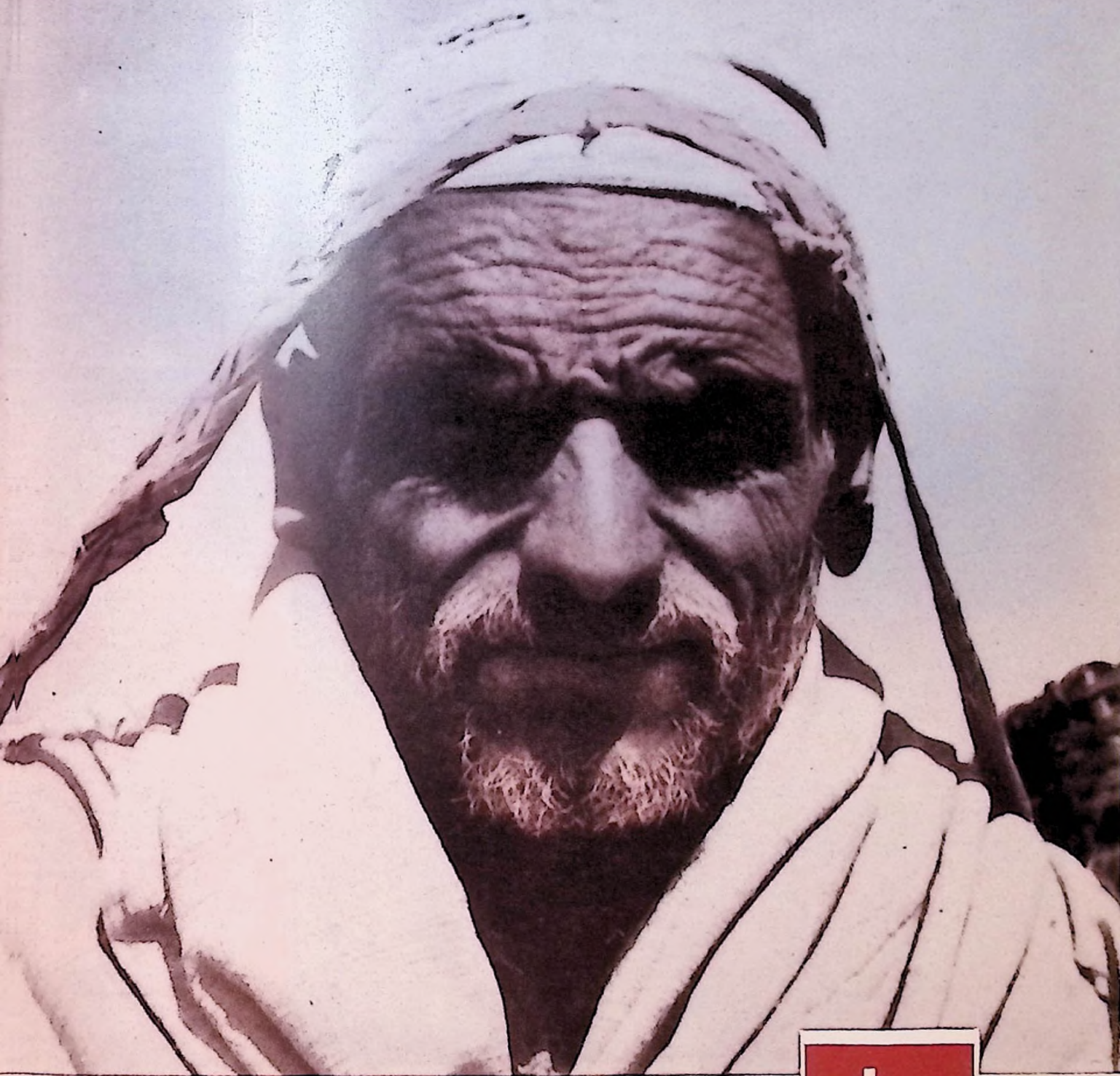


JESUIT MISSIONS

SEPTEMBER 1951



KINGDOM OF NEPAL



JESUIT MISSIONS

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JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00; Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second-class mailing matter, at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

(Left) There is no corner in the twisting alleys of the old city of Baghdad which may not bring a surprise. Mud walls and barred windows suddenly give way before artistic minarets.

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In the beginning of June His Holiness Pope Pius XII issued his encyclical "Evangeliæ Præcones" in which he traces the progress of mission work over the last twenty-five years. The number of Catholics in mission countries has risen from less than 15 to well over 20 millions. In 1926 there were 400 individual missions; today there are 600. The number of native and foreign priests has almost doubled during the quarter of a century. One of the most significant developments in that time has been the rise of a strong native clergy. In 1926 all mission bishops were foreigners but since that time 88 missions have been entrusted to the native clergy. In view of what His Holiness calls the "supreme crisis" between Communism and the camp of Christ this development is of highest importance. For the ultimate goal of all missionary endeavor is to establish the Church on sound foundations among non-Christian peoples and place the Church under her own native hierarchy. Vocations are the criterion of a mission's success.



field with both camera and typewriter. He intends to record in permanent fashion the customs and life of Alaska.

Father Edmond Anable S.J. hails from Utica, N. Y., but his birthplace is a far cry from his present mission in Alaska. Originally a member of the New York Province, his desire to be an Alaskan missionary led him to transfer to the Oregon Province which mans that field. Now after thirteen years in the frozen north at stations like Akulurak, Pilgrim Springs, Holy Cross, Nome and Fairbanks, Father Anable has begun a tour of the entire mission

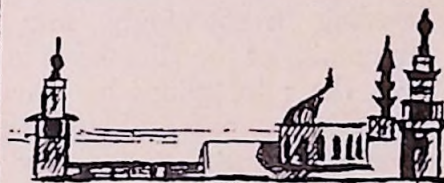


In connection with the Holy Father's encyclical it is interesting to note the part played by the American Jesuits.

In 1926 the Jesuits of the United States were in charge of the missions of Alaska, Jamaica, British Honduras, Patna and various missions among the American Indians and Negroes.



American Jesuits were working in the Philippines but it was not until the following year that they took formal charge. Then China, Baghdad, Ceylon, the Caroline and Marshall Islands, Jamshedpur in India, Yoro in Honduras and New Delhi in India were added to the list. Men were also sent to the independent mission of Japan. With well over one thousand missionaries in the field today the American Jesuits' manpower is four times what it was in 1926.



COVER. A mountaineer from the highlands around the Katmandu valley in Nepal. The sight of American Jesuits who are opening a school in Katmandu will be a strange one for this aged Nepalese because foreigners have long been forbidden in the kingdom hidden away beneath the lofty Himalayas.

KEYS TO THE

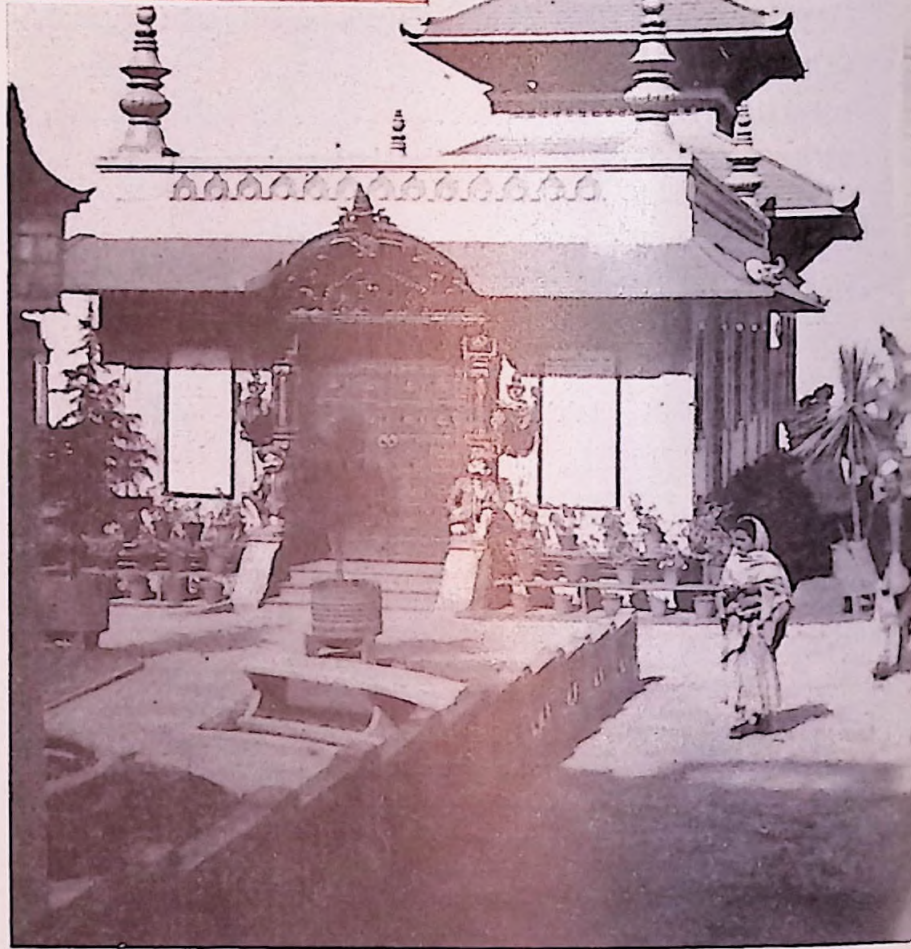
Forbidden Kingdom

KEVIN N. CLEARY S.J.

Last March the Nepal Government asked the American Jesuits of Patna Mission to open a school in that country. Father Cleary here describes the background to the new mission.

THese are modern times. A Dakota takes off from Patna, on the banks of the Ganges, and touches down in the heart of Nepal in less than an hour. From the window of the plane the parched dry expanses of Indian fields look brown and lifeless in the heat of summer. Then suddenly a dark strip of heavy forest comes into view, the famous jungle-land, called "the Terai", where the wild elephant, the tiger and the rhinoceros find a congenial home. Within a few minutes the plane seems heading frighteningly into the massive mountains of the Himalayas but from 10,000 feet the pilot glides between the walls of the mountainpass and lands the plane in the beautiful, undulating valley of Nepal. It seems all so easy. Yet if the traveler had taken the long overland route, it would have been a painful three days by creeping train, uncertain motor-bus and slow pack-horse.

The name "Nepal" has a ring of mystery in its sound. This little known country runs in length for 500 miles on the bend of the Himalayas. Its average width, including mountain land and narrow strip at the foothills, is reckoned at about 70 miles. To the north the highest snow-capped peaks in the world are its dazzling guardians. But Nepal is known chiefly by the important Katmandu



One of the many temples which are found in the mountainous terrain of Nepal. This is a Hindu shrine in Chinese style.

valley where the old kings of history fought for supremacy and built their capitals.

Katmandu, with its population of 100,000, is the largest of the old towns and has given its name to the valley. It existed in the time of Emperor Asoka who ruled northern India in 250 B.C. Today, Katmandu is important as the centre of government, as the royal city, as the wealthy settlement of the best families. There are other smaller towns in the valley but the Nepalese people are mountain folk, not given to city life.

A smile and a laugh costs nothing to those children of the hills—they are always full of fun and humor, their little slanting eyes brimful of happy life, their strong, sturdy bodies capable of hard toil and endurance. They are a handsome people, fair of skin and pleasing of feature. The women

dress in colorful clothes but they know by innate good taste how to blend color. The mother in the home is a hard toiler and a diligent worker. She possesses character and determination and passes on these fine qualities to her children. The men, short of stature but muscular, have their work to do in the rice and wheat fields. The great majority of the Nepalese people are agriculturists. The trades and manufactures of the towns and villages are of a domestic kind and of small importance. Traders from India have for many years carried their articles of merchandise by pack-horse up the steep and difficult mountain paths.

