessing, and Ed's red hair shining in the sun.

TRUCKING TO ALASKA



by
Russell
Boehning
S. J.

The truck, with its drivers, Brother George Feltes S.J. and Brother Aloysius Laird S.J.

SAN FRANCISCO • ALMA • SPOKANE • FORT

They're trucking it now. These two versatile Jesuit Brothers are trying something new. They are turning truck drivers on the long range scale to bring supplies to the far-off Alaskan mission fields. This first trip is an historical event in mission annals and may well lead to new economies in mission operations.

This first truck load of supplies for the Alaskan missions originated in sunny California. The truck was purchased in San Francisco and the first big store of mission material was picked up from the nearby Alma theologate. This was the beginning of the long 4,800-mile trip which led back to the mission fields on the Yukon.

While in this country the Brothers purchased the much needed mission material, such as machinery, tools, a diesel lighting plant, electric welder, 35 mm. movie film, etc. They also collected a sizable amount of contributions in the form of food, clothing, games for the Eskimo children, etc. By the time they left the United States they had accumulated six tons of supplies. While this amount is very small in regard to the total mission needs, yet it is sufficient for the experiment of this trip and the loss of a greater amount cannot be risked.

All sorts of things go towards supplying a mission. Since the northern missions are isolated from the rest of the world for such a large part of the year, it is necessary that they become self-sufficient during their isolation. This means that right after the breakup on the Yukon, the missions must replenish exhausted supplies of food, clothing, tools, machinery, radio equipment, and hundreds of other odd items needed for the Arctic nights.

The truck is bound for the Holy Cross mission. This mission is 3,600 miles from Spokane, the gateway to the new Alaskan highway. One of the main purposes of this trip is to study the economy of truck transportation over water transportation. Water freight rates from Seattle vary from \$40 to \$160 a ton. This first reconnaissance trip is to study the condition of the Alaskan military highway, how steep the hills, how expensive the gasoline. The price of gasoline is far different from in the States, for it ranges up to 60c an imperial gallon at some of the more inaccessible places along the Alaskan highway.

The end of the road is Fairbanks, Alaska. Here truck and all are hoisted aboard the river boat, and as soon as the breakup comes, start the way down the Yukon. It is 800 miles from Fairbanks to the

SAINT JOHN • WHITE HORSE • FORT

APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

PROTECTION OF CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN INDIA

MISSION
Intention

One of the chief tools of Catholic apostolate in India is the Catholic school. Through it missionaries have contact not only with villagers and town-folk but also with the better classes of Indians who might otherwise stand aloof and even be hostile to the Church. It is in the Catholic schools that children of Christian parentage are steeped with a Catholic attitude of life and groomed to be future leaders in their communities either as members of a cultured laity or its priests of tomorrow.

The Catholic missions of India have so co-ordinated their educational curricula that Indian youth can be led from the lowest elementary classes right through the completion of their academic degrees under Catholic auspices. Roughly 500,000 pupils are trained in the Catholic educational institutes of India. They are grouped as follows: over 5200 elementary schools with about 400,000 children; about 740 middle and high schools with almost 100,000 students; 14 university colleges for men, and 6 for women.

Under English rule, the Catholic schools enjoyed freedom. Financial aid for education through taxation was considerable, and subsidies were granted to Catholic schools, not because they were Catholic, but because they were schools. The need of education was deeply realized at that time.

Will the schools continue to enjoy this same freedom and these governmental subsidies as in the past? This is a question that vexes our missionaries today. India is a country where there are only 14,000 schools for 700,000 villages, a country where only 15% of the people knows how to read and write. Will India under dominion status deprive the missionaries of this aid in educating her young? Many of the more influential families have already signified their preference for the schools of the missionaries. Nevertheless Travancore and the neighboring isle of Ceylon (this island, while not belonging to geographical or political India, is regarded as a portion of missionary India) have passed legislation which if applied will spell doom for the Catholic schools.

From time to time pagan Indians attending Catholic schools have embraced Catholicism. Though such conversions have been relatively few, enemies of the Church in India have not failed to size upon these isolated cases as abuse of the schools for purposes of religious propaganda.

In India the Catholic schools are, as it were, the source of vitality of the missions. On their prosperity depend the life and growth of the missions. During September we must join the Pope in praying for the protection of India's Catholic schools.

Holy Cross mission, five days by boat or three and one-half hours by plane. On board the truck are also supplies for the other missions on the Yukon. Hence on the journey down river from Fairbanks, the river boat distributes the freight to the small missions spotting the river banks. Little mission boats from Holy Cross parcel out the freight to the missions down in the Yukon delta, Mountain Village, Akulurak, St. Michael's, Hooper Bay and other stations.

