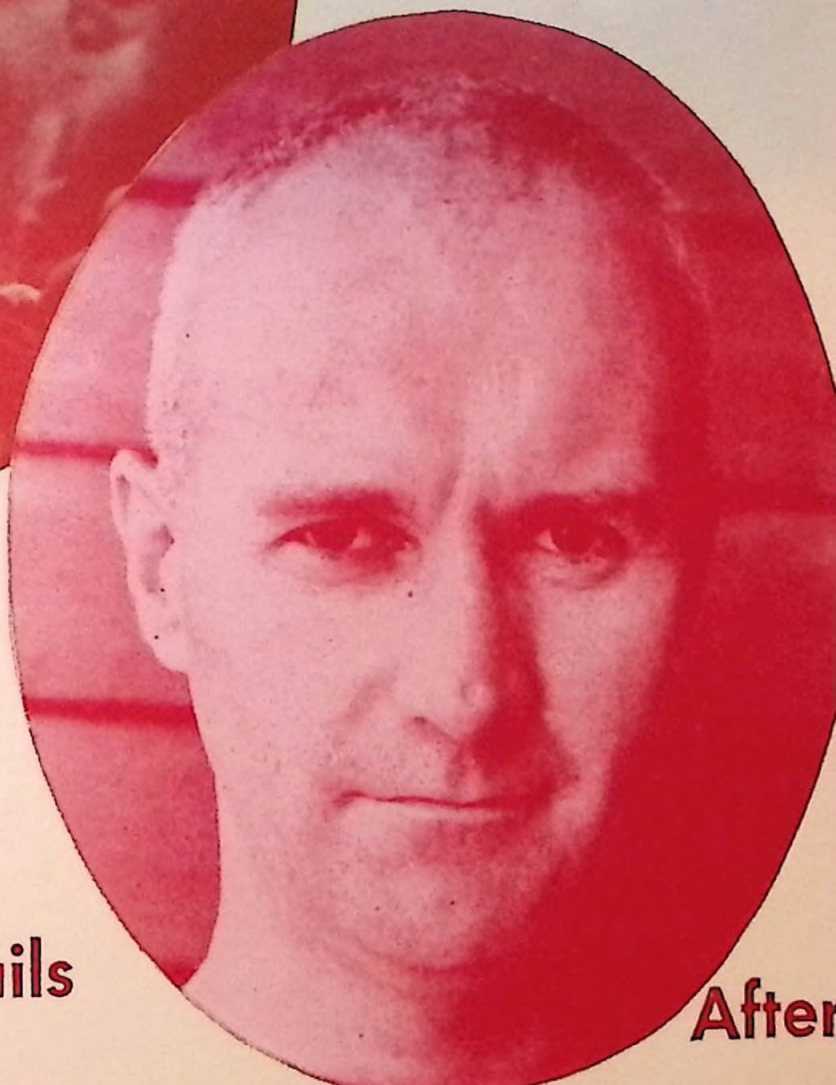


Jesuit Missions



Before

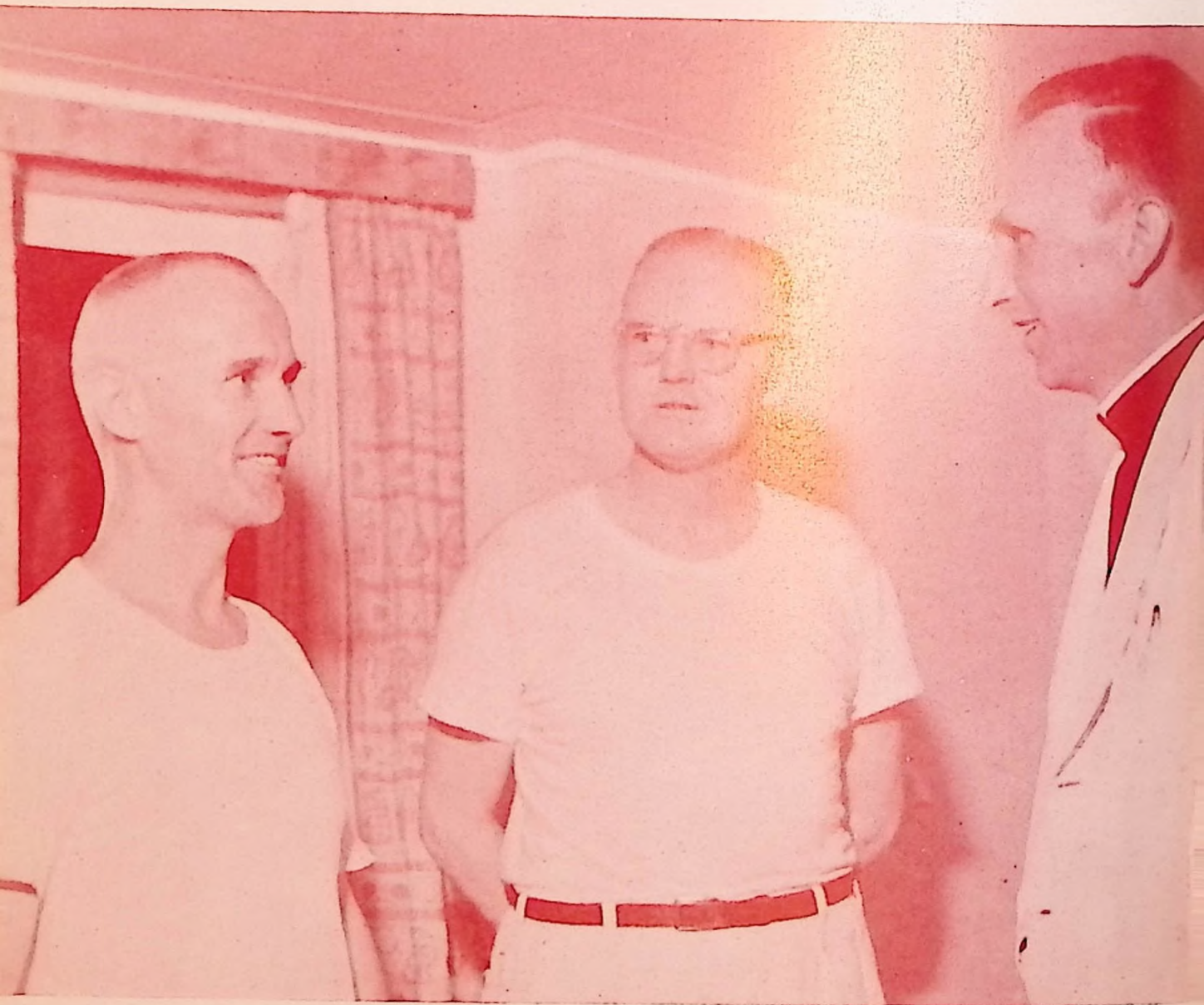


After

Out of China's Jails

NOVEMBER, 1956

Out of China's



Welcome to Hong Kong and freedom! Father Clifford and Father Phillips are met by Father Stevenson on the S.S. Hamburg.

