

JESUIT MISSIONS

OCTOBER 1951



THE SEA IS THEIR HIGHWAY



JESUIT MISSIONS

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(Left) On lonely King Island in the Bering Sea a statue of Christ the King faces westward toward Siberia and the lands which no longer hail Him as the King of all hearts.



To the Four Winds

CLEMENT J.
ARMITAGE S.J.



Fathers Ralph Rieman, Lloyd Lorio and Claude Boudreaux of the Ceylon Mission are three of the 1951 missionaries.

THE FOUR WINDS HAVE CLAIMED THEM now, these American Jesuit missionaries of 1951. North to Alaskan wastes; south to the Caribbean tropics and Central America; west to the Caroline and Marshall Islands, Japan, the Philippines; east to the missions that lie beyond Suez—Baghdad, Ceylon, Patna, New Delhi, Jamshedpur.

The men who have gone forth to the mission fields this year number 74 and they swell to over one thousand the number of missionaries who belong to the eight American provinces of the Society of Jesus. America's largest missionary organization is deployed in strength in over a dozen mission fields. A thousand strong, they walk the way of the four winds.

They are world wanderers who no longer have a home. They are gone down the trails that lead to loneliness, to fatigue, to

suffering—and to the happiness Christ pours out on those who have asked to give all for His Name's sake. They will win that happiness the hard way, the American way, the way of the tightened belt and the quick grin when the odds are heaviest against them. For these Jesuit missionaries are bringing Christ to the people of darkness in the only way they know—the American way.

Draw a line from Whitefield, Maine, to Los Angeles; draw another one from Buffalo or Chicago to New Orleans. Now crisscross them in whatever way you please. You will still cut through the heart of some section of the United States which was once home to one of these missionaries. Christ gathered them from the four winds of America and then scattered them to the four winds of the wide earth. In that interval He breathed into them the spirit of love and sacrifice, the

AMERICAN JESUITS DEPARTING FOR MISSIONS IN 1951

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CEYLON

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 Mr. Claude P. Boudreaux
 Mr. Lloyd A. Lorio

INDIA—Patna

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 Mr. Thomas F. Ankenbrandt
 Mr. Theodore R. Bowling
 Mr. Jerome F. Durack
 Mr. John F. Kenney
 Mr. Robert J. Mayer

INDIA—New Delhi

Rev. John C. Choppeky
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ALASKA

Rev. John A. Concannon
 Mr. Armand M. Nigro
 Bro. Ignatius J. Jakes

NEGROES

Rev. Edward J. Laskowski
 Rev. Joseph H. Rochel

spirit of the missionary and of Christ Jesus.

So they go forth to pitch their tents among Arabs, Hindus, Eskimos, Nepalese and the other peoples whose ways are not their ways. They will speak in Mayan, Tamil, Inuit, Chinese, Arabic, Hindi, Japanese, Visayan, Spanish, Tagalog and the tongues of the Pacific Isles. For they preach Christ and He belongs in the hearts of all races.

The Arctic gale, the typhoon raging out of southern seas, the parching desert blast, the drenching monsoon—all are overtones to a grand drama of love. It is the rich story of men who answer with deeds the question once quietly asked on the shore of Galilee. "Lovest thou Me?" In places like Batticaloa, Truk, Spanish Town and Mokameh the answer will be found in the lives these men lead.

Once there was One Who had doggedly stuck to the dusty roads of Galilee; Who was hungry and thirsty in Samaria; Who had once been afraid in a garden called Gethsemane; Who had cried out in pain from a cross on Golgotha while the wind darkened the sky with clouds. Today you find that

cross and the men who have shaped their lives to it wherever the four winds blow.

Father John McMahon, New York Provincial, assisted by Father Furniss, presides at Departure Ceremony for men leaving for Pacific missions.





ANGELS' WINGS over Alaska

JAMES E. POOLE S.J.

MORE THAN ONCE I HAVE SEEN A child's face sag with disappointment as someone deflated a pretty world of dreams by showing how impossible it was for an angel, a pure spirit, to have wings.

But up in the country where God heaped all the grandeur and rugged beauty left over from more delicate works of creation, in the interior of the white expanses of Alaska, there a child may see for himself that there are angels with wings, long wings with hundreds of horse power in between them.

I can remember the day at Holy Cross

Mission when little Simeon fell off the truck and ended up with a compound fracture of his leg. We had to get a plane to bring the boy to the hospital at Bethel before complications set in. Father sat in the radio room, his cold hands tuning the dials and flipping switches and all of us trying to hear anything in the storm static that sounded like an answer. But there was little hope of getting a signal through and less hope of a plane getting into the Yukon through the storm.

Only a few years ago, even this hope wouldn't have existed. You would just have to sit and wait or set out by dog sled for the nearest hospital, hundreds of miles away.

After an hour of dialing and listening one of the Brothers shouted to us from the window. There was a little girl coming from the convent of the Sisters. In a moment we had the good news. Sister Superior had a receiver which was free from the interference of the dynamo and she had picked up an answer. Our "angel" would come "as soon as weather permitted."

As we made our way through the fresh snow to the infirmary our only thought was how unpermitted the weather looked. We visited Simeon; pain, perspiration and little clutching hands.

"Hello, Simeon. How are you doing?" Father asked.

"It kinda hurts all over, Fada," The little fellow jerked in pain and started to cry.

"Come on, fella, the plane will come and you don't want the pilot to see you crying, do you?"

"No, Fada." He eased up on the tears and lay there breathing heavily.

Sister took Father to one side. "Is the plane really coming, Father?" she asked.

"He'll be in if there is any chance at all. The weather's pretty rough."

We all went back out into the snow. It was coming down thicker than ever. We went back to our various tasks about the mission. Time goes slowly when you are waiting. As the daylight started to fade then hope started to die, too.

Then we heard it. It would be hard to describe, that feeling that came over us as we heard that powerful motor gunning its hello overhead. We all ran out of the house and just visible through the snow we could make out a blur of red in the sky. Risking his wings of which he was so proud, an angel had heard our prayers.

With heart in my throat I heard him circle several times, then finally the motor cut down and we just waited. Then everyone gave a big sigh as we heard him taxiing down on the river. He had made it.

Everyone went into action at once. The dogs and sled came rushing by us on the way to the infirmary; one of the big boys pushing them for all they were worth. He had been ready since the first hope of a plane. There was a general bustle about the infirmary. Brother and one of the big boys were carrying little Simeon, bundled like a doll, out

to the waiting sled. Sister came out after them and approached the sled.

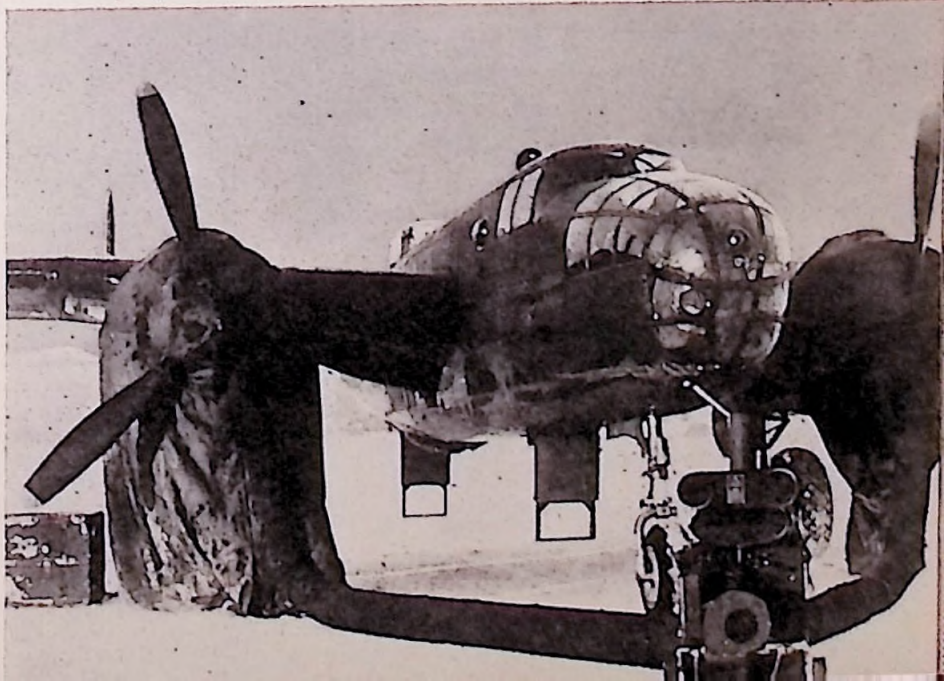
"Goodbye, Simeon. You be good now," she said and pressed something into his hand. Most of us took a short cut and arrived at the plane just after the sled. The pilot was busy supervising the loading of the little fellow. "Hold on to that bar there, son, can you? No, with this hand." Then the pilot smiled as he opened the little hand and a medal fell to the blankets. He put it back and closed the hand again. "O.K., hold on with this other hand."

Father pressed forward and squeezed Simeon's hand, then turned to the pilot. "We're surely grateful for . . ." The pilot held up his big gloved hand, "It's nothing, Father, but we had better get a move on, this muck is moving south." He jumped up the icy steps and fastened half a dozen belts about Simeon and himself. He started to pull away down the frozen river. We saw a little hand waving in the window. The plane turned into the wind and like a thundering ghost gathered speed until it disappeared in the snow. We heard on the radio that night that they had made it safely.

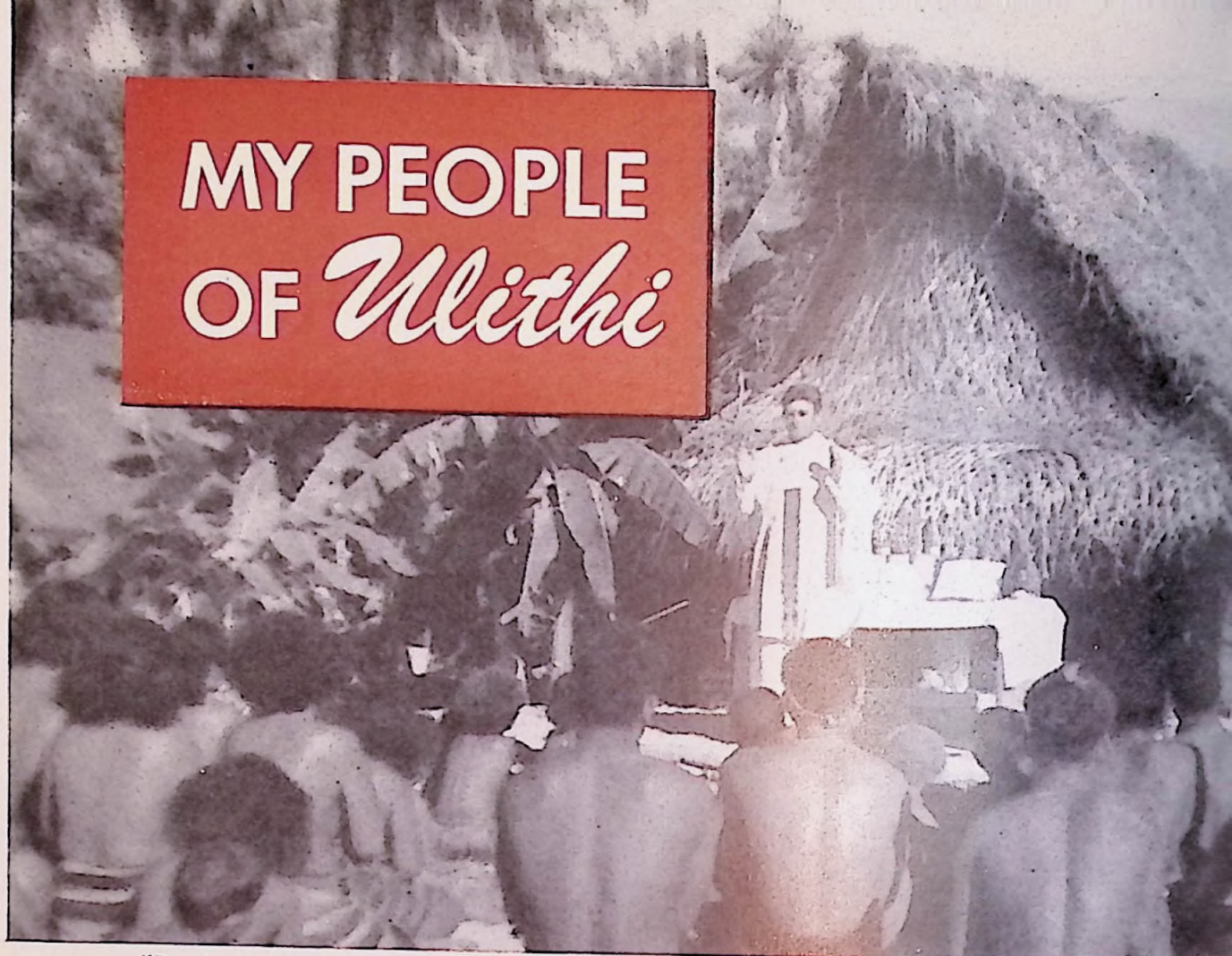
A smile in a bundle of fur, a few minutes stop for a cup of coffee, the ever welcome mail from home and family, a special five-hour wait so some incoming Sister won't have to stay over in a mining town, a box of fresh vegetables from Outside with a "Just a little something I thought you would like" smile to go with it, this is the angel of the North.

