

JESUIT MISSIONS

JULY - AUGUST 1951



IN THE NEW INDIA





JESUIT MISSIONS

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Cover. Father Richard Welfe S.J., Superior of the Patna Mission in India, presents to a lucky youngster a gift of 200 rupees (about \$42 in American money). The windfall, donated by an American friend, will pay for a year's boarding at a nearby Catholic school.

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Success can take some strange forms. Too often we are inclined to isolate it to the Horatio Alger version of the swift ascent from the bottom to the very top. But there are intermediate steps along the way, sometimes so intermediate as to appear almost insignificant. This issue of *Jesuit Missions* depicts some of these success stories. To the missionaries who wrote these incidents there was nothing of insignificance about them. A part of their lives went into their making. It is exactly such things as these that make a missionary's life also a success.

Tea Kettle, Jaipur, Sulaikh, Morganza, Morant Bay, Buxar, Naga and an unnamed town in China furnished the background for these events. How many of those names do you immediately recognize? Of what importance is any one of them in world affairs today? Yet it is in places like these that the most important job on earth is being done—the slow inching forward of the kingdom of God.



Anderson Bakewell S.J. of the Maryland Province, now on the Jamshedpur Mission, is quite the mountaineer as you'll discover from his picture-story in this issue. Not long ago, he and his party attempted an approach to Mt. Everest from the south. In case you're thinking of climbing Mt. Everest sometime, better stick to the conventional northern approach, unless you have a penchant for intricate glacial patterns and sheer ridges soaring to 25,000 ft.

For the Houston Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition discovered that any approach from the south was impractical.



It is a far cry from the borderland of Tibet and the banks of the Ganges to South May Street in Chicago but Father John O'Connor S.J. of the latter address hears that sound daily.

As head of the Patna Mission Service he and Father John Kilian S.J., a veteran of many years in India, must provide the material backing for the 147 men of the Patna Mission.



There are more people in the diocese of Patna than there are Catholics in the United States but the number of converts is still comparatively small.

India has always been the largest of the missions entrusted to the Jesuits and over 1400 Jesuits of various nations are in that field today.



As India starts down the road of her independence her warmest contact with the Western world will be the men and women who are serving Christ through their work with the Indians.

May these missionaries lead the new India down the only real road of independence, the one that is bright with the freedom of the sons of God!

(Right) The quick intelligence and attractiveness of the Mayan Indian children is apparent in their faces. (Below) There are now seventy-two elementary schools similar to this one in the Jesuit mission field of British Honduras.



Teakettle

Teacher and children pose in front of their rude but effective school at Isabella Bank near the Stann Creek mission.



SOME MOONS AGO I WAS ABOUT TO OPEN a new school at one of our missions in the British colony in Central America, British Honduras. The place bore the rather quaint name of Tea Kettle. The school was to be a road school; that is to say, a school which draws children from a district rather than from a town or hamlet. The road school has a problem somewhat similar to the problem of the little red schoolhouse, the problem of getting the pupils to come to a fixed habitation for a definite number of succeeding days. In order to impress the parents of our pupils-to-be, I had arranged to bring down a group of school children, some 75 in number, from the nearby school

at Bullet Tree Falls. This group of school children ranged in age from four to fourteen, and were under the direction of Peter Avila.

Peter Avila is not only a teacher; he is an educator. Somewhere in his early fifties, he has behind him many years of teaching experience, and all in all, is one of the finest teachers with whom I have ever come in contact. It comes somewhat as a surprise to those who come into the tangled under-

FRANCIS C. RATERMANN S.J.
as told to
LOWRIE J. DALY S.J.

brush of Central America to visit an Indian school and find there a teacher using modern methods, such as the flash card system, for example, in the teaching of arithmetic. Peter Avila has the happy faculty of combining a good knowledge of the three R's with the additional element of Christian civilization. So I was not in doubt of the result of the showing when I invited Peter Avila and his students to give a demonstration of the benefits of education to the inhabitants of the district around Tea Kettle.

is Singing

The children came in a body for the dedication Mass of the new school. They not only were present, but they sang the Mass in Latin without an accompanying organ and without a falter.

Sometime before this demonstration at Tea Kettle, Peter Avila had assembled a group of his youngest pupils, between the ages of five to seven, and presented me with a ten minute dialogue in conversational English. It was a very simple type of English, such as, "How are you today, Mary?" and the obvious response, "I am fine, John. How are you?" At the time I mentioned to Peter Avila that one must beware teaching the children merely to recite in parrot fashion, for I feared that they might not understand the English phrases which they rattled off so quickly. Peter smiled knowingly and said nothing. These children were Maya Indian children and their native language was Maya. In addition they also spoke Spanish. Hence, English was a third language which they were in the process of acquiring at a very early age.

It was against this backdrop of circumstances that Peter Avila assembled the children after Mass and began to question them. Remember now, these children were between the ages of four and fourteen. He took various phrases from the *Credo* and the *Gloria* and the *Responses at Mass*, jerked them out of their context, and propounded them to these children in Latin, demanding the Spanish translation of these

isolated phrases and words. The result was astonishing. These children replied in accurate Spanish, giving the correct translation of the various parts of the Latin which they had sung during Mass.

It may well be doubted whether a like demonstration could be matched in many of our American schools despite their greater facilities and material help. This school at Tea Kettle is the *seventy-second* school which has been opened in this single mission colony in Central America. The schools of the mission educate over seven thousand children in a colony whose total population is around sixty thousand, and whose Catholic population is about sixty percent of that. This is a remarkable achievement and it should make Catholics in America proud to realize that, despite the criticism of our modern bigots about the ignorance and backwardness of the Catholic Church, the Church is once more proving that she is the mother not only of the faithful but of the educated faithful.

Scholars know that in the Middle Ages the Catholic Church preserved and transmitted the best of antiquity moulded by the best of Christianity. It may come to some of them as a surprise that the Church has not changed. Today, in the midst of a world shaken by the terrors of the atomic age, the Church is busily engaged in teaching, even on the rim of Christendom, the three R's together with Christian civilization.

It may not be the latest in school architecture but the parents and children of San Felipe in the Orange Walk district appreciate the church-school.



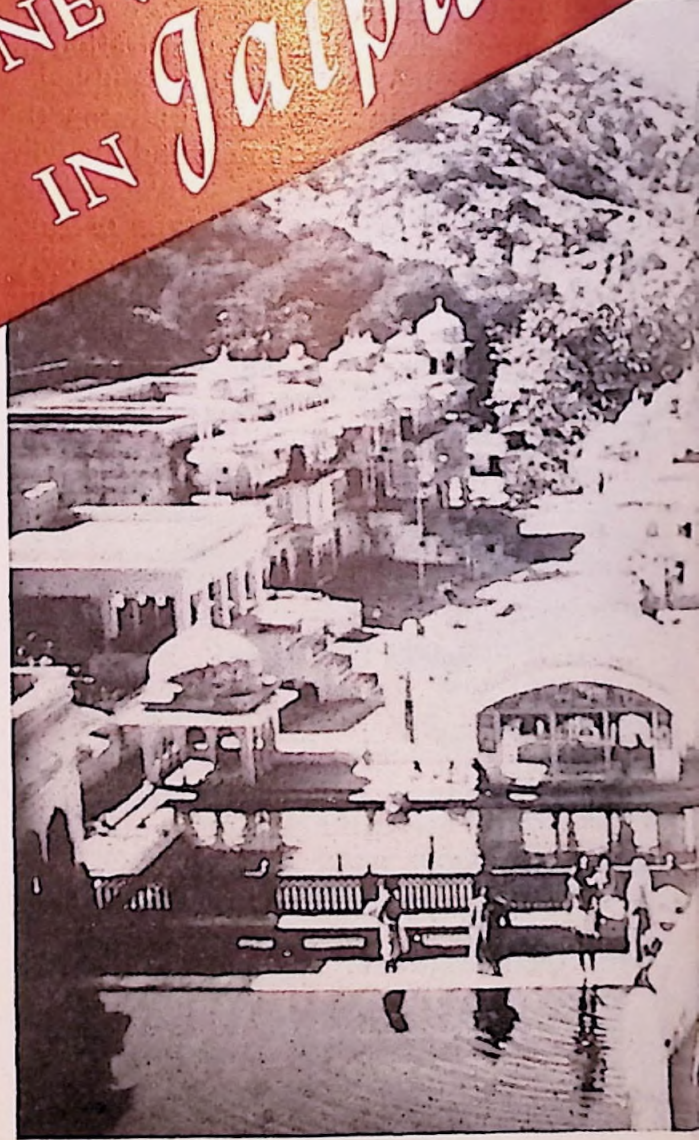


(Above) Thakur (Feudal Lord) Hanuman Singh of the Rajput nobility is in the Sixth Standard at Xavier. (Right) When one belongs to the chivalry of Rajputana it is never too early to become a horseman.

A NEW SPIRIT
IN Jaipur



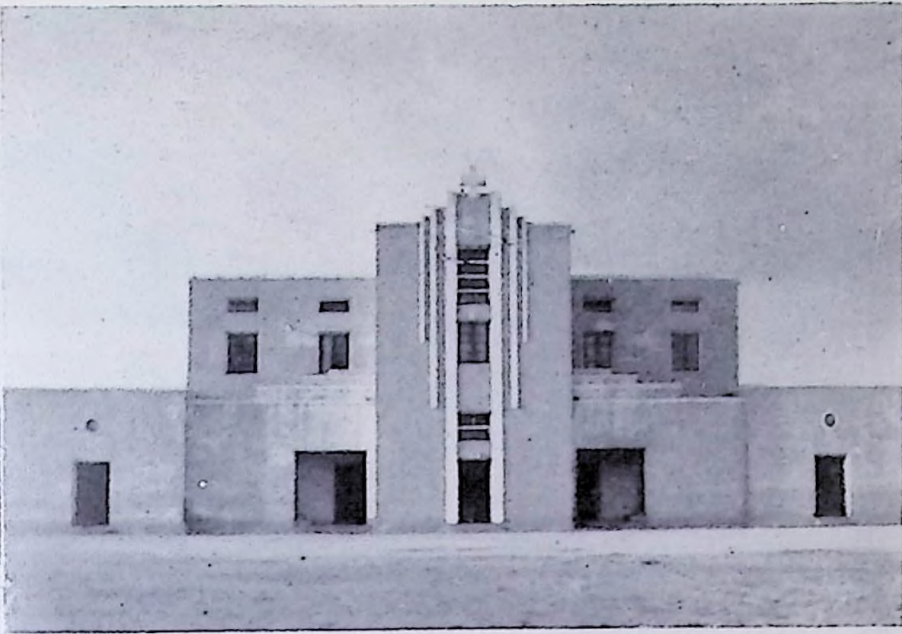
An Indian Jesuit ready to lead a Jaipur expedition.



A summer palace outside of the city of Jaipur, India.



Ready to ride in defense of his beloved school is this polo player.



The school that has brought a new spirit to the famous pink city of Jaipur in the Rajputana District. Chicago Province Jesuits man it.