Highlanders make intrepid soldiers. The men of Nepal, especially of the Gurkha tribe, have become famous in the East as fearless fighters and tough soldiers. Their traditional curved knife, the "kukri", is now known far and wide wherever the Gurkha battalions have served in the British Empire.

The ancient history of Nepal tells of wars and conquests, invasions from India, dynasties being born, kings being vanquished. Today certain changes are taking place. The British rulers of India were considered friends of Nepal but the hill country was closed to foreigners and even Englishmen were considered foreigners.

Yet those early European travelers, those giants of heart and stamina, who first traversed on foot the "forbidden lands" of the Himalayan plateaux, have left us most interesting accounts of Nepal and Tibet. The Jesuit explorers, Grueber and Dorville, passed through Nepal in 1661

With long freedom comes a sturdy independence and ready laughter.



on their way from Peking to India. Father Grueber makes the first European references to Nepal: "The King of Cadmendu (Katmandu) welcomed the Fathers very warmly, perhaps because of a telescope, which was up to that time unknown in Necbal (Nepal), and other mathematical instruments which roused the royal curiosity to such an extent that he wished to keep the Fathers with him. He promised them that when they came back he would build a house for the use of our Order . . ." Another well known Jesuit explorer, Father Desideri, who when in Lhasa had written books in Tibetan, stayed in Katmandu for a short while about 1715.

By 1715 the Capuchin Fathers had established a mission in Katmandu. Their records tell the story of heroic men who learnt the difficult language of those countries, wrote scholarly books, traveled back and forth to Lhasa, ever intent upon God's work and glory. In 1769 the Capuchin Fathers closed down their establishment in Nepal and settled their Christians near Bettiah, not far from the foothills of Himalayas and the present Patna Mission.

That was the end of a chapter. Now in 1951 came the invitation to the Jesuits to open a school so that the children of modern Nepal may enjoy the benefits of an advanced education in the surroundings of their own mountains and homes. The American Jesuits of the Chicago Province were invited to start a school on the outskirts of Katmandu. Classes began in July.

May the new school bring golden advantages to the fine people of Nepal!

The good humor of the people of the hills shines in their faces.



Rokko Really Runs

JOHN R. HUGHES S.J.



been measured three times already. Rokko's marathon is forty miles long!

The whole thing is, to us softies, unbelievable. I did not believe it myself when they first told me, but it was not long before I had to admit it was true.

For about a month before the big event, the whole school gets about an hour each day of jogging around the school playground, during their physical education period, to limber up their muscles and strengthen them for the feat. Excepting the lame and the sick, everyone from the smallest tyke to the biggest lad gets ready with the undiscussed intention of just doing the thing. After about a week of this jogging, the boys are all limbered up and the rest of the toughening is just routine.

Comes the day of the big race, and everyone of the school, even those who did not run, must be assembled by 6:45 a.m. at the designated place, the foot of the mountain that stands in back of Kobe. Since it is October, the morning will be cold, and everyone hopes that the day will be clear, for then they will make better time and fewer will have to give up. Next comes the address by the physical education instructor as to how to run the race, and finally the solid,

“THE BOSTON MARATHON of twenty-six miles is a pipe.” This is what the Japanese boys here at Rokko High in Kobe would say if I dared to tell them that in my home town, the real professionals or big time runners, run only twenty-six miles, while these lads run forty miles. Practically everyone who hears of this forty-mile business, refuses to believe it; they look at Father with a kind, pitying smile, which says: “Yes, Father, I know, your Japanese boys are good and you are really training them strictly, but after all, you shouldn't tell fibs like that.” So you tell him to get out his jeep and go along with the boys on the day and measure the entire course. The distance has

A group of Rokko High boys along the way in the forty-mile marathon. The winners usually do the course in 5½ hours.



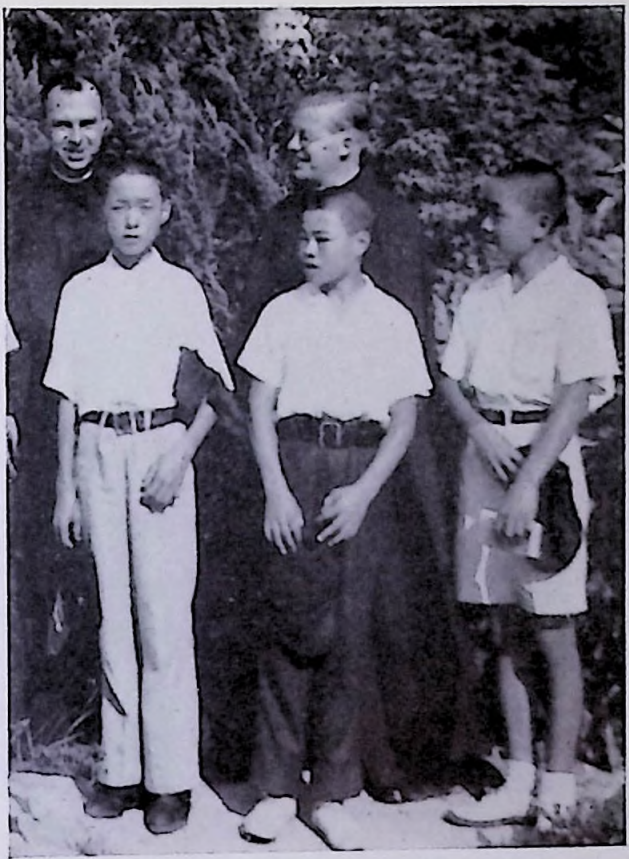
stirring address by Father Takemiya S.J., the school principal. At 7:00 a.m. some 700 boys start up that mountain road that will bring them up three thousand feet over the mountain, up and down some valleys, down a mild slope to Takarazuka, and then out onto the main highway that leads back to Kobe and finally up the road that leads to the school, the steepest grind of all.

The ages of the boys run from about twelve to eighteen, equivalent to from the seventh grade grammar school to the fourth high, Stateside. They all run the marathon, and once three years ago, a first year boy won it. Last year a second year boy, fourteen years old, won it.

You don't believe it? Well, I myself still can't completely understand it. To see youngsters of twelve, thirteen, fourteen years of age calmly step up to a feat like that and then do it year in and year out, is almost too much for me. But they do it, and no one considers it world-shaking by any means. The idea behind it in the Japanese mind is that if when you are young you have done something really rough, you'll have no trouble meeting any difficulty that comes up in later life.

The good of it all? Well, take a spirit like that and imbue it with the Christian faith, and you have the thousands of early Japanese martyrs; the thousands that were besieged and massacred at Shimobara when the persecutors drove them onto the last piece of land on the sea; you have the

The record for the run was set four years ago when the winner came in in 4 hours and 58 minutes.



The author (left) with Father Veelken S.J., Rector of Rokko, and recently baptized boys in Kobe.

amazing disdain for life and limb that baffled the soldiers at Guadalcanal, at Bougainville, New Guinea, Peleliu, and all the other places where our soldiers met the Japanese.

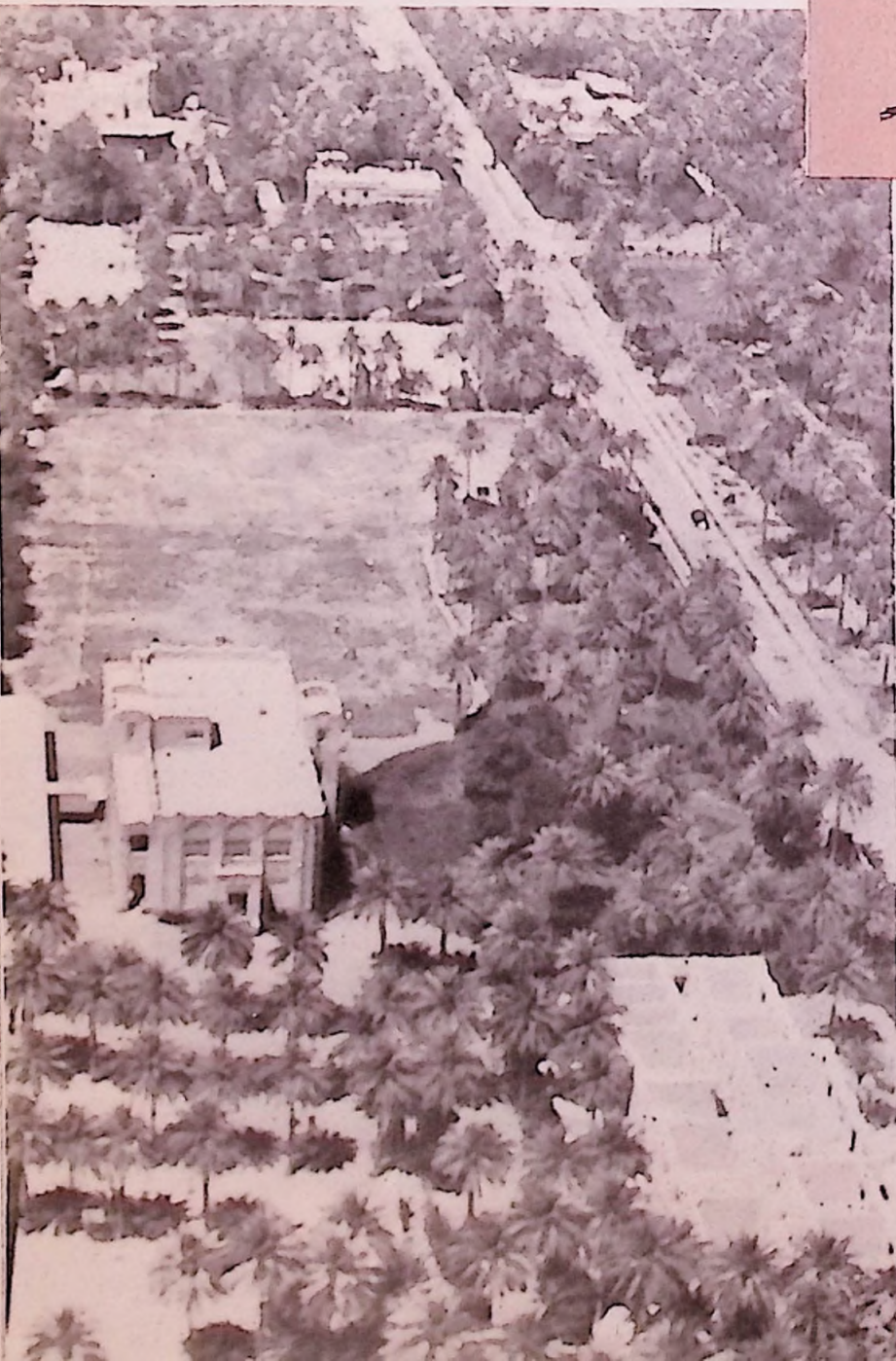
Yes, the Boston Marathon is a pipe; when you compare it with the ordinary spirit and the endurance of the Japanese people.

The finish. As a general rule two-thirds of the 700 boys finish within the eight hours allowed.

THE 500 MILES THAT SEPARATE DAMASCUS and Baghdad embrace one of the most desolate areas on the face of the earth. One can travel for fifteen hours by auto and see nothing but hard sand and rock, and the blistering sun and desert-swept sands render impossible any form of human habitation. There is no life in this boundless desert because the essential element of water is lacking.

Making this journey by air is a depressing and unique experience. Even on the clearest day there is a dull haze, and once the sands begin to blow the visibility is reduced to nothing. After about twenty minutes of this changeless scenery the traveler hesitates to look out the window of the plane, for the picture will not change until he approaches the Tigris and Euphrates valley on the outskirts of Baghdad.

