



Jesuit Missions

Jamaica Diary

JUNE, 1955



實行總動員·準備總反攻

中華民國政府

本場第一

秩序

安全

Formosa...

MILITARY AND MISSION OUTPOST

THE EYES OF THE WORLD are on the island which lies a hundred miles off the mainland of China. Only one-fourth the size of New York State, this armed stronghold of the National Government of China has assumed tremendous importance. It is the main point in the sweeping arc from Tokyo to Singapore, the focal point along the rim of Asia. Formosa has become a symbol to the free world, an outpost of hope and of courage.

In other days it was a quiet place where over half its people tilled a rich soil which gave two crops a year. Then in 1949 the Government of Free China under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek converted Taiwan (the Chinese name for Formosa) into a military stronghold. Now the scene on the



COVER. A mother and child outside the rude house which is their home in Jamaica, British West Indies. The growth of Catholicism on this Caribbean isle is featured by the present plans for a major seminary for Jamaica's own priests.

LEFT. A recruiting poster in the capital city of Taipei, Formosa. This is the important stronghold of Free China where the forces of Chiang Kai-shek are awaiting the day when they will attempt to free the enslaved mainland.

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Formosa . . . MILITARY AND MISSION OUTPOST

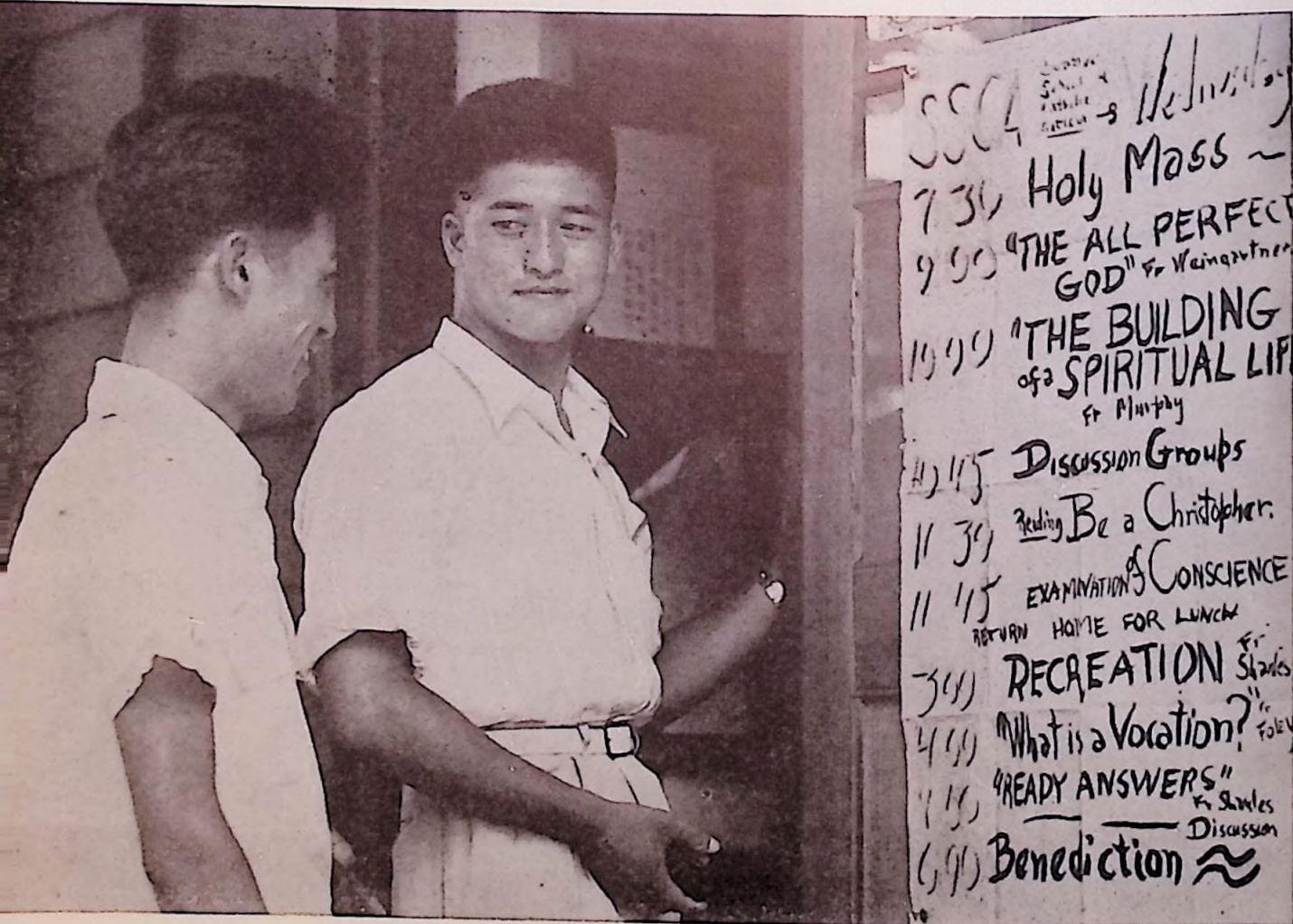
previous page is a familiar one throughout the island—a recruiting poster, uniforms and the ever-present bicycles. (In the capital city of Taipei alone, it is estimated that there are over 100,000 bicycles.) War is in the air and there is tenseness everywhere.

The population has swelled to over 10,000,000 people and the population density is now even greater than Japan's. But the newcomers from the mainland are not typical refugees, their few possessions carried on their backs. These are men, soldiers and missionaries, who have come face to face with Communism and known it for what it is. Some of them have come out of Communist prisons, scarred from the ordeal, but determined to fight back again with all their strength

against the evil that is poisoning the world. They are not starry-eyed idealists; they are human beings who have suffered and who have seen, in their own sufferings and in those of others, the mark of Hell.

For four years now the Reds have tried to crush the Catholic Church in China. They have seized its physical apparatus—churches, schools, rectories, hospitals, etc. About 3,000 priests, Brothers and Sisters have been driven out of the country, many of them broken in body but untouched in spirit. All along the rim of Asia, in Japan, the Philippines, in Southeast Asia, they have tried to regroup, to marshal their forces again for that time when Christ wants them once more among the people they love. For-

At Jesuit residence two students of Summer School of Catholic Action check schedule.



mosa has been a natural rallying point for these missionaries.

The California Province Jesuits of the Yangchow Mission in China have made Formosa their headquarters. Some of their men are in Thailand, Singapore or the Philippines, but the main body is concentrated on the nearest beachhead to the Chinese mainland. Theirs is not a waiting action only; Christ's kingdom is of the entire world. In one part of the island they are tilling virgin soil where for the first time in history the pagans have heard of the true Church. In Taipei, the capital, they are working at the National University, where their converts are numbered in the hundreds. Some of the American Jesuits are in Tai-chung, engrossed in the monumental task of compiling a Chinese dictionary in several languages, something long needed but necessitating a work that

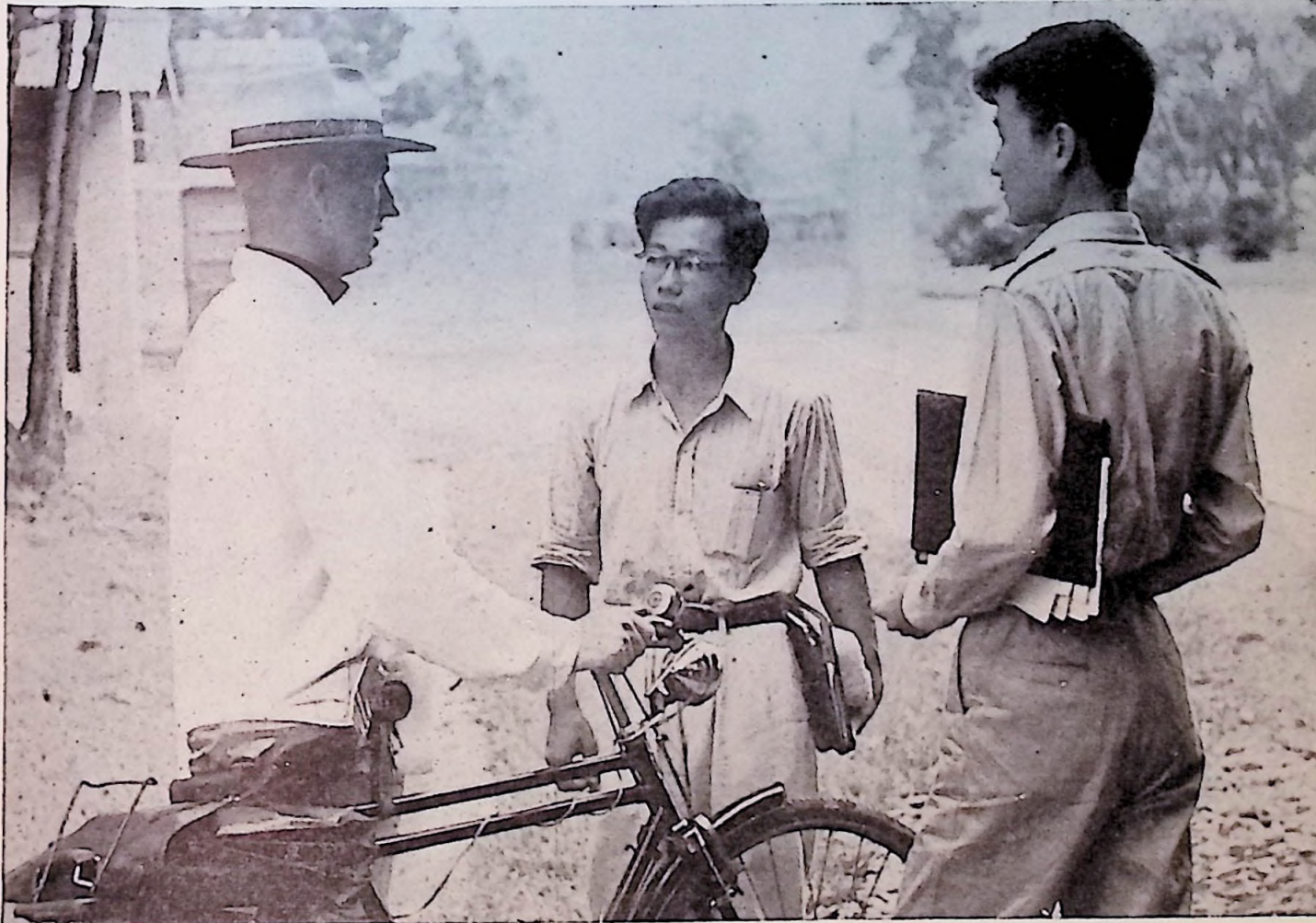
means 200,000 entries under 15,000 characters!