AUSTIN REINBOTH S.J.

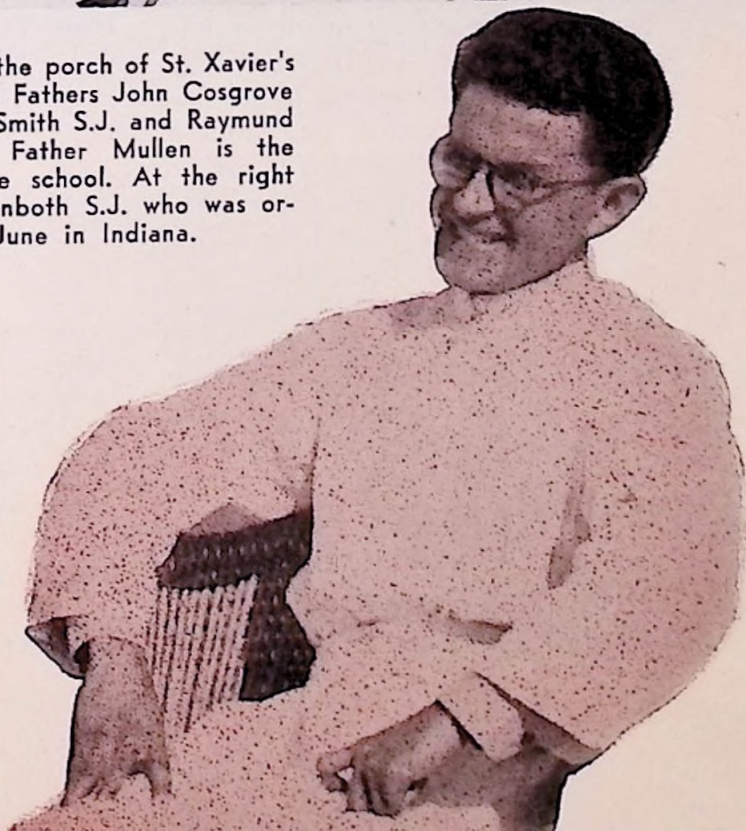
Xavier High has become the talk of the great pink city of Jaipur, India. Nowhere among India's pagan boys have I seen a like spirit. In the five short years of the school's existence the friendly Rajput chivalry of the boys has fused with the pioneering spirit of their Jesuit teachers to touch off a unique comradeship.

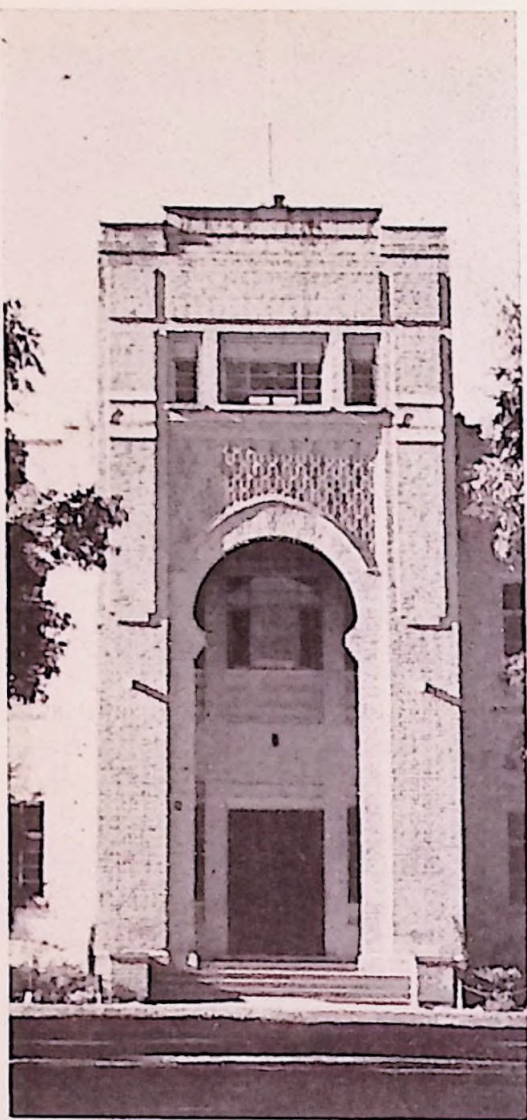
Very few of our students are Christians and in the beginning there was an understandable prejudice against the Jesuits who were returning to Jaipur for the first time since they were expelled two hundred years before. But that has gradually vanished as teacher and student have met on the athletic field, in the classroom and even on a tiger hunt. Boys from the aristocratic families of Rajputana have caught the typical American spirit of democracy and in turn have constantly displayed their inherent Eastern generosity.

The universal response to the sacrifice of the missionaries has been a heartwarming one which speaks well for Xavier's future.



Snapped on the porch of St. Xavier's are (l. to r.) Fathers John Cosgrove S.J., Patrick Smith S.J. and Raymond Mullen S.J. Father Mullen is the rector of the school. At the right is Austin Reinboth S.J. who was ordained this June in Indiana.





A Year OF TRIBUTE



IT WAS A BIG YEAR FOR THE Baghdad College Sodality. As far as numbers go, it was the biggest in B. C. history, and the two Moderators, Fathers Joseph LaBran and Francis Curran, had to divide the eighty members into two sections for convenience.

Of course it is not numbers that make a good Sodality, but holiness, and holiness is something you can't see or measure. But there were plenty of proofs around the palm-shaded campus that Our Lady, Mediatrix of All Graces, was nourishing a vigorous spiritual life in the Sodality dedicated to her name. For instance, dropping into the school chapel during any lunch-hour, you'd see one of the Sodality's six Rosary Teams reciting the

(Left) The entrance to the main classroom building of Baghdad College. For twenty years Jesuits of the New England Province have labored to make the school an outstanding one. (Above) The students attend Benediction in the college chapel. The enrollment in the school is now over 550.

beads in common. There was 100% attendance at this devotion all through the year, for no Sodalist wants to miss the privilege of representing the entire student body before the Queen of Heaven. Other students followed the example of Sodalists, and on many a day the chapel was packed, and the corridors outside resounded with the beautiful rhythm of the Paters and Aves in Arabic.

Besides the daily rosary, said either in private or in common, each Sodalist was expected to make a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Again, Sodality example led the way, and many other boys, including several non-Catholics, got into the habit of a daily visit. In fact, the big black and yellow B. C.

JOSEPH P. O'KANE S.J.

school buses had to make an extra stop every day at the corner near the chapel, to let off boys wanting to visit Our Lord before class.

Most of the Sodalists live in the city, and had to leave for school too early to be able to enjoy daily Mass. But they faithfully attended the monthly Communion Sundays. A different church was chosen each month for the Sodality Mass. Since Baghdad has almost as many different Catholic rites as it has Catholic churches, the Sodalists thus had the privilege of attending Mass under the varied and beautiful liturgies of the Chaldean, Syrian, Armenian and Latin Catholic rites. It was a unique lesson in the oneness of the Mass—the one self-same Sacrifice in a multiplicity of ceremony, vestment and language.

Besides these regular year-round spiritual activities, other devotions suggested them-



selves as the Church's great feasts came around in their season. November 1st, the day Pope Pius XII defined the dogma of Our Lady's Assumption, the Sodality celebrated with an out-door Mass on the campus. After Mass the Sodalists recited the rosary, lining themselves up to form a living chain of beads on the football field. A lunch-hour novena of Rosaries for Peace led up to Christmas, and a few days later, the Sodality made a pilgrimage to all the Christmas cribs erected in Baghdad churches.

The Sodality took charge of the annual Christmas distribution of food, clothing and money to the poor of Baghdad. Weekly poor-collections during the year had netted a total of 125 Iraqi dinars, about \$350 in American money. To gather food and cloth-

ing, a big box was placed in the main entry of the school, and behind it a huge thermometer each day registered the number of articles donated. The day before Christmas vacation began, the thermometer blew its top, with 550 gifts recorded, one from every boy in the school.

I accompanied Father LaBran and the Sodalists when they went distributing these gifts to the poor. We made the rounds of a number of poor families under the direction of Father Kado, the kindly old Chaldean priest. He'd ask us to stop the truck outside some dirty hovel. He would consult his list and then call out, "Widow and 12 children, from three to fifteen." Then we'd ransack our boxes, trying to find some little dress, pair of pants, or shoes for each of the twelve children.

A new apostolic activity of the B. C. Sodality began this year. For a long time, the Christian children of the neighborhood had been without any formal religious instruction. To meet this need, Father Curran organized a Catechetical Committee. Once a week now, the Sodalist-teachers gather together the neighborhood tots for something the Fathers themselves would be hard put to give them—Catechism classes in their own idiom.

"We express to Your Holiness our great joy and filial gratitude on the occasion of the definition of the Assumption." With this message cabled to Rome one day last fall, the B. C. Sodalists joined their great fellow-Sodalist Pius XII in paying tribute to the Mother of all Sodalists. Pleased as she was with their devotion that day, even more pleasing to her must have been the year-long tribute of prayer and good works.

The two Jesuits responsible for the success of the Sodality. Father Curran (left) and Father LaBran.



Father



(Above) The start of the home-building project in Morganza, Father Kavanagh supervising. The Club set up its own cement block factory, producing a block a minute. Plots are from two to five acres.

(Below) Father Kavanagh says, "When living conditions are impossible it is difficult to lead a decent Christian life." Mr. and Mrs. Cullins Butler now say the family rosary in a respectable home.



Kavanagh's Miracle



(Above) Members of St. Joseph's Welfare Club pool their labor. The story in JESUIT MISSIONS (see next column) was publicized later by NCWC, the Washington Star and the United Press. (Below) Expert bricklayers from Baltimore volunteered their services at night.



RICHARD T. McSORLEY S.J.

Four years ago Father Michael Kavanagh S.J., pastor of St. Joseph's Church at Morganza, Maryland, faced the bitter fact that the cost of homes was muffling wedding bells for his Negro parishioners. So with a prayer to St. Joseph, who knew housing problems, Father Kavanagh formed the St. Joseph's Welfare Club.

Each member deposited \$50 and promised to donate his labor for building homes. The club guaranteed a complete home costing between \$500 and \$1000. Within a year twelve four-room wooden houses went up. Jesuit Missions featured the work and the consequent publicity brought much needed help. Now the club is really getting under way. Cinder block houses, one story high and wired for electricity, are going up. A home with its plot of land is paid for at a rate of one dollar a week for twenty years.

