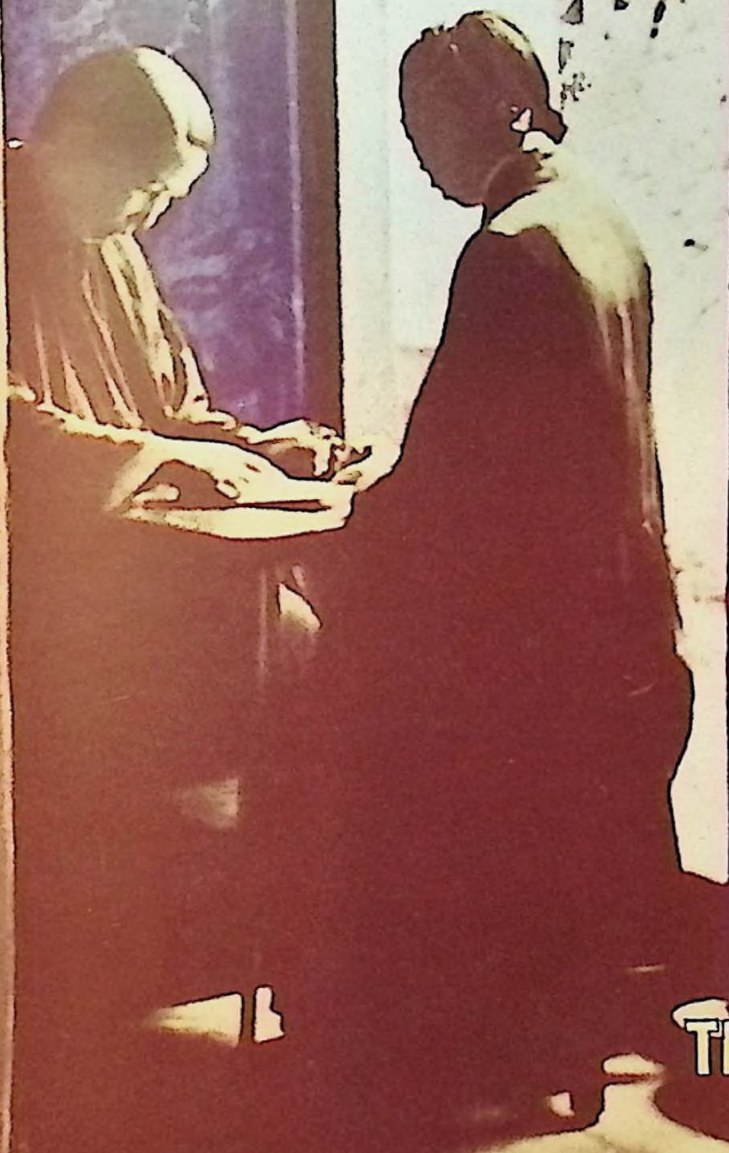


Jesuit Missions



Thornton's Alley

SEPTEMBER, 1955

Leopard



ON THE LOOSE

THE MONSOONS had not yet struck India and the country was dry and hot. Two of our wells at Anandpur had already gone dry and animals were ranging far and wide for water. Father Bernard O'Leary and I had just finished breakfast and were waiting for the pastor, Father Julius Kujur, to return from a tour of the villages when a man rushed up to the house.

His son had been gathering marwa blossoms at nearby Charbundia when a full-grown leopard had attacked and mauled him. Now the leopard was on the loose, had tasted blood and was dangerous. The people would live in a state of terror until it was killed or driven off. Would Father Julius come with his shotgun?

During the next hour before Father Julius returned, the villagers were out in force. Armed with bows and arrows,

axes and *lathis*, they stretched out in a long line to beat the bush and drive the leopard toward a man from Anandpur who was armed with a gun. When the animal was close, the man fired two shots. Both evidently missed and the enraged leopard turned on the line of beaters, mauled two of them, and broke through. One man placed an arrow in the animal's side, and it was possible that he had been wounded on the foot by the gunshot.

Father Julius was dead tired when he returned but he realized the danger of the situation. He loaded his shotgun and set out. Father O'Leary and I went along, he with a .22 rifle and I with a hand-axe. We might as well have brought a pea-shooter and a table knife.

The leopard had left Charbundia, crossed through the woods to the west and passed the village of Marang. He



COVER. Buddhist nuns in the doorway of a temple in Taipei, Formosa. The people of Taiwan (the Chinese name for the island which the Portuguese called Formosa) are Chinese whose ancestors migrated from southeast China a dozen centuries ago. Today they number about seven million. There is another group of Chinese, called the Mainlanders, who number about two million. The latter are the exiles who fled from all parts of China to escape the Communists. There is a third group, the aborigines of the mountains, who number about 140,000. The California Province Jesuits who now man this mission foresee a rich harvest in souls.

JM

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was hiding in a sparsely wooded, crescent-shaped ravine. He was wounded and dangerous. The villagers had already seen him charge in their direction, and were unwilling to beat again. So Father Julius decided to risk an attack alone.

Most of the villagers were gathered near the eastern tip of the crescent, and Father O'Leary and I climbed a tree there to watch the attack. Two men were perched high in a tree near the center of the crescent, keeping track of the leopard's movements. No one dared approach that tree, for the leopard had last been seen a little west of center. The man from Anandpur, with fresh ammunition, climbed a tree near the western tip of the crescent.

With two men, Father took up his position behind a small tree on the western edge of the ravine. He rightly calculated that the leopard, if disturbed, would continue to move west up the ravine; but he thought that the sides of the ravine were high enough to make his position safer than it actually was. He had his gun leveled through the brush, when the leopard began to move. It was coming right within his line of fire, when a villager from afar got excited and shouted, "Shoot him, Father, shoot him!" That did it.

The leopard turned, saw his attackers. With one bound he topped the ravine, charged Father, knocked him down. The shotgun, jammed in the bushes, went off aimlessly. Seeing Father go down, a young man named Augustine charged in with nothing more than an axe, and smashed the leopard on the head, but the tangled brush broke the force of the blow. The leopard sprang at his throat, bit deeply into the left arm that was instinctively raised in defense. Then, turning, it slashed another villager, and disappeared again into the brush. Casualties for the morning: six.

Father was not very badly scratched. We had to cut his hair back a bit, but the scratches on the temple were not deep. His coat had protected his upper arm, and there were a few wounds on the right wrist. Augustine was the

most seriously hurt. One claw had torn a deep gash where the left arm meets the shoulder, and the left forearm was bitten to the bone, three or four deep holes from the fangs above and below, but the flesh was not torn. His leg was also wounded in places. We washed out all the wounds with permanganate, bound them with sulfanalimide ointment, using strips from an old cassock. We were worried about Augustine, for the leopard is a foul-mouthed creature, and his bite is highly septic. We sent for six men and a stretcher to carry him the nine miles to the hospital.

But the hunt was not over. Around 1:30 we heard three shots, and an hour later, one more. At four o'clock, another casualty came in—one of our schoolboys who had skipped school to watch the hunt. In the third attack, the man from Anandpur, from his position in a tree, had seen the leopard from a distance, and fired several wild shots. The leopard stalked him for an hour, then broke out into the open and charged the tree. The hunter fired too soon and missed. The leopard, being unable to reach him, charged the crowd, overtaking our schoolboy and an old man, who could not escape fast. Casualties: eight.

Father Julius listened quietly, then before we knew it, he had taken his gun and was off again. This time he took a safer position in a nearby tree, but did not get a shot. At sundown the leopard came out again, the other hunter fired and missed. The leopard swiped at the nearest man, tore open one thigh, and disappeared. Casualties: nine.

All through the night the villagers of Marang heard the leopard growling and groaning. He now had at least three arrows in him, a cut on the head from Augustine, possible minor gunshot wounds. In the morning they found a trail of blood, but the leopard had escaped to the main jungle, where pursuit was impractical.

But—a leopard is loose in Charbundial! He will attack any man on sight. He is wounded and dangerous. He will die, maybe in a few days, maybe in a week. But in the meantime, beware!



REPORT FROM

Korea

Report from Korea

ROBERT J. FLAHAVEN S.J.



ON MARCH 25TH a new mission was born in the diocese of Seoul, Korea, and given to its mother, the Wisconsin Province of the Society of Jesus.

The purpose of this young mission is unique for it is primarily and chiefly to be an educational mission. Its goal is to build, staff, and operate the first Catholic University of Korea.

Days after the mission was created, Father Leo J. Burns S.J., Provincial of the Wisconsin Province, arrived in Seoul to take charge. As might be expected in beginning a university on foreign soil, much of Father Burns' time in Korea, a month in all, was devoted to meeting and conferring with Church and Government officials. On the day of his arrival in Seoul, Father met and was cordially welcomed by His Excellency, Bishop Paul Rho of Seoul, who some time ago had requested the General of the Jesuits to found a university in his cathedral city.

