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Along the Lingayen Gulf in the Philippines a farmer rides his carabao. Photo by Father Fred Foley S.J.

MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF THE 1129 MISSIONARIES
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With this issue JM begins its 28th year of publication. For over a quarter of a century we have traced American Jesuit missionary activity in story and picture.

It's not always easy to get story and picture. One reason for that is given by Father Daly of Ceylon on page 14—and many a missionary agrees.

But sometimes a man has a story which we think would interest our readers. So we put the question directly to him.

Father Hennessey in the Philippines and Father Donahue in Jamaica both answered that question promptly, bless them, as you will see in this issue.

And Father Fred Foley, camera expert of the China Mission, is touring Southeast Asia this very moment and taking pictures for JM while enroute to Formosa. Bless him, too.

Oh, have you noticed that in 27 years JM has never raised its price? Bless you for that.



COVER. A cheery Filipino workman at the Araneta Farm outside Manila where the California Jesuits who were driven from China have set up the novitiate and juniorate formerly at Zikawei, Shanghai.

MISSION OF THE MONTH. THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS are the largest of the missions conducted by American Jesuits from the viewpoint of manpower. There are 473 members of the Philippine Mission who are engaged in a score of different works. The largest concentration of men is on the island of Luzon where the work is primarily in education. Here they staff three colleges, four high schools and two seminaries besides running a retreat house and engaging in the many activities centered in a mission headquarters such as labor work, CYO, parish retreats, etc.

Another large force is situated on the southern island of Mindanao where 28 parishes with their outlying stations are cared for in Cagayan and Zamboanga dioceses. Two colleges and four high schools as well as a number of grammar schools emphasize the goal sought by all missionaries, the solid grounding in the faith with its consequent fruit of native priests and sisters. Other works are described in this issue.

Watchdog of the Pacific

JAMES J. HENNESSEY S.J.

For eighty years navigators of the Pacific have looked to the Manila Observatory for warnings against storms.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE VESSEL LYING ALONGSIDE of Manila's famous Pier Seven regarded coldly the white-cassocked figure approaching along the dock. The priest boarded the vessel and headed for the bridge where the Captain waited, an icy challenge in his manner. Then the priest spoke. "I am Father Doucette of the Manila Observatory." In a moment all the ice had vanished and the Captain welcomed him warmly.

This was in the peaceful years before 1941 when every navigator in the Far Pacific was aware of his own indebtedness to the Manila Observatory for warnings about treacherous typhoons and devastating storms. In those days there was scarcely a Captain who failed to pay his respects to the Fathers and to express his appreciation for the weather work they were doing. The eighty years of service in the fields of science had earned for the Jesuits and the Manila Observatory a distinguished reputation in the Far East.

Over this bright scientific research not only in meteorology (the study of the weather) but also in seismology, astronomy and magnetism



Father Doucette of the Observatory.

came the cloud of the Japanese occupation of Manila. This cloud brought darkness—and then the blackest night for the Observatory. Knowing the strategic importance of weather warnings for a war that involved tremendous traffic on the sea the Japanese at first restricted the work of the Fathers, then stopped it entirely by putting them in concentration camps.

Finally, in an attempt to frustrate future work, they deliberately destroyed

totally their buildings and equipment. In this wanton destruction of the meteorological station, of the astronomical dome and telescopes, of the time signal room, of the seismological vault, of indispensable instruments of research, the library of ten thousand precious volumes was added to the flames. Is it any wonder then that Father Selga, the then Director of the Observatory, looked upon the ruins and indistinguishable debris as the tragic end of the Manila Observatory?

For about six years the Observatory remained in its dark night with only its present Director, an international authority on tropical typhoons, Father Charles Deppermann S.J., looking to the dawn. During those years he was planning and shaping the future program of the Observatory.

Since 1884 the Manila Observatory had been the official Government Weather Bureau in the Philippines but shortly after the war the United States government awarded about five million pesos to the Philippine government for the reconstruction of the Philippine Weather Bureau under Filipino personnel. The Jesuit Fathers played no part in this reconstruction so in order not to duplicate or to compete with the Weather Bureau, Father Deppermann determined that the restored Manila Observatory would not engage in weather work. He excepted certain special problems in meteorology for which he was by training admirably equipped.

The new Manila Observatory now located

on Mirador Hill in Baguio is a private project of the Jesuit Fathers in scientific research. The program of experimentation and observation calls for work in two principal fields of study. The first, now completely established, is seismology or the study of earthquakes. Father Doucette, the weather forecaster of pre-war days, is now the chief of this division. Five seismographs of the latest model are set up in the seismic vault built completely underground. This keeps the temperature and the humidity constant for the instruments. These rest on piers connected to bedrock.

Besides the recording and analysis of quakes around the world Father Deppermann and Father Doucette are studying the microseisms or little quakes that last for days at a time. Relationships between these small and large quakes and other natural phenomena such as typhoons, ocean swells and the structure of the earth are investigated. A quite helpful aspect of the work is the detection of *tsunamis* or tidal waves coming from quakes at sea. When the seismographs detect such a quake an alarm goes off. Father Deppermann promptly investigates and then radios Washington about the possibility of a tidal wave striking Hawaii or the West Coast of the United States.

The second principal field of study is concerned with the influence of the sun upon the earth. Since this influence is studied in many varying branches of investigation the Observatory's work is restricted to two significant divisions. One of

Father Charles Deppermann, S.J., a recognized authority on the tropical

typhoons in the Pacific, is the present Director of the Observatory.



these is still a hope, a hope that depends upon the availability of the means of carrying the program through. This, astronomical in character, is the investigation of the sun by means of a spectrohelioscope. This instrument would facilitate the study of solar disturbances—sunspots and flares and prominences—all of which have their effects on our planet.

The second division has been in operation for more than a year and a half. At the foot of Mirador Hill a small building shelters a very specialized instrument called an ionosonde, the only one of its kind in the Philippines. In use the ionosonde investigates the region of the upper atmosphere above the stratosphere. In this region, called the ionosphere, extending from forty to six hundred miles upward, are layers or levels of accumulated electrical particles: electrons and other ions. Because of these ionospheric layers long distance radio propagation is possible. Without them radio waves would travel in nearly straight lines and so traveling out in space would not reach around the curvature of the earth. The ionosphere behaves approximately like a mirror in reflecting radio waves back to a distant point on the earth after they have penetrated the upper atmosphere.

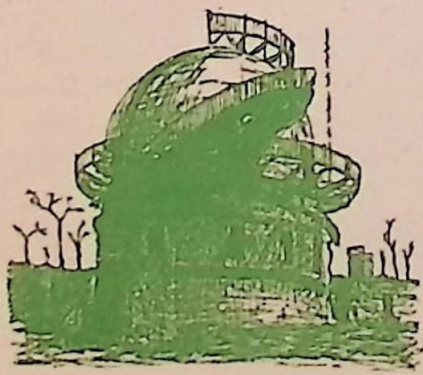
But the ionosphere is anything but constant. It changes with the time of day, with the latitude and longitude of the observer, with the season of the year, with the variations of the sunspot cycle among other kinds of variations. The Baguio station observes these variations by taking, every fifteen minutes, day and night, photographic records of the pattern on an oscilloscope screen. These records are obtained by a process very similar to that of radar.

Father Hennessey says a B-29 crew recently visited the Observatory and received a detailed description of the instruments. One remarked on leaving, "Gosh, I didn't know priests knew that kind of stuff!"



The ionosonde, conservatively valued in the Philippines at about one hundred and twenty five thousand pesos, is on loan from the National Bureau of Standards of Washington to the Manila Observatory. The pre-war reputation of the Fathers of the Manila Observatory, especially Father Deppermann, made this possible for us. Weekly and monthly reports are sent to the Central Radio Propagation Laboratory in Washington. This information is used in plotting the world charts for radio transmission. The obtaining of this information for the ionosphere over Baguio is much of the routine work at the Ionosphere station. More significantly for the Observatory we are in possession of records which, we trust, after analysis, will reveal meaningful knowledge about our upper atmosphere and its modification under solar influences.

Thus a new day is dawning for the Manila Observatory. It will endeavor to carry on and to advance the scientific research of the Fathers who toiled before. But if the present program is working out successfully—and it is—the work is a tribute under God and the encouragement of Superiors, to the persevering prayer and devotion to duty of the present Director, Father Deppermann. May he continue his program to completion for the greater service of mankind and God.



This was all that remained of the famed Manila Observatory on Padre Faura, the street that honors the memory of the Spanish Jesuit who began the observatory work. The Japanese set fire to the building and destroyed all the valuable instruments of research as well as the library and records which had been built up in over seventy years of painstaking work. Today the new Observatory is located at Baguio in Luzon.



