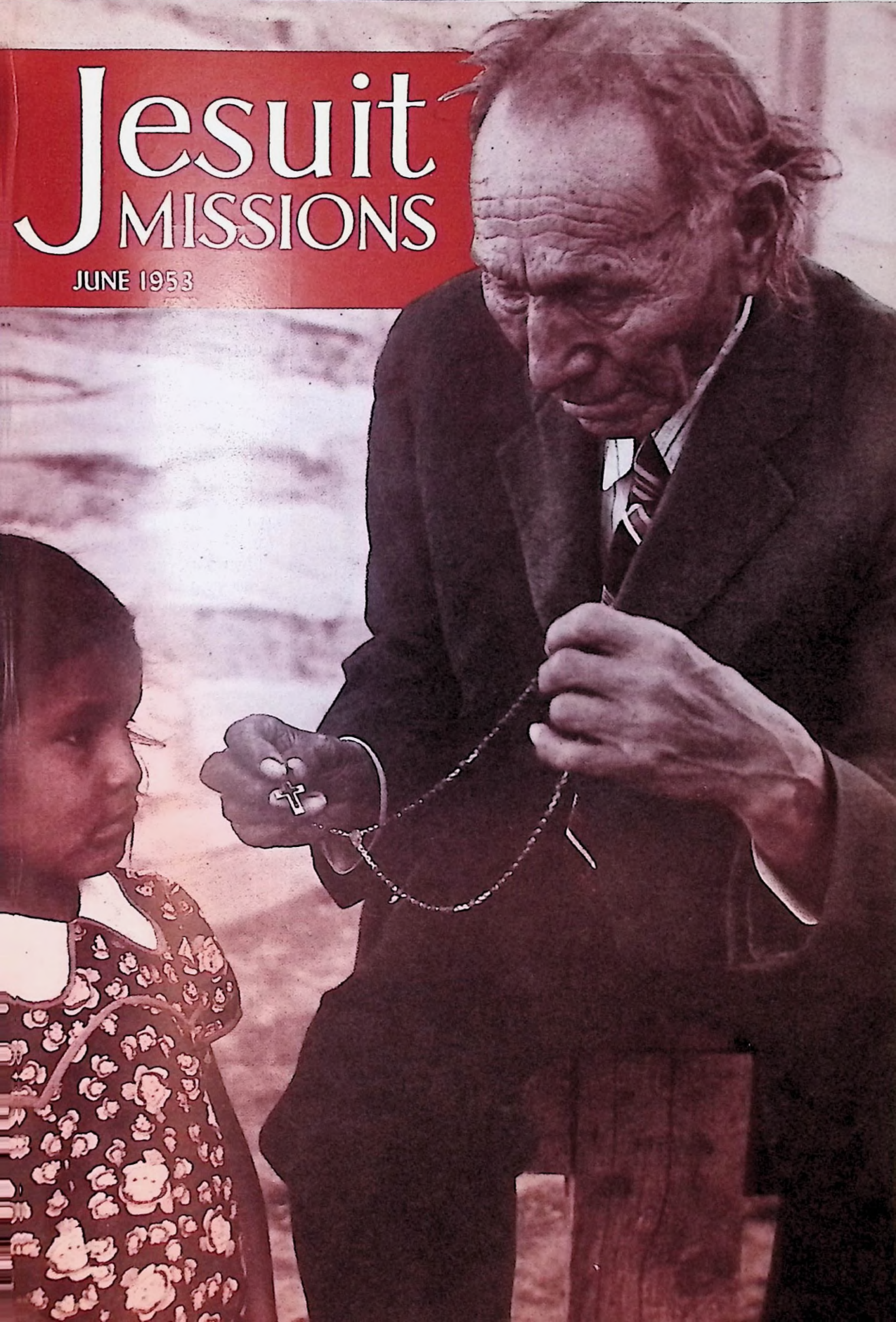


Jesuit MISSIONS

JUNE 1953



JESUIT

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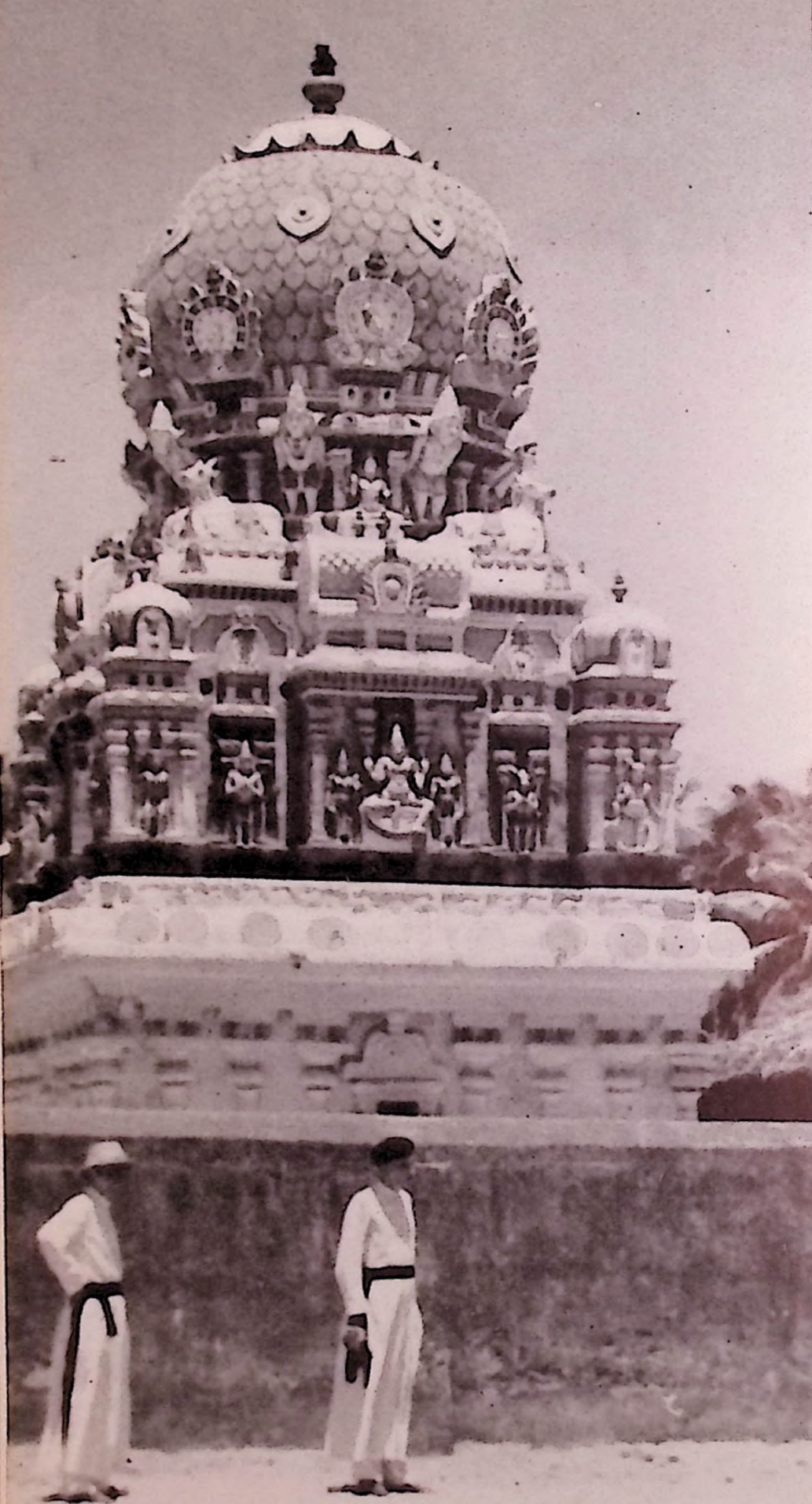
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Fathers Lorio and Linehan of the Ceylon Mission before elaborate temple of Tira Kovil near Trincomalee. A temple to god Siva has stood on this site since 10 A.D.

MISSIONS

VOICE OF 1114 AMERICAN JESUITS

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MISSION OF THE MONTH Baghdad

The Greeks had a word for Iraq and it was Mesopotamia—the “Land between the Rivers.” The rivers are the Euphrates and Tigris, mentioned in the Book of Genesis as two of the four rivers that watered Paradise. Iraq was man’s first home on this earth and the Cradle of Civilization. Ur of the Chaldees, Babylon, and Nineveh of the Assyrians are among the ruins that tell of ancient cultures.

Today’s Iraq is an Arab Kingdom carved out of the broken Turkish Empire after World War I. Its population is more than four million and predominantly Moslem. Christians number about 200,000. Of these the most numerous are Catholics of the Chaldean and Syrian Rites. Iraq’s Christians have held the faith since apostolic times in spite of thirteen centuries of Moslem domination. French Dominicans and Carmelites have labored there for four centuries.

In 1932 American Jesuits established Baghdad College in the nation’s capitol of one half million souls. The New England Province staffs the mission. Today 37 Jesuits and 683 students are proud of their six modern buildings. Eighteen other Jesuits, including two Iraqis, belong to the mission but are at present in the U. S. engaged in studies or on temporary assignments.

In this issue you will read how a renowned explorer and a carefree schoolboy died in the Philippine Islands four hundred years apart. The faith that transformed the boy into the stature of a man after Christ’s own Heart had been brought to his land by the explorer and nurtured by the missionaries.

An archeologist probes the soil of the Mohawk Valley in search of the relics of America’s first canonized martyrs, Saints René Goupil and Isaac Jogues. Their dedicated lives, after three hundred years, still inspire their Jesuit confreres of today among the Indians of Dakota’s Bad Lands.

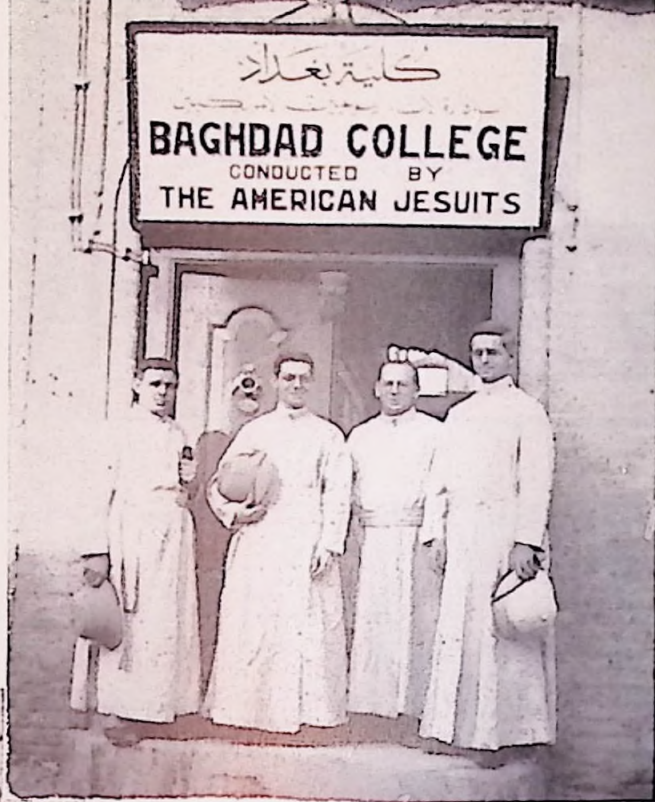
To repel the shadow of an Iron Curtain encroaching on India, a devout mother lights the lamp of faith in her children and the Sacred Heart now speaks His message of love in the Hindi tongue. Elsewhere in the East, a Chapel of the Sacred Heart becomes the crowning jewel in an impressive group of buildings at Baghdad, in the heart of the Moslem World.