The heart of the oasis. The main classroom building of Baghdad College. Photo by Father Larkin.

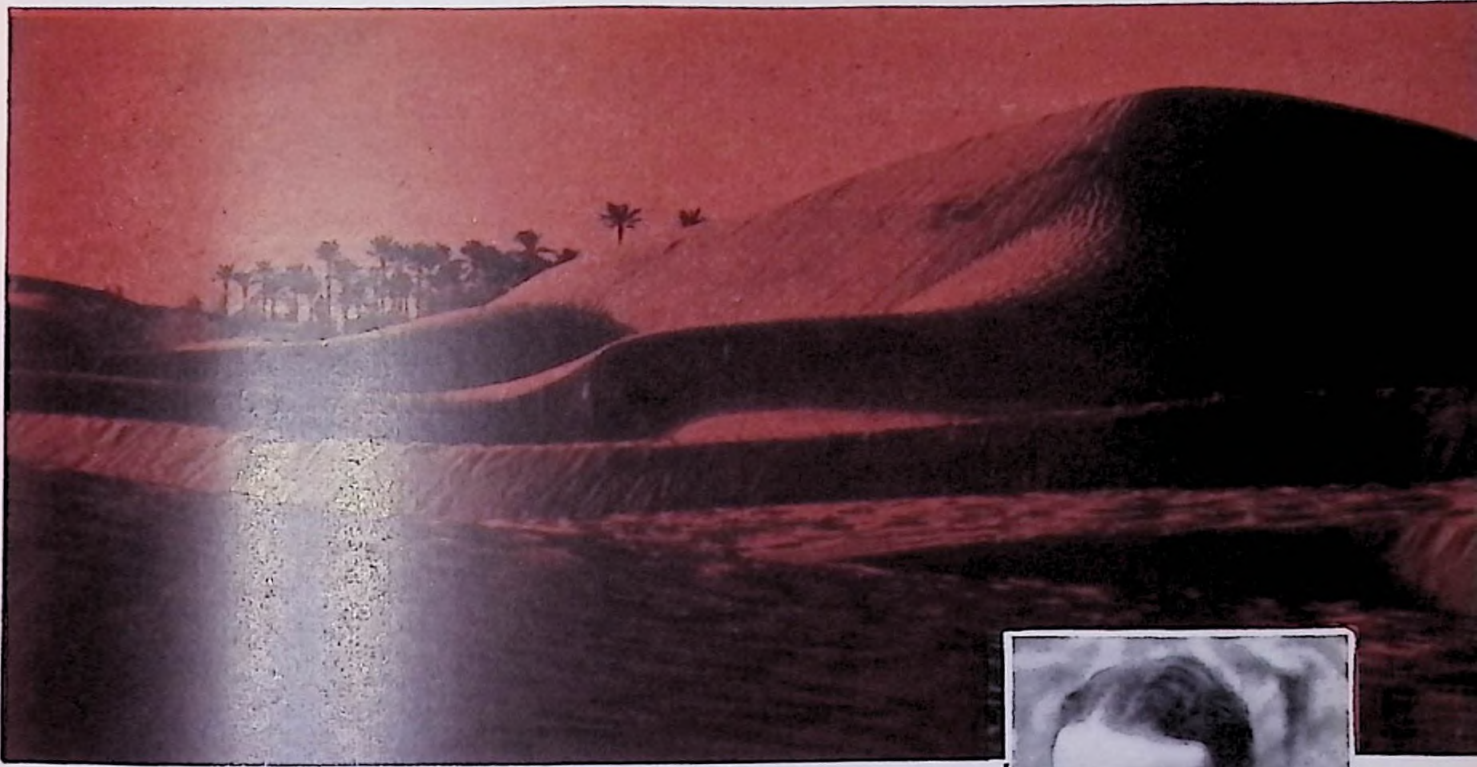


Winding its way across this great desert like a massive black snake is the famous Pipe Line, built to carry oil to the refineries of Haifa. At regular intervals along the way are pumping stations, where the oil is speeded on its long desert journey. H-3 is one of these stations and it is always amusing to watch the passengers in the plane when they spot it for the first time. Here a large community of British and Iraqis have built a small town with every convenience that can possibly be had. Wells have been sunk and the precious water has



made a miniature paradise in the midst of this barren wasteland. On first sight the strangers in the plane believe it to be another mirage, for the green trees, rich foliage and neat buildings have no place in this lifeless desert. The plane circles H-3 and lands for fuel, while the passengers sip cool water and gaze in wonderment at the vision before their eyes. This is indeed an oasis of the desert, ardently appreciated by all, but for one making the journey by land it is infinitely more welcome.

When the plane finally takes off again and wings its way towards Baghdad the thoughts of the missionary turn to the realm of spiritual truths and the timeless lessons of God. This vast desert is a remarkable type of the human soul without God. It is an empty and desolate region, bereft of life



There is no more welcome sight to the desert traveler than the green date trees which mean life.

because it has abandoned the true source of life, and deprived of all those supernatural gifts so necessary for the attainment of salvation. The water, so indispensable for human life, is the symbol of God's grace, without which there can be no eternal life. And just as surely as water is required to make the desert bloom, so also is God's grace necessary to transform the soul into an object of divine love, whose infinite beauty is beyond the comprehension of man. The desert traveler may journey hundreds of miles before he finds water, and many have perished in the attempt; the man who is on the highroad to heaven need only implore God's grace and it is his for the asking.

The counterpart for H-3 in this religious panorama is Baghdad College, the spiritual oasis where the traveler will find refreshment for his soul. Located in the heart of Islam, this thriving school of over 500 boys functions with the precision of a new Ford. But it is something more than a school where languages, mathematics and the sciences are drilled into the minds of the young. It is a house of God where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered more than twenty times each day; it is a beautiful sanctuary where the Christian poor of the neighborhood and the students attend Mass in our two small chapels during the early hours of the morning; it is the headquarters

Father Thomas Mulvehill S.J. hails from Norwood, Mass. and is a graduate of Boston College. Now he's at B. C.-on-the-Tigris.



for the League of the Sacred Heart where the students enroll with all the zeal of youth and return home to consecrate their families; it is the home of the Queen of Heaven, who is daily honored by the students and faculty alike; it is a school in which young minds are taught their religion six days a week and are inspired to practice it by the example of their teachers. You must see Baghdad College with your own eyes to fully appreciate it and feel the joy of the desert traveler who returns from his long journey to this oasis of God.

The celebrated Point Four program for assisting undeveloped areas may one day make this desert land bloom, but we at Baghdad College have our own Point Four program. It involves no bulldozers, tractors, trucks, nor the obsolete shovel. It can prosper without the aid of the magic dollar. Our program is one that can succeed by prayer alone, and the prayer of all at Baghdad College is that Christ may one day reign in the hearts of millions in this part of the world, who bear the heavy burden of life without the joys of the true faith.

COLONY ON CRUSADE

(The Author is the Diocesan Director appointed by Bishop David Hickey S.J. to lead the Crusade of Prayer in British Honduras.)

ORANGE WALK DOZED IN THE BRIGHT sunshine and did not hear the sudden serenade of the church bells.

As our car came to a stop, only two men came forward to meet us. The bells rang on and on but the people did not appear. The streets were deserted.

I waited for the reaction of the Catholic laymen in the car with me who were members of the Central Committee of Belize, and who had sacrificed time and pleasure to work for the Crusade movement.

"It just doesn't make sense," one of them said, "coming all the way from Belize to lecture to two men."

A door of the car clicked open and one of the men stepped out.

"It looks like Mohammed must go to the mountain," he said. "Let's go."

As we moved from house to house we heard the usual excuses. The man of the house was not at home or simply did not feel well. Here and there, however, we managed to bag a recruit, and by the time we arrived at the meeting hall we had attracted quite a following of very curious men.

It was interesting to watch the growing interest on their faces as one of the members of the Committee explained the Crusade movement to them.

"The idea of the Crusade," he said, "is to make all Catholics conscious of the need for prayer and self-denial."

He pointed out how the Crusade is built on the doctrine of the Mystical Body and how it was to be carried out most effectively

through the "cell technique". Each parish would have its cell-unit composed of ten members and a Promoter to direct the activities of the group. Finally, the various parish units would be held together by the Central Committee with the Bishop at the head.

"As an example of how the Crusade works



Father Facundo Castillo, Diocesan Director of the Crusade of Prayer, and members of the Central Committee in Belize.

out in practise," he said, "here's what would be expected of you people of Orange Walk. The individual Crusader would be asked to say the Morning Offering; the cell-unit of ten persons would meet once a week for a private Holy Hour in the church or in a home; finally, the parish would arrange for more formal Holy Hours, lectures, study-groups and liturgical societies. To avoid monotony, special drives should be held now and then. At certain periods, the Morning Offering and the Holy Hour should be emphasized. At another time, special stress should be given to the Family Rosary and to week-day Mass with a Communion of Reparation."

This contact of the educated layman with the villagers worked like a charm. The people seemed to realize the importance of

FATHER FACUNDO CASTILLO

their personal interest and effort if the Crusade was to succeed.

At Yo Creek, a little Indian village just outside Orange Walk, we came off with flying colors. Here, we had an audience of 125, most of whom were men. Some had come out of curiosity to see what these well-dressed men of Belize wanted in their village on a Sunday afternoon. One of the Committee, whose fine Spanish accent delighted the audience, explained why we had come.

"The evils of the world and of our col-

utes"—a rather clever description of group-prayer.

The people of British Honduras are beginning to deepen their experience of what it means to live the life of the Mystical Body. They are coming to understand more and more what St. Paul was talking about twenty centuries ago. If we succeed in carrying out the Crusade movement on a colony-wide basis, many problems can be solved. We will be able to carry out the Pope's program of Catholic Action more efficiently; we will be able to inject new



Sisters of Mercy in Belize practice school children for an outdoor Mass which was part of the Crusade.

ony," he said, "are increasing. Disaster is ahead. The Pope has said that the reason for it all is that men have deserted God and have rejected His law. There is only one answer to this problem. We must all go back to God. We must return to the Commandments. Then we can expect peace and order in our colony and in the world."

The response was magnificent. When called upon to join the Crusade, there was a chorus of "Si, senior!" "Como no, senior!"

Even the children in the schools are talking about the Crusade. It is not unusual to see a junior Promoter leading a group of budding Crusaders to church for prayer. Recently, a father of a little girl told me that when he asked his daughter where she had gone with one of her playmates, she replied that she had gone to "God's Min-



The Crusade of Prayer was not only for adults. Children of St. Ignatius School in Belize staged a Crusade play.

life into such things as the Cooperative movement, the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, the Scout movement, and into the various educational activities. The "cell technique" has already proved its tremendous power to stir people to do things for Christ.

Rediscover

ALASKA



(Left) The author hits the trail. (Above) A Sister of St. Ann raids the all-important woodpile.