COVER. Before and after—two pictures of Father John Clifford S.J. of San Francisco, one taken before his imprisonment by the Chinese Communists and the other after his recent release in Shanghai.

Jails

ALDEN J. STEVENSON S.J.

WHEN THE NEWS came that Father Tom Phillips of Butte, Montana, and Father Jack Clifford of San Francisco were being released from jail by the Chinese Communists I flew over from Formosa to Hong Kong. On the third anniversary of their imprisonment these two California Province Jesuits had been unceremoniously dumped out into Shanghai's streets and told they were now free.

In Hong Kong Father Harris, the genial Superior of the Irish Jesuits there, informed me that he had contacted the freed men by telephone and ordered them out of Shanghai. "Sure, I know I have no right to be giving them orders but they seemed uncertain of what they should do so I gave them crisp and clear orders. By the time they find out that I have no authority over them they'll be back with their own—where they should be after three years in that yellow hell!"

Three weeks later the S.S. Hamburg came to anchor off Blake Pier. It was immediately surrounded by a small fleet of walla wallas, the water taxis, containing newspapermen, photographers and ourselves. But the stocky German crewmen guarding the gangplank would allow only the priests to board the ship.

I am not going to try to describe that meeting in the little cabin below deck. Fathers Phillips and Clifford, still garbed in the informal attire in which they were released, were waiting for us there. It was a moment I will never forget, deep with the things left unsaid, priceless for that privilege of shaking the hands of men who had suffered in the Name of Christ.

The two ex-prisoners looked quite

well, a result of the treatment of the last few months wherein they had been well fed by the Reds in an evident propaganda move. But if the Communists had hoped to exploit this release of American prisoners that hope shortly exploded in their faces. For we all immediately headed for the Catholic Center and a press conference in which the direct answers of the two Jesuits to the probing questions of newsmen left the Red press without a line to twist.

Father Phillips was picked up three years ago on June 15th about half an hour after he retired to bed. As pastor and Rector of Christ the King Church, he had been expecting the Reds for some time. For with all the Catholic schools in Shanghai closed at that time, huge crowds of students from all over the city flocked to the large halls of Christ the King where a few splendid Chinese Jesuits gave lectures, explaining Communist doctrine, giving straight answers, and preparing these youngsters for the worst. (The Catholic youth of China is still holding up marvelously.)

On this particular night the Reds moved in about 11 o'clock. There were about 30 of them, carrying pistols in their hands. Three of them broke into Father Phillips' room, flashed the pistols, and told him to get dressed. He did, and they then ordered him to stand there. But this genial priest had spent over a quarter of a century in China and was in no mood for such childishness. He yawned in their faces, turned his back to the guns, and sat down. Then he yawned again, this time a little more forced, but he caught a grin on the face of one of his captors.

Out of China's Jails

The three Reds stood there without saying a word, staring at him and rubbing their gun butts on the furniture. Another very loud yawn (and very much forced) broke up that psychological warfare. Then Father Phillips and Father Clifford were marched off to waiting jeeps. Fathers Palm and Gatz (later expelled) were confined to house arrest.

The thing that struck me so forcibly was the different reaction each man had to his imprisonment. Both reacted according to their characters, naturally enough, but it must have kept their Communist interrogators somewhat off balance in dealing with two men of such different types.

Father Phillips spent his first year in Loukawei prison, only six blocks from Christ the King Church. His cell was only three steps across and he was forced to sit motionless and was forbidden to speak. Later, in the old French prison at Massemet, he and four other men were kept in a seven-foot cell where all had to turn at once if one wanted to move. The food—rice and turnips—was pushed under the door in a basin.

For him it was three ugly years of waiting, of infinite boredom and endless sitting. He had to go through almost 200 interrogations, lasting from two to five hours apiece. These were as dreary as the existence in the cell. He would tell what facts he thought would hurt no one and hem and haw about the rest. His boredom seemed catching, for even the cynical interrogators started yawning. That's one way to live through it.

Father Clifford went at it another way. It was typically in character, for the one word that best describes him is "resilient." He was always one who

would be optimistic in the face of adversity, who would come bouncing back after a let-down. Through the long course of studies, his one desire had been to get at the great missionary task before him. At last came the long-desired assignment, to Christ the King as assistant pastor. Masses, confessions, instructions, the ministry! It lasted fifteen days. Then one night in June he was whisked off to jail—and the Communists found that they had a tough little turkey on their hands!

He refused to answer their questions. "If you can't be reasonable why should I waste my time talking to you? Ask a question that hasn't got a curve on it and I'll answer it." So he lapsed into silence and they kept him standing for hours, sometimes from eight in the morning to five in the afternoon. At the Ward Road jail he was lodged next to a padded cell where a raving maniac kept up a constant din. Sometimes the madman quieted down and the guards would deliberately stir him up again so that Father Clifford would not get any sleep.

He refused to sign anything, or even to write home. "You'd twist it some way." He refused to accept his Red Cross parcels because it evidently made his captors unhappy. He knew his silence annoyed them so he was content to go through the long punishment hours of standing. In the recent months when the Reds had adopted a more conciliatory attitude he turned down their invitation to visit the Shanghai factories. "I'm a priest. The factories are your business. You visit them."

The Reds were no doubt glad to release him but even in those days in Shanghai while waiting for the S.S. Hamburg he found a way to annoy them

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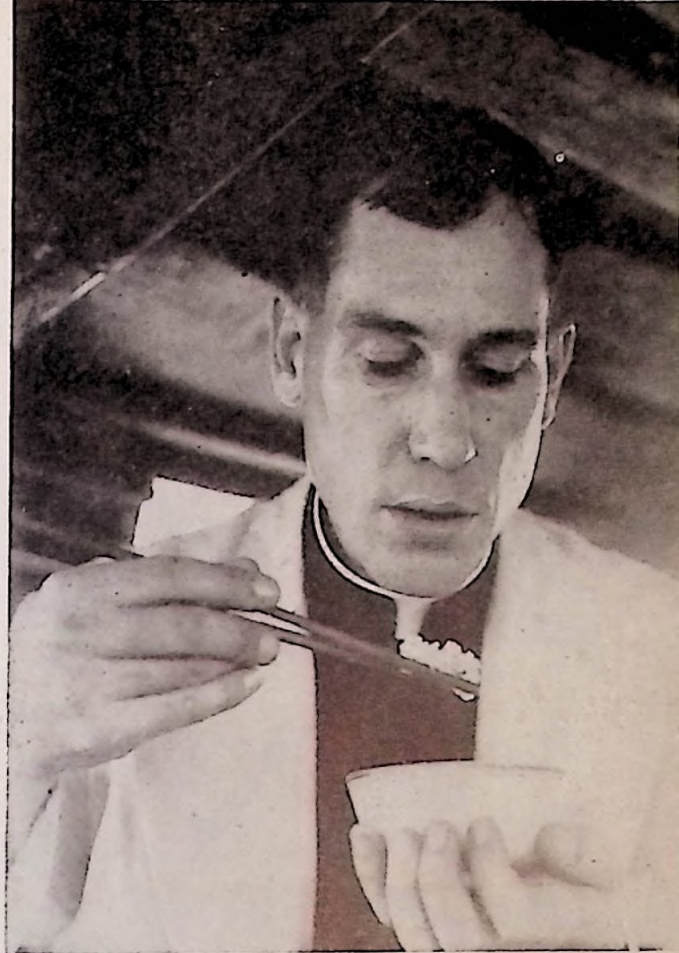
deeply. Slipping away from the Communists who constantly dogged his steps, he went to a barber and had his head shaved completely. When he reached Hong Kong this particular feature of his appearance served to distract attention completely from the weight which the Communists had assiduously tried to restore to his frame in the last few months.

