

JESUIT MISSIONS



SEPTEMBER 1953

JESUIT

STAFF

CALVERT ALEXANDER
Editor

JOSEPH F. MacFARLANE
Executive Editor

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE
Managing Editor

KURT BECKER

LEO E. BIRNEY

RALPH H. BROWN

EDWARD S. DUNN

RICHARD V. LAWLOR

JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY

ANTHONY S. WOODS
Associate Editors

THOMAS J. HALLAHAN

PATRICK A. RYAN

FREDERICK J. COSTELLO

J. OSCAR DOYON
Regional Editors

COLEMAN A. DAILY
Business Editor

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

The Business Office of Jesuit Missions is at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Editorial Offices are at 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

On Likiep in the Marshall Islands an American PBY crew man gingerly tests the reactions of a turtle from the nearby lagoon.



MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF 1114 AMERICAN JESUITS

Vol. 27, No. 7

September, 1953

OUR PACIFIC PARADISE	Francis D. Burns S.J.	4
AWARD IN THE PHILIPPINES	Robert B. Falge S.J.	7
BEGINNING AT BAR BIGHA	Edward R. Saxton S.J.	8
IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS	William A. Connolly S.J.	10
DINNER IS SERVED, PADRE	John C. Murphy S.J.	12
STAY-AT-HOME MISSIONARIES		
	John H. McCummiskey S.J.	13
COME FOLLOW ME	Francis W. Anderson S.J.	15
JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM	Francis X. Curran S.J.	16
THE BRIDE WHO SAID "NO!"	Charles J. McCarthy S.J.	18
THE COMING OF THE MONSOON	Walter A. Cook S.J.	20
MISSION INTENTION	Edward S. Dunn S.J.	22
LAFFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS		24
NUNS IN A NUTSHELL	J. Randolph Knight S.J.	27
TUR - YESTERDAY AND TODAY . . .	Walter M. Shea S.J.	28

ARRIVAL and DEPARTURES

Hail and farewell are the keynotes of the summer months. We greet and say goodbye to missionaries enroute to their stations—and sometimes we must say farewell to staff members.

Regretfully we announce that three of the JM staff have left for new assignments. Father Francis Anderson, who has been with us since 1950 and who has written his popular column "Come Follow Me" since 1948, has been appointed Director of the New England Province Mission Bureau in Boston. On his capable shoulders now rests the burden of financing the Jamaica and Iraq missions. We are sorry to say that this issue is the last in which his column appears.

Father Lawrence Haffie of the Oregon Province has returned to his first love, the mission of Alaska. His excellent work in photography will be sorely missed but we have high hopes that our Alaska picture files will blossom.

Father Francis Burns, our genial Guest Master for the past two years, has taken up similar duties at Fordham University. With characteristic thoughtfulness he wrote for us before leaving the lead article for this issue.

We welcome to JM Father Richard Lawlor of the New England Province who took his doctorate in Missiology in Rome and has had considerable mission experience both in Africa and the Caribbean. So our new Associate Editor knows both the theory and the practical application of mission work.

ON PAGE 18 OF THIS ISSUE you will find a dramatic story of a Chinese nun, written by Father Charles McCarthy S.J. in Shanghai. It was our last communication from him before the news of his arrest by Chinese Communists. With him were imprisoned Fathers John Clifford, Joseph Gatz, John Houle, Thomas Phillips and John Palm. They were the last of the American Jesuits still remaining on the Chinese mainland. As we go to press our thoughts are very much with them and we ask our readers to join with us in our prayers for their safety and release.

In a situation like this someone might very well ask, "What can I do to help?" We suggest that you read carefully Father McCummiskey's article on page 13. During one of his swings across the country on JM circulation business he met in Nebraska the particular mission group of which he writes. He tells of their activities and their emphasis on the spiritual backing of the missionaries. Some of those things do not necessarily call for group action. Any individual could make them a part of his or her life. Would you try to fit it into your life?

COVER. A young parishioner of Father William Walter's sea-lung parish in the Western Carolines. Father Walter makes his headquarters on Koror in the Palaus and from there he covers Ulithi and the atolls to the east. The coconut this land is enjoying is the staple food of the Pacific Islands.



OUR PACIFIC

FRANCIS D. BURNS S.J.

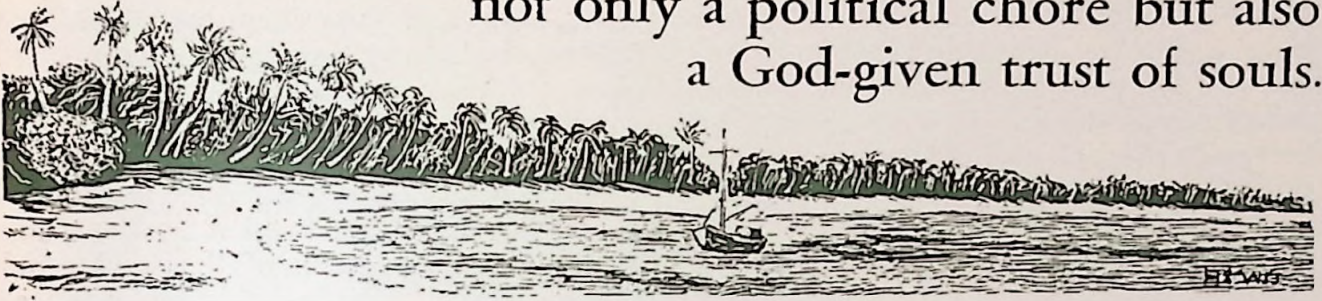
THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT Paradise, as our Pacific Trust Territory has been called. One way is the view taken in several recent magazine articles. According to that view the great sweep of islands scattered over three million square miles of the Pacific—the Marianas, Marshall and Caroline Islands—have one supreme importance, their geographical situation. This view emphasizes the first and last words in the title Pacific Trust Territory.

The other view regards not the land but its people. It puts the emphasis on the word Trust. So the approximate 2,100 pieces of land that make up the Caroline and Marshall Islands are only tropical background for the 50,000 or so human beings who call them home. Paradise was prepared for Adam and Eve, not vice versa.

The two views are not incompatible. It is a matter of emphasis only, and that depends on whether the viewer is a soldier, or a diplomat, an economist, a doctor or a missionary. Let us take a fleeting look at Paradise through the eyes of a few of the forty Jesuits who staff this mission.

Under the terms of the United Nations agreement the United States is committed to a program in the Trust Territory which will benefit the people, encourage respect for human rights and some day lead to independence. Part of that program has been put into effective action. After World War II the American armed services inaugurated a public health program supplemented by training projects at which the islanders were taught more about sanitation and elemental medication. This was a much-needed service for

THE TRUST TERRITORY is not only a political chore but also a God-given trust of souls.

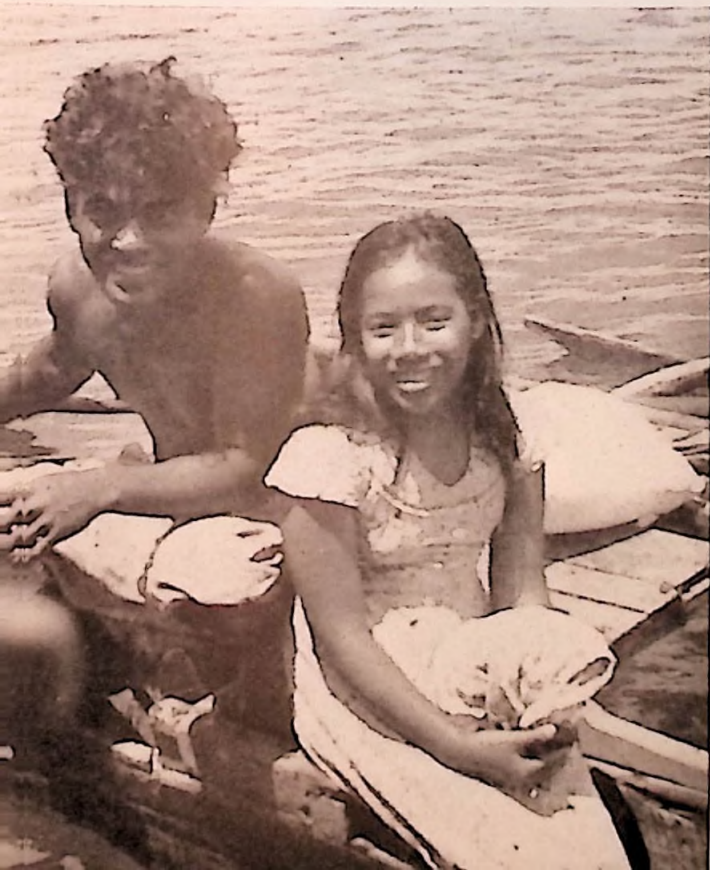


besides the diseases native to the environment—yaws, tuberculosis and intestinal parasites—the people must also combat smallpox, typhoid and measles, the gifts of the West.

This medical service is very much on the credit side of our trusteeship ledger. But it can be questioned whether of itself it has sufficient impact to crack the hard core around which the lives of these islanders center. For these people of Paradise have their own way of life. The domination of the Spanish, of the Germans and of the Japanese served to drive it only deeper. That

The youngsters in the Caroline and Marshall Islands have known only the American overrule but their elders also lived under the Japanese. But neither domination has made any change in their fundamental way of life.

PARADISE



foreign exploitation engendered suspicion toward all outsiders, an attitude still present.

Father Edwin McManus S.J., Superior of the Caroline and Marshall Mission, tells of one extreme example of this feeling. "In the Palaus there exists a small, bitterly anti-Christian group. The movement, called Modekngai ('just we together'), is primarily nationalistic and anti-foreign, but as they consider Christianity a foreign importation their hatred of the foreigner has spilled over into hatred of the Church. The Modekngai have their own services in which they sing hymns of hatred of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. The movement is some thirty years old . . ."

On another occasion Father McManus said, "There are problems I never dreamed of until I came out here. There are many pagans in America but their social and cultural background is Christian. They may deny and even attack their heritage but they are still nourished by Christian ideals and principles. Here in Palau the background and many of the ways of thinking, even of the Catholics, is pagan and it will take several generations before we can have a real Christian civilization."