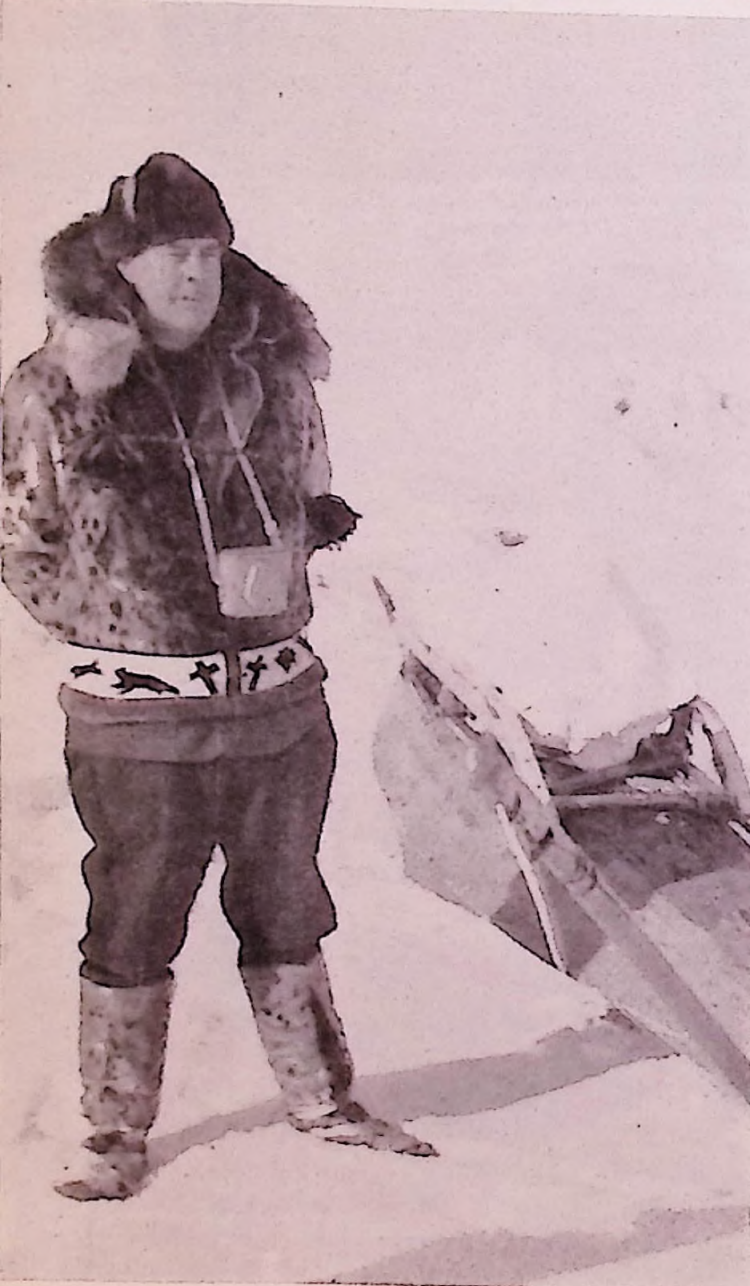
(This is the first of a series of articles on the different mission stations of Alaska.)

WHEN THE ILLNESS OF ONE OF THE Fathers caused my transfer a number of years ago, from the active mission field to the more or less settled existence of parish life in Fairbanks, I lost much of my contact with the group of men and women who spend their lives in the out of the way spots of the missions of Alaska.

Now I am beginning a trip around the villages and the missions, months of visiting one place after another in an attempt to put on film the life of the people of Alaska, and to tell the story of the missions and of the men and women who make those missions live.

Yesterday, a plane brought me from Fairbanks to Nulato. I begin to wonder, if during the years I have been away from the missions I haven't forgotten what mission life is; if I haven't been taking for granted those men and women who, year after year, pass their lives in silence and solitude, that God may be known by His people of the river and tundra.

The thermometer read thirty-five degrees below zero as I stepped from the plane into a gentle twenty-mile-an-hour breeze. And though clothed in furs from head to foot, I hastened towards the warmth and comfort of the mission of Our Lady of the Snows. But before reaching there, Father Baud, a veteran of twenty years of service on the Yukon, clad in a most bedraggled overcoat, canvas overboots on his feet and looking



EDMOND A. ANABLE S.J.



Three of these orphans have just been baptized by Father Baud. That makes the long days worth while.

like anything in the world but a missionary, hurried through the drifts and offered the hearty welcome which is peculiar to the trails of the North.

His hair is gray and the lines in his face have become deep and permanent, but his hearty French accent booms out as strongly and as rapidly as ever.

Have you ever wondered what a missionary does with his time? The day begins at four o'clock in the morning, when the bed is warm and comfortable, and the floor is like a sheet of ice. The task of hurriedly lighting a fire in the little wood stove is almost an act of heroism. But lighted it must be, if when you return you are to find your wash basin of water warm enough to make at least a pass at washing. You bundle up and through the darkness hurry to the school and there, using a flashlight to locate wood and matches, blowing upon your fingers, you succeed in getting those stoves also at their daily performance.

Mass, offered by candlelight in the little chapel of the Sisters, is the one great moment of the day when the presence of God can be truly felt. The rest of the day, spent in the cabins of the village; shoveling through the drifts of snow; at the wood pile; in the classroom; all these are sanctified because the morning offering has turned every waking thought and word and deed to a prayer to God.

And for twenty-four hours I have revelled in it all. I have been in the little cellar of the Sisters' house and have seen the endless rows of shining glass jars filled with moose,



A missionary's cabin is not the latest thing in interior decorating nor in heating equipment.

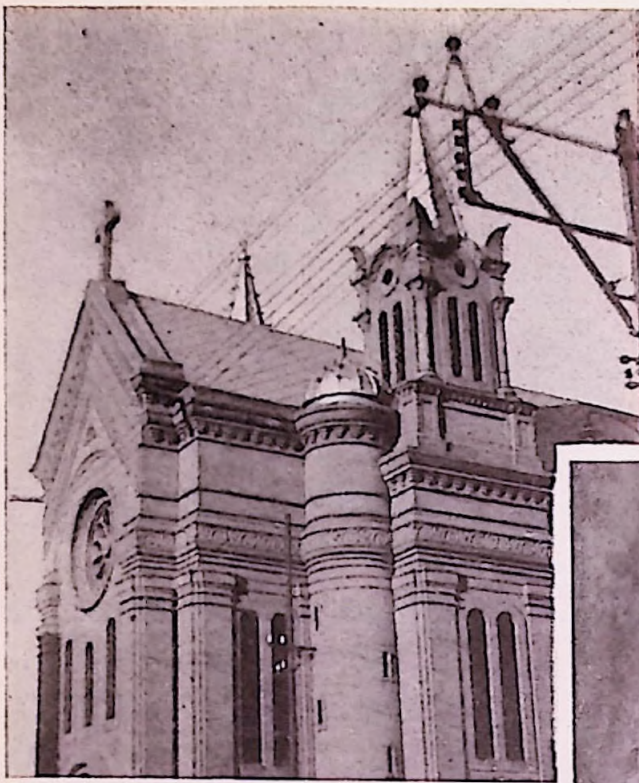
beaver, salmon, berries, carrots and all the other things the Sisters canned during the short summer months, in preparation for these days of cold and scarcity.

I have been in the class rooms and have seen the Sisters working with stubborn Indian minds, minds more interested in the thought of the beaver trap lines, or the coming days of Muskrat Camp.

I have been in the little shed, used as a laundry, and have seen Sister Mary Claude struggle with steaming tubs of water and the stiffened forms of frozen clothing.

At night, I have been with Father Baud in the little club he has made of a Quonset hut, which he opens each night for the youngsters of the village; nights when he might legitimately think, instead, of a comfortable chair, a book and a warm room. I have watched him teach the youngsters the various games he has installed there for them, and when the clock made the final tick and the hands pointed at nine, I have seen that which makes it all worth while, Father and his children, kneeling together, saying their night prayers.

And finally, I have seen Father, his blessing given, through the darkness of the Arctic night, make his lonely way back to his own little room, to his final moments of spiritual labors before the lamp was turned out and his tired frame sank back with a sigh, until the alarm clock would ring again in the darkness at four in the morning. This is the life of a missionary, day after day, year after year, a life offered to God and lived for God. How much I had forgotten!



(Above) St. Theresa's Church in the Christian quarter of the old city of Baghdad. It is also called Padre Pierre's after the loved Carmelite.

THE SAINT *You Can't Escape*



(Above) The statue of the Little Flower in the Church of St. Ignatius in Manila. The Patroness of the Missions is loved in both East and West.



(Left) Over forty years ago Padre Pierre came to Baghdad to spend one year. The "spoiled child of God" is revered for his long service and sacrifice.

THE LITTLE FLOWER CERTAINLY ADOPTED a new set of tactics on reaching heaven. At Lisieux she hid herself in a convent of contemplatives and let the world pass by. Now, you can't escape her.

About two hundred miles north of Baghdad College there is a monastery. It is said to date back to before the time of Columbus. Yet the Little Flower has her statue there. Daily the ancient ritual of the Syrian Cath-

olic rite is interrupted to give her a swing of incense. She who so wished that she had a brother to be a priest looks down on the young seminarians in black cotton capes and soutanes, chanting the praises of God in Syriac.

In her Mass the opening words are from the Cantic of Canticles. They are, as it were, the call of Our Lord to His spouse (for every nun takes Our Lord as her

spouse), "Come from Lebanon, my spouse, come from Lebanon, come . . ." And indeed she is enshrined in the green hills of Lebanon overlooking the blue and white foaming coasts of the Mediterranean. Her statue is in the chapel of another seminary there, though this institution is for Maronites. Here also she presides over the prayers and devotions of young priests-to-be.

Here in Baghdad she is the patron of an orphanage of the Carmelite Fathers. She is prayed to and sung to in Arabic by dozens of little lads for whom in return she provides daily bread and tea and sometimes a whole sheep. She keeps their shirts and little pants on this side of decency but sometimes they have to develop a scuffling walk to keep their shoes on. The man who saved them from the tragedies of their homes is one Padre Pierre. He came to Baghdad decades ago to relieve a fellow Carmelite for just a year and he has stayed for more than forty. He built his orphanage in the heart of Baghdad which the summer heat makes like a baker's oven from early morning to long after dusk. The winter rains soak through the bricks giving the house and church a clammy coldness. Yet Padre Pierre tramped the streets of Baghdad for his orphans and called himself "the spoiled child of God." His spirit being so close to St. Theresa's it seems not a desecration to call the church either St. Theresa's or Padre Pierre's.

Though God raised the Little Flower to great heights of sanctity, her own paintings never reached those levels. Likewise there seem to be few artists amongst her clients. Padre Pierre ordered two pictures of her from Italy and placed them on either side of the back wall of the sanctuary. In one she is receiving her first Holy Communion and in the other she is on her death bed receiving Viaticum. The scenes are appropriate enough but the execution makes you shudder. St. Theresa has certainly managed to get herself poorly represented in plaster and on canvas. Yet despite the sickly sweet front that devotions to her are sometimes overlaid with, she herself wins through. She desired the salvation of everyone so ardently that she has become enshrined in the heart of the Christian East as well as the Christian West.

THOMAS F. HUSSEY S.J.