Neither priest had even the semblance of a trial for over two years after their arrest. Then they were put through a formality in which the charges were exceedingly vague. Then both were sentenced to three-year terms, beginning from the date of their arrest.

During their interview with the press at the Catholic Center the newsmen, mindful of recent "invited tourists" who came out of China claiming, "There is complete freedom of religion in Red China!" asked searching questions on this topic. Both priests branded the assertion as completely false. Father Clifford stated: "There is no religious freedom in China, whether it be for Buddhists, Moslems or Christians. One who lives his life according to the dictates of his conscience is sure to be branded as a counter-revolutionary. The only reason why I and the other Catholic missionaries landed in jail is because we are Catholic priests and we taught the full Catholic doctrine. Had we been willing to allow the Communists to control our spiritual work we wouldn't have been in jail . . ."

He also said, "There were countless indications of their hatred of the Catholic Church. In fact, the only thing approaching an accusation against me was that I was 'an imperialist and a disrupter of the plans of the People's Government by preaching that the Catholic Church is being persecuted.' Freedom of religion is an empty expression in Red China."

During their three weeks of freedom



Father John Houle S.J. of Glendale, California, was sentenced to a four-year term.

in Shanghai the two priests tried to discover the situation of the Church there. The picture is far from bright. Bishop Kung, who resisted the Reds uncompromisingly, and over sixty of his priests have been in jail for over a year. Hundreds of Shanghai Catholics are also under arrest. The churches are open, in the sense that they are used by those few priests whom the Reds twisted to their own ends. They and their followers are very much in the minority. The Church is really in jail but of those who are still outside over 80% have remained faithful despite constant harassment.

The two priests emphasized that it was not the Chinese people but the foreign import of Communism that was to blame. Their experience has given them deeper insight into the inherent evil and contradiction of Communism.

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MARY AND IRAQ

THE CROWD HAD GONE from the Baghdad church. In the dim half-light a Jesuit priest knelt in thanksgiving for the afternoon Mass he had just celebrated. Suddenly, footsteps in the church distracted him and he looked up to see two Iraqi women in their black abbas gesticulating to him. In a loud whisper they asked, "Abuna, wain Maryam?" (Father, where is Mary?) He pointed toward a niche high on the Gospel side of the altar where Mary stood, her crowned head and outstretched hands bent to welcome the women. They approached, bowed profoundly, and supplicated the Mother of God in unintelligible Arabic accents. Another bow, and they left, gaping at the unfamiliar surroundings.

The women were Moslems, who with their fellow believers number over 90% of Iraq's population. Strongly Moslem, perhaps, but like their co-religionists, un-

afraid to acknowledge their love and respect for the Mother of Jesus, for here in a land of varied beliefs and rites Mary is the one common possession—the bond of union.

There is no Lourdes nor Fatima to draw pilgrims, but there is a deep respect for the Queen of Heaven which breeds tolerance now, and which may breed union later.

Among the Catholics, of course, Mary reinforces that bond of union with Christ—and very visibly. Throughout the day, in the Christian villages of northern Iraq, women take turns leading the rosary, in Chaldean, or Syrian, or in whatever tongue they call their own. Countless churches bear the title of El-Tahira, The Immaculate. And the Sodality of Our Lady at Baghdad College finds ready members, many of whom make votive offerings of their prized scholastic or athletic medals to Mary.

Devotion to Mary seems to run in the blood stream of the East. Belief in her Immaculate Conception did not wait for dogmatical definition for a basis. And before the West had developed its liturgical cult of Mary, the East had countless hymns in praise of the "Immaculate One" incorporated into its liturgy.

Although the Eastern Dissidents have dropped some former practices in the course of their separation, they have not dropped their devotion to the Mother of God. In fact, the Nestorians who separated from Rome on this precise question, Mary's motherhood, are in general unaware of the theological distinction which has cut them off from union.

But most curious of all is the Moslems' love for Mary. Of course, they could not worship her under the title of Mother of God. According to Mohammed, Christ was a man and a prophet, but not the Son of God. Yet, strangely enough the Qur'an, the Moslem sacred book, gives strong indication of the Virgin Birth and the Immaculate Conception:

"O Mary, verily God has chosen thee and purified thee and chosen thee above the women of the worlds."

"Remember her who guarded her maidenhood. We breathed into her of our spirit, and we made her and her Son a sign for all people."

Quite a contrast to those who call themselves Christians and deny Mary her prerogatives!

As a result of Mary's place in the Qur'an (she is mentioned 34 times) the Moslems without inhibition touch their hands to medals of Mary, then kiss the privileged hands; or, like the owner of a coffee shop outside Baghdad, they decorate their walls with pictures of the Virgin Mother. They often politely ask permission to go and pray before the

statue of Mary on the school grounds.

In the past century Mary has certainly come to the fore. With papal pronouncements, apparitions, and numberless miracles she has shown herself as Mediatrix of All Graces. What Mary's effect in the East will be is only human conjecture. Will she lead the separated Churches to union? Will she be the gate for non-Christians? Perhaps—but certainly she will not desert those who have called on her.

In the words of St. Ephraim the East seems to cry, "Thou (Mary) indeed art our only hope, most sure and most sacred in God's sight."

Baghdad College students gather in Sodality chapel for daily rosary.





“**H**AVE YOU EVER told your readers that they are the Church? Have you ever told them that they ought to be missionaries and not just passive bench-warmers in the struggle for the soul of the world?”

The questions were never answered, because the Ancient Missionary, who posed them, had whirled and left before the very junior editor could open his mouth to formulate some sort of response.

However, because the very junior editor had been doing some thinking along those lines, he is pleased to oblige his friend, the Ancient Missionary, by reminding the good readers of JM that they are the Church and that they ought to be missionaries . . .