Look behind you, boy, and meet Brother F. X. Uyeda S.J., whose life story is more thrilling than anything in comic books.

RUSSELL F. HORTON S.J.

Nirvana gave me great consolation. But as I grew older my belief in Buddhism was lost and it wasn't long before I was in a state of no belief and had no religion."

"During this time my hobby was astronomy. At night I would study the stars and planets and it was then I discovered the existence of order in the universe. I knew that order couldn't exist by chance and as a result I was very troubled in my soul."

"I tried to have recourse to Buddhism but it was absolutely impossible to recapture my belief in my boyhood faith. I sincerely wanted to believe with the purpose of satisfying my troubled conscience. I turned to Christianity but was perplexed by the problem of its many denominations. I remember that I hung a Bible on the wall of my room and prayed fervently, 'Oh God, if You truly exist, make me believe.' This was my state of mind as I attended class in Hiroshima."

"There I came in contact with a teacher of ethics who was actually a catechist from the Assumption Church—later destroyed by the A-bomb—in Hiroshima. One day as the catechist was lecturing, something struck me and opened my mind for further investigation. Truth is one and there must also be one Church which is the guardian of that truth. This was the exact answer I had been seeking for a long time. The Catholic Church was that guardian."

After instruction he was baptized Francis Xavier

BROTHER *was* *a Buddhist*

THREE TIMES FRANCIS XAVIER UYEDA HAS crossed the Pacific to Japan—once as a Buddhist, again as a Catholic and finally as a Jesuit Coadjutor Brother.

He was born in California in 1915 and at the age of 19 he went to Japan where he studied Japanese at Hiroshima. He belonged to the famous Buddhist sect called Jodo Shinsu whose main belief is that through the power of Amida (Buddha) one wins to Nirvana or heaven. But let Brother Uyeda tell his own story of that eventful period.

"As a boy the belief in the so-called

Uyeda. He returned to America and attended St. Ignatius High in San Francisco. In 1939 he made his second voyage to Japan and entered the Jesuits with the hope of becoming a priest. But ill health prevented that so he asked to be allowed to become a Coadjutor Brother. This was granted and at the end of the war he came again to America for his training. Now he is again in Japan at the Eiko Language School in Yokosuka. The ex-Buddhist has found the way to the real Nirvana but it has been a difficult and heroic passage.



Father Neil Donahue S.J. and the tablet at St. Ann's Bay in Jamaica which marks the spot where Columbus stayed for over a year.



Today's church has stone from the original.

A street scene in beautiful St. Ann's Bay.



JAMAICA

Remembers

WHEN CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS SAILED into St. Ann's Bay, Jamaica, in 1494 he called it San Gloria because its beauty reminded him of heaven. That time he stayed only one night, but on his fourth voyage, some ten years later, Columbus hauled his worm-eaten ships up on the shore of St. Ann's Bay and rested there for more than a year. Beyond doubt, this forced landing proved to be the great navigator's longest stay in any place in the New World.

After Columbus returned to Spain, he sent out his son, Diego, who returned to St. Ann's Bay and established what historians claim was the first permanent Spanish colony in the Americas. And on the very spot where my central mission church now stands, Diego built the first church in Jamaica. Twice the building was destroyed by fire, and in 1510 Diego Columbus ordered that the church be rebuilt in stone. The building was started but never finished.

After the expulsion of the Spaniards, the partially finished stone church was abandoned and fell into ruin. Some of the stones were removed to build a jail and a slaughter house in the town of St. Ann's Bay. A Latin inscription which hung over the gate of the church, naming a certain Peter Martyr as

“chief missionary and Abbot of this Island” was broken up by a laborer who needed crushed stone.

In 1925, Mr. William Hoskins, a non-Catholic, gave to the Catholic Bishop of Jamaica a plot of land which included the original site of the ancient church.

In 1937, Father Raymond Sullivan S.J. began the construction of the present church. He built in Spanish style, as was surely appropriate, and made use of the stones which remained from the original church. Father Sullivan worked under great difficulties. He had



Columbus

NEIL H. DONAHUE S.J.

six other mission stations to attend to; he was building the nucleus of the small Catholic community which now exists in St. Ann's Bay; with no water available for construction, he trucked it from miles away. With a sure sense of the historical, he used for the doors and pews of his church mahogany taken from the old Great Houses which existed in Jamaica in the days of slavery. When the church was finished, he called it, fittingly, the National Shrine of Jamaica, dedicated to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

I used to teach history, but I became part of it when I was assigned as pastor of this historic mission in 1951. I arrived at the Shrine, somewhat after the fashion of Columbus in his battered ships, in a sixteen year old Buick, name of Dracula, because of its enormous appetite for sixty-five cents a gallon gasoline. The church had no rectory, so for two years and more I lived in the sacristy.

Jamaica is a poor island and has to make the most of every asset it has. One major asset is the delightful, almost rain-less winter climate, and warm white coral beaches. Tourists have discovered Jamaica, and in the process have met the few missionaries in the tourist area.

My mission covers part of this vacationland,

so many foreign visitors have seen the National Shrine. I am glad to hear them say, “This is just what I have always pictured a mission church to be.” So it is, and with it go all the problems of any mission center.

So far, progress has been good. At Ocho Rios, the nearest town to my main station, I have opened a small chapel in the garage of a converted dwelling house. The Sisters of Mercy conduct two schools, one at Ocho Rios and the other at St. Ann's Bay.

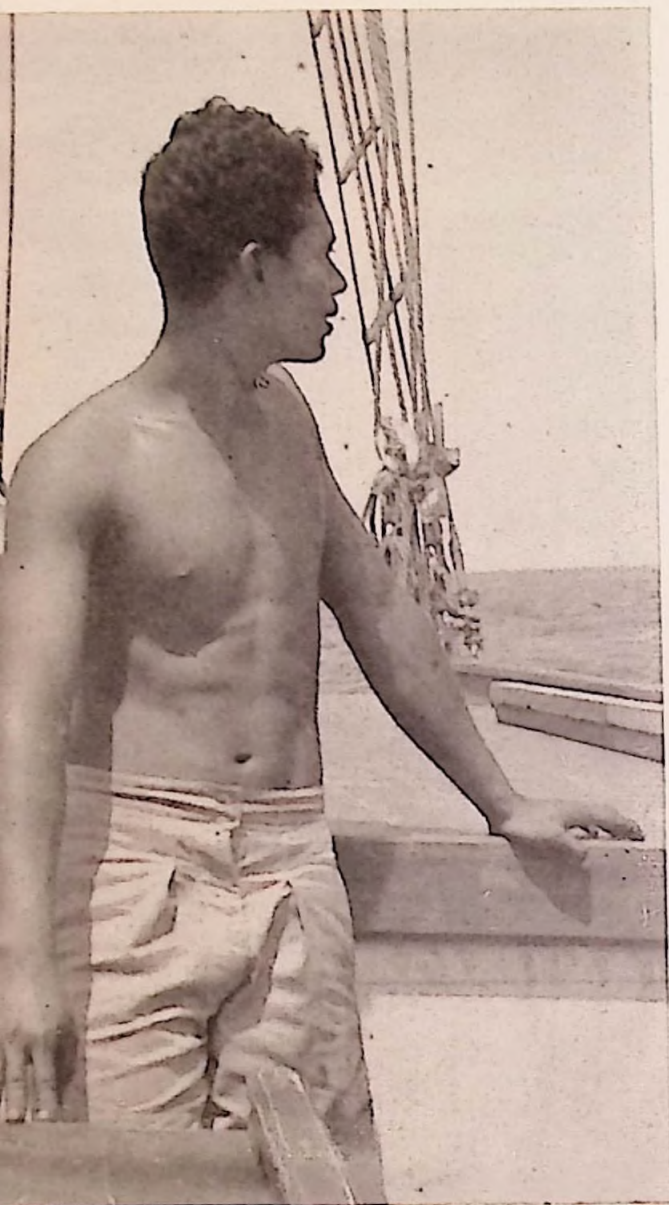
Which brings me back to Columbus, whose name is hard to forget in this historic spot. The school at St. Ann's Bay is called, somewhat pretentiously, perhaps, Christopher Columbus High School. It is a small school now, but someday it will be worthy of its title.

On October 12, 1953, we celebrated Columbus Day for the first time in Jamaica. It was a big day for me, for then the Bishop blessed my new little rectory and I was able to move out of the sacristy. But the feature of the holiday was the dedication of a memorial to Columbus. It was only a large sign picturing his landing on our shores, but next year, we hope, there will be a real statue in its place.

There are more than four centuries between me and Columbus, and not many resemblances, unless he was also getting a bit stout. But he was the first one to plant the Cross on the shores of St. Ann's Bay. And these many years later, I am trying, with God's help, to plant it deep, as the first resident priest since Peter Martyr. It makes me feel a certain kinship to the great man. And it makes me proud of my little mission.