Come, follow me

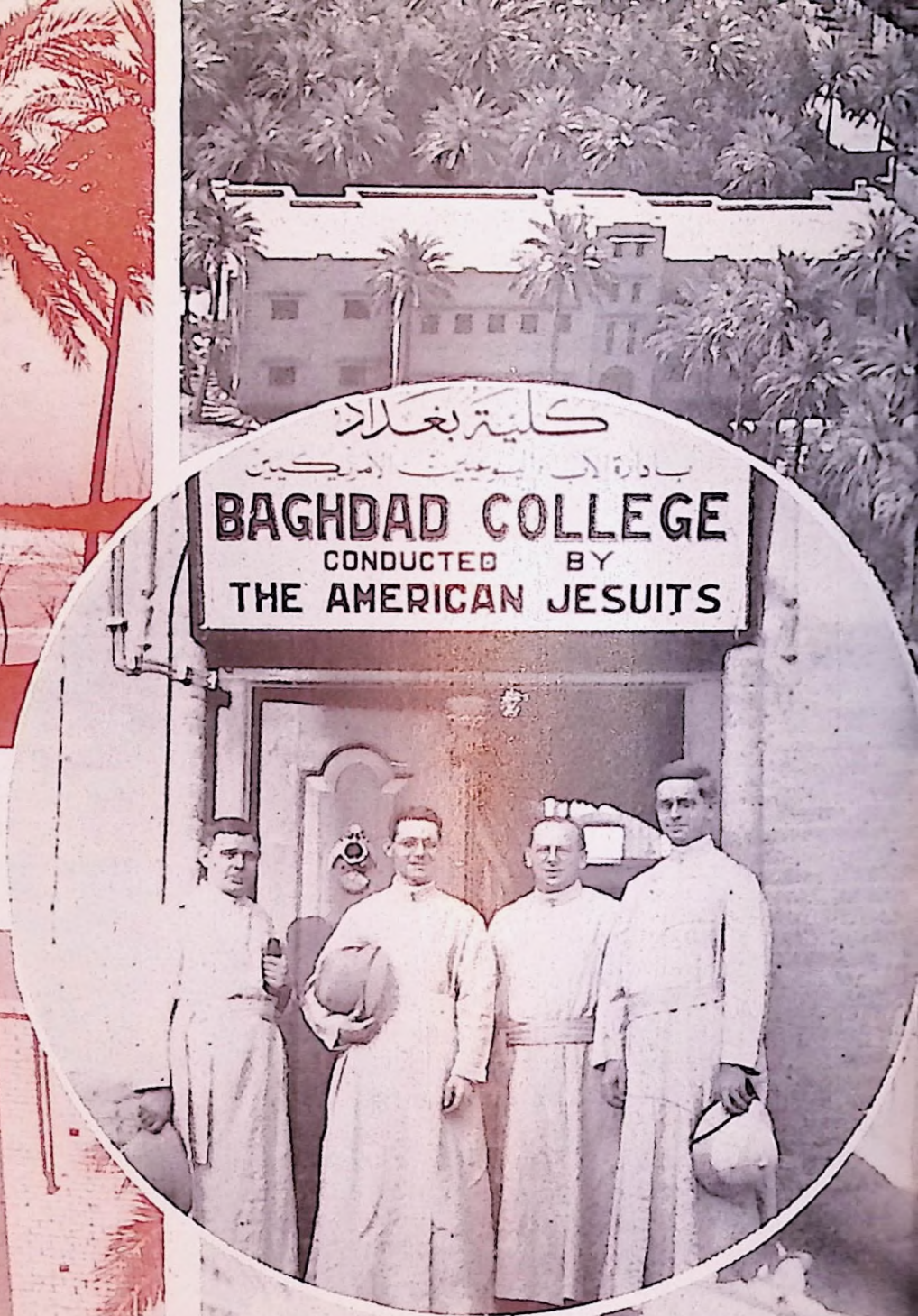
IN THE GOSPEL FOR THE COMMEMORATION of the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady, Saint John has immortalized with simple words a sublime figure of maternal love and understanding, a brave portrait of woman's quiet strength and tenacious courage. "Now, there stood by the cross of Jesus, His Mother." In the restraint imposed by his own compassionate sorrow, the Evangelist left many things unsaid.

That lovely medieval hymn, the "Stabat Mater", amplifies the unwritten reflections of Saint John in its tender stanzas. And it has inspired a Pergolesi, a Haydn, a Rossini to the fiery pathos of their musical settings for that scene on Calvary that was Our Lady's crowning sorrow. Who can count the souls that have been drawn by this appealing hymn to share Our Lady's vigil by the cross, or the aching hearts that have been led to seek their comfort in that compassionate and comprehending Mother, so acquainted herself with sorrow?

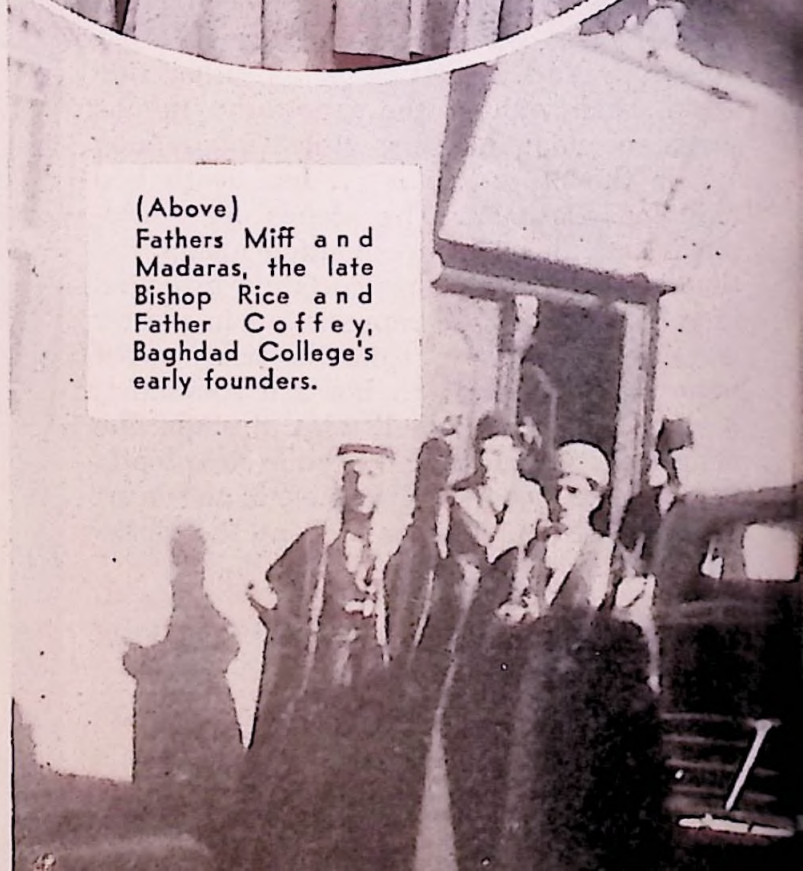
Next to the altar of Calvary in Jerusalem's Holy Sepulchre there is an altar dedicated to the Mother of Sorrows. Surmounting it, a ceramic bust of Our Lady portrays with vivid realism that which Saint John has merely suggested. Her eyes express unspeakable sadness and her heart is transfixed with a golden poniard, in rather stark allusion to Simeon's prophecy—"Thy own soul a sword shall pierce".

A profusion of rings adorns her fingers and jewelled necklaces sparkle in the dim candlelight. They were left by pilgrims who came to comfort her. But more precious adornment in her sight are, I am sure, the unseen prayers of filial piety that faithful children everywhere offer the Mother of Sorrows.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



(Above)
Fathers Miff and
Madaras, the late
Bishop Rice and
Father Coffey,
Baghdad College's
early founders.





Fr. John Miff
19 years



Father Charls Mahan
16 years in Baghdad



Fr. Joseph Merrick
18 years

7305 NIGHTS *in Baghdad*

THE FIRST THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS IN BAGHDAD were not too cheerful for the handful of American Jesuits who were trying to run a school in the fabled city on the Tigris. The first Baghdad College was located in a narrow alley on the edge of the old Christian quarter. The welcome extended to the founding Fathers was far from universal and coldness, suspicion and even hostility were part of the early trials. Several times in those early years the very existence of the school was threatened. But the handful of men hung on grimly.

Now twenty years have passed and the handful of Jesuits has grown to over 30. On the outskirts of the city stands the new and graceful Baghdad College, a shining tribute to men who would not fail in the task allotted to them by God.



Fr. William Sheehan
15 years

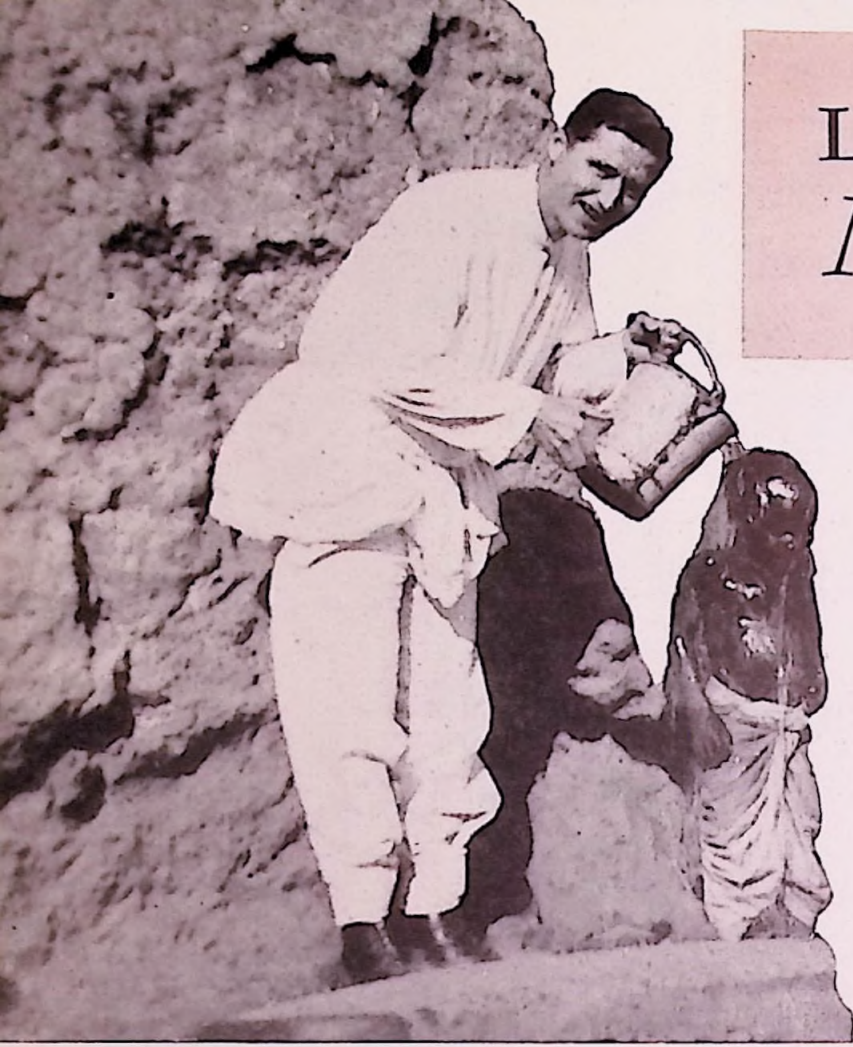


Fr. Edward Madaras
20 years



LAND OF THE *Noonday Sun*

Father Welzmilller gives Nandan a breath-taking shower with water from a well recently drilled at his mission in Piru, Bihar, India.



I HAVE JUST CONDUCTED AN EXPERIMENT AT my Arrah mission in the Bihar District of India. The apparatus consisted of one thermometer and one blazing sun in the heavens. At 12:24 p.m., Indian Standard Time, the glass in the shade showed 96° F. At 12:27 after being exposed to the sun, flat on the earth, it registered 110° F.; at 12:30—122° F.; at 12:33—132° F. I had to take the thermometer in to save it from cracking.

At 25° north of the Equator and 85° east longitude, Bihar is sun-kist enough to be called the Land of the Noonday Sun. The prevailing winds are east and west with rainfall depending on northeast monsoons. For the most part now a blast from the western deserts sweeps the land and grills it to a sun-baked waste except for the mango groves and avenues of trees. No self-respecting tuft of grass will send up a blade unless hard by some water channel.

Meanwhile the dust swirls, the "sand-devils" dance and the gusts, often of hur-

ricane velocity, strip the half-formed mangoes from the trees—it is India's blizzard of heat under a sky of brass. Strangely, here it is the season of greatest travel, for with Venus in conjunction with the sun, it is the time propitious for marriages. A twenty or thirty mile hike to a marriage feast is quite usual for a villager. Exhaustion, heat stroke and cholera take their toll. A long bike ride is wearing these days.

When the west wind blows, the resultant dry air ensures quick evaporation and relief; not so when the breeze veers 'round to the east as it does in the weeks just before the July rains. Then the days are really deadly for the Ganges plain is steamingly sultry with humidity high. Perspiration just does not dry but forms an envelope that seals you in a Turkish bath. Since the blood is hampered in casting off surplus water, the stage is set for digestive complaints, the least of which is loss of appetite and the worst, cholera.

As during the day, the refuge is indoors, so night finds us camping out. Beds with mosquito nets are put out clear of the buildings. Earth and walls are radiators giving off calories. Old Sol has been pumping into them over a twelve hour shift. After the blustery day there is usually a dead calm. Even outside you will be perspiring and won't try to sleep before 11 p.m. Nothing unusual about that. The catch is that the birds and chickens keep union hours the world over. They will see to it that you don't miss the first crack of dawn which announces the swift arrival of another day in the Land of the Noonday Sun.

FRANCIS J. WELZMILLER S.J.

THE HIDDEN LIFE

THOMAS A. HALLEY S.J.

LESS THAN A YEAR AFTER the death of Father Peter DeSmet, the colorful pioneer Indian missionary in the Rocky Mountain States, Albert C. Riester was born in Upper Sandusky, Ohio. His death on March 20th of this year recalls the fittingness of associating the two. For the past quarter of a century, after a number of years of service in Jesuit colleges, Father Riester has devoted himself to the apostolate of the American Indians. He died at St. Stephen's Mission, near the foot of the Wind River Range of the Rockies, beloved by all who knew him.

Much like the life of St. Joseph, Father Riester's life at the comparatively isolated St. Stephen's Mission was hidden from most of the world. Yet who can measure the worth of such a life? In a way it is the life of most of those working on the missions; the surveying days of Xavier's or De Smet's pioneering are gone now. The less spectacular follow-up of bringing their charges into the faith and forming them to know and love Christ and Our Lady; the many little manual labor jobs so much a part of mission life—were the substance of Father Riester's quarter of a century on the missions.

One of the most outlying chapels was his to visit regularly during nearly all this



Father Riester

time. Even in summer it often meant starting a fire to warm the chapel for Mass. His simple appealing sermons were always carefully prepared. The catechetical instructions after Mass were as lively as was the visit which followed with the families of the children. He knew all by name. They loved Father Riester.

Father Riester was always at the back of any

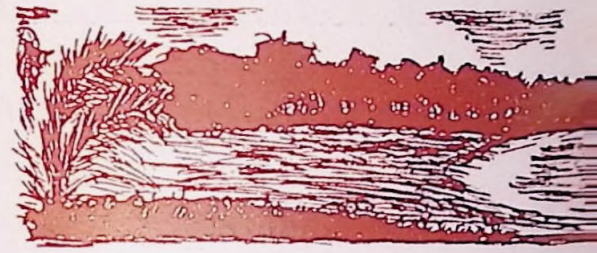
petitioner for help; the Indians, his Jesuit brethren, the Franciscan Sisters who teach the children at St. Stephen's school. And he had the happy graciousness of making all feel that he was the one accommodated.

His kindness and understanding heart made him sought out by young and old alike in the confessional. A placidity of soul was what all noted especially in his character—he had a kindly and ready smile, was compassionate with those in sorrow, but in grief or joy there was no sign of extreme.

Father Riester was beloved of God and man, an epitome of the hiddenness and self-effacement of so many of the missionaries giving themselves to Christ. Their work looks only to the day of "one flock and one shepherd" and this objective, "May the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: 'Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation, to it be glory and honor forever.'"

Indians of the Wind River reservation in Wyoming where Father Riester labored the last 25 years.





Whats Happening, Man?

IN JAMAICA INSTEAD OF ASKING, "HOW ARE THINGS going?" we say, "What's happening, man?" In the normal every day conversation the reply to this greeting is, "Nothing strange." But in the past few months no one has been able to give the usual answer to the usual question.

It all began early in March when Father Patrick Moore of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society landed at Palisadoes Airport with the Pilgrim Virgin Statue of Our Lady of Fatima in his arms. Father Moore had just finished a tour of the Caribbean Islands and here, on the long awaited day, he was landing in Jamaica, the Pearl of the Antilles. Today, and the succeeding weeks were to add this beautiful tropical jewel of the islands to Mary's long rosary of conquests. On every face there was a smile as big as the large hospitable heart of Jamaica. His Lordship Bishop McEleney along with a host of priests and nuns and laity in their thousands turned out

for Our Lady's visitation. From the airport a cavalcade of cars and crowded trucks accompanied the "Beautiful Lady" to the grounds of Holy Rosary Church which was to be the starting point of the parade.

Never in the history of the island was this reception ever duplicated. Every church, school, and convent was represented. For weeks secret preparations had been going on in the construction of floats. All advance work was kept secret because there was a holy rivalry among all parishes to see who could present the most beautiful tribute to our guest of honor. Nor were these preparations in vain for the products of loving hearts were breathtaking in their beauty. St. George's College named its float,

Father Neil Donahue S.J., the author.

NEIL H. DONAHUE S.J.





"The Seat of Wisdom." The scholastics and boys of the school Sodality were rewarded for their efforts by the "Ohs" and "Ahs" of the eighteen thousand who lined the route of the march. A Living Rosary was depicted by the Sodalists of Holy Rosary parish. Holy Cross took as its motif the scene of Calvary. St. Anne's had Mary's own mother enshrined in their hearts and on a lily-decorated altar. The apparitions at Lourdes were portrayed by the members of the Church of St. Peter and Paul. The Cathedral's offering was a thing of beauty and doubly appreciated by Our Lady from the fact that although it suffered a mechanical failure its parishioners, by sheer numbers, pushed it along in the parade.

When the crowd of Mary's children assembled on the grounds of Winchester Park it was, by a conservative police estimate, a gathering twenty thousand strong. Here in the glow of myriads of candles Fatima's message of penance and prayer was received in the hushed silence of evening.

The warmth of Mary's welcome increased daily as each parish in the city of Kingston celebrated, in turn, Fatima day. What can be said of one parish may be repeated of all. Beginning with a candlelight procession along the streets of the city, thousands told their rosaries and stormed heaven with their requests for peace.

Jamaica had never witnessed a similar reception.

It was also among the hills of Jamaica that Mary's Ave reechoed for the succeeding weeks. Each main mission station and little bush chapel was visited by Our Lady of Fatima. Each night there was a candlelight procession along the public streets and the rosary was recited by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. It was as if Our Lady wanted to show her power to captivate hearts. The statue which was enshrined on top of the Ave Maria van was soon to have her whom it represented in the hearts and on the lips of all. In many places non-Catholics had been warned by their ministers to have no part in this so-called idolatry. Yet they turned out not only to watch the procession but thousands throughout the island attended the Marian Hour. Many heard for the first time the full explanation of Mary's place in the redemption.

To those in America who wonder at times if all this missionary activity of the Church is worth while let this be told. In out of the way places here in Jamaica where life goes on today in the same manner as in pre-slavery times, there are little cells of fervent Catholics who have kept the faith and who are fighting the good fight for Christ and His Mother. At back-of-the-wall places like Mount Joseph and May River, high up in the mountains of the island, over five hundred people stood watch before the Blessed Sacrament from five at night until nine the next day. When asked why they did so one remarked: "So my Mother will not think that I do not appreciate the honor she has shown us by coming to visit us here."

The Mother of God has now strung Jamaica, the Pearl of the Antilles, to the rosary which she clasped in her hands at Fatima. "What's happening, man?" Something wonderful!

St. Anne's parish float depicted Mary's own mother.



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

SEPTEMBER: Christian Social Education in the Missions

IN NO OTHER CONTINENTS OF THE WORLD has our modern economic evolution made greater material progress than in Asia and Africa. But this progress has not always been an unmixed blessing. For everywhere it has brought with it problems, often of a moral and social nature, that seek solution. The fact that the problems have roots in a centuries-old society as the caste system of India, a sort of feudalism as in China and Japan, or a system of colonialism, rank with injustice as in parts of Africa and other territories recently granted independence, does not mean that the problems are not crying out for a just and adequate solution. Quite the contrary is true. The greater the injustice has been, the greater is the exasperation of those who have suffered under it, and the greater too the need of an immediate solution.

In mission lands that seek an answer to their social problems and will find it only in doctrines animated by a living faith, the cry of the Apostle St. James finds echo today: "And if a brother or sister be naked and want daily food: and one of you say to them: Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled: yet give them not those things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit? So faith also if it have not works, is dead in itself." That these words are as applicable today as they were in apostolic times was made clear by His Holiness in the recent encyclical "Evangelii Praecones"

Father McCormack at his British Honduras Co-op.



in the following words: "While Communist propaganda, today so widespread, is readily deceiving the minds of the simple and untutored, We seem to hear an echo of those words: 'I have compassion on the multitudes.' It is imperative to put into practice with zeal and diligence the right principles taught by the Church in this matter." His Holiness further reminds us that Communism is not the only system that brings about a servitude "irreconcilable with the rights of a person": "Whether this servitude arises from exploitation of private capital or from state absolutism the result is the same."

Hence we would be inconsistent and guilty of grave error were we to condemn the so-called "People's Courts" of Communist China by which property owners are deprived of their rightful possessions, but approve of sinful birth control as the only solution for India's food crises or Japan's problem of overpopulation. The social principles of the Catholic Church which alone can bring about a lasting solution must be applied to all alike. They must be applied to primitive peoples as well as to nations enjoying a higher degree of culture. They must be applied in mission lands where the Church is only a minority group no less than they must be applied in mission areas rich with a Catholic background. If the social principles of the Church are needed for the workers of the Philippines and Latin America they are not less needed in India, Ceylon and Japan where Islam, Hinduism and Shintoism have molded the lives of the people: they are needed too for China, Southeast Asia, Indonesia and Africa where Communism offers lying promises to too long exploited peoples.

During this month of September readers of JESUIT MISSIONS can render great service to the missions by praying daily that in her mission territories the Church will foster Christian social education commensurate with the needs and culture of the people.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

Chapel Needs



For holy Mass at Baghdad College the students have had to crowd before an outdoor altar or attend one of the churches in the city. The chapel room of the faculty was much too small to hold this student body. Now a chapel is being erected and the Jesuits and students beg you to help them furnish it suitably. They have sent us a list of their needs, which we publish here on page 31. Small or large gifts will make a permanent memorial for you, a memorial to which Christ will come daily to feed the souls of young leaders of His Church in the Middle East.



JESUIT *Missions*

962 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

NEEDS FOR NEW CHAPEL AT BAGHDAD COLLEGE

Side Altars	\$300.00
Communion Rail	300.00
Pulpit	500.00
Vestment Case	800.00
Hammond Organ	2,500.00
Candlesticks	50.00
Sanctuary Chairs	100.00
Holy Water Font	50.00

Afield WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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

ON GETTING THERE

Some time ago we saw a picture clipped from the San Francisco Chronicle of Father William Rively's two-masted sailing ship, heading out the Golden Gate for the South Pacific. We began to think of some of the experiences that the modern Jesuit missionary encounters in getting from place to place in mission countries. From Jamshepur, for example, Father Richard Neu S.J. writes:

"Driving down from Jamshepur, I skim along the nicely paved road for about twelve miles. The next thirty-odd miles is another story. It is just bumps and ruts, dust and mud. Occasionally you come to a culvert that has been washed out or has just gotten tired and collapsed. Then the little Ford must make like a jeep—rolling, sliding and jogging down one side of the ravine and clawing its way up the other."

Of course, you can sometimes go by train if you prefer, but as Joseph M. Kennedy S.J. describes it, it doesn't sound very inviting.

"When families travel by train in India, they take everything along but the kitchen stove. They bring trunks of clothes, a huge bed-roll, baskets of fruit, three-layer lunch boxes and a side order of rice, curry and dal. When you squeeze 48 people into a car built for 12, it's pretty awful. And when the temperature is 116 degrees—it's just impossible. On a trip we took recently, just as the people in our car began to drop off to sleep, the fan went haywire. It was chastened by a blow from a wrench, and, wonder of wonders, responded to the treatment. Then in the wee hours of the morning, the

Bishop-elect Feeney S.J. blesses the mission ship at Likiep of the Caroline and Marshall Mission.

WE CAN DREAM

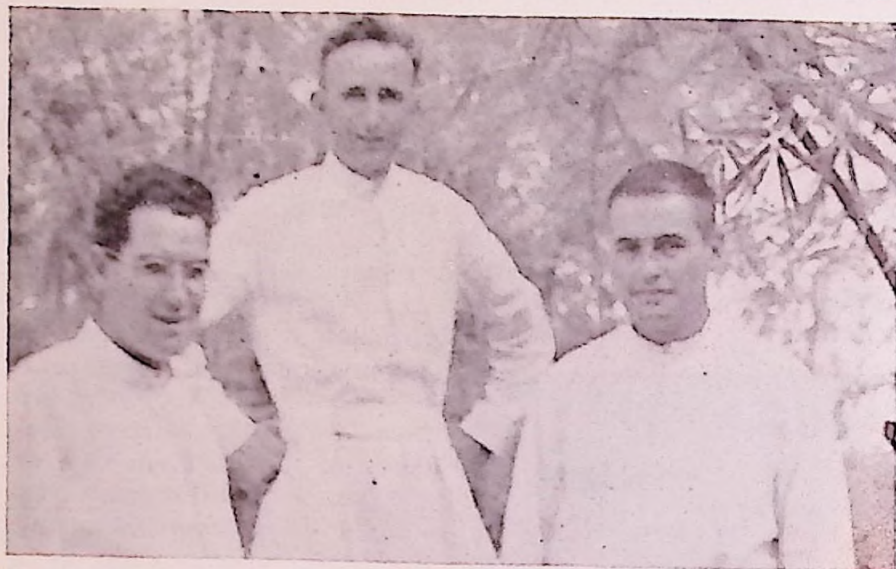
Maybe it's the heat or maybe it's the humidity. We don't intend to argue the point. All we know is that there must be cooler places in the world than our New York Editorial office.

We were day-dreaming about white beaches and blue waters (preferably in the South Pacific) when we came across a bit of prose-poetry on the Marshall Islanders and their "heirlooms". As the author, Bishop-elect Thomas J. Feeney S.J. explains it, the Islanders have little in the way of material possessions to leave to their posterity. However, they do pass on to their heirs a wealth of knowledge gained through years of ob-

servation of the land and of the ways of the sea.

"Such heirlooms are: the precious lore of wind and wave and the friendly phases of the moon . . . the determination of direction and proximity of land by the breaking of the waves . . . the lip reading of the lip-lap of the waters before the big fish strike . . . the hiding cache of shell and coral, of the white palm or green . . . the powdery white of ocean sand and the coarser granulation of sand from the shore of lagoons . . . the cleft in the reef to the west, where the rollicking waves sift the fragments left by the stone-crushing sea. . . ."





Three California Jesuits of the Chinese Language School in Manila. Fathers Robert Dailey, Alden Stevenson and Patrick Shaules are now wrestling with the intricacies of Chinese as they await the time when missionaries will again be allowed in China. Their mission has been almost entirely taken over by the Communists in China.

A NEW DAWN

Each Saturday at noontime, the wailing of the air-raid sirens invades the privacy of our Manhattan office as a harsh reminder of the times in which we live. When we think of the things that other peoples and nations have suffered at the hands of the Communists, we breathe a fervent prayer that our own country may always have the spiritual and physical strength to save us from a like fate.

Jesuit missionaries have had first-hand experience of the savage power of Communism. The recent and current history of the California Jesuits in China bears eloquent testimony to the ruthlessness of the Communist war against Christ and His church. While the situation of the Church in China is very black indeed at the moment, there can be no question of giving up the struggle. Someday a new dawn will break for China, and when that day comes the California Jesuits, many of whom are now in exile in the Philippines, will be ready to plunge into the work of winning souls for Christ.

TORRID TIMES

Speaking of China-in-exile reminds us that we enjoyed immensely the last issue of **TORRID TIMES**, a mimeographed news-letter that keeps us posted on the activities of the China-in-exile Jesuits, most of whom are engaged in a private war of their own with the Chinese language. Many of our readers are probably wondering what ever happened to the men who used to do such absorbing stories on China for JM. We're sure that you remember stories by Fathers John Gordon, James Kearney, William Klement, Albert O'Hara, and a host of others. Well, just now they are hard at work in the Philippines, and all the while, dreaming of the day when China will once more open its arms to them.

CINDERELLA AND THE ATOM

We think that you'll enjoy the following humorous incident from the pages of *Torrid Times*.

"On three or four evenings the community was treated to a movie. Walt Disney's *Cinderella* was the favorite of the season, considered by all, delightful en-

tertainment. More fun to watch than the films were the Filipinos who gathered in increasing crowds to pack with big eyes around the outskirts. They made rapid encroachments into the community's very lap. On one night, however, there was to be a colored-slide lecture on the atom. Warning was sent out that there would be no movie. But an electric wire was strung across the lawn—seemingly convincing proof of a forthcoming film. This time the Jesuits were forced to stand on the outskirts, while the Filipino children and their parents struggled for the best situated seats in the "or-

JOURNEY

Communists all over the world, it seems, sing the same old tune. People who choose to disagree with them are vulgar capitalists, spies, thieves and liars. All in all, it is not very original, but it does seem to be getting results. In China, for example, Jesuits of the California Province know the tune by heart. *Father Louis Dowd S.J.* can vouch for its effectiveness.

He writes:



Father Louis Dowd S.J.

The Voice of One

JOSEPH REITH S.J.

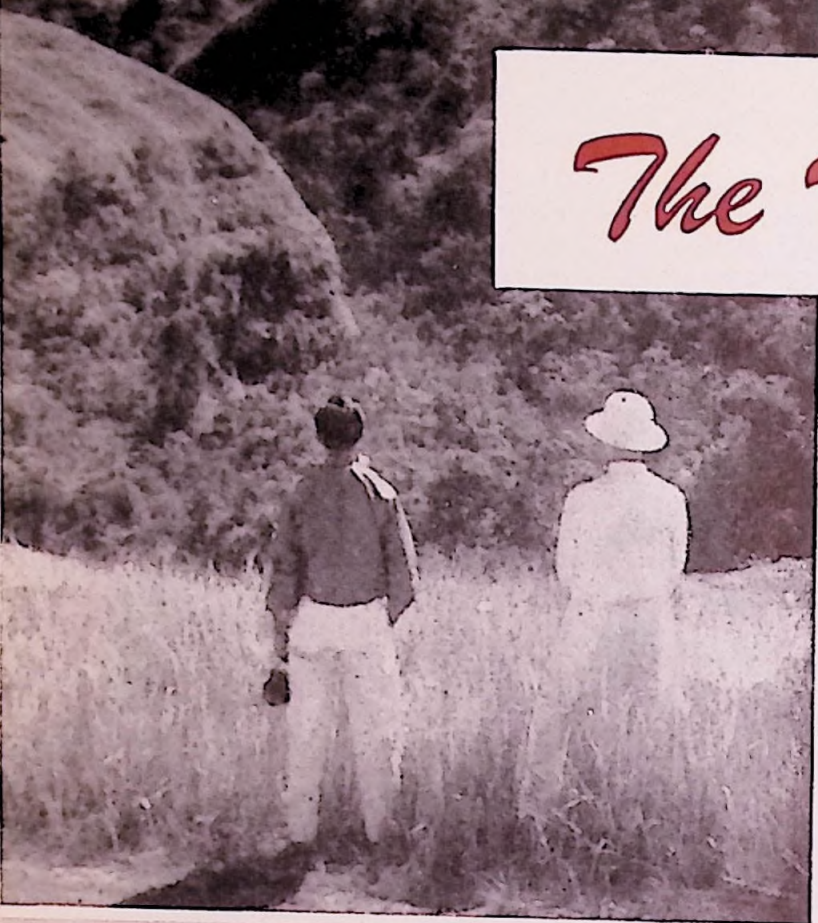
MALAYBALAY IN THE PHILIPPINES IS not a wilderness but there is a voice crying out to disturb its peaceful existence. You can guess whose voice it is.

While radio in America quivers in its wave-lengths with fears of its future, and TV battles its war of color and method, I claim a system that beats them all and presents no problems until the day I find myself in the local jail for being a public nuisance. The local tax collector will tell you that there are very few radios in Malaybalay, and assuredly there is no TV in the whole of the Philippines. But no one in the whole town of Malaybalay can escape from my broadcasts that three or more times daily carry a message to even the remotest parts of the town that only the deaf and the dead can ignore.

It took considerable patience and searching to find exactly the kind of broadcasting system I wanted and needed. Although it is a capital town, Malaybalay has no electric service, a convenience enjoyed by even small barrios along the coast. So there was no advantage in buying a 110 or 220-volt magnifier and broadcaster; neither would a battery system do, because batteries are hard to get and can't always be charged. I wanted a combination 110-volt and battery set, to be attached to my own generator or to storage batteries as need be. I finally got precisely that. The magnifier was installed in the sanctuary attached to three loud speakers in the church tower, pointed so as to cover the whole of Malaybalay with an echo thrown back into the church itself to make speech and hymn a bit more lively there too. About six months ago I got the system into operation, and since then regularly the people say, "Listen, Father Reith."

The first program goes on the air at 5:00 a.m. At this season of the year it is still dark

(Above) The author claims that Malaybalay is not a wilderness but some districts not far away resemble one. (Below) Long before the sun has risen over the hills of Bukidnon the voice of Father Reith has awakened the town.





Father Joseph Reith S.J., veteran missionary.

when the whole town of Malaybalay hears "Good morning, everyone! Make the Sign of the Cross now, and let us begin the day in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. And we will now consecrate the day to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. You say with me—'O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I consecrate to Thee . . .'" The Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory be, follow. Imagine a sermon at five o'clock in the morning, but that is pre-

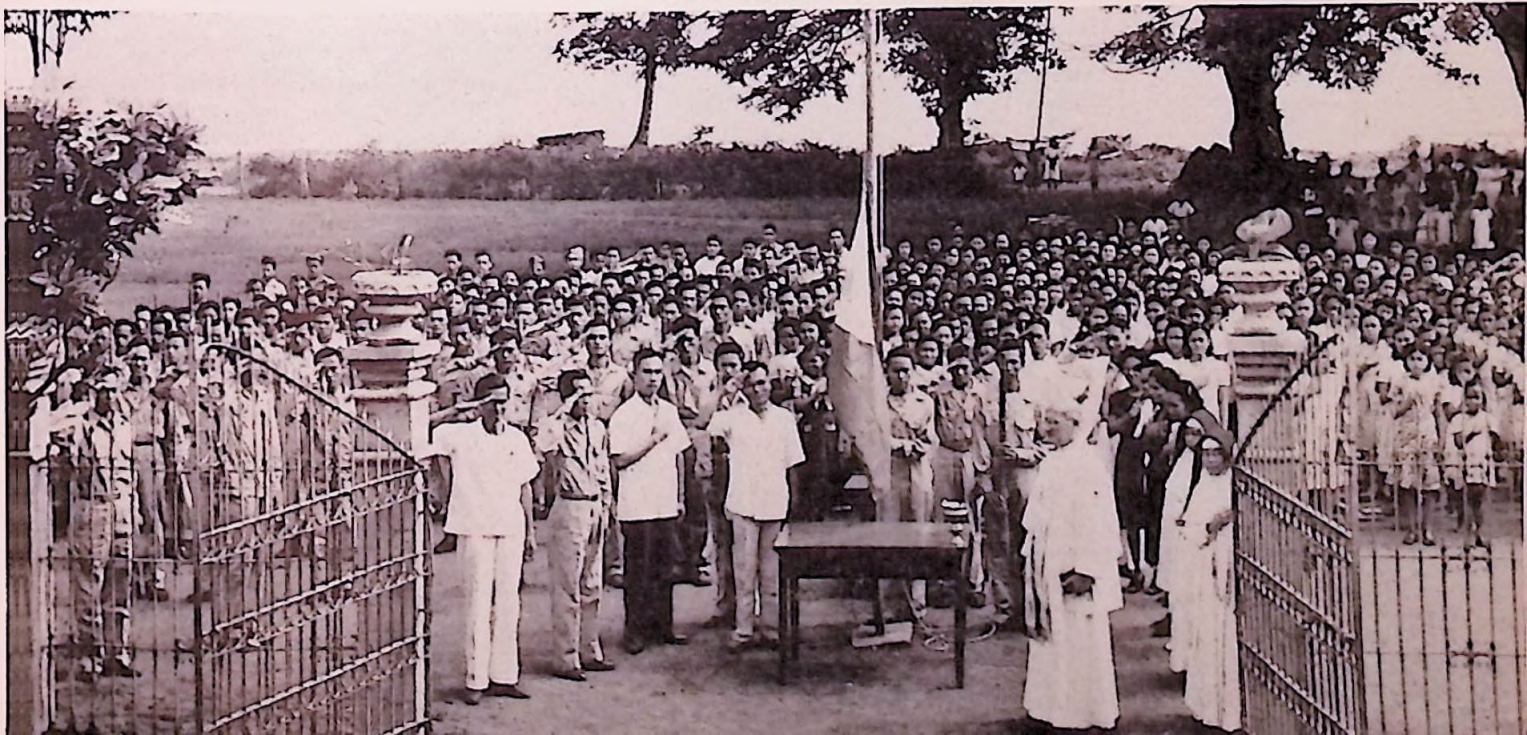
cisely the next item on the program, a very short instruction, or exhortation on the Mass or the feast or saint of the day. Then a couple of recorded hymns to close the program.

The second broadcast is in the early evening. An announcement, with a bit of persuasion, induces the people to come to the church for the recitation of the rosary, or, if they cannot come, to gather the children about them in their homes with the father and mother, and all together to say the rosary—because the family that prays together, stays together.

Let me ask you; have you ever recited the 129th Psalm, the De Profundis, the official prayer of the Church for the souls in Purgatory? At eight o'clock each evening, while the bell tolls and the priest prays over the loud speakers, the people of Malaybalay kneel to pray the psalm for those who have gone before them into eternity. Then an Act of Contrition "for our own sins of this day", and a final blessing from the pastor to his flock. There is a good bit of priestly thrill in it for the old pari.

How handy and convenient and efficient the loudspeakers are! If the people are late or reluctant in coming to Mass on Sunday I give them a summons by air; if an extra Mass is to be said they know it by air; if the Pope or the Bishop has a message, the people get it by air; if a parishioner is dying, by air the people are told to pray for his passing. Some people say that Father Reith uses his loud speakers to scold his house boys. But they are only joking; they know that under such circumstances, it only his natural, unaided voice they hear.

At his Mount Carmel High School Father Reith conducted the first flag raising when the Republic was born.





The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

Here is an ideal way in which you can help the missions. A lady spontaneously sent me a list of twenty-seven new subscribers. My acknowledgment may have been effusive but I think rightly so. Most people are either embarrassed or reluctant to ask even their friends to subscribe to magazines. Dealing day after day with the mail, I realized the help, spiritual and temporal, that would eventually come from these new friends.

You could do wonders for the missions by securing new subscriptions for us. The personal approach is the most effective. You can contact people that we could never possibly reach either by a pulpit appeal or by a letter. Incidentally, prospect letters bring a very poor return. They are expensive to prepare and mail. Further, how often do you ever read a form letter?

There is a direct proportion between circulation and financial help for the missions. Your friends are potential subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS and, consequently, benefactors of the missions. Why not propose the idea to them so that they, too, can assist in bringing eternal life to souls?

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY, S.J.

Cold Weather Certain

In your locality, the predictions may be for a cold or mild winter. Father Carroll of Kotzebue, Alaska, and the other missionaries never have to rely upon predictions. Alaskan winters always bring sub-zero weather. This summer, Father Carroll ordered \$500.00 worth of fuel. No faith was required in foreseeing the need of the fuel but he did require faith in wondering how he could ever pay for it. Could you send to JESUIT MISSIONS \$5.00, \$15.00 or \$50.00 to take care of Father Carroll's coal bill? You will make it a little more comfortable for him and for the Sisters and children of the missions.

Children's Classes

Children in mission lands are attracted to the missionaries because they are kind and interested in them and occasionally because, in their childlike way, they are amused in hearing them speak their dialect. Some missionaries assigned to teaching in a seminary or high school give up a good portion of their weekend to instruct children of the vicinity. Father Richard Extrass at the Language School in Gomoh, India, is an example. Each Sunday he goes to a village where there is no resident priest. His little tots would love to have a rosary, a medal, or a holy card.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
900 Broadway,
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Philippines, Caroline and
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Rev. William T. Wood S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

Could you send \$1.00 for Father Extross?

For Father Fred Bailey of Yap and the other missionaries of the Caroline and Marshalls the nearest religious store is about five thousand miles away. Like Father Extross, Father Bailey wants an assortment of holy cards and a few books on the life of Our Lord and the Mass.

Seminarians' Support

Every mother often prays that God will call at least one of her sons to the priesthood. For reasons known only to God sometimes this favor is never granted. There would still be consolation in providing priestly training for another boy. Father C. R. Bonnot of Khrist Raja High School, Patna, strongly recommends a young boy by the name of Seraphim Antony. Seraphim is working in one of the rectories and his great desire is to go to the seminary. He has ideal qualifications but lacks the means of supporting himself. Father Bonnot feels that \$15.00 a month will take care of Seraphim's training. Could you afford to support him for one month or one year?

Father J. Ledesma, professor at the seminary in Manila, has a similar request. We would like also to answer his appeal, realizing how the Philippines needs priests.

Varia

Father Welfle, Superior of the Patna mission, and Father Burke of Mokameh Junction, can use the following:

Missals \$40.00 each
Oil Stocks 12.00 each
Monstrances 125.00 each

Father Burke listed two other requests: money to sponsor the spreading of Hindi Catholic literature and funds to provide clothing for 48 boys. Even a small contribution will be a big help.

Books—One or a Dozen

If any of your sons or daughters have graduated from high school or college would you ask them to check their old text books? No doubt they will find on their shelves an English dictionary, religion and history books. Father George Endal of Dillingham, Alaska, can use at least one copy of each of the above books while Father Alfred Pagua, Rector of the Ateneo de Zamboanga, can use a dozen or more copies of each. The books for Father Pagua can be sent to the following address:

Ateneo de Zamboanga
Zamboanga City
Philippine Islands.



BAGHDAD

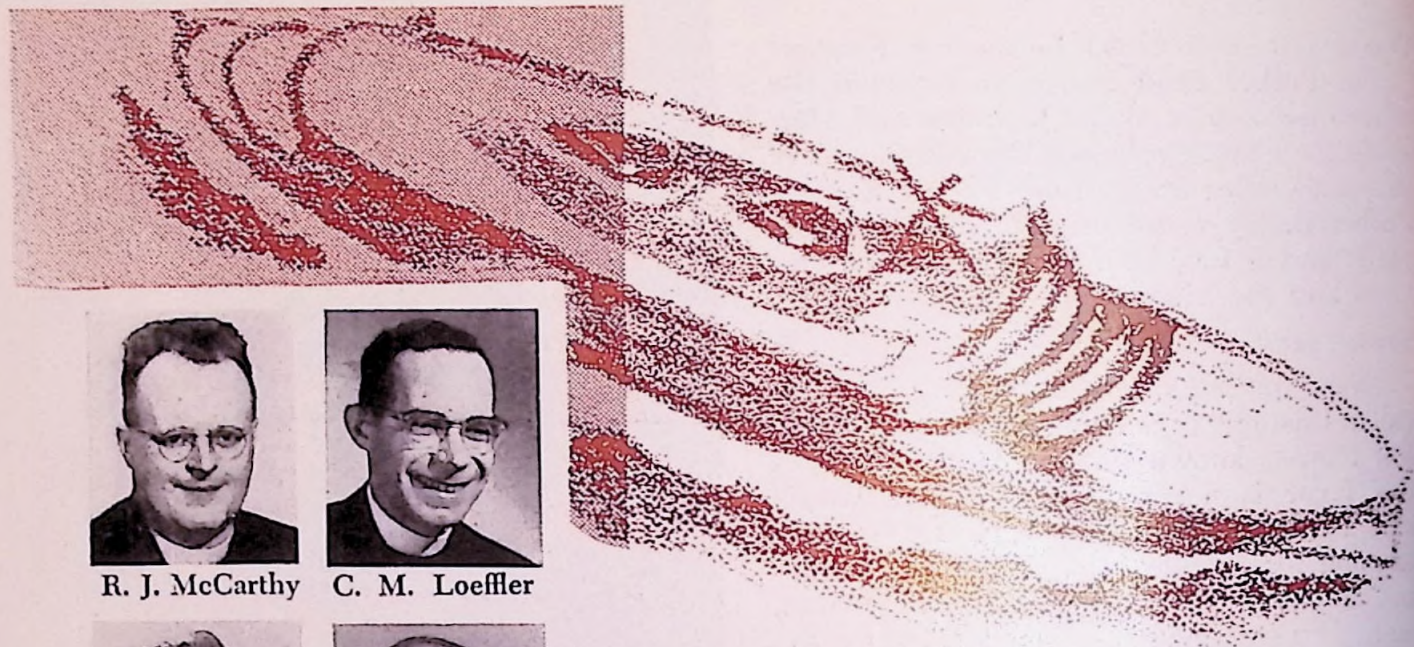
Chapel Needs

CRUCIFIXES	\$20.00	each
ALTAR CARDS	10.00	
CREDENCE TABLE	40.00	
CANDLESTICKS	25.00	
STATIONS	40.00	
VASES	12.00	
CANDELABRA	15.00	
HOST BOXES — 15	5.00	
CANDLE LIGHTER	4.00	
PRIE DIEU	12.00	

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W. F. Macomber



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T. A. Johnson

They Sail Away BRAVELY!

These missionaries of Christ, out-bound for Baghdad, Jamaica and Japan, sail away bravely. Some are veterans returning to their missions after special studies. Others are sailing for the first time, thrilled to join the ranks of New England Jesuit Missionaries. Few, perhaps none, will ever see their names in headlines or honor rolls. Only the eyes of Christ will see and recognize their bravery. You, their *Jesuit Missions* friends, will want to help them on their journey. The cost is roughly 5 cents a mile; a dollar will speed them twenty, five dollars a hundred.



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