One of the wrinkles of human nature is the widespread desire to let George do it. George, of course, is somebody else, the fellow who ought to be doing the job that we are only talking about. It may sound invidious, but Catholics often put the Church in the place of George. “Why,” we say, “doesn’t the Church do this or that?”

The unspoken implication is that the thing ought to be done by the bishops or priests. In that perennial question, “the Church” refers to them, never to the vast body of the faithful whom the Ancient Missionary referred to somewhat inelegantly as “passive bench-warmers.” Yet, when Catholics speak that way, they seem to take it for granted that a



Window on the Mission World

“Let George do it” is an acceptable principle in missionary work just as long as we realize very clearly that every member of the Church is George.

spectator's seat in the bleachers is their proper place in the Church.

Nothing of the sort. Pope Pius XII put it very clearly: “The faithful, and more precisely the laity, are stationed in the front ranks of the life of the Church, and through them the Church is the living principle of human society. Consequently, they especially must have an ever clearer consciousness, not only of belonging to the Church but of *being the Church*, that is, of being the community of the faithful on earth under the guidance of their common leader, the Pope, and the bishops in communion with him. *They are the Church*, and therefore even from the beginning the faithful, with the consent of their bish-

ops, have united in associations directed to the most diverse types of human activity, and the Holy See has never ceased to approve and praise them.”

The laity, then, are not only in the Church; they are of the Church; they are the Church. They have a right and a duty, according to their state and their personal capacity, to contribute really and meaningfully to the life and growth of the Mystical Body of Christ.

By the sacrament of Baptism, we become members of that Body. By Confirmation, the sacrament of maturity, we are given the strength to do our adult job in the Church. The Church's task is one of sanctifying those within her and of drawing to her those outside. The missions are concerned with both tasks, but primarily with the second, that of drawing men to the Mystical Body.

To put it briefly: you are the Church. You work in and with the Church; therefore you work for the missions, which are at the heart of the Church's life. No bench-warmers!



A missionary goes back to his former post in
the Pacific to encounter disaster at sea and
the inevitable sorrowful changes on land

Heartbreak Isle

JOHN T. McCARTHY S.J.

THE PEOPLE OF LIKIEP in the Marshall Islands had predicted, "Within three years you will return to us." They were right, for three years have not yet passed and I am back on Likiep. But in that time there have been changes, some of which lie heavy on a man's heart.

Enroute to Likiep I stopped off at Kwajalein and unexpectedly met Albert Capelle, who was on his way to Majuro for an operation on a slipped disc. Since he is 68 years old I'm afraid I won't have him here very long after his return. He was one of my two best friends. The other was Anton de Brun, who was very sick when I arrived at Likiep. I anointed him and the Navy flew him to Kwajalein first, then to the hospital at Majuro. He died there a few days later. His body was brought back and I said an Evening Mass for him. Then in the morning we laid him to rest beneath the cocoanut palms.

Now Albert is the only one left of the three I knew best; Freddie Capelle, who died in my arms four years ago, Anton and Albert. It was always good in the evening to walk up the road and sit and talk to one or other of them.

Then there has been disaster of another kind. One evening I sailed out of Likiep on the Regina, accompanied by Anton's boat, the Carla. Two hours out the Regina's engine went dead, allegedly transmission trouble. The captain said

he would fix it in the morning, so I insisted on the sails being hoisted. Twice during the night the Carla came back to us but the Regina's captain didn't even bother to answer their hail.

In the morning I made him get up and work on the engine but he finally decided it couldn't be fixed at sea. This didn't mean too much for we were making about three knots under sail. However, by evening we had not sighted Kwajalein as yet so we lowered the mainsail and a watch was set, a normal night procedure.

Just before midnight I suddenly awakened, tense with that feeling that something is wrong even when you don't know exactly what it is. I glanced around the deck where I had been sleeping. *No one was awake.* A sound, familiar enough but terrifying under the circumstances, burned itself into my consciousness—waves breaking over a reef! In the dim light I could discern the ugly curl of white water a few hundred yards away. We were bearing straight in for it.

There was only time to awaken everybody and get ready to hit. At the last second I saw two heads come dazedly up out of the rowboat on deck—and I grabbed Niybe and her grandson and dragged them out of the boat just as we struck. The ship broached and heeled over on the reef, and some heavy waves pounded us for a few minutes until the ship moved on its side further across the reef. If I hadn't awakened, all of us on deck would have been washed off on the edge of the reef and under the ship.

Heartbreak Isle

For an hour we clung precariously to the tilted ship until the tide went down a little and things on our side of the reef became calmer. Then we unslung the rowboat and put the ten women and children ashore on an island about half a mile away, the last dot of land in a 15-mile stretch. Then the men followed in their turn, three passengers and six crew. It was impossible to work on the Regina in the darkness so we built a fire on the shore (the youngsters just about roasted themselves around it) and bedded down on the rocks.

Daylight showed us a deserted island, practically no sand, just rocks and bush. One lonely cocoanut tree stood out in solitary grandeur. On a grassy patch in the center of the island we used the sails for a makeshift tent. For food there were crabs, fish and birds.

The crew unloaded the personal gear and shortly before noon the Carla found us. So the cargo, four tons of copra, was shifted over and everyone except the crew started back. No one had been injured in any way, thank God.

Three days later we returned to the island, hoping the higher tides would have set the Regina afloat. But the ship

had been driven almost across the reef and had lost a lot of planking. However the ribs still seem intact so we set to work. But by nightfall we had been unable to haul it into deeper water. By the next morning it was too late—a heavy squall in the night had settled matters. It blew the Regina clear of the reef but the keel was split in half and the engine had fallen through her portside. Almost half the ship was gone and was beyond repair.

No, my return to Likiep has not been too happy a one as yet. The Regina may be replaced some day (I can't even think of doing anything right now) but there is no way of replacing the good friends who are gone. Pray for us.

Caroline and Marshall Island Mission

2,000,000 square miles of ocean
687 square miles of total land area
2,400 islands
50,000 plus: total population
22,549 Catholics
80 churches and chapels
16 schools
41 Jesuits
42 Sisters