Author with Columbus H. S. banner.

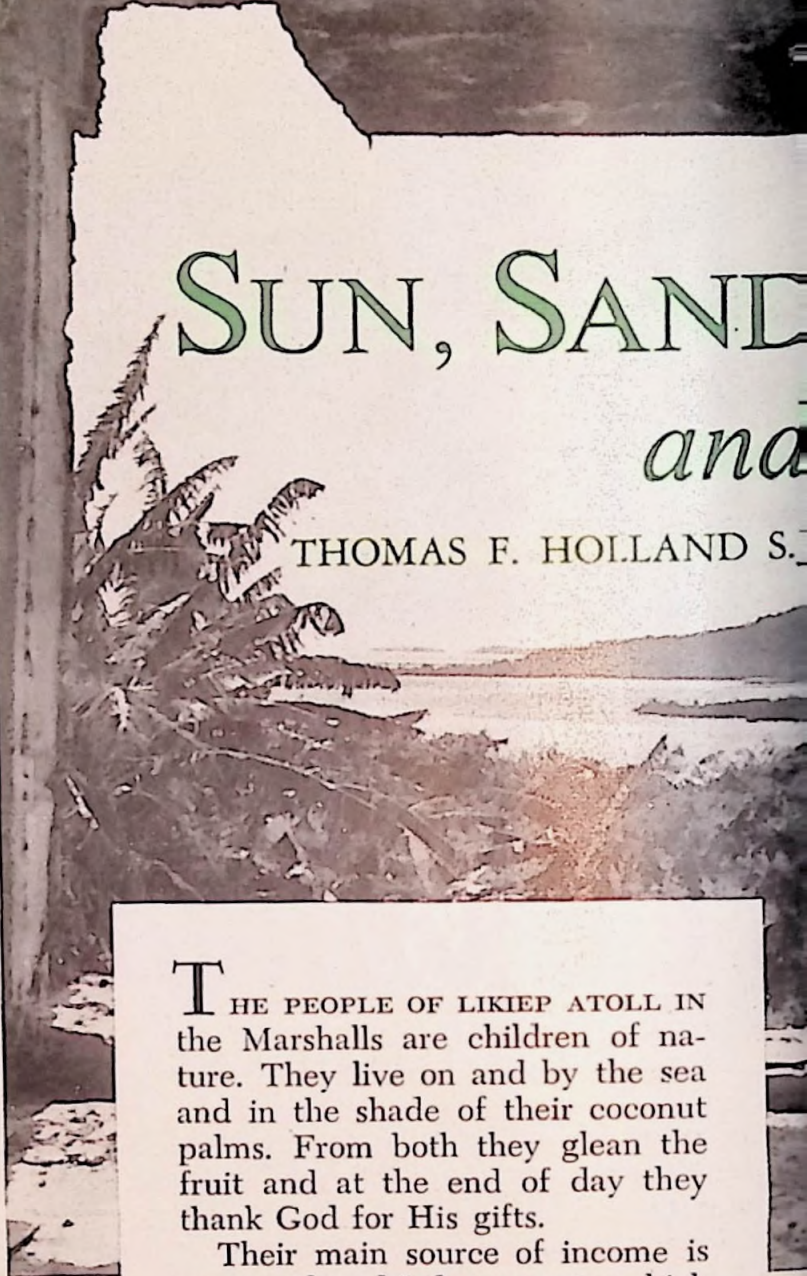




A watchful eye is kept on the water.



Bags of copra are ferried over reefs.



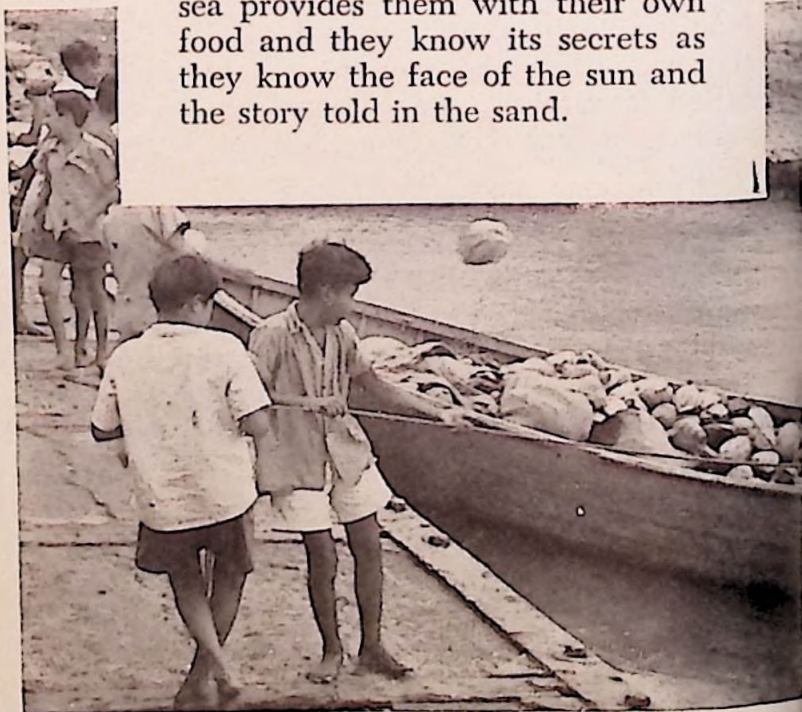
SUN, SAND

and

THOMAS F. HOLLAND S.

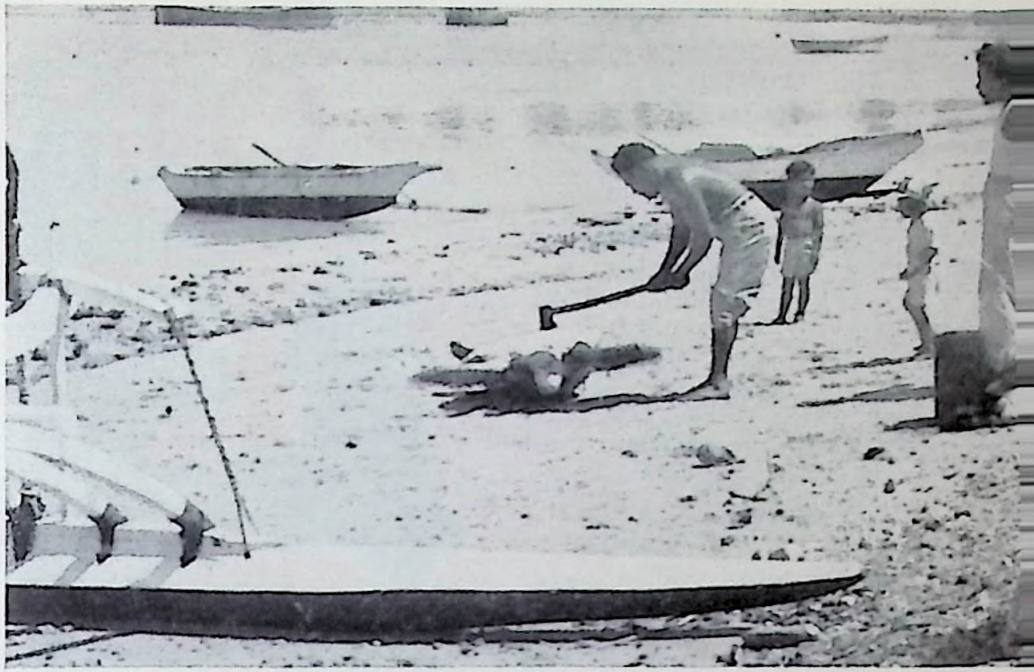
THE PEOPLE OF LIKIEP ATOLL IN the Marshalls are children of nature. They live on and by the sea and in the shade of their coconut palms. From both they glean the fruit and at the end of day they thank God for His gifts.

Their main source of income is copra, the dried coconut, which they trade for rice and sugar. The sea provides them with their own food and they know its secrets as they know the face of the sun and the story told in the sand.