Some of these men have been chained for days to walls in a Chinese prison. They have undergone the "brain washing." They have lived most intimately with Communism, have seen its face and probed its evil depths. They have not forgotten nor do they think that their sufferings were accidental. But there is no hatred in their hearts. Their one desire is to go back to the people whom they served, shepherded and loved.

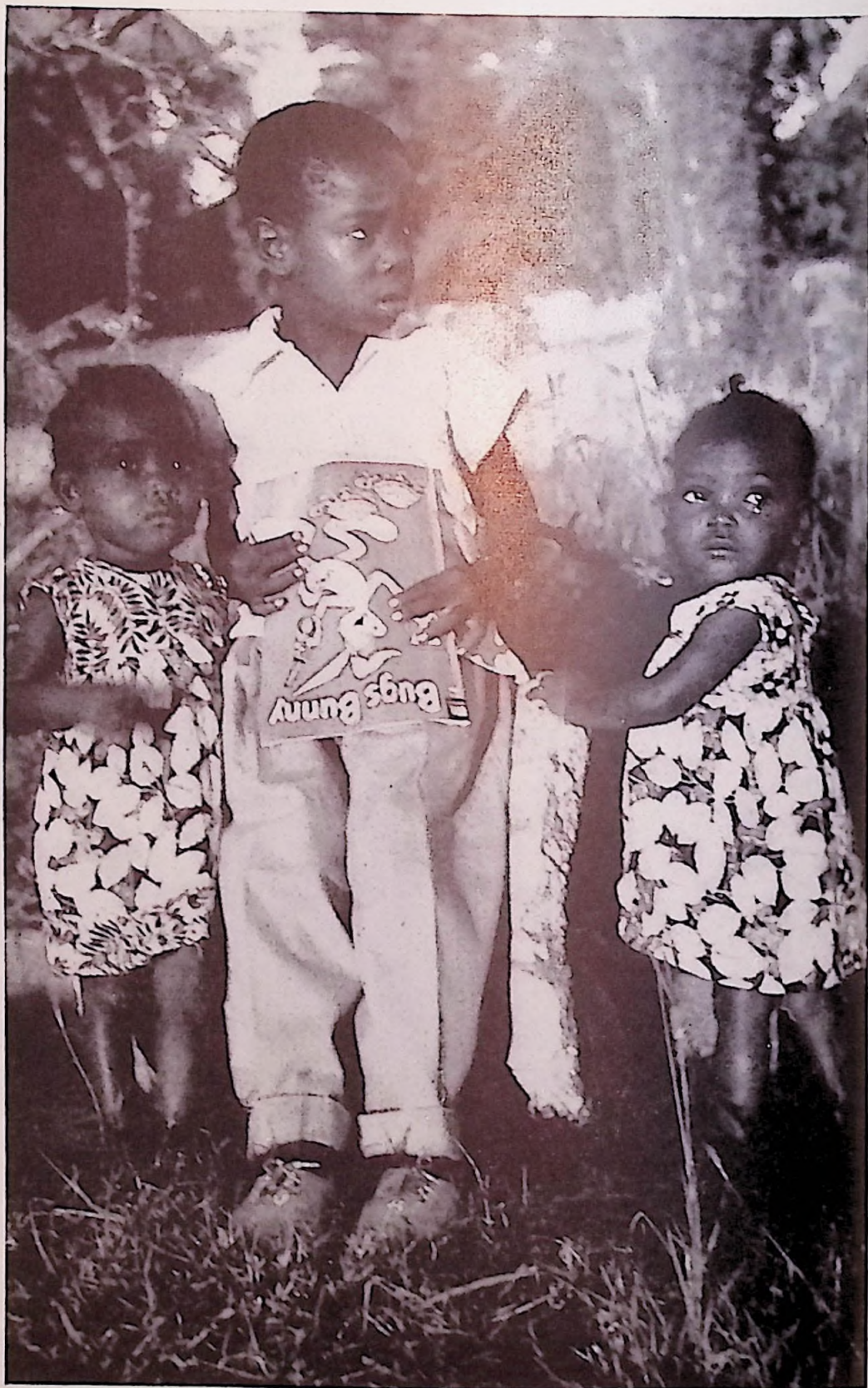
Is that strange? Is it unnatural? Then why did Christ weep over the city He loved? Can't these men to whom Christ and His kingdom are the biggest things on earth also feel the same? There were moments in the past when they thought they were going to die for Him; now they want to live for Him.

(All photos by Father Fred Foley S.J.)

Father Murphy stops for a chat with students of the National University in Taipei.



Jamaica



DIARY

ROBERT P. PHALEN S.J.

SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA—Tuesday, 8:00 o'clock—One stroke is heard from the large bell, a warning. From the second floor of the rectory, I can hear the voices and the running feet of the early arrivals. Turning from my desk to look out the window, I can see the youngsters passing up the walk alongside of the church. One or two will pause at the side door, enter to say a brief prayer and then, with a quick bob for a genuflection, continue on.

8:15—Again I turn from the desk, and now from the window I can see the teachers have begun to arrive. At the moment, two are leaving the church—they also have stopped for a moment to consecrate another day to the Eucharistic King, the Lord of all this Catholic center: rectory, church, convent and school. But, alas, though it is a "Catholic School," only two of the teachers are nuns, the rest layfolk, and not all of these Catholic. "Oh, Lord, call more of your young girls in Catholic high schools and colleges to Your Service on the missions!"

8:30—And now a tinkle of the smaller bell sounds assembly. A scurry of feet, and quickly the lines are assembled. From the second-floor porch of the convent-school, Mother Superior looks down. "Good morning, children." And the answer will come back, "Good morning, Sister"—not in the loud cry of the American schoolchild, but in soft-toned British accent—yet is the phrase familiar as the "M-a-u-n-ing" is drawn out.

A short exhortation will follow. And now the prayers. Reaching even to the upper rooms of the rectory, the universal cry of Her exiled children calls to the ears of Mary: ". . . Pray for us sinners now, and . . ." Prayers finished, the cue is given, and now on the air are borne the high-pitched tones of the little ones: "O Sacred Heart . . ." Again silence . . .

Father can continue to read the history of Jamaica without distraction. Perhaps!

8:35—Clat-clat, clat-clat, clat-clat . . . the sound of trotting horses competes with the deeds of the pirate Morgan for Father's attention. Clat-clat, clat-clat, it continues, more insistent, demanding investigation. Over to the door with Father, to see: trotting lines of children circling in the school yard. Tuesday morning, and today's schedule calls for calisthenics. The circling stops, lines are re-formed. "Arms out, stand erect . . ." the boys' instructor calls his commands. And, in their share of the school yard, the girls, hands on hips, feet firmly placed, turn their bodies "now to the left, front, center." One of the women teachers is leading their exercises.

9:05—"In 1793, Admiral Bligh arrived on his ship, the *Bounty*, carrying breadfruit and other plants from the Pacific Islands . . ." Father would like to know something of Jamaican history. But the distractions continue: "Two and two are four," the chorus intones from the school. "Bligh and the *Bounty*, more famous for a mutiny than for the service rendered Jamaica in bringing tropical fruits to the Island . . ." Jamaican history, Jamaican children; breadfruit and exercise, strong bodies and, God grant, strong souls! O Lord, what does the future hold in store for them? for You? and Your Church here on this island? The promise is great, but we need—oh, many things—but You know that. Please speak to Mary and Tom, and Joe and Pat, to Your students back in our Catholic American schools. Tell them how much good they can bring to Your island and they will come, bringing not breadfruit or exercise, but what is more, Your grace, Your Presence in their consecrated lives. We need Sisters and Brothers and priests. O God, tell them about it!

Failure IS BITTER

JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.

SOMETIMES MISSIONARIES are able to send people from their death-beds to heaven, and sometimes . . .

Years ago, I had known Bernard (that is not his real name, but it will do for this account) when he was a teacher in our boarding school. Bernard eventually lost his job, not through any fault on his part but because his services were no longer needed. He returned to his village and then gradually he lost interest in his faith. He no longer came to church, or kept any contact with the mission. He was through.

Sometimes people remain away from church for years, and then return, so I kept an eye on him. Two or three times I had a chat with him and his wife Susannah in the bazaar when I happened to meet them there. They had another baby now, unbaptized. I urged them in a friendly way to come to the next catechumenate and have the baby baptized and take a little refresher course in their religion. They always laughingly agreed to come, and always failed to do so. Then one day I heard Bernard was gravely ill.