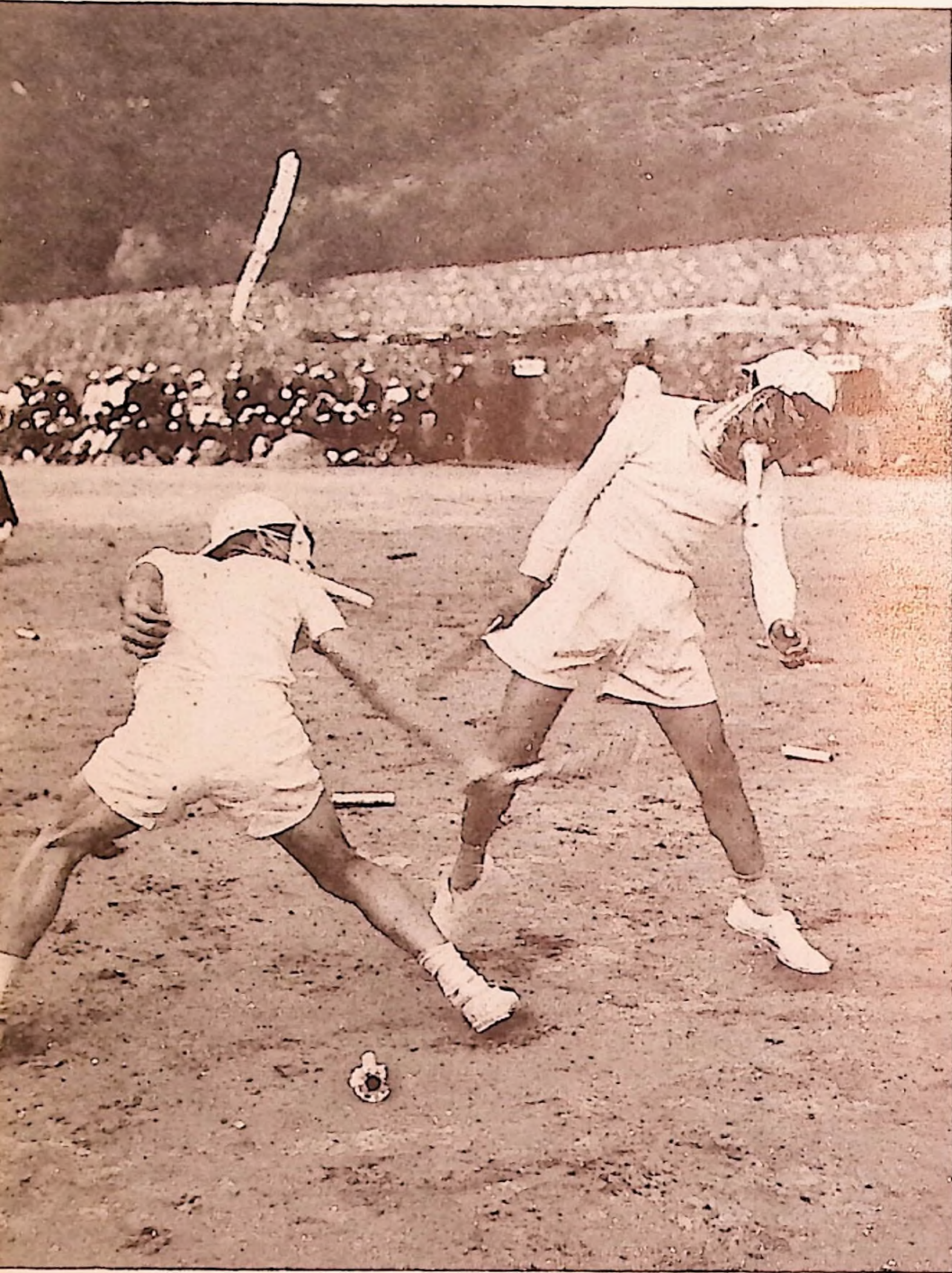
The Regina was the mission ship for Likiep Atoll and played a most important role in servicing islands such as Wotje, Kwajelein, Eniwetok and Lae. Without a boat a missionary in the Caroline and Marshall Islands is hopelessly lost—and his people priestless.



Rokko outdoor painting class. From vestiges of God to Uncreated Beauty.

ROKKO'S ROADS TO ROME

ROBERT M. FLYNN S.J.



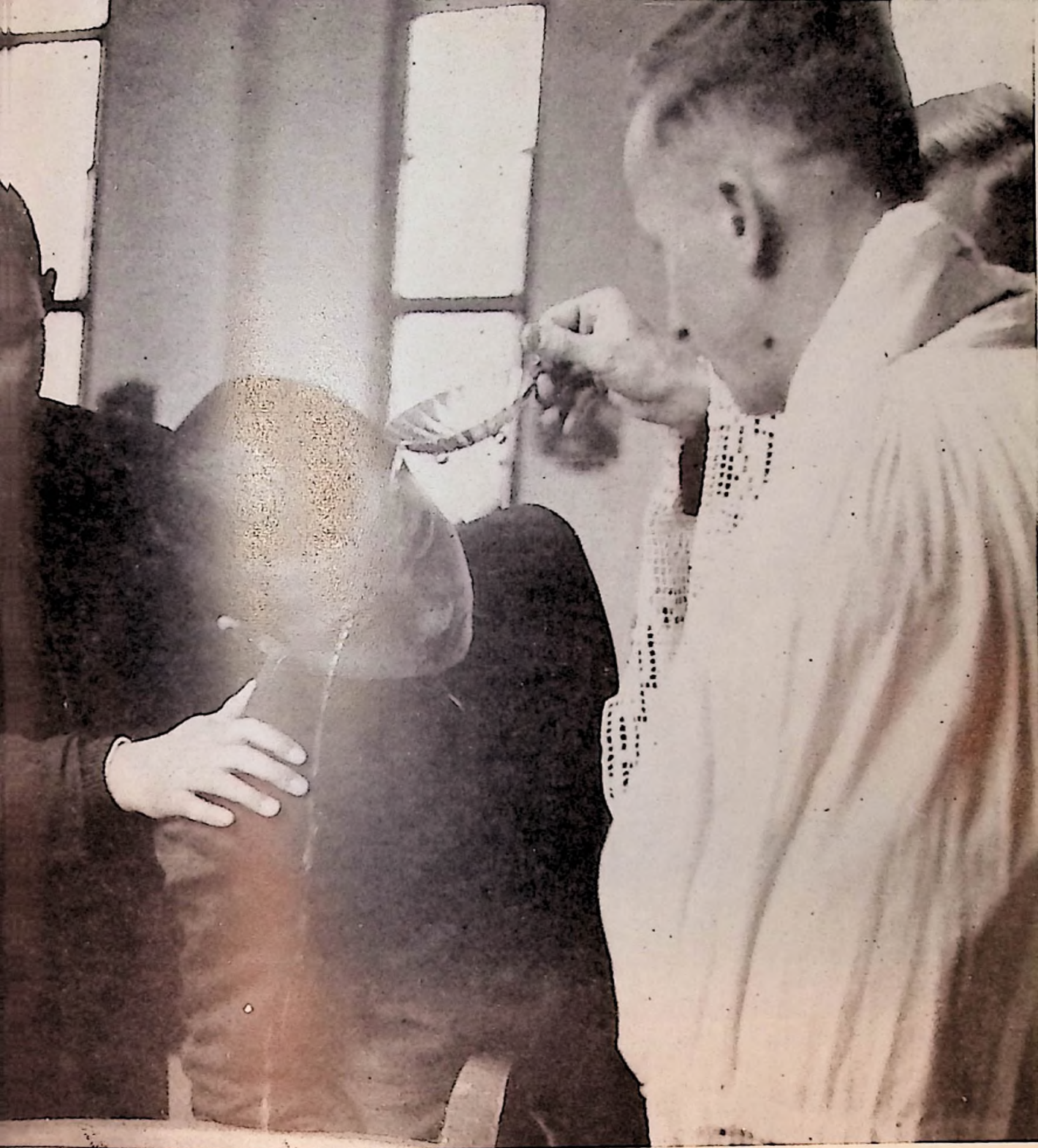
Students participate in ancient Japanese fencing contests.