Through the Bishop, appointments were arranged with the various officials of the country, the heads of Education and with President Syngman Rhee. All were most cooperative, especially the President. In a forty-minute conference with President Syngman Rhee at his office, Father found him to be a charming host. Although 80 years of age and with snow-white hair, the President's carriage and gestures, fitting his dynamic personality, are youthfully energetic. Speaking fluent English, Mr. Rhee expressed in glowing terms his gratitude to Cardinal Spellman for his yearly visits at Christmas with the G.I.'s in Korea.

The Korean President speaks force-

fully and has no misgivings about his Red neighbors above the 38th parallel, a mere forty miles north. He realizes, as perhaps few individuals do, the inherent impossibility of the phrase, "co-existence with the Communists." To him and to his nation there can be no co-existence. His lifelong conviction on this point has been embedded into his very being by the scars of the recent war. On this issue it is indeed reassuring and encouraging to know that President Rhee is adamant.

On the subject of the university, he was whole-heartedly interested and listened intently as Father presented the plans. He was visibly pleased to learn the proposed institution will be within the confines of Seoul itself and at the conclusion of the conference, the President assured Father Burns of his cooperation and assistance in helping the university begin as soon as possible.

The first property of the mission was purchased by Father Burns in April. It is a house near the South Gate of Seoul. At present it is serving as a school, a residence, and the mission headquarters. Since mid-May Father Theodore Geppert S.J., who came from Tokyo, has made this his home and has been devoting himself to adult education. He is also organizing Catholic groups of young people and making contacts with public officials.

Before returning to the States, Father Burns and Father Geppert spent several days looking for a suitable site for the university. The blue-prints are now ready and construction will start as soon as land is purchased. In the meantime there are many details to be considered, long-

range planning to be worked out, the various branches of the university to be carefully planned and last, but not least, the Faculty to be chosen and prepared.

Since its birth six months ago, the mission is already demanding more and more attention. This summer two priests and one Brother joined Father Geppert at the residence in Seoul. They are busy learning the rudiments of their adopted tongue, Korean, and this task will be their chief work for some time to come. It is a tight time-schedule they are on for, to gain the proficiency in speaking Korean required for classroom work, two years of study are necessary. By the time they have a good grasp of the language the doors of the university will swing open and with God's help the institution will formally begin. This will be in April of 1957.

Here at home two scholastics, Thomas Power S.J. and Gerald Weiss S.J., are now learning the language at Georgetown, and each year two more scholastics and one priest will be assigned to studying Korean. Thus the future members of the faculty, both here and in Korea, are equipping themselves to handle the language of their classroom subjects.

The beginnings are necessarily humble and slow but by April of '57 the Arts School of the university will begin and as more men are available, trained, and prepared, the Sciences, then Business Administration, followed by Pre-Law, Pre-Med, Pre-Engineering will be added. And last of all, in the distant future, the Law School will complete the courses offered by the university.

Although Korea has fourteen universities, the number is sadly inadequate for a nation of 20 million and for the hundreds of thousands who desire higher education. The largest school is the National University at Seoul with an enrollment of 11,000.

Our university is designedly placed at Seoul, a city of 800,000, so it may serve all classes of society; even the poorer who cannot afford the transportation fare required to reach many of the existing universities which are outside of Seoul.

Although terrific sacrifices lie ahead for this struggling new-born mission, the school will be sanctified by the sweat and prayers of the men assigned to it. It is God's work and with His blessing it will succeed.

Invaluable help will come from four Korean Jesuits who were recently ordained and are now finishing their course of studies. They became members of the Wisconsin Province when the mission was created. Father Peter Chin joined Father Geppert at the residence in Seoul last June and is assisting him there. Another, Father Tobias Kim, will soon be ready to join the growing faculty at Seoul; he is presently studying in Tokyo for a degree. The third, Father Thomas Pak, is finishing his studies this summer in Germany and the fourth, Father Simon Youn, is starting his last year of study this summer in Canada.

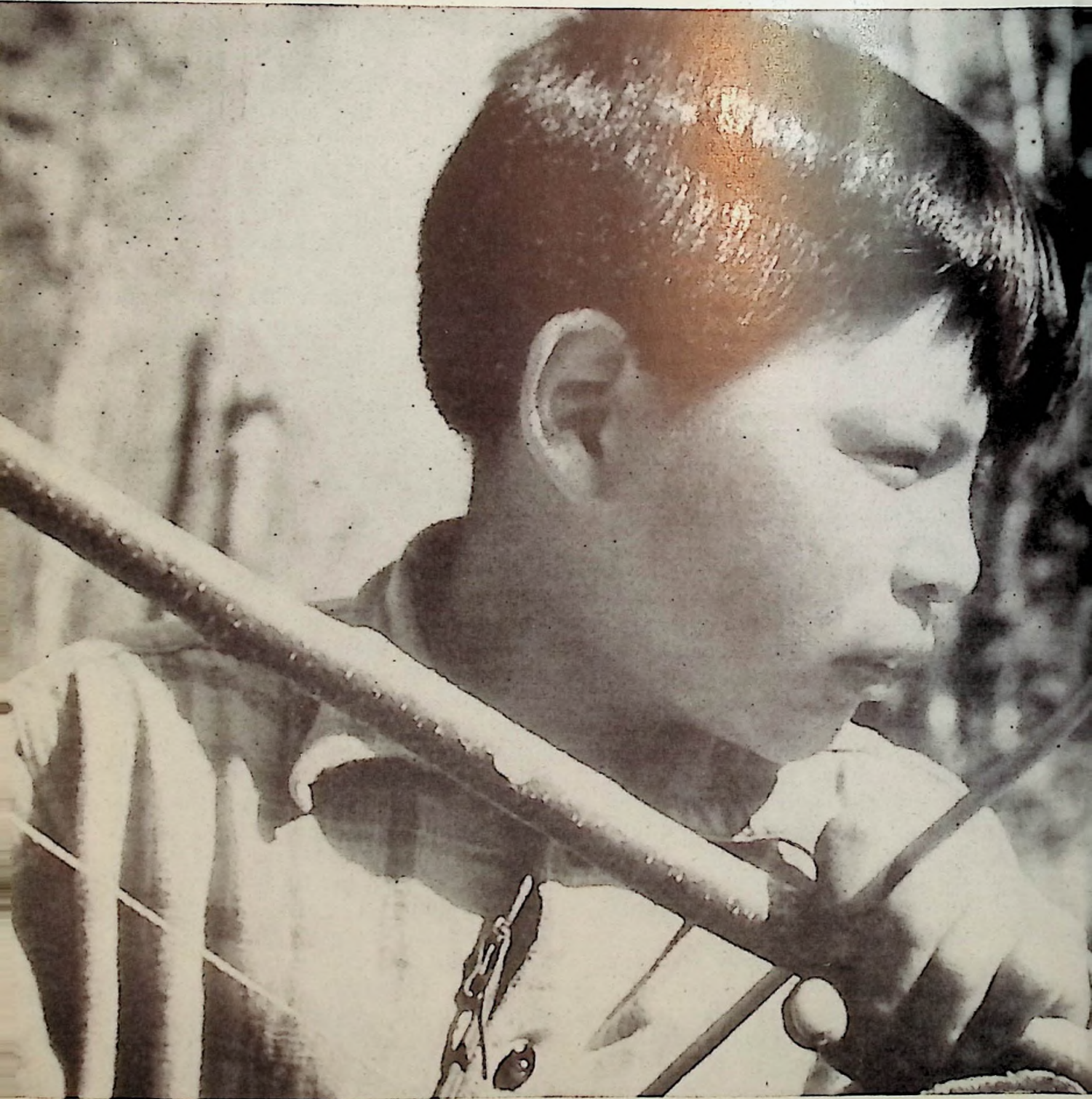
Another most heartening and encouraging factor is the great interest and spirit of cooperation manifested by the people of Korea towards our new mission. The Bishops, the clergy, the civil authorities, the UN and the American military, the professional and educated people, have all expressed great willingness and a desire to help in any way possible. And the manner in which the Korean people are turning to the Faith in recent years is fast making that land one of today's most promising fields.

Part of the message Father Burns, on his return from Korea, sent to the Jesuits of the Wisconsin Province read, "Korea is the most promising and the most encouraging missionary field in the world today. It is ripe for conversion, as is evidenced by the comparison of the number of baptisms yearly in Korea, 25,000, with the number in Japan, 15,000, despite the fact that the Catholic priests of Japan outnumber those in Korea by three to one. Moreover, the most effective means of conversion is Catholic education. Therefore, I feel that ours is an opportunity certainly unequalled anywhere in the world today, and perhaps never equalled at any other time in the Church's history."

HENRY G. HARGREAVES S.J.

The ice is breaking up along the
Yukon and soon it will be

The



Happy Time



IT'S SPRING IN ALASKA. It's the time of year when southeast winds blot out cold blue sky with gray fog; when powdery snow gets soggy and the first traces of open ground are puddles. Eider ducks wing northward and seal hunters come home at night after paddling their kayaks all day. The white world of winter, seemingly so solid and eternal, dissolves into the green tundra of a million ponds and serpentine sloughs. Eyes and ears are alert for the sight or sound of the first geese. School children are fidgety and the Eskimos are planning to leave the villages. It's time for muskrat hunting.