To understand how different their way of life is from the American one let us step aboard a copra ship as it sails out of the Ulithi lagoon with Father William Walter. "Soon the last bit of civilization disappeared beyond the horizon. From that day on I was living a life out of this world. I had gone back 2,000 years in history. The Machine Age had vanished with its banks, stores and restaurants; its streets and autos; its movies, radio and newspapers. No more bread or milk, meat or butter, eggs or cheese, etc. No dishes, no soap; no salaries or money. For the whole of my stay there was just the simple life of the Stone Age—fish and taro to eat; coconuts and rain water to drink, and not many clothes to speak of . . ."

Father Walter is speaking of the remote isles on the rim of the mission field. But what of those other islands where the civilization of the West has made its headquarters? How do the people there view the material and mechanical advantages which the Civil Administration offers to them? In his own inimitable way Bishop Thomas Feeney S.J., Vicar Apostolic of the islands, describes the reaction of his flock.

Speaking of this new way of life he says, "With only a few exceptions, the islanders will have none of it. The essence of their needs remains that of their sea-faring ancestors; an outrigger canoe, a stone for pressing the pandanus leaf for mats and thatching, and a mortar and pestle. As masters in adjustment they will of course realistically use whatever is thrust upon them, like electric lights, irons and washing machines . . ."

"Yet let no one confuse use with desire. Back once more on their home atolls they quickly return to their Japanese irons with charcoal fuel, trim the cloth wicks of their smoking coconut lamps and march off seaside with a pan of wash on their heads to enjoy a spell of gossip with their sisters of surf and sand."

Bishop Feeney concludes: "It is now seven years since VJ Day. War and destruction have landscaped these once beautiful isles with terraced banks of defiling scrap and endless mounds of wreckage . . . This material ruin has changed many a sylvan rendezvous of path and grove into a junkman's paradise. Perhaps, from a religious point of

view it is just as well. For I have often noticed that as my little flock moves silently along, now and then they cast their eyes backward at these cemeteries of discarded parts . . . They themselves have chosen the better part."

Yes, our Pacific Trust Territory has a value. It is a pearl of great price but its real wealth lies in the souls which are the image of God. The viewpoint of those who look at things from an eternal standpoint is well summed up by Father McManus. What he says of his own isles is true for all our Pacific paradise.

"Recently I read a sermon that seemed to place these islands as America's bulwark against the spread of Communism across the Pacific. This seems far-fetched for although this mission is the largest, geographically, in the Church, there are only some 50,000 people in the area. So our influence on world events is negligible; and what's to prevent Communism from island-hopping? But by strengthening the Body of Christ in Palau, Truk, etc. we are strengthening the Whole Christ, and it is not entirely impossible that the increased devotion of some daily communicants in Palau will supply the last 'bit' of grace necessary to overthrow Communism and make the promises of Fatima come true. Maybe it's only a dream—but it could be."

On Truk in the eastern Carolines Father John Hoek S.J. directs the students of the minor seminary. Some day the spiritual care of the islanders will be in the hands of native sons.



ELEVEN TIMES THE CANNONS OF Fort William McKinley roar in salute; the Army band strikes up the Philippine national anthem; and six hundred soldiers swing out to the parade ground in a snappy dress review.

Now the troops are standing at attention. Suddenly a white-cassocked figure appears at the far end of the field and marches quickly to the place of honor in front of the color guard. The CO's voice booms out, "The person to be decorated is present, Sir."

Brigadier General Vargas, Vice Chief of Staff of the Philippine Army, steps forward to present the Philippine Legion of Honor to Father Thomas Carroll S.J. of the California Province, in normal times a member of the Yangchow Mission in China and at



AWARD *in the* *Philippines*

Father Thomas Carroll S.J. receives Medal of Honor from Brigadier General Vargas of the Philippine Army on the parade grounds of Fort McKinley. Colonel Enriques watches.

ROGER B. FALGE S. J.

present exiled in the Philippines. Loudspeakers carry the voice of an officer reading the citation to the far corners of the field.

"The Reverend Father Thomas D. Carroll is cited for exceptionally meritorious services rendered . . . to the Armed Forces of the Philippines while acting as Educational Consultant and Technical Adviser in Foreign Languages at the Army Language Training School. . . . Father Carroll was responsible for the setting up of a modern speech laboratory, which would be of great value not only to the students of Chinese but also to those of any other foreign languages. Far above and beyond the call of his normal duties as a Con-

sultant and Adviser, Father Carroll devoted time and effort to conducting the classes himself and personally directing the teaching of the course. He never hesitated to come, whenever needed, and helped each student overcome his difficulties as the study of the course progressed.

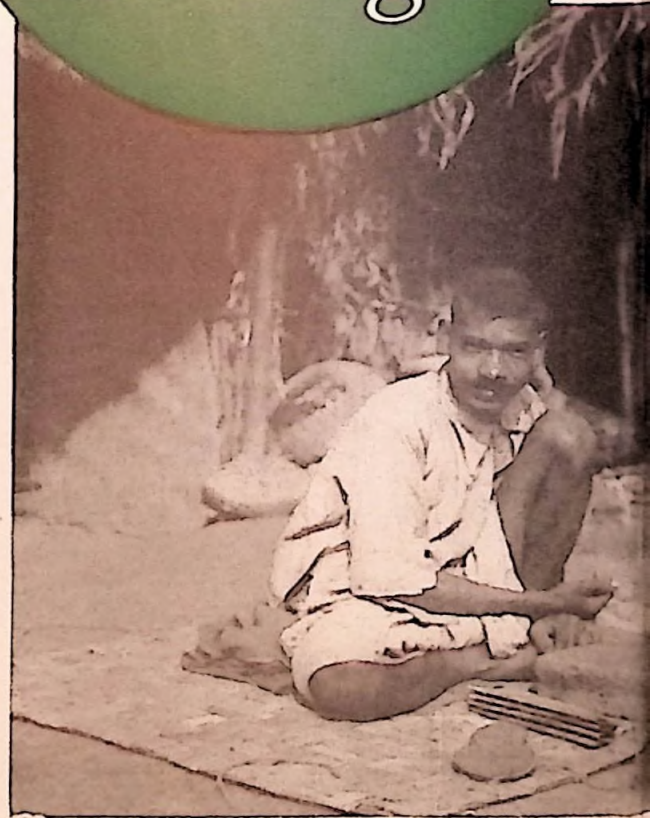
"His untiring efforts, the great sacrifice he has voluntarily rendered to the Armed Forces of the Philippines, his unselfish devotion to duty and the high degree of efficiency he displayed in the performance of his work, all together is not only an index of his earnest endeavor to fulfill a duty to God and to humanity but is likewise a reflection of great credit to himself and to the Society of Jesus."



As part of his beginning in Bar Bigha Father Edwin Saxton S.J. takes on the duties of a headmaster at his church school. Father Wargiss Kappamottil, seen under the third arch, also keeps a watchful eye on the young boys of the boarding school. (Below) Chamar mother and child outside their rude house.

EDWIN SAXTON S.J.

Beginning AT Bar Bigha



ELEPHANTS ARE GIVING THE RIGHT OF way to trucks and electricity has blown out the kerosene lamps but it is still Bar Bigha. This is the place I've been trying to get to for the last sixteen years.

Back in 1936 JESUIT MISSIONS carried stories by Father Peter Sontag S.J. and others about the great work that had started among the Chamars of the Patna Mission. I decided to join them.

The shortest way was to enter the Chicago Province of the Jesuits and to spend eight years in study and teaching. Then I was off to India in July of 1944.

I knocked about India and Nepal for the next eight years—Patna, Bettiah, Kurseong, Katmandu. The last year was spent at Hazaribagh where I received word that my sixteen years of waiting had come to an end. I was assigned to Bar Bigha.

It was the end of one trail and the beginning of another. Father Joseph Padamatam had come here ten years ago and found two hundred Catholics. Now he has 1,500 souls under his care. So there is plenty of work as priest, teacher, doctor and friend. Beginning in Bar Bigha may be hard, but it will be happy.

(PHOTOS BY LEROY RYAN S.J.)

The Chamars belong to the Depressed Classes of India and are by tradition leather workers.



(Above) In the light of early morning Father Saxton hears confessions before celebrating Mass in one of the villages near Bar Bigha. (Below) Basket weaving by Chamar woman.





Father William Connolly S.J. of Salem, Mass.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT GET YOU down. The big things seem to take care of themselves, for the most part. When I came to May Pen a little over a year ago I figured the heartaches would be found in trying to accomplish the big things. But as I look back it's the little things that come to mind.

May Pen is thirty-five miles outside of Kingston and is a growing place at a railway junction. Besides May Pen, I have two other churches. One is at Lionel Town, twelve miles to the south and the other at Chapelton, thirteen miles to the north. All three churches were falling apart when I arrived so the big things to be done were staring me in the face.

We started at Lionel Town but even before the new church there was dedicated we were at work on the new St. Thomas More church at May Pen. This was a more ambitious project (\$20,000 against Lionel Town's \$5,500) but it is the main mission station and the circumstances called for concrete and a steady look into the crystal ball of the future. On June 14th Bishop McEleney dedicated the finished church.

So two down and one to go. In a sense I'll be sorry to see the crumbling walls and

It's The LITTLE THINGS

WILLIAM A. CONNOLLY S.J.

buckling floor of Chapeiton's church replaced. For once I had illusions of grandeur there. I was preaching my sermon one Sunday when a cow walked in through an opening in the wall and regarded me with wide-eyed interest. The thought popped into my mind, "Another St. Francis of Assisi!" But I was rapidly disillusioned after Mass by being told that the cows delight in the shade of the church during the week and resent our Sunday intrusions. But I still had a warm feeling for cows.

I promptly lost that feeling on another

Father Connolly's mother is named Margaret — and so is his new edifice in Lionel Town.



Sunday as I piloted my '47 Ford along the Lionel Town road. I was trying to decide whether I had enough pennies (gasoline costs 45 cents a gallon) for the 50-mile trip to Kingston where the American Consul was staging a hot dog and potato salad get-together. Suddenly a 'bull cow' charged at me from the side of the road. Later on, 'a fur piece down the road,' I surveyed the damage. Two doors and a fender gone. Well, my decision on the Kingston trip had been made for me.

The human element manages to get into the game, too. One morning I walked into the sacristy of my new May Pen church. The floor showed signs of a recent flood. I reasoned that there must have been some accident at the washstand. The water for the town is shut off at certain hours so I figured the watchman had forgotten to turn off the faucet at the proper time. But I was wrong. There was no accident and the watchman had not forgotten. As he explained later, "I left that faucet open on purpose, Fader. On purpose! Because if I don't leave it open how am I gonna know when the water comes on?"