Not one of these incidents, so disparate in time and place, is really remote from another, or from us. Each is a vital act of the Mystical Body of Christ, in whose Spirit we are all made one and whose infinite love spans all time and space.

COVER. Nick Black Elk passes on the faith to the younger generation. Nick is a veteran Catechist at Holy Rosary Mission on the Sioux Reservation at Pine Ridge, South Dakota. His own childhood was spent in the stormy days of Chief Sitting Bull, the last Sioux warrior chieftain. (Photo by J. A. Zimmerman S.J.)

TWENTY YEARS *A-Growing*

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



IN A LAND THAT WAS ALREADY OLD WHEN its tower of Babel became a symbol of confusion, twenty years are a fleeting moment; a ripple in the world's most ancient stream of history. Yet in spite of its brief span of twenty years, the story of Baghdad College is worth recording. For God has fostered its growth to such swift maturity that its achievements have outrun its years.

On the sixteenth of June 1933 the four Jesuit pioneers pictured above brought to a close the first academic year of Baghdad

College. As student enrolment grew from 97 to 683, the 4 Jesuits of the 1932-33 Staff expand to 38 in 1952-53. Father Cronin (fourth from left in second row) died in January after brief illness, the first to complete his holocaust in Baghdad.

The College premises were two rented houses in a crowded, noisy and chaotic quarter of Baghdad. The student body totalled ninety-seven. The modest function was hopefully called—"The First Annual Distribution of Prizes". It created no perceptible impact on Iraq's busy capitol.

THE FAITH IS REVIVED among an ancient people and a Jesuit Institution thrives in a desert land that once was the Garden of Eden.

Six months before the opening of that scholastic year, Fathers William A. Rice and Edward F. Madaras had arrived from the United States with a commission from His late Holiness Pope Pius XI to establish a Catholic secondary school in the Moslem Kingdom of Iraq. Shortly after their arrival, Father Rice, the first Superior of the Mission,

From cramped quarters in a rented house shown at lower right, Baghdad College moves on and upward into spacious modern buildings. Here are four of the six major buildings on picturesque campus along Iraq's historic Tigris River.

wrote from Baghdad—"We have no foundation here; no house, no school, no residence. We will have to do pioneer work."

They had come at a time of world-wide economic depression; at a time of political instability and anti-foreign sentiment when the ancient land of Mesopotamia was passing through the delicate transition from British Mandate to an independent Arab Moslem Kingdom. They had come to work primarily for the Oriental Christians, long a miserable, discounted and dispirited minority who had, in the closing years of World War I, been

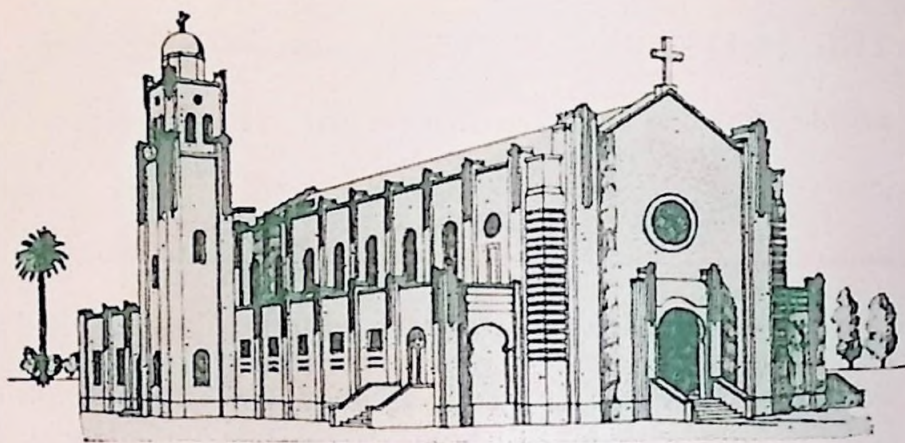


subjected to ruthless persecution by the Turks.

From every human point of view the prospects of success were most discouraging. But they had come, these pioneers and those who joined them later, with a tremendous faith in the Providence of God, serene confidence in the generous cooperation of friends back home, a cheerful and selfless dedication to their task and a genuine love for the people they came to serve. This was the spirit on which Baghdad College was founded. It revealed itself constantly in the little missionary journal "Al Baghdadi," initiated by Father Madaras, which recorded with a sort of amused detachment the many heartaches and tribulations, and with an humble relish the many joys and triumphs that marked the mission's progress. "Al Baghdadi" won a host of generous friends for Baghdad College.

Two years of complicated search were spent before a new site was purchased for the College. It was a twenty-five-acre palm-fringed tract, three miles north of the crowded city and reaching from the east bank of the Tigris to the edge of the desert. The building program was begun in November 1936, at a time when hostility and suspicion on the part of government authorities had reduced the student enrolment to eighty-six. It was an heroic act of faith in Providence, but it was sustained by the generosity of an anonymous benefactress who made it possible, in a time of dark

Father Leo Guay, professional chemist but talented architect, designed Rice Memorial Science Building and Chapel of the Sacred Heart (above).



foreboding, to erect two buildings and inaugurate the boarding division. The building program has continued. But it is always subject to the stress of competing forces, including floods, sporadic uprisings and coups d'etat, the revolution of 1941, the Second World War and the seething unrest throughout the Arab World since the Palestine War of 1948.

Though the building program was, above all, an act of faith in God's Providence, it was likewise a gesture of confidence in the country and its people. As a result, the ever expanding enrolment numbers not only Christians but also sons of the ruling-class Moslem families. The old hostility has vanished and the now friendly Moslems accept the Fathers as men of God and not potential agents of a new imperialism.

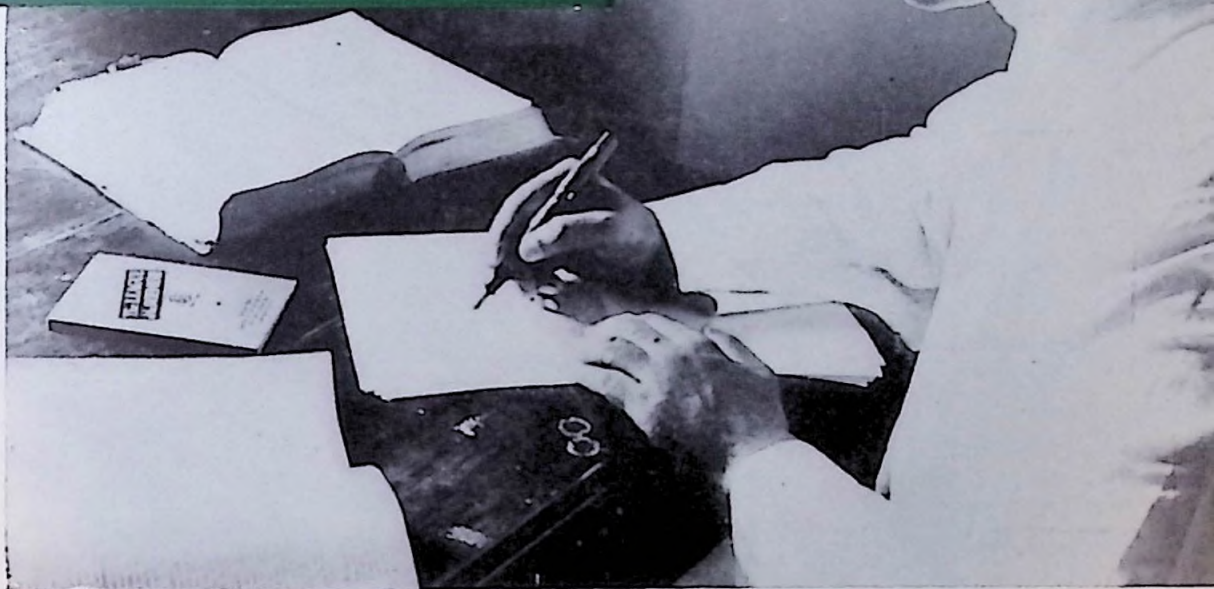
The oldest graduates are still in their thirties and the total numbers scarcely four hundred. The majority of them have gone on for university studies either in Iraq or abroad and they are already making a rich contribution to Iraqi life, especially in the fields of medicine, surgery and engineering.

The increasing prestige of the College has given new hope to the Christian minority and a new sense of pride in their ancient heritage. Their young men are spiritually alert and active. When a group of graduates established, on their own initiative and at their own financial risk, a now flourishing Catholic primary school, they gave proof that the apostolate of Baghdad College had taken root in fruitful soil. But most gratifying of all has been the revival of the spirit of priestly vocations a spirit that had been dormant for twenty years.

The Jesuits of Baghdad College in June 1953 can phrase no more eloquent prayer than that of one of its pioneers twenty years ago—"We wish to acknowledge the great debt of gratitude we owe to God who has helped us mightily all along."



THE HINDI *Messenger*



FRANCIS XAVIER S.J.

PAVITRA HRIDAY KA SANDESH—THAT IS just the Hindi equivalent of “The Messenger of the Sacred Heart”. For convenience we shorten it to SANDESH—“The Messenger”. It is the latest born of the family of missionary magazines in India and is published by the Jesuits of the Patna Mission.

Though more than two hundred separate languages are spoken in India, the Hindi speaking group is by far the largest. And by decree of Parliament in 1949 Hindi is now the official national language. We Catholics had nothing very substantial in the line of Hindi Catholic literature, so the unique position of Hindi as the new *lingua franca* confronted us with a challenge.

Our Hindi Catholics are, with few exceptions, recent converts to the faith. Many of them are simple and humble folk like the Galilean peasants of whom the Sacred Heart first said, “I have compassion on the multi-

Father Xavier prepares copy for the printer. The Hindi Messenger which he edits is latest of 57 Messengers published in 32 languages.

tude.” So a Sacred Heart Messenger in Hindi seemed an obvious answer to our need. Father Francis X. Zurbitu S.J. of Bombay, the National Director of the League of the Sacred Heart, and Father Edward A. Scott S.J., Regional Director of Patna, began to dream and work and pray. Devoted friends of the Sacred Heart came to their aid. One substantial gift in particular, received through JESUIT MISSIONS, enabled SANDESH to see the light of day in March 1950.

SANDESH was warmly received both by pastors and people. It is growing slowly. We direct it primarily to our Catholic readers, but we aim also to reach out to our non-Christian brethren, planting the seed of divine love in hungry souls and praying the Sacred Heart to fructify the harvest.

And I Didn't *Like Kids*

The author came to teach at St. Francis Mission in South Dakota with some misgivings. These young Sioux, compounded of angel and imp, soon won his heart. Most names have real Indian ring recalling the warpath. l. to r., John His Blue Horse; Robert Young; Louis Whirlwind Soldier; Arthur Black Bear.



FRANCIS J. BURKE S.J.

MINE WAS THE VAST MISFORTUNE OF growing up under the impression that I simply didn't like children.

Accordingly, when I was assigned in the late, hot summer of 1951 to teach school to the Sioux Indians at St. Francis Mission in South Dakota, I had very clear and definite misgivings. For St. Francis has not only a high school, but the full eight primary grades as well. The place was sure to be overflowing with kids. And I didn't like kids!

The first day of school I was assigned to keep what order I could in the dining room. After grace was said and all had more or less settled down, I discovered one little Joe wailing most dolefully right under my nose.

I stood coolly aloof. I pretended not to notice. You merely encourage wailing introverts by noticing their tantrums. At least, so I thought. But I had much to learn. The cool and aloof treatment was failing dismally. So I took another approach.