That's a job for the night-time. When day fades, the muskrats leave their mud homes to feed on grass bordering the sloughs and ponds. Swimming about, they ruffle the moon-silvered surface, unaware that kayaks, silent as crocodiles, glide silently in pursuit.

Now and again the eagle-eyed hunter trades paddle for gun, fires, and stuffs another "rat" into the kayak. The hunt goes on all night. One pond finished, the hunter pulls his kayak up on the shore, puts it on his small sled and tows it to neighboring waters. Again, paddle and then rifle come into play. Daytime is sleepy time; with the chance to relieve the muskrats of their soft fur coats.

Then the days of the muskrat hunting are over. Time to look at the fishing gear. Old nets need mending or new ones must be made. Outboard engines, "kickers," are certain to be tinkered with, even though it means dismantling to the last bolt. Boats are painted and racks readied for the finny monsters. All eyes keep turning out to sea, watching for the telltale ripple in the waters at the mouth of the bay.

When the first salmon turn into the bay, they are met! Twice a day, timed by the tides, kicker boats sputter and roar out the slough to the bay and the nets. Men too poor to own kickers can always paddle out in their own kayaks. When the boats return the men toss the salmon on the bank and the women and children take over. They clean, wash and hang the salmon. Smaller children play along the river's edge. Clocks are useless; tides and fish to be cleaned fix the timetable. It's a busy and gloriously happy time. Why not? Food aplenty, warm weather, no storms. It's Summer, the happy time!



Cozy group in Thornton's Alley. Ma (standing at left) and Fr. Thornton (seated) can laugh now.

THORNTON'S ALLEY is not the best section of Hsinchu in Formosa. However, it's populated by a set of honest souls, all of whom are friends of Father James E. Thornton S.J., present pastor of the rapidly growing Catholic parish.

The alley is a row of squatters' shacks leaning up against a public wall. No million-dollar mile, this housing development looks like San Francisco the day after the quake. Every shanty has its story though, and represents the end product of the occupant's dash for freedom from Red Communism. A lean-to to you, it is a castle to the owner, a monument to a split second decision to take freedom while it could be had. Each and every one of these mainlanders, refugees from Communist China, is known to Father Thornton. He visits them, listens to their stories, advises

them on how to get jobs, consoles them in their difficulties, and, in the end, converts them.

Take the case of Old Ma, a bosom friend of Father Thornton. One night three years ago he was peacefully asleep with his wife and children, when, like the man in the gospel, he heard a knock on the door. It was his brother-in-law, come direct from a Communist accusation meeting. "Happy tidings," said brother-in-law. "I have just accused you as a reactionary and anti-revolutionary. The cadres will be here to get you in the morning. It was either that, or lose my skin," he said in apology.

"Decent of him to tell me," said Ma, looking back on the event without rancor. Before his bed grew cold, Ma was on a southbound train. In a crisis the scale of values is elemental—life comes first. No money, no ticket, yet with

Thornton's Alley

miraculous good luck Ma traveled 500 miles by rail, free. An endless chain of friends helped Ma on his way. Once in Canton, he disguised himself in a boatload of pigs, and found freedom.

Ma found a four-foot blank in Thornton's Alley and promptly occupied it. Neighbors on either side furnished him walls, and it took only three boards to complete his mansion. A board bed left no room to stand. Ma might well have considered himself worthy of a little privacy and peace. But it is the low man on the social totem pole who will always make room for a less fortunate brother. Before the week was out Ma was acting as host to another refugee "related" to him, some thousand years back. The poor know the meaning of charity.

Grinding hot pepper was Ma's first visible means of support. On a sunny morning in January, Father Thornton first accosted Ma in front of his shack. The unsuspecting Ma abandoned his brewing of this vegetable form of fire to meet a gaunt California Jesuit who treated every man in the alley as a brother. At that instant a conversion was begun.

This padre could talk, and he could listen. He had lived in Ma's home country and had suffered ten months in prison from the same Communists that had forced Ma's midnight departure. Quickly they become fast friends. That's an understatement. They became brothers, cronies; they exchanged mutual confidences, views on world politics (both

hold coexistence is strictly impossible).

Then one day Father Thornton brought out his prize possession and laid it right on the line, a gift to his friend Ma. The existence of God, the divinity of Christ, salvation and the divine mission of the Church. "I always thought there was a God," said Ma. "The divinity is well proven, salvation is certainly necessary, and you can't deny the Church." That was all. Ma was a man naturally Christian, no prejudices, no illusions, no evasions. Ma's instruction was basic, given in hour sessions as Father Thornton sat on the bed and Ma stood outside the door.

Completely logical in his acceptance of religion, Ma refused a job in an army camp because Father could not visit and instruct him there. He choked once on "love your enemies" when he saw it would include the Communists. The thought of the risen body's agility floors him. "Faaast, man, fast!" is all he can say.

Right now he is a pillar of the faith. With no time to study, Ma props his catechism before him while eating, then repeats it from memory while on his business rounds. What with his neighbor, Li, who uses old tires to repair shoes, and with Wong, who collects cotton and makes a few dollars sweeping the streets, he is on his way up. Ma, the man who always lands on his feet, was baptized at Pentecost. He has already brought five of his friends around for instruction. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven—and Thornton's Alley.



City

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED range of mountains and 550 miles of brown sand separate Baghdad from the eastern rim of the Mediterranean Sea. Even the city's south gate is 250 miles from the briny, shark-filled waters of the Persian Gulf. This isolation in the heart of the desert has made Baghdad a formidable target for travellers.

The most challenging approach to Baghdad is, of course, by a direct assault from the Mediterranean shore. During the Middle Ages caravans laden with precious cargoes opened up this route for Western trade. And up to the days of World War I the camel remained the unique mode of travel for this journey. Every now and then one meets people in Baghdad who have braved this 26-day expedition. In relating their experiences they always repeat this important advice upon which hinged survival in the desert, "Keep your water bags before you at all times."

After the Ottoman Empire disintegrated 35 years ago, several enterprising groups competed with each other to establish motor transport across the desert. A major problem was to find a route that was fairly smooth and free from *wadis* (depressions) which are turned into mud baths with the Spring rains. Eventually the Nairn brothers, New Zealanders who had served in the Middle East during the war, discovered the best route over the Syrian sands. Slowly they improved their bus service, quieted the tribes and subdued the treacherous ter-

Beyond the Desert

rain. Since then Nairn Transport has become a household word for desert travelers and has even made its way into one of J. P. Marquand's sedate novels. Today in big six-wheel trailers the voyager is whisked from Damascus to Baghdad in 20 hours, a far cry from the trudging caravans of old.

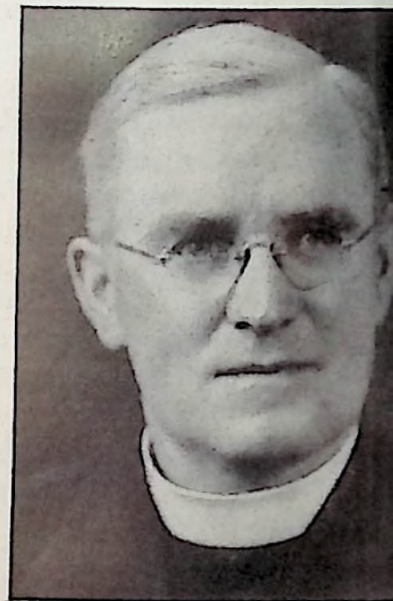
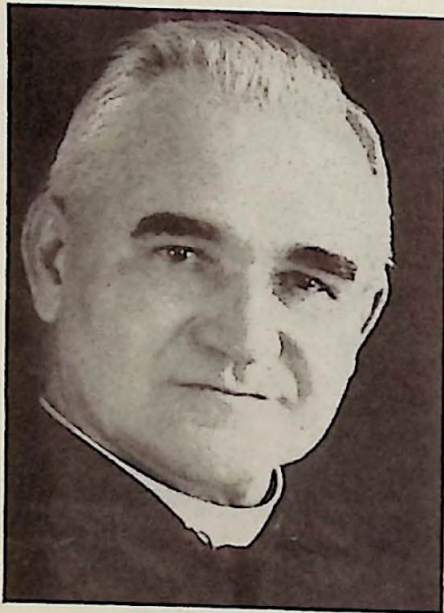
Another attempt to conquer the desert route to Baghdad was ushered in with the railroad. This was Bismarck's heralded dream of a Baghdad-Berlin Railway. After many years of frustrated starts, this project remained a collection of scattered, unconnected fragments. It was not until just before World War II that the last link of rail was laid between Mosul and the Syrian border. Today, the unhurried Taurus Express, carrying passengers and cargo across the northern route of the desert, meanders in and out of Turkey and Syria. From Baghdad to Aleppo, a city in northern Syria 50 miles from the Mediterranean, is a journey of two nights and one day. The train then continues on to Istanbul and thence to European countries. A rail route directly across the desert has often been proposed, but has yet to leave the blueprint stage.