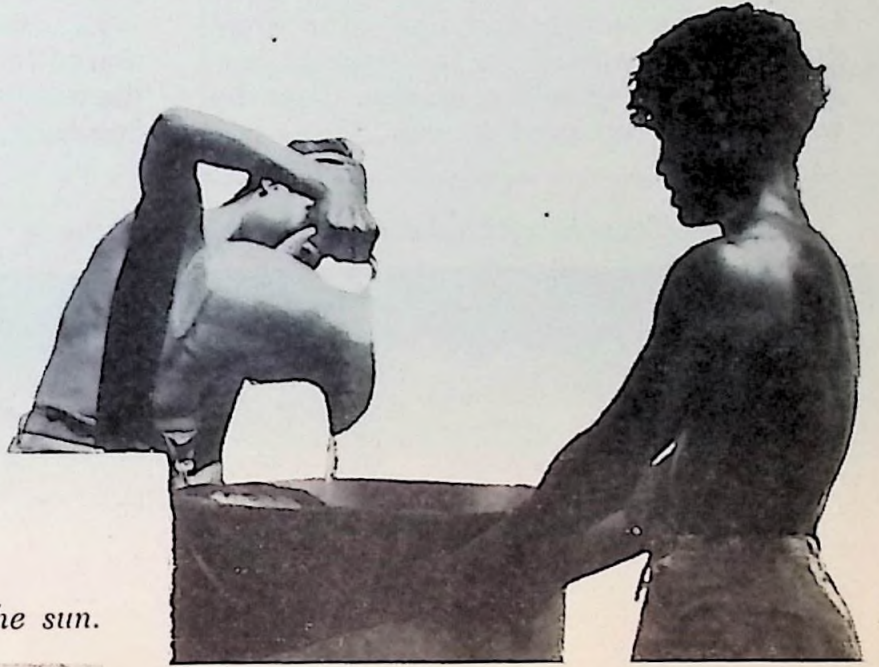


Even the youngsters help gather the ripe coconuts.

SEA



A turtle is efficiently dispatched beside the sandy lagoon.



Brine and fat preserve the turtle meat.

The copra is put out to dry under the sun.



A trading ship will live off the sea.



THE JAPANESE SUN WAS bright in the sky as we prepared for the blessing of the new church at Rokko. Young Otsu was merely one of the many Catholic students who flocked down to the church on Saturday afternoon to help in the preparations for the following morning.

As soon as school was over that noon and lunch finished, school uniforms and caps were doffed and the usual kae-zubon (change of clothes) were put on. From then on it was one grand moving of tables, vestments, sweeping of floors, running about with various little needs for the sacristy and altar, even while the workmen worked on the stagings outside and put the finishing touches about the walls inside. But even though it was late

OTSU loses *a Tooth*



JOHN R. HUGHES S.J.

Saturday night when they all quit, many of them were back for the early Mass and then to finish what they could not get done the previous evening.

Everybody was happy in their contribution of time and work. Otsu was just one of the many. Tired out from the Saturday and Sunday morning running about, he began to

Bishop Taguchi of Osaka at the blessing of the new church at Rokko in Kobe, Japan.



get listless. Finally, running back from the church after helping carry the small pump organ over and up to the choir loft, he decided to take off his jacket as he ran. Then he tripped and down he went with his arms pinned behind his back in the sleeves of the half-shed jacket. Everyone who saw it winced, and then when he was helped up, out dropped a perfectly good front tooth. The gums were bleeding and the two adjacent teeth were badly loosened.

All I could think of was his family and especially his mother. He alone of the family is a Catholic, and it was hard for them to understand how he could ignore the family religion and the household altar of the god to go off early of a Sunday morning to "Missa" as they heard it called. What would the reaction be? It scared me to think of facing the mother and father, as the cause, in their minds, of their only son's losing one and possibly three perfect teeth—and beautiful teeth are prized among the Japanese.

Novena of Grace

The popular Novena to St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle to the Indies and Patron Saint of all missionaries, will be held from March 4th to March 12th.

Jesuit Missions has published an eight-page folding leaflet containing the essential prayers and hymns and history of the novena, illustrated with colored pictures.

Prices are \$15 per thousand and \$2 per hundred, plus postage. We will gladly send single copies on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope plus 5c.

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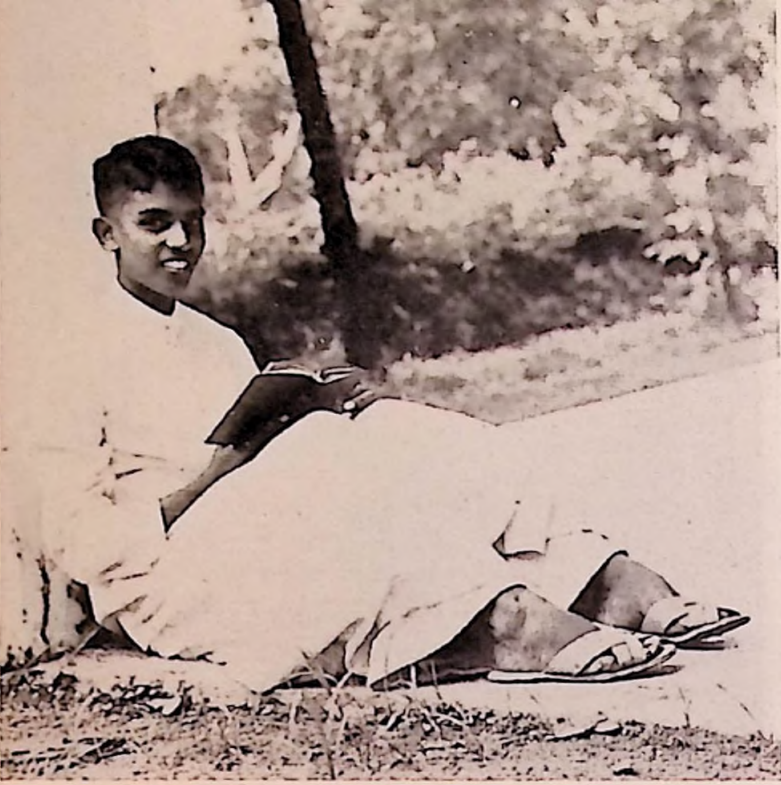


Mass is celebrated in the new edifice. Rokko Jesuit High School is 15 years old.

Well, we talked it over and finally I got out the motorcycle and with Otsu astride the rear seat we cautiously rode home. We reached the little shop where his father sells medicines, and he wanted to enter first. He did and then out came his father. I bowed, again I bowed, and with some words or other muttered a very sincere apology and tried to explain. I waited and looked up expecting the cold blank stare, but—God is still running His own world—none came, and instead appeared an understanding smile, that said "Yes, it's too bad to lose a tooth but please do not worry about it, please. This is the first time you have visited us, you must come again. . . ." Speechless I was, but with relief. Otsu came out again, one broad toothless smile, to see me off and to reassure me. I returned to the new church, with a prayer of gratitude and another for the future, for them all.

The two loose teeth grew strong and solid again, and young Otsu became the favorite of the class and the admiration of the other Catholics. Meanwhile I plan to go down and visit again the little apothecary shop at the bottom of the hill.

Bishop Taguchi blessed a church, and God had blessed a family—for the price of a tooth. Strange are His ways.



SINCE 1947 I HAVE BEEN PRINCIPAL OF St. Joseph's College at Trincomalee in Ceylon. At that time Father Julian Theisen, who was then Principal, suddenly drowned and I was the only one available to replace him. That is how I got the job; and I have had it ever since. It consists of records, forms, letters, all sorts of pencil pushing. There is hardly any time for specifically priestly work.

Is this missionary work? There have been men who said, "I didn't leave my home to teach grammar; I came to spread the faith, to preach, to make converts." School work isn't very attractive (and incidentally doesn't furnish many stories for Jesuit Missions). No travels through the jungles; no conversions; few confessions; few baptisms.

Yet the Holy Father, in his letter, *Evangelii Praecones*, says "No one can be blind

Pencil-Pushing MISSIONARY

CLAUDE R. DALY S.J.

(Above) The future of the Church in Ceylon depends on the training of its own sons for the priesthood. (Below) Any place in the world a swinging gate has its attraction.



to the supreme importance of devoting the best of care to elementary schools, high schools, and colleges in the missions." Those are the words he uses—"supreme importance."

The purpose of the missions is to establish the Church in a territory—that is, to give it its own national hierarchy, to build up stable Catholic family life, to provide Catholic leadership both for works of Catholic action and for social and political life. The Church is pretty well established in western and northern Ceylon. The Archbishop of Colombo and the Bishops of Chilaw and Jaffna are all Ceylonese, and in these dioceses Ceylonese priests are rapidly replacing the European missionaries. Many prominent citizens are Catholics, and the percentage of Catholics in the population is quite gratifying.

But the Eastern Province, which contains the Trincomalee Diocese, is far behind the rest of the island, religiously as well as eco-

nominally. In the town itself, we have very few educated Catholics. (We have some; but not many). The general average of Catholic education and influence is quite low. In April, 1942, the Japanese made their one bombing raid on Trincomalee, and nearly everybody fled to the jungle. As they trickled back to town, they found that, with the fall of Singapore, Trincomalee was the most important base between Africa and Australia. As a result, anybody who was 14 years old and had passed the fourth grade got a job in the Navy. Those boys are now men, and they realize that their education is not much of a basis for leadership.