So, the next afternoon, I headed for Bernard's village. His wife greeted me pleasantly enough and led me to the little thatched verandah where he lay on a rope bed. A single look at Bernard convinced me that his days were numbered. He too realized his condition.

"You are very sick, Bernard, and there is no time to waste. Even though you have not gone to church for years, you



And in another part of Patna Mission Father Robert Ludwig S.J. also hears bad news.

are a Catholic. Will you let me fix things up for you?"

He did not seem very enthusiastic. "Do you remember your prayers?" "No."

"If I send the catechist to visit you, will you learn them again? You are weak, but they will come back quickly. You knew them well once."

Bernard hesitated.

"There is no time to lose."

"All right, Father, send the catechist. But I am weak and cannot talk much."



"That won't be necessary. He will simply refresh your memory a little on the essentials, and when you are ready, I'll bring you the Last Sacraments."

Bernard said nothing more, and I took his silence for consent. So the next day I sent Francis, the catechist, to Bernard, and when he returned he was hopeful.

So Francis continued his visits and one morning, after Mass, I took the Blessed Sacrament and set out on the pony. It was the rainy season, and the water at the ford was up to the pony's belly.

Francis had reached the house ahead of me, and had prepared Bernard for the

Sacraments. "He is ready, Father," he said quietly, and led me to the verandah.

"Before I give Bernard the Last Sacraments, Francis," I said, "I want to baptize his baby. Tell him so." The baby had not yet been baptized, and this would be a sign on Bernard's part that he was sincere; that he wanted to live as a Catholic and have his family Catholics.

While waiting for Bernard's answer, I sat down on the low stool that Susannah placed nearby. Francis was back in a minute, with a worried look on his face.

"Father, he will not allow you to baptize the baby. He simply refuses."

"Tell him that if he will not allow me to baptize the baby, I can do nothing for him."

Francis disappeared into the house and was gone for some time. The devil was making his last bid to hold Bernard, and it was now or never if I was to save him.

Francis returned. "Father, it is useless. He says that if you must first baptize the baby, then not to give him Extreme Unction. He says that his non-Christian father and mother and all his ancestors died and went to Hell, and when he dies he wants to be with them. It is useless to try further."

I knew that Francis was right. "Good morning," I said to Susannah, who was standing by, and I mounted the pony.

Riding home, my mood was very much in accord with the low hanging monsoon clouds that cast their gloom over the usually bright countryside. Success had been so near apparently, and the attempt had ended in failure. This man had been willing to go through the formula of a bad confession and receive Communion and Extreme Unction, perhaps to be rid of me the more easily. That would have cost him little or nothing, and he would have died, at heart without faith. But he was not willing to have his child baptized.

Oscar splashed his way across the small streams and through the ford and brought me back to the chapel. I replaced the Sacred Host in the tabernacle with a sense of complete defeat. A few days later, Bernard was dead.



Father De Rouen S.J. baptizes Bruce Michael Jessepe at Our Lady of the Snows Church on the Potawatomi Indian Reservation. Catechism class (below) is conducted by Harold Brahm S.J. of St. Mary's College, the Jesuit seminary in Kansas. Photos by Ewert Cousins S.J. of St. Mary's.

A Little Corner of Kansas

ROBERT R. De ROUEN S.J.



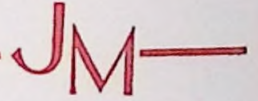
IN A LITTLE CORNER of Kansas, 12 miles west of Mayetta, live a group of people whose Catholic heritage came down to them from the Jesuit missionaries, St. Isaac Joques, Marquette, DeSmet, Allouez, Baden and others. These are the Indians who live on the Potawatomi Indian Reserve.

In 1837 they were given lands in Kansas in exchange for those which they had ceded in 1832 to the government. Today the Jesuits of St. Mary's College at St. Mary's, Kansas, still care for the little group of families who are Catholic to the core. Many of the Indians have moved off the reservations to cities like Topeka, but they still come back to the Church of Our Lady of the Snows for occasional Masses and to have their babies baptized. They, themselves, have built this Catholic outpost in Kansas and they are the ones who keep it up.

If you are ever in Kansas, drop in at Our Lady of the Snows.

JESUIT MISSIONS

*The Voice of the 1,161 Missionaries of
the Eight American Jesuit Provinces*



THESE PEOPLE WANT A PRIEST

Most of us take for granted the fact that we have churches and priests to take care of them, priests ready to answer our call. We never wonder where to go if someone is dying and needs the Last Sacraments. The church is near at hand. When we want to tell God we're sorry for the past and wish to start over again, we can always find a priest ready to hear our confession. If we merely want a little advice for ourselves or for young Jackie who is in trouble, it is not too difficult to see a priest. He stands ready at hand, a representative of Christ in our midst, eager to help in any way he can.

Not that we are complacent about what we enjoy in having a vigorous Church in our country and a fairly large number of priests. Many of us would be willing to die to keep our priests and our churches. But it is easy for any of us to take our priests for granted. We see them every day or week, and have so for years. The thought of being without one simply does not enter our minds.

A little story which Father Edwin McManus, Superior of the Jesuits in the Trust Islands of the South Pacific, relates is useful to remind us of the very important work of the missions and also of the very great treasure we possess at home.

At a village in the northern part of Palau Island, which is several hundred miles southeast of Yap, the people's Church of Our Lady of Sorrows collapsed during Mass last year. By fixing it up a bit they made it suitable for Mass again. But now they are building a new church.

And this church will be much larger than the old one. This is being done not because the people are rich or wish to show off. Their simple reason is this: they think that if they build a large enough church their village will become the central station in their territory, a center where other Catholics will come for Christmas, Holy Week and other services, and so a resident priest will certainly be stationed there. It is a bid to get a priest of their own.

At present they see a priest only once a month, but they want one of their own all the time.

To build the church means a great sacrifice for the people. All the mission can give them at present is a hundred dollars to help with the construction. Everything else, including free labor, must come from the islanders themselves. It demonstrates in a concrete way how seriously they value their religion, how much they estimate the advantage of having a priest living among them.

The sad thing is that Father McManus is not sure that he will be able to find an extra priest to assign to them, even when they finish the church. It is for that reason that we urge you to pray for missionary vocations and to do what you can to help those who want to be priests.

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A DREAM

MICHAEL J. McCARTHY S.J.

by the Tigris

MAYBE IT'S A DREAM which a missionary shouldn't have. Magic carpets and Aladdin's lamp are out of date even here in Baghdad. But there will never come a day when dreams are out of date, even though they be out of this world.

I was walking along the banks of the Tigris when I noticed a beautiful home under construction. That set my dream

a-boiling, for only recently we had been discussing the need for adequate living quarters for the Jesuit faculty. Space is needed now for fifty men and before long there should be seventy to house. And too often I have had to witness the sufferings of other missionaries because of the lack of adequate facilities to care for the sick.

Baghdad is hot, with temperatures

A DREAM by the Tigrís

for months at a steady 115 to 120 degrees. And with the heat come fevers—and the antidote for fevers is cold. I remember spending some time in a local hospital with a priest who almost died. It was June and hot, although the really hot weather had yet to come. He had a fever often reaching 105 degrees. All night long, at thirty-minute intervals, the nurse brought in five pieces of sheeting which had been soaked in cold water and wrapped him in them; one piece around each arm, one piece around each leg and one piece over the torso. This treatment would bring the temperature down one half degree each time—but don't try it unless you want pneumonia, because it is rather drastic. Ordinarily our fever patients remain at home in a room with a temperature of over ninety and make out as best they can with an electric fan and an ice bag. We haven't lost any so far, but it's tempting Providence to try it any longer without a modernized cooling system. And with that in this dream house we might keep the men strong enough to throw off the fevers before they begin.

At the last roll-call we were feeding about 125 people three times a day, and had 15 or 20 extra for dinner five days a week. The meals are being turned out of a kitchen ten feet wide and fourteen feet long in which our refrigerator stands and in which all the dishes and pots are washed. At mealtimes two cooks, two dishwashers, four waiters and a couple of men drying dishes move around at top speed with many harsh words and surprisingly few accidents. Of course the kitchen overflows into the yard outside, where the birds, and the neighborhood cats and dogs, and the prolific flies take their modest cut of our simple fare.

Old packing cases with one side ripped out are stacked up against a mud wall to serve as storage space for our vegetables; and many a tasty dish is prepared by a cook squatting on the ground and scattering the flies when they get too ag-

gressive. Germs? Hygiene? The sun is the most effective germicide ever invented and we always have plenty of sunshine. But the dream house will have a spacious kitchen, a separate scullery with a washing machine, a walk-in refrigerator and all the other appurtenances of a decent food factory.

Our laundry set-up consists of three very husky washwomen and one man who does the ironing. The ladies come on Monday at sunset and work non-stop until some time Wednesday when the last garment is hung on the line. For equipment they have big tubs, a fire, and soap mixed with alum—nothing else. The ironer fills his ancient iron with charcoal and swings away. In our new house we'll have to find room for a laundromat with washing and ironing machines.

If you want to bake bread our way, follow these directions carefully. Look out in the yard and you will see the oven. It is made of clay, in the shape of the old round milk bottles, but it is as big as a barrel. Get your dough ready beforehand. Now throw straw, twigs, leaves or anything combustible into the oven and let it burn until embers cover the bottom of the oven. While it is burning, separate your dough into lumps the size of a baseball. Take one ball in your hands and grind it between them, until it flattens out and spreads to the size of a pie crust. Now take the flat dough in your right hand, reach into the oven and slap the dough on to the side. It will stick—don't worry. Pull your arm out before it burns and prepare the next *chapatti*. Keep an eye on the bread that is baking and slip it out deftly when blisters appear on the whole surface. Meanwhile keep slapping in new *chapattis*. We'd rather have a regular bakery ourselves and hope to get it in the new house if we ever get a new house.