Among the most romantic and roundabout ways of reaching Baghdad is by the sea route up the Persian Gulf to Basra and the 250 miles overland to Baghdad. These are the waters immortalized by the *Arabian Nights'* hero, Sindbad the Sailor. From an English port in the days before the Suez Canal was a

demanding voyage of 15,000 miles. With the opening of the Suez in the last century the distance has been almost cut in half. Most of the heavy cargo being shipped to Baghdad enters through the port of Basra. During World War II this was the route that had to be taken by the Jesuits coming to Baghdad. The Persian Gulf, incidentally, is accounted about the very hottest place in this world. If you doubt this, consult anyone who served in the Persian Gulf Command!

As we survey the tremendous improvements in transport, we are tempted to pride ourselves as the first to truly conquer the expanse of the Syrian desert. All the more so when we realize that the modern materialization of Baghdad's flying carpet whittles the journey from Beirut to Baghdad down to three hours. Historical scrutiny, however, has revealed past nations which have subdued this dry land. The Romans had built a wealthy city in the middle of the desert with road arteries in all directions. One unearthed by the famous French Jesuit, Father Poidebard, extended almost to the present-day Baghdad. The Parthians, Byzantines and the Arab Caliphs established empires tightly linked with routes across the sandy wastes. Prosperity has followed close upon the tracks of a well-ordered transportation and communication system. The rapid development of communications in the Middle East over the last 25 years foretells that in the near future we shall witness a new strength and vitality in the Arab World.

Ad Multos Annos



Pictured here are some of the jubilarians. Top row, from left to right: Father Joseph Kammerer of Orange Walk, British Honduras, celebrating his golden sacerdotal anniversary; Father William A. Ryan of Belize, 50 years a Jesuit; Father Joseph McElmeel of Juneau, Alaska, also 50 years in the Society of Jesus. Lower row, from left to right: Father Patrick Ryan, of JESUIT MISSIONS from its beginning, golden sacerdotal; Father Louis Taelman, Montana, 70 years a Jesuit.

AT A TIME when every mission sends up a cry for more fully dedicated men, for priests with the heart of Christ, we are glad to salute ten men who together have given approximately 450 years of service as priests and missionaries. These Jesuit jubilarians have spent their years bringing the riches of the Blessed Trinity to men, walking their various paths through the world that men might know Christ. And they have taken the sorrows and heartaches, the joys and laughter of their people and placed them in prayer at the feet of the Sacred Heart.

They have shown Christ to the world, not merely by their writings and sermons and counseling, but by the very texture and motions of their lives. Undoubtedly each of them would disclaim anything of the hero in their lives, would wish that they had been able to do more. But who can calculate how much of supernatural grace has flown to earth through their instrumentality? How many times has God come to earth as they performed their priestly duties? How many times has God, through them, stretched out a helping hand to the weary, given new hope to the discouraged, reminded the lonely of His love?

Respectfully we salute them.

Fr. William Parry (right) of St. Francis, So. Dakota, 50 years a Jesuit. Other jubilarians are Fathers Albert Grueter, also of St. Francis, 50 years in the Society; Joachim Vilallonga of Culion, 70 years; Michael Selga of San Jose, 60 years; and Joseph Buxo of Zamboanga, 50 years.





TWENTY-FIVE years ago the Jesuit Martyrs of North America were canonized. They were the first martyrs in this country to be raised to the honors of the altar. They were missionaries who had shed their blood gladly in order to build the Kingdom of Christ in this New World. It might be appropriate, on the Silver Anniversary of the Canonization, to outline the progress of their American Jesuit brethren in mission fields during that quarter century.

In 1930 American-born Jesuits had charge of mission fields in British Honduras, Jamaica, Mindanao in the Philippines, Alaska, Patna in India and among the American Indians. There were

Americans in China, too, but no official territory had been allotted to them at that time. It is interesting to note how often since that time the Holy Father has turned to the American Jesuits and asked them to man other mission fields.

At the request of the Holy See they took over Yangchow in China, then Baghdad, Trincomalee in Ceylon, Jamshepur in India, Yoro in Honduras, the Caroline and Marshall Islands, Nepal and now Korea. They have also supplied men for Japan and the Near East.

We must remember that these were the years of the Depression, of World War II and the Korean conflict. Yet in those twenty-five years men were as-



Window on the Mission World

signed to ten new mission posts. That does not mean that the older missions were neglected during that time; on the contrary, the number of missionary personnel from the United States has been doubled, and in some cases tripled, in those particular fields. At the same time the American Jesuits at home were building an educational set-up which is unparalleled in the Catholic world.

If any one reason were to be ascribed for this rapid expansion we would be inclined to single out the Canonization of the North American Martyrs. The story of Isaac Jogues, of Brebeuf, of Chabanel and the others was one that fired the imagination and caught at the

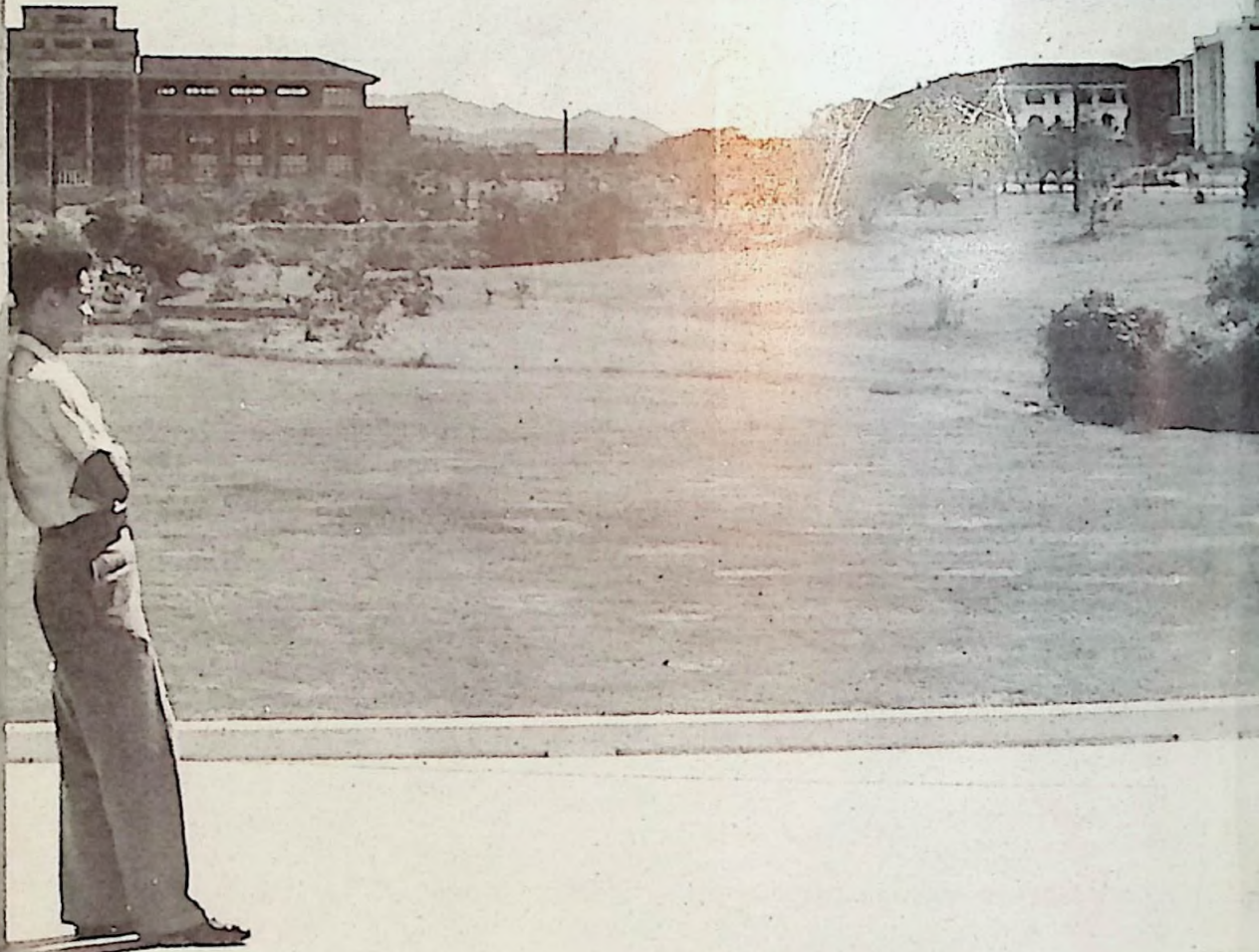
hearts of eager American youth. Here, in our own land, these men had shed their blood for Christ and had willingly faced all torture for that privilege. The Mohawk River in New York was no longer an unknown, quiet stream. These saints of God had lifted it from obscurity by their courage and given it a name that all Americans would hold sacred. Along its banks people would kneel in prayer and on the banks of other rivers across the world, the Yangtze, Tigris, Yukon, Ganges and a dozen more, American missionaries would remember the Mohawk and their bond in Christ with the men who died there. The greatest missionary effort of the Church in this country got underway.