When his wings grow heavy with ice or danger threatens him in one of the million Arctic ways, may Raphael and Michael and others of their company keep him flying!

In Alaska's extremely cold weather planes must be preheated to a proper flying temperature before engines can turn over.



MY PEOPLE OF *Ulithi*



"Dominus vobiscum." On one of the islands of Ulithi Atoll Father Walter says Mass.

TOMORROW I WILL BE OFF AGAIN ON another tour of Ulithi Atoll in the Carolines. I will be met at the beaches by sturdy little brown bodies, small laughing faces, but sparkling black eyes and immortal souls. Further up the beach in the shade of the palm trees the rest of the population will be gathered. I will be followed up the shore and to the church, or, lacking a church, to a canoe-house or native dwelling.

At Mogmog the church bell will ring joyously, and there will be twelve beer bottles lined up on the altar rail, a symbol of their loving devotion to the dear Lord Who is very shortly to come to them in the Mass. In the beer bottles will be arranged with loving care all the fragrant flowers of the island. Ninety per cent of the people will go to confession. Many of them will have been fasting every morning for days not knowing the exact date of my arrival. All will attend Mass; all will recite the prayers

and sing the hymns. After the Mass the people will gather under the shade of the palm trees and I will tell them about the war in Korea, the danger of worldwide strife, the need of prayers. Spontaneously they will offer to add a second rosary to their daily prayers. Their generous natures would not permit them to offer less. These are my people, anxious to help others and lovingly devoted to God.

It's always a pleasure to get back to Ulithi after an absence of six weeks or so 'covering' my other islands. Ulithi is my South Seas Spa, where I hope within the year to build myself a house and at least one more church.

The construction of a house and church requires a knowledge I have never possessed, so the people and I are

WILLIAM J. WALTER S.J.



learning by doing. Probably no architect would ever approve our plans, and no contractor would ever consent to start the work without masons and carpenters on his payroll. However, we have started out with great confidence. The Popular Mechanics book, 'How to Build your Own Concrete Block House,' has proved invaluable, not only in giving us the know-how but also in helping to estimate the materials needed. Since we are not erecting a grass shack, the transportation of materials is quite a problem. Every stick of wood and every bag of cement has to be brought from hundreds of miles away in ships. Last March and April we began pouring concrete into moulds and making concrete blocks. A picture of my husky Stone-agers working with present-day building materials would be more startling to modern eyes than an ancient Egyptian signing his papyrus with a Parker fountain pen. Three thousand blocks were already stacked in piles when I sailed off in mid-April to complete my rounds and bring the ministrations of the Church to my many other islands.

On these little islands, all building projects are community projects. Everyone helps and no one expects to be paid. However, little gifts are appreciated. At the end of each working day a big pot of boiled rice and a couple of cans of corned beef are served to the workers. Cigarettes are expensive and are doled out one at a time as something special. The cost of these gifts is put down in my expense account as wages. But the idea of a wage for helping out a friend is

Maria Visitatio, Martha and Maria de Strada of Asor Island wait for a treat of boiling rice.



ridiculous to their way of thinking.

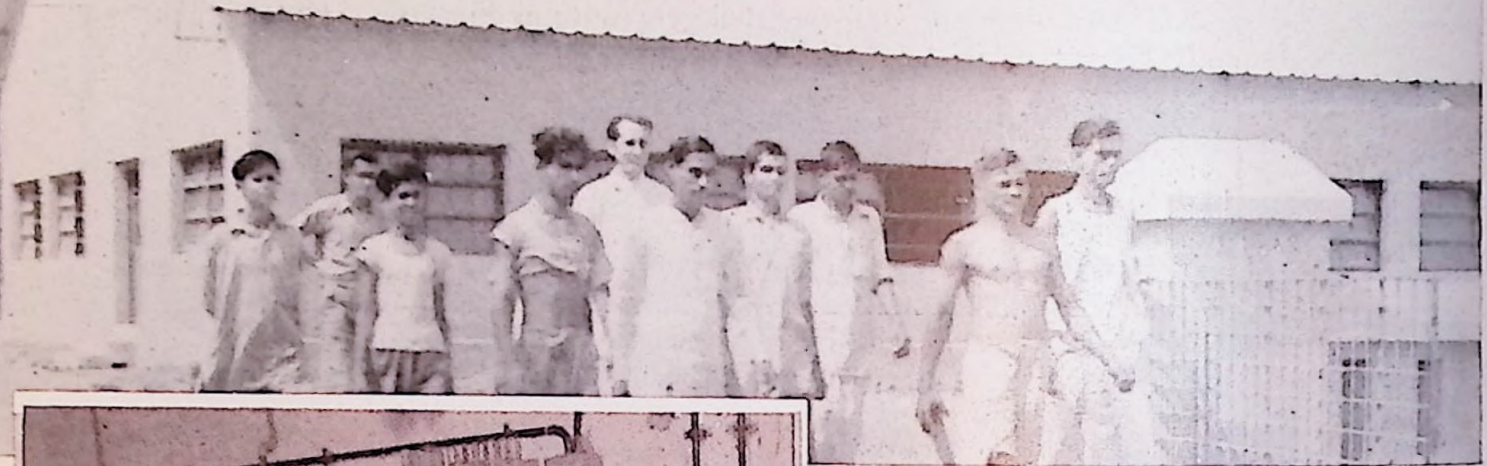
To the islanders cigarettes are worth more than money. Scarcely anyone smokes a whole cigarette in one sitting. Usually, after a few puffs, it is blinked and stowed behind the ear. After a while a few more puffs are taken, etc., until one cigarette has been made to furnish four or five smokes. Even the butts are saved and rolled up in a piece of banana leaf or newspaper for a final smoke. Once every three months the trading ship comes to buy copra and sell its goods. An islander might indulge himself with a carton of cigarettes but within a few weeks he is again without American tobacco. After that he goes back to smoking the native brand.

No tobacco is grown on Ulithi, for the land area is small and the people are many. The land is needed for growing taro, sweet potatoes and coconuts. However, it is considered no trouble at all to launch a canoe and sail fifty miles over the open sea to the island of Fais for the 'makings'. The round-trip of two days with good winds or two weeks with no wind, is an errand every bit as pleasant as running down to the corner drug store for a brick of ice cream is for you.

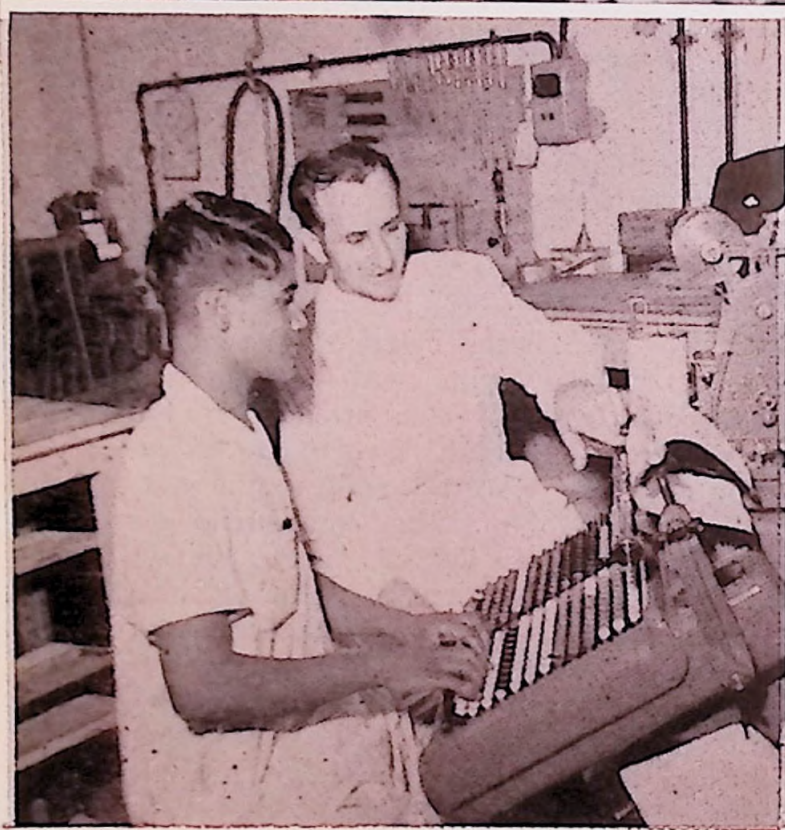
Sea voyages of a hundred and more miles, in outrigger canoes, for such trifling (to us) things as a bit of tobacco, a few taro plants, or just the fun of visiting, are still frequently made. The hazards of such voyages are considerable in this far-flung, typhoon-infested area, and not infrequently they end in disaster. Often, on my rounds, I'm told of canoes long overdue. Last summer one canoe started on a trip, was caught in a typhoon and was finally brought back to land after twenty-four days. But the voyages will continue. With but one village to each tiny island and relatives in many villages, the sea is, of necessity, their only highway.

Think of us and our people in your prayers. To live among those islanders we must frequently put ourselves in their hands and, in some things, follow their ways. We cannot bring our civilization to them, so we must adapt to theirs!