Then there was the day I walked over to supervise the installation of the new confessionals. One of the carpenters had decided that there wasn't a finer work table around for his cutting and planing than the tops of the new church benches. He seemed

This isn't a door but part of the side of the Chapelton church which the author inspects.



actually surprised when I objected and was obviously deeply pained when I bellowed, "And get that saw and hammer off the top of the new organ!"

I got in my car and drove over to pour out my woes to Father Benedict Reilly, pastor at St. Ann. He was in the yard, watching the antics of his huge watchdog.

"I wish I could afford a dog like that," I greeted him.

"So do I," he replied in his laconic Maine fashion. He stooped to pick up a rock and Bruiser suddenly found something of extreme interest in the furthest part of the yard. "You know, Bill, that dog likes to scratch. But the only thing he scratches is my Ford. Did a fine job, too. Then he jumps over the fence and bites a neighbor. Cost me six pounds, my Sunday collection. And last night he got into my chicken coop," the words were coming slow and deliberate now, "and killed twenty-three of my be-yu-tiful hens and roosters! . . . What are you laughing about?" he demanded.

"You know, Ben, there must be easier ways to make a living than as a missionary!"

For a moment he looked at me and then we both grinned at one another.

As I drove home in my gored Ford I knew what it was that lay unspoken between us. There may be easier ways to make a living but none of them is more satisfactory or happier. So we'll forget the little things.

The new church of St. Thomas More at May Pen was dedicated this June by Bishop McEleney.





DINNER *is Served*

The dinner brigade lacks something of the Waldorf-Astoria class but the meal costs only fifty cents—the price of the best dinner in Honduras.

JOHN C. MURPHY S. J.

IT'S DINNERTIME IN SANTA RITA, HONDURAS. And the scene which confronts me is the one you see above. For, of necessity, I have my meals "sent in," as I have no kitchen and no cook.

Would you care to join me? But perhaps it would be only fair to explain first what you may expect. In the picture Rene Rojas is at the right, holding in his right hand a *portavianda*, four metal pans held together by a wire handle. On the bottom layer of the *portavianda* you will find a little native soup, mostly water and cabbage. Next layer up usually has the good old *frijoles*—those red beans in sort of a fried, pasty combination. Next story higher a dish of rice, somewhat tasteless but goes pretty well with the beans. On the top layer some kind of meat—beef or pork. Since a cow or hog is killed daily the meat is fresh.

Rolando Mineros is in the center carrying a wash-basin with the necessary dishes and "silver-ware." Also in the wash-basin you will usually find a few of the inevitable *tortillas* wrapped up in a napkin to try to keep them warm. (They are never warm.) *Tortillas* are

those pancake affairs made of ground corn and roasted on top of the stove. They are indispensable in the Honduran way of life.

Fidel Banegas at the left is carrying the dark brown crockery coffee pot called a *cafetera*. And the coffee is darker and stronger than the container. Mixed with a good quantity of sugar it makes the "dessert" for the Padre's dinner. Also you will notice in Rolando's left hand a glass bottle containing some cold drinking water.

My dinner crew has to walk about two blocks from the kitchen to my house. Sometimes the dinner appears a bit chilly to my taste and on inquiring I find that there have been a few delays along the way. Rene has attempted to throw rocks at Rolando or my dinner has been set aside on somebody's front steps while the boys played marbles in the dusty streets of Santa Rita.

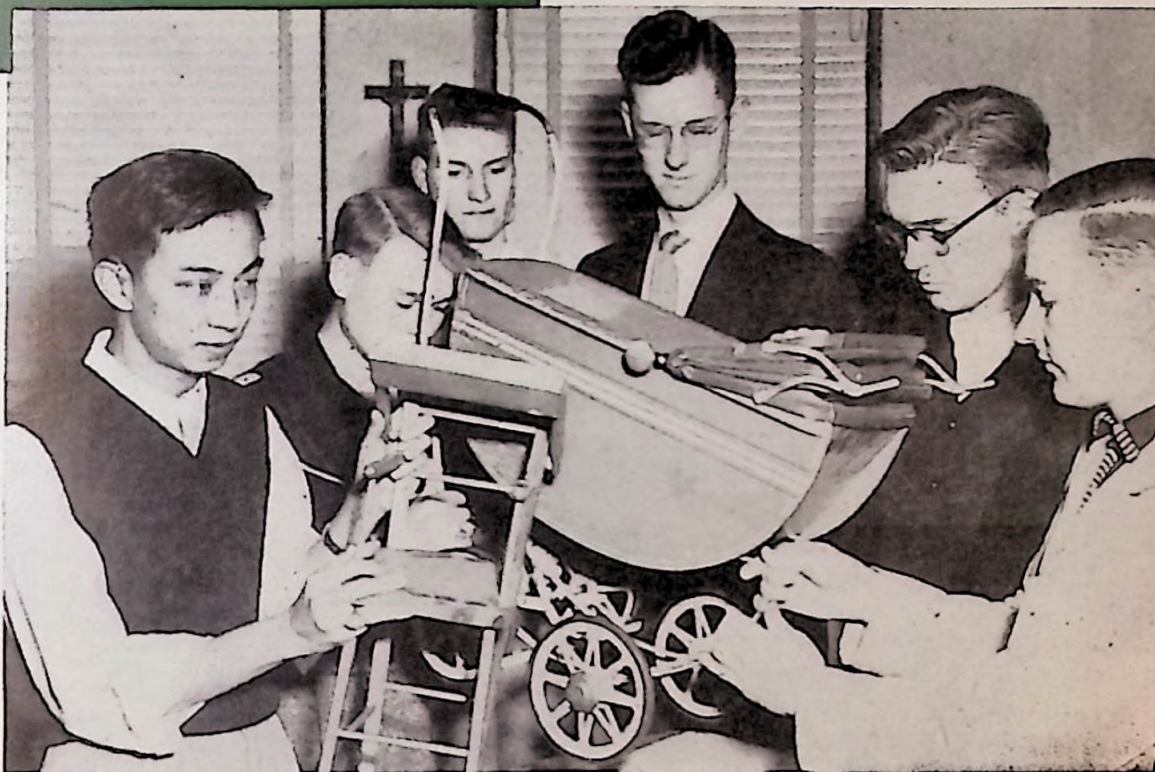
However, in spite of this native diet the Padre hasn't starved yet nor is he getting much thinner. Besides, this makes one appreciate a little more the meals at home in Progreso—our central base for the Yoro mission.

STAY-AT-HOME *Missionaries*

THE ANSWER to the familiar question "What can I do for the missions?"

JOHN H.
McCUMMISKEY S.J.

Members of the Xavier Forum at the Creighton University repair and pack toys to be shipped to the missions for Christmas time. Typical of the Forum's international membership is Clarence Liu (left) Chinese Hawaiian.



MANY CATHOLICS TODAY APPARENTLY labor under the erroneous impression that there is only one way to be a missionary—the way of St. Paul, of St. Francis Xavier, of St. Isaac Jogues—the way of ceaseless toil in a foreign land, the often silent, suffering way of the man in the field.

Fortunately there is another way, not nearly so spectacular, perhaps, but nonetheless very active, very real, and very Christ-like. It is the way of prayer and sacrifice, of little things well done, of unpleasant things done cheerfully, of dulling routine borne for love of Christ. It is the way of St. Therese, the Little Flower, the little girl who stayed at home and offered her daily prayers, works, joys, and sufferings for the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth.

Happily for the missions and for the men and women in the field there exists today an ever increasing number of Stay-at-Home Missionaries, Catholic men and women who make the missions of the Church a very real

part of their daily lives. They do, in a proportionate way, as much for the missions as did the lovable lady of Lisieux. In addition to their myriad duties as husbands, wives, doctors, lawyers, business men, students, nurses, and so on, these Catholics are a very important part of the mission picture of the Church through their generous offering of spiritual gifts.

Such a group of Stay-at-Home Missionaries is the all-too-little-known Xavier Forum of Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska. Since 1932 when the organization was founded by Father Patrick O'Connor S.S.C., and Father Francis Deglman S.J., the Xavier Forum has been of incalculable help to the missions of the Church—incalculable because no one can truly estimate the power and effect of prayer. Composed of about three or four dozen members drawn from the Catholic colleges of the Omaha area (Creighton, Duchesne, St. Mary's and the two nursing schools of St.



The Xavier Forum. At head of table and to left is Father Deglman, founder and moderator. At right is Father Mabasa of the Philippines, guest speaker on the occasion of picture.



(Left) Misses Mary Anne Brunner and Mary Lunn are busy packing Catholic literature for shipment to the missions in Malaya. But it is the spiritual backing the missionaries appreciate most.

Catherine's and St. Joseph's), the Forum has placed its main emphasis on the spiritual help that lay Catholics can, and should, give to the missions.

As the members state in their annual Christmas letter to mission superiors, "Our group, while poor in financial means, endeavors to enrich the treasury of prayers offered for our brethren on foreign fields. Each Forum member chooses a particular day of the month which he offers for the missions. Each month throughout his life, on that day, he attends Mass, receives Holy Communion, and offers his trials, joys and sacrifices of the day for the spread of the faith. Thus, on every day, through the years, some member, somewhere, is continuing that unbroken chain of prayer."

Only a missionary in the field can realize fully the value of this kind of help. He knows that financial help is necessary

for the ordinary requisites of life, for schools, churches, mission stations, medical supplies, and dispensaries, but he knows yet more—that all these adjuncts of mission life are useless and pointless if God's grace be lacking. Since prayer is a source of grace, he truly appreciates the spiritual assistance that his Stay-at-Home Helpers render him. For him an organization like the Xavier Forum is an indispensable aid in his Christ-like undertakings.

Although the Xavier Forum is primarily a student group, it also includes at present two lay members of the Creighton faculty, as well as an "alumni" that reaches into the hundreds. Even after graduation the members continue their practice of the one day a month offered for the missions. In many cases, after marriage, they are joined in this custom by their wives, husbands, and children. This idea is so ingrained in the mem-

bers that many of them continued the practice even under very trying circumstances while fighting with our armed forces in World War II.

The Forum meets once a month with the president, always a college *man*, presiding. Usually the feature of the meeting is a talk by some returned missionary, a mission movie or slides, or a discussion of some mission project. Missionaries from the Philippines, China, Korea, Brazil, British Honduras, and various home missions, among others, have addressed the Omaha group. Father Deglman, as spiritual director, opens and closes each meeting with prayer.