But the work has only been begun. No matter how splendid the record of achievement, it still remains true that the surface of the pagan world has been merely scratched. Its hard core has yet to be penetrated by the grace of Christ. Look out across the world and see how many fields are still to be harvested.

May those valiant warriors of Christ who died in the wilderness of New York and Canada still inspire our youth to the greatest of all earthly causes!

Ang Aking Bayan

VINCENT CULLEN S.J.



THE WARM BREEZE across the Mohawk Valley is blowing through my window and rattling the letter on my desk, a letter setting the date for my return to the Philippines. It's a lot different from the first assignment when there were no memories, just a big blue and green wall map and a few books to sketch in bare outline what only travel and time could fill in with the rich

colors of experience. Then every hill and harbor was a new acquaintance, bright in the vividness of first impressions. Now they are old friends mel-
lowed by time and familiarity.

A crowd of memories jostle one another in their effort to be heard. Through the lights that dotted the sunken ships in the bay, Manila rose out of the morning mist. On that day in June, before

the reconstruction, Manila was clearly a city that had seen war at close quarters; its streets lined with gutted buildings, their twisted bones rusting in the sun. The Ateneo de Manila simmered in the noon heat, where in the middle of a rubble of concrete and the scarred trunks of stubby trees the Quonset classrooms squatted like beetles, yet hopefully bright in their coat of cream and green. That hope has since been realized in the new buildings that stand on the slopes above Marikina Valley.

There are brighter memories too, your first try at the white habit, that looked like an oversized dishcloth, and was so big that you could put it on without unbuttoning the collar. At night there was the mosquito net around the bed with all the mosquitos inside, and the small lizards chirping on the wall. The rainy season came with the first big drops splattering in the dust, and then the sizzle on the tin roof overhead.

While the tempo of the city churned on to the honking of horns, and the "Quiapo, Quiapo," of the jeepney (bus) driver calling out his destination, the slow tread of the carabao set the rhythm of the quiet towns tucked amid the cocoanut palms by small streams, or scattered along the broad road that winds over the rolling hills of Bukidnon. And in the evening as the carabaos came home, sleek and shiny from their bath, with their masters astride their backs, the smell of wood fires was strong on the warm air, and the small lights twinkled in the darkness. Then the padre lit his kerosene lamp and we talked on into the night. Now these are no longer far away places with strange sounding names, but old haunts as familiar as the kitchen and the back gate at home.

Then of course there are the boys; the cheery, "Good morning, padair," at 5:30 in time to serve early Mass, and the everlasting bouncing of a basketball outside your window. In a stuffy classroom forty bright-eyed youngsters, who looked all alike to you on your first day of class, solemnly watched the new oracle from the West give his first "lecture." You had planned it for twenty

minutes, but you went through it in five. And it wasn't long either before the boys found out that the oracle didn't know all the answers. There are all the small things that go to make up a teacher's day, small things but not easily forgotten; the dialogue Mass in the Quonset chapel when in a jubilant tone the boys recited the "Gloria in excelsis Deo," and the occasional sessions after class when, not so jubilant, they wrote out their punishments with a sigh. There are the class picnics at some swimming pool when everyone was full of fun and ice cream, and the hot, raucous afternoons at the Rizal basketball stadium on losing days, when you had to keep telling them and yourself too that it was only a game, and just wait till next time. Now as your students pass in review, they are not just a crowd; they are individuals, friends, and you wonder how tall they have grown.

And what of the other members of the team, the Jesuits, whom you knew and worked with? When you read about them or hear from them you want to get back in the game. But in case you get restive Christ is here as He was in the hot little domestic chapel in Manila to let you know that there is a lot of playing time left, and that a job worth doing is a job worth preparing for.

Memories don't solve problems, and the memories of three years in the Philippines, tinted over with the rosy glow of afterthought, to quote myself, won't solve the religious, economic and social problems of a people striving to reach their full stature as members of the Mystical Body of Christ. And yet memories are the file cards of experience, gilt edged perhaps, and these memories, even if some of the gilt wears off with the rough usage of time, fill in the features of otherwise faceless souls, and make them friends. Even though you return as a foreigner, an Amerikano, yet those familiar places and friendly people have given you some insight into what the Filipino priest in the next room means when he speaks of, "Ang Aking Bayan—my home, my native land," and that is important.

Theology..



AND HOPALONG



VACATION TIME for many of the nuns of Ceylon means a concentrated period of studying theology, of delving more deeply into moral questions or the reality and meaning of the Trinity. Lectures, discussion periods and questions are balanced by impromptu entertainment, basketball games, reunions and movies.

This summer theology course started quite simply three years ago, according to our correspondent Fr. Joseph V. Sommers S.J., when the Apostolic Carmel Sisters asked Fr. George Raywood for some talks on sanctifying grace. The Sisters, a teaching congregation of Indian and Ceylonese women, thought they should know more about theology for their work with over 8,000 girls in primary to university schools.

Father Raywood and his fellow Jesuits thought more than just a few talks would be useful. So did the Sisters. For an intensive program the following year, taught by six priests, eighty-one Sisters appeared at St. Joseph's Convent in Batticaloa. The Sisters liked it immensely.

The original group has been joined by Sisters from three other congregations. They also are willing and happy to spend even longer periods of their vacation deepening their knowledge of God's truth and strengthening their spiritual lives.

Theology . . . AND HOPALONG



Father Sommers and the Sisters turn from more serious pursuits (previous page) to the evening recreation and Hopalong will ride again on Ceylon's silver screen.

The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

September is very often a time for beginning again. Back to school, back to the job, back to routine in some form or other. Some of us welcome that return; others of us tend to face it reluctantly. After all, routine and rut come from the same root word, and someone has pointed out that the only difference between a rut and a grave is in the dimensions.

But no matter which attitude we have toward that September return, a little imagination can relieve the monotony or enhance the interest of our normal lives. For we all have a part to play in the tremendous drama that is being enacted throughout the world today. We are not spectators; we are participants in the struggle to win all hearts to Our Lord Christ. Once we realize our own individual parts in this drama, then even the deepest rut can be transformed into a stairway to the stars.

JESUIT MISSIONS is the link between the men on the front lines and their friends back home. As you read through it, you may discover the part God wants you to play in this building of His Kingdom. As you resume the normal pattern of living again, will you make sure there is a place for the missionaries in it?

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

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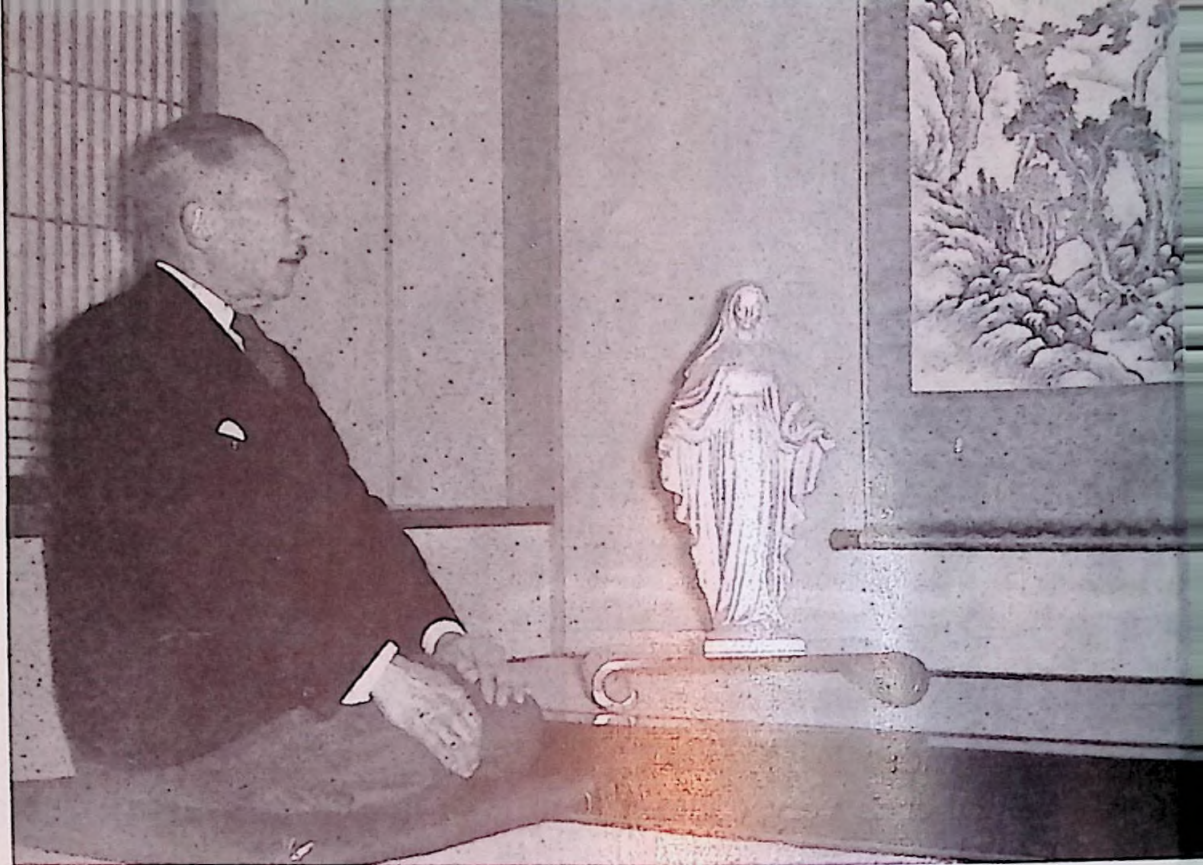
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Mr. Hirosaburo Takeishi with one of his Madonnas, executed in Japanese style.