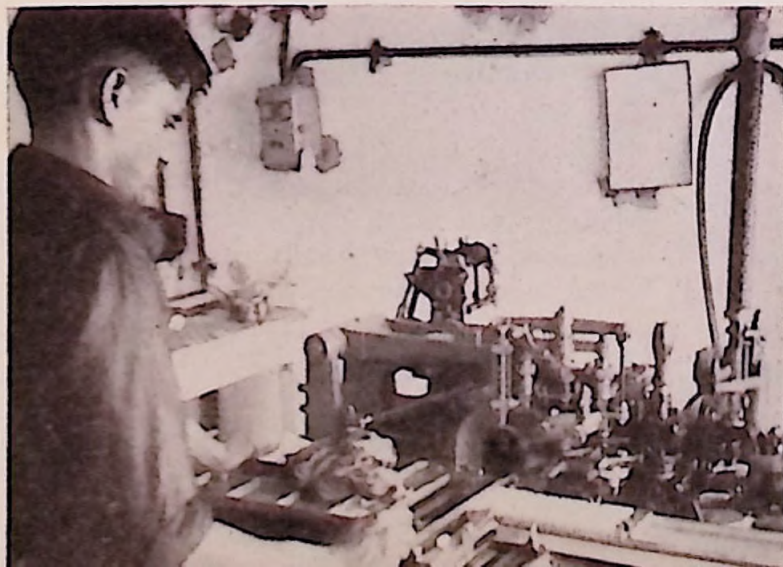
SANJIVAN PRESS



Brother Karpinski and workers in front of the brick and cement Sanjivan Press plant.



The monotype operator is allotted the day's work by Brother. The Press is equipped with the latest in modern printing machinery. Here the Patna Mission Letter goes through the folder.



PATNA'S

SANJIVAN IS THE HINDI WORD FOR "ONE who gives life." It is a fitting title for the printing establishment on the Ganges River Road in Patna City, India. For from the Sanjivan Press, run by Jesuits of the Patna Mission, pour the streams of Catholic knowledge which nourish the life of the true faith.

The two men most responsible for the success of the fastest expanding enterprise on the mission are Father John Barrett S.J. and Brother Bruno Karpinski S.J. A little over two years ago the latter went to Calcutta to study the workings of the McMillan Press. On his return he found that Father Barrett had designed and built the press building and purchased the latest machines. So Brother Karpinski, a skilled mechanic, took charge of the laborers and plant.

From the presses roll the only Catholic Hindi newspaper, hundreds of colored Catholic calendars, books on the lives of the saints and Our Lord, holy cards for the missionaries and the Patna Mission Letter. Over 200,000 school books for the Bihar district have been printed and an even larger order is being readied. Forty full-time workers are employed.



By the time Brother gets to the plant the Sanjivan jeep will have a carload.



The Patna Mission Letter being neatly trimmed by the cutter.

Life Giving PRESS

ANTHONY J. MATTSHECK S.J.

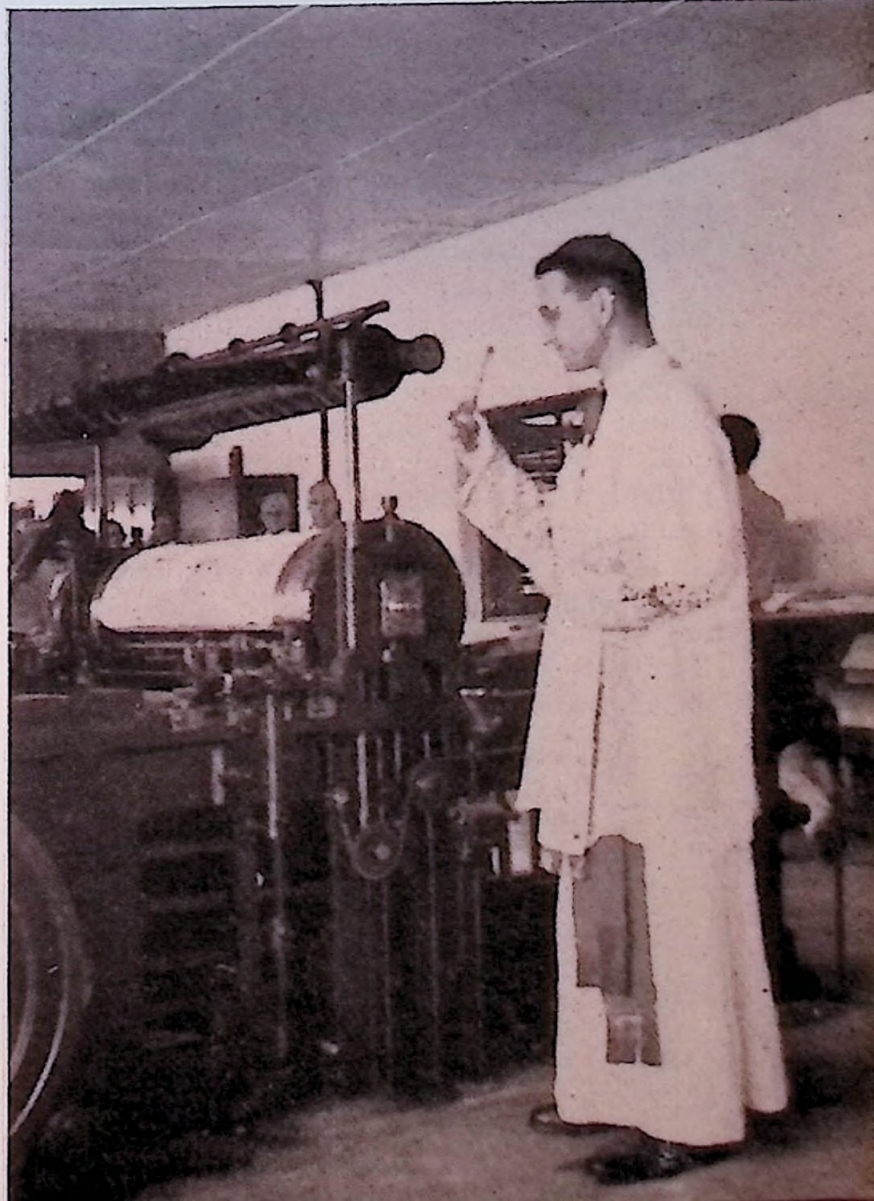
Photos by Father Joseph Willmes S.J.

The day begins with the Morning Offering, led by Brother Karpinski. Then the Sanjivan presses start to roll. Among the 114 presses in Patna the Sanjivan stands out prominently as the real life-giving press.

Father John Barrett, Press Director.



Bishop Augustine Wildermuth S.J. of the Patna Mission blessed the Sanjivan Press to start it off on its life-giving mission.



WE WERE OFF TO AN early morning start. For our road would take us into the Crystal mountains of the Congo and we had no wish to be caught in a tropical shower at dusk, when visibility is poor and one always feels so close to the precipice that flanks the twisting mountain road. We were bound for the village where we would find the last black African to have seen the first white man who crossed



CONGO TWILIGHT AND DAWN

the heart of deepest Africa.

Arriving at Gomba-Matadi, we were welcomed boisterously into the village of the old chief by a troupe of youngsters who came running from every quarter, shouting and laughing as they jostled each other to seize a place on the rear of our car for a brief but much coveted ride. We stopped while the rear springs still held and as we stretched our cramped legs we asked for the old chief Lutunu. Off dashed a dusky Mercury to carry our message while we began to peg our tent, making ready for the night. When it was set up, the open triangle quickly became a pyramid of ebony faces, glistening eyes and gleaming teeth as the curious youngsters pressed to observe the strange white men. Their sudden withdrawal told us that Lutunu had come. He stood before our tent, leaning on the arms of two of his sons, holding in his hand a wooden staff elaborately carved, the sign of his authority. Here was the man we had come so far to see.

Old Lutunu was bent with age, but still a figure of patriarchal dignity. I did not know the dialect of Gomba-Matadi; nor did

Lutunu know French. But we found out that we could get along more than passably in English.

"How do you come to know English, old Lutunu? That is rare for a man of the Congo."

"Mfumu, (his equivalent of "Father") you know that I met the first white man who ever crossed Central Africa, the famous Stanley. I was very young at the time, straight and supple like that sapling by your tent. I served with Stanley in the jungle for several months and then he took me to England. It was there that I learned the language. But I also got such a bad cold that I had to come back and I never left my country again."

His words came slowly but it was remarkable that he had retained so much of the language after so many years. We entered the tent and sat down, the old chief's retinue remaining discreetly outside. I poured two cups of a fine old brandy that I knew he would like, handed him one and raised my own in salute—"Long life, old Lutunu"—and I sipped to his health. But the old chief remained motionless except for his questioning eyes that ranged between me and the cup of golden liquid in his hand.

LEO A. VERWILGHEN S.J.



Even when Lutunu was in the high noon of life the mission chapels were only rude structures. Now in his twilight he sees splendid edifices like the Catholic church at Usumbura, Ruanda.

"Don't you like brandy, Lutunu?"

"Yes, Mfumu I do. Every old man likes a drink that warms his thin blood."

I took a second sip and motioned to him to join me. He fixed his eyes on me but did not stir. I was completely puzzled. Had I by-passed some rule of African etiquette? Did Lutunu think the brandy inferior? In the uncertainty, I got a flash of inspiration. I took his cup and emptied it in a fiery gulp, then offered him my own. When he saw that I had not dropped dead at his feet, he downed his brandy like a thirsty sailor and reached out for a refill. Now I understood. He was still a pagan and the old native chieftains live in constant fear of being poisoned by younger hands impatient to grasp

control. Lutunu was simply too prudent to risk the grave before his time.

"Listen Lutunu. I understand your prudence. But do not think I have come to poison you. You are the last living soul here who saw the first white man to penetrate these forests. Since his time you have seen countless others follow his footsteps.

"Think of how your country has changed since you first saw Stanley. There are no longer the swift night raids to carry your people off to slavery. You live at peace now with the neighboring tribes. When you followed Stanley you never dreamed that one day more than 3 million of your people would share the religion of the white man and come in throngs to worship God in the same churches.

"When you were a boy, there was not a single hut reserved to God in all the sweep of the central valley of the Congo. Now in this land there are 750 splendid churches and more than 18,000 chapels where your people can pray to the God Who saved us. Your sick are nursed in our hospitals and a million of your children are learning useful things in school. But more than that, we have brought you our God and entrusted to the hands of your brothers all that we have received from His love. And now, each morning, more than 200 priests of your race hold in their hands the Savior of mankind. Their number increases every year. And I hope, old Lutunu, that before you go down to the grave you will be able to kiss the episcopal ring of a son of your own people." (Lutunu had listened in thoughtful silence.) Dare I hope that in the twilight of his life the dawn of grace was breaking on his soul?

The future looks bright for the Church in the Congo with these happy Catholic students as a base for its hope. The author of this story is a Belgian Jesuit who is a missionary there.





These Also Are Christ's



Father Ernst

Several of these high caste villagers while enroute to visit some of my Chamar Christians so I decided to make a short stop. It was then that the incident occurred which caused the ironic remark.

Two young Chamar girls, about seventeen years old, had come down the village thoroughfare. They were staggering under the weight of the carcass of a dead calf, suspended from a bamboo pole which they car-

FATHER CAN MAKE Christians of them." I was sitting in an Indian village when the gibe was made. It was a new village for me, so deep in the interior that I doubt if any European had ever penetrated that far. But I had met sev-

er of these high caste villagers while enroute to visit some of my Chamar Christians so I decided to make a short stop. It was then that the incident occurred which caused the ironic remark.

The Chamars are a class of untouchables, one of the most degraded in the social system of India. They are leather workers, some of whom are skilled shoemakers who receive good wages in cities like Calcutta or Bombay or who operate their own shops at a good profit. These successful ones now refuse to engage in the kind of work the two girls were doing. The less fortunate members of the caste have the task of removing the dead animals from the villages. The hides of the animals which they tan into homemade leather are their reward.