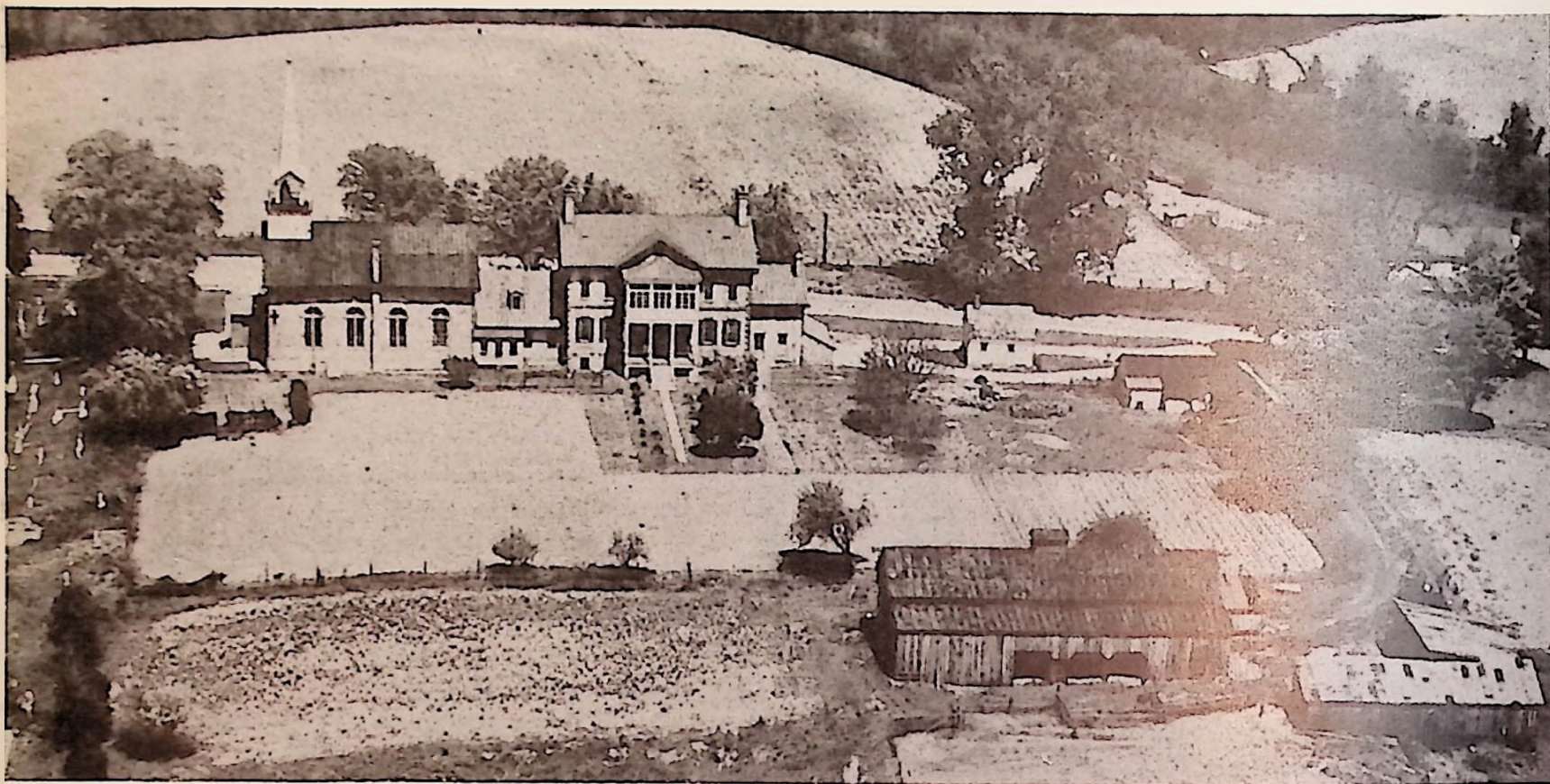
Perhaps one of the most useful and needed items going to Alaska is the truck itself. Once it is hoisted back on dry land at Holy Cross, it will become the pride of the Holy Cross highway—one mile long. This new truck will replace a made-over 1929 Ford truck which long ago became too tired. "This is just the truck we need," Brother Feltes said. "You know, it's a little rugged up there." And that is a masterpiece of understatement.

Holy Cross is a thriving little mission. There are eight Jesuits staffing it: two Priests, two Scholastics, and four Brothers; eight Sisters of St. Anne conduct the boarding school. This school is known as the "Holy Cross Technical Institute" where, besides the regular grade school subjects, many of the mechanical and native arts are taught. The mission accommodates 150 children, most of whom are orphans and destitute, hence complete charges of the mission. Close by is a little native village of 250 Eskimos. Both the river boat and the airplanes stop at Holy Cross about every two weeks in good weather. But once the cold weather sets in with its fogs the mission is strictly on its own.

If this first trucking experiment to Alaska is an economic success, if it is cheaper to truck rather than send supplies by boat, then bigger trucks and trailers will be used. And the Brothers will find a new way to be the "hands of Christ."