ROKKO'S ROADS TO ROME

HERE AT ROKKO HIGH in Kobe, Japan, I have found that conversions occur in many ways, that there are different roads to Rome. For the great majority of the boys (there were only ten Catholics in the entire first year high) have had no contact with priests or the Church before enrolling here. For myself, it has been a distinct thrill to see grace work within them and the faith flower in their hearts.

It is the various contacts outside of



Father Robert Flynn S.J. baptizes Hombo-san with classmate Kumazawa-san as sponsor.

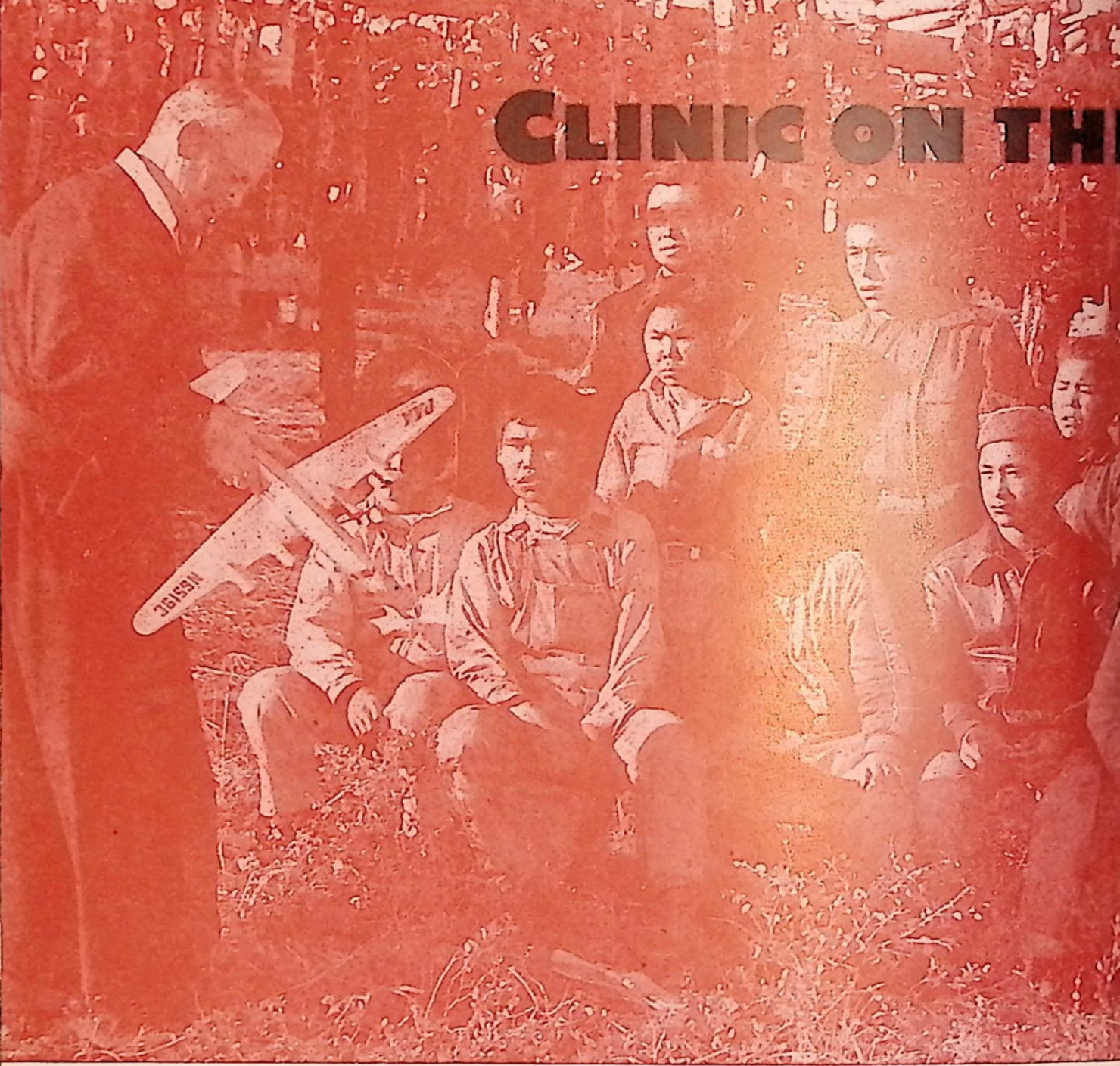
class which are so important. It might be a game of tiddleywinks or a class picnic or a tug-of-war between students and faculty. I have even joined the boys in their annual marathon, a 40-mile run to the mountains and back. I crawled home in slightly less than seven hours, the 342nd finisher in a field of 610.

But once these contacts are made, once a boy's natural reserve is broken through, the results are amazing. I first began catechism with the ten Catholic

boys; in a couple of weeks a group of sixteen requested instruction. Before the year was over there were eight different groups preparing to be baptized.

The best apostles are the boys themselves. It is not unusual to see non-Christian students at Mass, invited by the Catholic boys or even by those not yet baptized. They come to us by different roads with all sorts of obstacles in their paths but they end up, as one of them put it, with "sunlight inside."

CLINIC ON THE



Father O'Connor gives plane identification to St. Mary's Ground Observer Corps.

HERE ON THE LOWER YUKON at St. Mary's Mission we have no hospital properly so-called. But we do have a health center at which during the past year we treated 4,500 light emergencies and cared for some 350 more serious cases. When there is a serious emergency we give first aid and notify the doctor at the Government Hospital at Bethel, about 100 miles east on the Kuskokwim. Our pupils are instructed in the care of the sick by our Ursuline nuns as part of a course called the "Family Institute." At the present moment students from this Institute are assisting Dr. Walter Johnson who is here on one of his field trips. He has ex-

pressed his satisfaction with the accomplishment of these students. But let me give you a more rounded picture of our health center on the Lower Yukon.

Our operations can be understood from an actual review of an emergency. Just two years ago, several of our boys went to bed with what looked like stomach-flu. The usual care was given when one, with hardly any warning, died. His symptoms were carefully reviewed. Within an hour I had the doctor at Bethel on the air. Now radio up here on the Yukon is almost like a public address system. Every Eskimo listens in on this frequency, but he does not understand everything! I disguised my concern



PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

St. Mary's was the scene of much medical activity the next few days, but the order of the school was not disrupted. Things went coolly and efficiently along. Proper medication was given and no further death, not even an unpleasant complication, resulted.