When the men are absent the women and girls must take over the work, as well as the disagreeable task of skinning or even cutting up the flesh for food. So on this occasion someone's calf had died and the two girls had been sent to remove it from the high caste quarter of the village. The poor girls

BERTRAM E. ERNST S.J.

knew full well the degradation of their work in the eyes of Indian society and that they were being scornfully laughed at by the high caste villagers. Yet they had probably been forced to undertake this labor by the very ones who were mocking and ridiculing them. It is the traditional work of the Chamars and any refusal will mean, at the least, a beating.

As the girls stumbled on towards the Chamar quarter, I took up the ironic challenge with the group. I told them that we gladly make Christians of such as these. I explained that Christianity does not distinguish men by what they eat or what occupation they follow but by the moral righteousness of what they do and say. It has been the absence of true religion that has put these girls and others like them where they are. Christianity can and does raise them. I pointed out that the great improvement that has already been made in India in regard to class distinction and untouchability had its first impetus from Christian missionaries.

Then I went on to give them examples which I had experienced in almost 20 years in India. By the time I had finished I think they had a little better knowledge of the Church's viewpoint on the dignity of any human being and were duly impressed.

Yes, we do make Christians of Chamars, and gladly so. It is the thing that will change India and make it a great land. Christianity will supernaturalize the many natural virtues in individuals of all castes. It will unite all castes in a bond of supernatural love. Christ came to preach his gospel to the poor and they have always been the first to receive it. Yes, the Chamars also are Christ's.

A Hand From Heaven

To build strongly, eternally, the kingdom of Christ on this earth requires many helping hands. But it is not the hands of the living only which reach out to help the greatest of all works. There are hands from heaven, the hands of the departed, which still support Christ's laborers in foreign fields. Have you made provision for the missions in your last will? Even from heaven will you hold out a helping hand? Our legal title is:

JESUIT MISSIONS, INC.

962 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Come, follow me

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI MADE BUT A single visit to the Holy Land. And that in the time of the Fifth Crusade, long after Jerusalem had already been won and lost by the Christian warriors. But the gay pilgrim in rough dun mantle and white cord gained for Christendom what the pikes and swords of men in armor failed to achieve. For his charm and simplicity won from the Moslem sultan the right to guard and preserve the Holy Shrines for which the crusading knights had fought in vain.

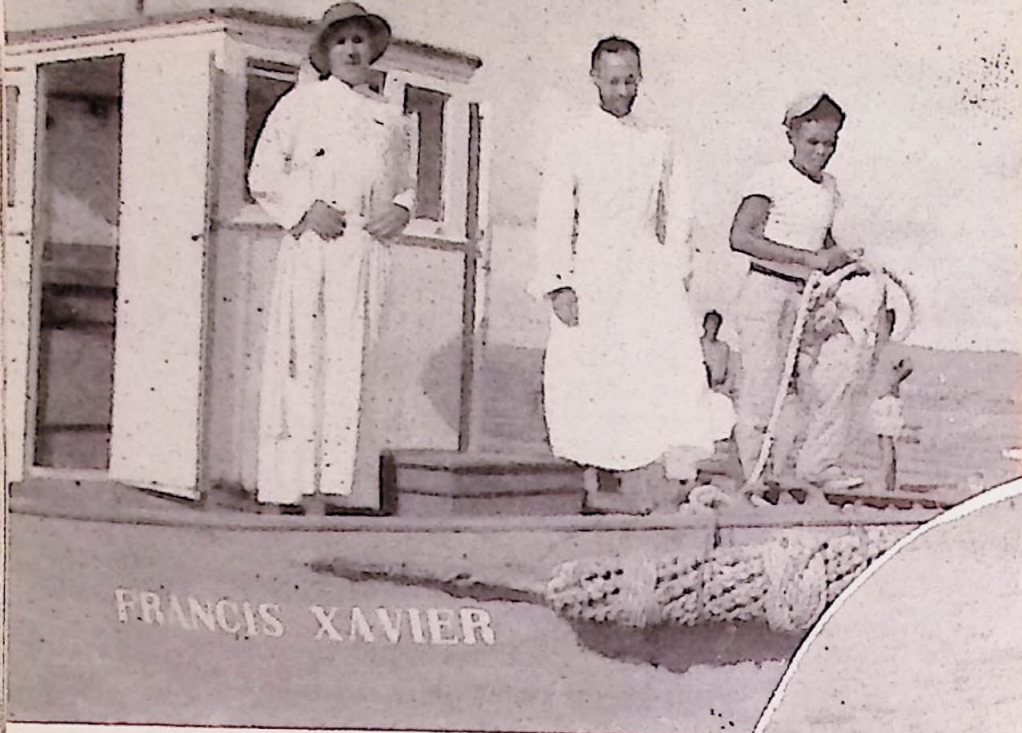
If the Poverello of Assisi could charm a Moslem warrior, it is no wonder that this saint of singular attractiveness is held in deep affection even by non-Catholics. But, unfortunately, they often miss the essential key to his sanctity.

He possessed great sweetness and simplicity of soul; an impassioned love of his fellow man and a deep fondness for God's lesser creatures. He enjoyed the gift of poetic inspiration, of which his "Canticle of the Sun" was but a single graceful expression.

But the consuming passion of his life was love for Christ crucified. This was the deep source of his appealing charm, his gentle forbearance, his ardent love of his fellow creatures. With this love as his only armor and weapon, he set out boldly on the Crusade. It was this love that bore its singular fruit in his stigmata. He was privileged to bear Christ's own wounds, so completely had he lived in the spirit of Saint Paul—"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by Whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world."

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

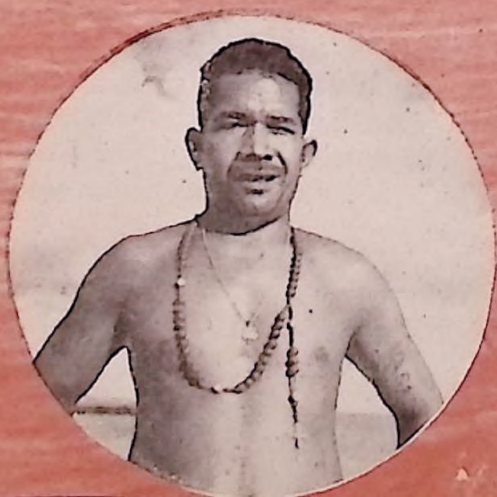
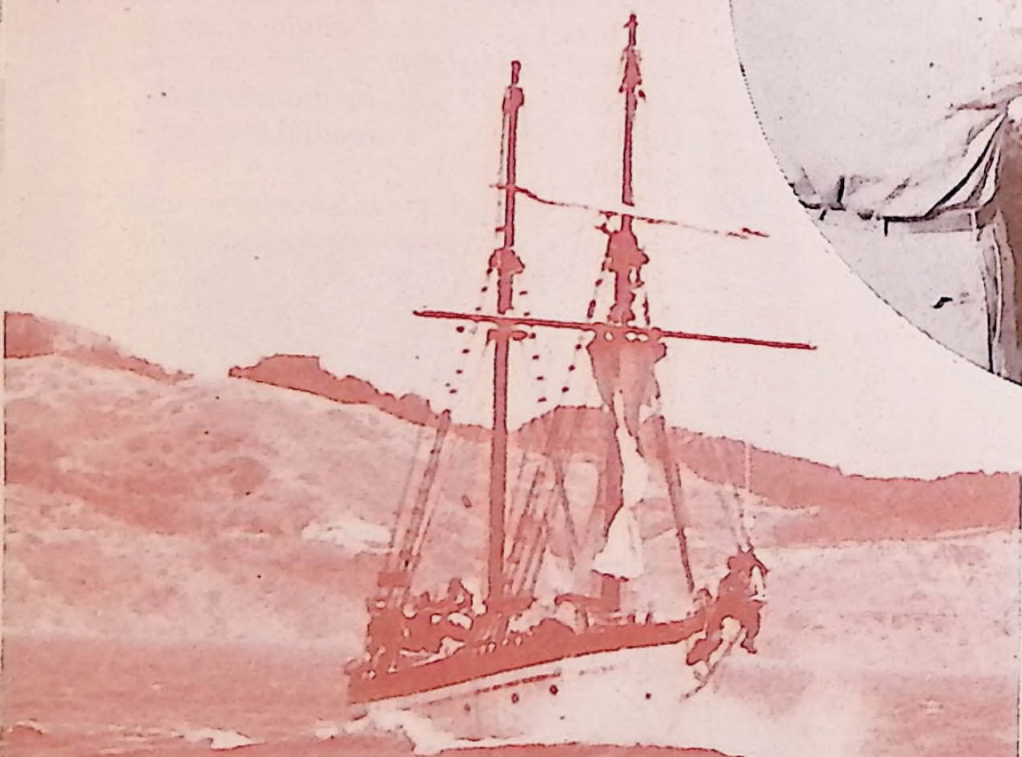
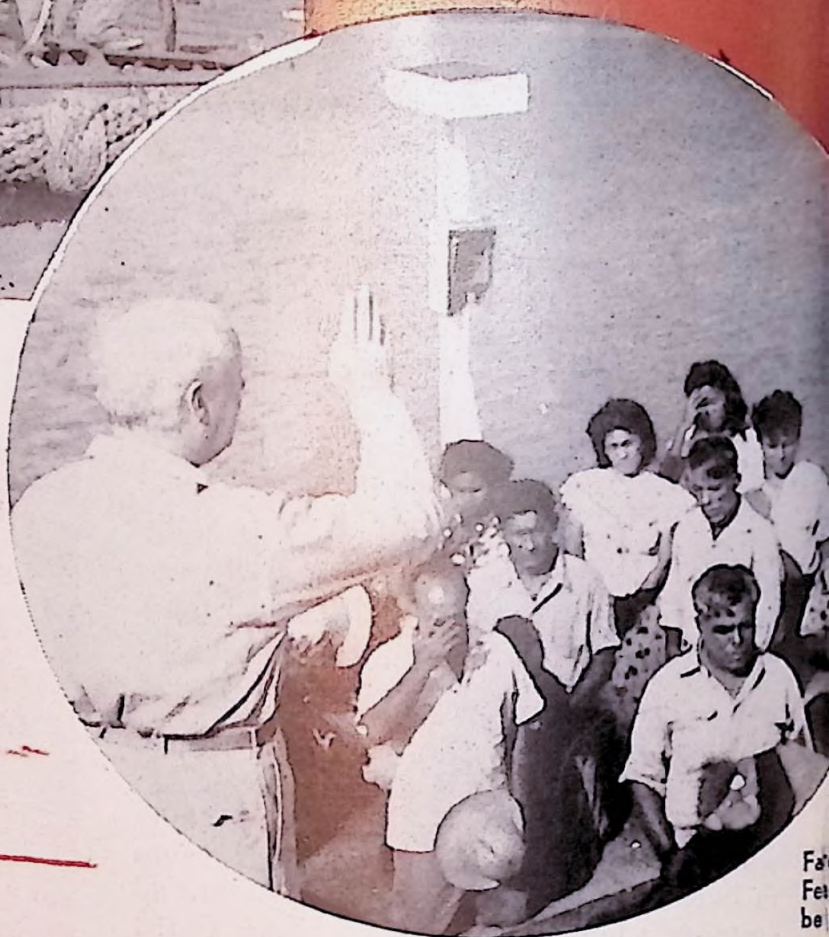
The Sea IS THE HIGHWAY



FRANCIS XAVIER

Fathers Thomas Lewis S.J. and Edwin McManus S.J. operate out of Koror in the Western Carolines.