Other activities of the Forum include the writing of letters to the missionaries, especially at Christmas time, and the sending of toys, clothes, medicine, and Catholic literature to various mission centers. The Christmas letter to mission superiors has proved a most gratifying project because of the heartfelt and enthusiastic response on the part of the missionaries. So thankful are the missionaries for this genuine and sincere promise of prayers that many of them have had the letter read from their pulpits, published in their mission paper, or mimeographed and sent to all parts of the mission.

Very little effort is required to interest the students in this mission organization. Since, for purposes of efficiency, the membership is limited to fewer than fifty, Father Deglman has no problem in recruiting new members. The idea of helping the missions through prayer and sacrifice has such an appeal to Catholic college students that no urging, no persuasion, and practically no publicity are necessary.

There seems little doubt that there is room in America today for many more groups modeled after the Xavier Forum. Father Deglman stands ready to assist in the formation of such groups. Surely there are thousands of Catholic students who would love to belong. If the kingdom of Christ is to spread throughout the world, then organizations like the Xavier Forum must be multiplied. Under the auspices of the Sodality of Our Lady or of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, these groups can become a basic source of spiritual strength for our thousands of missionaries throughout the world.

May St. Francis Xavier and the Little Flower inspire many more groups to emulate the example set by the Xavier Forum, the Stay-At-Home Missionaries of America.

Come, follow me

AT ONE OF THE BUSIEST CROSSROADS OF the world stands the shrine of Our Lady, "Queen of the World." It is the cathedral in Port Said, the gateway to the Suez Canal, and from its lofty campanile the Queen surveys the fabulous waters, fondly regarding the ships and men of many nations passing by.

It is not a "miraculous" shrine, inspired by heavenly apparitions as were Lourdes and Fatima. Rather, it grew out of a saintly bishop's devotion to Our Lady and his zeal to see her rightly enthroned in the hearts of all mankind.

I came to know the bishop in his declining years, a white-bearded, patriarchal figure, still very vigorous and alert, still with the youthful spirit of a courtly troubadour singing the praises of the Lady who was his queen. He was a living portrait of that rare ideal, to grow old gracefully. Bishop Hiral bore as the names of his Franciscan profession the very symbols of his character—Ange Marie. He was a charming composite of Franciscan simplicity, angelic sweetness and the gracious charity of which his heavenly patroness is the perfect inspiration.

During the anguished war years he was certain that in her lay the secret of the world's peace. He saw Port Said, where East and West meet and the men of all nations mingle, as the point of vantage from which to proclaim her Queen of the World. When the Holy See gave official approval to the title, Bishop Hiral rejoiced in a dream fulfilled. For he knew that the Lady of earth and heaven would be true to her promise—"He that shall find me, shall have life, and shall have salvation from the Lord."

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

"Jerusalem Jerusalem"



From Mount Olivet Baghdad Jesuits look down on Jerusalem.



Jerusa
who c
footpr
rosa
war-d
lical
King
in Isra
Dame
But th
Basili
ories
can f
the h

BAGHDAD WAS THIRTY-EIGHT HOURS BEHIND US. We had passed Jericho and followed the historic road that winds upward from the Jordan. Now we were passing Bethany and one steep hill alone stood between us and our holy goal.

My heart was beating rapidly as a dream of years approached the threshold of fulfillment. The darkness of night had long fallen and in the pale silvery light of a full moon I labored up, up, to the top of the Mount of Scandal.

There it lay, a sight which men of all ages have longed to see, the sleeping city of Jerusalem, etched in black and white against the star-glittering Judaeen sky. His city, over which He had prayed, which had put Him to death, this City of Peace now war-ravaged and an armed camp. In the quiet of the Palestinian night we thanked Him for our coming here to Jerusalem.



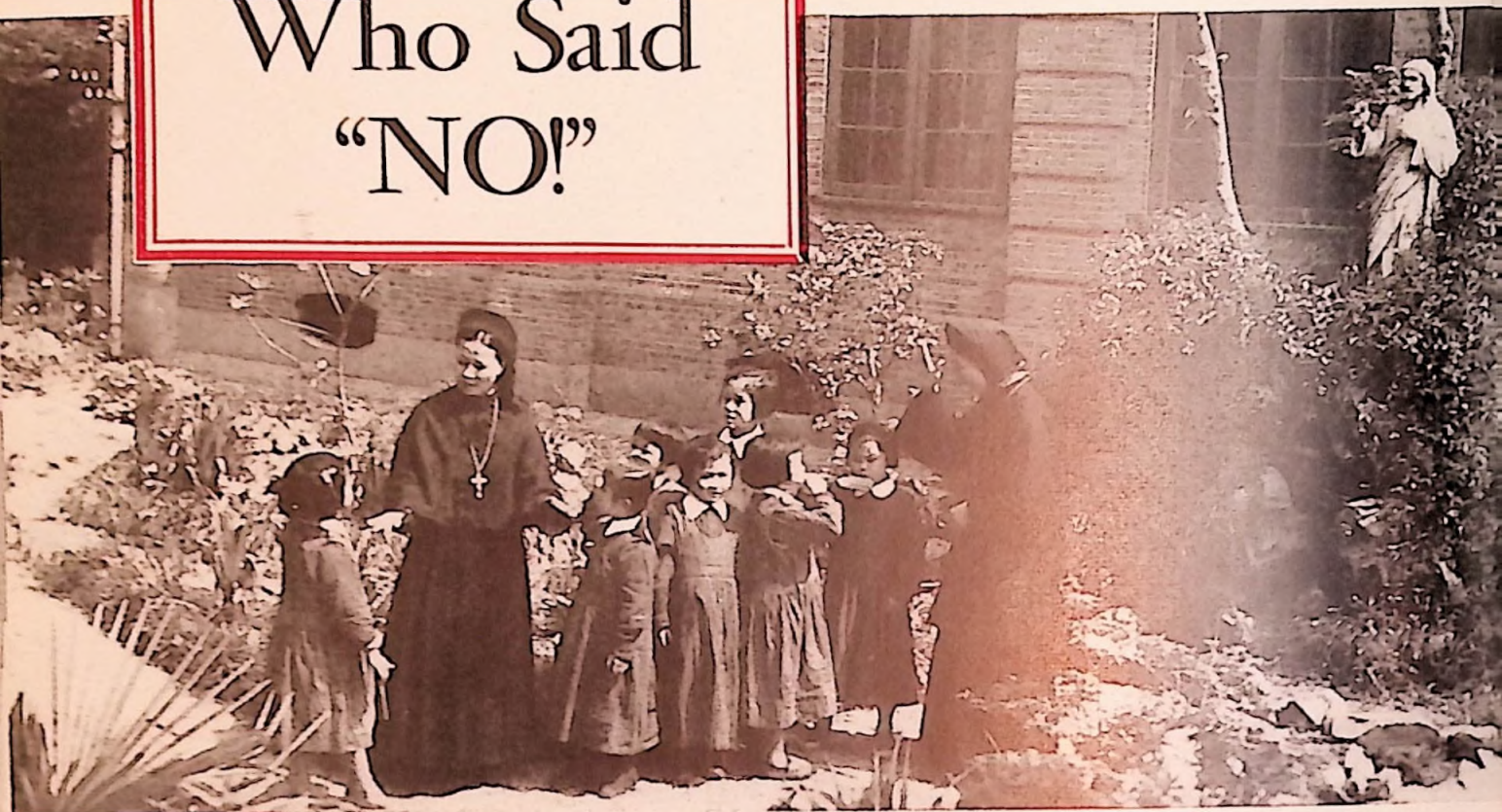


Today is a divided city but those
to it on pilgrimage still find His
there. They walk the Via Dolo-
re) or from its walls observe the
aged surroundings. The Jesuit Bib-
liotheca (upper right) together with the
Hotel are now out of bounds
territory as well as the ruined Notre
Dame de France Hostel for pilgrims (right).
The Garden of Gethsemani and its stately
tower (right) with all the holy mem-
orials is still accessible and pilgrims
follow the Way of the Cross (below) to
the Mount of Calvary.



The Bride Who Said "NO!"

AT THE ALTAR a girl
turned back and her story
is now legend



CHARLES J. McCARTHY S.J.

WHEN SHE DIED YESTERDAY MOTHER St. Cecilia of the Helpers of the Holy Souls was 56 years of age. Not quite 40 years ago she had stirred Shanghai's Catholic community to the depths. She had been a non-Christian student in the Morning Star school, a girl good, intelligent, and not at all unattractive. With her parents, the prominent and wealthy Tsu family arranged that she should marry their eldest son. But the staunchly Catholic Tsus requested that first she should take instructions and think about baptism.

She started along that road cheerfully enough, but there came a point in her study of Catholic doctrine when she began to feel drawn to live the Gospel whole and entire, in the life of a nun. She told her instructor and spiritual father of these growing desires. Although at first they counselled against it, they came gradually to see that she had signs of a genuine vocation.

On their advice, she spoke to her father

The Helpers of the Holy Souls, the religious order to which Mother St. Cecilia belonged, were known and loved throughout all Shanghai.

about it. He would not take the thought seriously. In those days, it was only good form for a bride-to-be to protest against marriage when the subject was brought up.

The girl's catechumenate came to an end, and she received baptism with great devotion. But needle and thread continued flying without pause over the bridal robes; invitations beautifully printed were sent to a host of the families' friends and acquaintances; plans were laid for an elaborate wedding banquet.

In desperation, Mary put her problem up to her spiritual father. Father P'an told her that if there was no other way, she could say "No" when at the wedding ceremony she was asked whether or not she consented to marry. He told her also that she must do it in such a way that she would cause as little embarrassment and pain as possible to the bridegroom.

So the day dawned. In the church of St. Francis Xavier in Tongkadou the altar was

banked with flowers. The families and their distinguished guests filed into the pews. Both families were socially prominent; the Consul of France, highest dignitary in the then French Concession was present, as was Mr. Loh P'a-hong, the celebrated Catholic philanthropist. A two hour delay in the bride's arrival should have been a warning that all was not well, but in those days convention permitted and almost demanded that the bride come late.

When at last the ceremony began, Father Jean Piet S.J., the pastor, turned to the bridegroom and asked, "Ignatius, wilt thou take Mary here present for thy lawful wife?" His answer was clear, "I will."

Then the priest asked the bride, "Mary, wilt thou take Ignatius here present for thy lawful husband?" But instead of the bashful "Yes; Yuan-yi" which everyone expected, the young lady replied quietly, but firmly: "I will not; ve-yoh." Then she explained clearly, "I do not wish to marry, but only because I hope to become a religious and because I want to dedicate my life to God." The stunned throng could not mistake what she was saying, nor why she was saying it.