THE MISSIONARY efforts of the Church throughout the world can be judged to be successful or not in the measure that the Church has sunk roots into the native soil and flourishes as any other local flora. Now one of the best means of judging whether the Church is taking root is by examining the influence of Christian ideas in native art and literature. For when great masterpieces, thoroughly native in execution but Catholic in inspiration, become part of a nation's cultural heritage, that nation's Christianity must be deep and pervasive.

One example that would seem to indicate that the Church in Japan is vigorous can be found in Hirosaburo Takeishi, a catechumen soon to be baptized. One of the oldest, most renowned, and most capable of Japanese sculptors, he is now applying his talent to Christian themes. Mr. Takeishi at 75 still has the deft touch required for molding medallions awarded those honored by the Japanese government. He recently carved a statue of the founder of the Imperial University of Kyoto. But the works on which his heart is set and to which he wants to devote his last years are those that will foster and adorn the Church. A magnificent

The Roots Run Deep

JOHN J. LYNCH S.J.

crucifix of his can be seen in the church at Kanazawa near Yokohama. In the Marian Year he executed a lovely small Madonna, which the Bishop of Yokohama asked him to present personally to the Holy Father in Rome.

In the works of men like Hirosaburo Takeishi and Luke Hasegawa, who has been decorating a church at Civitavecchia, north of Rome, for four years, it is evident that the Catholic Church in Japan is much more solidly rooted than the small number of Japanese Catholics would suggest. Surely it is safe to hope that the Church will be enriched with a fresh and new beauty by its Japanese members, inspired by the true Faith.



THE LADY OF THE HOUSE

HIRO SABURO TAKEISHI, whose story appears on the facing page, will execute a statue of Our Lady for the new Jesuit Theologate in Tokyo.

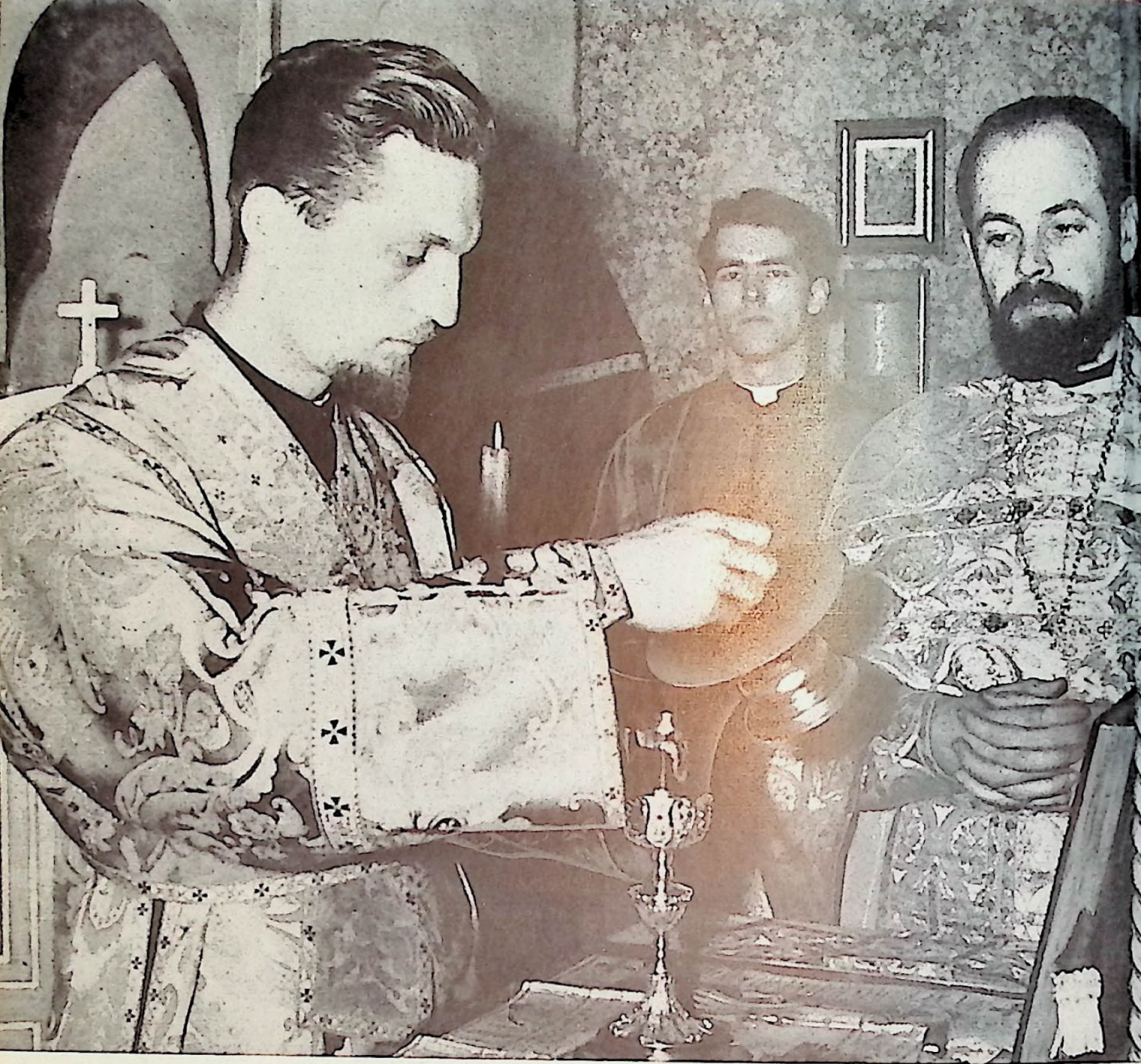
He will donate his talent and his skill. Can you help us supply the material?

Bronze for Our Lady's statue will cost \$700.00.

Can you contribute \$1.00 to help defray this expense?

**SEND YOUR
CONTRIBUTION TO**

JESUIT MISSIONS 45 EAST 78TH ST., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



Two Russias in

AS I LOOK OUT my window tonight, I see that my neighbors are at it again. I suppose one could call me a Peeping Tom, but I don't think in this case God minds one bit. For just across the street from my room in the Roman Jesuit scholasticate of the Gesu is the classroom and general meeting room of the Italian Communists. In the Palazzo Dongo building on the fourth floor are the Communist headquarters, the Kremlin of Rome.

Here three nights a week Edoardo D'Onofrio,



Deacon Ivan Zuzek (left) cleanses paten after Holy Communion as Father Andrei Sterpen (right) looks on. In the center is George A. Maloney S.J., who volunteered from the Wisconsin Province for the Russian Rite.

GEORGE A. MALONEY S.J.

in Rome, the Eternal City, the center of Christianity, separated only by a narrow street, are two groups of apostles, Russian inspired. One group studies the diabolically inspired religion of modern Russia; the other group studies the divinely inspired religion of ancient Russia to spread the Word to the millions of Russians long deprived of Truth.

Perhaps you would be interested in learning of this latter group of young Jesuit scholastics. We live in the Jesuit scholasticate of the Gesu in Rome, but within this community we form almost a separate community. We have our Russian chapel where every morning we sing the Liturgy exactly as it has been done for centuries in Russia. Our theology classes are taken at the Pontifical Gregorian University with thousands of other seminarians from every part of the world. When our studies are not directed to theology, we devote our time to the study of the Russian language, Church Slavonic (the language of the Liturgy), the Liturgy and the various other intricate church services, liturgical singing and also Russian folk songs, the study of Russian culture, and today's great problem, Communism.

I wish you could meet these young dedicated men. They come from Germany, Yugoslavia, Belgium, and America. Three of them have spent several years in Russian prison camps. Two fought as guerrillas in Yugoslavia. One taught Russian boys in the emigre Russian school outside of Paris run by Father P. Mailleux S.J.

This small group had its origin in 1930 when the then General of the Society of Jesus, Reverend Father W. Ledochowski, asked for volunteers for the Russian mission. Even then it was

Rome

Moscow-trained director of the school, and his assistants spew out their poisonous doctrine to hungry listeners. Last year over four hundred graduates passed through this course of intense training, formed apostles and ready to convert Italy to Communism.

I am one of a little group of Jesuit scholastics preparing for the Russian Rite. How ironic it is to think that here

realized that priests would not be allowed to enter Russia and carry on apostolic work for years to come. But priests cannot be trained for this mission in a year or two. It takes decades for a non-Russian to divest himself of his own language and customs and to become a complete Russian in every regard. Divine Providence would some day lift the Iron Curtain. In the meantime a core of priests would be quietly preparing themselves.