"Hey fella, what's the matter?"

He sniffled; he drooled; he sobbed.

"Hey fella, you'd better eat something."

More sniffing.

I went on being suavely consoling, cheery, reassuring. But the sobs became so convulsive that I was afraid he would tear something loose inside, a contingency, I was to learn later, next to impossible for kids of his age. It was plain that my switch in tactics was unavailing. I had begun to consider the

violent approach when a little psychologist next to my wailer fixed me with a stare of contempt for my ignorance and volunteered condescendingly—

“He wants his big brother.”

At that juncture any suggestion was acceptable, so the “big” brother was fetched. He proved to be not an inch taller than the little yowler and took his place beside him without a word, but with an undisguised look of reproach for the entire proceedings. Our yowler took one good look at “big” brother just to make sure; then he settled down calmly without a word or another upward glance to pack away a goodly store of victuals. I was speechless with wonder at the mystery of the child mind and the swift contrasts of its mercurial temperament.

My education continued. “Father!”—this from little Glen Ghost Bird who came running after me, all eyes, voice and excitement.

“Father! one of my feet-finger-nails is coming off!” I began to manifest concern for the impending tragedy but little Ghost Bird was off as quickly as he had appeared. His intimate revelation was not a call for help. It was merely an announcement of momentous news to let me share his wide-eyed wonderment. In ten seconds he would have forgotten it, leaving me to chuckle mysteriously to myself at childhood’s unpredictable humors.

My most strenuous occupation outside the classroom was taking the kids to the canyons. You walk for ten minutes along the

In ceremonial dress, Clement Whirlwind Soldier.



Young Indian girls like Dianne Ovitt and Irene White learn the 3Rs from Franciscan Sisters.

drab plain northwest from the Mission, past the little town of St. Francis, and abruptly the plain falls away into a series of deep, pine-covered washes that stretch for miles on end to the Little White River. To me, for all their spectacular beauty, the canyons were an exhausting labyrinth of perpendicular hills. To the kids they were an enchanting paradise, a hunting ground where they ferreted into every burrow and tirelessly paced the winding trails, stalking the ghosts of long extinct wild game: young Sioux hunters recapturing the skill of their forebears.

My education advanced rapidly the first time I played marbles with the youngsters. Their concentration was as bewildering as the complexity of their rules: “No snudgin! Rounds! Kills! Ups! Covers! Takes!” etcetera. Was this all a game within a game? I began making a few rules of my own.

“Hey! quit cheatin’, Father!”

I reasoned and protested, but not an inch would they budge from the path of righteousness. It was “play fair” or not at all. So I went on playing fair, and I’m sure I have never been so rooked, bullied, cheated and shystered in all my life. Nor have I ever so enjoyed myself.

The year ended all too quickly. Now I am back in St. Louis engaged in my philosophical studies preparing for the priesthood. For, you see, I am not really a “Father” at all, but a Jesuit scholastic of twenty-four, missing his young charges and eagerly awaiting the day when I may, God willing, return to these gay and unpredictable Sioux—little ones after God’s own heart, who had taught me how wrong I was in thinking I didn’t like kids.



Double
HARVEST
in
Formosa

FORMOSA IS A FERTILE LAND OF DOUBLE harvest. Here in the north of our island, little more than one-fourth the size of New York State, rice is harvested twice a year. The fields lie idle but wet during December and January. February sees the seedlings planted in wet paddies under grey skies. Rain and sun alternate; hot steaming rain and burning



(left) Father Fred Foley in mission chapel at Taipei distributes Bread of Life to faithful.

(lower left) Formosan harvester sweeps threshing floor as new rice crop is piled in sheaves.

FRED J. FOLEY S.J.

sun. The fields grow green overnight; the shoots rise to one, two, three feet and then head, breaking out in yellow grains of rice sixty, seventy, to a hundred fold. By mid-July they are almost bursting.

The fields fill with men, women and children, the men cutting the stalks by hand in the wet paddies. The rice grains are removed by a foot-operated machine which is dragged sledwise through the mud as the cutters move over the field.

Every farm house has its drying and threshing floor, now piled high with yellow grain drying in the sun. In many places the streets and byways are converted into granaries as they are filled with the abundant grain.

This is the time of the long working day and every minute of it is used. Farmers work till late in the evening in the rush against time. And as the harvesters move down the wet fields, leaving only little clumps of stubble, the ox and the plow follow close behind them preparing the patient land for the second planting and the second harvest.

But Taiwan is a land also fertile in souls. By some mystery of divine providence, the mainland of China, suffering one of the greatest persecutions in the history of the Church, has been closed to foreign priests. And Taiwan, the last stronghold of the Chinese Nationalist Government, has opened its doors to them. It seems also that the Chinese people here, both mainlanders and native residents, have opened their hearts to the Catholic Church.

Everywhere the story is the same. Sisters, brothers and priests, arriving in ever increasing numbers, find themselves hard pressed to meet the demands on them for religious instruction, entrance into the Church and baptism.

My first Christmas in Taiwan in 1951 I was present at the baptism of 39 University students instructed by Father Fang and the American Benedictine sisters. The same day there were some 125 baptisms in the city of Taipei, some 250 in other parts of the island. This year there will be more.

Instruction is not brief. It lasts from six months to a year. As yet we have had few

baptisms, we Jesuit Fathers at Taiwan University. But we have many students under instruction, classes after school hours, in the evening and on Sundays, both in Chinese and English. And daily in class, on the street, in buses and at our door we meet people asking us to tell them about religion and God. Surely these are the fruits of the Church's suffering on the mainland.

Father Edward Murphy garnering spiritual harvest baptizes Paul Lang in Beda Chang Hall.



Under a cloudy sky rice grain is cut by hand as paddy is flooded for planting second crop.



HERE LIE *Our Own Martyrs*



J. FRANKLIN EWING S.J.

ONCE IN A WHILE YOU SEE AN ARCHEOLOGIST in the movies. You can spot him right away because he wears a sun helmet and an air of making a great discovery. He does not work hard himself, but bosses the native diggers.

Actually, archeology is just as much a matter of plugging along with the dreadful drudgery of details as any other science. But even the archeologist has his moments. They are the moments of discovery, whether of a relic or of a new theory.

Such a moment came to us who were working at excavating the site of Ossernenon. It was the eve of the 310th anniversary of the arrival at Ossernenon of St. Isaac Jogues and St. René Goupil, New York's and America's own martyrs. They had been escorted to the village by torturing Mohawks on August 14th, 1642.

You can appreciate our feelings of unworthiness as the second discoverers of Ossernenon. But you may wonder how we can make the claim of re-discovering the village, since the Shrine of the Jesuit Martyrs already stood on a place pretty well known.

Well, it is one thing to know that an ancient site is located in an area, and another to lay your hands on the exact material remains of the place. It is the latter that constitutes our discovery.

For two hundred years the site of the Martyrs' death had roused little interest. In 1877, General John S. Clark, himself part Mohawk, studied the question. He read the Jesuit Relations (accounts of their work written by the early Jesuit missionaries in North America) and the countryside. He found the only spot that would satisfy the requirements. His reasoning convinced the scholars of his day and is still convincing.

In addition to his reasoning, the Shrine grounds were found to be littered with Indian relics. There was no doubt in the world that somewhere on this terrace which looked down on the quiet-flowing Mohawk River, the Indians had erected their bark and log houses and had fenced them in with palisades of sharpened logs.

But log houses and wooden palisades do not leave very impressive remains for the archeologist. Moreover, ever since the erection of the first chapel there in 1885, enthusiastic pilgrims had picked up every arrow-

head and piece of pottery and bead. There was left none of that surface material that can be so helpful to the archeologist.

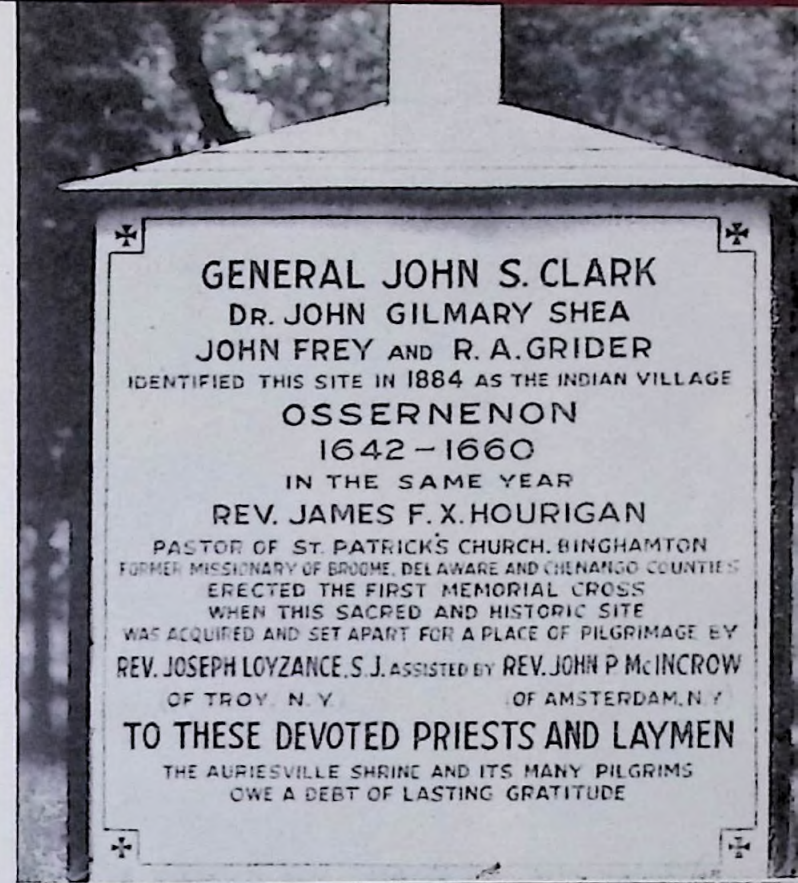
So, when we began our test trenches on the Shrine grounds, we were looking for very unspectacular evidence. Actually, you would be pretty much disappointed at what we regarded with such joy, that August 13th. Underneath the thin covering of topsoil is a yellow, sandy layer. In this light soil, if you hit the right location, you reveal round, darkened spots. If you carve away half of each spot and follow it downwards, you find that the darkened area comes to a point within a couple of feet. Then you know that you have the evidence of a sharpened log, thrust into the earth by the Indians. If the post hole molds are in an irregular pattern, they belonged to houses which were built successively in the same area. If you can discern the double row of molds, you will have found the palisades.