The ceremony was interrupted, of course, and the storm was unleashed. Volunteer conciliators, eminent and experienced, failed to change the girl's mind. She clung firmly to her refusal.

Weeks later she was received as a candidate in the Novitiate of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. At the clothing ceremony, when she was to take her religious name and a new patron saint, the choice was simple. Sixth century piety had attributed just such a renunciation as hers to Saint Cecilia, a much venerated martyr of noble family in third-century Rome. The story of her vocation was known, and the schoolgirls whom she taught gave her, with pride, another name which has persisted through the years: "Ve-yoh Mumu! Mother Willnot."

Through the years Mother St. Cecilia continued to live close to her divine bridegroom. She had a wonderful gift for working with young people, for winning their confidence and giving them sound, salutary advice. She had the consolation of baptizing her father during his last illness. She became the director of Holy Providence school in downtown Shanghai.

One day at Hong Kew, Sacred Heart church, Mother St. Cecilia brought a girl,

soon to be married, to Father Farmer S.J. for final instructions about the wedding. Father Farmer coached her about the ceremony, and then, not realizing who the Mother was beside her, told the girl: "Now, for heaven's sake, don't balk at the altar and say 'Ve-yoh' like that girl who became a nun did some years ago!" "Ve-yoh Mumu" let him know who she was, and they had a merry laugh at his *faux pas*!

When the present regime took all schools from the Church, non-conformist Catholic school directors became special targets of campaigns of intimidation and calumny. But scores of faithful girls continued to seek guidance and encouragement from Mother St. Cecilia; she shared their trials intimately. The number of her proteges grew larger when many of the foreign Sisters of various congregations found it impossible to remain in China. Anxieties also for the younger Sisters in her own Community increased her burden of concern.

It is not surprising that now after her death we hear her spoken of as "a martyr of the circumstances." Hers was a white martyrdom, unlike that of her patron Cecilia; but for all that it was still a witnessing to intense, unflinching love for Christ, the Bridegroom Whose own she dramatically declared herself to be, and Who now has taken her to Himself forever.

These were orphans in the garden of the famous orphanage in Zikawei district of Shanghai. Who will care for the abandoned now?



The Coming of the Monsoon

INDIA'S SKIES
darken as the long-
awaited fury of the mon-
soon breaks over the
parched land.

WALTER A. COOK S.J.

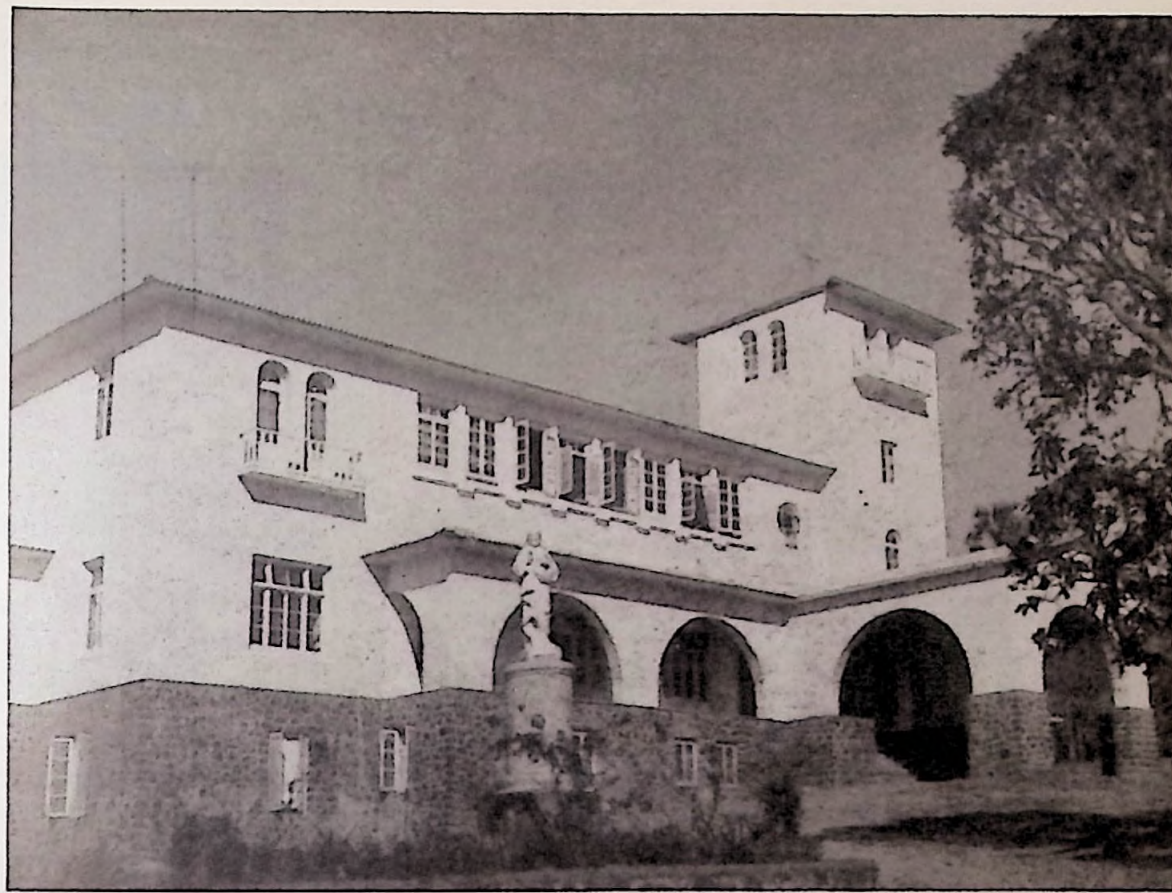
FOR WEEKS WE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR the rain. Clouds were constantly in the Indian sky, sometimes massing ominous and grey, sometimes billowing white against the blue. Waiting, ever waiting. Hope of an early rain was fading. But the end of May means the monsoon, and with the rain comes the alleviation of eleven months of heat, and the transformation of the dry yellow earth. So at DeNobili College in Poona we waited.

Now, suddenly, the sky was covered with dark cumulus and stratocumulus clouds, blotting out the sun and casting shadows over the earth, while the wind whistled through the eaves and blew the dust along the yellow fields and rutted roads. Through the windows toward the south there appeared a solid blanket of grey, reaching from heaven to earth, steadily erasing familiar landmarks as it approached. The monsoon cloud moved over us softly, quietly. A gentle



(Above) Monsoon clouds overshadow the sun. Clouds mean rain and the end of the long drought but the fury of the monsoon is not to be taken lightly. (Right) De Nobili College at Poona is one of the Jesuit theologates in India. (Below) The author is a member of Maryland's mission in Jamshedpur.





rain began to fall, steadily, silently. Scattered drops were blowing into the room, and we closed and bolted the doors.

With a roar of wind, the storm broke. Sheets of rain poured in towards us at a steep angle, wave after wave of driving raindrops, splashing on the window panes, under the door sills and through the door jambs. Hail stones cracked against the panes like rifle shots. The screaming wind drove the rain straight up the unprotected stone-paved corridors. Outside, trees and shrubs bent before the southern blasts. In a matter of minutes the parched yellow fields were a sea of seething brown mud that eddied and swirled.

The first fury of the storm abated a little, but the downpour continued with intermittent gusts of wind. I wandered toward my room exulting in the chill air and driving rain, jumping puddles under the ventilating towers and wading through the wet corridors.

I opened the window and looked toward the east. The clouds were breaking up, and a bluish haze covered the earth, as a gentler rain still dripped from the heavens. Everywhere mud and water, water and mud. The grey blocks of the building that glared white in the sunlight had turned sullen

black with dampness; the fields outside were completely flooded. But the air was clean and fresh, free from dust and invigorating.

Now the wind is dying. Occasional gusts rattle the doors and whistle through the rafters. Water drips from the eaves and pours in heavy streams from the lead drain-pipes. A distant rumble of thunder comes from the heavens. The first storm of the monsoon season is over.

Each drop can be counted now, shaking itself loose from the tiles. Along the north corridor whole stretches are inundated. The garden is a sea of water, and tiles shattered by the first blast of the storm form its broken shoreline. To the west above Pooná the clouds lie white and grey against the golden sky where the sun has just set. Bolts of jagged lightning leap from cloud to cloud across the clear sky, bright purple-white flashes against the blue of approaching night.

It is time for evening prayer. But something in the fury of the monsoon storm, the power of the wind, the cleansing rain, the pure air, the suddenness of the lightning, the beauty of the sunset, lifts the mind and heart unconsciously to God; and after all, what is prayer?

THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

SEPTEMBER: The Formation of Catholic Industrialists and Agriculturists in Mission Lands.

WE NEED CIVIC RULERS AND INDUSTRIAL leaders who are well-instructed Catholics. For unless they act under the impulse of Christian principles, our rulers and industrial potentates will too often concentrate all their efforts solely on our temporal well-being and prosperity. This of course they must do because of their positions of trust and responsibility, but they must not exclude the spiritual nature of man. To rule the state or guide a great industry with no concern for the eternal destiny of man is to be guilty of gross materialism. Materialism, when it pervades a society, corrupts man's ambitions and finally robs him of any real joy of living.

We also want Catholic leaders because within the framework of Christian principles they will often find the answers to problems of the temporal order. This is why courses have been introduced into our colleges and special schools have been set up to instill sound Christian thought into those who are or will be our industrial leaders.

This is just as important in the mission fields. Industrial and agricultural programs have been started under the aegis of the United Nations or of the United States (our "Point Four" programs). They aim at introducing modern industrial methods into countries that are less developed and bringing in more efficient machinery to produce the food on which these people depend.

Worthy aims, indeed. But we don't want modern means or more abundant production to lead to that materialistic attitude mentioned above. While we bring to those who need them our modern efficiency, let us not bring them our "modern philosophy" which they do not need.

So this month while we pray for the Holy Father's Mission Intention, let us recall some examples of this work in some of the missions of the American Jesuits.

The Loyola School of Industrial Relations in Jamshedpur is situated in the heart of the steel-producing area of India. Here, taking his cue from Jesuit labor schools in the States, Father Quinn Enright S.J. is instructing the leaders among the workingmen and eventually, he hopes, those on the managerial staffs, in the principles that will insure industrial prosperity and harmony.