Things are improving now. In recent years our boys have been staying in school long enough to get their "Senior School Certificate," which is about the equivalent of a high school diploma. But we still have very few boys who go to higher studies at the university. Catholic school teachers are scarce; of our nine lay teachers, only five are Catholics. Candidates for the priesthood are even rarer. But those we have, are from Catholic schools.

As for the future, where is the Church in Trincomalee to get its Ceylonese priests? Where shall we look for staunch Catholic men, the devoted fathers of Catholic fami-

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you intend to change your address or have already done so, would you be kind enough to drop us a note to that effect. It would be appreciated greatly.

JESUIT MISSIONS
962 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.

lies? Who will provide the educated Catholic leaders in the professions?

That's us. Over here. With another letter from the Department:

Sir/Madam

I have the honor to invite your attention to my letter/card/circular No. As/6/53 dated 5 June 1952 on the above subject.....

Of course we're missionaries. Pass the carbon paper.



A group of Ceylonese youngsters try to distinguish right from left as they take their first instruction on the Sign of the Cross.

Over the City of
hangs the shade

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*The street of the Ecce Homo arch is typical of the old Jerusalem.
Brother Francis (pointing) and Baghdad Jesuits tour the Holy City.*



ace and its war-torn scenes
of a prophecy.

is thy day..."

ROBERT T. FERRICK S.J.

OF PEACE,"
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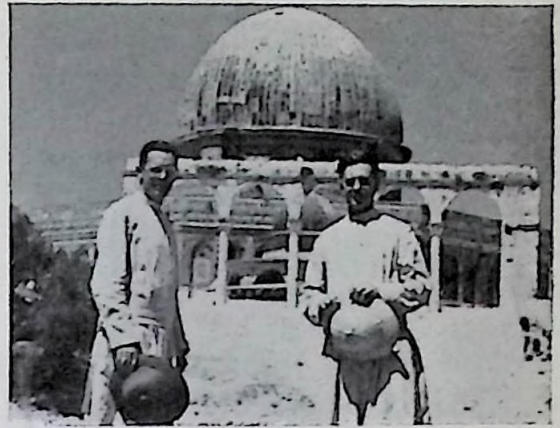
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led streets

that lead to this troubled center of Jerusalem. The wall here is bristling with watching guards and waiting guns above the rubble and ruin which forms the scattered aftermath of a struggle that has left the city divided and here deserted. Entangled barbed wire scattered through the guttered streets and dizzily tipped roofs is a ferocious reminder that this land is no longer promised but belongs to no man.

Beginning far down to the left of the city, my eye traced a rough semi-circle of the costly calamity to sacred shrines, hospitals, convents and private dwellings. The former Jewish quarter, west of the temple area, is literally flattened, "not a stone stands upon a stone" of the homes, synagogues, and hospital that once stood there. Their revered Wailing Wall now forms a somber backdrop to a dark and odorous market place. The Cenacle is in shambles; the lofty spire and stout rotunda of the Church of Our Lady's Dormition are badly scarred from mortar guns. The convent of the cloistered Reparatrice Sisters and the largest of the city's hospices, Notre Dame de France, present yawning gaps in their imposing walls, through which crumbling masonry and shattered mosaics offer an ugly panorama.

Beyond the city, its ills are not less. Grove upon grove holds Arab refugees who have been there for five years, a lowly habitation for God's children. Visits to the orphanages conducted by the devoted Franciscans and Sisters of Charity show again the bitter fruit which innocents must reap



Here the great Temple once stood.

from a conflict not their own. One wishes he were a millionaire to provide these homeless, parentless youngsters with some security for the future. Yet all they desire is affection.

As I walked back from my last visit with them at Bethany, and passed over the top of Mount Olivet, I stopped to watch the setting sun send its brilliant fire over the Holy City. After all I had seen since the first day I had entered her gates, my thoughts turned to the words spoken by Our Lord from this same spot, words that have such vital meaning today.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known, in this thy day, even thou, the things that are for thy peace. But now they are hidden from thy eyes. . ."

Jerusalem still lives in the shadow of this prophecy. Her religious communities pray daily to Our Lady of Palestine that Jerusalem may soon know a peaceful visitation. They pray in the name of all Christians who, I am sure, would join in this plea if they could but see this land so meaningful to their faith. May they add their voices in this dark hour. Our Lady of Palestine, grant us peace.

Haceldema, where Judas slew himself.



CARIBBEAN *Crusade*

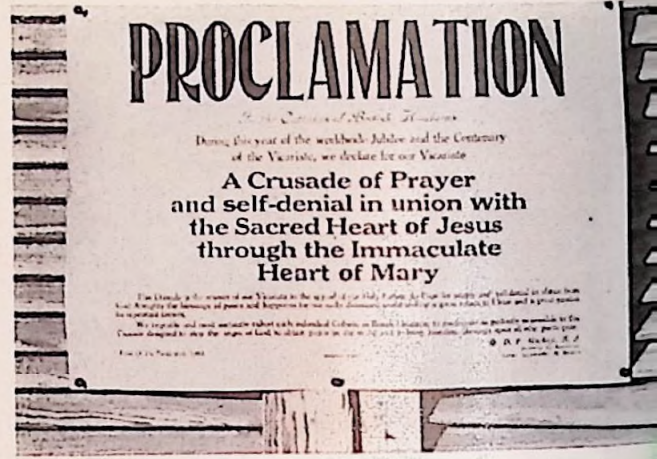
LEO F. WEBER S.J.

AN APPEAL WAS MADE; A CRUSADE WAS FORMED; a rally was held; a tradition was born. This in brief is the story of artful and effective religious instruction in British Honduras. It is the history of a grand display of Catholic Action.

It all started on New Year's Day, 1951. In answer to the world-wide appeal of our Holy Father for a year of prayer imploring God to restore peace to the world, the people of British Honduras, under the guidance of Bishop David F. Hickey S.J., organized their national Crusade of Prayer and Penance.

There were four phases in the Crusade, each having for its purpose some specific practice or prayer. To inaugurate the second phase, the daily recitation of the rosary, the committee in Belize planned a rally to be held in Cathedral Hall for all city Crusaders. A simple little tableau depicting the story of Fatima was worked into the meeting. There was nothing very pretentious about it; the staging was simple, the cast was small. But it was done well and effectively. It sold the audi-

Moses and the Ten Commandments in Belize.



ence on the rosary, and it sold the committee on the value of the stage.

The Story of Fatima, as it was called, was the simple beginning of what has grown into a large scale religious pageant which highlights the dramatic year of a drama-loving people. The layman, a graduate of St. John's College in Belize, who wrote the script, produced it with the assistance of the faculty of this College. Before the year was over the same writer prepared a much more elaborate script on the Mass. Compared to the first this called for grandiose cast, costumes, stage. A cast of 110 was chosen from among the students of St. John's College and St. Catherine's Academy. Assisted by the faculties of these two institutions, the lay committee produced the second pageant, *The Mass—No Greater Gift*, which filled

The Ascension of Our Lord is enacted.





Cathedral Hall to capacity and left so many hundred people standing outside the doors that a second night was announced. Then a similar jamming of the doors occurred on the second night. So a special childrens' matinee and a third showing for adults were announced. By this time four thousand people had seen the pageant.

The technique employed has been extended and perfected as pageant has succeeded pageant. Basically it consists in a harmonious mingling of music, narration, tableau, action, dialogue and ballet. The entire production is recorded on tape and played into the hall through loudspeakers, so that the actor has the problem of coordinating action and dummyming words to the already recorded script.

Repentance—No Greater Need was the third script. It was designed for pre-Lenten presentation, and set out to show through various Old Testament episodes the need,

and the result, of penance. To a people who are familiar with the Bible, it was a marvelous bringing to life of the stories they had often read. In our day the great act of expiation, of course, is the Mass, and this was the climax of the pageant, and the message that was intended.

Before 1952 had run its course, a fourth pageant came from the pen of the same writer. *The Sacred Heart—No Greater Love* took its place with the other pageants in the series, and marked a new chapter in the development of this artistic form of Catholic Action. Now for the first time the cast was made up not of high school students, but entirely of adults who had to sacrifice five or six evenings a week for two months of practice.

There is another development that bears mention. Cathedral Hall was packed this time for six nights; 1,100 people each night saw Margaret Mary's story come to life in the two-hour presentation.

The Story of Fatima, The Mass—No Greater Gift, Repentance—No Greater Need, The Sacred Heart—No Greater Love are much more than a record of the dramatic and artistic ability of the people of British Honduras. They stand as a living and growing memorial to the faith of a small group of men who staged a simple tableau at a rally in 1951. They stand as glowing evidence of the cooperation of a great number of students and merchants, of workers, both men and women, whose self-sacrifice was inspired by the desire to do good. Yes, the pageants stand as clear and powerful testimony to the strength of Catholic Action in British Honduras.