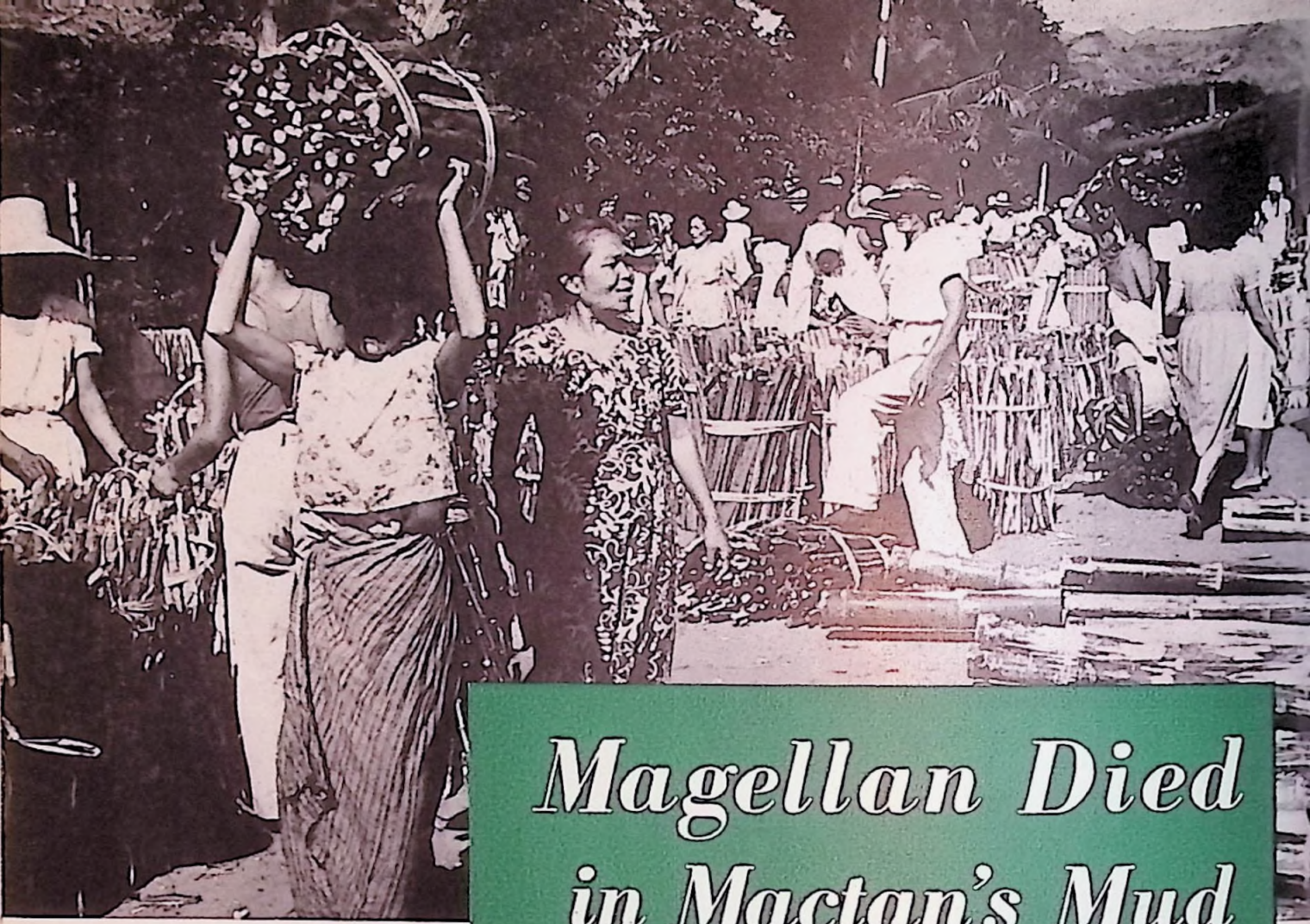
The palisades did not surround the whole village. They were rather like the medieval castle—a place of refuge when the enemy attacked. What we found, we think, is part of the village outside the palisades. We hope to prove this by this summer's excavations.

The outline of the village, with its gates, will be extremely valuable to us. St. René Goupil was martyred near the southern gate. If we find the gate, we will be sure to be within a few feet of the actual spot of his martyrdom.

But we were close enough, that Wednesday afternoon last August, to regard the ground with new reverence. The expedition, for myself and the students who accompanied me, took on the nature of a pilgrimage. For we were privileged to touch the proof of the village which the Martyrs saw and suffered in. We trod the ground with new humility. But the discovery strengthened our resolve to press ahead in search of the actual relics of the Martyrs though we knew ourselves unworthy of touching them.

(Upper left): Keen-eyed inspection of terrain is necessary after each scoop of earth is removed. (top) Memorial tablet to the historians and priests who prepared way for present Shrine. (center) Evidence of Indian village. Lower arrow points to tip of post hole mold excavated in relief. (right) The author sorting discoveries. Fr. Ewing is Professor of Anthropology and Research Director at Fordham University.





Magellan Died in Mactan's Mud

JOSEPH R. SPELLERBERG S.J.

MAGELLAN WAS THE FIRST TO CIRCUM-NAVIGATE the globe. It is true that he never completed the epoch-making voyage which began at San Lucar de Barameda, September 20, 1519; for he was killed in the Philippines in April 1521. But ten years earlier he had helped the Portuguese conquer Malacca in the southern portion of the Malay Peninsula; and Malacca is a next-door neighbor of the Philippines. So, in reality, this intrepid explorer was the first to sail around the world.

I can't help speculating what were the thoughts of Magellan as he struggled helplessly in the light brown ooze that forms the shore of Mactan, and watched the poisoned darts of Chief Lapulapu's men fly toward him from behind the coconut trees. To have ventured into so many uncharted seas, to have driven his fragile ships through the awful violence of so many storms at sea, and to find death mocking him as he bogged

down in Mactan's mud—did he lament the irony of such an inglorious end?

Mactan is a small island about nine miles long that helps to form the beautiful harbor of Cebu. I called there while the ship on which I was travelling from Manila to my new assignment in Cagayan was making a ten hour stop at Cebu to discharge and take on cargo. Since the site of Magellan's humiliating defeat was so near, I decided to make the twenty-minute crossing.

I landed at Opon, the town on Mactan that lies opposite the city of Cebu. A jeep carried me about three miles north along the coast. The road was surprisingly good; for it led to an airstrip—now abandoned—built by the army during the liberation of the Philippines. A sudden bend in the road revealed the monument erected in Magellan's honor. It is a simple affair, about thirty feet high, resembling from a distance a shrunken obelisk on a pedestal. Its utter lack of decoration struck the eye more forcefully than the few Spanish inscriptions that marked its sides. It is a modest enough

monument to the man whose exploits were superlative in an age of great navigators, and who had brought the faith to the Islands.

The beach itself is 200 feet from the monument. When I saw the deep muck that kept me from reaching the water's edge, I knew how a man could be trapped defenseless. But why did Magellan even contemplate a landing at such a spot? He had come out to Mactan neither to explore nor conquer. He had come to seek Lapulapu, hoping to effect a reconciliation between the war-like chieftain and the newly baptized tribesmen of Cebu. He had come as an emissary of Christian peace.

There isn't much to see at Mactan. But as I sat low on a rough cross-beam of a native out-rigger that glided gracefully toward the mainland over the very strip of water that Magellan had traversed to his doom, I was glad that I had come. For here was the Bethlehem of the Philippines, the spot where the Sacred Host was first seen by Filipino eyes, the spot where the first Filipinos received the waters of baptism. Here a militant Catholic, whose coming to the Islands really saved the Filipinos from the Mohammedan Malays, gave up his gallant soul in the service of his newly found brothers in Christ. A real man had come sailing around the world to meet his God.

(left) Wood market at Cebu. Business strictly cash and carry. (below) Shrine encloses cross planted by Magellan on shore of Philippines.



Come, follow me

THE SYNAGOGUE OF CAPHARNAUM IS unique among the shrines of the Holy Land. It was there that Christ preached His discourse on the Holy Eucharist, of which the miraculous feeding of the five thousand on the preceding day was merely a symbol.

Capharnaum's synagogue is a ruin; but a rather magnificent one. At other shrines—for instance—Bethlehem, Tabor, Gethsemane, Calvary or the Holy Sepulcher, devout hands have elaborated through the centuries their memorials in stone, in alabaster or mosaic. They have dedicated what competence they had in the decorative arts to perpetuate the memory of the sacred mysteries enacted there.

For my own part, I could pay tribute to the reverence, the faith and love that motivated all these efforts. But often their artistic limitations were a barrier, a sort of intrusion between the worshipper and the Christ he came to worship.

Capharnaum lay obscured for twenty centuries, covered by the rubble of earthquake and the sands of oblivion. When the Franciscan Fathers unearthed it in our own day, they had the inspiration to leave it as it stood—the ruin that Christ invoked upon it for its unbelief.

Enough of its gleaming limestone stands to attest the munificence of the pagan centurion who built it, whose faith Christ extolled and the Church perpetuates in the "Domine, non sum dignus. . . ." Enough of it stands for the pilgrim to pierce the barriers of time and see Christ seated there still saying—"As I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same shall live by Me".

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

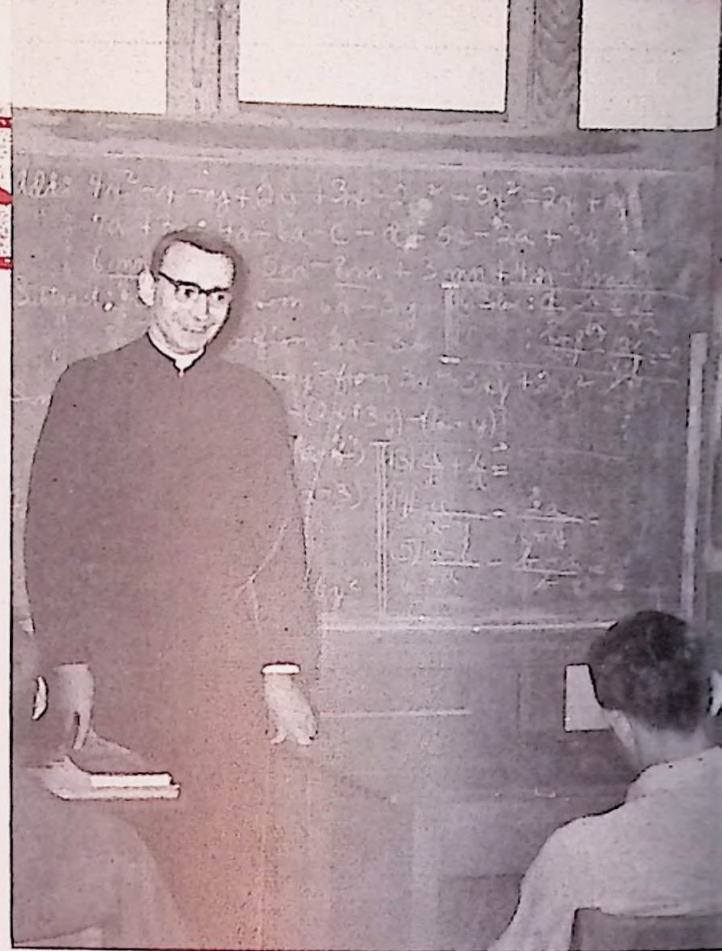


HOLY ROSARY

James T. Meehan S.J.

BETWEEN 1566 AND 1759, NINETEEN JESUIT missionaries were slain while serving among the Indians in what is now the United States. A missionary tradition so hallowed by blood does not die easily.

It inspires the 89 American Jesuits serving today on various Indian Reservations. Of these, 56 members of the Missouri Province minister to some 16,000 Indians in South Dakota's Bad Lands and in Wyoming.



The happy teacher is Rev. James E. Mauel S.J.

Pocahontas might have preferred this to Smith.



Long time idol of boys is famed Coach Clifford.



Good at studies and whirlwinds at basketball.





ST. FRANCIS



There are good horses at St. Francis but boys prefer to learn about engines from Br. Wilton.



Sister Marina has a surprise for first grader.

Father Buechel and guest enjoy morning coffee.



Father Pieper leads children in May devotions.