After ordination what do these Russian priests do? One of the main works is to form other apostles for Russia. In 1929 Pope Pius XI erected the Pontifical Russian College in Rome and entrusted it to the Jesuits of the Eastern Rite. The second big work is to work among the Russians in various countries outside of Russia. Centers with parishes, schools and relief aid are in operation in Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, England, United States, Argentina, and Brazil. Here these priests carry on a direct apostolate among the Russian Catholic converts. Their greater, far reaching goal is the reunion of the Russian Orthodox Church with Rome.

There is little danger that the small group of priests in the Russian Rite will ever be idle while they await the lifting of the Iron Curtain. The number is small, too small for the future work ahead. Yet even this has not prevented the Communist press from repeatedly

attacking them. In a recent publication of the Soviet press of last year, Vladimir Beljajev has the following compliments to pay to the Jesuits of the Russian Rite. "The order of Jesuits is the crown of the Papal state and at the same time its most effective weapon. These hangmen and inquisitors during the trouble with the reformation, these educators in the imperial homes up to and after the French Revolution, these advance guards of imperialism in the colonies, these are also the sub-machine gunners in the battle against socialism."

It's nearly time for me to retire. I give a last look at my "neighbors." The Communist professor is violently waving before his students the textbook, his bible of Communistic beliefs. I wish each of you could become Peeping Toms for one night and see these men in action. I am sure you would ask yourself as I often do: "And what am I doing for the greatest cause on earth?"

Our Heavenly Mother asked through three small shepherd children at Fatima that I and you and the rest of the Catholic world pray and do penance for the return of the Russian nation to Christ. It is up to us living in the free world and who have the gift of an intense faith and trust in God's Providence to become ardent apostles in this mission to bring back to the one fold of Christ the millions of Russians for whom Christ died.

The Russipetae choir during the Liturgy, the customary Eastern term for the Holy Sacrifice.



A FIELD

with American Jesuits

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

The ordinary missionary is more than just a teacher: he is a father to his people. In between instructing them and caring for their eternal salvation, he may be hunting for bed-boards as in Thornton's Alley, trying to secure a small power machine to provide lights and easier wood-cutting in Alaska, providing powdered milk for babies, organizing fishing cooperatives in the Fiji Islands, or borrowing the village ice wagon for a wedding anniversary party's ride to the church.

Here are some of these fringe benefits which missionaries are providing.

PINK-ERR-TON MAN IN RAJASTHAN

Father Harry Birney, veteran India missionary and brother of JM staffer Father Leo Birney, escorted some American visitors downtown to have a pair of eyeglasses repaired. Unfortunately it was a public festival when any passerby is a legitimate target for any Davy Crewcut carrying a water pistol. The youngsters find greatest delight in turning their color-loaded guns against spotless invaders of their local territory. Father Birney stepped out of the car into a

SPOTLIGHT



The present tense atmosphere of Formosa won't faze Father John Brennan S.J. Most of his 13 years in the Orient have been lived out under the Damoclean sword of never knowing what would happen next. He had been teaching only seven months in Shanghai when the Japanese removed him from circulation. After the war he had a couple of quiet years at famed Zi-Ka-Wei, studying Chinese. Then he was back on the firing line again until the Chinese Communists put a stop to his activities. After his release and deportation from the mainland he quietly took up his station on Formosa. Some men just won't give up, and where the Kingdom of Christ is involved. Father John Brennan is in the front line of such men. Say a prayer for him.

Afield with American Jesuits

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS

group of impatient, well-practiced gunmen. He held them off long enough to get them to promise not to squirt his guests. In that spirit of charity which animates the true missionary he offered himself. A few minutes later his white cassock was drenched a bright pink.

CHICKS IN THE PHILIPPINES

Through the kindness of Father Francis Araneta, students at the School of Agriculture at the Ateneo de Cagayan now have a flock of very good New Hampshire hens. Through management and study of this flock the students are learning the requirements and temperament of this fine strain of chick, its egg and eating possibilities. The future holds the promise of bigger and better chicken-in-the-basket parties.



Sorrowfully we record the passing of the first American Jesuit to die on the Ceylon Mission, Father Peter Beach. Born in New Orleans, he had left for Ceylon in 1946. He was Principal of St. Joseph's College there until his sudden death. May he rest in peace.

ROOTS IN JAPAN

The forthcoming thirteen volumes of the *Dai-Kanwa* Dictionary will be more exact, thanks to the help of Father Tsuchihashi, former president of Sophia University. After checking the first volume some years ago, Fr. Tsuchihashi, who is still vigorous now at eighty-nine, found 30 mistakes. Willing to help on such a monumental work of scholarship he spent three years checking the remaining 12 volumes of 15,500 pages.

FERRIS WHEEL IN JAMAICA

To insure the success of the annual garden party at St. Ignatius' this year, Father Charles L. Judah thought it proper to add a Ferris Wheel to the attractions. Not having one around the house he plotted and planned. Without doubt, since he is far from the corroding effect of American television comedians, he never told one confidentially at lunch that he had wheels going around in his head. Finally he designed the Ferris Wheel and oversaw its construction by Jamaican workmen. An Austin engine provided power and Dexion steel angles, the new revolutionary construction unit developed in postwar England, made easy the construction of the wheel itself. The Wheel, which was in almost continuous motion from 4:00 P.M. until 2:00 A.M., was the hit of the garden party.

ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER

From war-famous Yap in the South Pacific a recent letter of Father Francis Cosgrove reveals something of the fatigue which affects any missionary whose thoughts must be turned frequently on mere survival rather than on his primary work of bringing God to men. He writes:

"I am still in the process of recovering

from typhoon 'Anita.' Things are in a mess as most of my effects are still piled up in the sacristy pending the completion of a new wall. As usual, I am living on the brink of disaster: it was the south wall which blew out, and only the grace of God and the happy fact that the trade wind blows from the northeast prevents my partially exposed effects (books and everything else) from being flooded with every tropical down-pour. Fortunately, the rain lashes against the side of the church where there is still a wall. The people are working steadily, dragging bamboo out of the jungle and rounding up all the locally available material. But it's a race against time. If we get a storm out of the south-

east, or even a good tropical squall, I'll be literally washed out.

"But even business as usual involves so many perils by land and by sea that life itself becomes a battle. Every mile of my mission is packed with coral reefs, sharks' fins, surf, squalls that blot out every sight of land, currents that threaten to take you out to sea should they ever combine with an offshore wind, and places that just dry up at low tide. Many times I can't carry full sail: I have to take in the mainsail and carry on with the jib and little mizzen that is set on the broom stick mast behind me, while I lean to windward out of the cockpit like a locomotive engineer hopefully rounding a curve."

Fifteen Jesuits of the Chinese Language School arrive by Civil Air Transport at Taipei, Formosa. Founded in Peiping in 1937, the School was moved to Manila five years ago when the Chinese Communists stepped up the pressure on it. Jesuits who have finished the course in Mandarin are working in Chinese centers in Formosa and Southeast Asia. Shown below are Jesuits from Spain, Mexico, Argentina, France, Canada and the U.S.



THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

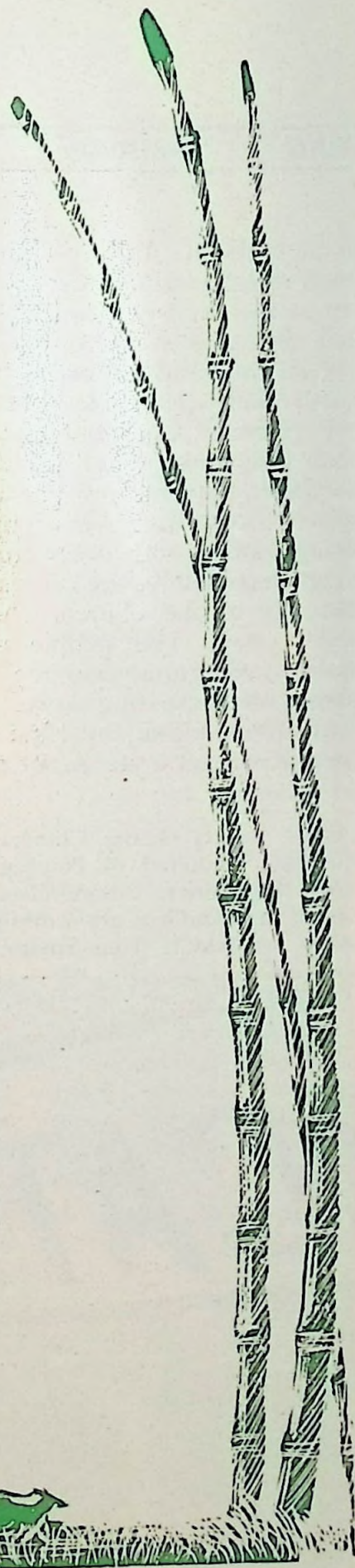
Education -- Fundamental and Christian

RECENT YEARS have seen increasing interest in the countries of the world in making education available to larger numbers of their citizens, primarily in national campaigns against illiteracy. The United Nations through UNESCO aims at a widespread increase of what it calls "fundamental education," that is the minimum of education which adolescents and adults need to understand the problems of the society in which they live, to appreciate their rights and duties as citizens, and to have a greater share in the economic and social progress of the community.