Ah, well, my magic carpet is back to earth again. If I may paraphrase a song of old schooldays, "The dream is over, but the memory lingers on."

Window on the Mission World



THE ANCIENT MISSIONARY was reading a pamphlet which he had picked up in our Editorial Office. It was an outline of the courses to be given this summer at the Institute of Mission Studies, part of the Fordham Summer School.

"Fundamental Missiology, Medical Problems on the Missions, Linguistics, Anthropology, Intercultural Human Relations," he read off some of the titles. "You know, this has been a long time coming but it's one of the best things I've heard of for the missions. I understand that the previous meetings, too, were very successful.

"I remember when I first left for the mission field I had a Baedeker and a grammar which had been written by one of the missionaries in the field. That was the only equipment I carried with me in the line of specialized training. And," he chuckled, "the Baedeker wasn't much help on that particular mission. Oh, I had my theology and all that, but I had nothing in the way of preparation for working with those particular people. If I had a different grammar I might just as well have gone North or South instead of East.

"Don't be taken in by that old saying that human nature is the same the world over. It isn't—but it took me some time to find out that the Oriental is considerably different from the Westerner, and of course I found out the hard way. It took some time to learn the language but it took longer to understand the people and what made them tick. In those early days I guess I thought everyone wanted to be like the Americans. And was I wrong!

"Now," he tapped the pamphlet vigorously, "they bring in experts from all over the world—about the only area they have omitted on this list is the South Pole—to give a good solid briefing to the missionaries on the problems they will find out in the field. That is going to save many a heartache, believe me. Even those in the Lay Apostolate will know what they are going to run into when they hit the mission field.

"I had been long enough on the missions to appreciate to the full what Pope Pius XI said at a Vatican Missionary Exhibition. That was about thirty years ago and of course I don't recall his exact words. But he said that in our particular times heroism and sacrifice aren't enough to make the apostolate succeed. We've got to utilize every bit of scientific training we possess, so that we will be spreading the faith in the most direct and efficacious way. I think it was after that speech that some kind of course in missiology was established in all our seminaries.

"Nowadays when someone, either a religious or a lay person, goes out to the missions, he knows the kind of environment in which he will be working. The customs, religions, speech, and everything else will not come to him as a surprise, much less as a shock. He'll be prepared for anything."

The Ancient Missionary put the pamphlet back on the desk. "Those fellows at Fordham deserve a lot of credit and I hope every potential missionary gets his briefing from them. Today 'the do-it-yourself' idea is out of style on the mission field."

THE POPE'S



MISSION INTENTION

THERE IS PROBABLY no other group of people in the world who so desperately need our prayers during the month of the Sacred Heart as do the young boys and girls behind the Bamboo Curtain of Communist China. They are caught in a diabolical trap and we must never forget that the devil is also a zealous missionary, but driven by hate rather than by love. Satan wants souls, and right now in China he has the perfect set-up.

The Communists weren't thinking of Heaven or Hell when they laid their plans to capture the minds of Chinese youth. Their vision was limited, which is characteristic of anyone who subscribes to Communism. They cannot look beyond the bounds of this earth, either up or down. But a purely materialistic outlook, limited though its range may be, can provide a wonderful tool for the forces of Hell. And that is the situation now for the youth of China.

They were the first target of the Communists, naturally enough. The older people weren't dangerous and the very young could be taken care of at a later time when the Reds had thoroughly consolidated their control. But the early indoctrination of the teen-agers was a necessity to insure the stability of the Communist regime.

The Reds moved fast. In their half a dozen years of rule they clamped iron regulations around the youngsters in the schools. Every boy had to belong to a group of ten, so that his absence from that group during indoctrination classes or command performances was easily spotted. If a boy didn't belong to a group he had no ration card—and food in hungry China was the big weapon of the Communists.

Father Louis Dowd S.J., now in For-

mosa, remembers the time he tried to keep a Catholic boy from joining one of these groups. He spoke of God's providence, His care for the birds of the air, His noting every leaf that falls from a tree. Finally the boy said, "Father, I mean no irreverence, but will you tell me on what tree I can find my breakfast tomorrow?" It was not an easy question to answer. Just as long as the boy did not belong to an authorized group he would walk the streets alone until arrested. And prison could mean death. Can you tell a youngster, hungry and frightened, that martyrdom is the only way out?

The stories that have seeped through the Bamboo Curtain about the fidelity and heroism of Catholic boys and girls are like accounts of the early days of the Church during the Roman persecutions. But Our Holy Father is not asking us to pray during June for the Catholics only. He is speaking of all the youth of China, caught in a situation that is as black as the powers of darkness want it. The vast majority of Chinese youth are non-Christian, with a religious background that has no backbone to it. In their ignorance they are easy prey to the doctrines hammered into them on every possible occasion.

The youth of China. How many millions of them there are! And they never had a Christian heritage like their counterparts in Europe behind the Iron Curtain. There, at least, the broken peoples have memories of a life wherein the Son of God and His Mother played important roles. But in China there is only emptiness. Let them not be the lost, the forgotten. They are not that to Christ, and in this month dedicated to His Sacred Heart let the youth of China be very close to our hearts.

The role of the Sodality
in the work of the missions

To Jesus THROUGH MARY

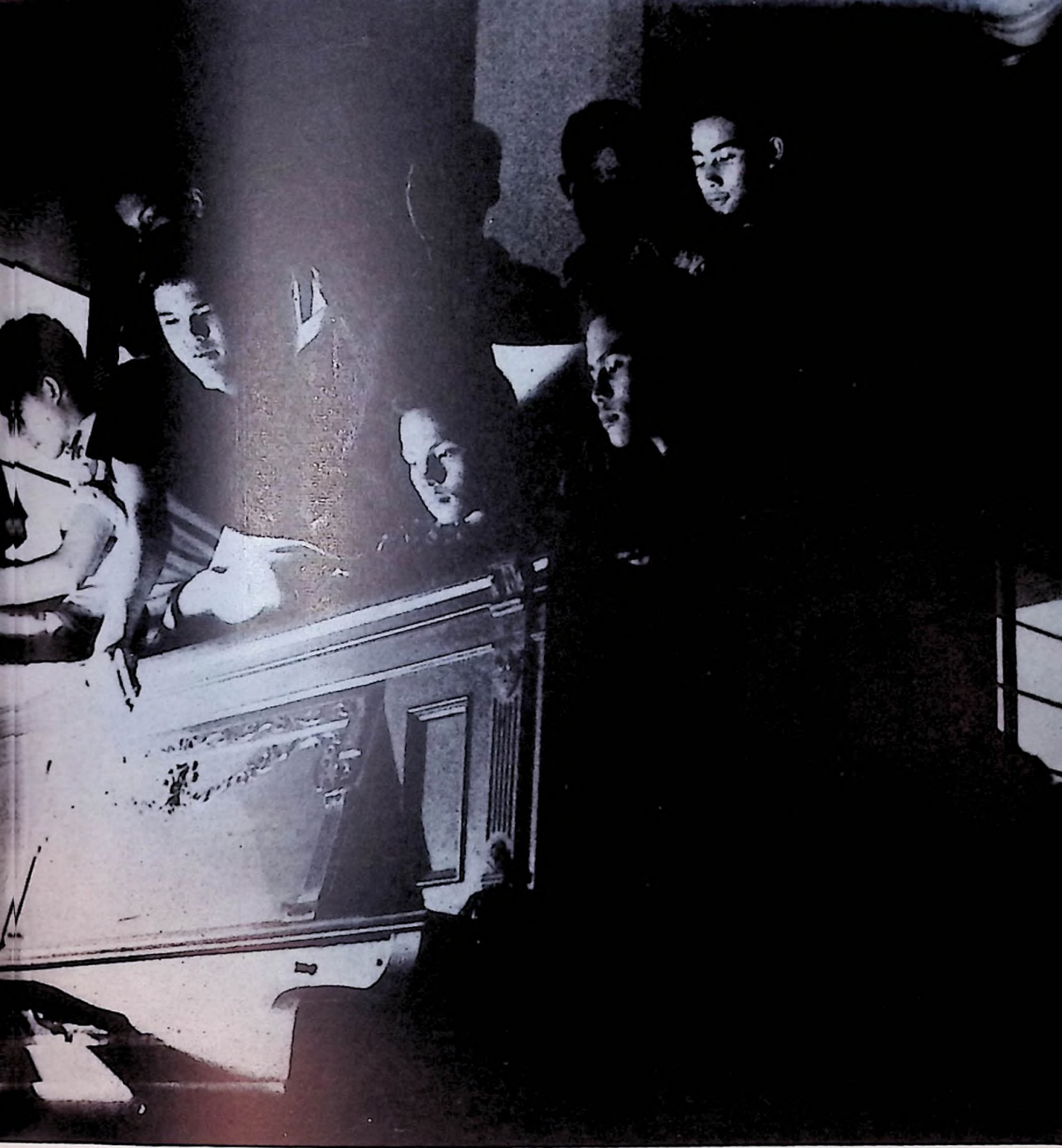
IN ONE OF HIS BOOKS G. K. Chesterton tells a story which was common in Dublin at the time of the last Eucharistic Congress there. Several people reported in the city that they had met a most beautiful colleen on the country roads. The girl was carrying a child of striking beauty in her arms. The passers-by, impressed by the appearance of the couple and realizing that they were strangers, asked the girl who she was. Each time she replied very simply, "I am the Mother of God, and this is Himself, and He is the One you will all be wanting at the end."