Father John P. Sullivan S.J. in Jamaica and Father Marion M. Ganey S.J. in British Honduras work through the Extension departments of the Jesuit colleges and their credit unions to train leaders in these predominantly agricultural countries.

And the last news along these lines comes to us from the Philippine Islands where Father William Masterson S.J. is to direct an agricultural school in connection with the Jesuit Ateneo de Zamboanga. Here fine Catholic Filipino boys will learn the latest and best methods to improve the farms and fields of their homeland in addition to the cultural and religious studies that will make them truly Catholic leaders.

We see, then, that our American Jesuit missionaries realize this modern missionary problem and are working towards its solution. Let us help them by our prayers.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

Rev. William A. Masterson S.J., former rector of the Ateneo de Manila is training leaders in a new agricultural institute.





Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?

Missionaries in the
Caroline and Marshall
Islands... *that's who!*



Why? Because a huff and a puff can blow a chapel down unless the walls have cement in them.

And they don't have any cement.

How about it? The wind blows strong in the Marshalls...will you help a missionary buy cement to make God's house strong against the wind? It costs \$2.00 a bag. Send your contribution to:

JESUIT Missions 962 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Afield

WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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

THE TEST OF FAITH

The one single thing Our Lord demanded most from those with whom He dealt was the virtue of faith. And there is nothing a missionary today needs more than a deep and lasting faith. For he is doing God's work yet on occasion he can see that work falter or even meet with defeat. The powers of darkness appear triumphant and the missionary needs all his faith and all the courage which faith engenders to understand that although it is God's work yet evidently it is not the way God wants that work to be done.

So the Jesuits of the California Province are in Chinese Communist prisons today, their schools and mission stations gone, their apostolate seemingly at an end. In New Delhi, India, the little band of Missouri Province Jesuits who conducted Nirmala College have been forced to close the doors and return home. Two years ago at the request of the Indian Government they had taken over the management of the school in order to meet the growing demands of refugee students from West Pakis-

There were smiles when Brother Illing and Fathers Choppesky, Smith and Huger arrived

tan. But the Communists and other political groups brought about a situation in which it was impossible to continue. So another mission is closed and the men who had labored so zealously for its success must quietly resign themselves to the Divine Will. That takes a tremendous amount of faith.

FALLOW FILIPINO FIELDS

Along the Oriental Misamis coast in the Philippines exists a situation which also calls for faith. FATHER GORDON KOLLER S.J. sums it up as follows:

"Along the coast copra is the main source of income. Right now it is selling at a high price, but when the excise tax is dropped next year, the Fathers in those parishes will face a critical problem for their schools, catechists and churches. The income of our people in the mountain province is mainly agriculture, and right now most of the people are just starting their farms and are very, very poor. Moreover, most of the profit is taken by the middleman since the farmers have no facilities of their own to market their products. So the Fathers there see before them a vast field to be plowed, planted, cultivated and harvested but we have neither the personnel nor the where-with-all to capitalize on such a golden opportunity.

in New Delhi two years to open Niramala College. Now the smiles and Jesuits are gone.





"Truly, God's ways are not man's ways. The Apostles found themselves in the same situation and were instructed to ask God to send more laborers to reap such a grand harvest. It is discouraging at times . . . such opportunities, to teach thousands upon thousands the fundamental truths, to educate their children, and to draw young pioneering couples with their growing families close to God and the Blessed Mother . . . and here we are apparently ham-strung by lack of the material means of transportation, finance and personnel. So as ever before, once again I beg you to join your prayer with ours that God will mercifully supply what we need.

PLAINT FROM PALAU

Then there are the heartaches which only faith can cushion. FATHER EDWIN MCMANUS S.J., Superior of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, recounts the pitiful story of one of his strayed sheep on the island of Palau.

He had baptized an 8-year-old girl and given her the name of Maria Goretti, possibly the first girl in the missions to be named after that saint. Maria was a smart youngster, studied her catechism well and made her first Holy Communion. But later, when she had failed to appear for some time, Father McManus went seeking her.

He soon discovered what had happened. The Palauans have their own customs of adoption and the husband and wife with whom Maria had been living when she became a Catholic were not her real parents. Then her father had taken her to live on the large island of Babeldaob and put her in the care of a Protestant aunt. Father McManus sadly concludes, "To make a long story short, Maria Goretti is now a Protestant. . . . While it's only possible that Palau had the first person in the missions named after St. Maria Goretti, I feel certain that we have the first apostate of that name. Please keep her in your prayers."

But the same mail which brought Father McManus' story also had a ray of sunshine. FATHER EDMUND BURKE S.J. of the Patna Mission in India reports:

"It was one p.m. on a hot summer's day when a knock came at my door. There was a

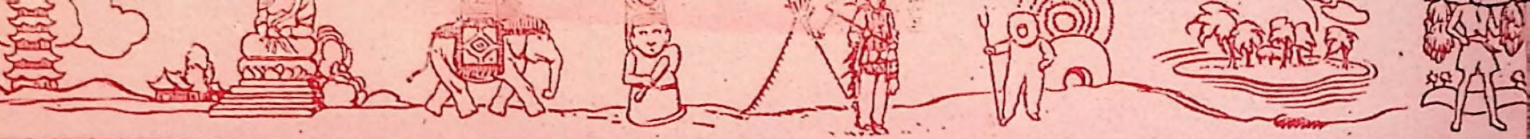


Father Edmund Burke of the Patna Mission in India is well known to JM readers.

woman with a three-day-old baby in her arms. It was a baby girl and her mother had died giving birth. I told the woman to take the poor baby to the sisters at the hospital but then I took another look, and listened to that weak little cough, and said to myself that this was no time for half measures. So I got the holy water and baptized tiny Lily Mary right then and there. I gave her my mother's name, feeling sure that a little Lily in heaven would be a big help to Lillian on earth and all her friends, to say nothing of her son. So we sent the little baby to the hospital all dressed in a shining garment of sanctifying grace. Then early that evening the angels must have figured that they had waited long enough for they came to take tiny Lily Mary's soul to heaven and left her body with me to bury reverently.

"It will always be a mystery to me how among all the hundreds of small babies who die in infancy in that area of Bettiah God chose little Lily Mary to be with Him forever in heaven. Of course she has many companions there every week thanks to the sisters who staff two hospitals and a large orphanage.

"But now I am in Buxar and there are no sisters here to do that work. As soon as I can provide a dispensary I have the promise of help from the Sacred Heart Sisters. So you can see how important that is to me . . . and to all the future Lily Marys here."



Father Jose Lalin and Father Leonard S.J. are veteran British Honduras missionaries.



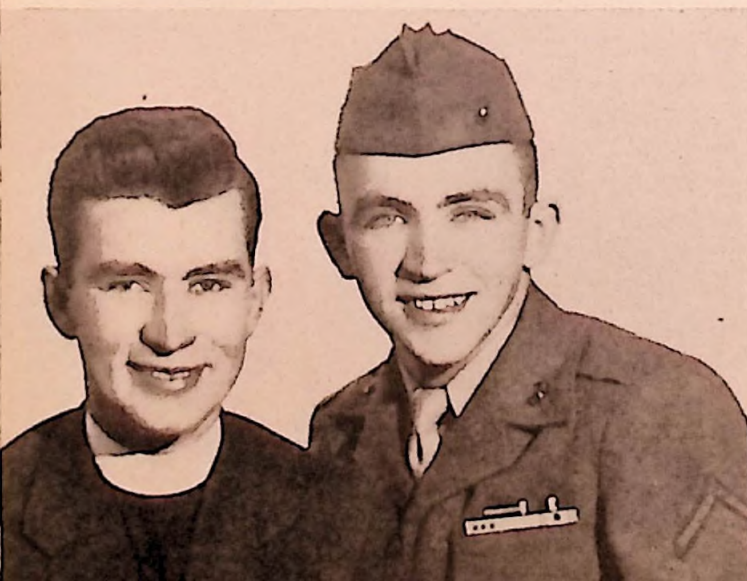
Brother William C.F.X. and Fr. Sheehan S.J. at a Bedouin banquet in the desert of Iraq.

REUNION IN ST. LOUIS

Two old friends meet as Father Jose M. Lalin (left) greets his former fellow missionary in British Honduras, Father Quirinus Leonard S.J., whom many of JM's readers will well remember.

Father Lalin has worked among the Mayan Indians for forty-eight years, the last thirty-nine in the village of San Roman, British Honduras. He stopped in St. Louis for medical treatment while returning to his mission after a trip to his native Spain.

Dennis Murphy S.J. and his brother Timothy, missionary and Marine, meet far from home.



AND IN BAGHDAD

The place: the desert thirty miles outside of Baghdad. The occasion: a Bedouin feast given by Shaikh Farnar of the Shammar tribe to the Baghdad College Jesuits.

And helping themselves from a tray so loaded with rice and a whole sheep that it took eight men to carry it are Brother William C.F.X. (left) American Provincial of the Xaverian Brothers and his brother, Father William Sheehan S.J., veteran Baghdad missionary. The latter is trying to tell his brother that this is not a daily affair.

AND IN SAN FRANCISCO

Mrs. Kathleen Murphy, one of JM's favorite mothers, was worried. It had been sixteen months since her son, Timothy, a Marine corporal, had sailed off to Korea and now Dennis was leaving for the Philippines as a Jesuit missionary. "Timmy won't be back in time to see him off," she said, and the customary Irish lilt in her voice was missing.

Then the phone rang in her Bronx home. San Francisco calling. "Hey, Mom, this is Dennis. I've just met Timmy out here—and I think I can still lick him!"



Sister Fidelis (left), once Catherine Neary of West Newton, Massachusetts, and Sister Raphael from the Mediterranean Isle of Malta.