SELKIRK • FAIRBANKS • HOLY CROSS

Father H. I. Storck S. J. celebrates



his church's sesquicentennial

150 years in Maryland

While the Jesuits who are known as the North American Martyrs were laboring in New York and Canada, there was another group of heroes of their Order undergoing hardships in the new colony of Maryland. These latter were not honored by martyrdom, but they were confessors of the faith who organized, preserved their organization under acute difficulties, and exercised a struggling, but effective influence on the destinies of our nation.

Fathers Andrew White and John Altham, accompanied by a laybrother, Thomas Gervase, stepped ashore from the Ark and the Dove which landed on the Maryland soil on March 25, 1634 with the first pilgrims of the Lord Baltimore expedition which, under royal charter, sailed out of the civil and religious turmoil of England for the purpose of es-

tablishing in the new world a Province in which there should be peaceful living under a constitution guaranteeing combined civil and religious liberty for all believing in Jesus Christ. In actual practice, the guarantee was not limited to Christians. Especially under the wise rule of Governor Leonard Calvert, persons of different faiths lived together prosperously and amiably; and after Leonard's death in 1647, the peace-giving principles and practices of the Catholic Lord Baltimore for nearly half a century, with a few interruptions, kept the colonists mingling according to the charity of Jesus Christ. However, strife between king, parliament and church in England diffused itself across to the American shores. Puritan, then Anglican Church ascendancy disturbed the Marylanders, and in 1692, union of State and

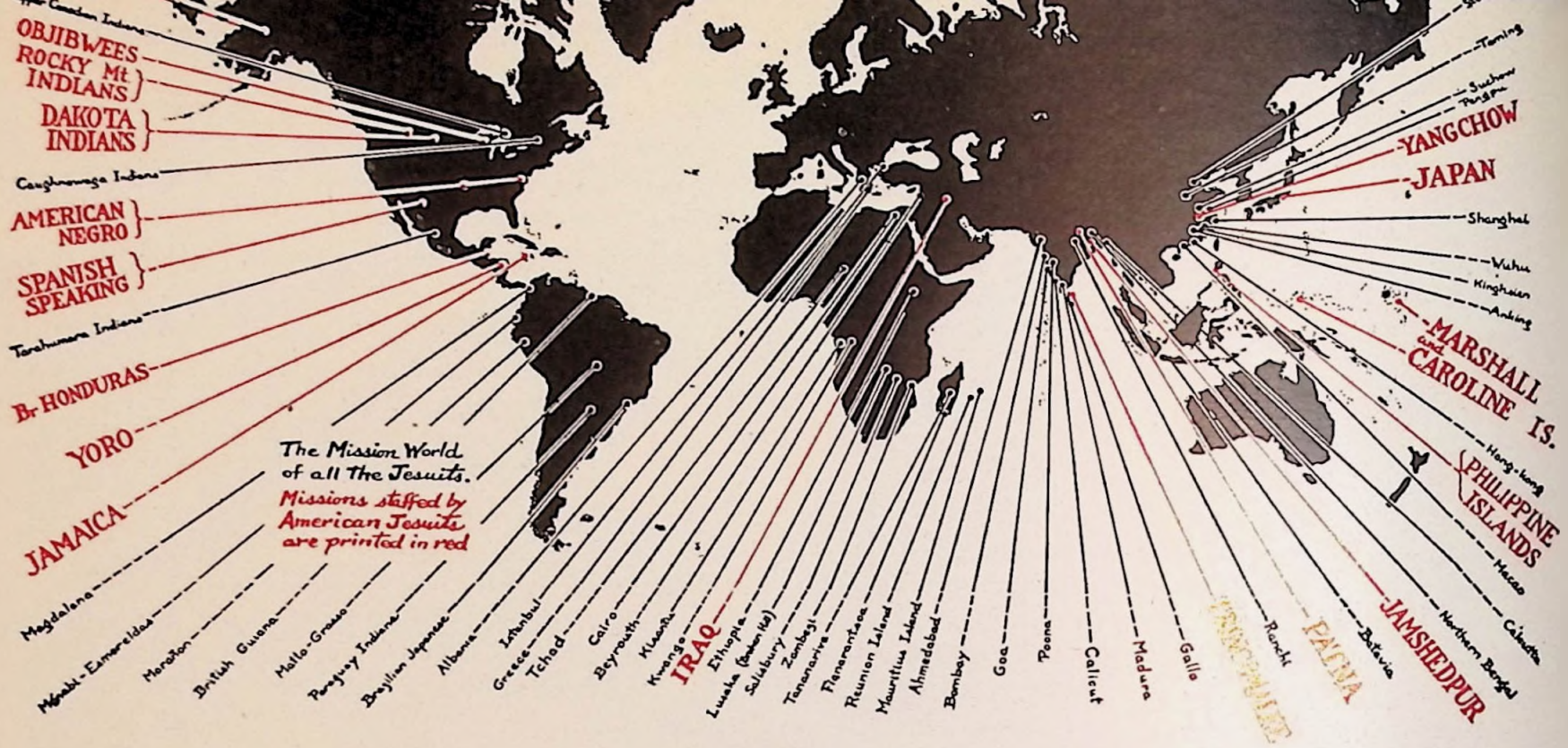
Anglican Church in Maryland held down or abolished the chartered civic and religious rights of Catholics. In the meantime, other Jesuits joined those in the new Province and all resolutely offered Mass and administered the sacraments in secret. Though none were put to death, they were subjected to court citation, imprisonment and fines through nearly a century. Then came the American Revolution and Constitution with its Amendments, which gave religious liberty to all.