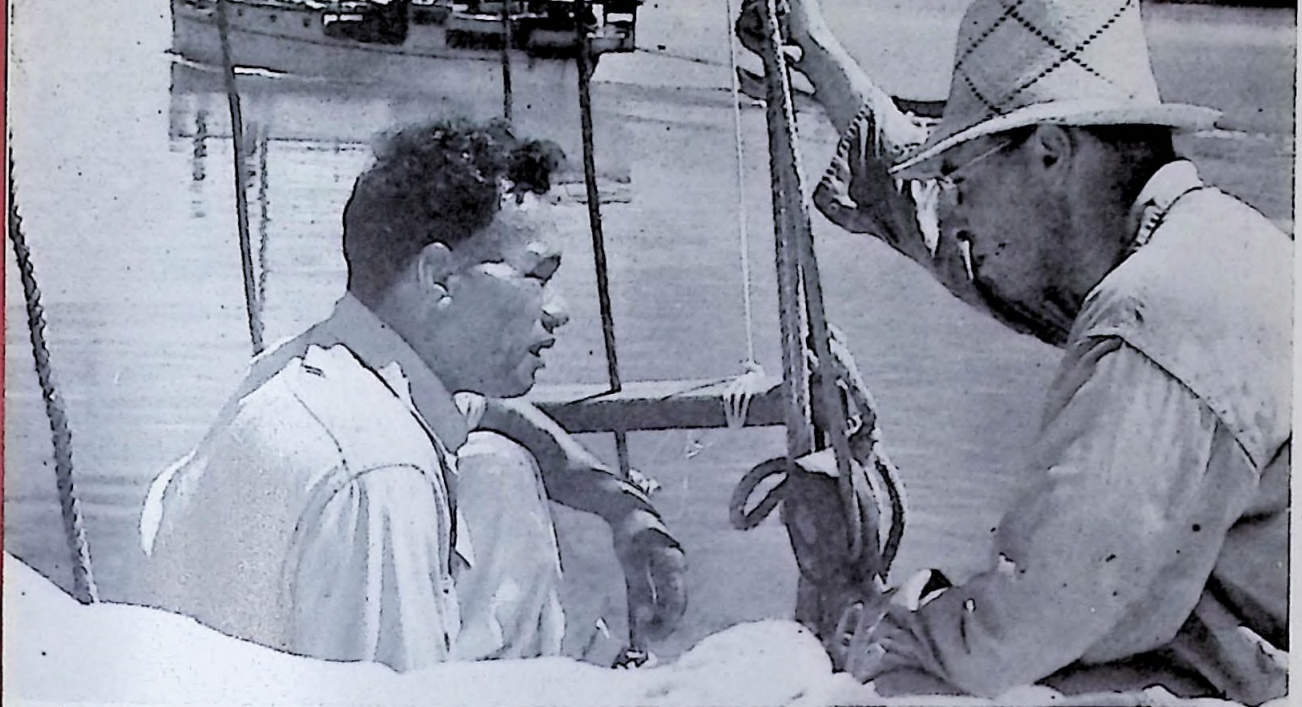
The Romance, Father William Rively S.J., Master, as it sailed out of San Francisco for the isles.



FOR THE MISSIONARIES IN THE Caroline and Marshall Islands, the sea is their highway. Imagine a mission containing 2,400 islands and habitable reefs—with a population of almost 600,000 of whom one-third is Catholic. Here a missionary can travel 4,600 miles by sea from Truk to Ponape and touch on only 11 mission stations! The primitive rigger canoe and the modern sailing ship are an indispensable part of the missionaries' gear.

Today, 32 Jesuit priests and their staff 11 mission stations with 45 missionaries and visit some 50 other mission stations. With the ravages of the last war, reconstruction in the Caroline and Marshall Islands has meant starting from scratch. Luckily, missionaries are people with absolute confidence in God.

R
Y



Father Thomas Donohoe S.J. (right) chats with a parishioner on Jaluit in the Marshalls, an atoll that was "bypassed" during the war except for a severe bombing that ruined all buildings and killed 200. On the shoulders of genial Father Vincent Kennally S.J. (inset) has fallen the burden of rebuilding a mission ruined by the war; Superior since 1946, he makes his headquarters at this church on Truk.

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The Ateneo smile of victory, the roundup's future reward.

JOSE CRUZ S.J.

A FEW WEEKS BEFORE June, the faculty of the Ateneo de San Pablo in the Philippines gather in a small room, roll up their sleeves, unfurl a map and plan Operation Roundup. It is the yearly campaign for students for the school. The city is divided into sections. Names of the prospective students are secured from elementary school teachers together with some necessary information. Then the hunt begins, from house to house, backyard to backyard, rich house and poor house, pool room and fish stall.

Our blue rattling Fargo pick-up parks along a narrow alley. We stuff our pockets with prospectus and pictures of the Sacred Heart, step over fat lazy pigs, put on our best smiles and rap on a door.

"What do you want?" a harsh voice shouts from the house.

"We want to see Juan Reyes," we answer.

"I'm his pa. What do you want?" The voice sounds colder now.

"We come from the Ateneo . . .," we begin our sales talk. We tell him of the beauty of Christian education, how the young boy will learn to love God, develop real character and

OPERATION

so serve his country. We look at him. He is chewing betel-nut. Now and then he spits. He does not even ask us in.

"You see, my boy is taking summer," he objects. Some parents want their children to take high school in three school years and three summers. We expect this stock objection. We fling back a pre-fabricated answer.



The Ateneo de San Pablo is on the site of the former diocesan seminary, ruined in the war. Father Finster, Vice Rector, referees.

"The boy is still young. Why the rush? Better have four years of solid training than three years of half-baked education."

"You see, my boy already has his books."

"Our books are cheaper," we answer. "We buy them back from you at the end of the year. It's really cheaper that way."

There is dead silence. He spits betel-nut on the floor.

"We'll see," his voice clangs like a broken bell. The interview is over. Back we go over fat lazy pigs into our truck.

Roundup!

"Do we get him?" my companion asks.

"No," I answer. "We'll see' around here is just another way of saying 'No'." The boy never showed up for registration.

The next house we go to is painted. It has grilled windows painted in black and silver. The wax stairway is lined with red, yellow and green flower pots. The mistress of the house is a big woman and is very pleasant.

"Yes! Oh, how I want my boy to go to the Ateneo to get a real good education. Only the best is good enough for the boy!" Her precious one is brought out on exhibition for the future teachers to see. The boy looks a little too dainty and is probably fresh as wet paint. But Our Lord died for him too. We'll take him.

We rise up and say good-bye. On our way out we give her a picture of the Sacred Heart.

"Do you mind," we ask her, "in place of that picture?" We point to a decidedly off-color calendar on the wall.

"Why, yes! Of course!" she blushes.

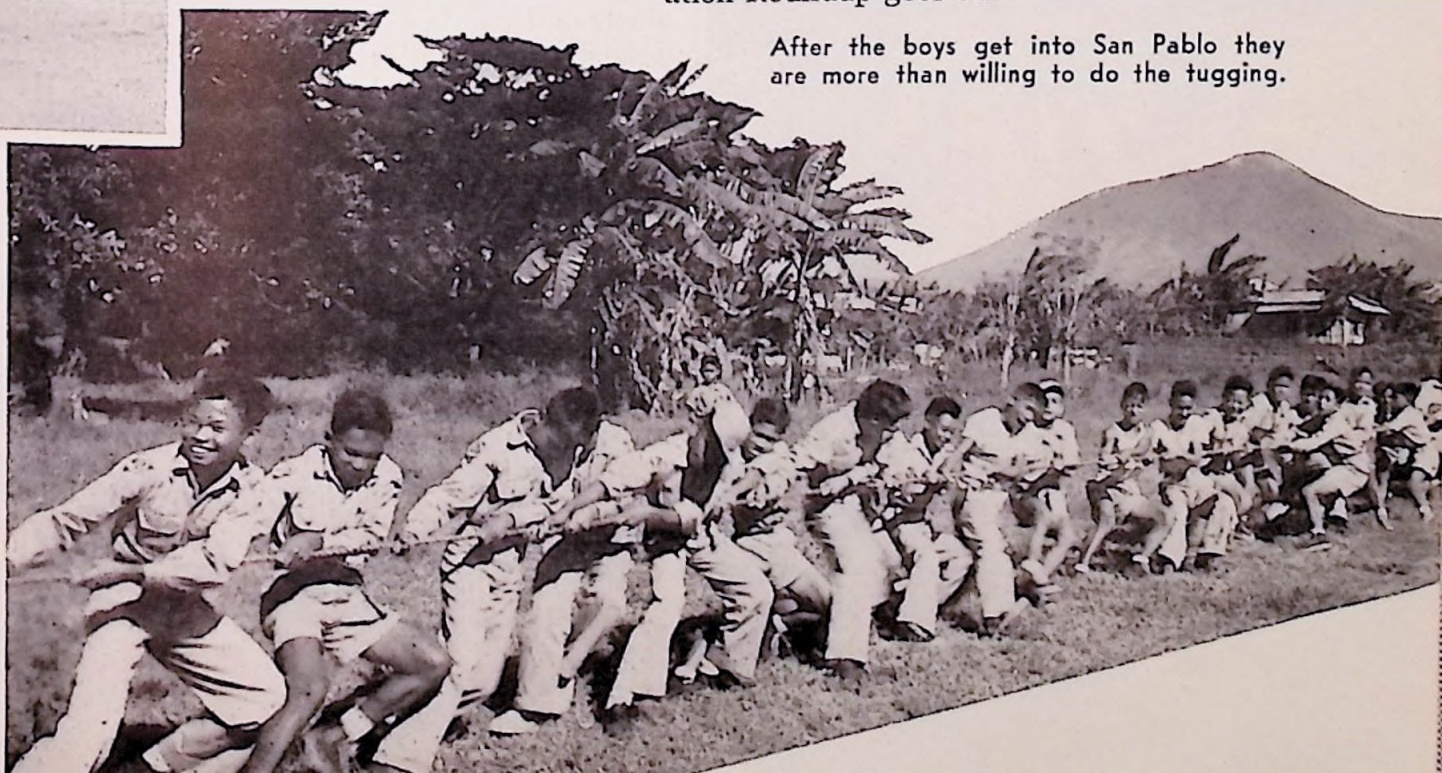
So the campaign goes.

We meet with poor people and it breaks one's heart to speak with them. They want Catholic education but they are too poor. The father gets only two dollars a day. He has six children, four of them in school.

Most of the time we are faced with the cold and the indifferent. We begin the sales talk. . . we will get your boy to love God. . . His Son, Jesus Christ, . . . His Blessed Mother. . . your boy will come in contact with grace. . . and we feel that we don't even begin to make an impression. The boy has some uncle teaching in some non-sectarian school. The father of the boy is ashamed to send the boy to any other school. The boy already has his books. The boy 'does not like'. One feels blood rushing to his brain. Christ is pushed aside for personal likes. Grace is bartered for a few dollars and cents. True Christian character is tossed aside for a boy's whim. We move on. Occasionally we meet with situations that have their humor. Once a woman, feeling rather slightly insulted, stormed back at us. "Why should I send my boy to your school? He's no problem child!"

We are on our way home. In the distance rifle shots bring the news that there is a Huk encounter nearby. Along the road a convoy of army trucks flash their head lamps and race to the barrio. Behind us guns keep chattering. One gets the feeling of a soldier holding back the enemy, with his back to the sea and his beachhead narrowing. The enemy is swarming down from the hills, overrunning him. Will they put Christ out of these islands, out of the hearts of these people? Only God, Our Lady, prayer and penance can answer that question. Meanwhile, Operation Roundup goes on.

After the boys get into San Pablo they are more than willing to do the tugging.