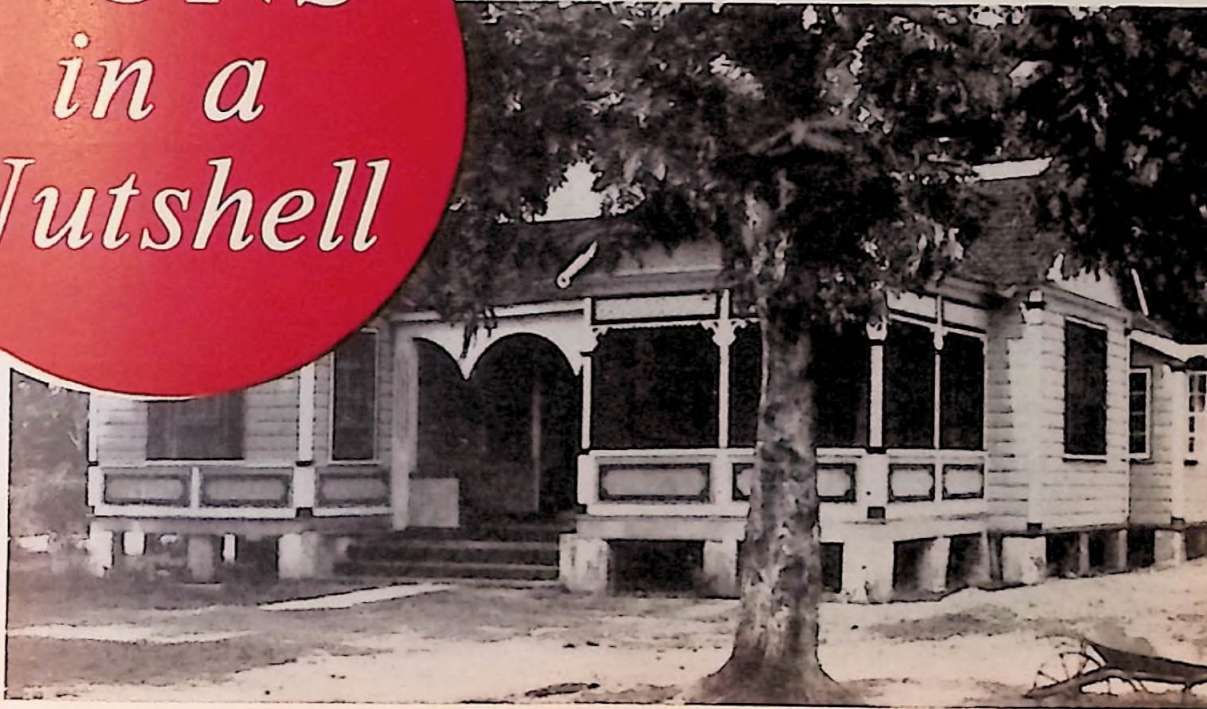
from mirrors to a meat grinder.

We changed the name of the place from Nutshell to St. Mary's Academy; but that was after we had scraped, borrowed and begged over six thousand dollars.

Hats off to Sister Fidelis and to Sister Raphael for coming out here to this hot, malaria-ridden, lowland to live in a hot-box at the farthest outpost on the Island amidst the stares of people who had never seen a nun. They are the valiant women.

J. RANDOLPH KNIGHT S.J.

NUNS *in a Nutshell*



The Nutshell is now St. Mary's Academy and is the pride of Savanna-la-Mar.

THEY WERE BORN POLES APART. CATHERINE Neary, now Sister Fidelis, came from West Newton, Mass., and Sister Raphael from the Island of Malta in the Mediterranean. The magnet of God's love has drawn them to this end of the world to teach in a place called the Nutshell.

The Nutshell is a brown-painted, little house, dwarfed by a majestic row of royal palm trees on a flat swampy piece of land here in Savanna-La-Mar, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Plainly it is the pride of the Catholics here in the town. The place is bursting with children, nearly ninety of them hungry for a good education. The people got together and furnished it with everything

Convents and classrooms are castles in the air. At the moment the Sisters have converted a kitchen and a washroom into the nicest little kindergarten one could want. Paper ducks and bunnies are plastered all over the room around desks painted pink and green. Some day I half suspect Alice from Wonderland will skip right in and take a seat among the little Jamaicans.

These Sisters of Mercy have taken this nutshell, this acorn, this mustard seed and are making it into a beautiful tree. God bless them! Castles in the air? If Babe Ruth built the Yankee Stadium—then God and prayer and determination will give increase to this Nutshell in Savanna-La-Mar.

DUST AND SAND
and the desert people
hold the city
of Abraham

UR...

Yesterday and Today

WALTER M. SHEA S.J.

Centuries ago in the Land of Abraham men built the ziggurat as a stairway to the stars and to God.

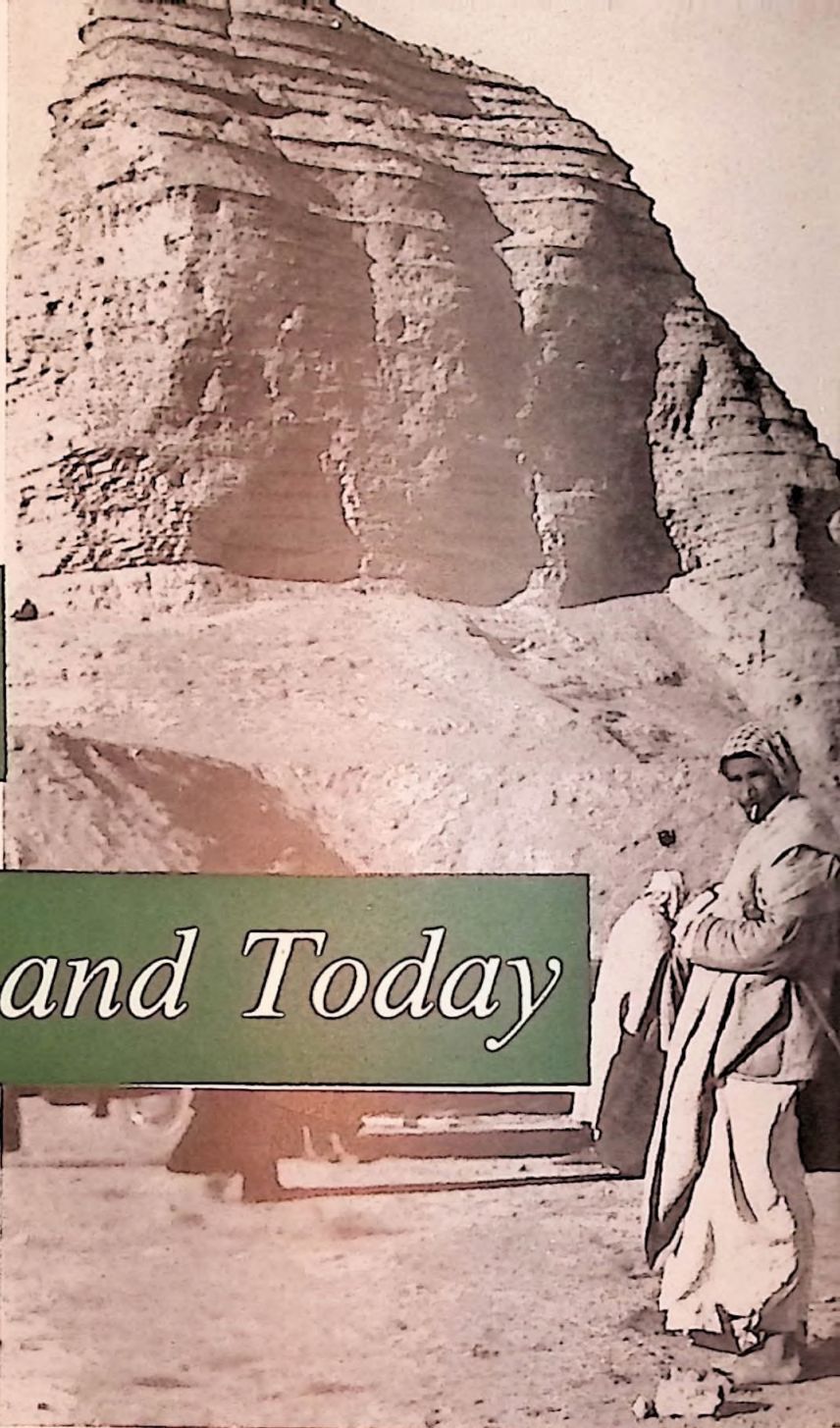
UR OF THE CHALDEES, HOME OF THE patriarch Abraham, lies in the southern quarter of Iraq, within view of the Euphrates River. Today this village lays claim to a population of sixty people, a railway junction and the auburn-brick ruins of an ancient Sumerian city.

Three of us—Fathers Simons, a Netherlands Jesuit studying Scripture, William Macomber S.J. and myself—went down to Ur recently. The train ride from Baghdad lasted ten hours and ended abruptly at 3:30 in the morning. As the train crept away into the darkness, we slogged through the rain and mud to our lodging. The portable altar was soon arranged for Mass and the priest began, "Introibo ad altare Dei."

It was a strange Mass, hidden from the people, deep in the Moslem world, surrounded by the relics of man's early history.

About 7:30 a.m. the rain stopped enough so we could make the trek to the ruins a mile and one-half away. Crossing the mudflats in the gray morning, we could see the Ziggurat, the mark of the Sumerian builder, rising above the plain. Our eyes also picked out a camel herd and Bedouin encampment spread out between us and the ruins of Ur. Cautiously we weaved our way between the low-pitched black tents of the nomads.

Then all at once we were walking over the ground of the ancient world. The Ziggurat, the heaps of brick and broken pot-



tery, the half-rotted houses, the underground passages and tombs were the work of men who lived four centuries before Christ. The Sumerians are a mysterious people in history. No one knows where they came from, or where they went to; only that once they were.

The three of us climbed the Ziggurat. It is a solid square of brick, measuring 200 feet on each side at the base and built in four stages, with one rising out of the other, to the height of 70 feet. This Empire State Building of ancient Ur was the chief temple or shrine of the people. To this summit they would come to pray for a good harvest and the blessing of children. Centuries later this brick colossus still inspires the admiration of those who stand upon it.

Around the base of the Ziggurat the metropolis of Ur spent itself. There were the docks (for old Ur was on the Euphrates), the business section, the palace, the small temples, the huge underground mausoleums and the living quarters of the people. Standing on that peak of bricks one could visualize the sails plying the Euphrates, the wharves piled high with cargoes of wool, spice and stone, the coolies about the city doing the work of cranes, and the people in their sheepskin and wool hawking their wares, setting bricks, working the field, baking their bread and gossiping—this was human civilized Ur.

Our steps back to the Junction brought us in contact with another civilization. The black tents of the Bedouins beckoned us. Hospitality is their pride and virtue, so we decided to rely on it. Instead of skirting the next black tent, we headed straight for it. Three men dressed in flowing robes came

out of the tent, as we approached. "Salaam Aleikum."