The leading scenes of the drama were in Southern Maryland, where the chief centres were St. Mary's City, the original settlement, St. Inigo's, Newtown and St. Thomas' Manor. The priests of these centres counselled one another, interchanged stations, worked together, organized their ministrations in the early days of freedom and in the after days of persecution. They watched for lulls in the execution of the restricting laws and at once located chapels in their residences or built new centres. Whenever strict enforcement came again, they secretly said Mass and administered the sacraments in homes. Finally, in 1798, the longtime suffering and united efforts of all the Maryland priests built on the heights of our Capital's river a stately little structure which they called the Church of St. Ignatius—their first imposing one after constitutional religious liberty came to the nation.

Bishop John Carroll, first Bishop of the United States, laid its cornerstone on August 7, 1798. Its sturdy walls stand forty miles south of Washington, near Bel Alton and Port Tobacco in Charles County. Many call the Church "St. Thomas'", doubtless from its location on the land known as St. Thomas' Manor since the days of Cecelius Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore. Father Andrew White in 1641 established a mission on the spot, and the present tract was acquired as a Manor by deed in 1649 according to Lord Baltimore's 'Conditions of Plantation.' As a parish with resident pastor it dates back to 1662. Father William Hunter, some time before his death in 1723, erected a residence with Chapel at Deep Point on the bank of the Port Tobacco River at the foot of the hill on which now stands the Residence or Manor House which was built in 1741. To the west and adjoining the Manor House is a little chapel to which was annexed the present church in 1798. All three buildings are of sturdy brick. For one coming down the hill from the east, a bend in the winding road first and suddenly reveals the church steeple, then the little chapel and the Georgian Manor with its cluster of white out-buildings and its fields. To the north, we glance admiringly up the valley of the Port Tobacco River, and at night see the sky illumined over the capital of the nation. To the west, the Port Tobacco River, closely in full view meets the Potomac at Chapel

Point, while further to the west rise the hills of Cedar Point Neck and Brentland. From an elevation of 60 feet above sea level, the view stretches across a quarter of a mile of tree tops and fields to the Virginia shore four miles away, the Potomac River flowing majestically through the valley. Travellers have said that it is one of the beautiful spots of America.

Here was the residence of the Superior of the Jesuit Maryland missions for more than a century. Here lived priests who battled for religious freedom, appealing to the Calvert Charter for their protection and the legality of their priestly actions. Here was a centre of laymen and laywomen who suffered for their constancy in their faith, and who, as Cardinal Gibbons said, made Maryland a Runnymede. Here lived priests who with foresight placed on ocean liners at Port Tobacco harbor young men of the quasi-wilderness of early Maryland to study in the Jesuit Universities of France and Belgium. There were priests here who encouraged and continued the further education of these returning young men—priests who, by their counsel and guidance in the doctrines of fellow Jesuits, Suarez and Bellarmine, manifested the true origin of social authority and challenged the doctrine of the divine right of kings. We can be grateful for the part played by the Jesuit pupils John, Charles and Daniel Carroll in aiding the great James Wilson, (student of Suarez) and Thomas Jefferson and other founding fathers in their battle for religious liberty. We are grateful to the Marylanders who built this church on the heights of the Potomac in lieu of the little chapel, its predecessor huddled away at the foot of the hill by the Port Tobacco River. On this spot lived men who as secular priests clung to their apostolic mission when their priestly religious garb fell from them at the command of the Pope. These same suppressed religious priests, after twenty-five years of suppression, built this church with sterling loyalty dedicated it to their religious founder, St. Ignatius Loyola; and maybe it was just their reward from God that within these very walls was first read and promulgated in our country in 1805 the document announcing the *viva voce* restoration of the Society of Jesus. A few weeks later, after a retreat of union with God, three of these veterans marched into this very church and pronounced the vows of their old Society, and here lived the first community of the Restored Society in our country. And within these hallowed walls of St. Thomas' Manor, as in other Maryland centres, labored the priests who aided Bishop Carroll in the establishment of the Diocese of Baltimore, from which sprang the whole Hierarchy of the United States. The sesquicentennial will be celebrated on Sunday, September 26, 1948. It will be an expression of gratitude to God.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