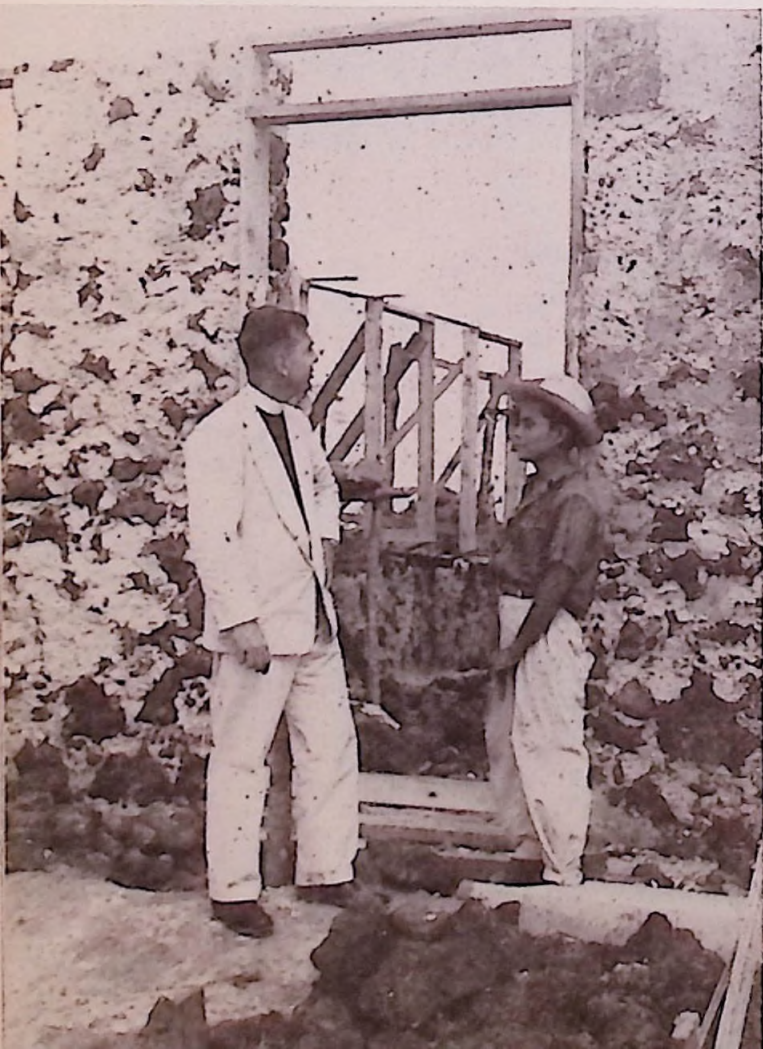
HE CAME JUST IN TIME

JOHN T. WHITE S.J.

IT IS REMARKABLE HOW PROVIDENCE FITS things together. Two years ago the British Honduras government began to build roads out Orange Walk—not the four lane superhighway type, but graded marl roads that shed the water somewhat and can be navigated in a flat bottomed jeep—and bouyant, energetic Father Eugene Latta S.J. turned up with a canvas bag and nice smile. Last month I had occasion to revisit some of my old Orange Walk stations. You certainly could tell Father Latta had been around.

He didn't give the men of San Lazaro and Trinidad time to think up any difficulties.

Father Eugene Latta S.J. tackles construction job at his mission in Orange Walk, British Honduras.



When I left, we had been no farther than the conference stage. A month after Father Latta arrived, there were some posts in the ground and a few leaves on the roof. Today there is a fine bush school between the two villages, and one of the best teachers' houses in the district. It's easy to write that, but man! what a headache it is to get it done! Day after day the Orange Walk jeep groaned under huge loads of guana leaves and roared through the bush lashed to heavy machich logs; and Father Latta dug in his spurs and goaded it on.

In building that school and teachers' house Father Latta built something far more important. He built two very nice communities. San Lazaro used to be a clearing in the bush where a few families had built their houses. Old Santos Carillo made saddles in his own thatch hut and paid little attention to the Cals, who ran the village store, or the Mogus who boiled chicle in their back yard. Now it is quite different. The Cal, Corillo, and Mogul children walk to school together in the morning and their fathers, who, together with the Trinidad men, joined forces to build the school, know that they must stay together to keep it repaired. There is a fine community spirit where I had known only indifference.

For most men the San Lazaro-Trinidad school would be enough for a year or two. For Father Latta it was just an appetizer. The people of Palmar had won a settlement with a logging company and had some funds which they wanted applied to a new stone school. The building they were using had been a teachers' house and was not nearly large enough for the children. While the doors and windows were being fitted on the school at Trinidad, Father Latta was organizing the men of Palmar to gather stone. He engaged a mason and carpenter to direct operations and in a very short time the people of Palmar were awaiting Bishop Hickey to bless their new stone school. That school is more than a roof over the heads of the children. It is a symbol of the new community spirit that has been born in a village that was little more than a ghost town.

It used to take the best part of a day to go from Orange Walk to August Pine Ridge. San Felipe is only nine miles farther; but if you were sensible, you didn't try to make it late in the afternoon. On the map there is a straight red line marking the road from August Pine Ridge and a deserted logging trail



(Above) In the interior transportation is still primitive, the ox and solid wheel cart being much in evidence. (Left) The author, Father White, has a jaguar cub for pet at his Corozal mission.



begins. At first it is easy to follow, but within two miles it has multiplied into a maze of overgrown camion tracks, some ending in large openings of worked-out timber, others disappearing into the swamp, one—for all the world exactly like the others—twisting on towards San Felipe. I've often backed up a mile to try again in that "Happy Hollow Maze."

Today you would scarcely recognize San Felipe. The church has been renovated, there is a good Father's house, and nearly enough adobe blocks are piled up for a new school. The government has recognized the school and there is a new teacher, one of the best in the Orange Walk District, training a new generation of Catholics. The spirit that

brought about this improvement was always in San Felipe, but it took Father Latta to stimulate it to such practical achievements.

Buried about four miles in the bush off the main road is one of the prettiest little Maya villages in the Orange Walk District, Chan Pine Ridge. For the most part the men of Chan Pine Ridge were perfectly content to lie in the shade of their thatch houses and contemplate that beauty. They seldom came into the church for Mass or rosary, explaining simply that their church was not large enough to accommodate every one in the village.

Now the men of the village are fond of hunting. Every Saturday night a party of them push their way through the dense bush until they have enough deer to supply the village with meat for the week. So one Saturday afternoon Father Latta came to Chan Pine Ridge with his shotgun. After rosary that night he joined the hunting party. I don't know whether or not he got a deer, but next morning he had plenty of men at Mass. Today there is a new bush church at Chan Pine Ridge and ample room in it for everyone.

There is no doubt about it, the work that Father Latta is doing is consuming the best years of a vigorous life. But Divine Providence saw to it that he appeared on the scene at exactly the right time.

THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

OCTOBER: The Church in Oceania

THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER VISITED THE islands of Oceania can scarcely form a mental picture of that vast mission territory lying between Asia and the Americas. Apart from the four vicariates of British New Guinea, it consists of groups of islands sprinkled over a section of the Pacific, both south and north of the equator, equal in extent to eight times the area of the United States. Grouping the islands more or less ethnically and proceeding clockwise we have the Polynesian groups—the Marquesas, Tahiti, the Cook Islands, the Samoas, Wallis and Futuna and the Tonga Islands. Then come the Melanesian groups. With the names of most of these islands we became familiar during World War II—the Fiji Islands, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Southern and Northern Solomons and Rabaul. Finally come the Micronesian groups—the Gilberts, the Ellice, the Phoenix Islands, the Carolines and Marshalls, a mission territory entrusted to Ameri-

A typical Tonkinese mother and child.



can Jesuits, and the vicariate of Guam which includes the Marianas.

So numerous and so tiny are most of these islands that the ordinary large atlas will represent hundreds of these inhabited islands, islets and coral reefs by a single dot on the map. However remote the islands, the people have souls redeemed by the blood of Christ, and they are destined to be members of His mystical body. In 1948, (the latest statistics available), some 372,000 of the 1,800,000 dwellers of Oceania were Catholics, some 579,000 Protestants and the remainder followers of pagan or animistic rites.

Although the proportion of priests for the missions of Oceania is one for about every thousand Catholics the situation is not as bright as mere statistics might lead one to conclude. The Catholic population is scattered among many islands, often at great distances from their nearest neighbors. To visit them, (in many instances this can be accomplished only one or twice a year), the priest must travel perilous seas in frail outriggers or suffer endless delays at some neglected outpost.

The distances, tropical heat and the native diet are not the missionary's only difficulties. Many of the missions, especially in the Melanesian and Micronesian groups, were so ravaged by war that missions were obliterated and Christian communities, the product of generations of pioneer evangelization, were killed or dispersed to new settlements. Although members of our military personnel through individual generosity did much to restore ruined missions, the problem of rebuilding churches, schools and other mission structures and restaffing them too is so immense that heroic courage coupled with boundless confidence in Divine Providence is needed to carry on even six years after the war.

So for the growth and prosperity of the Church in Oceania we beg your prayers during October.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

MISSION SUNDAY IS TWO-SIDED

OCTOBER THE 21ST IS MISSION SUNDAY in most of the dioceses of the United States. On that day the Society for the Propagation of the Faith appeals to American Catholics for aid in carrying on the work of the missions.

Would we be very wrong in saying that to many church-goers Mission Sunday means little more than another day with a special collection?

A sermon is preached—but that happens every Sunday—and the man in the pew is asked to make a special contribution—which doesn't happen every Sunday. The individual may get the opinion that Mission Sunday is somewhat one-sided.

That is not an accurate view of the occasion. In no way do we mean to imply that American Catholics begrudge their contributions to the cause of the missions. The past record of their generosity is a magnificent one. There is probably no other group of people in the world of whom more has been asked in recent years than the American Catholics yet they have always responded most generously.

But generosity has its roots in the heart—and Mission Sunday is directed not only at the heart but also to the head. It is an attempt to put before the average Catholic the reasoned pattern of all mission endeavor and to show him the part he himself is to play in that pattern.

The missionary in the field, the priest pleading for him from the pulpit, and the man in the pew form a single unit, a team. The most precious possession of all three is their Catholic faith. To share that treasure with others is their most sacred duty. Together they set about that task and through the efforts of all three the most important job on the face of the earth moves forward,—extending the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

For the man in the pew it is not a question of financial aid only. His connection should be far more intimate than that. The missionary is not a stranger to him; he is one of his own. The man in the field came out of the same way of life as did the man in



His Excellency Bishop Sheen imparts his first episcopal blessing.

the pew. They may have been schoolmates or knelt at the same altar rail to receive Holy Communion. Now on the other side of the world a missionary needs a special grace and the man back home takes his rosary out of his pocket and offers it "for the missionary who needs it most right now." Names aren't important. What is important is the realization that everyone of us has a personal part to play in spreading the faith that is our treasure. Mission Sunday is two-sided.

Afield

WITH
AMERICAN
JESUITS

OCTOBER

Each month has its special glory. However, we know a few people who confess (as we do) an unashamed preference for October. To behold the great glory of a world clad in scarlet and vermilion, is, we think, a kind of spiritual experience that sends the mind soaring to God, the Divine Artist. And, of course, October is dear to all of us as the month of the rosary.