ST. STEPHENS



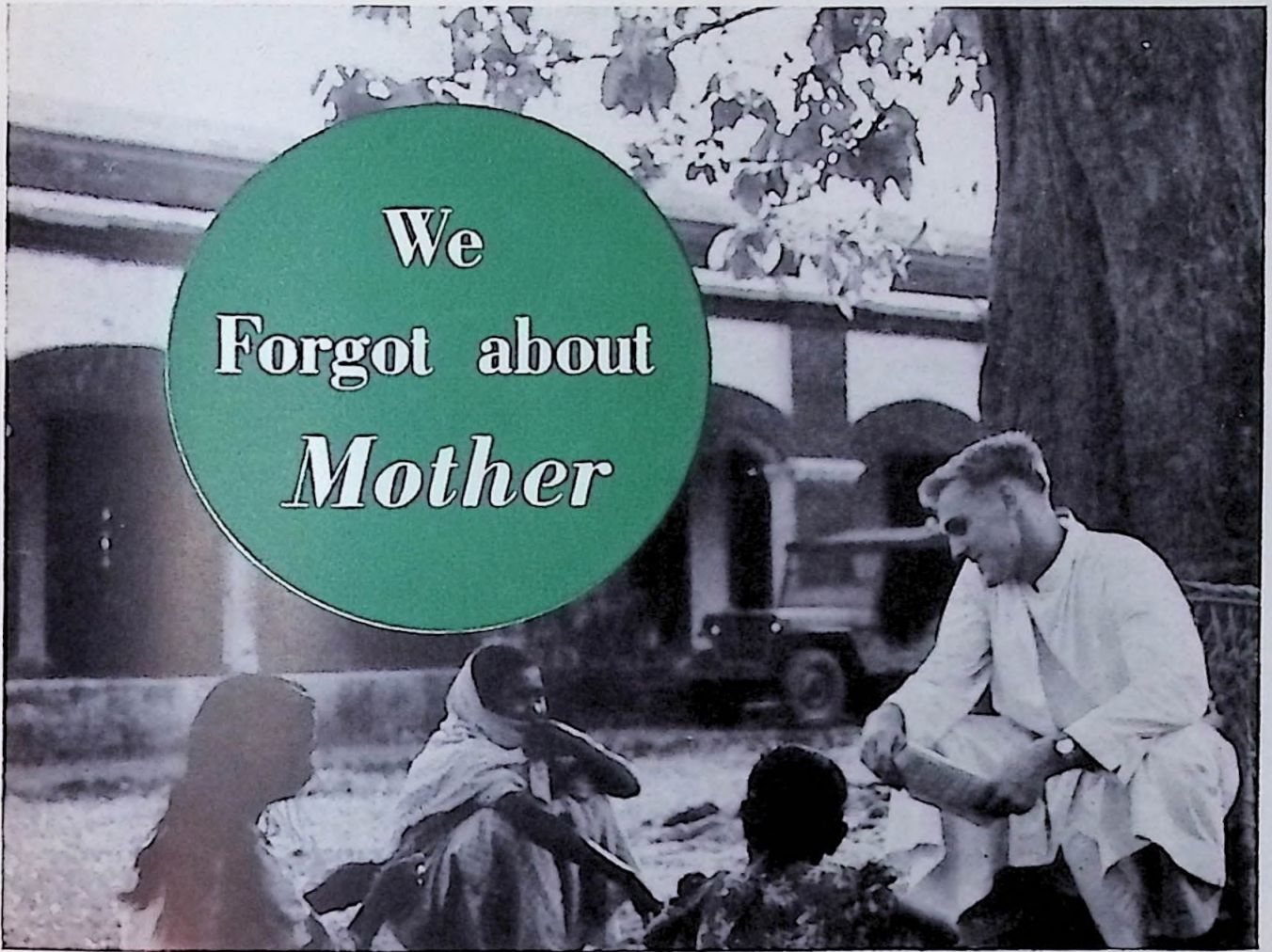
The winds of Wyoming have carved their marks on the strong and placid face of Grandmother Iron Eyes but she retains the raven hair of younger days.

(left) Brother Hafer with two third graders dressed in full regalia. They are off with the bus load to a fiesta where they will perform Indian dances.

Father Albert Zuercher and ex-Sen. O'Mahoney.

Sister Marie Inez O.S.F. makes learning easy.





We
Forgot about
Mother

Fr. Richard P. McHugh instructs Mary and Philomena for Confirmation as little sister observes.

RICHARD P. MCHUGH S.J.

HERE AT DE BRITTO HOUSE IN GOMOH, India, Jerome Durack S.J. and myself shook our heads at the assignment given to us. Two little girls from the nearby village were to be instructed for Confirmation. It looked like a big job.

First, there was the language barrier for we had been studying Hindi for only half a dozen months. Second, we felt that the instruction would have to start from scratch for we could hardly expect much from these poor village youngsters. But one important factor we completely overlooked.

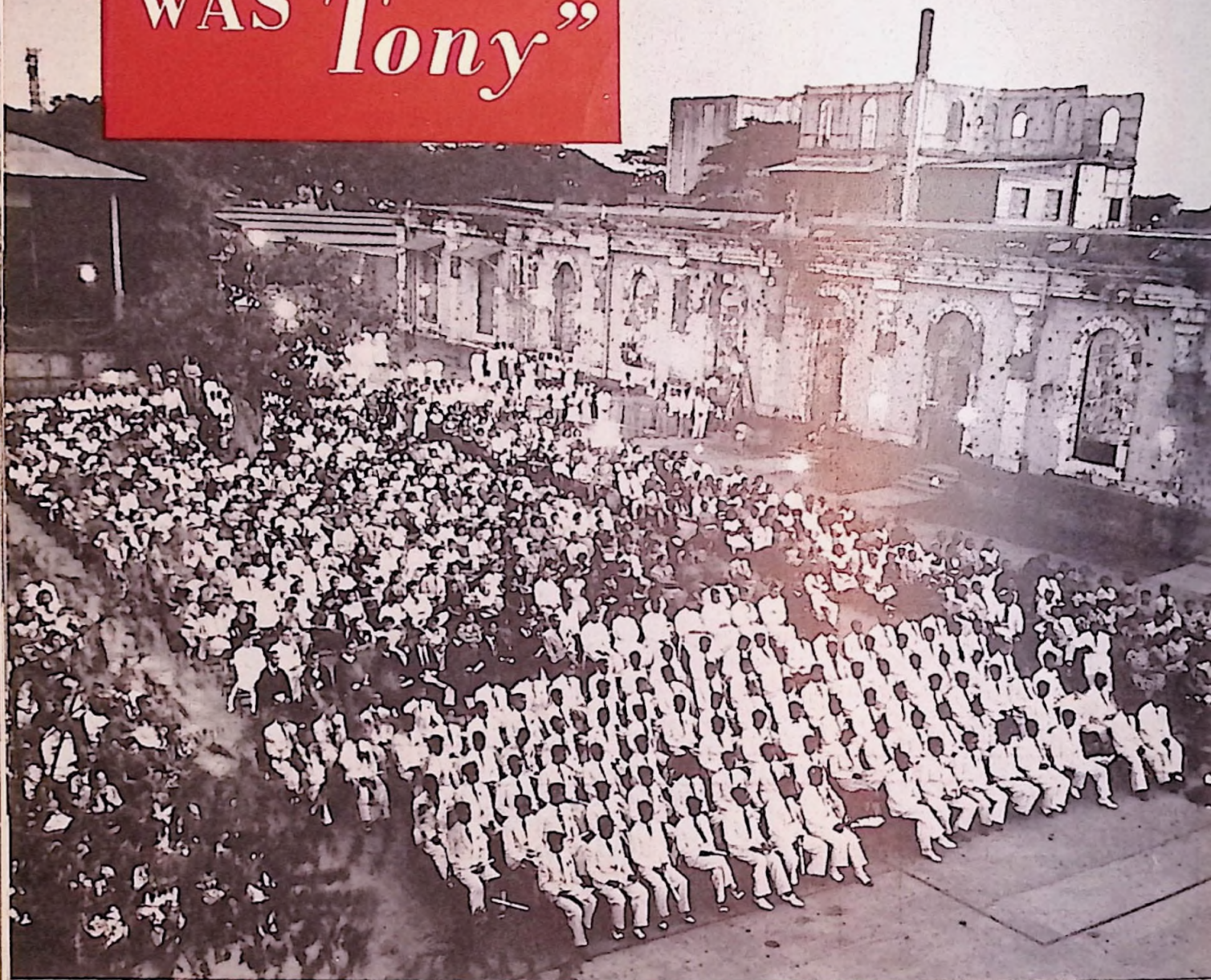
It took only a few moments with these little girls of seven and nine years to dispel all our original doubts. We had no sooner begun to tell them in the only Hindi words we knew of Jesus and God's love for them when they lost their bashfulness and moved closer for more. It dawned on us that our story was in no way new to them. To them Jesus was a friend, and a very good friend

at that. We might have made mistakes in the Hindi but they understood exactly what we meant. Someone had already taught them the Catholic truths we were trying to implant. They also knew their prayers as well as any of us ever did.

Who had prepared them? We asked the question and they looked surprised. Why, their mother, of course. All along she had been teaching them about God and how His Son came to earth to save them. Every morning and night, before and after every meal, their mother had been talking to God with them by the same prayers we use. They were more than ready for Confirmation.

Today we watched Mary and Philomena kneel before the bishop and become soldiers of Christ. The thought came to us that in fundamental things India is no different than America. A mother is still one of God's greatest weapons. Here in a small village a good Catholic mother had taught her children to love God, and she had taught them well. You can be sure that the next time we won't forget about mother.

"HIS NAME WAS *Tony*"



BARTHOLEMEW P. LAHIFF S.J.

THERE WAS NOT MUCH TO MARK TONY out from the other boys at the Ateneo de Manila. Like his classmates he displayed a certain allergy to study. He took it normally in small doses which were increased copiously before tests and exams. Like his classmates he had cars, dances and basketball on his mind much of the time. But he was also capable of serious thinking when the occasion called for it. Then too, like most young lads, he could show surprising flashes of generosity at times.

During the week of the Christmas Package Drive, Tony piloted his jeep through the

Graduation at old Ateneo. Shellpocked walls in background were grim reminders of war.

maze of Manila's streets to ferret out donations for the poor buried in the slums. He was one of the leading spirits in this annual students' activity that gathered, last year, a record breaking 20,000 pesos worth of food, clothing and cash that helped to make Christmas brighter for more than a thousand families.

But at the end of the Christmas holidays, with graduation only three months away, I noticed a change in Tony. He had served Mass occasionally in the past; but now every morning at 6:15 I found him waiting to serve in one of the chapels in our Quonset

hut. "Hm'm," I thought, "he has a premature case of final exam jitters." That judgment expressed a terrible truth, although I did not realize it at the time.

The year moved quickly to its close. In the old patio we held the high school commencement for the last time. Out on Loyola Heights concrete was flowing into the foundations of the new Ateneo, where spacious and modern buildings would house the future Ateneans to whom the cramped but historic quarters of the old school would be but a hallowed tradition. That old patio had seen more than its share of heroes, but few of them in any generation were braver than Tony. As he strode up to receive his diploma, they were getting ready to make room for him in their honored ranks.

About a week after Tony's graduation, his younger brother came to get a copy of the year book. He seemed particularly anxious about it. When asked what the hurry was, he gave the compelling reason, "Tony wants to see it before he dies." Then the whole story came out.

Months before, Tony realized that the time left to him was short. The dreaded tuberculosis was deep in him. He was beyond the help of medicine. Instead of guarding the flickering candle, he lit it at the other end. When he should have been home in bed, hoarding his strength for the twelve months that the doctors gave him, he was at the Ateneo serving early Mass. He had final exam jitters all right, but for the only exam that really matters. And although he was as ready as any of his classmates, he decided to do a little heroic cramming. The strain told on him. On commencement day he vomited blood. But he donned his white suit and with his companions marched into the ranks of the Ateneo Alumni. None of his classmates or teachers knew.