The Catholic Church has only praise for these efforts. For great good can come of so much striving for learning and progress. But the Church reminds us that one element is most fundamental, most necessary and the only one that will insure true harmony and peace—that is, true religion. Many among those who promote this fundamental education feel and understand the basic need for religious education. Yet many others, more materialistic in outlook, favor a fundamental education with no place for religion at all.

Catholic organizations have an important share in this work of fundamental education. Almost everywhere in the underdeveloped countries the Church and its missionaries conduct schools and prepare the teachers who will impart this fundamental education. In many cases, this is done in cooperation with governmental agencies; elsewhere, by the limited resources of the missionaries. The work of spreading fundamental education is of great importance to future generations. But the Holy Father bids us pray this month that it be a Christian education too, if it is to yield the abundant harvest it promises.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.





Saint Joseph

FIRST CLASS MECHANIC

BRUNO W. KARPINSKI S.J.

MOST PEOPLE think of St. Joseph as a carpenter but over here on the banks of the slowly flowing Ganges River we look upon him as a mechanic, first class. Our small printing press at St. Xavier's in Patna is forever busy and in the course of events complications are sure to rise.

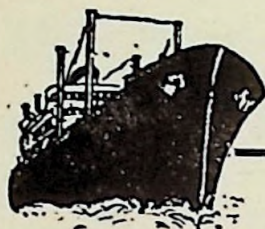
When something does go wrong with the machines there is no question of picking up the phone and calling a mechanic. The nearest one would be in Calcutta, 280 miles away. So from the very start I asked St. Joseph to be my mechanic.

One day last summer, with the temperature well over 100 degrees, we were trying to turn out a Life of Christ in the Hindustani language. All of a sudden the Monotype machine, which makes the type, refused to budge. Now there are about 5,000 moving parts to this machine so it takes more than a glance to discover what is wrong.

I got out my tools, and then some more tools, and adjusted various parts but with no success. I checked everything possible yet could not find the trouble. I pleaded with this favorite machine of mine; I even promised her a new paint job but she still refused to budge. For hours my assistant and myself worked vainly over the balky machine.

In my desperation I turned to prayer. I said some prayers in English; no reply. I turned to Polish and repeated prayers until my tongue was dry. Finally my assistant threw his rag on the floor and said, "Sahib, it is noontime. Let us go and eat." In that last desperate moment I pleaded in Latin, "Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis!" Immediately the machine spat out some type and began to function smoothly. And it has been producing type ever since! Now there is no doubt that St. Joseph was a fine carpenter but don't overlook the fact that he is also a mechanic of the first class. I know.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Hopes Are High in Hiroshima for a new Catholic High School. The completion of the plans for supplying Christian education for the young boys depends, almost entirely, on American help. Friends of Japan, who have helped so much in the past, here is a breakdown of the expenses of the new school:

- 1 desk—\$8.00—200 needed
- 1 door—\$10.00—20 needed
- 1 window—\$17.00—28 needed
- 1 cubic yard of concrete—\$20.00
- 1 square yard of flooring—\$3.00
- 1 locker—\$2.00
- 1 teacher's desk—\$18.00
- 1 year's tuition—\$30.00
- 1 week teacher's salary—\$10.00

Could you supply one of the items listed above?

A Mission Superior, Father Lange, was told that his job was like that of a father of a family—he was to see that the men of the mission had adequate housing, food and supplies for their work. With the growth of the Ceylon Mission Father Lange's problems have grown, too, so that he is looking desperately for generous friends who could earn the title of "CO-SUPERIOR" by their financial help.

Father Lange's latest problem is furnishing a small building where the new missionaries study Tamil.

"Take the books, for instance. To equip one Jesuit language student with the necessary books on Tamil language costs \$10.00. A chair costs \$4.00; kerosene lamp about \$20.00; tableware for one man \$5.00."

Would you like to share in Father Lange's work by paying for one item?

The Medical Mission Sisters who run Holy Family Hospital in Patna, India, have no chapel or convent of their own. For the past fifteen years they have been living in the back of the 200-year-old Church of the Visitation of Our Lady, in the bazaar section of Patna City. Only a seven foot partition separates the Sisters' living quarters from the rest of the church. So they have to, whether they want to or not, listen to all the sermons and the catechism instructions given in the church.

Father Wilkinson, the pastor, says they are the best catechized Sisters in all Christendom, although they sometimes wish for a little more privacy.

Would you send \$1.00 to start the fund for a convent for these patient and hardworking Sisters?

It's Encouraging to Hear from Father Fox of Alaska that the young people of his parish are learning to use the Missal.

"We have worn out many of Father Stedman's Sunday Missals. Quite a number that can read have invested in a Daily Missal. We could use about three dozen more of the latter for our bigger boys and girls."

These boys and girls would appreciate it if you would help them get the missals—with your gift of \$1.00.

Pictures of the Sacred Heart are requested for the parishioners of Father Joseph Vineri of the Philippines. These people have a special devotion to the Sacred Heart and would give the picture the place of honor in their homes.

One picture—50 cents.



it's hard to be fascinating...
even about God...



when the congregation

is all wet



Father Dominic Doyle S.J. is in charge of three churches among the Kalispel Indians. They are all in need of paint. (The churches, that is. The Indians make out). But more importantly, they are all in need of new roofing.



So, if you can imagine what it must be like to listen to a sermon while water drips down your neck . . . (Awful, isn't it?) won't you help Fr. Doyle and Lo! the poor Indians in this need?



If \$1.00 seems too little, send us \$5.00. And you will not merely have our thanks, but also treasure in heaven, where metal rusts not, and roofs don't leak . . .

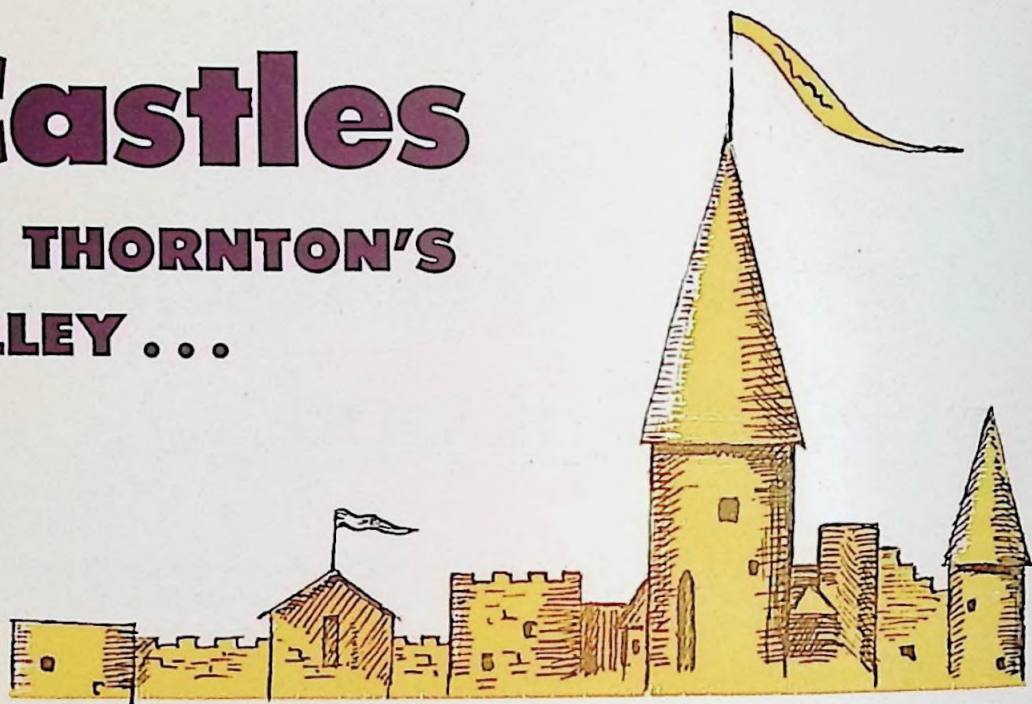


Jesuit Missions

45 E. 78 St., New York 21, N. Y.

Castles

IN THORNTON'S ALLEY . . .



THORNTON'S ALLEY (see page 8, this issue) is a place in Formosa. "A row of squatters' shacks . . . no million dollar mile but a lean-to to you is a castle to its owner . . ."

Among these lean-to castles Fr. James Thornton, a gaunt, kind priest from California, tries to teach refugees from the Red terror of China about God and how much He loves men . . .

But when your castle is a lean-to, you're more concerned with living than loving.

Can you help Father Thornton? Can you make it possible for him to give bread to these people, so he can feed them also with the Bread of Life?

Send \$1.00 (or five, or ten, or more) to him care of Jesuit Missions. He will bless you. We will bless you. God will bless you.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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