BLESSED ART THOU

From every corner of the earth, wherever the missionary has gone, the prayers of the rosary rise to heaven giving glory to Christ and to His lovely Mother. From Alaska, for example, Father John Fox S.J. writes:

"Our Rosary Crusade began with holy Mass and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for the whole day. Our Eskimos came, family by family, to recite their beads. As one finished, another began. We wound up with Benediction, preceded by the rosary and an instruction. The rosary was also continuously recited at Pilot Station. The Crusade ended with 225 out of 237 Catholics signing the daily rosary pledge. To help the devotion of our folk, we gave them a series of instructions on the fifteen mysteries of the rosary, and, while the beads were being said, read them a brief meditation on each mystery. That is our daily method."

CITY ON A HILL

It is probably not a mere accident that so many religious houses are situated on a hill. At

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

any rate, there is something symbolic in the choice of a hill-top as a place of dwelling for those who have separated themselves from the world to live closer to Christ. From a hill-top one's view of the world is wider, and, spiritually at least, world-embracing. In the Philippines, Sacred Heart Novitiate in Novaliches is situated on a hill but its spirit has worked wonders in the land below it. Father Bernard Lochboehler S.J. writes:

"This spirit of Novaliches is felt in many parts of the Islands: in the activity of those, now priests and brothers, who once

were novices and juniors and philosophers here. Its effect is seen in the retreats given by Filipino and American Fathers to thousands of students and parishioners and laborers. It is seen in the teachers of our schools, leading their pupils to truth and justice and the decent, manly life of Faith. It is felt in the administrative labors of the Archbishop of Cagayan, His Excellency James T. Hayes S.J. under whose inspiration as Superior of the Philippine Mission, Sacred Heart Novitiate was begun and carried well forward. This spirit is seen in the fighting campaigns for Social Justice, for decent living conditions for the Filipino laborer which Father Walter Hogan S.J., the "Labor Padre" is waging. It is his teachings, the teachings given in our Catholic schools, the doctrines of the Popes in the Encyclicals, the doctrine of the Church, that will drive the Huks out of the Sierra Madre hide-out."

Father Walter Hogan S.J. discusses a problem with a Filipino worker. The "Labor Padre" is widely known for his fight for social justice.





WILLIE

Perhaps someday the full story of Willie "the saint of the pantry" will be written. But for the time being we'd like to relate an incident in the life of Willie as told by His Excellency Bishop John McEleney S.J., the last bishop whom Willie served in the episcopal residence in Jamaica. The Bishop writes:

"One night before his retirement, as Willie served us dessert—pawpaw to be exact—we questioned him:

"Willie, did you work for Bishop Emmet?"

"Bishop Emmet good man. I work for him two years."

"And Bishop O'Hare?"

"Bishop O'Hare good man. I work for him six years."

"And Bishop Collins?"

"Bishop Collins good man. I work for him eleven years."

"And Bishop Gordon?"

"Bishop Gordon good man. I work for him fifteen years."

"And Christopher Columbus?"

"Christopher Columbus good man too, but before my time."

LAZYPONES

While we're at it we might as well report another humorous incident from the pen of Bishop McEleney. This time the hero of the story is not Willie but Stephen.

"Stephen, our yard-boy, is fast coming into man's estate. He was measured for his first new suit the other day, with long trousers and plenty of pockets. He really looks dashing in his cream ensemble with just the suggestion of a blue handkerchief peeking out of his upper coat pocket. Father Henry Martin S.J. was scolding him the other day for being slow at his work in the garden and ended up with a question: 'Stephen, is there anything you can do real



Father George Hamilton S.J. of Ceylon is a veteran missionary and a fine linguist.

fast—anything at all?' Stephen, not the least disconcerted, broke out into a big grin and said: 'Me get tired fast.'

ONE MAN'S MEDICINE

What happens when a missionary meets with an accident while miles from medical aid? Sometimes he attempts to make his way back for professional medical care, and sometimes he chooses to give the local remedies a try. From Palau, Father William Walter S.J. has a good word to say for local doctoring:

"On my last trip to Ulithi, I met with an accident which might have caused me great trouble. While unloading building supplies for my house and church, a heavy log slipped and smashed my big toe. I could have stayed aboard ship and returned to Palau for medical treatment but that would have meant abandoning my people for another three months. Rather than do that, I elected to stay and take a chance on doctoring myself with the help of the natives. One of the men crushed some green leaves and, wrapping them in whole leaves, placed them on a fire to heat. The hot, crushed leaves were

then used as a poultice three times a day. There was no infection and everything turned out well, thank God."

ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

Not so enthusiastic about the village doctor is Father George Hamilton S.J. of Trincomalee. He writes:

"Ploughing across the desert on my way to Maddapukali, I fell and smashed my foot. The people here immediately called in the Parehari, and for about six days he worked on me with his oils. Then I fired him and took on the District Medical Officer. The foot looks almost normal now. I say Mass, conduct the daily novenas and move about the house, but the more I rest it the better."

HOW HOT?

Father Joseph Connell S.J. writing from Baghdad, relates a few amusing incidents having to do with a meteoric rise in temperature:

"One day the shade temperature climbed to 119°F. Nothing daunted, Father Hussey set out to preach a sermon in Arabic to a congregation at the Little Flower Church. Father Merrick and I who accompanied him were well advised to sit in the body of the church where we might take advantage of a ceiling fan. The church was packed, an indication of the hold that Our Lady of Fatima has on the hearts of these people. It is not to be expected that Father Hussey would adapt a sermon written in Arabic to the particular circumstances suggested by a shade temperature of 119°F. Father Hussey preached a sermon he had long prepared. It was merely a coincidence that the day should be so hot for his sermon on hell. But hell it was. I claim it was the hottest sermon in history."

MEN WITHOUT HORNS

We think you'll enjoy the following story from the same letter:

"The same day, the British Royal Navy effected an exchange of cruisers in the Persian Gulf, the air-conditioned Flamingo arriving to relieve the Mauritius. Naturally, the crew of the Mauritius, preparing to leave the boiling waters of the Persian Gulf, were in a mood to celebrate. The order went out to strike up the band. However, when the musicians took their instruments out of the cases, the tubing of the horns swelled out of all proportion, and the musicians could not work the valves. Personally, I don't understand how they could even handle the horns on such a day. At any rate, the crew of the Mauritius sailed away with a song on their lips, and the band instruments were put back in lavender."

A DOG NAMED REX

Just in case you are fond of dogs, we thought that you would be glad to know that dogs in India are pretty much the same as in the U. S. From Jamshedpur, Father Bernard

O'Leary S.J. writes of a dog named Rex:

"To help protect our houses, trees and gardens, we have a bull terrier named Rex. He will chase anything that is thrown, whether it be a stick, a stone or a brick. Bricks are his favorite delicacy, and he chews them to dust to while away the time while the priests and scholastics are busy at their work. The result is that his teeth are worn down to ineffective stumps, though he is still a young dog. This does not seem to bother Rex, except when he engages in combat with a stray dog or a pack of jackals. He will chase a jackal, pounce upon it and get a good grip on the animal's throat. But that is as far as he can go. He will hold on till the dawn's early light, but somebody must come to the rescue if the enemy is to be finished off in proper fashion."

RECIPE

A few of the things that go to make the missionaries' life more difficult are the weather and the "beasties". Under "beasties" you can include every form of animal life from the dive-bombing mosquito to the wallowing water-buffalo. Con-

tact with certain insects and animals is no laughing matter. But with some "beasties" it is not so much a matter of physical danger as of sheer annoyance. Writing from Gomoh, India, John Guidera S.J. describes what happened when the Jesuit house was subject to an invasion of winged creatures:

"We were at table celebrating Father Richard Neu's birthday. It was a hot night so we had all the doors and windows open. All of a sudden we were invaded by a swarm of flying ants. They came from all sides, and before we knew it, they were in all the food. The meal was quickly brought to an end. We left the ants to shed their wings—which they do about an hour after they leave their nests—and we looked for a dark corner until the ants lost their wings and crawled away. We heard later that the people of the district look forward to such an invasion because they have found these ants very good to eat. When they lose their wings the people collect them, boil and serve them with their rice. They claim that it adds a very sweet taste to the rice. We didn't collect our ants."

MEMORIES IN MORTLOK

On June 28th the "Apostle of the Mortloks" went to his eternal reward. Father Martin Espinal S.J. had labored for thirty years in the Caroline Islands. Worn out by those labors, he was about to return to his native Spain when death came in Manila.

In the early part of 1921 Father Espinal arrived in the Mortlok Islands and began the work which was to win him the title of "Apostle of the Mortloks". He evangelized with such success that the catechists upon whom the missionaries today rely most are men trained by Father Espinal. He has left behind him a shining record of service and sacrifice in building the kingdom of Christ in the lonely Pacific islands.

"And Bishop O'Hare?"

Father William Sheehan (left) instructs Baghdad College boys in the correct way of passing the baton. Father Thomas Hussey seems doubtful.





BIKINI



RONGELAP



RONGERIK

2400 Islands



UJAE



LAE

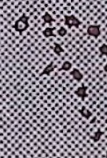


KWAJALEIN



His Excellency Bishop Thomas J. Feeney S.J., shepherd of the Caroline and Marshall Islands

Most Reverend Thomas J. Feeney S.J., newly consecrated Bishop of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, has a vicariate of 2,000,000 square miles, 2,400 islands and only one Caroline priest. Until these islands produce their own clergy the Church will not be securely founded there. Bishop Feeney has 13 seminarians now in their studies. No more welcome gift could be offered him than support for these young hopes for the Church. One, two and five dollar gifts will go far in supporting them. As the islands themselves grow out of the sea by the joining of thousands of tiny corals, so the Church there will grow from your many contributions. Send them to Bishop Feeney through JESUIT MISSIONS.



NAMU



AILINGLAPALAP



JALUIT

JESUIT *Missions*

762 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

The author, Father Hegarty, reads his breviary under one of the crosses which mark the site where several of the North American Martyrs met death.

HOUSE OF *Peace*


DENIS A. HEGARTY S.J.

went out to their work, some to their deaths. On July 2, 1648 Father Anthony Daniel finished his annual retreat. Two days later he was killed when his mission, St. Joseph, was captured. Only after the death of John de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant at St. Ignace, six miles away, in 1649, did Ste. Marie cease to function. It had been built to be a mission centre. It had become an outpost. The Huron tribe was nearly extinct. Father Ragueneau, the Superior at the time, decided to leave and start afresh elsewhere. Rather than let the strong post fall into the hands of the Iroquois he decided to burn it. As he reported, "In one hour we saw the work of ten years go up in flames." In 1650 they left the Huron country, Wendake, "the land apart" in the Huron language.

"A land apart" it remained, empty, for nearly two hundred years. In 1832 George Hallen, chaplain at Penetanguishene Barracks, found the ruins of the stonework and called it "the ruins of an old French fort." After that it was called locally "the old fort." Father Felix Martin S.J. in 1855 identified it as Ste. Marie, but the local name stayed. Today it is still called "Fort Ste. Marie."

The Canadian Jesuits acquired land across the road from the ruins and in 1926, the year after the beatification of the martyrs, erected the Shrine in their honor.

Archaeologists of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto started excavating the site in 1941. After digging some exploratory trenches,



ON THE FEAST OF THE NORTH AMERICAN Martyrs ten Fathers from the Indian Missions assembled at the Martyrs' Shrine, on the shores of Georgian Bay, Midland, Ontario, to discuss the problems of their mission fields. Three hundred yards and three hundred years away their older brothers had met for exactly the same purpose.

When the Jesuit missionaries first came to the Huron land, eight hundred miles from their nearest brethren in Quebec, they lived in the Indian villages, close to their people. Father Jerome Lalemant, appointed Superior of the Mission in 1639, saw the need of a central residence where the priests could meet for discussion of problems, a place where retreats could be made, and a storehouse for supplies. That same year the building of Ste. Marie was begun by Father Isaac Jogues. To Ste. Marie Father Jogues was bringing a young surgeon, René Goupil, to take charge of the hospital when they were captured by the Iroquois in 1642. Two months later Goupil was a martyr, Jogues a slave.