It is true that we want to have Christ at the end of our lives, but we also want to have Him every day of our lives, and in this respect the Dublin story is not complete. But the story is very good for bringing out the truth that we cannot find Christ, neither during our lives nor at the end, except in the arms of Mary. "The Child," wrote St. Pius X, "is not found except in the company of Mary, His Mother."

Only through Mary, as the Sodality insists, do we find Christ. And the more we become like Mary, the more we become like Christ, for the children of Mary all look alike, they all resemble Christ.



The Sodality exists to form true companions, *sodales* of Mary, who by loving and following her most closely will become complete Christians, other Christs sanctifying their neighbors, radiating His Presence through their environment. As Christ was a leader, breaking the trail towards heaven, so the real sodalist is for those around him a leader breaking the trail towards Christ. The sodalist is a real leader in so far as he himself is



A group of Sodalists in the Philippine Islands gather to practise Christmas carols.

traveling the Catholic trail which leads through Mary to Christ.

On the missions it is clear that the Sodality is of great usefulness and importance. A missionary's influence and his attempt to form real Christians is implemented and extended when he has a vigorous group of sodalists. They, more easily and effectively than the missionary, can bring the example of Christ to their neighbors. They can, with their more in-

timiate knowledge of their environment and their fellow men, work more adroitly to lead their own citizens to Christ. A missionary can lead a vast number of people across the threshold into Christ's house. But only by forming some outstanding other Christs can he hope to start the crowd up the stairway of perfection.

Now the Sodality has proved itself an extraordinarily effective instrument. Pius XII has praised the Sodality for its ef-

To Jesus THROUGH MARY

fectiveness in leading its members, gently but surely, "to that perfection of spiritual life from which they can scale the heights of sanctity."

If we try to estimate the present-day effectiveness of the Sodality just on the missions conducted by American Jesuits, we encounter a difficulty. It is always difficult to document the effects of a movement which is primarily spiritual. Sanctity is not easily susceptible of being charted and graphed. In some places missionaries report that they have not been able so far to set up a sodality, since their primary concern is still to keep their people from wandering out the door of the Church. In many other places priests report that the Sodality in their estimation is achieving its purpose, but this is not something which can be illustrated truly by figures or anecdotes.

Some indication, however, of the role of the Sodality can be gained by a glance at some of the external works its members are performing in mission countries.

In Davao City in the Philippines sodalists spearhead a force of catechists who teach about a thousand boys and girls at the local non-Catholic high school the essentials of the Faith. From Manila Father James Culligan S.J. writes that the sodalists teach catechism in various public schools about Manila, work as "Big Brothers" at Manila's Boys Town, run reading rooms where students can find decent comic books, spiritual pamphlets, books, games and Catholic information, visit hospitals, the Leprosarium, sell the local Catholic newspaper, provide schools and parishes with Legion of Decency ratings for current movies, and try to bring a full Catholic influence to bear in whatever general organizations they join. In one parish, reports Father Culligan, a small group of parish sodalists in a short time prepared the way for the priest to rectify some fifty defective marriages.

At St. John's College in British Honduras the school sodalists each week visit the poor to cheer them up, instruct them, distribute holy pictures and medals. On Sundays the sodalists visit various bush villages to teach catechism to children and grown-ups. This Sodality also issues movie ratings.

The importance of even a small group of active sodalists is evident in the information supplied by Father Raymond Gough S.J. of Davao City in the Philippines. Six college sodalists starting three months ago in an indifferent village now have a regular attendance of one hundred at their five catechism sessions each month. Since Davao province has 272,300 Catholics but only 11 parish priests, even this little work of the sodalists is extremely important.

On Formosa Father Edward Murphy S.J. has a very apostolic group formed from recent converts among the students in the government university and teachers' college. For numbers the most impressive statistic comes from Father James Burke S.J. of San Pablo City, where 103 Filipino instructors, 96 of them sodalists, each week teach catechism to 4,412 boys and girls.

Father Eugene Power S.J. writes from Jamshedpur, India, of a striking example of charity done by the student sodalists. After the last devastating Ganges flood the students collected money, food and clothing to help at least some of the people in sixteen villages. Of the various Sodalities on the Patna mission, perhaps the most successful at Christianizing its environment is the nurses' at Nazareth Hospital. Their attempts to bring Christ into people's lives are manifold. Over in Baghdad a relatively small alumni Sodality is visibly impressing people in the city by its heroic Christian example.

Even such a tiny view of Sodality work shows its importance on the missions for leading men through Mary to Christ.



1 Photo courtesy of Margaret Bourke-White and LIFE

BEIRUT

Has a Boston Accent

THOMAS W. O'CONNOR S.J.

HE WAS A TOURIST from California who was spending a few days in Lebanon. I saw him speaking to a couple of students from my English class and as I approached the group he turned to me with a grin. "All I have to do is close my eyes and listen to these fellows. I could swear that I was standing in front of Fanueil Hall in Boston."

I don't know whether Californians have the same reputation as Texans for exaggeration, but I do know that there was some ground for his statement. Back in 1952 four of us, American Jesuits of the New England Province, arrived in Beirut to take over the English classes at St. Joseph's University and there is, oh, the slightest of possibilities that the accent of New England is echoed today in Beirut. But it was not always so.

The Middle East knows the Jesuit University of St. Joseph as the bright link in the chain of apostolic efforts the French Jesuits have encircled around Greece, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon and Egypt. Its importance and influence have grown with Jesuits who came to labor and die in the process of bringing Christ to the Eastern Catholic and Moslem world. Past sacrifices and prayers have their present memorial in the Jesuits of other rites—the Maronite, the Melchite, Syriac, and Coptic, who carry on today the work among the Catholics, Schismatics and Mohammedans. Over 200 years ago Jesuits first came with the Faith, the culture, and the traditions of France. Deeply did they sow, and they watered the seed with the blood of martyrs.

French became the second language of Lebanon, and French ideals and outlook

became not a grafted thing but an integral part of Lebanese life. Through the years the scholars and the scientists at St. Joseph's wrote for this part of the world in the idiom of Lyons and the language of the Koran. As St. Joseph's grew in number of students and diversity of works, it left a mark on every class of society. And whether in their beliefs they looked to Rome, Athens, or Mecca, whole generations came to the Jesuits for their education.

When Protestant missionaries began to proselytize and to compete with St. Joseph's, they emphasized their difference in a language other than the French and the Arabic of the Jesuits. They built their center as a typical American university on an American model campus, and two worlds and two faiths strove to win the minds and the ideals of the Lebanese and the youth of the Middle East.

French at St. Joseph's and English at the American University, so it remained for years. With the war, and the billeting of English, Australians, and Americans in the area, English assumed a new prominence and value. French culture and traditions did not disappear, nor did they lose ground, but the Twentieth Century efficiency and production of Boston and Baltimore, Detroit and Duluth was welcomed, admired, and sought. Where a study of English had been a cultural pursuit, it was now a necessity. Fully aware of the changing present, French superiors turned to their American brethren.

Each year since 1932 American Jesuits have arrived in Beirut, stopped for a

time at St. Joseph's, and then continued their journey across the desert to Baghdad. The first contingent of Americans in August of 1952 came to stay at St. Joseph's, and to become members of the large cosmopolitan community. The classes in English were to be the trust of American Jesuits. For the transplanted New Englanders there was no difficulty involved in taking their places in the common Jesuit order and routine; the accidental differences, proper to France and the Middle East, soon became a part of one's self in the day-to-day living and teaching. A mastery of the language of the community, whether one was from Lyons, Beirut, or Boston, was both goal and ambition.

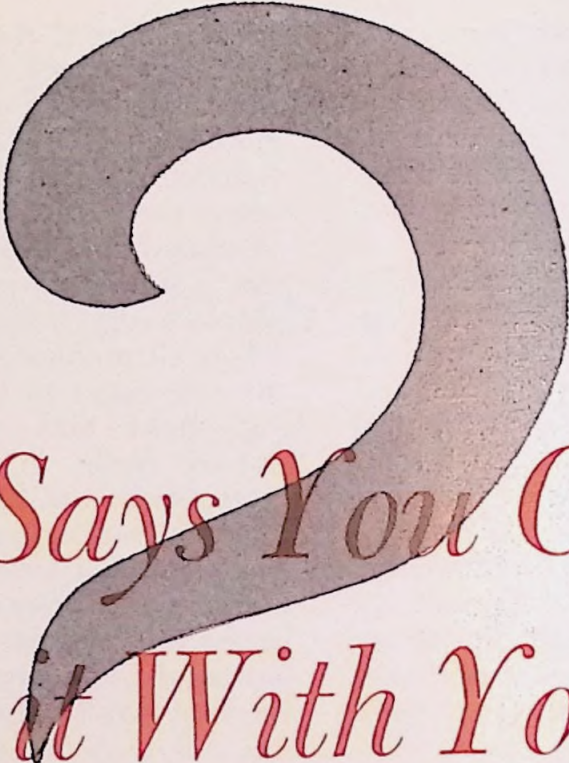
With the opening of classes, the students quickly noted differences, not only

in the style of the American version of a Jesuit's cassock, but in the fluency and the demands of masters teaching their mother tongue. Among many young Lebanese there was some wonderment when they discovered that the "argot" of second- and third-class American films was a form of expression neither employed nor tolerated. But time resolves all problems and Lebanese minds that are eager to learn (and now growing more and more world-minded) proved facile in imitation. Now the preparation for the intensive French Baccalaureate examination in English has taken on a serious effort. With God's blessing, the years should not be many before the graduates of St. Joseph's will possess the ease and fluency of any New England Jesuit college student.

The national symbol of Lebanon, the cedar tree, ornaments sentry box.

Three Lions Photo





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Take it With You?*

● Sure you can.

Not money—what can you buy in heaven?—but the satisfaction of knowing you've done a good thing—you certainly can take THAT with you.

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45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

Afield

with American Jesuits

If you've been curious about some more profitable way to use the envelopes which your pastor hands out to you, you'll be interested in the experiences of Father Charles J. Eberle S.J. of Jamaica in the British West Indies. From St.

Anne's Rectory, which stands ready to receive all callers at 5¼ Percy Street in Kingston, the capital city, Father Eberle writes of just two of the off-beat uses for collection envelopes.

One night he was sitting in the rec-

SPOTLIGHT



When Father Charles Mahan of the Baghdad Mission was returning from the Philippines in 1928 his ship lost its propeller

in the Red Sea. It was midsummer and the heat was intense. As the ship idled there for days, Father Mahan undoubtedly formed a few decided opinions on that part of the world. Little did he know that by 1955 he would have spent over twenty years in Baghdad.

But before he started his Middle East sojourn he also served on the Jamaica Mission. So he has had the unusual experience of working three different mission fields.

In his quiet, efficient way he has administered the Boarders' section of Baghdad College for the last fifteen years. That job in itself demands a patience above and beyond the call of duty and deserves an award far higher than this passing Spotlight. So say a prayer for him—and for his boys.

Afield with American Jesuits

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS

tory, hoping that it would be a quiet night since he was alone except for a severe headache which he was finding more than enough company for the night. As one might expect, there came a gentle ring at the door. Father Eberle told the man who stood there that it would be better if he could come back later unless it was really important. To the man's hurried mumble, Father Eberle asked fairly patiently, "What do you want?"

The answer is one calculated to get attention at most rectories: "A pack of collection envelopes," answered the man. Naturally he was invited in, asked to sit down while the envelopes were secured, and his name written in the proper book. After very politely taking the envelopes, the man then requested some money to get a tin of milk. With his headache forgotten, Fr. Eberle asked for the envelopes back and ended the visit as quickly as possible.

Fr. Eberle's other story concerns the lady of his parish who used one of the envelopes instead of the proper card from the St. Vincent de Paul Society in an attempt to get some free groceries.

But we think we will skip this story to report some of the strange place names which Father Eberle has rounded up in Jamaica. We know of Dog-tail Corners up in New York State and Poverty Hollow in Connecticut, but Father Eberle's have a little more humor to them.

His quest started innocently enough one day when a deliveryman brought some chairs made in Buck-Up. Undoubtedly it would be difficult to be morose when you come from Buck-Up. What the effect on one would be if he lived in Jackass Alley we dare not surmise. Wait-A-Bit or Gimme-A-Bit are more understandable. "I am the priest from Gimme-A-Bit," would make such an easy

opening for a visiting missionary in the States trying to collect money.

Wait-A-Bit got its name, writes Father Eberle, because in the old days people used to stop there when making the long walk to church to change from their old to their Sunday shoes. How Come-See, Ackee-Walk, Rat-Bat Hole, Devil Nose Hole or Rat-Trap got their names we do not know. We'll have to wait for further exploration on Father Eberle's part.

CHECK THE WATER AND THANKS FOR THE TEA



Rangy John F. Guidera S.J., 6 ft. 3 in. Baltimore boy, one of nine children who follows in the footsteps of his two missionary uncles, writes from De-Nobili College, India:

"In the books about India the authors complain about the crowded conditions of travel but they seldom mention the pleasant companions with whom we travel. I have seldom traveled on a train for more than a mile without having someone in the car start a conversation with me. And if one in the car orders a cup of tea, it is impolite for him not to offer his companion a cup, and just as impolite for the companion to refuse.

"A striking example of the Indian hospitality is the treatment at garages. Some of us went to a garage to have our Land Rover fixed. The proprietor rushed out with a chair and cup of tea for each of us to enjoy while he fixed the car. A few days later we walked into the equivalent of an American grocery store and were immediately given a chair and a cool drink, not because we looked weak but this is the Indian way of doing things.

"On a trip to the parish at Chaibasa

some of the children returning with groceries on their heads saw me arrive. My refusals were all in vain: the girl with a free head carried my luggage. This is typical of the hospitality and politeness I have found during my four years in India."

BUS TRAVEL IN THE PHILIPPINES

Father James Koller S.J., Superior of St. Augustine's Cathedral at Cagayan De Oro City in the Philippines, travels quite a bit to visit 20 parishes. He finds buses very useful for keeping in contact with the people, even though they lack something of our scenic-cruisers or overworked city buses.



The surest way to get a seat on a bus in Cagayan De Oro City, advises Father Koller, is simply to go to the corner in the city where the buses start and climb aboard. This method is advisable when it is raining. If it sounds rather simple and ordinary, you have to realize that after you climb aboard you may wait another hour, and then spend a further hour or two circling through the city while the driver tries to find as many passengers as he can. To wait for the bus where one lives leads to a certain amount of uncertainty. One is never sure whether the bus scheduled for four o'clock has already left, having found a group of eager passengers; or whether now at five o'clock it is still circling through the city trying to find people and will show up at any minute.

The bus itself has a locally made wooden body with benches running side-wise. One side of the bus is simply open, so that there is no need for doors. This exposed side adds to one's pleasure, especially during the dry season, as you

roll merrily along the predominantly dirt and gravel roads.

Every time the bus stops (which it does quite often for passengers who load on chickens or pigs or wood beneath the body of the bus) the dust comes swooping up from the rear and settles on one's hair and clothes. "Every time a vehicle passes from the other direction," writes Father Koller, "a cloud of dust sweeps through the bus if the wind is not blowing strongly in the opposite direction; and may the angels and saints give you patience if your driver races after a bus ahead. Then you just race through a continuous cloud of dust until your head is sandy and your white clothes look like khaki."

The scenery can distract one from the dust, at least for a time. The country roads are lined with tall majestic cocoanut trees, the shore roads give you a magnificent view of the ocean, and the mountain roads wind up and down some of the most beautiful canyons in the world.

If the scenery is not enough, there are always the very friendly people ready to carry on a conversation, either with you or about you. Father Koller recalls with laughter the young couple with their very young child who were sitting on the same bench with him one day. When the baby kept crying, the mother—speaking in dialect—told him to stop crying and look at the priest with the very long nose. The sight stopped the baby's crying, whether from fright or a sense of humor Father Koller does not know. He does know that the couple were somewhat embarrassed to discover that he knew the dialect they were speaking. And so they all laughed together as the wooden bus went merrily through the dust carrying Christ in the person of His priest to see Christ's people.



FERVENT DEVOTION to Our Lady has always been one of the outstanding characteristics of the Filipino people.

In this century which marks the commencement of Filipino independence, the people of this country have proven that Mary still holds a place of honor in their hearts. That could be readily observed at the recent celebration in honor of *Nuestra Señora de Regla* (Our Lady of Rule).

For four days, in the Archdiocese of Cebu, 500 miles south of Manila, huge crowds came daily to express their love

and reverence for our Blessed Mother. On one day alone, 22,000 students, boys and girls, heard Mass kneeling on the hard surface of the street while some fifty priests went among them to distribute Holy Communion. On another day 30,000 men from all walks of life attended a Solemn Pontifical Mass at which they once again renewed their baptismal vows. On another occasion some 2,000 couples, many of whom had been living together, received the sacrament of Matrimony in a mass ceremony.

The culmination of the four-day cele-

OUR LADY of Opon

bration took place on Saturday when the statue of *Nuestra Señora de Regla*, which has been venerated in this area for the past two hundred years, was canonically crowned in a solemn ceremony by the Most Rev. Julio Rosales, Archbishop of Cebu. Over 300,000 people, coming from all parts of the island and from neighboring ones, took part in the Coronation.

The history of the devotion to *Nuestra Señora de Regla* is a long and interesting one. It is said that St. Augustine, the well-known Bishop of Hippo, carved the first image at the express command of Our Lady. Surviving the stage of the Goths and Vandals, it was brought from Africa to Spain thirteen years after the Saint's death by the deacon Cyprian.

The devotion to *Nuestra Señora de Regla* was first propagated in the Philippines by Father Francisco Aballe, an Augustinian and the first priest of Opon. He arrived here in the year 1735, bringing with him a lovely painting of *Nuestra Señora de Regla*. The devotion grew rapidly and within a short time *Nuestra Señora de Regla* held a place of honor in the hearts of the people of Opon.

The day scheduled for the Coronation dawned bright and sunny. In the early afternoon the venerated image was carried in a fluvial parade across the water from Opon on the island of Mactan to Cebu. Mactan is the place where Magellan met his death in 1521 while attempting to circumnavigate the world.

Thousands of the faithful turned out to greet *Neustra Señora de Regla* upon her arrival in Cebu. In their eagerness to see the venerated image, the crowds overflowed into the streets and made any sort of progress virtually impossible.

Almost two hours were spent in traveling the four miles from the water to the site of the Coronation. During this time planes flew overhead, dropping showers of gaily colored flowers upon the float carrying the statue and upon the people lining the route.