The love of the Sacred Heart revealed to St. Margaret Mary.





The flight from Patna to Nepal is over the roof of the world, where Annapurna broods in majesty.

ST. IGNATIUS, THE FOUNDER OF THE JESUITS, wanted his sons to be ready to go anywhere, any time. All the same, I was somewhat surprised to get sudden orders, on the night before Christmas, to fly from Patna to Nepal the next day.

The next day, obviously, was Christmas. Scarcely a day for unnecessary jaunting. But the trip was a joy, both because of itself and because of the destination. I was to fly the 140 air miles from Patna, which lies only 167 feet above sea level, up to Katmandu in the Kingdom of Nepal, 4500 feet up. My route was over the roof of the world, the majestic Himalayan mountains, to the very heart of this greatest of ranges.



Not Georgia, but Godavari School.

ACROSS

JAMES R. GIBBONS S.J.

Best of all, my destination was the new Jesuit school on the mountain in Katmandu, Nepal. I carried along Christmas presents, too: a cake from the sisters, and, cuddled in a dilapidated basket, two tiny Siamese kittens, the gift of the Fathers at St. Xavier's College. After all, everyone likes a cake, and no respectable school should lack its dynasty of cats.

These kittens should start a tough dynasty, with staying powers. They gave every evidence of unusual zip and energy right from the start of the flight. It was a fight to keep them in the basket, and it seemed very clear that their vigorous protests were not the weeping of youngsters away from home and mother for the first time, but frustration because they could not get at the cake!

When the steward kindly invited me into the pilot's cabin, I accepted—those kittens could take care of themselves. What a pageant it was from the nose of the plane! I was in the midst of a spire-pierced sky, soaring over the unchallenged giants of all time, but still just shadows of what God could do if He really put His hand to making mountains.

Far to the east, a hundred miles away, but seeming only a few miles



The pioneer faculty at Godavari School, Katmandu, Nepal, with some of their smiling students.

the Roof of the World

distant in the pure 10,000 foot air, stood the trinity of Loptse, Nuptse and Everest, still proud and serene, despite the recent conquest of Tiger Tenzing and the British mountain climbing team.

From Everest towards us marched a great white phalanx of peaks, with only here and there a slight break showing some perilous passageway into the new Communist land of Tibet. I could see the snow festoons and trimmings of Mounts Taweche and Hama Dablam photographed in the Spring of 1952 by the Swiss Everest Expedition, which had to turn back a scant 250 yards from the top of Everest. The Swiss climbers had stayed with us in Patna for a few days rest on their return from the climb. The famous Sherpa, Tenzing Norkay, came too, for treatment in the Holy Family Hospital in Patna. What tall tales of high Himalayan hazards they regaled us with!

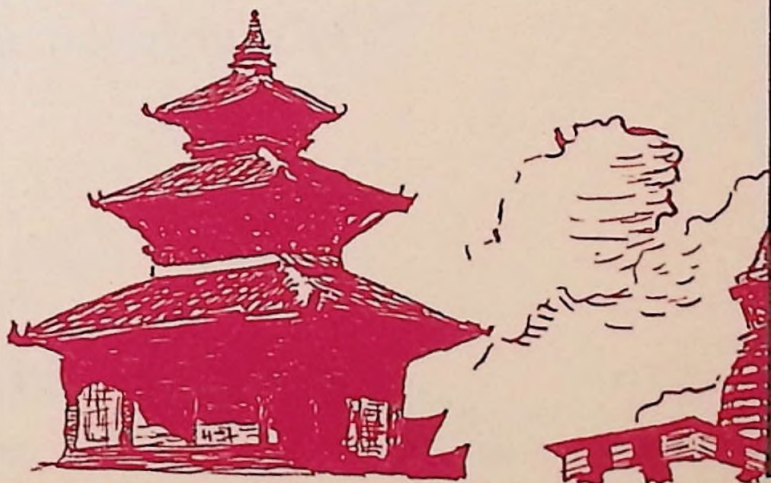
Suddenly, to the west, I could see the amazing panorama of Mount Annapurna, the roof of the world. This is no ordinary mountain, but a long, dark, roof-like structure, perhaps ten miles long. It looks like a great slate roof, but we know that it is glazed granite, too slippery to hold the snows that avalanche down its sides. As many as five-hundred airdromes could be fitted under that great vault.

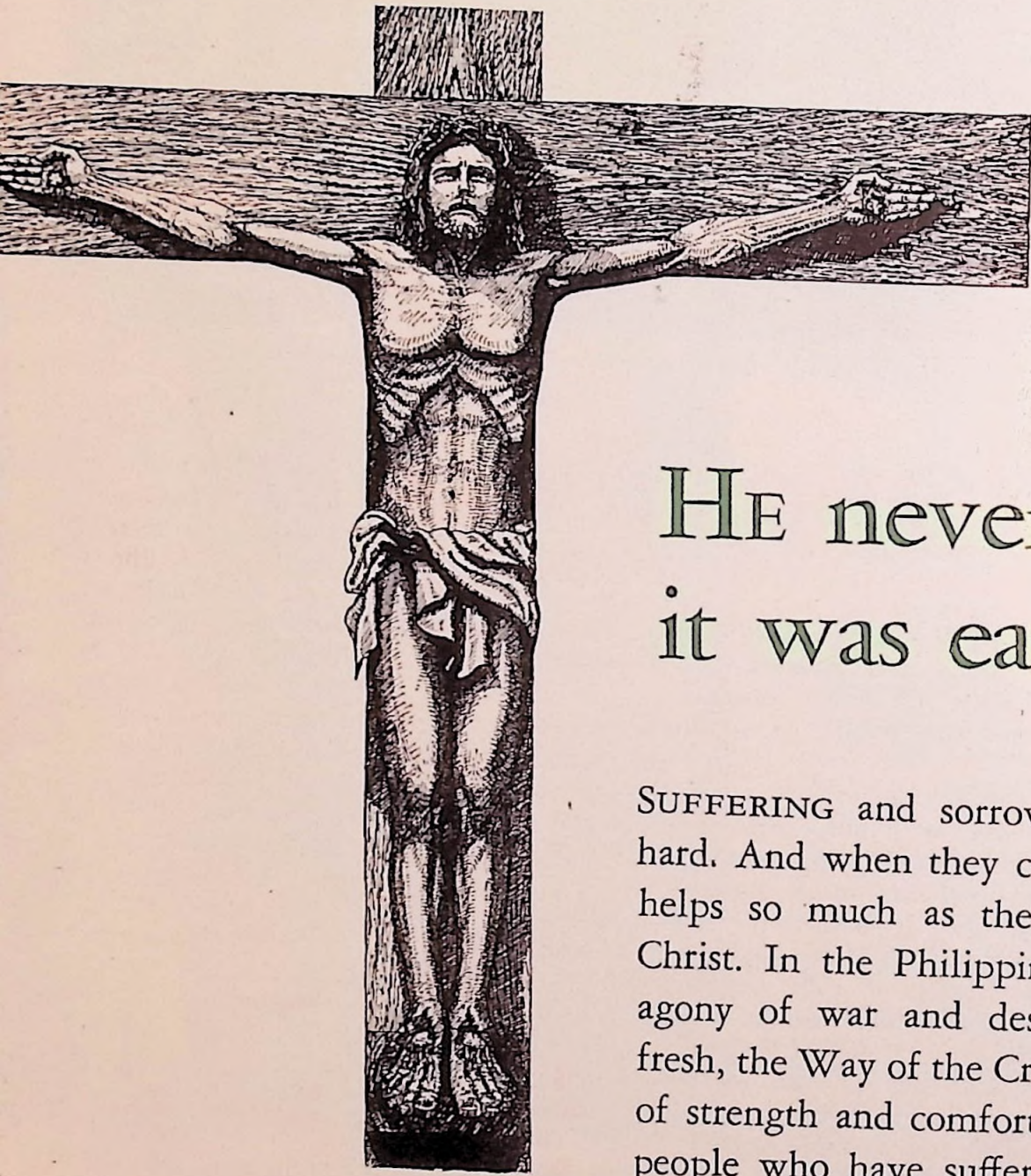
Suddenly I feel the plane swoop downwards. Below me are the time-scarred domes and the glittering oriental roofs of ancient Katmandu. The earth came up with a startling swoop, and in no time I was out of the plane, dazed

and deaf by the necessarily sudden descent.

Fathers Frank Murphy and Marshall Moran were there to meet me. They are the pioneers in our effort to help the boys of Nepal get a modern education. We piled into the shining new Land Rover (a British jeep) and started for home, Godavari High School, ten miles south of the city.