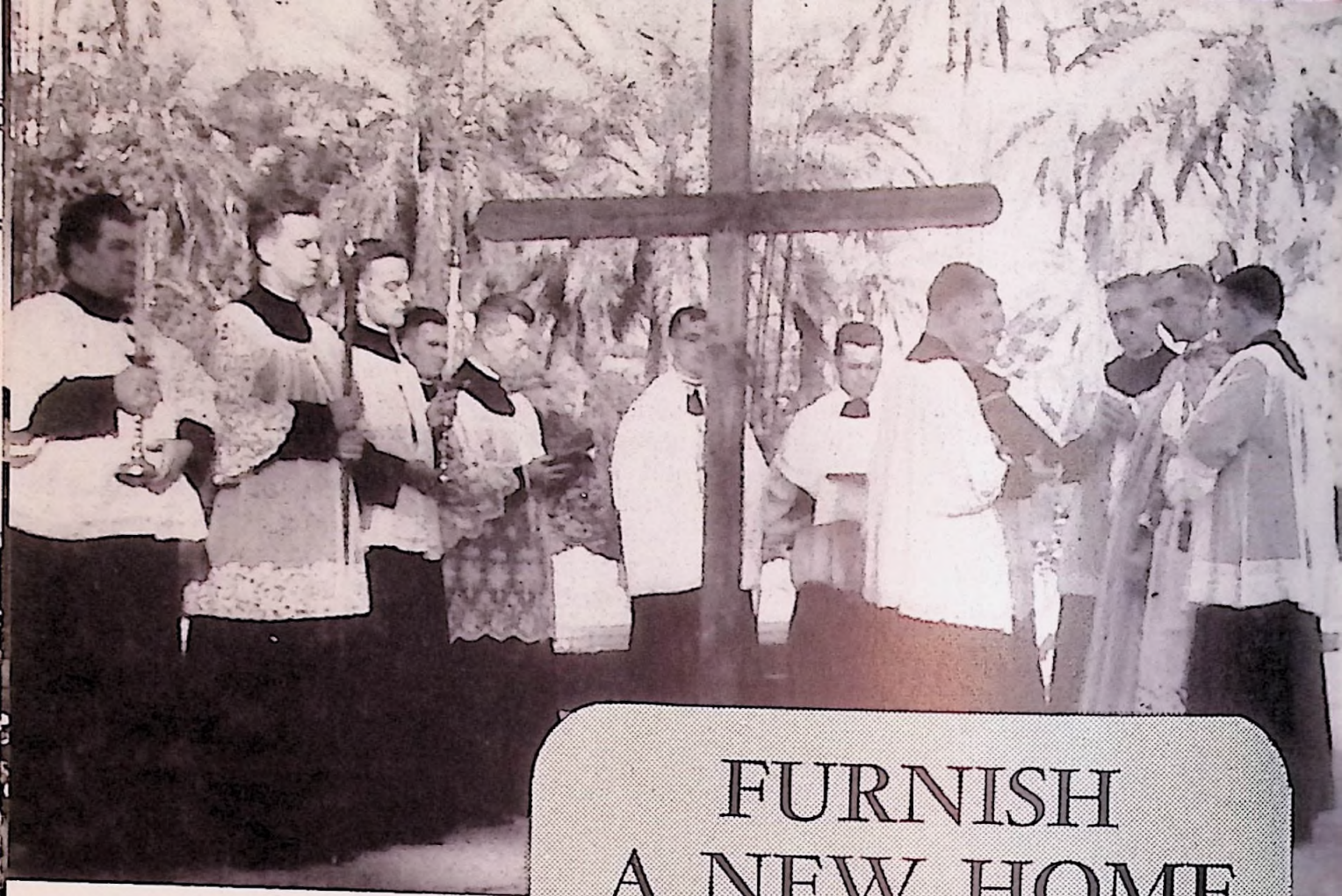
Swinging sacks for Santa. Ateneo students active in Christmas package drive, a tradition for twenty-five years. Tony was one of the drive leaders a few weeks before his death. Christmas drive brought in food, clothing and cash to value of \$10,000 for a thousand impoverished families.

The morning after graduation he entered Quezon Institute, the great tuberculosis sanitarium. By the goodness of God it was to Father Edward Klippert S.J. that Tony's brother had come in search of the year book. Father hurried out to see Tony and give him the last sacraments. Day by day Tony sank lower and the pain pierced sharper and sharper. To lie prone only made the torture keener. He had to sit propped up in bed. The nurses, in an effort to give him some rest, moved his tray over the bed and put a pillow on it. Then he would rest his head on the pillow to steal what sleep he could, like a small child dozing at his desk in school. For days the agony went on. Finally, just three days before the end, through stifled tears he whispered to Father Klippert, "Father, the pain is too much. I can't stand it any more." Gently Father reminded him of the requests of Our Lady of Fatima. "Offer it up for world peace," he said. A few minutes later the answer came, "It's easier now, Father."

On Sunday mornings the hospital chaplain usually came to Tony's bed at eight o'clock. This Sunday, for no apparent reason, he came at seven to give him Holy Communion. An hour later, his rounds finished, he came to exchange a few words with Tony. But he found the nurses drawing the sheet over Tony's wasted face. Christ had come to take him home.

As they bore Tony's coffin down the aisle, I remembered the words of the graduates' spokesman on that night four weeks earlier. "We hope some day to hold a grand reunion, with all of us attending, in the mansion halls of heaven." Tony had led the way.





FURNISH A NEW HOME For the Holy Family

- 5 Large Candlesticks \$75.00 each
- 5 Side Altars 350.00 each
- 6 Side-altar Crucifixes 50.00 each
- 8 Prs. Candlesticks 75.00 pair
- 7 Stations of the Cross 40.00 each
- (Other 7 already donated)
- 8 Side-altar Carpets 30.00 each

If your choice has already been subscribed, may we apply your gift to another need for the chapel?

JESUIT *Missions*

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

Above you see the dedication of a fulfilled dream—the foundation of the new college chapel at Baghdad. Your prayers and sacrifices joined with the toilsome years of New England Jesuit missionaries are building this new home for the Holy Family, not too far from Nazareth.

Recently Father Francis Cronin burned out his young and useful life for Baghdad. You might pick an item from the list at the left as a memorial for him. Large and small gifts will help finish the work.



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

JUNE: The Church in the African and Asian Regions of the Mediterranean

THE CRESCENT OF LAND ALONG THE southern and eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea is the object of our interest and of our prayers this month. It reaches from Morocco through Algiers, Tunisia, Lybia, Egypt, Israel, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon to Turkey. Within its embrace the Church was founded in Jerusalem. From this holy city, the Apostles went forth to preach the Gospel.

In a comparatively short time the branches of the tree of faith spread westward as far as the gates of Hercules where the Mediterranean meets the Atlantic. We are reminded of these ancient dioceses in the names of the titular sees given today to our Auxiliary Bishops and to the Vicars Apostolic in mission countries. That the Church grew and flourished in these lands is clear from the lists of saints, martyrs, confessors, Doctors and Fathers of the Church. To name a few, we recall Basil the Great, the two Gregories, Nazianzus and Nyssa, Ignatius of Antioch, Cyprian, Cyril of Alexandria and Augustine of Hippo.

But there were unfortunate schisms and heresies to disturb the peace and progress of Christ's doctrine in these lands. The errors of the Montanists, Arians and Nestorians served to rend the seamless robe of unity. Then, in the seventh century, came the new religion of Mohammed to engulf, by the power of the sword, almost all of these countries. The churches of southern and eastern Mediterranean were trod to dust beneath the thundering hoofs of Moslem armies. So, for many centuries, the Christians have been a small minority, often persecuted for their faith, in the very lands that once cradled the infant Church. Attempts to regain the people and the countries to Christ by the Crusades and, later, by missionaries failed before the stubborn resistance of a united Moslem world. Until,

now, out of a total of almost 70 million people, Catholics number only 2,697,000 or four percent. We must not forget, however, the many Christians of the Orthodox sects.

Today, the Church and its missionary efforts in these countries face contrary currents. On one side, there has been a growing toleration and understanding and, at times, an eagerness to cooperate on the part of civic and religious leaders of these lands; on the other, a growing spirit of nationalism and independence which is manifest in the violent outbursts of recent months.

The gratitude which we owe to the martyrs, confessors, Fathers and Doctors of the Eastern Church should make us pray that God will grant peace to the Church in the midst of these conflicts and that the peoples, living for centuries in the creed of Mohammed, may come to know Jesus Christ, Who was made flesh and dwelt among them.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

Coptic Cathedral of St. George, Cairo.



Afield

WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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

A DAY IN JUNE

We like to tease our New England friends about their charming complacency in their rock-ribbed and sea-girt sanctuary. For instance, only a New England poet could have thought to rhapsodize June weather in these terms—

*"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days:"*

James Russell Lowell, as befits the harmless and ingratiating vice of New Englanders, was speaking strictly of his native heath. As though the rest of the world didn't have weather in June; or, if it did, it really didn't matter since New England's June is such a splendor of clear blue sky and the subtle fragrance of blossom-scented zephyrs.

For ourselves, come June, we think of our colleagues in the Philippines for whom it is a month of torrential rains, perpetual sogginess and blue mold in the closets. Then you may recall with us that last June FATHER SEGUNDO LLORENTE S.J. up in Alaska had his chapel and house swept away by an ice jam while the Yukon was in flood.

It is quite obvious that Mr. Lowell never got around to spending June in Baghdad. Else he would have recalled those scorching winds from the desert that blow the thermometer up to a sizzling 110 to 115 degrees in the shade—if you can find the shade. Of course, Mr. Lowell can be excused. For JESUIT MISSIONS did not exist in his day, so he had not the advantage of the broadening influence it might have exerted on his poetic fancy.

MEN AGAINST THE SEA

While on the topic of weather, we have a report from the Caroline Islands. It is not concerned with June. But it tells of rare weather indeed—the typhoon season in the far Pacific.

"Four men from Woleai Atoll," writes FATHER WILLIAM J. WALTER S.J. "set out for an overnight sail of 40 miles in a little canoe. Before dawn the typhoon was on them. The canoe was no match for the high seas and the wind, so they jumped overboard and clung to the gunwales all that night and the next day. When they got back aboard, the wind would not permit them to hoist sail. They took stock

In a boat like this, the men of Woleai drifted across the Pacific to Okinawa.





of their supplies—one hand net and a two-quart bottle of fresh water. Nothing else.

“Two more typhoons caught them. For days they had to cling to the sides of their canoe. When possible they used the sail to catch rain water and occasionally they caught small fish in their net. A month passed. They were able to hoist sail only nine days. Then for weeks they drifted in strange waters until they were picked up by a Japanese schooner off Okinawa. They were taken to Japan, put in care of the American Army and ultimately returned to Yap by boat and plane.