BANSHEE Building Project

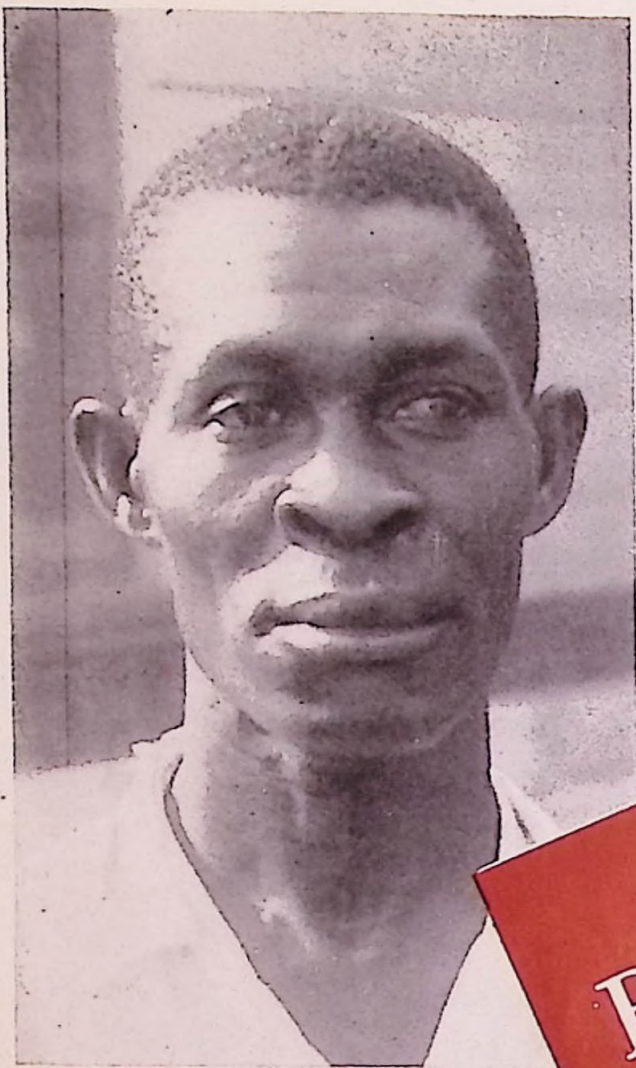
There is something about the Banshee Building Project which has attracted the attention of the public. The project is a housing program for the Negro community in Baltimore, Md. It is the result of the efforts of the St. Joseph's Welfare Club, a group of men who have pledged to build homes for their fellow parishioners. The project is a housing program for the Negro community in Baltimore, Md. It is the result of the efforts of the St. Joseph's Welfare Club, a group of men who have pledged to build homes for their fellow parishioners.



St. Joseph's Welfare Club has built this home for the Negro community in Baltimore, Md. The St. Joseph's Welfare Club is a group of men who have pledged to build homes for their fellow parishioners.



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FRANCIS J. MAHONEY S.J.

PORT MORANT IS THREE MILES FROM the southeast tip of Jamaica. It's a small port town that busies itself with gathering vegetables for the Kingston market and loading the sugar and banana ships that call at Bowden Pier.

Most people look on Port Morant as a town of limited industry, but I regard it as a thriving mission station. Here I find just the elements one could wish for: good leaders, an excellent catechist, loyal members and eager inquirers into the faith. But the success of Port Morant rests largely on the shoulders of Mr. Vernon Webb, the diligent and energetic senior catechist.

Mr. Webb is a thirty-five year old gentleman well worth knowing. A convert to the faith some twenty years back, he has all the excellent characteristics that one expects to find in deep-rooted Catholic tradition. He "loves the Catholic" and spends much of his time trying to make others come to the same

love and feel at home in the church of St. Francis at Port Morant.

There is never a sick church member who doesn't receive a call of sympathy from "Brother Webb" as he is popularly known. For the journey he will try to borrow a bicycle, and, if none is available, he will walk the distance which might be as much as thirty miles. Brother Webb is always armed with a prayer book and a hymnal and he uses both with ease in the sick room. It is worth a trip to Jamaica to hear Brother Webb softly sing "Carry Your Cross with a Smile" or lead those in the sick room as they respond to the Litany of the Sacred Heart.

Meet
**BROTHER
WEBB**



Sunday is one of Mr. Webb's busy days. There is the opening of the church, the Mass which he serves, the numerous greetings afterwards and then, not to say the least, is the preparing of breakfast for the ten or fifteen faithful who have come a dozen or so miles to attend church.

This is an all too short picture of the zealous, loyal and generous catechist of Port Morant who smilingly puts the church and the priest first and himself last, whether he is attending the faithful when they come to church, or pedalling or walking hundreds of miles annually to lead them and give them friendship.

All appreciate Mr. Webb and the mission field needs more like him. What do employers think of Mr. Webb? Well, he is a watchman. And he is also a watchman for Christ.

The Buried Medal

BERNARD D'CRUZ

as told to

THOMAS M. DOWNING S.J.



Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

ON THAT JULY MONSOON AFTERNOON A drizzle as fine as a lady's veil was floating in the air. I hopped off my cycle and went down the dangerous path through the tall grass until I came near the bungalow. There I stopped, stooped, and scratched the red clay soil with my bare hand. When I had a hole deep enough I buried my medal, cupped my hand and scraped back the earth; then I gave the buried treasure one good final pat. I gave a sigh as I straightened. No one had seen me, no one, that is, except a couple of thousand angels and Our Lady who is my perpetual help. The medal I had buried was hers.

Things had been moving fast. For two years now I had been living in a mud house and church at Kirtapura village. The snakes, the absolute lack of privacy, the heat, the thousand and one little annoyances that come with crudely living in a mud house were beginning to wear me down. Not that I would have ever given up, but it *was* getting hard. The piled up annoyances were scraping my nerves raw. I had to grind my teeth more and more when I started the day with, "All for you, O Jesus."

The climax came when I returned from Patna from my monthly recollection. I was flabbergasted. There was my thatch roof burned to ashes. The Hindu landlords were out to get me. During my absence they had burned my roof, turned upside down all the flower pots, uprooted others and made a mess of my quarters.

Such devilry, if I were to remain in this district, must be countered by strong action. I at once filed a case at the court in Buxar three miles away.

It was while going to court with all the petty annoyances pressing my heart and this latest affair filling my mind that I caught a glimpse of the abandoned estate. The old homestead showed eleven years' neglect. It

looked like a battered old hag who had, in her day, been a beauty. The old gate like a sagging mouth hung half open. The tall rough grass made the place look like a person who had not seen a barber in ten years. The battered brick wall gave the compound the look of a chronic consumptive. But the looks did not deter me. The whole setup struck a responsive cord in an aching recess of my heart. I must have this estate. I inquired and found a middle aged gardener with a big turban and large buck teeth.

"Is this bungalow for sale?"

"Yes, sahib."

"Do you know the owner?"

"Well, the owner was Mr. De Silva, but he is dead and his son-in-law, Mr. Withers, has charge of the estate."

"Do you know the address of Mr. Withers?"

The middle aged gardener with the big turban and large buck teeth took me through the tall rough grass to the homestead. Before we started he clapped his hands several times and whistled loudly. Turning back to me in sort of parenthesis he said, "That's to scare the snakes. Lots of them here."

When we reached the house the gardener took down an old tin traveling box. He blew off a top layer of dust, then with his hand and dhoti he dusted the rest until I could make out this address: "Mr. C. H. Withers, Multan, Punjab." That was all I needed.

That evening I gathered my Christians in front of our mud chapel. I told them that I was hoping to buy a new place for a good

solid mission. We started a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and I wrote a letter:

"Dear Mr. Withers:

I am a Roman Catholic priest belonging to Patna mission. I have selected your estate for my mission. I would like to open negotiations for the sale of your property.

Yours sincerely, etc."

The following afternoon was the afternoon I planted, with a prayer, the medal of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. . . .

It was the fifth day of the novena; my weak heart fluttered and trembled when the mailman handed me a letter with Mr. Withers' return address.

"Dear Rev. Father:

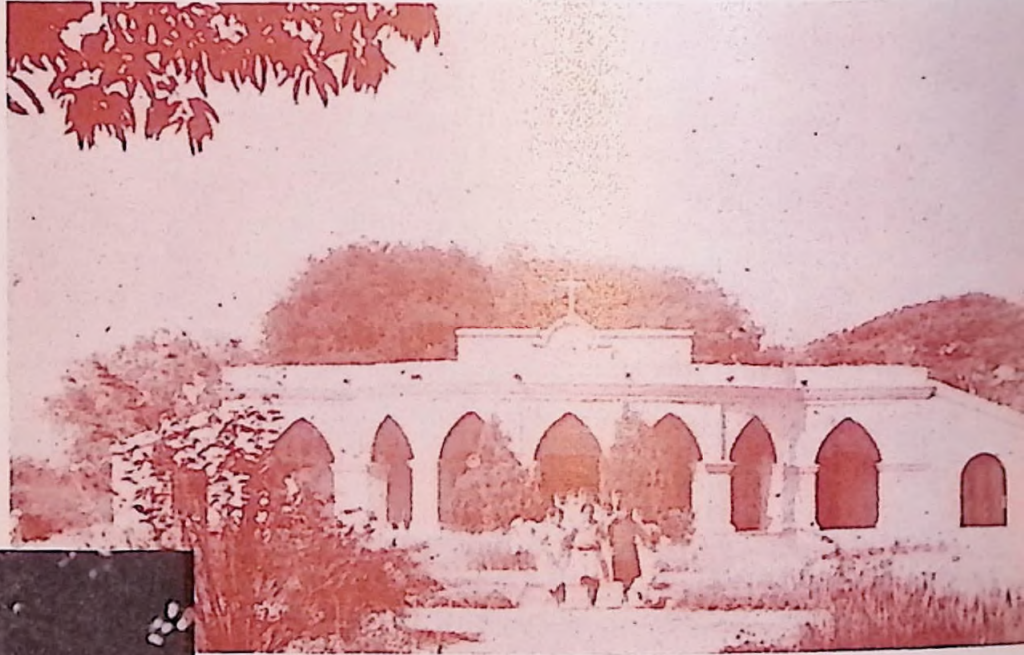
I am very pleased that you have selected my property for your mission and the spread of the kingdom of Christ in Buxar subdivision. I shall give you the property and all that goes with it for 4,000 rupees."

Had there been a mistake in the figure? This very estate had been advertised in the paper recently for 15,000 rupees! What to do? I felt that if I mentioned the 15,000 to Mr. Withers it might spoil my fine

bargain. I finally wrote to Mr. Withers stating that since it was wartime, it might be difficult for me to gather the 4,000 rupees at once. In the course of the letter I several times mentioned casually the 4,000 rupees and nothing about the 15,000.

I wish I could have framed the return letter. Mr. Withers assured me that there would be no difficulty about the 4,000 rupees (that number stood out like the Empire State Building) and that I could pay whenever I wanted; that he would be coming to Buxar soon to draw up the papers.

After that arrangements were quickly concluded. Mr. Withers was most kind and helpful. Although he belonged to the Church of England one of the first Masses



(Left) Father Bernard D'Cruz before the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. Above is his mission station which has flourished in the last ten years. The buried medal of Our Lady of Perpetual Help did it.



I said at the newly acquired property was one, at his request, for the deceased Catholic members of his family.