Everything was perfect. The kittens were bright and chipper, all the baggage was intact when he packed it into the car. But by the time we reached Godavari, the cake was gone! Did those kittens have a slightly stuffed look? But who cares? This is Christmas; I have the privilege of celebrating it with pioneers, and I'm glad that Godavari School's dynasty of cats is starting with a couple of tough and resourceful ancestors!





HE never said
it was easy . . .

SUFFERING and sorrow are always hard. And when they come, nothing helps so much as the example of Christ. In the Philippines, with the agony of war and destruction still fresh, the Way of the Cross is a source of strength and comfort to countless people who have suffered for years.

But many a church and chapel is too poor to supply this solace. WILL YOU HELP?

Will you contribute to getting Stations of the Cross for them? \$7.50 will do it. Any amount will be received with thanks.

JESUIT *Missions*

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

THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTIONS

JANUARY: That the Church in Asia may enjoy peace and freedom.

A GLANCE AT THE MAP BELOW will show why the Holy Father is so concerned about Asia. The colored areas are under the Communist terror. The heavily shaded areas mark lands where Christianity is definitely proscribed. The lightly shaded areas are countries either newly freed, or in the throes of becoming independent. Korea is a shambles. Indo-China is aflame with war. Japan has not yet recovered. Everywhere there is uncertainty, and everywhere national growing pains. Prayers are essential.

FEBRUARY: That political evolution in Africa may be brought about in accordance with Christ's justice and charity.

AFRICA TOO IS IN FERMENT. THE Moslem states are eager to cast off the last vestiges of colonialism. Malan and his ideas of segregation are threatening to turn back the clock a thousand years. The Mau Mau foreshadows what may happen if he has his way. By the tens of thousands the men and women of Africa are turning to the Church. But unless some kind of political stability, Christian in nature, is found, this may be in vain.



Window on the Mission World



The Empire State building looks small when you consider the biggest building job in the world.

ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING LIBRARIES in the world is the mission library at the headquarters of Propaganda Fidei in Rome. Particularly interesting are the archives, where the letters of long-dead missionaries are filed waiting for scholars to sift and evaluate their contents.

We have archives here at JM, too. There are many letters that record the small and great heroisms of Jesuit missionaries now gone to their reward, but most of the letters are from very live and active missionaries. The postman, a patient and cheery soul, must wonder what sort of enterprise goes on here. International trade? There are postmarks from all the great cities of the world. Exploration? Some of the letters come from the

strangest places; unknown even to a blasé New York postman.

In a sense, those letters do represent international trade and exploration. But the trade is in souls, and the explorers are men who are willing to travel anywhere in the world where the Good News of the Redemption has yet to be heard.

But the postman would be closer to the truth if he guessed that we at JM were engaged in an international building venture. For that's what missionaries are. Builders. Not merely in brick and mortar. Not with bulldozers only—though they have their missionary uses.

What the missionary builds is the Church. He goes to a people who may never have heard of Christ, who do not know of God's tremendous plan for their time and eternity. He must teach them, slowly, laboriously. He must build them churches and schools, all the vast spiritual and material apparatus that goes to make a Church that has roots in the local soil.

It is a long and unpredictable business, for the builders are moulding intangibles, hearts and wills. But it is a glorious, rewarding enterprise; in sober fact, the most rewarding in the world. For the pay is the hundredfold and life eternal.



The letters the postman brings us tell a lot about the enterprise around the world. There are jubilant letters reporting success, and quiet letters that record temporary failure. It would be easy to pick out and quote humorous paragraphs, passages that would bring a lump to your throat, because the strangest and funniest things happen to some of our missionaries every week. You might, for example, be touched by a casual line in a recent letter from Alaska which told how the missionary had nothing much to eat but soup last week, since not one of his out-stations has a decent cook-stove. Or you might laugh ruefully with the priest in tropic Jamaica who opened a gift package containing fifteen pairs of woolen gloves.

But you shouldn't miss the real burden of all those letters. For behind all the comic and tragic incidents—which are always recounted as incidentals—is the chapter by chapter story of the building of a church, of a new center of Christianity. New converts, new churches worthy of Christ in the tabernacle, solid families who live the law of God, the breathless news of the first native vocation—of such is the real news from the missions.



So think of your missionaries as builders, and pray that they build strong and true. JM will continue to sift the mail and keep you posted on the 1,129 American Jesuits who are builders for Christ in the far corners of the missionary world.



A field WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

Hat's off to Courage!

Just before his expulsion from China in 1951, Father Louis J. Dowd S.J. baptized a young Chinese boy, who took the name of Peter, the Rock. Here are excerpts from a letter from Peter, who hopes against hope to be a Jesuit.

"Our Jesuit Fathers have been taken. I am now an orphan. I must hold fast to the Faith and keep alive the frail seed of my vocation to the priesthood.

"Father, I am your son. How ashamed I am to tell you that I am very far from what God is asking of me. Fortunately, He knows that I am a little fellow, weak and afraid, so He has given me a chance to prepare quietly for the struggle. My only hope is to lay a solid spiritual foundation. How urgent and gigantic a task this is! It is a painful struggle, yet, strangely enough, it is also a sweet and welcome sacrifice. I desire with all my heart to give myself to God absolutely and without reserve.

"If He send me back to an impoverished home, I will go. If He lead me to a sea of sorrow and suffering, I will go. If He bring me to the top of Calvary, so much the better.



"Don't feel bad because you can't pay for me. God never forgets us, if we only trust in Him. Today, on your feast day, I bow my sincere congratulations. You can't see my face, but I'll tell you how it looks. I'm smiling."

NO NEWS, REALLY . . .

In time, missionaries get to feel so at home in their adopted lands that everything seems commonplace. Father Gordon Koller S.J., of Cagayan de Oro City in the Philippines, puts it well.

"It's hard for us to see incidents from a Stateside mentality. Everything is home to us now and we fail to mention lots of things that might interest readers in the States.

"There's no big news here. Our small personnel remains discouragingly inadequate. The school enrolment is slightly better than last year. A couple of the Padres are run down; some of them will surely kill themselves by overwork. The ministry of the Sacraments is always on the increase. The scholastics get more excited over intramurals than the kids themselves. It's a wonderful world if a guy keeps working at prayer and others keep praying for him!"



ROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS

MUSCLES ARE USEFUL

In some missions where the workers are few, priests often have to take on jobs for which they are not prepared. Father Lawrence N. Haffie S.J. went from a desk at JM to primitive living in Alaska. He writes to tell us some of the problems of adjustment:

"My Coleman lamp is running out of gas. It's late at night, but I still have on my pajamas from last night—under a mess of other clothing. May be unorthodox, but it helps to keep warm.

"My job here at Aniak is almost finished. I had orders to build living quarters on the back of the churches of Aniak and Kalskag. I didn't get the help I anticipated, so I had to do most of the work myself. It was a three-ring circus, especially at first, when I didn't know a ten-penny nail from a tack.

"I learned, though. But I have to admit that I discovered muscles I never knew I had. Anyway, I can quit now. The lumber is frozen and the finishing touches will have to wait for Spring."

SECOND-BEST KINDERGARTEN

Coming off second-best is hard to take when the competition is between two. But the number-two spot can be very satisfying when you finish that way against a crowd.

Father John T. Newell S.J., missionary in Minas de Oro, Republic of Honduras, writes, "Our kindergarten was rated *second* in excellence in Honduras by the Inspector General after a week she spent here recently. No small potatoes among the small potatoes of Minas de Oro!

"We're making progress in other ways, though nothing so spectacular as the kindergarten champs. A shoemaking cooperative is in formation, since that is the local industry. Two more churches have to be built during the coming year.

"Meanwhile, people come to us from great distances for the common remedies we have in our medical kit, and for the old clothes which JM readers send."

SPOTLIGHT



Like so many priests in the Philippines, Father Joseph H. Bittner S.J. has had his share of overwork. His first assignment, when he returned to the Islands in 1947, was Iligan, a central station with 24 out-missions.

Next came Catarman, on volcanic Camiguin Island, where four American Jesuits had 60,000 souls to serve. His present mission, at Maramag, Bukidnon, has the improbable name of Danggagan. Here he found a tiny chapel, so decrepit that he did not feel he could reserve the Blessed Sacrament in the ruin.

A notable feature of Father Bittner's work is his dispensary. At both Catarman and Danggagan, he found that he simply had to provide some medical care for his people, else, very often, they would have none. Malaria is the commonest problem, but since the nearest pharmacy is 50 miles away, over very bad roads, Father Bittner treats the common ills and bruises as best he can. He finds his dispensary an excellent means of contact with his scattered parishioners, long without a resident priest.