Public Health has focused a sharp eye on tuberculosis and St. Mary's is the center for X-ray examinations of the whole surrounding country. Members of our Institute are in constant attendance. Records are kept, techniques explained in Eskimo. Dr. Johnson told me he was amazed at the smooth operation of it all. He has been definitely won over by these students and has suggested some excellent directives.

Last year we had the benefit of a prolonged stay of both an oculist and a dentist. Dr. J. H. Shelton was the first oculist that had ever visited the Mission. He came with all the equipment needed for fitting glasses. He took his time, performing several tricky eye-operations, removed tonsils, and endeared himself to everyone. His visit will be remembered a long, long time.

Sometime later, Dr. Morton, a dentist, came. He not merely pulled teeth, but settled down to a real job of filling and repairing them. I believe this was only the second time in the long history of the Mission that repair work was thoroughly done on the teeth of the children. We trust that both will come again.

Our student nurses are busy every day. Not only do they dispense medicine to our boys and girls. They also check, under the surveillance of Rev. Mother Antoinette, the sick of the village. Not so long ago, one of our boys ripped an ugly wound in his leg while skating. I happened to pass by while the wound was being dressed. The boy was keeping a perfectly stiff face before a battery of six student nurses who were being taught by this accident how to sew a wound. It was an interesting study both in psychology and surgery! But it pinpoints the tremendous value of our little clinic on the Yukon.

in technical verbiage. The doctor took the cue perfectly. He pretended that there was nothing to worry about. He was the essence of consideration. I admired his tact in dealing with such a large audience. Among other things he casually remarked that he had often wished to visit the Yukon. I might expect him in the near future. The dread name of polio was not mentioned once, but he knew as well as I that every symptom that I gave him rang that ominous bell! The doctor chartered a plane that same afternoon. We isolated five different cases. By midnight the same night biological tests showed the most virulent type of polio.

1,200 young men are preparing for the priesthood.

During the last century of Dutch rule in Indonesia, the Church grew rapidly as earlier restrictions upon Catholic missionaries were one by one relaxed. From 1850 until 1902, Jesuit missionaries were the only Order in the country, but since that time, more and more missionary Orders have taken over portions of the growing field as conversions increased.

The Indonesian government has maintained cordial diplomatic relations with the Holy See and has given commendable freedom to Catholic activities. In a great speech in which he introduced the five basic principles which were quoted earlier, President Sukarno, the George Washington of Indonesia, urged all his people to work together vigorously at building up a great and strong nation, united in their belief in God and in mutual cooperation.

Living out that high mandate is difficult. The peoples of the country are not yet united. On Java alone there are some seven different ethnic groups; in Sumatra, almost twenty. The peoples of the other islands constitute forty distinct groups. Not only are the people divided ethnically, but old separatist tendencies and sharp ideological cleavages remain as a constant threat to the new nation.

Most serious of all is the possibility of a Communist regime. Borodin, the father of Asian Communism, called Indonesia "the bridge to Australia," and Marxists have struggled hard to win a foothold in this southeastern frontier of Asia. A Communist state on the great barrier between the Indian and the Pacific oceans could split the world as effectively as the Iron Curtain sundered Europe.

Five years ago, a Polish magazine, *Problemy*, printed a map showing Sydney, Australia, as the capital of the "World Ocean." When the globe is projected with Sydney as the center, it will be seen that Australia dominates the Atlantic as well as the Pacific and Indian Oceans. It is easy to understand why Communists are interested in Australia and in the bridge to it, Indonesia.

This month the Holy Father turns our attention to this great new nation and solicits our prayers that social order in Indonesia be based on Christian principles. There is all the more urgent need for prayer at the present time because for the past year a Constitutional Assembly has been at work drafting the definitive Constitution by which the country will be ruled.

The Church in this predominantly Moslem country is already doing a great deal both to teach and to demonstrate the social ideals of the gospel to the new world of Indonesia. It maintains more than 1,600 primary schools throughout the islands, as well as 350 secondary, sixty normal and 93 trade schools. Equally important is the practical work of Catholic social and humanitarian action carried on in sixty hospitals, 123 dispensaries and 55 orphanages. The social ideal of Christianity is made more articulate through 36 periodicals and 69 Catholic Action centers.

More than eleven years ago, President Sukarno issued a challenge and a generous invitation to his Christian fellow countrymen in a celebrated address. He called upon them to struggle earnestly for the establishment of just such a social structure as that for which we pray this month:

If, for instance, Christians wish every letter within the regulations of the state of Indonesia to accord with the Bible, then let them work together to death in order that most of the delegates who enter the Indonesian representative body be Christians. That is just; that is fair play!

Catholics have had a small, but intelligent and articulate, political party for many years. But in a nation so overwhelmingly non-Christian, the goal Sukarno set them is not likely of realization by the means he suggested. If Christian social principles are to prevail, it must be by the internal force of their own intrinsic persuasiveness, cogently presented by Catholic teaching and irrefutably demonstrated by Catholic living. To this supremely important work our prayerful collaboration is invited by Pope Pius XII.



(Standing, l. to r.) Fathers Anthony Roberts (Jamshedpur), Cornelius Curtin (Patna), Anthony Mattscheck (Patna), Walter Nee (Ceylon), John Kenney (Patna), Joseph Brennan (Darjeeling), Joseph Lerch (Jamshedpur), LeRoy Ryan (Patna). Seated are Fathers Lloyd Lorio (Ceylon) and William German (Darjeeling). All were ordained this year.

Ten for Tomorrow

FREDERIC V. MOORE S.J.

THROUGH THE WINDOW above the main altar of St. Mary's Seminary at Kurseong in India the Himalayas are sharply etched against the blue November skies. Through the window comes a beam of sunlight to light up a scene that has been reenacted year after year for almost half a century in this Jesuit theologate.

On a scarlet-draped faldstool sits a deceptively frail-looking old man in bishop's vestments. At his left the Jesuit Rector calls from his list a succession of strange-sounding names—Maltese, Indian, Belgian, Italian, Spanish, Dutch and American. One by one, these young men kneel before the Archbishop and receive

the power of the priesthood.

The old Archbishop has ordained close to 1,000 priests. But this year there is something new, even in the long experience of the elderly prelate. Of the twenty four men from eight different nations, ten are North Americans, men of the Missions of Ceylon, Patna, Jamshedpur and Darjeeling. Never has such a number of North Americans been ordained together at St. Mary's; it will be a long time before such a number are ordained again.