By December 8th, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, an altar had been constructed. On it I said a Mass of thanksgiving to Our Lady. On December 11th I cleaned out the last flower pot in the old mud house and chapel and moved permanently to our mission of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

That was ten years ago. Since then all the tall rough grass has been cut and the

AD MULTOS ANNOS

This is the jubilee year for several missionaries who are still active on the mission fields. We offer our sincere congratulations to:

Father Emil Boll S.J. of the Oregon Province who is on the American Indians Mission and

Father Patrick Ryan S.J. of the New Orleans Province, Regional Editor for JESUIT MISSIONS, who celebrate their Diamond Jubilee as Jesuits.

Father Leo Butler S.J. of the New England Province who is on the Jamaica Mission.

Father Samuel Robb S.J. of the Maryland Province on the Southern Negroes Mission.

Father Charles Scott S.J. of the Chicago Province on the Patna Mission in India who celebrate their Golden Jubilee as Jesuits.

May Almighty God shower His blessings on these veterans of so many years in His service!

seven acres of land put under cultivation. Another solid building for church and living quarters has been constructed. A boarding school for all the young girls of our district is on our property. Four Sisters of the Sacred Heart have their convent here and teach the girls. We have not forgotten Our Lady; one large Lourdes outdoor shrine has been erected. An indoor shrine to Our Lady of Perpetual Help with a large painting of Our Lady under that title executed by Sister Alexandrina of the Holy Cross Sisters in Bettiah has a prominent place in our Church.

The old gardener is still here with his large turban but his big buck teeth are now missing. He has seen the transformation. He can see how good God is and how mysterious are His ways.

When you drew up your last will did you remember the missions? Your thoughtful remembrance will be a lasting testimony of your love for God and for the spread of His Kingdom. Our legal title:

JESUIT MISSIONS INC.
962 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.

Come, follow me

THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST LINE OF the Holy Land is a flat, monotonous sweep of sandy shore, broken only near its northern end where Mount Carmel rises boldly from the plain and thrusts seaward a sheltering arm to form the Bay of Acre. The green heights of Carmel, the golden strand at its foot and the clear blue waters of the Bay blend into a panorama of surpassing beauty. It is the most thrilling of all approaches to the Holy Land.

The very name of Carmel signifies "the garden-land." The poets of the Old Testament sang of its beauty and when the prophets spoke of God's displeasure with His people, they often conceived as the surest sign of His wrath the withering and devastation of Carmel's verdant loveliness.

The early Hebrews had built an altar on its heights and it was here that Elias brought down fire from heaven to confound the prophets of Baal and restore the idolatrous people to their true God. For the Old Testament Hebrews Carmel remained a shrine of hallowed beauty. Yet Our Lord seems to have had no associations with it. It is not even mentioned in the New Testament.

But there is an old tradition that among the converts of the first Pentecost were certain men who had lived on Mount Carmel in imitation of the prophet Elias; and that they later erected there the first of all shrines to Our Lady. Was it for this, perhaps, that Our Lord Himself had avoided the holy mountain, that the fragrant loveliness of "the garden-land" of Palestine might belong, unshared, to His mother, to Our Lady of Mount Carmel?

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



Bishop Wildermuth S.J. with Father Marshall Moran S.J.
(Below) Father Peter Sontag S.J., well known author.



Patna

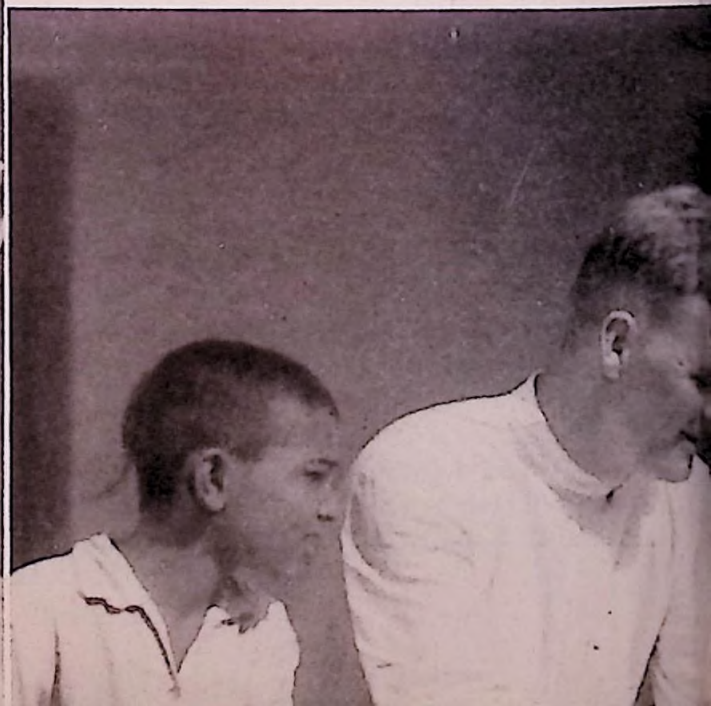


PATNA MISSION IS IN NORTHEAST India, a broad sweep between the Himalayas and the central India plateau. The diocese, which includes the forbidden Kingdom of Nepal, has the largest population on earth, thirty million people.

Most of the people, as in the rest of India, live in villages from which they go forth to till the soil. The land has been enriched by the river silt of the Ganges. The land is usually not their own and they spend their lives within the hard confines of poverty, ignorance and disease. There will always be a mission in India until she raises herself above the world level.

The Jesuits of the Chicago Province have manned the field for the last quarter century. They have set up twenty two mission stations which encompass over 89,000 square miles. They also conduct schools of higher education in Patna City, Bettiah and Jaipur.

Today India is starting on a new life. It means that a new life has begun for the people of Christ along the Ganges!





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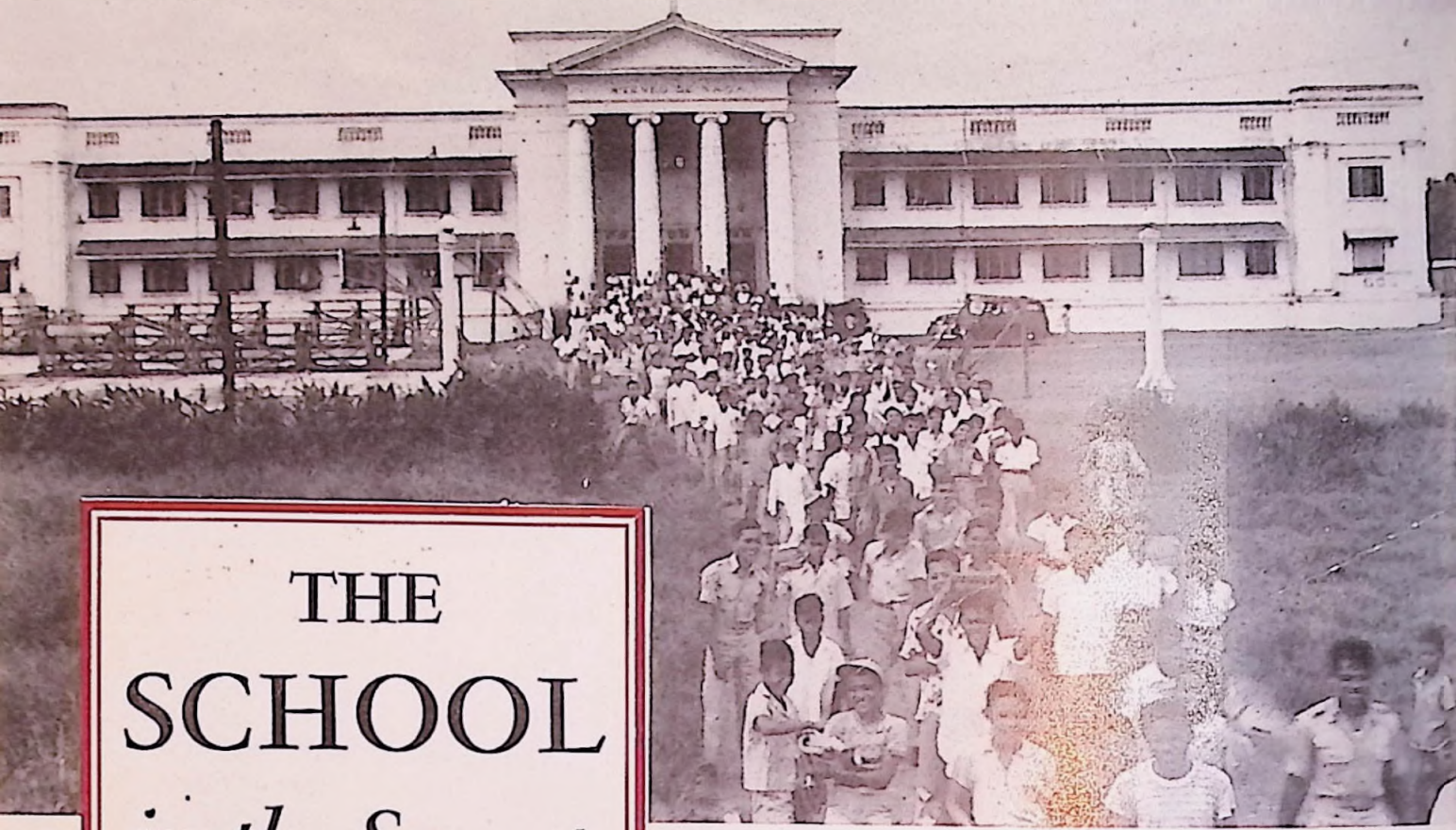
Father Nicholas Pollard S.J. at Shahpur giving fever pills to an old peasant farmer.
(Below, left) Father John Barrett S.J. runs the Sanjivan Press and is his own pilot.



(Above) Father John Mahoney S.J. and Khrist Raja student.

(Below) Father Hubert Schmidt of Gaya tests some cement.





THE SCHOOL *in the Swamp*

The location of the Ateneo de Naga in Luzon may not be the best and its architecture may be misleading but what counts the most is the spirit. These Naga students have proven that their spirit is the best.

WHEN THEY ARE WORN OUT OR JUST slightly peeved, some Jesuits refer to the Ateneo de Naga as the 'swamp' or the school with the 'false front', and, I suppose, it is both.

About a year ago when I landed in Luzon, the island in a green sea of rice fields, and came over Naga's tolerable roads to the Ateneo de Naga, I was impressed. To anyone coming up the Ateneo road, the facade really commands admiration. But then when I saw the back, the shabby wooden wings and the swamp water all about, I said, with a little bitterness tucked in under each syllable, "False front! Looks like a million dollars until you get through those four bulging pillars. Then, what a letdown!"

A year has rolled by and I've heard 'swamp' many times, but 'false front' rarely. In fact I had almost forgotten it until the other day. When I did hear it, I knew it wasn't fair. The building has a false front, but the school certainly has not. That is one of the advantages of being here. The boys out here in the Provinces aren't sophisticated. They are simple. Unbelievably so. And so is everything about the Ateneo de Naga.