When the float made its first appearance at the site, the Archbishop of Cebu and six other bishops with miters and croziers were there to welcome Our Lady. The Archbishop himself, amid a shower of flowers and the playing of a brass band, came down from the altar to meet *Neustra Señora de Regla* as she drew near.

The statue was placed upon an altar specially built for the occasion. Then all the thousands who were present there joined in the recitation of the Litany of Our Lady.

Surrounded by six bishops and a host of the clergy, the Archbishop then called the sponsors of the Coronation to his side, among whom was Carlos Garcia, the Vice-president of the Philippines. The Archbishop took the smaller of the two crowns from a velvet box and, amid a burst of applause from the people, placed it on the head of the Child in Mary's arms. After a few moments, he lifted up the second crown and approached the venerated image of Our Lady. As the Archbishop placed it on the head of *Nuestra Señora de Regla*, a brass band broke forth in joyful strains and the people applauded to express their happiness at the honor paid to the Mother of God. It was a scene that everyone who was fortunate enough to be present will remember for the rest of his life. May Our Lady of Opon protect us!

The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

You would need the patient presence of a Guardian Angel to record exactly the number of steps taken by a missionary in one day. His first steps are towards the altar of God. You would lose count as you observe him with hasty strides on a sick-call. There are hours of walking to catechetical centers and back to his church for confessions and benediction. Each step of the missionary is taken in the name of the Lord.

As a subscriber to JESUIT MISSIONS you share in the Masses, the prayers and these zealous activities of our missionaries. It remains, however, that you can share in varying degrees. Some of you might be willing to participate more intimately by praying once a day or once a week for a particular missionary. I will gladly send you a card bearing the name of your "Partner in Prayer." The frequency of your prayers is entirely a personal matter and the acceptance of the card would by no means imply an obligation.

For the salvation and strengthening of souls by the missionaries, no gift is as valuable as prayer. The Angels of God will record your prayers and will carry God's reward to you.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

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

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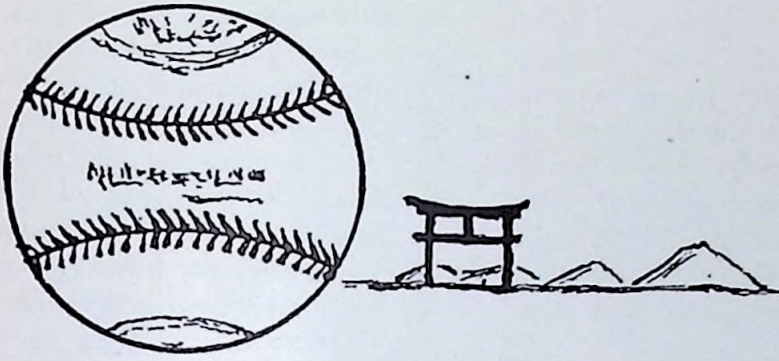
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Honorable Steal

JOHN J. McKECHNEY S.J.

YAMAZOE SAN, the star pitcher of the Sophia University baseball team, stood outside the dormitory viciously swinging a heavy bat. Swish! and you could see an imaginary pellet streaking off 400 feet to bury itself deep in the center-field bleachers. While there is nothing unusual about a boy swinging a bat in this baseball-mad country, the time Yamazoe San selected for his exercise was definitely out of the ordinary. It was ten o'clock at night.

"I want to hit home-runs," he explained in a matter of fact voice.

"Well, you'll never do it that way." So I proceeded to point out a few obvious defects in his form, and he and I settled down to half-an-hour of concentrated swinging. The next day, Yamazoe actually hit a home-run. It was the last one he ever hit, but my reputation was made.

Shortly afterwards a delegation from the baseball team appeared at my room asking me to be their coach. At the time Sophia's baseball fortunes were at an all-time low. Not only was the team without a coach, but only the oldest members of the faculty could remember when they had last won a game. There were no more than twelve or thirteen boys on the squad and it was a rare day that as many as five showed up for practice.

My first problem obviously was to get players. After spending the remainder of the season vainly cajoling every likely looking prospect in the school to come out for the team, I finally decided to work on good old human nature. The greater part of next year's budget went into uniforms—the flashiest I could find in Tokyo. Then I secured enough money to buy jumpers with a big white "S" over the left pocket. The squad was instructed to wear these jumpers at all times, day and night, under penalty of being cut from the team. Soon applications for try-outs began to come in. Our squad was growing to 18, 20, and finally 25 players.

A foreigner watching a Japanese baseball game for the first time can easily be deceived. He notices the two opposing teams lining up with the umpires at home plate before and after each game, taking off their caps, bowing, and wishing each other luck, and is apt

to admire their sportsmanship. He fails to hear the infield "talking it up" during the game and concludes he is watching a soiree of stoics. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Our second baseman is on the sidelines right now nursing a spike wound presented him by a runner who was already hopelessly out and whose team was some ten runs behind in the ball game.

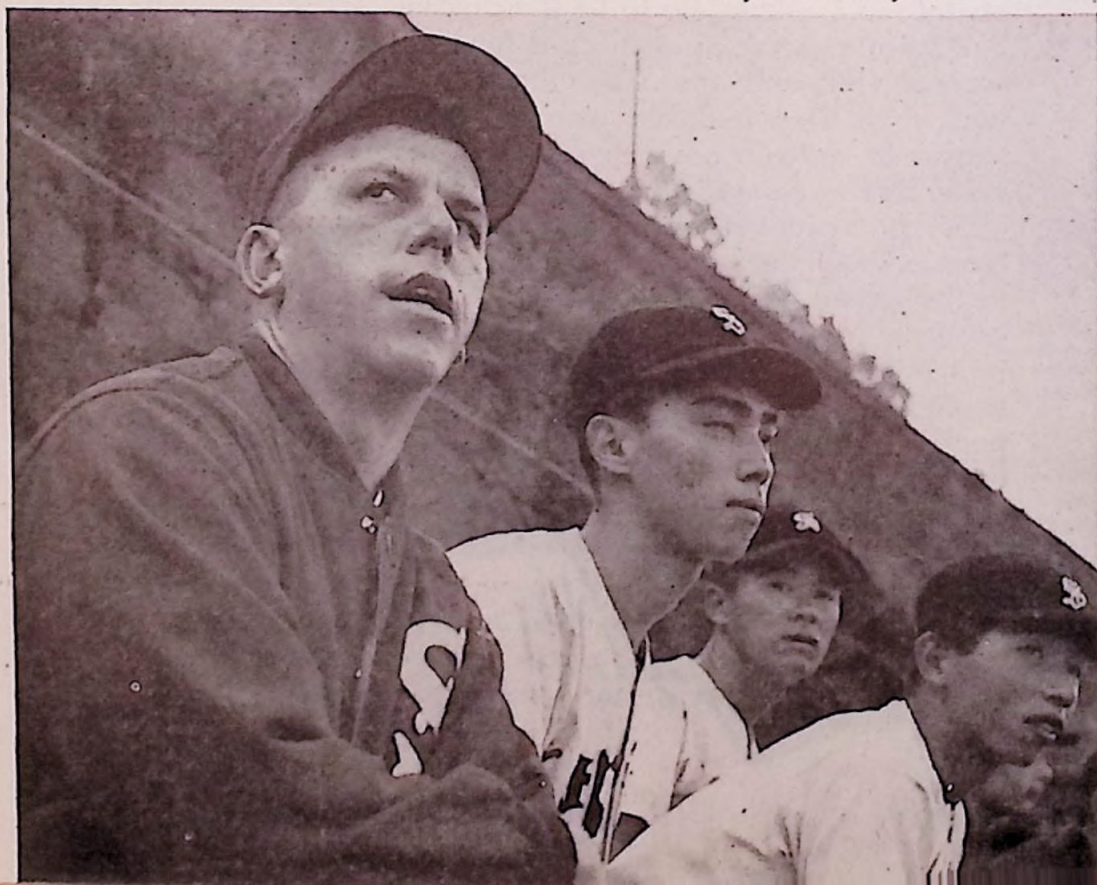
Possibly because of the American influence, we have the best bench jockeys in the league. The 720th MPs (an American GI team) will bear me out on this. In their game with us their infield began the traditional incessant chatter: "Come on, baby," "Come on, George," etc. That went on for about one inning. Then they began to hear "Come on, baby," "Come on, George," echoed with a grating Japanese accent from our bench. By the third inning, not a word could be heard from the American side of the field.