From Ste. Marie the other missionaries

where no stonework showed, they concentrated on the area inside the four stone bastions. They recovered many artifacts.

Wilfrid W. Jury of the University of Western Ontario, in London, had excavated the site of St. Ignace in 1946. In the following year he examined two other sites in the neighborhood at the request of Father T. J. Lally S.J., Director of the Martyrs' Shrine. Reconstruction had been started at Ste. Marie in 1947 when some men who had worked at St. Ignace saw soil marks similar to those in which Mr. Jury was always interested. His opinion on the marks was asked, and an invitation given to make a further examination of Ste. Marie. From the start of the season in 1948 Mr. Jury found ample evidence that the "Fort" extended far beyond the area between the bastions. A palisade line along the river one hundred fifty feet to the west gave the limit in that direction. Sixty feet north of the northern bastions, in the right-of-way of the Canadian National Railway, was another palisade line. Within this area several more buildings were found, and the location of the stables proved.

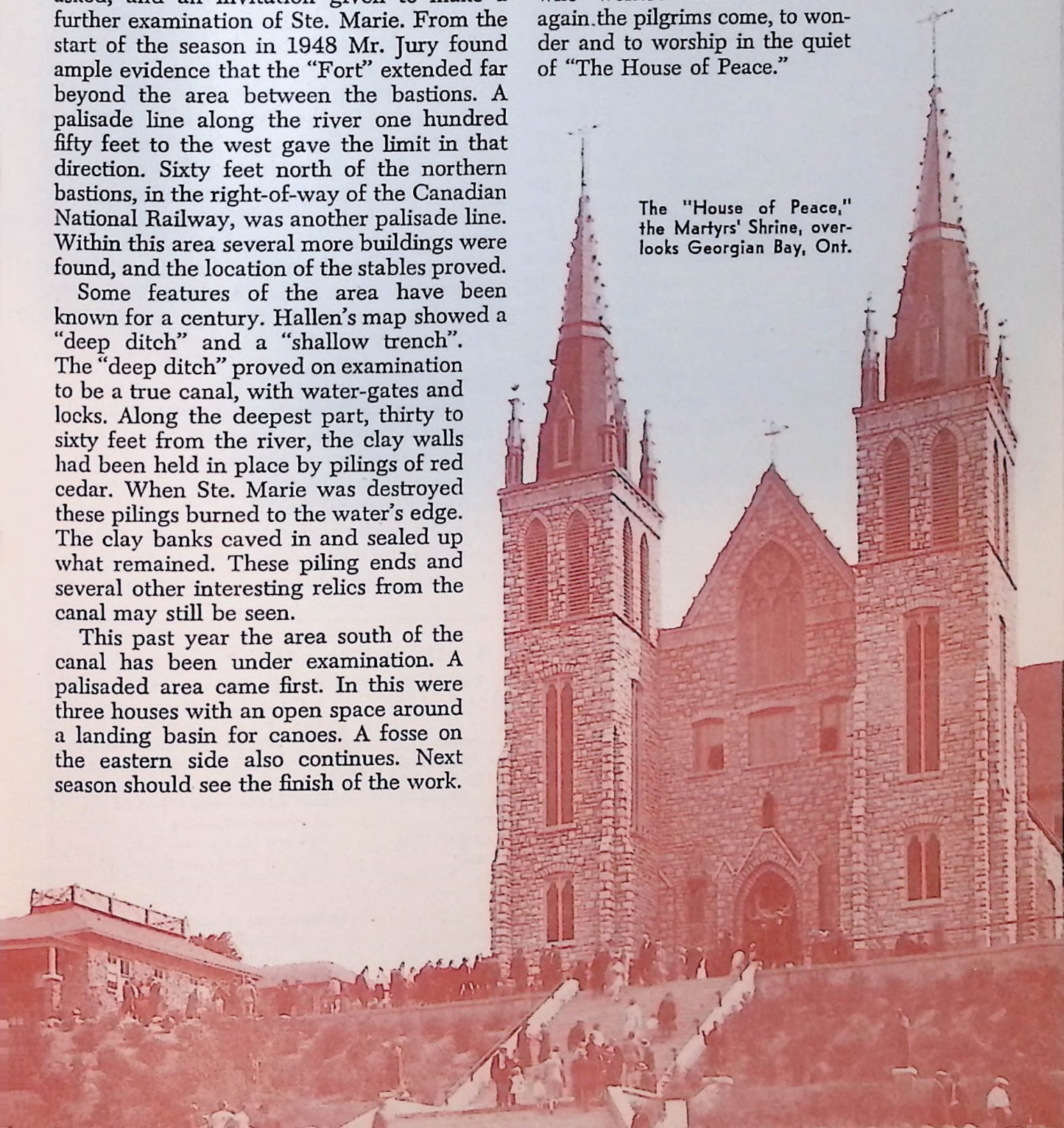
Some features of the area have been known for a century. Hallen's map showed a "deep ditch" and a "shallow trench". The "deep ditch" proved on examination to be a true canal, with water-gates and locks. Along the deepest part, thirty to sixty feet from the river, the clay walls had been held in place by pilings of red cedar. When Ste. Marie was destroyed these pilings burned to the water's edge. The clay banks caved in and sealed up what remained. These piling ends and several other interesting relics from the canal may still be seen.

This past year the area south of the canal has been under examination. A palisaded area came first. In this were three houses with an open space around a landing basin for canoes. A fosse on the eastern side also continues. Next season should see the finish of the work.

What was the place? First of all Ste. Marie was a mission centre. It became successively the first house for lay retreats in North America, a school for agriculture, an art school with painting and wood-carving, an engineering school, a nursing school, in brief, a centre of practical Christianity, a school for sanctity, staffed by saints, a mission paradigm.

Three hundred years ago pilgrims—Wendats, Attawandrians, Petuns, Algonquins, Otchipwas—from all parts of the country, came to Ste. Marie. Today to the Shrine erected to honor those who worked and died there again the pilgrims come, to wonder and to worship in the quiet of "The House of Peace."

The "House of Peace," the Martyrs' Shrine, overlooks Georgian Bay, Ont.





The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

Like all publication offices, ours at 962 Madison Avenue has a few perennial problems. One is locating your stencil upon receiving payment for renewal. Realizing your personal devotion to the missions I knew you would be interested in solving it.

Not all subscribers renew immediately, hence, we are apt to have three or four months of expiration stencils. If you return the envelope or card bearing your name and address it is a simple matter to find your stencil in file. The numbers above your name are a key giving the month and year of expiration. Should we receive payment in a plain envelope then considerable time is spent going from one file to another until the stencil is located. The above operation requires time and, thus, adds to operating expenses. Any decrease in our overhead means more money available for the missionaries.

With or without the card we earnestly want your renewal. Your friendship to the missions means much. Each one of us here at 962 is conscious of that dependency and, consequently, no inconvenience is too great to preserve it.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

One to Five:

How do you think a missionary would sleep the first night after being told to take care of five parishes where, for a number of years, there had been no resident priest? Father Arulappah of the Trincomalee mission, Ceylon, probably slept soundly simply because of his strong faith in God's providence. Despite his faith it is still a major assignment. In the five parishes there are only four hundred Catholics. According to Father's letter they are poorly fed, clothed and lodged. The attendance at Mass on Sunday and holydays of obligation is small because people are required to work.

Will you kindly send a donation to JESUIT MISSIONS to help Father Arulappah repair his churches, open a school and also to feed and clothe his people?

Mass Kit:

At noon on August 2nd Father Ralph Rieman and two Jesuit scholastics of the New Orleans province began a thirty day trip on a freighter to Colombo. When the sea was not too rough Father Rieman unpacked his Mass kit each morning. It must have been a privation for him and the scholastics to have the sacramental presence of Our Lord only

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FOR YOUR Mass Intentions

for a few minutes. The Mass kit used at sea will be given to one of the missionaries in Ceylon. During the years to come it will be carried off to many a small village so that a group of perhaps ten to one hundred might hear Mass.

Payment for the Mass kit was taken from our general mission fund. It is possible that someone might like to donate the Mass kit, priced at \$175.00. If desired, the name of the donor will be sent to Father Rieman.

Two Guns:

One normally doesn't expect to see a priest carrying a gun but, in some missions, either you have a gun or an animal has a good meal. Father Morrison and Father Goveas of the Patna Mission both need guns. Frequently at night they have to go out on sick calls. They walk no well-lighted super-highways but, with flashlights, must inch their way through the brush of the jungle.

Our only fear in listing such a request is that we might receive at JESUIT MISSIONS enough guns to open an arsenal. We are not exactly in favor of an F.B.I. investigation. It would be better to send us a donation of \$5.00 or \$10.00 towards the guns.

La Ignaciana Reopens:

Prior to the war, La Ignaciana was a retreat house in Manila where retreats were constantly conducted for working men. When San Jose Seminary was destroyed the retreat house was converted temporarily into a seminary. Conditions have changed and the retreat house is being reopened. It is expensive to renovate the house. The priests in charge not only need money for the repairs but they would also like funds available to purchase rosaries and prayer books for the poor working men. Will you send a donation for the restoration of La Ignaciana retreat house?

Camera for Carolines:

For the average person, a camera is a luxury. It might be argued, however, that for a missionary it is a necessity. One picture can be more appealing than a long letter. In desiring to provide Father Walter of the Caroline Islands with a camera we at JESUIT MISSIONS not only wish to help his publicity but we also have an ulterior motive in hoping to get pictures for our own magazine. Will you help us send him a good camera? It is expensive so we will need quite a few contributions of \$5.00.



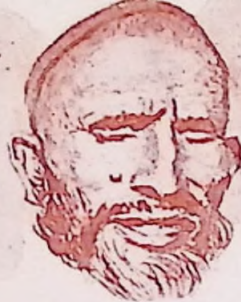
On American Jesuit missions there are 600 priests ready to offer Holy Mass for your intentions. Masses are offered every hour of the day every day of the year from the rising to the setting of the sun. Many are priests such as the one pictured above saying Mass in the ruins of his tornado-smashed chapel. The offering you send with your intention helps support him for the day, gives him the means to get to his outlying Mass stations, brings the Sacraments to his people. For your own faithful departed have Masses said on the Missions. Send us your Mass intentions now that we may distribute them in time for the month of the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

We can also arrange to have Gregorian and Novena Masses offered.

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

JM



GO TEACH All Nations



Duties of Members

- (a) Pray each day—One Our Father, one Hail Mary, and St. Francis Xavier, pray for us.
- (b) To contribute membership dues.

Classes of Membership

Ordinary . . . \$1.00 yearly
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The deceased may also be enrolled and enjoy the spiritual benefits of members.

JOIN NOW

IN the work of spreading the Faith every Catholic is an appointed and essential apostle. Bishops, priests and religious are sent to all parts of the world, suffering untold hardships, even death. But the missionary burden is not theirs alone. The Pope must obey Christ's command to teach all nations by sending these missionaries and then backing them with the supplies he collects from you. These supplies are your prayers and your contributions. The work of propagation depends under Our Lord on these two factors—your spiritual and material good works. Your rewards for performing them are great—a share in 15,000 Masses yearly, a share daily in the prayers and good works of the missionaries and many indulgences. To secure these benefits join the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Sixty per cent of a money contribution is sent by the Holy Father to foreign missions, 40 per cent to missions within the United States.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith