

Jesuit MISSIONS

MARCH 1953





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JESUIT

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MISSIONS

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March, 1953

IT BEGAN WITH XAVIER.....	Clement J. Armitage S.J.	4
NO ULCERS FOR ESKIMOS.....	Paul C. O'Connor S.J.	6
REUNION IN THE RUINS....	Richard A. Schuchert S.J.	8
THE COMMUNISTS LIVE NEXT DOOR		
	Desmond S. Matthews S.J.	10
THE FIRST CARIB PRAYER BOOK..	John J. Stochl S.J.	12
THE JUNGLE BEYOND JASAAN..	Clarence A. Martin S.J.	14
COME FOLLOW ME.....	Francis W. Anderson S.J.	15
CEYLON-MISSIONS BY THE SEA.....		16
20TH CENTURY ON THE TIGRIS.....	Leo J. Shea S.J.	18
ST. JOSEPH KNEW EXILE TOO..	Thomas H. Korn S.J.	20
MISSION INTENTION.....	Edward S. Dunn S.J.	22
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....		24
FORGOTTEN AMERICANS.....	Robert J. Stowe S.J.	28



MISSION OF THE MONTH

Ceylon

The tear-shaped island of Ceylon lies at India's tip. It is a lush and mysterious land, dotted with the ruins of cities long lost and forgotten, massive cities, whose inhabitants have vanished without a trace. From May to August the African monsoon blows across the Indian Ocean and drops its rains on the west coast of the island. From October to February the China monsoon waters the other coast.

In this lovely and mysterious land Francis Xavier first enkindled the light of faith, and since his day the Church has sheltered and fostered that flame.

To the American Jesuits of the New Orleans Province has been entrusted the mission of Trincomalee in the eastern part of Ceylon. Here, in this poorest and most backward section of the Dominion, despite heart-breaking difficulties, three schools have been set up, one in the city at Trincomalee, one in Batticaloa, and one in Puliyantivu. Slowly, patiently, superstition and the dreadful burdens of the rigid caste system are chipped away, and the flame which Francis Xavier kindled is fed and nurtured with care and devotion and love and sacrifice, in the expectation that by the grace of God it will spread and one day burn fiercely and brightly and make Ceylon a Christian beacon in Asia.

"Dear Lord, I offer this little sacrifice for the missionary who needs it most right now." May we ask you to make that prayer sometime during this season of Lent? There can be few prayers more welcome to Almighty God and none brighter with unselfishness.

"For the missionary who needs it most right now." It may be a priest writhing under torture in a Communist prison, his smashed lips painfully forming the Sacred Name that means sanity and salvation; it may mean a nun too lonely to pray; a missionary too heartbroken to keep going it alone and forgotten. Perhaps the Mother of all missionaries will use your gift for the young scholastic on the missions who is wondering whether or not he was meant to be a priest.

Will you make this prayer just once during Lent? Some day in heaven you will know how much it meant.

COVER. His Excellency Archbishop Valerian Gracias (in white) of Bombay, now India's first cardinal, with Cardinal Cerejeira, Primate of Portugal and Papal Legate at celebration in Goa of the quadricentenary of St. Francis Xavier's death.



This is a Japanese artist's conception of St. Francis Xavier S.J., the first missionary to preach the faith of Jesus Christ in Japan. The painting hangs in St. Ignatius Church, Boston College parish.

FRANCIS XAVIER NEVER KNEW JUST HOW much he was starting. He would have been the last to even dream of the many thousands making the Novena of Grace this March because of him; of the celebrations that have been and will be held throughout the world to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of his lonely, heartbreaking death. Did the man who reacted to the news of his assignment to India

by promptly sitting down to patch his trousers and cassock ever think he would be hailed one day as Apostle of the Indies and proclaimed Patron Saint of missionaries?

He was the first Jesuit missionary and in his footsteps have followed thousands of his brothers until today the Society of Jesus is the largest missionary organization in the Catholic Church. Over 5,300 Jesuits are now scattered in mission fields across the

It Began

JESUIT MISSIONS 400 YEARS AFTER ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

AFRICA: Belgian Congo (2); Egypt; Ethiopia; French Equatorial Africa; Madagascar (2); Northern Rhodesia; Southern Rhodesia; Zambezi

ASIA: Ceylon (2); China (11); Formosa; India (11); Indonesia; Japan; Philippines

CARIBBEAN: Jamaica

CENTRAL AMERICA: British Honduras; Yoro

MIDDLE EAST: Iraq; Lebanon; Syria; Turkey

NORTH AMERICA: Alaska among the Indians of Canada (2); of Mexico of the U. S. (3); among the Negroes; Spanish speaking peoples

OCEANIA: Caroline-Marshall Islands

SOUTH AMERICA: Six Missions

THE NOVENA OF GRACE spotlights
time's most appealing missionary.

with XAVIER

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

world and we in this country can be rightfully proud that over 1,100 of that number are Jesuits of the American provinces. That trail blazed by Xavier is red with the blood of the First Legion, of the men whom the soldierly Ignatius of Loyola fashioned into a fighting force so mobile in its essence that the Jesuits have long been known as the "Flying Column of the Church." One reason for this is the distinctive Jesuit vow of obedience to the Pope by which one binds himself to go anywhere in the world the Holy Father shall order him.

Few are the saints with a following like that of Xavier but few also are the men with the appeal of the Jesuit pacemaker. His sanctity has never been a barrier, either in life or in death, to those who reverence his name. Those who knew him on this earth in his brief, meteoric campaign for Christ remember him for his laughter, that gay veil which humanized but never obscured for one single instant his radiant Christliness. Yet even for those of us who never heard his laughter Francis Xavier is one of the most human of all saints.

He wrote letters—and even today you can not read those letters without getting a lump in your throat. He wrote them out of his heart and his heart was filled with Christ. Every fibre of his being yearned to share the One he loved with those who did not know Him. That yearning drove him on, across the weary miles and years, a restless, extravagant giver, the Christ in him all-conquering, the man in him at times afraid and incredibly lonely.

How it hurt to be alone on the rim of the world, far from that handful of first Jesuits with whom he had pronounced his vows one bright morning in Paris! "I have been out here four years now and during all that time I have received only one letter from Rome . . ." Once he pleaded, "Send me

letters that will take a year to read!" There is a letter written from the Moluccas and across the centuries we can still catch the sob in his throat as he tries to express his gratitude for the simple sentence ending a letter from Ignatius Loyola. "I will never forget you, Francis." And Xavier signs his own letter, "your most exiled son."

Then there was Sancian, and a dying man pleading with God to have mercy on his failure. "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!" broke from his fevered lips time and again. Across the bay lay China and he had failed to win it for his loved Christ. Now, without priest or sacraments, his last suffering is drawn out, as were the hours in Gethsemane and on Calvary. He had wanted to die a martyr and now he was just a man dying with his job unfinished, in his own mind a failure.

Yes, Francis Xavier was a very human person. But through his dead body and the Novena of Grace Almighty God has shown His judgment on this man who had made an all-out effort for Christ, trying to give more when God knew there was no more to give. Is it any wonder that men and women on the mission fields today whisper lovingly, "Xavier, give me thy heart!"

The General of the Society of Jesus, Very Rev. John Janssens, (right) and Bishop Nicholas Kujur S.J., first bishop from India's original inhabitants, the Adibasis, meet in Rome.



LOOKING AT THE RATHER-BLANK EXPRESSIONLESS faces of Eskimos so often featured in pictures, one wonders if they have a sense of humor. As a matter of fact the Eskimo smiles almost too easily. He can see the amusing in almost anything that happens. Material disaster he takes in his stride and rather than delay on the hopelessness of the situation he picks out its funny aspects and happily substitutes them for worry and disappointment. He thus creates a mental balance that has excellent psychological results. At least it helps him to survive in a country of frustration. Gray hairs come only in extreme old age and stomach ulcers are absolutely unknown. I might add that a bald-headed Eskimo is a rarity which I have yet to find in twenty years of extensive travel in top Alaska.

Last winter one of my Eskimos dropped in for a chat. "Well, Mike," I said, "what brings you home so early—no mink?"

"Mink are pretty good, but my tent burnt down." He went on to explain that not only his tent, but sleeping bag, winter clothing and trapping gear all went up in smoke. He was completely burned out. To replace his fur clothing and sleeping bag would cost over a hundred dollars. Trapping gear and supplies would cost another hundred. Losing an important trapping season with mink selling at \$35.00 a pelt was a real misfortune and Mike had a big family to care for.

To me the whole aspect of Mike's plight was downright disheartening. I couldn't find a silver lining anywhere. A white man under like circumstances would have been a subject of complete dejection. But not Mike. The thing that struck his visible faculties most—and he laughed heartily—was the quickness and completeness of his loss. Days had been spent in sledding his supplies and fixing up camp. Then, bingo, and just a charred piece of tundra! Only his dogs and sled to return—a two-day prospect at that. Mike laughed

so infectiously that I joined him. His neighbors too would laugh hilariously at the news and, perhaps, incorporate the misadventure in one of their native dances.

The other day a high wind bounced up from

Father Paul C. O'Connor S.J.



Alfred Kujutelluk is a typical Eskimo hunter. A profitable round of his mink traps will effect no change in his stern expression. But spice the trip with danger and near disaster, and he will recount it with rollicking humor.

the Aleutians. It soon increased to gale proportions. My men all stood in characteristic poses around the native warehouse on the shore. They were a picture of curious inaction as they watched the tide rise foot by foot. Experience should have taught them that this is a season of flood tides, that their boats and kayaks were in danger as well as a government supply of oil and lumber that had been left right where it was dumped off from the North Star in early summer.

Well, at the last moment some decided to move. They donned their rain coats and hip boots and began a frenzied effort to save floating drums of oil and gas. But it was too late. The wind was strong, the waves high, and lumber, kayaks, oil, tanks, row boats, fish racks and whatnot were all gathered up by the onrushing waves and carried up into the low hills about three miles from the village. Lumber of course was scattered all over the tundra. Were they unduly concerned? Not a bit of it. They stood on the bank and laughed at the crazy antics of a kayak bottom up. They were greatly amused



NO ULCERS for Eskimos

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.



Before fire consumed it and his trapping gear, Mike's tent of maribou skins was a graceful silhouette against the Alaskan sky. (Right) An Eskimo who will soon learn that in a grim land a laugh is the best antidote to ulcers.



at oil tanks floating in formation with a row boat sitting placidly on top. They took great glee in telling the wives of absent fisherman how their boats floated away faster than if they were propelled by a motor. That it would take days to find and weeks to bring back all this salvage material did not bother them at all. A storm creates so many amusing diversions, they simply could not help but enjoy them!

Another interesting phenomenon is their utter disregard in the treatment of new clothes. As Postmaster I have witnessed big packages coming from Sears and Roebuck. Five minutes after a package was received a youngster would come over and have me inspect his new suit. Ten minutes later he would be playing in the famous sticky Hooper Bay mud, having the time of his life. Oldsters, casually looking on and seeing him bespatter himself from head to foot, would get a tremendous laugh out of the incongruity of the situation.

In my early missionary days this complete lack of respect for things material used to

get on my nerves. But thinking more calmly and deeply on the matter I contrasted the Eskimo attitude with that of the whites. Among the whites there is almost a religious care for things material. Women steam and fret over the cut and hang of a dress. Hundreds of dollars are spent on a bridal dress and nothing thought of it. Mink coats run in the thousands and no one seems to mind. So why deny the Eskimos their fun? Philosophically speaking, is our attitude so completely correct? When a fortune is lost, or other material disasters come, suicides also come, or at least stomach ulcers. There are no suicides in Eskimoland, and stomach ulcers are a phenomenon undreamed of. Up here a saving sense of humor will bridge almost any disaster.

REUNION in the Ruins



Bishop Yamaguchi of Nagasaki.

Ruins of the Nakamachi Church. Destroyed by the A-bomb, this church has been entirely rebuilt.



FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE EMPIRE THEY came to Nagasaki, grimy from days of riding the sooty trains. Four hundred strong they gathered at the Catholic Center for the fifth annual convention of the Japanese Catholic Students Federation.

Hayashibara had no vote: he had come from Yonago as an observer. But he watched and appreciated and relished everything. The Kyoto delegation had become so used to wrangling

RICHARD A. SCHUCHERT S.J.



After Mass at Urakami. The tower is only a shell.



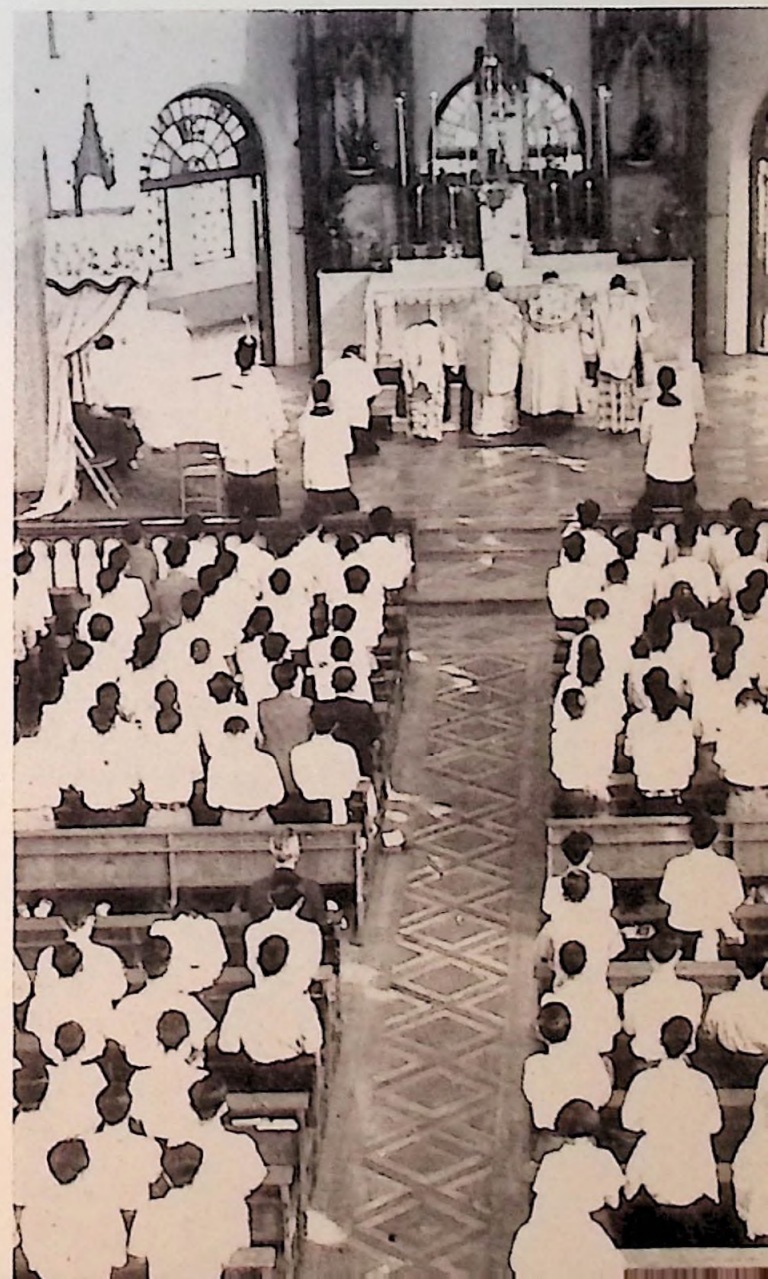
Some delegates exchange views with the author.

with Communists that the parliamentary niceties had been forgotten. Hayashibara understood their noisiness, and sympathized. The resolutions were passed: to fight prejudice; to take action against the errors of Kant and Dewey; to seek solutions for social problems. To fight Communism. To form Catholic cells. It was wonderful.

But the other things were more memorable. Four hundred students, carrying lighted torches, walking in procession through the dusty streets, reciting the rosary and singing hymns, from the Hill of Martyrs where men had died singing to the ruins of the A-bombed Urakami Church.

Hayashibara was silent on the long ride back to Yonoga. But he was content. He knew, now, what a Catholic community was. He knew what his faith meant to so many others. He knew its strength and its greatness. The knowledge was deeply satisfying.

Missa de Angelis, sung by the students, concludes the convention. Bishop Yamaguchi is the celebrant. Wide publicity was given the meeting.



OUT OF TIBET come the caravans and the reports of the steady advance of the Reds towards India and the south.

The Communists

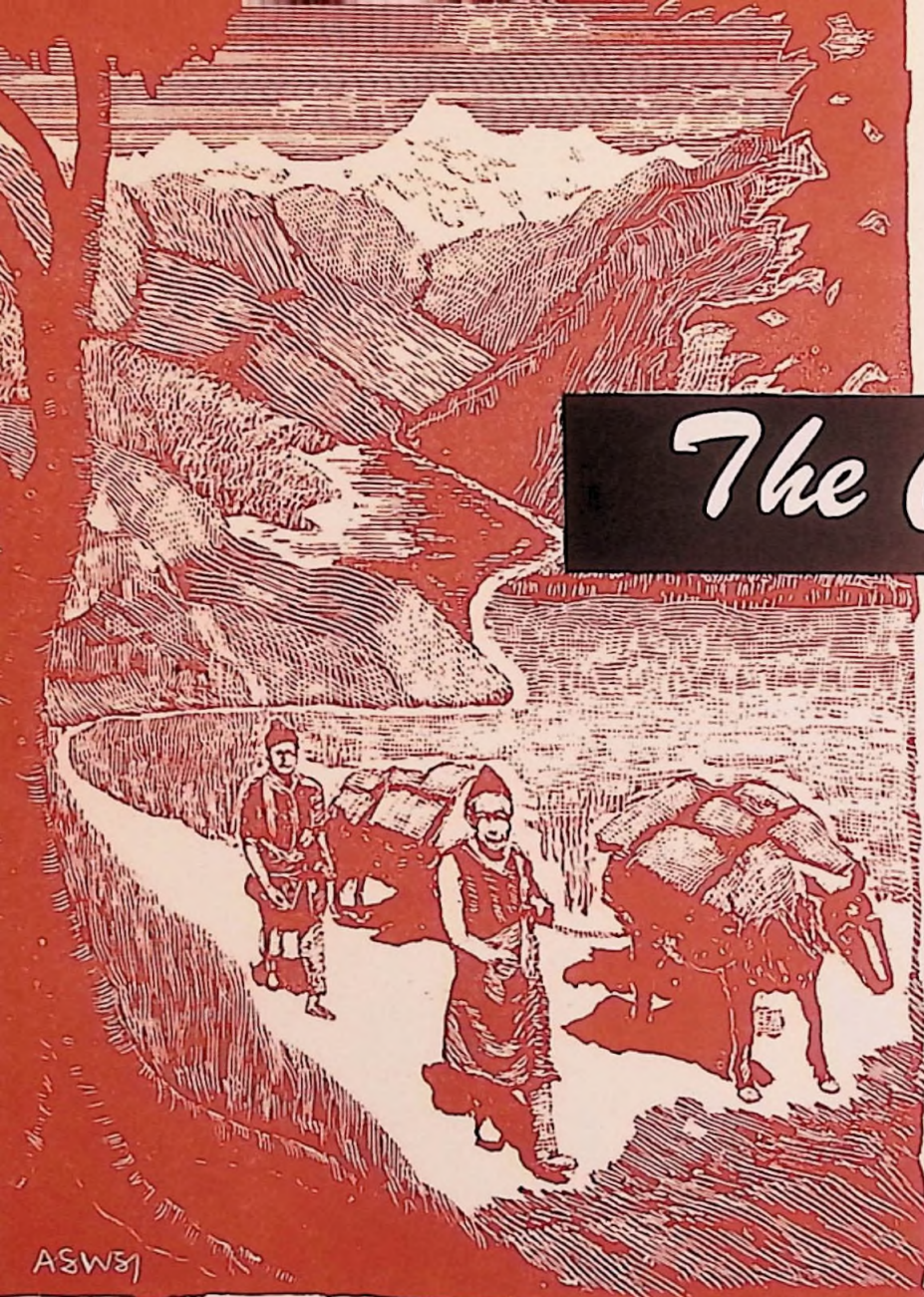
their way to the great wool *godowns* of Kalimpong and Gangtok. Going back into Tibet, sugar and rice make up the loads, food for the Communist garrisons guarding the high passes through the Himalayas from Tibet into India and Nepal. In Gyantse and Lhasa, sugar brings over Rs. 200 for a maund (82 lbs.)—about \$20—and at this price it is well worth the risk for the caravans to try to smuggle it into Tibet. Despite the vigilance of the Sikkim police check-posts, hundreds of *maunds* go over the frontier every month.

With the caravans go the Tibetan muleteers; rough, gay, dirty men from the bazaars of Gyantse, Shigatse, and Lhasa. Often they

carry loads themselves—half a mule load when a beast dies in the passes.

The muleteers talk when they reach the bazaars of Kalimpong and Gangtok. They tell of the Communist forces operating in eastern Tibet, with headquarters at Tasani in Takpo District, and that they have long ago reached Tsona Dzong on the northern border of the Indian-protected state of Bhutan. Bypassing the extremely mountainous Bhutan frontier, they have moved north-westward into Lhobrag District and reached Ralung on the India-Lhasa trade route between Gyantse and Lhasa. From other traders from the west they hear that the Chinese are moving from near the Holy Lake of Manasarowar along the Tsangpo river to

DESMOND S. MATTHEWS S.J.



THE "TONK," "TONK," "TONK," OF THE BIG bronze mule bells can be heard long before the caravan comes into sight, winding along a twisting trail far down in the gorges. It has come hundreds of miles, from Lachen and Lachung, where the Teesta river begins and the glaciers end; from over the Seapuba La and the Donkhya Lam, the 18,000-foot passes into Tibet. Many of the mules die in the snows of the high passes, or from eating the deadly aconite or monkshood that grows among the rocks below the snow line. Galled and weary, the mules trudge on, mile after winding mile down into the tropical forests of Sikkim. Here for days they follow the Teesta river, detouring around landslides, over an ancient trade route along paths cut out of the cliff-sides, where a false step means death in the rapids below.

Their loads are raw wool mostly, and hides, lashed on with ropes of yak hide, on

Tradom, a main trading center that lies on the route to Kore, one of the gates of Nepal.

They are happy, these shaggy mountaineers from Tibet. For a time the wool trade was dying on its feet, when just after the



Live Next Door

Chinese invasion of Tibet, America stopped buying Tibetan wool altogether. The *go-downs* in Kalimpong and Gangtok were bulging, and no more mule trains were coming across the passes. The value of the heaped-up wool dropped to next to nothing, and many of the traders were wiped out. Kalimpong itself was on the verge of ruin. Then the Chinese Communists stepped in and saved the situation by buying up all the wool cheap and shipping it out to China via the port of Calcutta. Once again the muleteers had Indian rupees in their pockets, and the Reds chalked up another minor victory in the Orient.

Living out their lives in the shadow of snowpeaks, crossing and recrossing the high passes, it is easy to see how the towering mountains through which the caravan routes twist and wind exercise a superstitious fascination for these traders. The glistening, almost perfect pyramid of Pandim; the mighty abutments of 24,000-foot Kabru; the thundering snow avalanches of Kinchenjunga, roaring down from its 28,146-foot south face; Talung Peak, brooding over the wild and desolate Talung Gorge—all vast, silent, immovable, they stand for permanence in a world of flux. To the animist they are the embodiment of inexorable power.

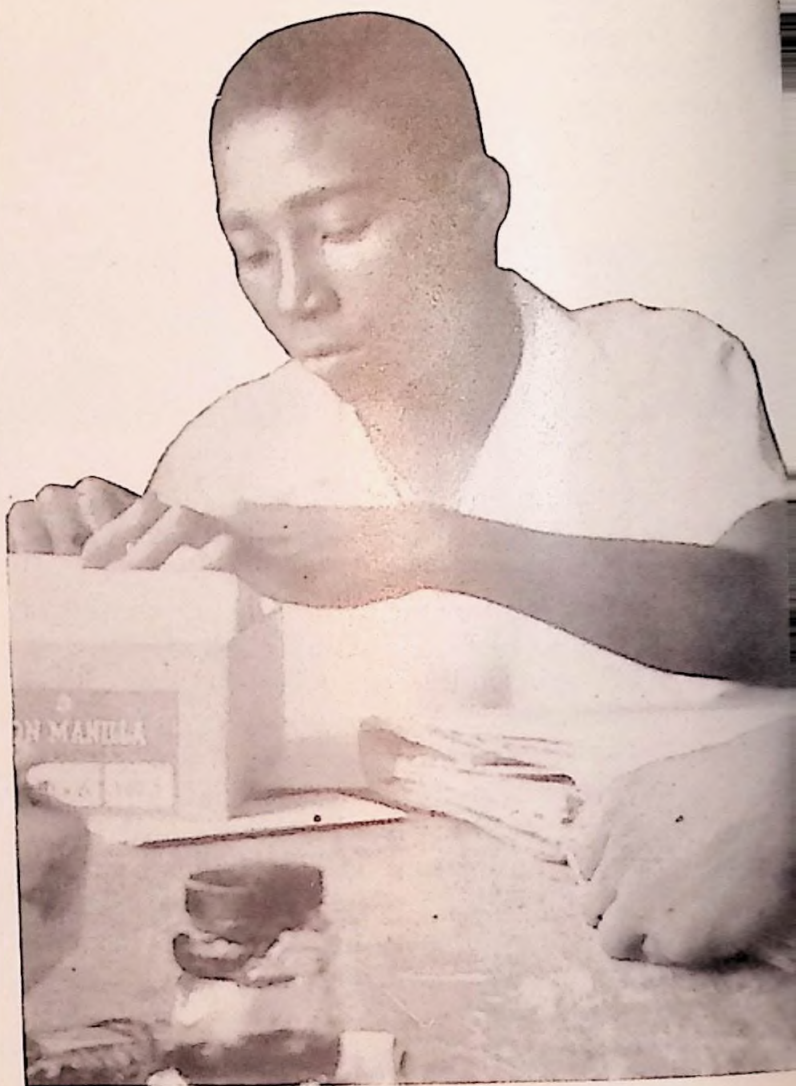
Seen from the bottom of the Talung Gorge they can pass in a matter of minutes from sublime beauty to a fierce embodiment of wrath. Up the windy channel of the Talung valley angry clouds come eddying, transforming the expression of serene repose on the face of the great white world to an angry scowl . . . perhaps symbolic of the storm of anger and hatred that far away over the roof of the world is sweeping down from the frostbound steppes of Russia towards the lands of the south.



THE CARIBS OF BRITISH HONDURAS have been Catholic for generations, but until now they have never had the opportunity of learning their faith in their mother tongue. For, although their history and language go much farther back than the discovery of America, they have never possessed a written language. Consequently, the catechisms in use among them, from which they learned their prayers and the fundamentals of their faith, were in the languages of the missionaries who served them—Spanish, French or English. There was always, therefore, the savor of something foreign in the faith that they have lived so ardently. It is no longer so; and this is the story of the modest beginnings of a work that is now presenting the faith to these Caribs in their own language, as a flowering of their own culture.

The project of creating a written Carib language had been a long-time dream of the American Jesuits in British Honduras. In fact, veteran missionaries such as Fathers Stevenson and Halligan

(Right) Language students at St. John's College edit Carib prayer book. (Below) Recording folk hymns in a Carib village.



First CARIB Prayer Book

had already begun work on a grammar and dictionary of the language. It was the discovery of their manuscripts and other notes that first stimulated my interest in the project; an interest that the encouragement of Father Knopp, Mission Superior, fired to enthusiasm.

A dozen boys from the teacher-training course at St. John's College shared my enthusiasm and agreed to work on

the project. Several months were spent working out an alphabet with a system of spelling and writing. It was revised again and again as we tried to put it into practice. The work was real pioneering as the source materials were limited to the few manuscripts and notes at our disposal.

The students put all their spare time into the work. A schedule was worked out as follows: during the week, each boy had a private assignment—prayers to translate, words to be chosen



for the dictionary, conjugations to figure out, etc. We met on Sundays for a general discussion of the previous week's assignments. Their interest never flagged.

As the work progressed, they kept in contact with older men and followed the direction of wiser heads in the choice of words, grammatical constructions and the like. Mimeographed copies of the work were sent to many of the Carib teachers in the villages all over the Colony. Three or four older Caribs, the most capable students of the language in the Colony, cooperated by sending suggestions regularly.

During the summer vacation of 1951, three of the students, Teddy Palacio, Austin Flores and Clifford Palacio, accompanied me to Punta Gorda where we spent a whole month on a final revision of the dictionary and prayer book. There we were able to consult older heads for forgotten words and correct grammatical constructions. Then we worked our way back up the coast, stopping at all the Carib villages to confer with the older people and explain to

them the nature of our work. In each of the villages, a group of the leading personages came forth to help with criticisms and suggestions.

Sam B. Daniels, teacher at Monkey River, offered a beautiful Carib hymn to the Blessed Mother that he had composed and taught to the people of his village. Teacher Candido Aruz of Barranco translated a number of prayers that we included in the book, and was a very dependable adviser in all the work. In the village of Seine Bight a good lady named Marcelline Lambey offered several of her hymns. She composes them by quietly humming to herself as she goes about her housework, gathering firewood, washing clothes, baking cassava bread, and performing the other tasks that life in a thatch house demands. When a hymn is sufficiently polished, she teaches it to the children—from there it spreads to the whole village and on to other villages. They are simple hymns with a distinctly Carib air to their melodies. They appeal to the people and we included several of them in our prayer book.

Our tour of the villages had brought forth many valuable suggestions and much helpful criticism. On our return to Belize, these were all given studied consideration as we worked on the final revision of the prayer book. The interest shown by the people in every village that we visited made a deep impression on my young collaborators from St. John's College. They applied themselves to the project with renewed dedication. The publication of the prayer book was only the beginning. They are now working on a Carib translation of "Jesus and I," the catechism of Father Heeg S.J. Four of them are translating a life of Christ. All are at work on a revised edition of the dictionary.

It is the prayer book, however, that will remain their most notable achievement. For this represents the first attempt made by Caribs to write their own language. It is a cooperative venture that is already repaying, in terms of a more profound appreciation of their faith, the labor that was entailed. As a young Carib told me on reading the prayer book, "You know, Father, I never really understood these prayers until I read them here in my own language."



The Jungle BEYOND Jasaan



I HAD LEFT THE MAIN MISSION STATION OF Jasaan in the Misamis Oriental district of the Philippines for a visit to three of the more remote barrios. To get to the first barrio I travelled thirty-two kilometers by jeep along a rough mountain road to a place where the road dies out and the real traveling begins. Looking into the distance I could see my first barrio perched in a crescent-shaped saddle in the fingery shadowed mountain—a sight indeed to inspire poetry. But when I thought of the terrain that lay between that sight for the bards and the prosaic spot on which I was standing, I laid aside my lyre and got my knapsack and jungle Mass kit out of the back of the jeep.

Fifteen hundred feet almost straight down from where I was standing was the Cabulig River—hip deep, studded with red boulders that channeled the sparkling waters into frothing floods. Treacherous even in the dry season, it is impassable after a heavy rain, when it is quickly swollen by the rushing

(Above) The mountain country of northern Mindanao. (Below) Father Martin and Jasaan friend.

waters of two dozen mountain streams charging into it. But there had been no heavy rains for some time so we quickly hairpinned our way down the canyon wall and crossed the sullen Cabulig.

Safely across, we rested and drank deeply of the chilled, crystal clear mountain water and were off again. Two hours of steady hiking through the cool forest and up and down the many ravines that gash the mountains brought us to the final hour of steady pacing through the sharp cogan grass of the hot rolling plain that surrounds the barrio of Apo-sa-Kahoy.

The barrio is a remote cluster of little grass

CLARENCE A. MARTIN S.J.

houses nestled at the foot of a mountain, sheltering a few dozen families. Although it is small the padre gets a big welcome from the youngsters who run out to meet him and friendly smiles from their parents as he goes past their houses toward the little grass chapel of St. Francis Xavier. It is hard to tell that the statue on the altar is St. Francis Xavier. It has weathered many a tropical storm and stood through many a rainy season and these have taken their toll of the little twelve-inch statue. His nose has been worn down to nothing and his whole face sticks out because his head once broke in two in a typhoon and was pasted together with rice flour. The little statue has kept aflame their devotion for many years and it is not from disloyalty that they keep asking for a new statue but out of love for their poor disfigured patron.

For twenty-four hours two or three times a year these far-off mountain people have a priest to give them instructions, to solemnize their marriages, to baptize their babies and to renew the Sacrifice of Calvary on the rough boards of their little altar. It certainly is little but their simple faith and the grace of God keep them staunch children of the Church about which they know so little.

The following days find the padre in Malagana and Tipolohon, smaller replicas of Apo-sa-Kahoy, after hikes along picturesque trails through the jungle. On all sides are twisted vines crawling along the ground and clinging to trees and bushes. There are large lace-like ferns that grow taller than a man and lofty trees that lift their heads above the damp jungle into the blinding sunlight above, trees lavishly adorned with white and purple orchids and chattering monkeys curiously peering down at the strange sight of human beings disturbing their peace.

As one moves through this breath-taking paradise he is struck by the richness of God's beauty and the contrasting poverty of those few hundred souls out there on the rim of Christendom who live so poorly in their grass huts and scratch out an existence on the mountain sides. Though few would envy them their poverty, the world is full of restless souls who could envy them their peace of soul and closeness to God far from the highways of life in their mountain paradise. For the jungle beyond Jasaan is also a protective barrier which shields these people of God from the evil of the world.

Come, follow me

OUR CAR WAS CLIMBING THE ROAD from Jaffa to Jerusalem as the sun dropped behind the Judean hills and the swift shadows of twilight closed in around us. The Moslem driver, without slackening speed, reached deftly with one hand to the seat beside him and unravelled the little bundle of bread and goat's milk cheese that was to be his day's first meal.

It was the month of Ramadan, the Moslem season of fasting; thirty consecutive days with no such relaxing intervals as our Lenten Sundays. The rigorous Moslem law imposes an absolute fast from the moment at dawn when one "can distinguish a black thread from a white," until, in the dimness of twilight, the colors are indistinguishable.

Since daybreak, more than twelve hours before, our driver had not tasted a morsel of food. He had not even moistened his parched lips with a drop of water, nor permitted himself the soothing puff of a cigarette, or an aspirin to relieve the headache brought on by fast and fatigue.

After a hearty invocation of Allah's blessing, he began his frugal but tasty meal. He ate with obvious relish and was soon in a talkative mood. He gaily dismissed the hardships of the fast, which tomorrow's sunrise would renew. "After all, it is only a few days of the year, and it is little enough to offer Allah for His goodness."

I think that when we reflect on the far less rigorous discipline of our own Lenten fast, we must agree with this devout Moslem. It is little enough to offer God, who is not only Lord of the world—as the Moslem's Allah—but our own Incarnate God of infinite love.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.



(Above) Father John Lange, Mission Superior, at Lourdes "grotto." (Below) Our Lady bearing boat in procession at Amirthagala shrine.



MISSIONS By The Ceylon Sea



Along the east coast of the island of Ceylon lie the mission stations manned by the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province. They are small villages which dot the seacoast north of sleepy Trincomalee with its splendid harbor or line the island shores of the beautiful lagoon near Batticaloa. Although most of the missionary personnel are engaged in educational work, the people of these outlying villages must also be cared for as best as can be in the face of limited manpower.

They are poor people who lead simple, indolent lives. Nature has been kind to them in Ceylon. The sea and lagoons teem with fish and shrimp while vegetables and tropical fruits are easily raised. Their fishing methods are antiquated, an individual with hand net or line or a group of men working with huge trawls. In the lagoon back-waters shrimp abound and it is a familiar sight to see a whole



Father Joseph Fengler with Lady of Fatima procession.



Tamil fisherman skillfully casts net.

family, from grandmother to smallest child, wading in the shallows in search of shrimp or, as they call them 'prawns,' a name that evokes memories for the New Orleans Jesuits.

Batticaloa is the real center of this mission and most of the quarter million inhabitants off the region are crowded around it. The town itself is situated on the shore of a picturesque tropical lagoon, famed for its swimming fish. Not long ago two Jesuits settled

the ancient argument over this latter fact by scientifically recording the song of the fish

The missionaries in these stations by the sea live a rigorous life. Their parishioners are few and scattered, beset by other religions and superstitions, travel is rugged and material necessities lacking. But what was once said by the Lake of Galilee still holds true along the shores of Ceylon. "I will make you fishers of men."

The annual blessing of the boats is held at Amirthagala, mission station of Puliadikudah in Ceylon.





20th Century on the Tigris

LEO J. SHEA S.J.

VISIONS OF SWARTHY, NARROW-EYED Arabs, of sluggish, tawny river-water for washing and maybe even for slaking throats parched by the burning glare of an Eastern sun; visions too of black-veiled women scurrying noiselessly on bare feet; prospects of smelly alleys strewn with refuse and divided by a gully of black drainage water, of pestiferous flies by day, of mosquitoes and prowling dogs by night; a medley of a thousand dread phantasms—all these did our assignment to Baghdad first evoke.

But whatever may have been the impression left on travellers of a generation or two ago, one has only to set foot on the streets of this city in the middle of the Syrian desert to realize that the 20th Century has arrived here. Iraq is modernizing fast. No longer should one have any preconceived illusions about a backward, walled city huddling to-



(Above) A modern business building in Iraq where East and West now mingle.
(Below) Basra airport on Persian Gulf.

gether swarms of illiterate, listless men. Not even a trace is left of the walls. If people speak of the "Gate of the Shaikh," "South Gate," and "North Gate," it is only to designate the eastern, southern and northern sections of the city where those gates actually did stand 40 or 50 years back.

Today if you come in by air you suddenly catch sight of ten miles of modern homes following the zig-zag course of the Tigris to a depth of half a mile on either side. Gardens of date palms point upward from below like green feather-dusters lined in orderly array between and beyond the rows of houses. Or ride in across the gravel-topped desert from Damascus in some of the world's largest

trailer-buses and the final stage brings you in on smooth macadam roads marked off with a multi-colored ribbon of royal palms, pink oleanders and blue gentian, past the bronze equestrian statue of Iraq's first king Feisal I, over the wide, arched bridge of steel and concrete to the very center of Baghdad's bustling traffic.

If it's the exotic one is eager for, "cola" ads, neon signs of bubbling beer, streams of '52 models from among America's best cars, jaunty fedoras and panamas on young men, Fifth-Avenue style dresses on young women and shops displaying all the latest in household appliances and "aids to beauty," soon beget the realization that one has almost to go looking for the Orient to find it.

Being on the main line of air-routes between East and West must account in part for much of the up-to-date tone of life in Baghdad. But what gives the real backbone to her hopes and plans for rapid development along the most modern lines is the sea of oil that the whole country is floating on and that is already pouring revenues in abundance into government coffers.

To us Americans who are still enamored of our New World wonders it is a pleasant surprise to find

this ancient land of Babylon and Nineveh changing right under our eyes and applying itself with the zest to new industries and agriculture. "Point Four" and UNESCO are seeing that Iraq gets her supply of bulldozers, tractors, cultivators and generators and what goes with them of personnel and direction. Those of us who have been here for a decade or two know also that the natives have wellsprings of energy and endurance that can be tapped for an amazing amount of activity under the most extraordinary circumstances.

Masons and carpenters with their flocks of helpers of all ages from 50 years to 10 work like beavers from 6:30 in the morning to 5 in the evening with an hour and a half out for lunch—and siesta; let the temperature

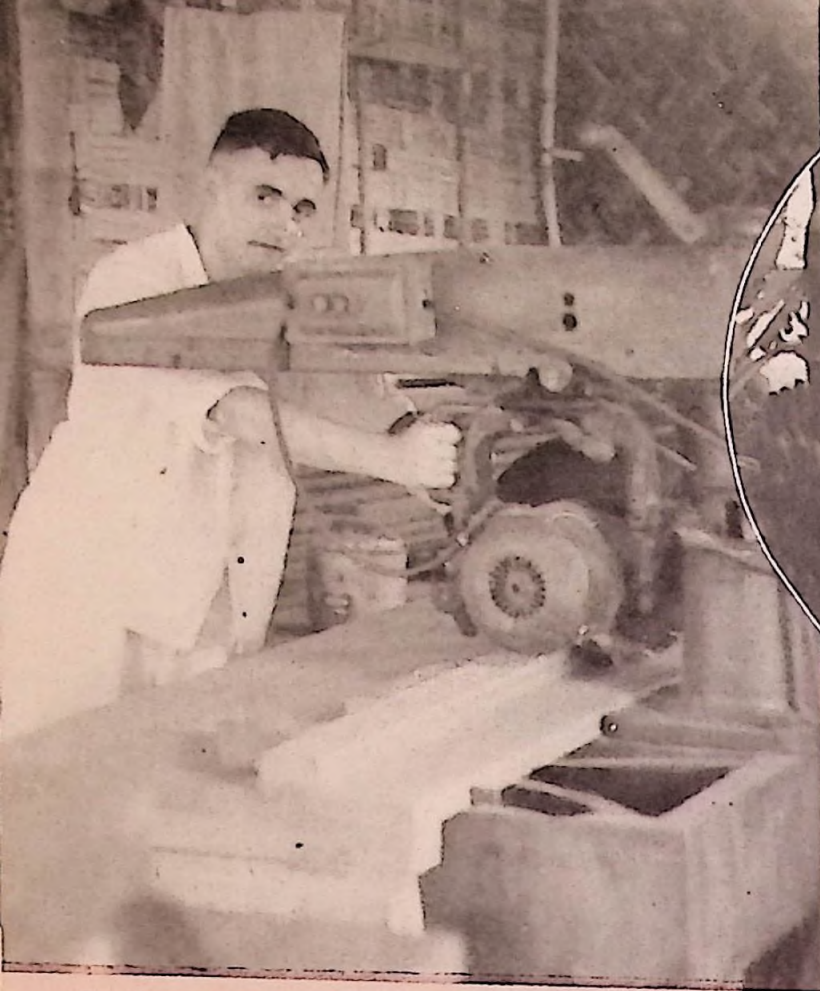
steam away at 115° in the shade! Walls rise under their feet; no staging is needed for these back-benders and that even in a scorching sun.

Cooks who can neither read nor write can be taught with the aid of a very limited Arabic vocabulary to reproduce "Good Housekeeping's" best dishes, provided the materials are at hand. Mechanics expend worlds of patience and usually good-humored labor keeping trucks and cars of early vintage and late on the go. As for languages, the most untutored among the city's waifs and far out in desert villages know enough English to ask: "What time is it?" Whereas those who reach the higher branches of learning invariably deal with ease in two, three, sometimes as many as five or six languages. Iraqi youngsters have almost too much "spirit." Perhaps it's their blood, like that of Arabian steeds, but it is unmistakably there.

It all adds up to this: an old nation, very old indeed, is feeling a surge of life and promises truly astounding development. Interesting! Thrilling!—especially for us who have the God-given opportunity of turning it in the right direction at the point where it affects boys in their adolescence and early youth. To do this we at B.C.-on-the-Tigris count not a little on the continued help, financially and prayerfully, of our "co-missionaries" back home.

Father Leo Shea of Lawrence, Mass. with an armed guide in the mountains of north Iraq.





Brother F. Schiatti, Italian, carpenter at the seminary, once called Milan his home.

(Circle) Father Korn is also an exile now.



St. Joseph

KNEW



(Above) Brother Thomas Li, Chinese, cook.



Brother Achbolt, Hungarian, feeds animal



(Above, left) Brother Muo, Spanish, knows all the tricks of gardening as this bunch of bananas attests. (Above) Brother Joseph Liu, Chinese, has the unenviable task of washing, ironing, mending for 50 people while Brother Ibarrando of Italy (below) has charge of both dining room and hospital.

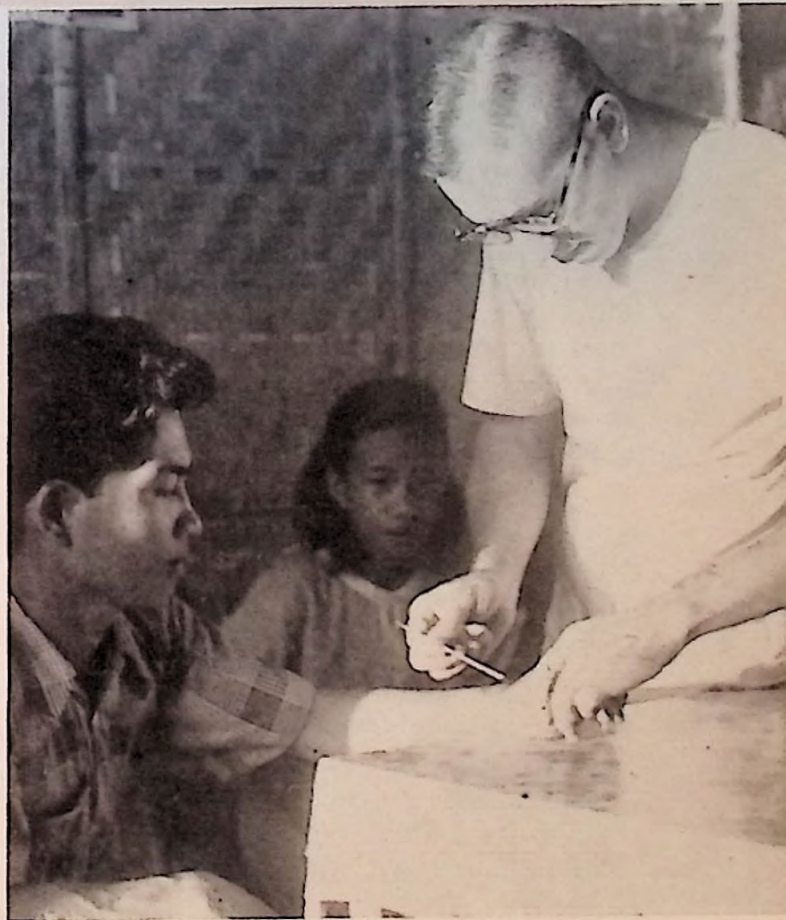
EXILE TOO

THOMAS H. KORN S.J.

MARCH IS THE MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH, the model for all the coadjutor brothers of the Society of Jesus. But here in the Philippines there is a group of brothers who can appreciate more deeply than most one feature of St. Joseph's life, his exile in Egypt. For these men are in exile too.

They are Jesuit brothers who belong to the China Mission but have been driven out by the Communists. Now each one of them is a St. Joseph for the young Chinese Christs who are preparing for the priesthood in their Filipino exile.

At St. Joseph's Regional Seminary on the outskirts of Manila these brothers go about their laborious tasks. They are true religious, bound by vows, and an integral part of the Society of Jesus. Of different nationalities, they meet now in exile to live the quiet, work-filled, saintly life of their patron, St. Joseph.



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

MARCH: That Southeast Asia be freed from the danger of Communism.

SIX COUNTRIES ARE INCLUDED IN THE NAME Southeast Asia. Three of them, Burma, Indonesia and the Philippines, became independent at the end of World War II. Indo-China and Malaya are still possessions of France and Great Britain. Thailand, or Siam, as we used to call it, is an ancient independent kingdom. Each of these countries is subject to the threat of Communism in a greater or less degree depending on the complex political and economic issues that provide grist for the mills of Communist propaganda and agitation.

SURVEY OF THE PROBLEM

Although the spirit of nationalism was too long repressed by an imperial colonial regime, the legitimate demands of the people for self-government are distorted by Communist agents. The only result will be that the people will fall victims of a thoroughly ruthless Red imperialism. If the needs of the people in these lands for food, shelter, clothing and education have not been met by their own governments' measures of relief and reform, where necessary, Red propagandists lure them by myths of a proletarian earthly paradise. If their new governments falter in the task of balancing their needs and resources, of guiding all the elements of the state toward the common good, then Soviet agitators are quick to push the spirit of discontent to active revolt.

PROGRESS

The open fight against Communist forces in these nations is most active at present in Indo-China, a neighbor of Red China. This country of 25 million, of whom one and a half million are Catholics, is the scene of constantly shifting warfare. In Malaya, a

small but determined guerilla army seeks not control of the government but destruction of the rubber crop, the backbone of Malayan economic life. The guerrilla problem in the Philippines seems about ended. By using force, plus land-reform and rehabilitation measures, the government is succeeding in bringing internal peace to this largely Catholic country. In Burma, also on the Chinese border, Communism remains an external threat now that the government has captured the rebel capital and dispersed about half of the "Red Flag" guerillas. Indonesia, independent now of the Netherlands, is struggling to bring under control all the forces that resisted Japanese conquest and Dutch colonial control. Thailand alone in Southeast Asia is an island of political and economic stability.

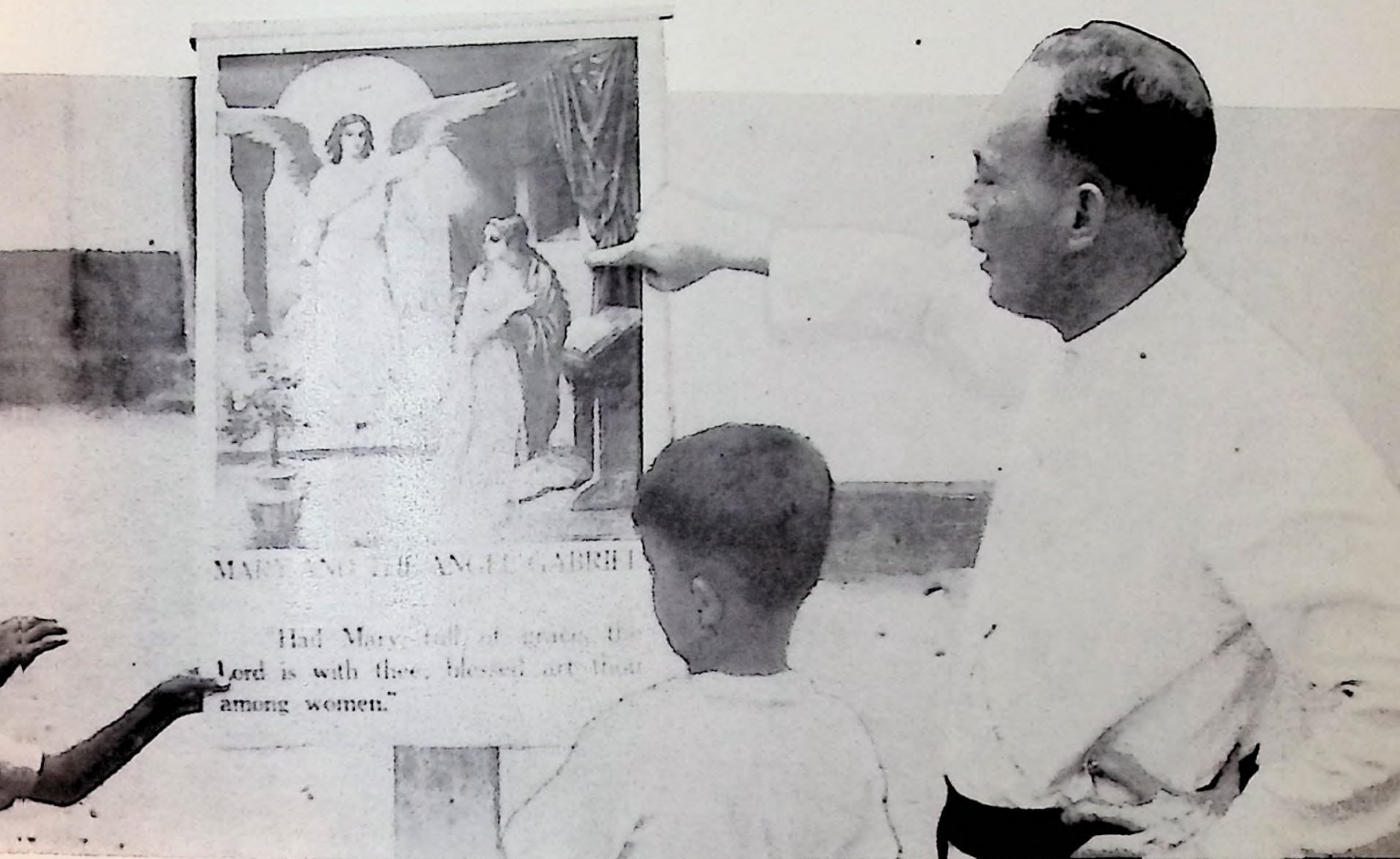
SOLUTIONS

All these countries are being helped to solve their difficult problems by grants and loans from the United States and other interested nations. But the solution will not be permanent unless they are founded on sound principles of justice and charity, principles that the Church and its Popes have preached unceasingly as the only basis of real order and peace. And, because the struggle against Communism is for the minds, hearts and souls of men, it remains fundamentally a spiritual struggle. Hence, the need for prayers as the Pope asks us to pray for this intention this month.

We can also remind ourselves that in the countries of Southeast Asia the Church is only beginning to bring to the people, through their own priests, brothers and sisters, the "way, truth and life" of Christ. If these lands fall under the Communist rule, the mission work of the Church will be destroyed. But that work will flourish under governments of peace and order that are truly "by and for the people."

EDWARD S. DUNN, S.J.

ROAD MAP TO *Heaven*



Father Felix Clarkson of the New Orleans Jesuit mission in Ceylon teaches the Singhalese by means of colored pictures.

CATECHETICAL CHARTS

You can make the most important journey in life easier and safer for thousands of people in the missions by supplying the missionaries with CATECHETICAL CHARTS. One colored picture is worth many pages of reading material, because it conveys immediately to the child the majesty of Our Lord and the tenderness of Our Lady more readily than words ever can. Remember the effectiveness of a holy picture on yourself when you were learning the teachings of Christ. The charts as illustrated above cost \$10 each. Please help Jesuit Missions supply the wants of our missionaries by sending us your donations.



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IRAQ • JAMAICA • JAPAN • PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • YORO

For most missionaries the season of Lent means little change in their ordinary routine. We at home are accustomed to look on Lent as a time for sacrifice, for fasting and meatless days. But for a missionary sacrifice is the whole tenor of his life and dwelling as he does among the world's poor he lives the life of his people. On the missions every day can be Lent, especially if looked at from the viewpoint of the dinner table.

In a recent letter FATHER JOSEPH STOFFEL S.J. of Talisayan in the Philippines described the ordinary day of a priest in the barrios along the coast of Mindanao. On the subject of food he says, "Here, breakfast consists of coffee and rolls with margarine and jam. Sometimes there are bananas, but fruit is very scarce in this

Father Joseph Stoffel and Filipino friend.



particular town although in most places there are plenty of papayas and bananas. Eggs are very scarce and cost \$1.50 a dozen. The only milk available is canned evaporated milk bought from Manila. However, white sugar, refined in the Philippines, is available and reasonably priced.

"Dinner usually consists of rice, tongkong (a native green vegetable somewhat like spinach), and fish,—if the fishermen caught any during the previous night. There is usually no meat in the Talisayan market. If there is no fish, a can of Argentine corned beef might be opened, or Spam, or the boy might make scrambled eggs, using American canned powdered eggs bought from Manila. If the occasion warrants it, an expensive can of American canned fruit might be opened to serve as dessert, or a boy might have been sent the previous day to some distant town where pineapples can be bought. In some places in the Philippines there are plenty of mangos, avocados, lanzones, atis, oranges, and other tropical fruits, but here in Talisayan the only fruit is the coconut."

SO NEAR, AND YET

But FATHER JOHN GORDON S.J., one of the exiled China missionaries now in the Philippines, provides an interesting sidelight on the coconut situation.

"I am down at Binmalay on the Lingayan Gulf. These people here lead a tough life. A farmer was telling me how difficult it was. Sometimes he has to wait three months for his bananas to ripen.

"What do you do in the meantime?" I asked.

"I have to live on coconuts, Father."

"Do you always have coconuts?"

"Not always, Father. Sometimes nobody will climb the tree!"

And sometimes there are no trees to climb. FATHER WILLIAM WALTER S.J. tersely describes the possible situation



in the Western Caroline Islands as he anxiously awaited news of his people after receiving the report of a devastating hurricane striking the atolls of Faraulap and Ulithi.

“With one exception, all of my islands are only sand bars, eight to ten feet above the level of the sea. In such a storm the waves usually sweep completely over the land. Women and children, young and old, have to be lashed to trees lest they be carried away by the raging waters. Even the trees may have been swept away and a great loss of life may be expected. And the survivors may soon be without food or water. Taro and sweet potatoes are ruined by salt water, and should the coconut trees have been uprooted the atolls will be unable to support life for the next six to ten years. If this has happened the natives will have to be evacuated.

“Pray for my people! With the first ship leaving Koror I will set out for the islands. Wherever I go I will bring the Mass and the Sacraments and a promise that some day each island will have a concrete church as a bulwark of religion and refuge from hurricanes.”

THOSE SOUTH SEA ISLES

The romantic tales of life in the South Sea isles with its leisurely richness and ease leave an impression which fast fades in the face of reality.

At the other end of the Caroline-Marshall Mission from Father Walter is FATHER THOMAS DONOHOE S.J. on Jaluit in the Marshalls.

“Food is not so plentiful out here as you might imagine,” he reports. “The Marshalls do not have too much food. Our small stores—there are several on this one atoll of Jaluit—get all mixed up and cannot supply rice and other necessary items. Each year so far there have been periods of food shortage—we’re having one now. So for six weeks or so we are having school lunch here. Also, the boys who work after school are invited to stay and have some rice and



Father Donohoe of Jaluit in the Marshalls.

tea and fish in the evenings. This not only helps keep body and soul together, it also builds up a fine spirit among the children. They’re good workers and think nothing of sawing and hammering away from after school until dark. Many days they work by electric light after dark. I thank Our Lord for this spirit and pray and hope that this school will turn out leaders who will maintain that same spirit throughout their lives.

“But I must say that our older people are not at all afraid of work. I do not believe there are any lazy people in the Marshalls—or rather say, the people here as a group are not at all lazy. They just finished thatching the school and church again. In these two buildings we still use thatch, since it is very cool and clean.

“I will be sorry when we get away from thatch roofs, since whenever we renew the thatch there is a great get-together, something like threshing in the old days when all the neighbors pitched in. Thatching involves many steps, from gathering the leaves and preparing them to the various steps involved in the actual tying it into place piece by piece on a particular day when all come together and each has a particular part to play in the operation.”



HOLY COW!

But there are limits to which missionaries should go in avoiding meat, Lent or no Lent. There are two Jamshedpur Jesuits in India who heartily agree on that.

FATHERS BERNARD O'LEARY S.J. and CARL DINCHER S.J. were returning to Gomoh from Dhanbad, bouncing along the road on their motorcycle at a good clip in the gathering dusk. Suddenly there loomed up before them a sacred cow, chewing her cud with complete unconcern for all motorcycles and missionaries. They swerved violently to the side and off the road, passing under a banyan tree whose stiff dangling roots lifted them both clean out of the saddle. Twenty minutes later the two missionaries, dazed but unhurt except for a few minor cuts and bruises, found the motorcycle neatly wrapped around a tree and the cow grazing peacefully in a nearby field. A checkup at St. Xavier's Hospital showed no fractures and we are happy to say both men were shortly back on the job with definite opinions on cows.

From the same Jamshedpur Mission comes a footnote on food from JOHN GUIDERA S.J. who is stationed at Chai-basa with FATHERS EDWARD NASH S.J. and RICHARD NEU S.J.

"The coming of the monsoon also saw the advent of flying ants, a great delicacy for the children who tear off the wings of the ants and eat them like jelly beans.

"Aren't they still alive when you eat them?" I asked in astonishment.

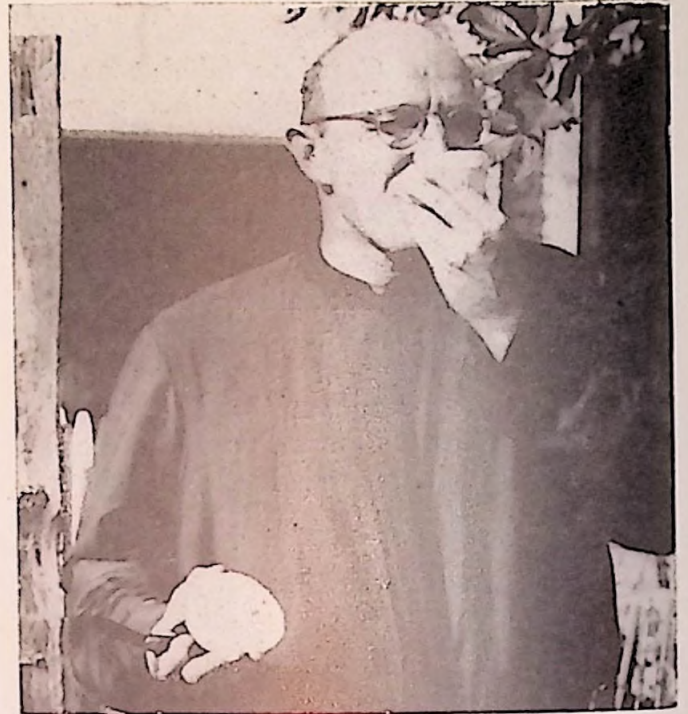
"Oh, they die on the way down, Father, and are very sweet."

"You can be sure that I was quite willing to take their word for it."

OF CHICLE AND CLOTH

The Church in British Honduras is keeping pace with the modern material developments going on in the Colony.

From his headquarters at El Cayo FATHER JOHN RUOFF S.J. writes, "The chicle season is on but it is not the big boom of former years. With the high costs of living now and the devaluation of our dollar the



Father Ruoff of El Cayo, British Honduras.

GOOD BYE

Father Richard Rosenfelder S.J. of the Chicago Province sailed for India a few months ago. While enroute he penned a note of gratitude to those at home. We think it is something every missionary wants to say.

"Saying goodbye for good to those I love most in life is pretty tough. Take it from me, I just did it. But the keen edge of regret was smoothed down a terrible lot by the kindness and generosity of you to whom I said goodbye. You were kind to me because you thought enough of me to come and say goodbye. Your generosity far exceeded anything meant for me personally I know, because you intended your gifts for the work I went to do—the salvation of pagan souls.

"I don't suppose I'll ever forget those colored ladies in Chicago, whom I'd never met before, but who came to say goodbye to "those missionaries leaving for India." When I said goodbye to them they each left a bill in my hand, all but one. She left 23 cen



(Above) Joseph Danel S.J. and group of Spanish-speaking boys. (Left) Joseph Azadian S.J. and the "Cow Barn Institute" class.


IN THE RICH SANTA CLARA VALLEY OF northern California, there live a hundred thousand people of Latin-American ancestry. Most of them are American citizens; some however are legal or illegal immigrants from Mexico, Puerto Rico, and others of our Spanish-American neighbors. They form a small portion of the 4,000,000 Spanish-Americans in the United States, who are the "forgotten Americans" of our times.

Among these millions a great tragedy is being played. You can see it on a small scale here in our valley, and all along the San Francisco peninsula. It is revealed in the newspaper headlines with their stories of murder, robbery, arson—stories in which the lead parts are played by people with names like Rodriguez, Chavez, Apodaco. They are heroes who step out of the twilight of the Mexican "ghetto," where they lived as "forgotten Americans," long enough to absorb a few rays from the limelight of crime, then fade back into the shadows, in San Quentin, Alcatraz, or Folsom.

The students of theology at Alma College, the California Jesuit theologate, fifteen miles

THEY SPEAK SPANISH and their own priests are too few to cover the far-flung corners of the country where they cluster.

FORGOTTEN *Americans*



southwest of San Jose, are taking a swing at this problem of "forgotten Americans." It's not a heavy punch yet; but we hope it may develop.

Two years ago, Father Louis Kern, a Spanish-speaking Jesuit who had been sent to San Jose to help care for the Mexican population there, decided he couldn't do it all and sent an SOS along to Father Hilary Werts, Rector of Alma, asking for theologians to help him catechize his poverty-stricken "Mexicanos." So six zealous scholastics, Messrs. Joseph Azadian, Joseph Danel, Roland Dodd, Louis Sauvain, Wilfred Schoenberg, and Robert Taylor, became the pioneer missionaries.

The young Jesuits sallied into the dust and grime of San Jose's "Mexiquito." They had to man three centers located a few blocks apart; so at each of the three, two scholastics were disembarked to be greeted by howling assortments of dusky little jumping-jacks, most of whom had rarely seen a priest. The young teachers went to work forthwith, gently spraying the Word of God over this thirsty soil. The "physical plants" were not impressive. One consisted of a corrugated tin garage; another was a cow barn; the third was a broken-down hall.

The teachers soon realized that they were working in fresh unfashioned clay. In age, their students ranged from 6 to 13; as far as their knowledge of religion was concerned, they formed an ideal "homogeneous

grouping" with a rating of absolute zero.

But the zealous theologians went at it with a will, journeying daily during the month of August to their respective chairs of catechetical learning, taking an afternoon or two to bang together some benches, and sweetening the whole process with liberal injections of candy. By the end of summer nearly 150 little Mexicanos had given their allegiance to the new "catechism institute," and on September 3rd 40 made their first Holy Communion and gulped down a breakfast laid for them by Monsignor Maher, pastor of St. Patrick's Church in San Jose.

From its meager beginnings, Alma's young missionary project has grown to occupy a major place in the affections of the young clerics. Some things have been changed and improved since the mission was started; but barbaric simplicity still controls educational policies. One center has been moved to the back yard of the good Ruiz family. About 45 youngsters come there each Saturday, and are divided into three groups—one of which holds session in the car, the other in the fresh open spaces of the back yard, the third in a creaky little wooden shed.

It is amazing what can be accomplished with nothing at all. For nothing at all is about the measure of capital stock that our little mission operates on. A church would be nice; an elementary school wouldn't be bad either. But in the meantime, some comic books, a rosary or two, some medals and holy cards would go a long way toward keeping *el diablo* over in the next yard.

Whatever lies in store for Alma's little Mexicanos, they are at least not wholly "forgotten Americans." And perhaps we can hope that whatever fame they may some day find, it will not be in banner headlines on the newspaper "Crime Page."



The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

I doubt whether Joseph ever came home on a Friday evening and gave Mary his pay envelope with an equivalent in our times of one hundred dollars. At times, perhaps they both had grave concern about sufficient funds for the ensuing week. Joseph was a laboring man, subject to weary, monotonous toil, yet content with the ever inspiring realization of supporting his sacred trust of Jesus and Mary.

I have no doubt that you, our readers, are following closely the vocation of Joseph. You labor to support your God-given trust of a wife and children or an aged mother or father. Further, the very fact that your name is on our list is proof of your sacrificial desires to honor and support the interests of the Christ Child and His Mother.

Constantly we ask God to reward you primarily with spiritual blessings. This month will be an exception. God will understand as you have been so good in contributing to His missionaries. Prior to the feast of St. Joseph, a novena of Masses will be offered that God grant you sturdy health and prosperity in all your enterprises.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Spiritual Tax

If you had to pay 60c a gallon for gasoline you would probably think twice or at least look at your wallet before taking your car out of the garage. In at least one of our missions, gasoline is 60c a gallon. When a sick call comes, a missionary cannot think twice. He has only one thought, namely, to get to the dying person as quickly as possible. Apart from emergencies, a car is essential to say Sunday Mass in two distant towns, to supervise catechetical centers or simply to keep in contact with the people. Would your mind paying a 2c spiritual tax on every gallon of gas you buy? It would not be long before you would have 60c. When you have \$3.00 you can send it to JESUIT MISSIONS so a missionary can speed his search for souls.

Building

Since St. Joseph was a carpenter he must have made or altered for Mary's convenience many things about the house of Nazareth. It might be questioned whether he ever had to build the entire home at Nazareth. Father Goveas of Gaya, India, has placed an order with St. Joseph to build a convent for the Sisters managing his orphanage. The Sisters

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51 East 83rd St.,
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are taking Mary's place caring for Christ's little ones. Every available penny is now being used to buy rice, milk, clothing and medicine for the children. During the month of St. Joseph could you sacrifice a dollar or two for the new convent? St. Joseph cannot come down from heaven to direct the building but he can go directly to the Blessed Mother and ask Her intercession for you.

Beggars for Christ

When walking along Madison Avenue or any street in any city, a priest is occasionally asked for alms. At times, one might doubt the worthiness of the request. Some months ago, we requested stringless donations so a fund would be available for missionaries visiting 962 Madison Avenue. The response was good but it must be added that there have been a goodly number of visitors. They are, of course, beggars for Christ. You should see their expression and listen to their words of gratitude in accepting a gift for their mission.

Bread and Wine

Holy Thursday is near with its wondrous thoughts of the Cenacle, the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, the ordination of the Apostles. When Peter and John went to the bazaar to purchase wine and the unleavened bread for the Paschal Supper they never suspected that by Divine Power the bread and wine would become the Body and Blood of God. How willingly you would have paid their bill at the bazaar! The same sacrifice is offered hundreds of times each morning by the missionaries. You can provide the wine and the hosts for their Masses. Whatever sacrifice you make for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be gratefully remembered by the missionaries as they stand at God's altar.

- Also needed for our missionaries are
- 7 sets of altar cards at \$30.00 per set
 - 6 albs at \$25.00 each
 - 3 missals at \$40.00 each

Life of Xavier

Many of our missionaries have asked us to send them a copy of "The Fire of Xavier" by A. R. McGratty S.J. It is a recent publication and retails at \$4.00 per copy. The very reading of the life of the Patron of the Missions would delight the missionaries. Would you be interested in purchasing a copy for a missionary or for yourself?



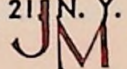
**MISSION
NEEDS**


Working for the 296,000 souls of the mission of Trincomalee are 1 Jesuit Bishop, 24 Jesuit priests, 13 Jesuit scholastics and 6 Jesuit brothers. To aid their work they beg the following items:

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FOR THE *Orphans*

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instructing boys in
carpentering at Bat-
ticaloa, Ceylon.
(Below) A typical
orphan child of the
Trincomalee area.

ORPHANS have large appetites, especially in mission countries. For they arrive at the orphanage often in a starving condition. They need special food to regain their strength. Orphans in Ceylon are no exception. In the Jesuit Mission Diocese of Trincomalee one hundred and eighty-seven boys and two hundred and fifty-six girls are being cared for. To show how poor they are Father Lange S.J. once wrote that he would be glad to accept flour bags to make clothing for the children. For their training the boys need tools, and the girls need sewing material. Will you please help these poor little ones of Christ with small or large money gifts?



JESUIT MISSIONS

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