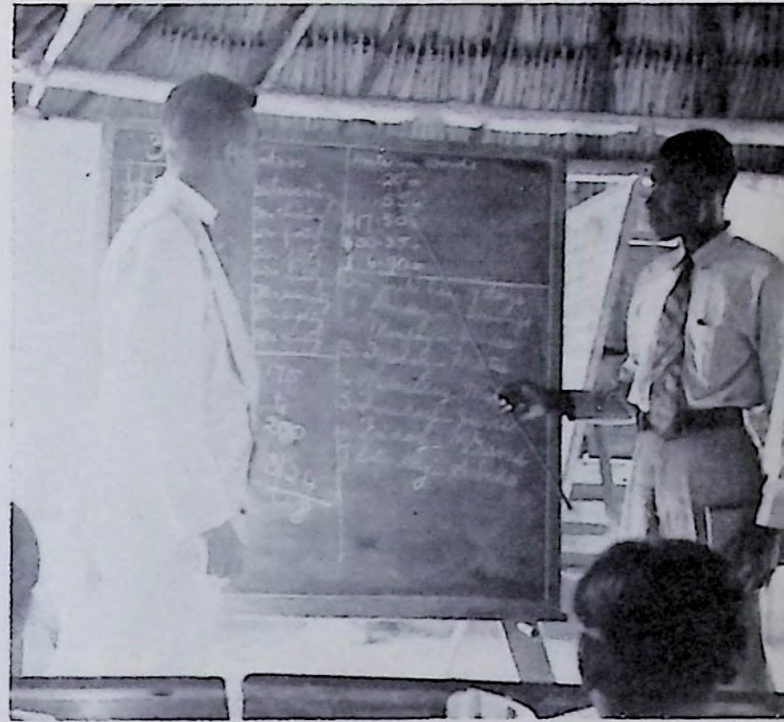
“I asked them what was the greatest hardship they suffered during their long ordeal of sixty days. With the seamen’s real contempt of danger, they answered simply—“We found it very cold in Japan.””

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Moving westward to the Marshall Islands we leave the vagaries of the weather and settle down to something more solid and predictable—the zealous and competent lay helper on whom the missionary depends so much.

FATHER THOMAS C. DONAHUE S.J. of Jaluit Atoll tells us—“My right hand man here is named Cement. And he really lives up to his name. He has been the island policeman for many years and cannot retire, since the council keeps asking him to stay for another year. Not that he is old; he is in his forties. But the job takes a great deal of his time.

“When I leave the island, Cement moves in with his family and takes over. The people all look up to him. He is a fine leader and an inspiration in every way. He has been a Catholic for only three years. His father was an influential ‘alab’ or head of a clan, and himself a convert. When friends asked him why he entered the Church, his answer was a gem of simple and direct logic. He said that since religion comes from God, the first Church had to be the right Church; and the Catholic Church is the first.”

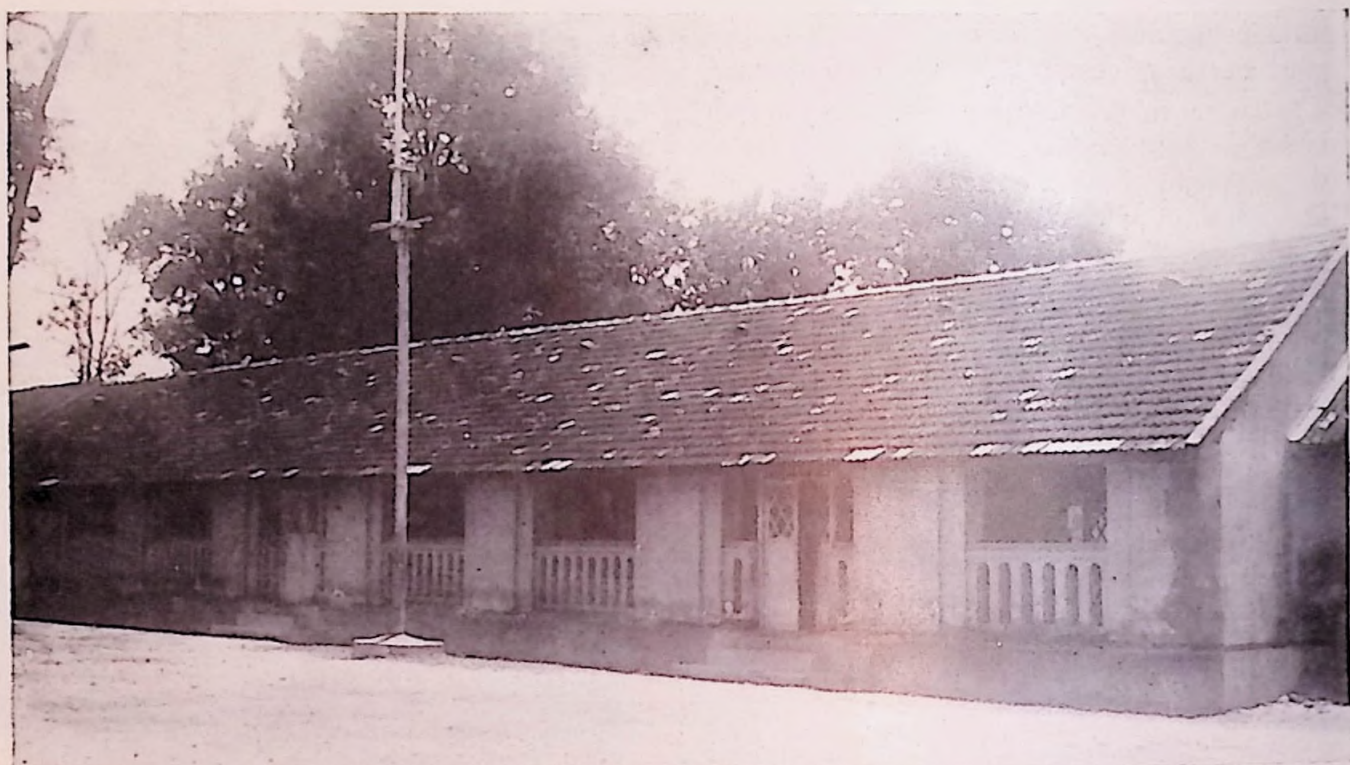


Father Latta and one of his mission school teachers review the day’s lessons.

HONDURAS REQUIEM

Another missionary tells us of a valued helper. A father’s heroic love and a family’s tragedy are woven into the fabric of this story from Orange Walk in British Honduras.

“Last Sunday I was out at Chan Pine Ridge to bury Jose Carillo,” relates FATHER EUGENE O. LATTA S.J. who, among other duties, has fourteen mission schools under his care. “Jose was one of our best men at Chan Pine Ridge and had done a lot of work on our new church there. He died of snake bite. He was in his kitchen when a large tommy goff snake crawled in through the door. Jose’s baby was playing on the floor. Thinking only of the child’s safety Jose snatched his machete and killed the deadly reptile but not before it bit him on the foot. He managed to get to the hospital after a couple of hours but he died there in great agony about forty-eight hours after the bite. He was comforted by the last Sacraments in his agony. Though I feel his death as a personal loss, I am more concerned for his wife and four small children. They are very poor.”



The old building at St. Joseph's College, Trincomalee. A new structure is under way—slowly.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

The aurora borealis is spectacular but it has little practical value. So the pastor of Pilot Station decides to bring electricity to an Eskimo village.

"We are electrifying Pilot Station as we did Mountain Village two years ago," FATHER JOHN P. FOX S.J., veteran Alaska missionary informs us. "We are getting a brand new 5 KW Diesel Light Plant. It costs plenty of course. But thanks to a few good friends through whom I'm buying the plant and contributions from some of my people at Pilot, we are paying cash and will have no debt to worry about.

"Trying to get my Eskimos cheap light and power is one little way of improving their economy as well as their social condition. It fosters regularity in going to bed and rising in the morning and coming to daily Mass. The light goes out at ten and they know it is bed-time. It shines in their faces at six-thirty, so they have to rise willy-nilly. They may grumble a bit then, but they appreciate it when it lights up the slippery footpaths on their way to morning Mass."

SOUTHERN LEISURE

The fathers at Trincomalee in Ceylon have been long planning a new building for Saint Joseph's College. They find the pace of building in that southern paradise somewhat less swift than even their native New Orleans.

FATHER CLAUDE R. DALY S.J. is in charge of construction. He describes a typical "run-around". "Before leaving Trinco, FATHER LINEHAN wanted to take FATHER RIEMAN out to see the stuff we have purchased from the Irrigation Department. They were to leave Tuesday at 7. Departure was postponed an hour, two hours, then put off until Wednesday. Wednesday, same story. Thursday and Friday, the same. Today being Saturday I intended to go with them as I was free from school work. The trip has now been deferred till Monday. There is only one man who can show us what we want to see and his elusiveness is the cause of the delays. This kind of frustration has been FATHER LINEHAN'S daily diet for the past year.

"The bulldozer we expected in December has not appeared yet. The field is still



uncleared. The building material is not yet delivered. If we had plenty of money we could call off the whole deal, buy new material and go ahead. But our poverty determines the pace. No money, no building."

SUMMER FURNITURE

With the vacation season close at hand you may be thinking of light, serviceable furniture for the porch or lawn or summer cottage. So we pass along some suggestions in bamboo.

"I visited the new Jesuit residence in Tai-chung," reports FATHER PATRICK SHAULES S.J., one of our China exiles teaching at the Nationalist University on Formosa. "There, 20 Jesuits of an international community, all veterans of missions on the mainland, continue to spend some seven hours a day on their huge Chinese polyglot dictionary. Their neat, roomy accommodations were built for about \$100 U. S. per room. Except for a few desks and chairs, the furniture is all bamboo. The attractive, though somewhat rigid bamboo beds cost 80 cents each. Bamboo wash-stands and

cabinet combinations were bought for 50 cents; a large bookcase for each room costs 90 cents, and sturdy little bamboo stools were a real buy at 10 cents each. How are furniture prices back home?"

CALL OF THE CAYMANS

The Cayman Islands in the Caribbean are under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Vicariate of Jamaica but up to the present time they have never had a resident priest. Father William McHale of St. George's College in Kingston has made periodic visits to the Catholics of this Jamaican dependency, but limited manpower has prevented a permanent establishment there. Now Bishop John McEleney S.J. has purchased a house and property in Georgetown, the capital of the Caymans, and it is hoped that the Jesuits of Jamaica will soon staff this forgotten corner of the Caribbean.

There are about 7,000 people on this group of islands which cover an area of a hundred square miles. Although the Catholics are few at present the field offers a fertile opportunity.

1853—1953

A Century Of Mission Aid

This year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the New York Diocesan Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. JESUIT MISSIONS is happy to offer its congratulations on this occasion and to render its grateful homage, on behalf of the Jesuit missionaries in the field, to His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, gracious Patron of the Organization and to Very Reverend Monsignor Vincent W. Jeffers, the Diocesan Director.

Monsignor Jeffers has arranged, as a feature of the Centenary observance, a

CENTENARY MISSION EXHIBIT to be held in New York's 69th Regiment Armory from May 31 to June 6. We are certain that this will be of interest to our readers in the New York metropolitan area.

The work of more than 100 missionary societies will be displayed. It will afford Catholics visual evidence of the tremendous scope of the Church's missionary activity throughout the world. It will impress, inform and edify as well as entertain. It will give a keener insight into what fellowship in the Kingdom of Christ really means.

THE COMMUNISTS ARE TRYING TO FORGE an Iron Curtain for India. The raw materials are not guns nor tanks; but things much more subtle—paper and the printed word. This is how it is being done.

I was travelling recently on the train from Bettiah to Patna. At one station as the train jerked off to a start, a young man hopped into our compartment. He had a bundle of books under one arm and a bag of them dangling from the other. As I was reading my Breviary I paid no attention to him, supposing him to be a student cadging a ride a few stations down the line. He came over to me and thrust his books under my nose. The first one was a "Life on Stalin," a book of about 300 pages, beautifully bound, printed on fine paper and selling for the absurdly low price of one anna, or about 35 cents. The passenger next to me was obviously not the country bumpkin he appeared, for he bought an English translation of a book on "Psychology" by an eminent Russian professor. The two Indians on the other side of the compartment bought several books. The young agent had done a nice piece of business in our compartment. Three out of four passengers had bought his wares.

I do not know if he maintained the same rate of success in other compartments. But I know that the Indian mind is receptive and curious, and that the literate Indian will read

Iron Curtain for INDIA?

CHARLES R. BONNOT S.J.

anything that is attractive in make-up, content and price. Moscow knows that too. Reams of such literature are printed in Moscow and come flooding into this country duty free. It is sold here at a ridiculously low price and whatever is realized from the sales remains in the country for further propaganda use. The publications are translated into the various vernaculars and are spread everywhere, even into the remotest villages. Why shouldn't the people take to Communism with its alluring promises of all that they long for and with its glowing accounts of Russia's success in all those things that India also wishes to achieve? Why should they doubt the truth of the Com-





Father Joseph Martin (p. 28) shows Chuhari boy a fine antidote to Communism. (left) The masses are volatile and an easy prey to Red propaganda.

munist gospel? The answer is simple. There is little or nothing available to them that reveals Communism as it really is.

Not long ago I was talking with an English dentist out here in India. We got onto the subject of Communism and he asked me with some asperity, "Why are all you Fathers against Communism?" I wasted no time in telling him. I offered to send him two issues of the Reader's Digest for the table in his waiting room, issues that carried some revealing articles on Communism. "Oh that," he said, "is simply propaganda." What a pity he didn't get the right propaganda first!

Last year I got hold of three copies, the cheap paper edition, of Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom." I gave one to a lawyer friend of mine. He read it from cover to cover and, on his own initiative, passed it on to two other lawyers. They too read every line of it. They are deeply interested in learning just what Communism is. And I am certain that there are thousands, yes, even millions of others like them, eager to learn something more about Communism than is provided by the Moscow success stories. But the Moscow line is practically unchallenged in the book field.

We would certainly like to match the Communists blow by blow at their own

game by spreading about on all sides the sort of literature that gives the real story on Communism. Good attractive literature on the Church and its mission in the modern world, on its social, economic and moral doctrines, on its heroes, especially the modern ones,—all this would be an indirect but powerful counter-attack on Communism.

Then there are the exposés written by disillusioned Communists—Douglas Hyde's "I Believed" and "The Answer to Communism"; "This Is My Story," "Men Without Faces," "The Cry Is Peace," all by Louis Budenz; Kravchenko's "I Choose Justice" and the Whittaker Chambers classic "Witness". Or such studies of Communism by Catholic philoso-

phers as those of Bishop Sheen, Frank J. Sheed and Father Edmund Walsh S.J. Effective also are the stories of heroic resistance such as Greta Palmer's "God's Underground" and counter-espionage as revealed by Philbrick's "I Led Three Lives".

We could use tons of such literature if we had the means to acquire it. We could sell it, as the Communists do, at an attractive price and use what we realize from the sales for putting some of these titles into the various vernaculars. It is essential to get these books into the hands of the people already too hypnotized by the Communist dream. We must combat the false ideas with the true if we are to avert an Iron Curtain for India.

Your Last Gift to God

Have you planned to make your last gift on this earth a gift to God? You can do that by remembering the work of the missions when you draw up your will. Our legal title is:

Jesuit Missions, Inc.
962 Madison Avenue, New York



The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

Though it may be three months since you settled your accounts with Uncle Sam, you are constantly confronted with minor, yet very exacting taxes: luxury tax; travel tax; bridge tolls; parking meters.

It is perhaps tactless to suggest another tax, yet I dare to propose the following. I was wondering whether you would impose upon yourself a one percent tax during June, July and August. This tax could be levied on your vacation travel, or anything pertaining to your personal comfort.

Kindly send the acquired revenue to JESUIT MISSIONS to defray the travel expenses of our new missionaries. This year, there will be approximately sixty-five new missionaries leaving the United States for various parts of the world. If you have ever traveled from New York to San Francisco, you can appreciate our problem. You are only one person, traveling less than half the distance to Japan, Formosa or India.

Whether or not you are able to send a traveling contribution, would you at least ask the Blessed Mother to protect our new missionaries and comfort their parents.

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

Who's Discouraged?

Father John O'Farrell should be, after losing twenty thousand books representing twenty-two years of work. You can help him replace some of these books confiscated by the Communists in China. He has special needs for the following:

- Fourteenth Edition Britannicas
- Catholic Encyclopedias
- Unabridged Dictionaries
- High School and College Textbooks

Books may be sent *Motor Freight* to Rev. John J. O'Farrell S.J., China Institute Library, 2130 Fulton St., San Francisco, Calif.

Came the Rains

During the monsoon season in India, if you have buildings of sun-dried bricks and a leaky roof, the bricks become mud and soon you have no buildings. Such a tragedy happened at Chakhni Orphanage and Father Petit, Champaran, India, is hoping for financial help to rebuild and repair. Meanwhile, Father Petit has had to suggest that the orphans and sisters take turns sleeping in the dry beds. To relieve this emergency, you might like to contribute \$1.00, \$2.00 or \$5.00 to make up the \$1,200 needed for repairs.

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The Truth About Communism

On Page 28 of this issue, Father Charles R. Bonnot S.J. writes of the Communist campaign in India to win the people by the wide-spread distribution of Communist literature.

By contributing books and pamphlets that expose the Communist lies, you can help prevent the Iron Curtain from descending over India. Fr. Bonnot and his associates will see to their effective distribution. His article names some of the best titles and he says that he could use tons—yes—TONS—of such literature. His address:

Rev. Charles Bonnot S.J.
Khrist Raja High School
Bettiah, Champaran Distr., India

Send by Book Post—the rate is reasonable.

To Your Credit

The generous response of friends to the needs of the missionaries exiled from China has been heart-warming. Your help has made it possible for these men to make a new start after they had lost everything. There are, however, a few items still needed to complete the furnishing of the Chapels on Formosa.

At Taipei

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| 1 Set of Black Vestments | 25.00 |
| 1 Set of White Vestments | 25.00 |
| 1 Set of Stations of the Cross | 7.50 |

At Hsingchu

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| 1 Holy Oil Set | 12.00 |
| 1 Holy Water Asperges Set | 12.00 |
| 1 Holy Communion Plate | 12.00 |
| 1 Set of Stations of the Cross | 7.50 |
| 1 Statue of Immaculate Heart | 135.00 |
| 1 Sanctuary Lamp | 20.00 |

At Beda Tsang Hall

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------|
| 1 Set of Stations of the Cross | 7.50 |
|--------------------------------|------|

Month of the Sacred Heart

Many missionaries have need for small religious articles. During the month of June you might like to show your devotion to the Sacred Heart by contributing small sums of money to supply this need.

We know that Christ has promised His protection to those who honor His Sacred Heart. That protection is sorely needed throughout the world today, especially in mission countries. Any amount of money, from five cents to a dollar, would buy Sacred Heart badges, Sacred Heart pictures. Would you like to help?

NEEDED FOR a weekly job



Suppose

You had to do the washing
For twenty-five people

Every week.

A small mountain of wash—
That would be

Back-breaking work

If you had to do it by hand,
And time wasting

Especially when you had so many
Other important things to do.

As all Jesuit novices,

The Japanese at Hiroshima

Lead very busy lives,

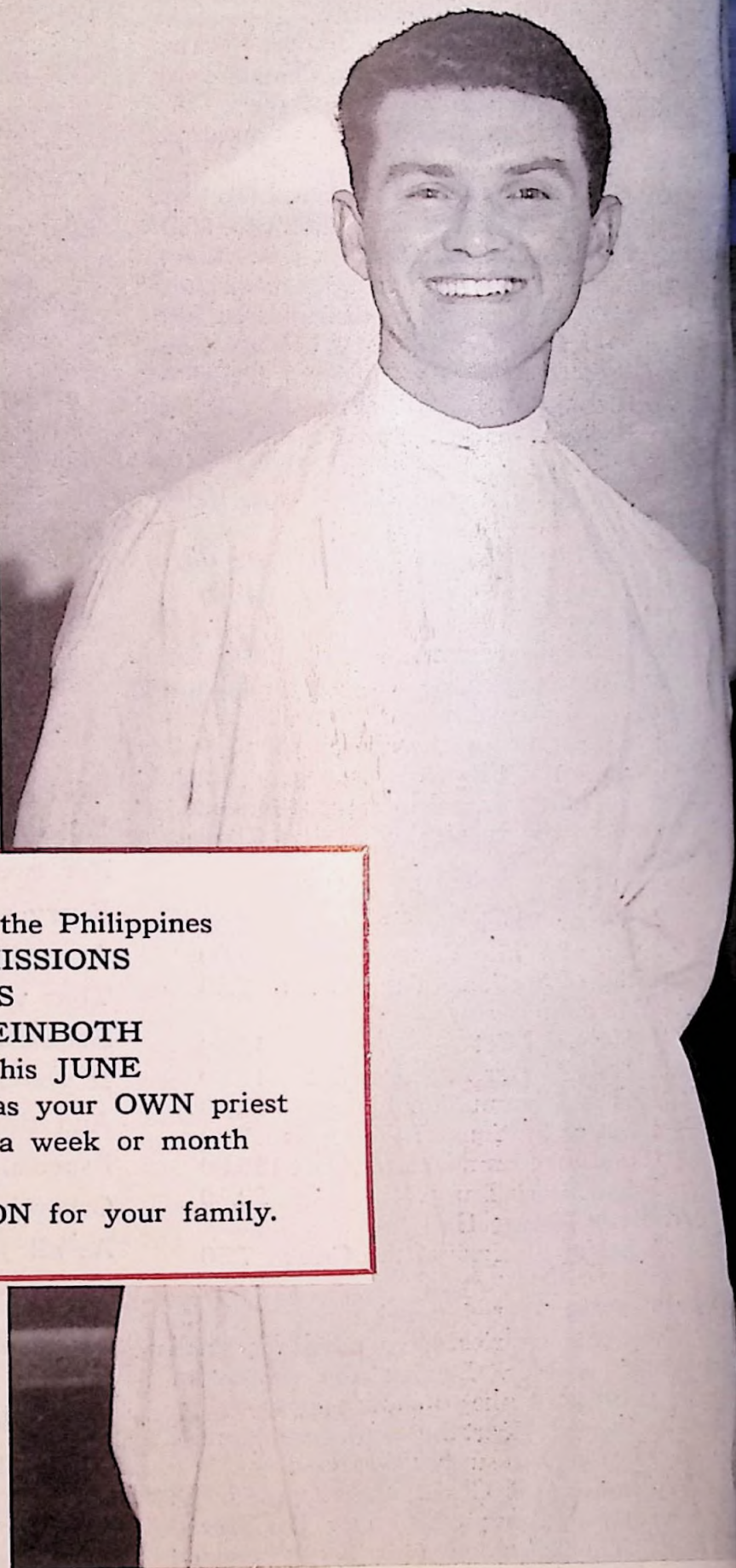
So they ask you to help them purchase
A washing machine to do

Their mountain of weekly laundry.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

Adopt a Priest *for the Missions*



For India, China, Japan, the Philippines
For ALL our far-flung MISSIONS
Young JESUIT PRIESTS
Like Father AUSTIN REINBOTH
Are being ORDAINED this JUNE
Would you adopt ONE as your OWN priest
By sending a DOLLAR a week or month
To complete his studies?
He will make a good SON for your family.

JESUIT
Missions

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