It was two months after I began teaching that I realized the solidity of the work being done here. Our Sodalists opened their first catechism center. They were all second year boys and they were scared. Yet despite rain, and hardest of all, despite missing the Varsity basketball games, they taught Sunday after Sunday. At the end of the year, when they led their pupils to the Cathedral for first confessions, they were bursting with pride. And they looked as if they would cry when the priest a bit impatiently rejected one or two frightened ones as unprepared. But then they promptly coached these until they were set to confess again.

Summer saw two of these Sodalists go out on a month's trip as the catechists of a parish priest. Three others ran large classes out in barrios where there weren't any priests. They sliced up bananas to use in instructing the children to receive Holy Communion, and one old man of eighty years begged to be instructed that he too might receive his First Communion. There is no false front here.

The Ateneo isn't very old. The present building was finished in 1941, just in time to house the Japanese. Yet up and down the peaceful provinces of Bicolandia, the name is a symbol. In the PMT and ROTC competitions, rival schools start drilling months in advance solely

to 'beat Ateneo'. Even our basketball team, which doesn't always win, is a 'team to beat'. But these are trivial things; the school has a reputation for character training, discipline and high scholastic standing. Little boys tell the Principal when they come to register, 'I liked to come to a strict school,' And wide-eyed Grade school boys go home from the Night League games and dream of being at the Ateneo.

There are times when a teacher gets tired and impatient and feels like jumping out the window into the swamp (or throwing some of the boys in that direction). The students come here with a weak knowledge of English, and since it is the medium of instruction, sometimes the results are far from satisfactory. It can't be otherwise. If we were to use Bicol, we would get nowhere, as some of the boys don't speak Bicol at all, others have a different variety. One Bicolano from a town less than thirty miles away couldn't make himself understood sufficiently well to teach catechism. Grammar school instruction was hampered by the war so that even now the students are weak in elementary subjects like arithmetic and English. And some things you can't hurry.

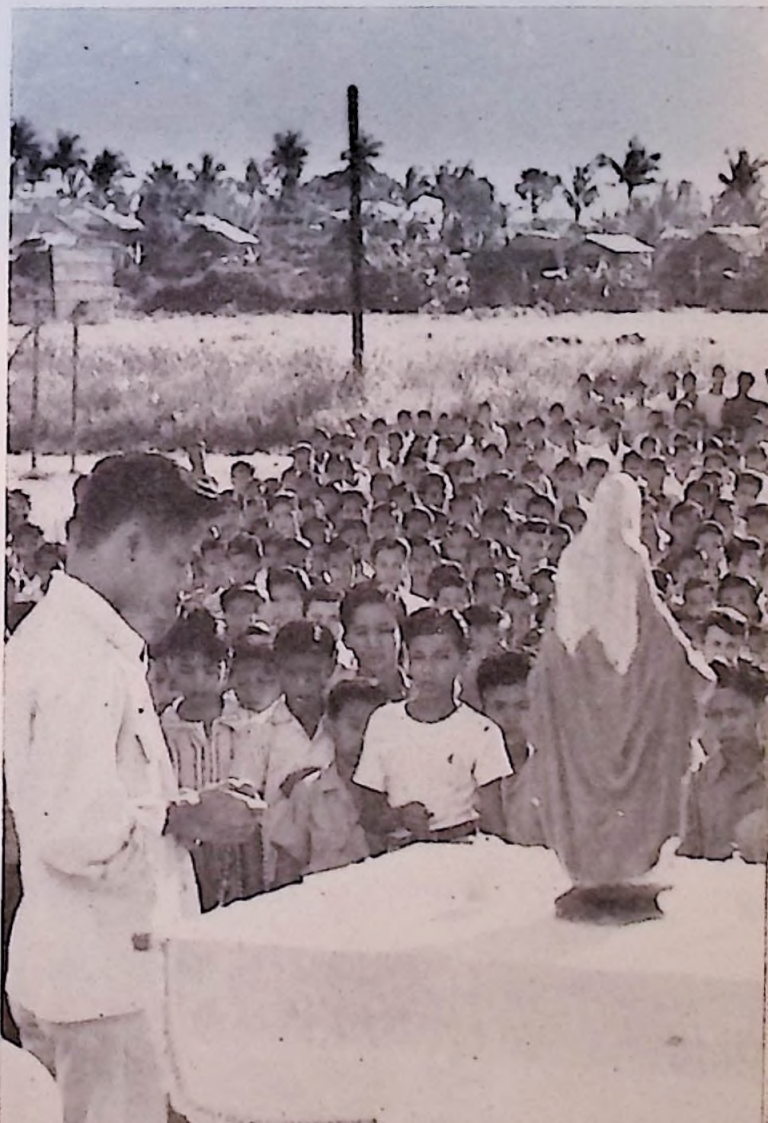
But then when you begin to think that maybe you are wasting your time, something happens as it did last Sunday. It was the date of one of the biggest of the Ateneo's basketball games. Everyone wanted to see it. Yet a half hour before the game time, thirty catechists headed out over the muddy fields of Naga to their centers. Where I went, there were six catechists and about eighty children. The little 'keeds' flocked around their teachers and as their chatter filled the small nipa rooms of the school house, I realized that the life of Christ's Mystical Body was coursing from cell to cell, by God's grace through me to these boys and through them to these 'keeds' and out to the world beyond. It gave a consolation indescribably sweet.

If you want to touch a Bicolano heart, speak of Mary. Maybe it is the age-old devotion to Our Lady of Penafrancia; maybe one of the effects of Spanish times; but you cannot talk to these boys about Mary without getting absolute silence and riveted attention. This is especially noticeable in one

of the College sections where many of the boys are public high school graduates. These boys are just learning their faith; they are not good Catholics, simply because they are ignorant of their faith. But the slightest mention of anything connected with Mary is enough to catch their attention. They are hungry for knowledge of her and her Son; that we can and do feed that hunger makes all else worthwhile.

For behind the dark face of the swamp is the face of Christ. Beneath the basketball games and the debates and the competitions; beneath the victories and the noise and cheers is the Life Blood of Christ. You can see it at the Sodality meetings; you can see it when the 1,000 students pack the ancient walls of the cathedral for First Friday Mass. Maybe they speak English poorly; maybe their manners are not polished; maybe the building is a fraud and the land a swamp; but the likeness of Christ is being etched in hearts and the work done here will live when the facade and the swamp have alike disappeared from the soft green ricefields of Bicolandia.

Ateneo de Naga boys gather before a statue of Our Lady to recite the rosary.



JOSEPH P. DEL TUFO S.J.

Mission Intentions

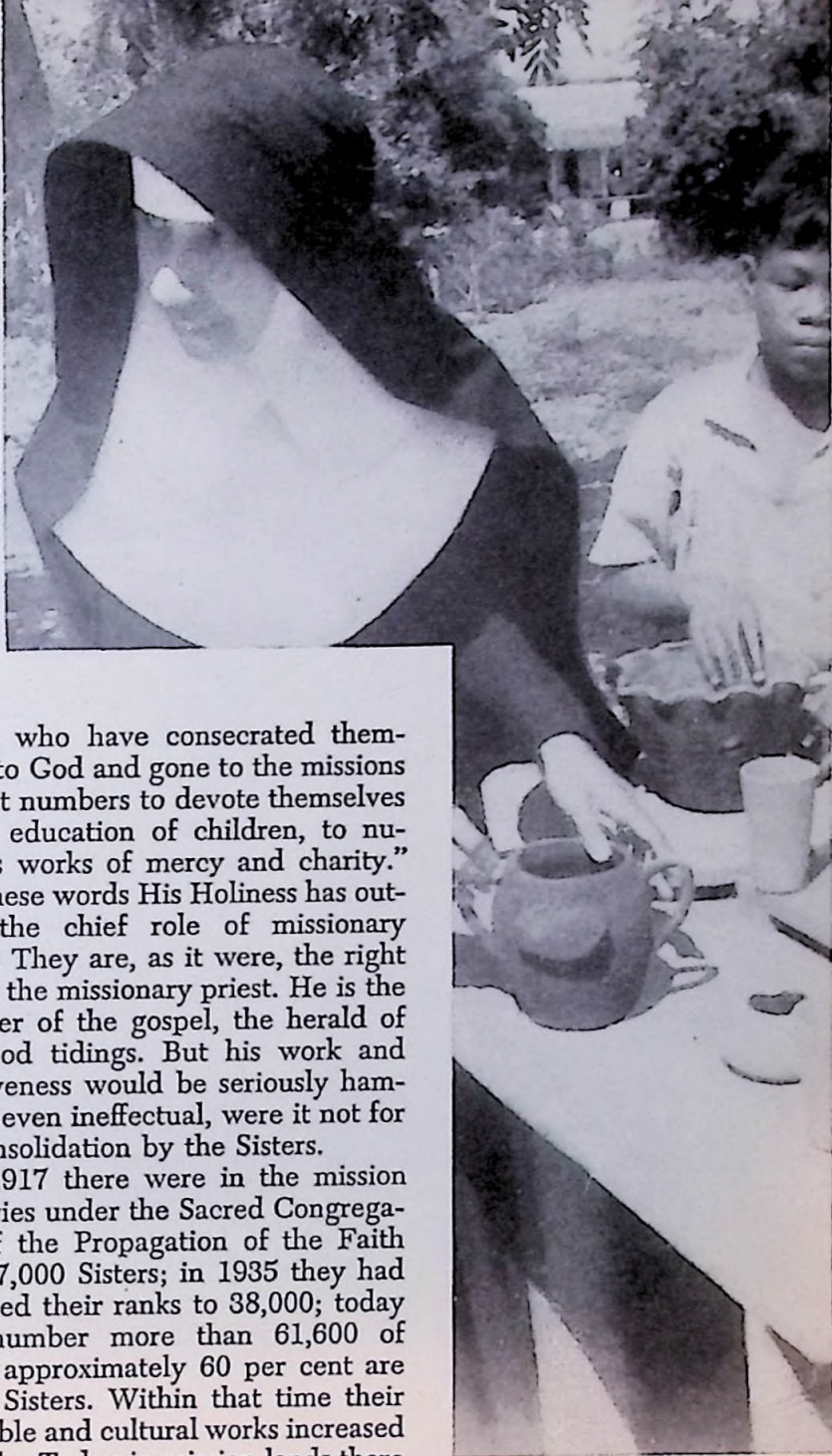


JULY: SOLID CHRISTIAN FORMATION OF INDIA'S CATHOLICS

The population of the Republic of India, exclusive of disputed Kashmir and tribal Assam, is according to the 1950 census 356,890,000. Of these only 1.3 per cent are Catholics, approximately four-fifths of whom live south of an imaginary line drawn from Bombay to Madras. This Catholic population has a twofold task before it. First it must act as a leaven among the non-Catholics. Secondly it must resist attempts of the newly constituted government to exert curtailment of liberty of the Catholic minority.

The former task is rendered doubly difficult because of the uneven distribution of the Catholic population. Most of the influential Indians live in the north of India where the Catholics are fewest and often of lowly social condition. His Lordship Bishop Leonard Raymond of Allahabad aptly remarked in an article on India's strength and weakness that the different rites (Eastern and Latin) are also an obstacle to the progress of the Church. The Oriental Rites, now unfortunately confined to Malabar with no influence in the north, have ancient





communities, a vigorous Catholicism and abundant vocations to the priesthood. North India lacks all these.

The second task of Catholic India—to resist restriction of liberty—is rendered doubly difficult by some extremist representatives of the neutral Indian government. These officials have an inordinate proneness to meddle in religious affairs.

While there is one priest in India for every 800 to 900 Catholics, there is only one for every 65,000 inhabitants. This accounts for the poor quality of Christianity found in some sections of India. Hence there is immediate need of prayers for India's Catholics that their faith may be deeply rooted and perfectly formed.

AUGUST: THE SISTERS' ROLE IN THE MISSIONS

In his Apostolic Letter "Maximum Illud" Pope Benedict XV of blessed memory wrote: "Here we must not omit to mention the women, who ever since the birth of the Christian religion, have lent their valuable assistance and given unstinted service to the preachers of the gospel. Worthy of special mention and praise are those

virgins who have consecrated themselves to God and gone to the missions in great numbers to devote themselves to the education of children, to numerous works of mercy and charity."

In these words His Holiness has outlined the chief role of missionary Sisters. They are, as it were, the right arm of the missionary priest. He is the preacher of the gospel, the herald of the good tidings. But his work and effectiveness would be seriously hampered, even ineffectual, were it not for the consolidation by the Sisters.

In 1917 there were in the mission territories under the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith only 27,000 Sisters; in 1935 they had increased their ranks to 38,000; today they number more than 61,600 of whom approximately 60 per cent are native Sisters. Within that time their charitable and cultural works increased annually. Today in mission lands there are more than 46,700 schools, colleges and institutes of higher learning, almost 1,300 hospitals and leproseries, some 3,100 dispensaries and 1,700 orphanages. During August we must increase our prayers that the Sisters in the missions will continue to fulfill their role. A. G. SCHIRMANN S.J.





Veronica

MAID IN WAITING

J. OSCAR DOYON S.J.

LATELY, IN THE MEAGRE FLOW OF NEWS from Communist China, I found the truly consoling story of a nominally pagan girl who, according to Father Albert Ricard S.J., has become a fervent propagandist of Christian doctrine. Veronica is her name and she is only seventeen.

For a long while, she has been asking to be baptized. In fact, three years have elapsed since she was examined in Christian principles and her answers were all excellent. She loves to recite Catholic prayers; she is punctual and edifying in her attendance at church services and longing for the day when she will be allowed to receive the sacraments. Why, then, is she not baptized?

The reason is simple—her pagan parents refuse to let their little Veronica become a Christian. Time and again Veronica implored their permission to receive baptism, but they would not be moved.

Undaunted, the girl devised a plan by which she might at least communicate the treasure of her heart, the gospel truth, to the circle of her acquaintances. She began with her neighbors, entertaining them on all the subjects dealt with in the catechism,

Father Oscar Doyon S.J. belongs to the Province of Lower Canada and was a missionary in China. He is now Regional Editor for JESUIT MISSIONS.

such as heaven, the joy of being a Christian, the glories of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and so on. As a result, the flame of faith soon blazed up in the hearts of her friends and they were baptized. But Veronica is still waiting.

Last summer, she prepared a little Christian girl for First Communion and on the appointed day accompanied her to church. At the solemn moment of Communion, her young pupil went recollectedly forward to receive the Lord. Poor Veronica in her pew could not withhold her tears on seeing the heavenly joy of her friends and converts, whilst she alone was denied this joy.

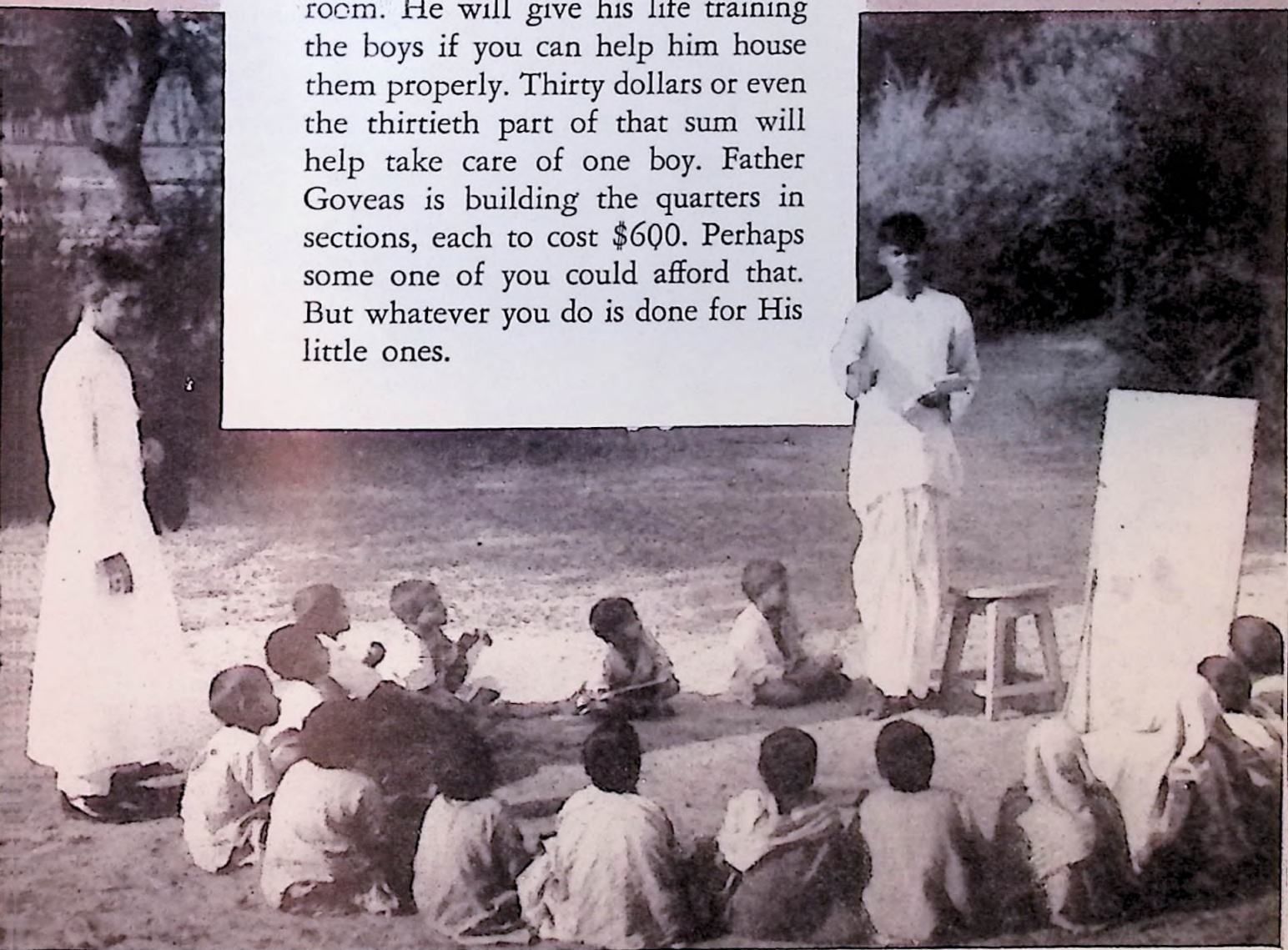
Not at all discouraged, however, she managed to enroll in the Legion of Mary—not merely as an onlooker at the meetings, but rather as a fullfledged and zealous worker. She visits the sick; speaks to them of God and His mercy; brings them books for their instruction and enjoyment, always stirring up a burning desire for baptism.

Now Veronica has found in prayer a new approach which may lead her to victory. She is praying fervently and perseveringly for the conversion of her parents; no easy job indeed. For, at first, they hated the very mention of religion. So, Veronica made new efforts by patiently improving her own character; doing a good turn when possible; making herself untiringly charitable and ever lovable. Bit by bit, she managed to slip in a few words about the Church.

Now you will be pleased to learn that the latest news concerning Veronica is that her parents have begun to give signs of broader understanding and progress. God grant she may succeed!

IF YOU KNEW AN ORPHAN

If you knew an orphan who could be given a good home for thirty dollars, you would certainly try to dig up the money somewhere. We know a hundred such orphans in Jehanabad, India. For them Father Alphonus Goveas S.J. is trying to build an Indian *Boys' Town*. He needs very urgently sleeping quarters and a class room. He will give his life training the boys if you can help him house them properly. Thirty dollars or even the thirtieth part of that sum will help take care of one boy. Father Goveas is building the quarters in sections, each to cost \$600. Perhaps some one of you could afford that. But whatever you do is done for His little ones.



Afield

WITH

AMERICAN JESUITS

GUILTY OF ESCAPING

When the summer heat begins to settle down around our New York office we do our best to engage in escapism. One way is to pore over the picture files on Alaska or the Himalayas with their cooling views. Another way is to reread letters like the following. Father Joseph Connell S.J. of Baghdad reports on the activities during the last Easter vacation. "While Father LaBran was flying off to the Emirate of Kuwait on the Persian Gulf to assist the chaplain of the oil fields and Fathers Thomas Kelly and Mulvehill were crossing the desert to Beirut to proofread our yearly magazine, I did a little traveling of my own.

"In the company of Father Sullivan, Father Powers, and Mr. George Abbosh, a lay professor, I led a group of Fourth High students to Syria and the Lebanon for a busy week of visiting and travel. Most of our students made their first acquaintance with mountains, snow, and sea. Indeed, the son of a desert sheikh of Diwaniya, enjoying a breathtaking view of shore and sea from the green heights of Harissa, sighed to a Lebanese chauffeur, 'What more can you people ask of God? This is Paradise.'

"Our long bumpy ride by night across the desert from Baghdad seemed worth all the inconvenience by noon next day as we approached Damascus along an avenue of fragrant, flowering jasmine. Saint Paul was blind when he entered Damascus for the first time; but

CHINA . IRAQ . INDIA
ALASKA . JAPAN . JAMAICA
CEYLON . PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS
YORO . BRITISH HONDURAS
INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS



Father Robert Sullivan S.J. enjoys his brief leave from Baghdad among the Cedars of Lebanon.

if his trip was made in the springtime, I feel sure that the jasmine bushes of the world's oldest city offered him rich compensation for his loss of sight.

"At Damascus, our group broke up while Father Sullivan and I hurried across the old city to offer Mass at the chapel of St. John Damascene. Close by was the Street called Straight, and the chapel that marks the spot of Ananias' house, where St. Paul was a guest, was baptized, and recovered his sight. Our prayers at Mass followed

our students, who, the majority of them Moslems, were visiting the great mosque of the Omniad caliphs. Centuries ago, this mosque was Damascus' great cathedral of Saint John the Baptist whose memory has not yet perished. May we not hope that in that same place he is continuing his earthly mission of preparing the hearts of men, and boys, for the coming of Christ?

"We drove 2500 meters above sea-level to the Cedars of Lebanon, cherished remnants of the forest where King Hiram's men worked the wood for Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. It was not the famous clump of Cedars, however, which caught the interest of our students. It was the mountain of snow against which the green trees nestled. Here was pleasure out of this world for young men from the desert. The hotel store quickly yielded up its supply of skis, boots, etc., and soon our boys were in the wonderland of snow. The new ski-tow, more than one mile long, carried them to the mountain heights, 1000 meters above the Cedars. Our desert boys took to the sport easily. They had their share of spills and bruises. Nearly each one brought slight wounds back to Baghdad in proud testimony of their novel experience."

HALFWAY HOUSE

Another cooling letter is from Walter Cook S.J. of the Jamshedpur missionaries.

"This letter is coming to you from the foothills of the Himalayas, in Kurseong, half way between the Siliguri of the plains and the Darjeeling of the hills. We have a house built on a bluff about a mile in the air, with a clear view north to the mountain mass of Kinchenjunga. We managed to pass last year at Poona without any tremendous difficulties, with the weather also warm and hardly



a cloud in the sky except at monsoon time. Kurseong is the exact opposite of Poona, which is a one-story house in the middle of a dry yellow grass desert, extending for miles without any tree of noteworthy size. This June Poona opens full theology, beginning with the new first year, and will be Kurseong's rival in the years to come as a complete theologate. Last year we had 8 Americans, but this year we are up to 17, 7 from Jamshedpur, 7 from Patna Mission, and 3 from Trincomalee, Ceylon. There are also two Canadians attached to Darjeeling of Calcutta Mission.

"Life was pretty cold in the mountains at first, with no steam heat in the house and the temperature around forty. We wore overcoats everywhere and crawled under six blankets at night, or used a mountain corps sleeping bag. The warmest place on the campus was the basketball court,—and still is when Patna and Jamshedpur fight it out under the backboards."

TO GREENER PASTURES

The subject of escapism recalls a passage from one of Bishop John McEleney's interesting letters. His Lordship writes from Kingston, Jamaica; "The last time I said Mass at the prison for women, one of the ladies of unquestionable character, alias Alice, took the occasion of my visit and sermon to leap over the wall and escape. But my visit two Sundays ago found her there again as big as life (she had been picked up stealing), somewhat more docile and more attentive to my exhortation."

Father J. Randolph Knight S.J., who is stationed at Spanish Town in Jamaica, also has word on prison life there.

"We had High Mass at the prison this morning. The prison choir does very well considering

the fact that they compose the music themselves on the spirit of the moment. We have a tenor who could sing in any of the U. S. night clubs. The closing hymn for Mass startled me this morning. It was 'At the End of a Perfect Day.'

"The prison choir director, an inmate, told me I sang like Bing Crosby. I would have felt flattered, but for the fact that immediately after the compliment he begged me for a pair of shoes. His seven years sentence will be completed next month."

The Most Reverend John McEleney S.J., Bishop of Jamaica, blesses the new church at Donnington. Assisting His Lordship are Father Neil Donahue S.J. (with dark glasses) and Father Walter Ballou S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission. Behind Father Ballou are Father Henry Martin S.J. and Father Gardiner Gibson S.J. In the foreground (with back to camera) is Father Harry Ball S.J., pastor at Linstead which is the mother church for the Donnington mission. Father Ball drew the plans for the new church which replaced the one demolished in the 1944 hurricane. Father Donahue, who preached at the first services in the new edifice, spent long hours every day over a period of four months in supervising the construction. The church has cast concrete walls, tiled floor and a roof of asbestos sheeting. Donnington, which is one of the most promising missions in Jamaica, now has a church which Father Ball calls "as perfect a country church as you will find."





Coming in to the harbor at Palau which is the new headquarters for Father William Walter S.J. The trading ships for the outer islands, Father Walter's main means of transportation, make Palau the home port.

TIME FOR A TRIP

During this vacation season when so many are breaking their yearly routine with a trip of some kind or other we might keep in mind a missionary who would love to stay home if he could get the chance. Father William Walter S.J. of the Caroline Islands has this to say. "I've finally moved my home base from Yap to Palau. The U. S. Civil Administration has its headquarters on Palau. The Western Carolines Trading Company has its warehouses there. All the trading ships for

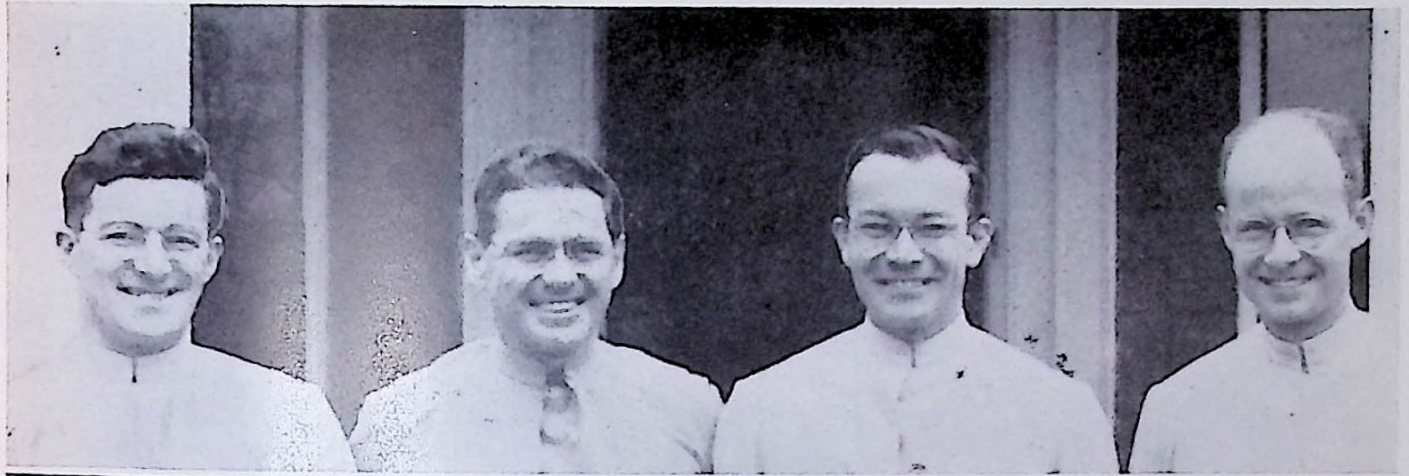
the outer islands are leaving out of Palau. And it just didn't make sense to keep on living at Yap. Making connections with the ships was not only a serious inconvenience, but the extra travel involved meant a loss of four to six days on each trip. I could ill afford to lose that much time, especially since I am now 'at home' only three weeks every three months. My territory hasn't changed; I cover the same islands as before. So I'm extremely happy about the change. Since Father Bailey is getting a full-time assistant for Yap, he

will also benefit by the move.

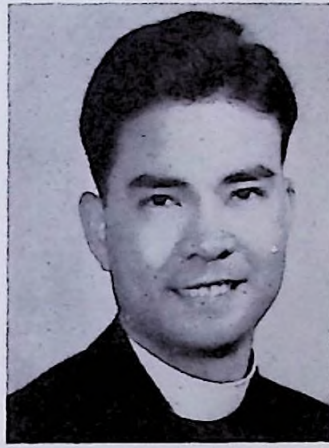
"Ulithi Atoll is a group of thirty-one islands scattered along the edge of a great reef which forms an irregular circle of some fifty or more miles in circumference. The lagoon enclosed by the reef is so large that when you gaze across its widest part the islands on the opposite side are lost over the horizon. The islands themselves are tiny dots and all thirty-one together, according to official reports, have a land area of only one and a half square miles. Natives have their permanent homes on seven of the larger islands. Work parties of fifteen or twenty people each camp on the other islands for a month or longer to make copra. The trading ship which brings me to Ulithi anchors in the lagoon for two or three days, buying copra and selling trade goods. As soon as the ship has anchored I climb over the side into a native canoe and wave good-bye to civilization for six weeks. One circuit of the atoll to visit all my Ulithi people requires a full week of sailing in the native canoe."

POSTSCRIPT ON PROGRESS

Father John Newell S.J. of Yoro, Honduras, has a postscript for his article, "First Friday in Las Flores," which appeared in our June issue. "The First Fridays went over well. The long trip to Las Flores has its difficulties. During the wet weather the going was more difficult. The days were shorter and it was impossible to cover the same territory in a day. The rivers were swollen and we had to swim the mules across while staying alongside of them in a shaky dory. Then the mud on the roads made it even harder for the mules. But in spite of the rainy days the people kept swarming into Las Flores. On the last First Friday of the series there were 406 Communions. Now the village of Las Vegas also wants the First Fridays."



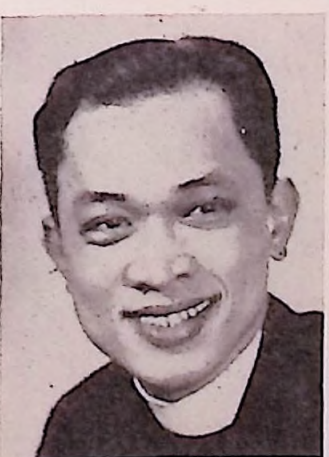
Pictured on this page are the missionaries ordained this May and June. (Above) Men of Baghdad: Fathers John McGrath, John Mahoney, John Banks and Joseph Ryan.



Four members of the California Province ordained in China: (upper right) Fathers George Wong, George Donohoe, (upper left) Arthur Latham and (lower left) Albert Klaeser.



At Woodstock, Maryland, four members of the Philippine Mission were ordained: Fathers Emmanuel Regalado, Aureo Nepomuceno, (right, above) Anthony Cuna and Francis Demetrio, (right, below).



(Left) Father Austin Reinboth was ordained at West Baden, Indiana. The other Patna men, with those of Ceylon and Jamshedpur, will be ordained in November in India.

Mt. Everest



Recently Anderson Bakewell S.J. (inset) accompanied an Expedition across Eastern Nepal to explore the southern approach to Mount Everest. It was the first time white men had come within fifty miles of the little known south side. With him were (left) Oscar Houston, Mrs. Elizabeth Cowles, Major H. W. Tilman and Dr. Charles Houston, all veteran mountaineers.



The lama gumpa or monastery at Thyangboche, where the monks provided the only roof the village twelve miles from Mount Everest, the explorers had during the entire expedition.



Lama Tsangpo of Thyangboche Gumpa.



Nuru Tsongbu, "reincarnation" of previous abbot.

Doctor Houston and Mrs. Cowles pay off the Nepalese porters and Darjeeling bodyguards.



A rare view of Mount Everest, the Tibetan Chomolungma, "Goddess Mother of the World." This telephoto was taken from a 15,000 foot height on the Kangtega Ridge. Nepalese policy of exclusion prevented previous attempts from the south.



The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

In every mission country there are hundreds of little tots who are abandoned, not necessarily wilfully. The father dies and the mother is tubercular and, consequently, the children are just alone. The appeal of these children is literally a crying need. Someone must protect them from spiritual and physical harm.

Father Goveas of India, like many of his brother Jesuits in Alaska, Ceylon and other parts of the world, is trying to be a pastor, mother and father to orphans. He looks with a sinking feeling at the empty shelves in the clothes room, he worries at night when the wheat bin is practically empty. His sentiments perhaps are deepest when he sees other children wandering the streets because he cannot provide shelter for them.

The feast of St. Vincent de Paul, the Patron of Charity, occurs on July 19th. On that day, I will offer Mass for everyone contributing to the orphans of the missions. You know as well as I the deep affection of Our Lord for children. If you respond, Our Lord will rejoice in seeing in your own hearts sentiments similar to His own.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Father Newell Needs a Mule

With those words you could probably write an amusing verse and Father Newell would take no offense because he is in such a desperate need of replacing his old faithful mule, Golondrina. As a thought for your verse you might remember that the Blessed Mother once rode upon a mule and carried in her arms the Christ Child. In a month or two, Father Newell could ride upon your mule and close to his own heart would be the golden pyx with the Blessed Sacrament.

By sending the full or partial payment of \$150.00 you can help one of God's priests to ride mountain trails in search of souls.

Parcel Time for Alaska

The following proposal is hardly suitable for a sultry summer day as it will prove rather exacting upon your patience. Tucked away in trunks and closets you undoubtedly will find discarded winter clothing. The missionaries are interested in suits, dresses, underwear, pajamas and gloves. In every parish of Alaska, there is some child the same size as your own son or daughter.

Since only during a few months of the year can packages be mailed to the interior of Alaska please prepare your bundles as

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
900 Broadway,
Seattle 22, Wash.

Ceylon and Home Missions
Rev. James C. Babb, S.J.
4439 S. Carrollton Ave.,
New Orleans 19, La.

China (Suchow)
Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J.
762 Sherbrooke St., West,
Montreal 2, Canada

Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. John H. Collins, S.J.
1106 Boylston St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

British Honduras, Yoro
U. S. Indians
Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

China (Nanking, Shanghai
and Yangchow)
Rev. John K. Lipman, S.J.
821 Market Street,
San Francisco 3, Cal.

India (Patna) and
U. S. Indians
Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and
Canadian Indians
Rev. F. J. Costello, S.J.
403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and
Home Missions
Edward J. Farren S.J.
Calvert and Madison St.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands
Rev. John G. Furniss, S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

soon as possible and send them directly to the following priests.

Reverend Francis Menager S.J.
St. Mary's Mission
Akulurak, Alaska

Reverend Segundo Llorente S.J.
Immaculate Conception Church
Bethel, Alaska

Reverend George Endal S.J.
Holy Rosary Mission
Dillingham, Alaska

Building Time in Alaska

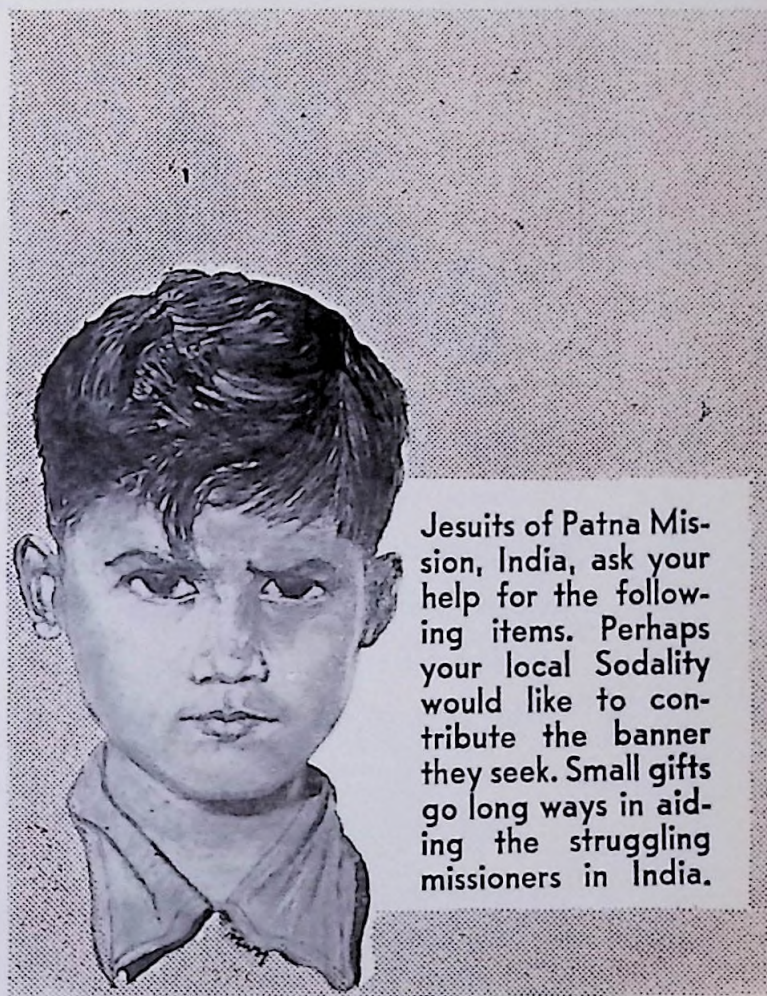
By taking advantage of the Midnight Sun Father Lawrence A. Nevue of Sitka, Alaska can devote more hours to his building program. The project at hand is the enlargement of his rectory so as to have space for an office, a bedroom and an instruction room for converts. He has the help of willing GI's who come over to his rectory after finishing their duties at the Army post. He does not have, however, sufficient funds to purchase building materials. Could you send to JESUIT MISSIONS \$1.00 or \$5.00 for him?

Complete a Chapel

As a means of fostering vocations at Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, a special chapel has been opened for the children. It has merely the essential furnishings; much is yet to be finished. If you respond now by sending a donation of \$5.00 or \$10.00, Father Meyer and the Sisters will have ample time to complete the chapel for a grand celebration on the feast of Our Lady, Queen of the Holy Rosary.

"Meditations for Every Day"

Thirty years ago, Father Peter Sontag of Patna began his active missionary apostolate. His experience has been wide in the spiritual and social programs of the missions. He has been an Apostle of the Pen, publishing pamphlets and a Hindi illustrated catechism. He has now written a two volume work entitled "Meditations for Every Day." The reviews comment particularly upon his apt applications to the social programs of the Pope and to Catholic Action. You must know a priest or a nun who would appreciate the volumes. At JESUIT MISSIONS we know nine hundred missionaries who would like to have the books. The price of a set is \$10.00. Please send orders to us.



Jesuits of Patna Mission, India, ask your help for the following items. Perhaps your local Sodality would like to contribute the banner they seek. Small gifts go long ways in aiding the struggling missionaries in India.

HOLY CARDS	\$2.50	per hundred
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BOOKS	3.00	each
ALTAR CLOTHS	10.00	
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TRAVELING BAG	35.00	
HOLY NAME-SODALITY BANNER	50.00	

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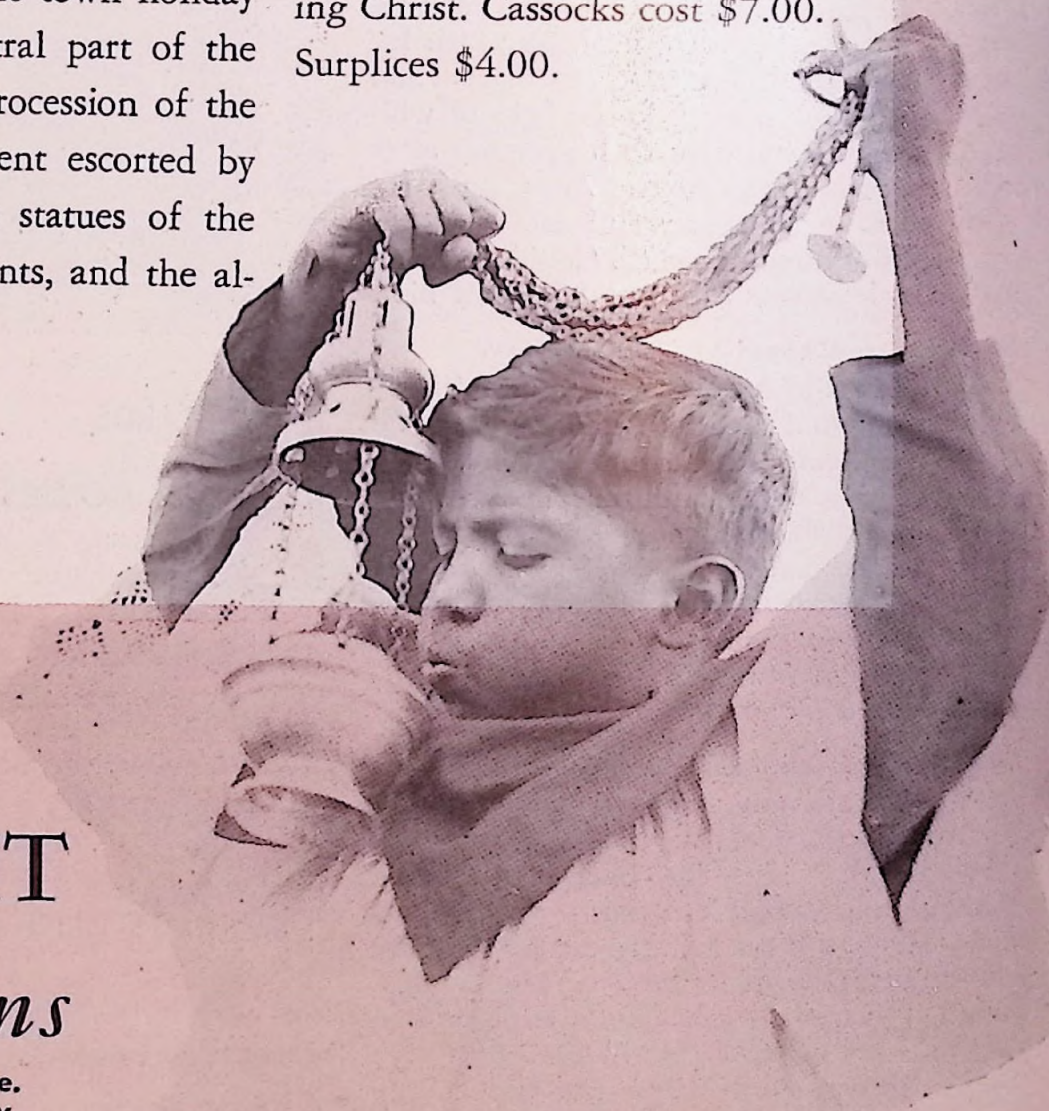
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tar boys. Our missionaries write in constantly to us to supply them with cassocks and surplices for their altar boys—red cassocks and white surplices to add to the colorful gladness of the affair. You know your own pride when your boy serves on the altar. Help us make poor parents proud of their boys serving Christ. Cassocks cost \$7.00. Surplices \$4.00.



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