HOPE FOR HIROSHIMA

Hiroshima, Japan, is famous for its thriving Catholicity. Not to mention the Bomb. Soon we hope it will also be famous for the high school the California Jesuits plan to establish there. Most Rev. Aloysius Ogihara S.J., Administrator Apostolic of the Vicariate of Hiroshima, writes:

"The mission is progressing peacefully. In the past year we had 904 adult baptisms and at present there are 1600 catechumens. Recently I blessed and dedicated a new chapel in a public leprosarium where there are 1700 patients. It was a joyful occasion and I know the chapel will be a blessing for the mission.

"Nowadays relief work for the distressed is very important in Japan, and the Church is doing her best. The Emperor and Empress are to visit the orphanage in Okayama,—a great honor for the Church.

"We are trying to build new homes for the Catholics who had theirs destroyed by the atom bomb. Please pray for us."

MASS CONVERSION IN CAROLINES

Father John K. Fahey S.J. was making a routine round of his island missions in the Carolines. Let Very Rev. Edwin G. McManus S.J., Superior of the Mission, tell of the exciting result of the trip:

"Just a few days ago Father John Fahey returned from a trip to the island of Murilo, some 100 miles north of Truk, and announced the mass conversion of practically the entire island. That is very consoling but it also creates problems.

"For there is only one valid reason for an adult to become a Catholic—the firm conviction that he is entering the one and only Church founded by Christ. So Father Fahey has his work cut out for him. Each prospective convert must be examined, not only to see if he knows the catechism well enough to be baptized, but also if he wants baptism for the right motive.

"This will require many painstaking hours of instruction and careful examining, but it will certainly be heart-warming work."



The little fellow at center front is working up to a laugh with Monsignor Ogihara S.J. and these charming children of Japan.

NO IVY IN BAGHDAD

We don't know, really, whether or not ivy grows in Iraq. If it does, it has a hard time clothing the walls of Baghdad College in academic green—there are so many new walls to cover!

Father Michael McCarthy S.J., veteran Baghdad missionary currently our welcome guest at JM, brings us up to date on new construction at the New England Jesuits' college in Iraq. The long-desired chapel, he reports, is complete except for interior furnishings. Land has been cleared for a new class room building, and in the process, hammers and sledges demolished the old canteen, which stood in the way. "Every blow went through my heart," said Father William Sheehan S.J., who built the old canteen fourteen years ago. Father Sheehan, it is reported, is somewhat comforted by the addition of a new and better canteen.

A HOME *without* A HOUSE

GERARD E. BRAUN S.J.

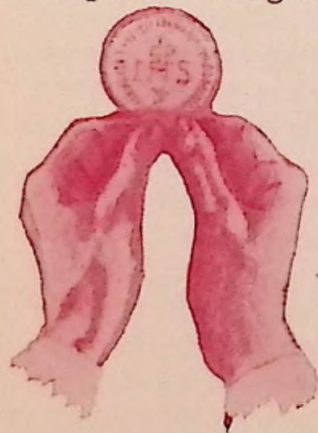
EVEN HERE IN DAVAO CITY IN THE SOUTHERN Philippines the people know the old saying, "A house does not make a home." But a group of Jesuits are demonstrating that it is possible to have a home without a house!

The Ateneo de Davao is our home, the youngest of the colleges with which the Jesuits have dotted the Philippines. It is only five years old but there was a desperate urgency behind its birth. This was the situation which confronted Monsignor Clovis Thibeault, Apostolic Administrator of Davao, when World War II came to a close.

Not one Filipino priest in the district! Not one candidate for the priesthood, religious or diocesan, was in prospect! To minister to the spiritual needs of a population almost nine-tenths Catholic every priest had to be imported from America! (The high percentage of Catholicity can be traced to the apostolic endeavors of a handful of Spanish Jesuits who for years traversed the Province of Davao afoot and on horseback.)

Davao has the lowest proportion of priests in this Catholic nation of overworked missionaries. A comparison of figures might help to make this

critical situation clearer. In the United States there is one priest for 750 Catholics. In the Philippines you can multiply that number by ten; every priest has ten times as many parishioners to attend as a priest in the United States. But in Davao, however, the proportion is one-half the average in the Philip-



The Ateneo de Davao (above) is only one of the seven Ateneos conducted by American Jesuits in the Philippines. Five colleges and eight high schools have an enrollment of close to 10,000 students. There are also numerous grammar schools under the Jesuits.

ines. That means that in Davao each priest has about 15,000 parishioners and his parish may extend for miles over rough country without benefit of roads. One priest told me that he has over sixty barrios to look after, some of them practically inaccessible—with the result that after three years he has not yet met all his flock and he doesn't know when he will reach them.



Fathers Casey (left) & Kennally review corps.

In the face of this sad situation Monsignor Thibault decided that there was only one solution, to lose no time in laying the foundations of a native clergy. The first step was to supply a fund of suitably trained candidates and to foster in the hearts of young men a desire to serve Christ and their country in the priesthood. He therefore petitioned Jesuit Superiors, over and over again, to return to Davao, this time in order to establish a school. The result was the Ateneo de Davao.

The foundations were laid by Father Theodore Daigler, first Rector, and Father Merlin Thibault, first Minister. On July 1st, 1948, the first classes were held in the new High School building, built in Matina, the fashionable new suburb.

The first building of the College was completed two years later, in Jacinto, closer to the heart of the city. There the kindergarten and grade school hold day sessions, and the college convenes for evening classes. The college now includes Junior Year.



Lino Neri, Davao's only Ave Maria Scout.

So far so good. But with the completion of the second building the Ateneo was without funds and without credit. Indebtedness had reached the saturation point. That meant there was no money to put up a Faculty residence for the Jesuit Community.

That is why we have a home without having a house. For seven Fathers occupy a roughly partitioned section of the second floor of the High School. A section of the gymnasium balcony serves as the community room—dining room, living room, parlor, library, recreation and reading room, all rolled up in one. And four Jesuit Scholastics have to be quartered in two shacks behind the school.

Well, first things first. We have a school and that is the most important thing. For the time being it must also serve as our home but we can face the difficulties involved because of what is at stake. No, a house does not make a home but some day we will have both house and home.

The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

By a solemn decree of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, this year is Mary's year. Its dedication was occasioned by the centenary of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception. But, as a matter of fact, you have actually made many years Marian.

For more than a quarter of a century hardly a day has passed but an American Jesuit missionary has opened the baptismal record and inscribed the name of a child. By virtue of the Sacrament of Baptism, the infant became a Son of God, an heir of heaven and a child of Mary. The consoling factor is that it couldn't have been done without you.

The sacrifices of the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS have helped the Jesuit missionaries to make sons of God and children of Mary. As you read through the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS for the current year you will note many opportunities of assisting the missionaries in bringing both the old and the young close to Mary and, therefore, to Jesus.

Our Lady will watch with joy you and Her missionaries toiling and sacrificing that this be the most glorious Marian year.

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

FULL HEADS AND BARE BACKS

Father Extross of Our Lady of Sorrows Mission, Arrah, India, not only has to educate his 140 school boys, but also clothe them.

He says he is having more success in the educational project than with the clothing. The kids' heads are full of knowledge, but their backs are bare. Here are the clothes he needs, and the prices:

Shirt (small)	.50
(large)	1.00
Trousers (small)	.50
(large)	1.00
Jacket	2.00
Vests	.25
Blankets	2.00

Would you like to help dress these little Indian scholars with a contribution of \$1.00 or \$2.00?

YOU KNOW YOURSELF

That the Sacred Heart has promised wonderful rewards to those who help spread devotion to His Sacred Humanity. If you have been looking for an opportunity to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart, may we suggest that you help pay for holy cards and Sacred Heart badges which will be distributed on Formosa by Father Shaules?

Every Chinese home has a small religious shrine to which visitors bow solemnly as they enter the house. The Chinese Catholics have substituted a picture of the Sacred Heart for the former pagan deities whenever possible. You can imagine the impact on Chinese life if all Catholic homes enshrined the Sacred Heart.

You might like to send one or two dollars to help with this important work.

NUNS WITH A NEEDLE

Who would like to sew for the Chinese missionaries in exile are very much in demand at present. The chapel linens at the Immaculate Heart of Mary Novitiate, Manila, are in a tattered condition. Amices, purificators, surplices and albs are urgently needed.

This plea for specialized help is directed to the nuns because of their proficiency and experience in this type of work, but with no intention of excluding non-religious who would like to help with this mission work.

The linens may be sent to Immaculate Heart of Mary Novitiate, P. O. Box 3374, Manila, P. I., or Jesuit Missions, 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.



WANTED

WHITE VESTMENTS AND REQUIEM MISSALS

Are not used at the same Mass, as your acquaintance with the rubrics will tell you. However, Father Clarence Martin of the Ateneo de Manila asks if you would help pay for these needs of his school chapel. The Requiem missals are priced at \$15.00, the vestments at \$25.00 a set.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.
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Ceylon and Home Missions
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