The newly appointed Bishop of Belize, Most Reverend David F. Hickey S.J., former Mission Superior



Storm and Strife

It was probably Father Thomas Kelly's fault. In fabulous Baghdad he took up his Aladdin's lamp and wished for a breeze. He got his wish, but with it came the dust. "We ran a mop and a rag over the room three or four times a day and got nothing for our efforts; every breath we took pulled in enough sand and dust to coat our insides for life. I saw a bug on the table: in back of him was a zigzag path of about nine inches, around him a cleared circle of about an inch; but the old bug was dead. The flowers and shrubs are ashed, the walks are brown, and the sky is the color of jaundice."

"At night we piled into bed on the roof. It seemed better to die of dust than of suffocation in our room. The dust poured in through the mosquito netting like a fine drizzle. In the morning our mouths and eyes were caked. Of course the heat has been over 100 for days, and brother, South Boston was never like this!"

Father Edwin McManus of Truk had some weather problems too: he decided on a bout with the tropical sun, and lost a fairly close decision. On his trip back to Wona Island he hired a 10-foot skiff with a jury-rigged sail. Whatever that is, it needs wind to keep going. Anyway, he got no wind and it took 8 hours to make the 15 mile trip. And next day Father McManus was a sick laddie indeed; the crowning indignity was that his Adam's apple got sunburned and peeled for days!

More Father McManus

"There are lots of consolations in mission work," he writes. "The other day Father Hernandez explained to his class of little boys how they should pray for peace and how little acts of penance would delight Our Lady of Fatima. Later that day three boys appeared and offered their harmonicas to Father. The mouth organs had just come a few days before from the States; they were prized possessions, never out of their hands day or night. Yet they asked the Father to keep them for three days. Very seriously he accepted them and told the youngsters Our Lady would surely be delighted by their gift."

Stories like that "send" me. As wonderful Monsignor Flanagan used to say, "There are no bad boys, only bad or woefully ignorant parents." If all the people would only realize that everything God makes is good, we'd all be a lot happier.

And Girls Too!

Out at Holy Rosary mission in South Dakota the boys and girls put out a sheet called TOM-TOM. One recent article by little Mary Graham was called "Girls at Work."

"Here at Rosary we learn the various household arts so that later on we will be prepared to go out into the world to earn a living for ourselves," she writes.

The girls are assigned different jobs for six weeks. It's not easy to go into the laundry in zero weather, Mary admits, but after they get started their work they forget the cold. In the sewing room they tell their favorite stories; but there's lots of work to be done.

There are always over 400 pieces of boys' clothing to be patched; and in Sister De Chantal's room the girls' stockings and the Fathers' socks get mended—that runs to about 200 pairs. "And what varieties of

AMERICA WELCOMES 'JOEY'

Do you remember the girl whom you first met in the pages of *Jesuit Missions* almost two years ago when we published her moving letter "Sometimes heavy on my heart"? We called her "Billy" then because that was the name Father Monaghan S.J., gave her in his book "Under the Red Sun." But it was as "Joey" Guerrero that she recently stood between Cardinal Spellman and Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila to receive from Major General Moore, commander of the American forces in the Philippines, the Medal of Freedom with a Silver Palm. General Moore said of her then, "She saved thousands of lives and showed more courage than that of a soldier on the field of battle." That was a fitting tribute for the girl who had worked tirelessly for the Filipino underground and in the most dangerous hours of the war had made her way alone through the Japanese lines to deliver to American officers complete maps of mines, gun positions and arsenals. But she showed her greatest courage after the war when it was found she had contracted leprosy. In the asylum at Novaliches she dedicated her life to the help of lepers. Now she has come to the leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana in the hope that she can bring back to her lepers a new life. "Joey" Guerrero (shown here with her daughter) once said, "I am happy to suffer in God's love." Welcome, Joey, and thank you for the American boys you saved!



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

holes there are!" says Mary with womanly resignation. "It's impossible to darn some of the boys' socks—they have to be patched."

In the kitchen they help with the meals, and, says Mary with disarming frankness, "They are usually served on time and are hot and delicious." And 1000 pieces of silver, and 1000 cups, saucers and plates to be washed within the half-hour of each meal!

"Some of the pots are so big one almost has to get in them to wash them! But if we keep at it, some day we will make good housewives, nurses, or teachers, support ourselves, manage a home very well, and be thrifty!"

You certainly will, dear, and meantime, you'll be someone God loves very, very dearly.

News

Father Thomas Donohoe starts a school at Likiep this month with 2 Marshaleese teachers and a carpenter. *Father John C. Murphy* at Olanchito, Honduras needs a large missal with a Jesuit supplement. Any takers? . . . We have a story coming up about *Father Leigh* from Poona, India who lets boa-constrictors wrap themselves around him. It promises to be gripping! . . . *Bishop Ignatius Glennie* of New Orleans has started a seminary at St. Michael's, Batticaloa in Ceylon with six little Ceylonese lads.

And the Canadians: *Father Kevin Scott's* health couldn't stand the India climate and forced him to return to Canada. . . . *Father John Coffey* at the end of a year in India now has a luxurious black beard. Says he, "Still itches!" . . . Mr. Morgan, a man of many parts, prefects, home-mechanics broken fixtures, takes and develops pictures, teaches Indian geography and history, English, and Latin in third high, climbs mountains; and in the evenings plays his guitar and harmonica (at the same time, I think) while the young Indians learn "Home on the Range." Busy lad!

His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman, kneels in the chapel of the Ateneo de Manila during his recent visit to the Philippines. With him are (left) Father Leo A. Cullum S.J., Superior of the Mission, and Father William F. Masterson S.J., Rector.



WANTED

Clothing for Orphans:

Father Lange of the Ceylon mission has a total of 102 children under his care, 82 of whom are strictly orphans. Like all children, they want to eat at least three times a day. The expense is great and Father does not have sufficient money. Clothing is another real problem. At present, Father has only been able to outfit the children with one pair of shorts. They should have at least three. Please do not send clothing but rather the money since Father can purchase the material and have everything made much cheaper and according to Ceylon's style.

. . .

Portable Organ:

Every barrio in the Philippines is dedicated to a patron Saint. On a fiesta day the people always want a High Mass. Normally, the barrios are merely a nipa Chapel and, of course, an organ is unheard of.

Father Cabonce of Cagayan in the Philippines would like very much to have a portable organ for his barrio Chapel. Be assured that it will be put to constant use, perhaps three or four times a week, especially during the Summer season. We have been quoted the price of \$125.00 for a portable organ.

. . .

Bible Histories:

At a number of public schools in Maramag, Bukidnon, the Philippines, Father James Cawley directs catechetical classes. It would help his teachers greatly if they had a copy of a Bible History and also of a Church History. Approximately thirty copies of each are needed. The price of a Bible History is \$1.50. A Church History is \$1.75.

. . .

"Our Lady of Light":

Father Welfle, superior of the mission in India, would like very much to read the book, "Our Lady of Light." We will be able to secure a copy for \$2.50. Could you help?

Father Charles McCarthy S.J. traces the expansion of a Peiping beachhead



Parish of 200,000 Souls

The west side of South City is the slum district of Peiping. Its main thoroughfare is Kuanganmen, the Street of the Great Peace Gate, a market street lined with small shops. From morning till night the wide dirt sidewalks are crowded with little merchants hawking cutlery, colored cloth or produce spread out on top of handcarts or displayed in piles on the ground. And all day long camel caravans, donkey carts and rickshaws compete with droves of pigs being herded to market by bearded farmers to keep the dust from ever settling fully on the busy road.

Scores of little alleys lead off of Kuanganmen, and if you follow them very far, you soon arrive at the homes of the poorest of Peiping's many poor. Women and children rummage through piles of garbage, dumped there in the morning, searching for edible scraps of food. In the evening, rickshaw coolies, day laborers and beggars (many of them refugees from Red terrorism), make their way homewards to mud hovels which they had left long before sunrise.

A year ago His Eminence, Thomas Cardinal Tien established here his new parish of the Sacred Heart, as a step in his campaign to convert at least half of the South City's teeming thousands within the next ten years. On September 8, 1947 Father Andrew

Joliet S.J., a French-missionary, with a Memorare to the Blessed Mother, a shoestring and a \$10,000 loan, acquired a small abandoned cotton factory on Kuanganmen. With his assistant, Father Rene Archen S.J., he set out at once to repair and remodel the rundown buildings. By October 10 the old sales-room could be opened as a reading room where passersby might stop to read the daily papers and look over the religious displays in the front windows. Catholic books could be bought or borrowed, and a priest or lay catechist was on hand from morning till night to answer questions about the Catholic faith. Now, at all hours of the day, visitors are reading quietly at the tables or talk with the priest in charge: students, workmen, neighborhood shopkeepers.

Ten days after the reading room was opened, the old cottonseed oil room was ready, and His Eminence came to bless it as the temporary parish church. It is a low bare room about sixty feet by forty, with a wooden altar and statue of the Sacred Heart in front. Only some straw mats and a little harmonium furnish it; but that leaves more room for the Christians and those who will soon become Christians. This chapel is the powerhouse of the whole parish. On Christmas afternoon, 500 people

crowded in for Benediction. The school children meet here often to hear the instructions of the pastor.

By early November the old storerooms had been whitewashed and the tattered paper windows patched up. Two storerooms near the chapel became the residence of the parish priests. Larger ones serve as classrooms of the primary school, opened on November 11 with 120 boys and girls enrolled. Mr. Charles Tseng S.J., a Chinese Jesuit scholastic, took charge of the school. Through the winter months, little lads and lassies wrapped in padded cotton robes waddled to class like animated pin-cushions, and sang out their lessons in the tuneful official Chinese language. By March 1 the number of students had increased to 290. Most are pagans, but hopes for the future are bright.

In November Father Nurny of the Swiss Congregation of Bethlehem came to help in the work of the parish, which covers three square miles and contains more than 200,000 inhabitants. Also in November the first dispensary was opened. Every afternoon from two to five a Chinese doctor and an Italian nun attend the patients who come from all over the South City. The first day they had 3 patients, the second 5, the third 15, the fourth 30, the fifth 60. After two weeks, hundreds came every day. Two other dispensaries have been opened since, and this March the Helpers of the Holy Souls have come from Shanghai to open both a fourth dispensary and a much needed high school for girls. Five native women catechists and three men catechists help in the dispensaries and in visiting-homes, seeking stray sheep, preparing new converts for baptism and confession. But the best convert-makers have been the Catholic lay folk themselves. After hearing sermons for six months on the duty of the lay apostolate, they seek out fallen away families, and lead their pagan friends to the Fathers to study religion.

Thanks to a special drive preparatory to Christmas, 20 marriages were regularized. Over 100 fallen away Catholics came back to the Church at this time. Some of them had been away from the Sacraments for 20, 30 and even 40 years. Every day at least 60 talks on Christian Doctrine are given, in private homes, chapels, in the dispensaries,—wherever the priests or catechists can gather a little group together. For the convenience of the parishioners three small chapels have been set up.

These efforts are bearing fruit. By Easter the number of adult Baptisms will have passed the hundred mark. Sunday Mass attendance has increased from 30 at the first Mass six months ago to 500 attending regularly in February and March. But in a parish of 200,000, five hundred practicing Catholics are only "a grain of rice in a sea of water." As the veteran missionary, Father Joliet, remarked, "We can do little more than scratch the surface. Our field is so large. Within the parish limits there are 62 pagodas and pagan temples. Yet the people are friendly, and well disposed. We must sow the seeds of the Gospel truth as widely as possible. God will give the increase and in His good time provide the men and the means to reap a bountiful harvest."

The pastor was wondering recently where his next payment of interest would come from, when Cardinal Tien summoned him to his residence and presented him with a check for \$1000, donated by an American, Mr. John Shea, through the director of the Propagation of the Faith Society in Boston. The Cardinal and his priests are most grateful to American Catholics for their generous assistance, and consider them as their co-workers in this task for Christ. Through them "the poor have the Gospel preached to them." It is work dear to Christ's Heart. Into His kindly hands the Cardinal, pastor and priests entrust the future of their parish.



THE FACES OF CHINA

Ribbon of Life



The stole is just a piece of ribbon two inches wide and about four feet long but it is the difference between spiritual life and death for these tiny Jamaicans. The picture shows a mass baptism with the priest wearing the ever familiar white stole. He cannot baptize without it. He cannot administer any sacrament without it. It is symbolic of priestly power.

Stoles are needed on the missions, particularly the so-called confessional stole, violet on one side for the administration of the sacraments of the dead, white on the other for the administration of the sacraments of the living. Its size permits the missionary to carry it about with him at all times. He never knows when he is going to need it.

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Dear Father:

Last Sunday afternoon I went to visit a disabled buddy of mine in a Veterans' Hospital. Without a miracle he will never leave the hospital. We talked of old times, the officers we knew, the fellows in our own rank, the campaigns in the Pacific. Piety is not one of my virtues, but that night I prayed for him and the other fellows.

There is one thing that the vets do not like and that is a lot of effusive sympathy. They did their job for God and country and I know the missions shared in the benefits of their sacrifices. I hope your readers and the missionaries keep praying for these fellows. I am pretty sure they do but I suppose a reminder from me won't do any harm.

Enclosed is an offering for a Mass for my buddy.

Sincerely,
J. McC.

Dear Father:

After reading the article on "Marry the Eastern Way," a Reverend Sister approached me and said that she was truly sorry for the unfortunate Indian women who were being treated so badly. I am sure that that was not the reaction intended by the author of the article.

Though not a Hindu, I am an Indian and as such resent the implied subjugation of the Indian women. Indian women are in no worse a position than their American sisters.

Also, on page 115 of the magazine, the author says:

"... In fact, they marry when mere children of four, five and six years, although since 1938, when the Sarda law was passed, the girl is supposed to be sixteen and the boy eighteen. But it seems

that the law is not generally observed and with the new government in the saddle it is not too liable to be observed for it is contrary to Hindu manners and customs."

I would like to know on what evidence from his experience Father Foster bases his conclusions of the four, five and six year old child marriages that he refers to in his article.

A. N.

Dear Father:

Would it be possible in any way to secure help for our mission? Even a little help would prove very big to us as our resources are very small. The needs of this mission are many, really too many to enumerate. I will limit my request to one thing. Among my many duties I am in charge of twelve primary schools conducted for poor boys. I am really beside myself trying to secure support for these schools. Through the schools we have baptized many boys and also have great influence with their parents. In fact, literally several hundred have become wonderful Christians. The leaders in other villages have asked us to open schools but it is simply impossible. I am sure you can realize how reluctantly we turned down their requests. All of the people in this area are very favorably disposed towards the Church. We have very limited means of helping them. Please, Father, if you can do anything at all to help our present condition we will be most grateful and ask God's blessings upon our benefactors.

Sincerely yours in Christ Jesus,
(Rev.) M. FRANCESCONI, S.J.

Director

Chung Cheng Middle School
Catholic Mission
Pengpu, Anhwei, China.

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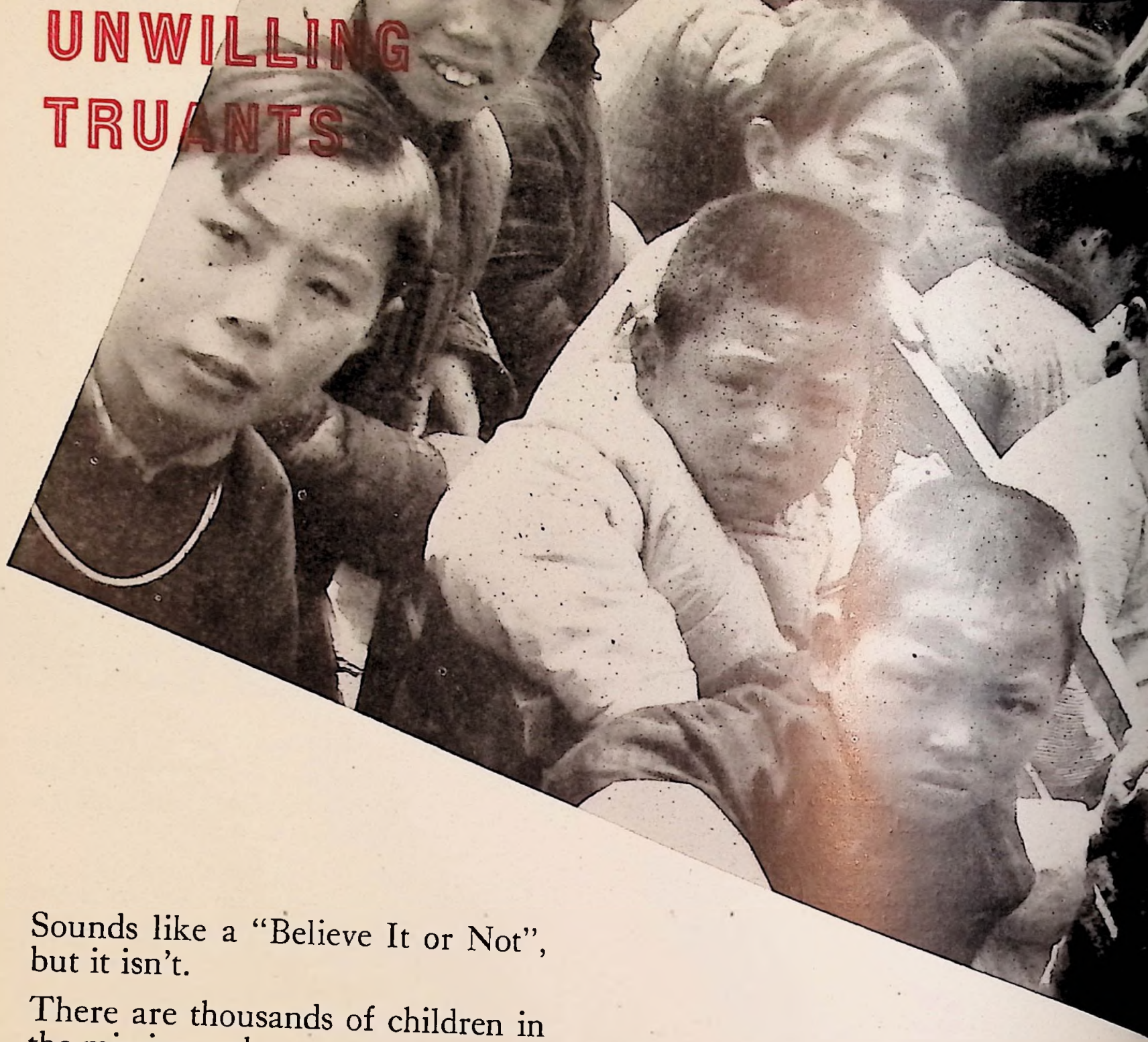
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