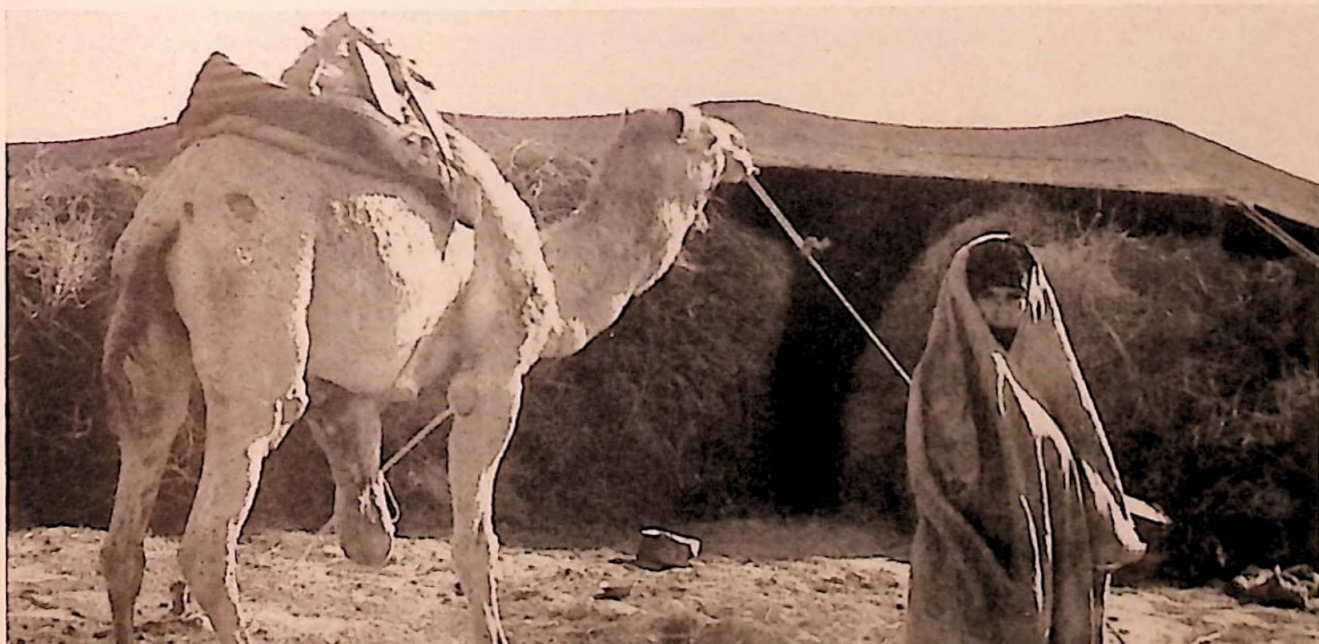
"Salaam Aleikum," they replied. We had made our entry. The tent was divided into two sections, one for the men and one for the women. In the men's quarters we were greeted by some 15 bearded faces almost shrouded by the Arab headdress. They were obviously men of high station in the tribe.

A long narrow Oriental rug, largely orange, was unrolled. Then from the brass coffee pots over the red coals a demi-tasse was filled and given to Father Simons. This was done twice in almost complete silence. Then the cup was handed to me. My tongue was scalded with the bitter brew. Father Macomber's face evidenced the same reaction when his turn came. At the end of this ritual our chief host lit a cigarette and passed it among the guests and Bedouins from mouth to mouth. This was the signal for the small talk to begin. We told them who we were and where we came from.

Then we learned that these were the heads of families in the Bedouin tribe and had gathered for their noon coffee on this rainy day. The Bedouin detests falling rain. The tribe intended to graze their camels in this sparse pasture around Ur for a couple of months and then head north. Our chance visit developed into a pleasant and friendly exchange. At our departure the same three men as before accompanied us a short way beyond their tent. Then they kissed our hands and we exchanged farewells.

We walked back across the sodden desert in silence. Ur of the Chaldees is no more. The desert has claimed it and the people of the desert pitch their tents in its ruins. The dust of our brief passing will soon settle.

The black tents of the Bedouin are rude shelters against rain and sun and are soon rolled for travel.





The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

In managing a home, a budget system is a practical procedure. With a fixed income, you know exactly what you must put aside for rent, food, insurance, recreation, etc.

At JESUIT MISSIONS, we would like to establish a budget system for disbursements to our missionaries. To do so, a foreknowledge of a regular income is essential. With such information we could then notify a missionary to proceed with the construction of a church, to accept a candidate for the seminary, to establish a dispensary, or to open new catechetical centers.

Would you consider joining our budget plan for the missionaries? Judging from correspondence here at the office, I feel that there are many who would be willing to do so if they were reminded each month. I would be glad to send you a memorandum. In suggesting the plan, my only fear is imposing upon your goodness because of the many demands upon your charity.

I am confident that God will reward such a sacrifice by granting you a more intimate share in the numerous Holy Sacrifices of the Mass offered by the Jesuit missionaries.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

(REV.) COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

CRUCIFIXES

The cross is the symbol of Christ's love for us and for all men. The cross is dear to us and a constant reminder that we are precious enough to share the infinite love of Christ. Help spread the news of God's love for men by supplying crucifixes for the missions. Your dollar will buy four crucifixes. Will you help?

WASH OUT?

In the June issue of JESUIT MISSIONS we mentioned the need for a washing machine for the Jesuit novices at Hiroshima, Japan. As yet we are not able to send the good news to Japan that the back-breaking drudgery of the weekly wash will soon be a thing of the past, thanks to the generosity of the friends of JESUIT MISSIONS. Would you be able to spare a dollar to help purchase the washing machine?

FROM TRACK STAR TO MAGICIAN

Father Robert Wilkinson used to take great delight in winning races for Cathedral Latin in Cleveland. The victory was especially sweet when he finished ahead of the rival from St. Ignatius, the Jesuit school. Father has been a Jesuit for over twenty

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.
900 Broadway,
Seattle 22, Wash.

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

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

Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. Francis W. Anderson
S.J.
1106 Boylston St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

British Honduras, Yoro, India
(New Delhi) and U. S.
Indians
Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

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

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

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

India (Jamshedpur)
Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands
Rev. William T. Wood S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

years and is now a veteran missionary with more than ten years experience in Patna, India. He finds his track experience helpful in trying to take care of three jobs at once, but he wishes he had the magical power of making a tabernacle lamp and a carpet for the chapel sanctuary appear out of thin air. Please help us surprise Father Wilkinson. A sanctuary lamp costs \$20.00. If your financial status suggests a smaller donation, you might be interested in sending JESUIT MISSIONS \$1.00 so we could start a fund to pay for the carpet for the chapel.

MY BOY

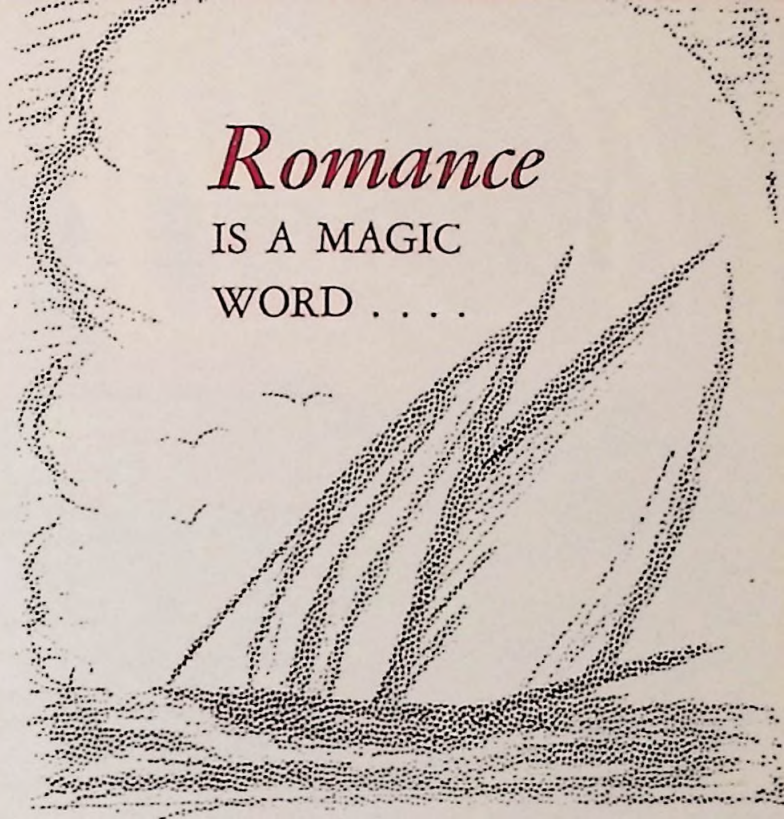
Catholic mothers and fathers in the United States, and all over the world, are very happy and proud to see their sons serving as altar boys. They remember, with nostalgia, the painful struggle with the Latin, which they learned, perforce, along with their boy. Every member of the family shared in the nervousness of the boy before his "first Mass." When that great event had passed and the boy had made perhaps only one mistake, the family could settle back to normal living, except that there was the added family pride in the fact that a member of the family was privileged to be so close to the Blessed Sacrament. On the missions there are mothers and fathers who would be equally as proud to have their sons as altar boys. Please help us make that possible by supplying cassocks and surplices for altar boys. Cassocks are \$5.00 each and surplices \$2.00 each.

SCIENTISTS WANTED

As you know, scientific research is responsible for a great deal of the material progress of United States. That fact is recognized by people in our mission countries, where they envy American opportunity for the study of science.

At Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, India, a science laboratory must be provided if the school is to maintain its educational standing.

The teachers at Khrist Raja are very fervent in their prayers that God will provide the inspiration that will bring many small donations so this necessary equipment can be purchased. Would you like to share in the educational work in India by sending JESUIT MISSIONS \$1.00 for the school at Bettiah? It would be appreciated deeply.



Romance

IS A MAGIC
WORD

A LOVELY THING, A THRILL,
AN ADVENTURE

Father Rively's "Romance" lived up to its name.

It's a sleek, 45 foot sailboat, and it carried him across the Pacific to his vast parish in the Marshall Islands.

He tells about it in

THE STORY OF

THE *Romance*

recently published.

Order your copy from

JESUIT *Missions*

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

"THE STORY OF THE ROMANCE"
by *William E. Rively S.J.*
\$3.00 *Rinehart*

EVER SEE A JEEP



*with a
Crutch?*

Missionaries bought and inherited jeeps after the war---but constant use, bad roads and wear and tear have taken their toll...they're falling apart, and crutches won't help.

New motors will, though.

A new motor for a jeep costs \$187.00

Will you help keep a missionary rolling?

Send your contributions to:

JESUIT *Missions*

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