Leo Durocher would gasp at our signal system. Our two Akita pups are at my feet throughout our games. Talking to one or petting one may mean a squeeze play or a bunt. While doing the same to the other may be a hit-and-run play or a steal. After a few innings we go into a huddle and change signals. Then the

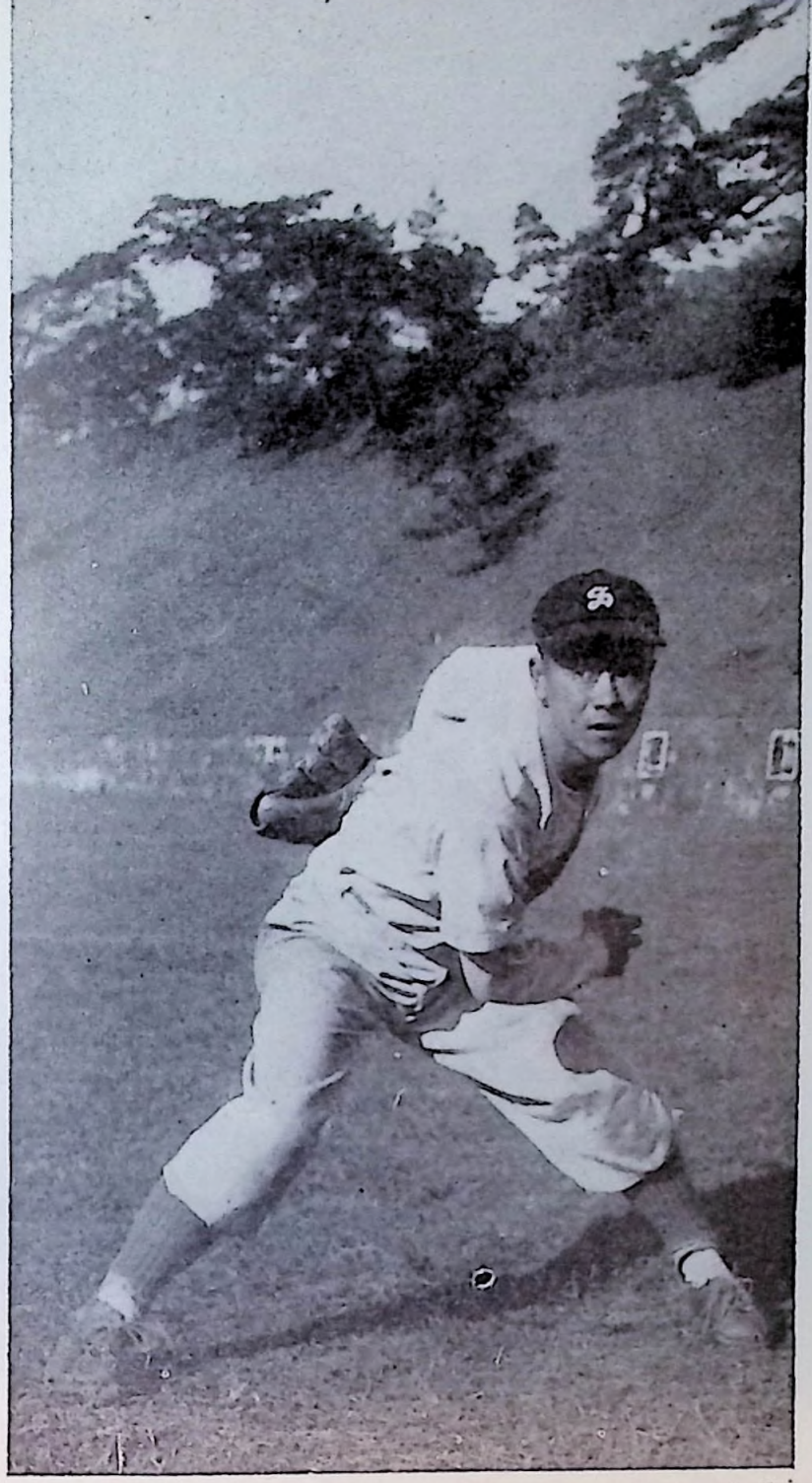
team is instructed to watch the way I hold the cigarette I have in my hand. If I could blow smoke rings we would have still another signal. Actually the signals succeed in bringing off the desired play less than 50 per cent of the time, but we would not think of giving them up. The mere fact we have signals convinces our boys they are practically professionals. Then, too, our signs serve the additional purpose of taking the minds of the opposition off the game. They concentrate so heavily on trying to "steal" our signs that getting our batters out seems to be secondary. We have actually won games when balls were thrown to infielders who were looking at me instead of the playing field.

Much of the American terminology has been retained in Japanese baseball. The ordinary Japanese jargon can be obtained merely by mispronouncing American words: "Striku," "Barru," "Firsto," "Pitcha," "Catcha," etc. As our own boys pride themselves on their knowledge of English however, we speak a language that cannot be recognized anywhere in America nor in Japan. "Make chance" means "start a rally." "Nokay" is "O.K." "No mind" is always repeated after we make an error or strike out.

Who is stealing whose signals now? Father McKechney has his eye on something.



Kanji Fujiyama, Sophia University sophomore, has already nine victories to his credit for the season. Big league scouts take notice.



How does Japanese baseball measure up to American? The lop-sided victories gained by the various visiting American all-star teams over the best of the Japanese professionals indicate the Japanese still have a lot to learn. Our own collegiate league plays the type of baseball of good American high school teams. Nevertheless, there will come a time when America will have to look to its baseball laurels. Nowhere in America is there such an interest in the sport. A Japanese boy is no sooner out of the diaper stage than he is playing ball.

The baseball fields in Tokyo are in constant use, literally from sunrise to sunset. I have seen fully uniformed teams getting ready to play as early as 5:30 in the morning. The bigger universities always draw between 60,000 to 70,000 fans to their games. The same holds for the annual high school tourney, where the games are broadcast over a nation-wide hook-up. All they lack so far is the American "know how." If they ever get that, a future World Series will certainly be played between the Yankees and the Tokyo Giants.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Teachers as Mountain Climbers are needed at the new Jesuit school, 8 miles from Kathmandu in Nepal.

Kathmandu is on the roof of the world and the new school could be described as being on one of its gables. The terrain between it and Kathmandu is so rough that only a jeep will make it.

Contributions for putting a jeep on the highest point of the world—and getting Jesuits to school on time—are requested. Would you have one dollar to send to the Mountain Climbers?

Concentration may be the right answer to the old problem of choosing the correct missionary approach. So, in the Piru District of the Patna Mission, Father Joseph Mann is inaugurating a plan to blanket the entire 80 by 40 mile area with catechetical instructions and retreats for Catholics.

He is employing a large number of traveling lay teachers who will instruct the people in the villages and send them to the headquarters at Piru once a year for retreat.

The plan is an elaborate one and will cost him about \$20.00 a day. He thinks, however, that it will be productive of a great increase in Catholics and a great strengthening of faith.

Could you help with this plan by paying for a half or a quarter of a day with a gift of \$5.00 or \$10.00?

If a Camera is a Hobby with you, you might be interested in a request from Father Frank Osborne of St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica. Father Osborne is asking for help to buy a photographic enlarger and developing

tanks to equip his dark-room at the college.

A Home for the Blessed Sacrament is requested by Father Norman Donohue, Superior of the Jesuits in Alaska. He would like to install a bronze tabernacle in his church at Bethel and is looking to you for help.

The cost, including freight, will be \$400.00. Please help, if you are able, with a gift of \$1.00, \$5.00 or \$10.00.

The Two Priests who visit the lepers at Palawan, Philippines, still need a boat and outboard motor. Father Dimaano and Father Gampp would use the boat to make at least a monthly visit with the "negative" lepers who now have frequent visits from non-Catholic missionaries, well-equipped with two launches.

There was a generous response from our readers at Christmas time when we made our first request for the boat. However, there is a sizable balance still to be raised to meet the \$700.00 bill for furnishing transportation of the missionaries to the lepers. Again, have you \$1.00 to spare?

June is Ordination Month in most of our Jesuit seminaries. It may be that you do not know any seminarian personally but you would still like to help someone along the road to the priesthood. Our new Jesuit theologate in Tokyo, Japan, needs three altar missals and one of the seminarians who is looking forward to his day of ordination has asked us to help fulfill this request. We would be glad to forward any contribution.

The Darkness of Ignorance

is dispelled by the
light of

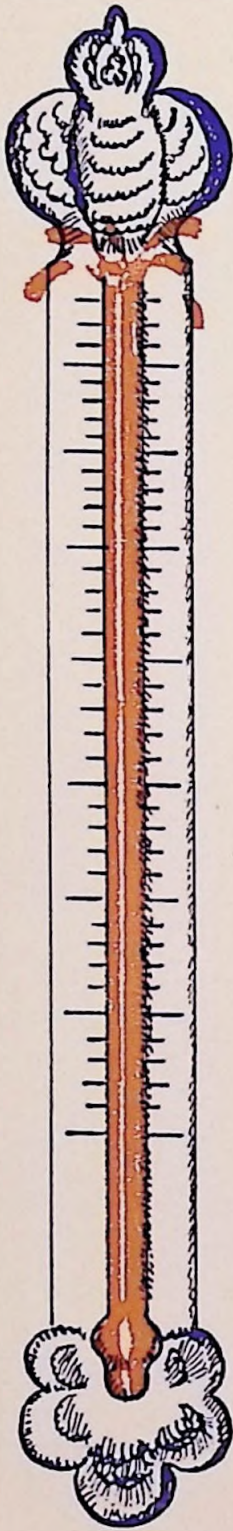


INFORMATION

The Communists in India have been spreading false and vicious propoganda against America and against the Church. Father Robert Wilkinson of the Patna mission wants to counteract both. He has 16 m.m. and 8 m.m. movie projectors but no film.

Won't you help him dispel the ignorance about your country and your Church? Send 50 cents—\$1.00—\$5.00—
God will reward you.
The address is

JESUIT MISSIONS
45 East 78 Street, New York 21, N.Y.



112°

IN THE SHADE

and No Shade!

The summer heat in Baghdad is a fierce and heavy thing. Even a healthy person finds it hard.

But a sick person . . . well, it's intolerable to the sick.

And hard-working missionaries do get sick.

Baghdad College has an infirmary, so that those who are ill can receive the best care possible. But the infirmary gets hot, too, as the thermometer begins boiling. So fans are needed: big, cooling fans. Which cost money.

Won't you, in your charity, help ease the lot of the sick missionaries in Baghdad? Send fifty cents, a dollar, five dollars—fifty, if you like, to

Jesuit Missions 45 East 78 Street, New York 21, N.Y.

FOR FANS FOR BAGHDAD.