Ten different talents; ten various callings; ten separate preparations—ten young lives dedicated to the work of tomorrow. *Ad multos annos!*

Evening Concerto

TODAY IS MY FIRST anniversary—my seventh day at Zamboanga in the Philippines. Perhaps the sounds which break the stillness of the evening are a good indication of some of the things which strike a newcomer. There is never perfect silence at Zamboanga in the evening. True, there is not the professional rhythm of a Louis Armstrong band nor the classical Sonata of a Beethoven. But for the past week I have listened to the "Music of Nature"—and there is rhythm in the sound and movement, a natural harmony.

Ever present in the distance is the low buzz of cricket-like bugs talking quietly but continuously. They furnish the background, the *Adagio* music. And up here, very close to me, is the *Agitato* sound of the mosquito—which warns that one of these creatures is driving in for an attack on my right ear. I ward him off

with a sweep of my hand, but the numerical superiority of these little "musicians" force me to retreat beneath my mosquito netting.

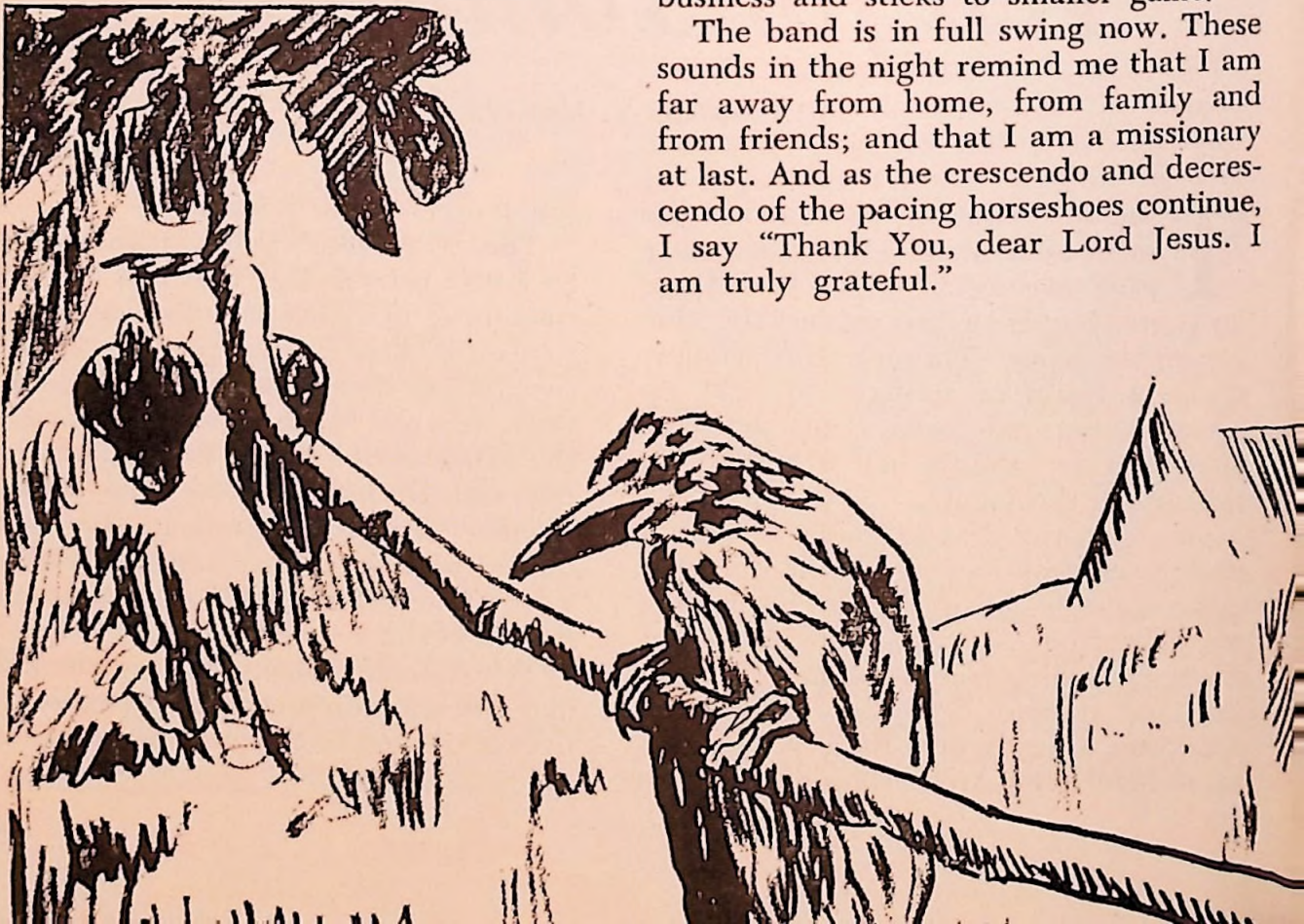
And down below, a dog or two bark *staccato*, loudly, rhythmically, while a group of young ladies and gentlemen walk by vocalizing in Spanish dialect.

The intense part of the 'concert' now begins as the paired clop-clops of pacing horseshoes come and go. Each horse pulls a two-wheeled cart with a dimly-lighted night lamp on either side. So you see, even the lighting for our little concert is quite effective.

With the diminuendo of the horses, comes the *staccato* squeal of the neighbor's pig as he scolds the mosquitoes.

And, from above me, I hear the sweet and harmonious chirping of a lizard-like animal as it scurries across the walls and ceiling, hunting small bugs. Happily for us humans, he tends to mind his own business and sticks to smaller game.

The band is in full swing now. These sounds in the night remind me that I am far away from home, from family and from friends; and that I am a missionary at last. And as the crescendo and decrescendo of the pacing horseshoes continue, I say "Thank You, dear Lord Jesus. I am truly grateful."



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Dear Friend:

In casting your vote for the President of the United States one determining factor may be your reaction to the foreign policy of the particular party. As an American you are free to favor foreign aid or to oppose it mildly or violently.

As a Catholic, however, you cannot be a spiritual isolationist. There is no freedom granted regarding the Church's policy on foreign missions. This policy has been dictated by Divine Authority. The Church simply must grow to full maturity. In the present economy, that involves a great sacrifice of manpower, financial aid, and, above all, the prayers of the faithful.

Prior to January 1st it would be well to consider what portion of your personal income you can contribute to charity freely or by virtue of the thirty percent deduction permitted on your income tax. Since the Jesuits are the largest group from the United States in the foreign missions our expenses are the greatest. We will be grateful for your help but trust that you will be mindful of the other missionary organizations. You will then be truly a Catholic at heart and in your heart the Kingdom of God will reach its full maturity.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

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

Clinic

ON THE YUKON



WE REFER you to the article on Page 14, and merely point out that in order to treat 4,500 light emergencies and 350 serious cases a year it is necessary to have more than charity in one's heart and sympathy for the suffering sick. It costs money. And money is something which no missionary ever has.

Won't you help Father O'Connor in his fight to help his people against polio, T.B., bad eyes and teeth, and the other thousand natural ills the flesh is heir to?

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Housekeepers, Keep Away!

LAST NIGHT I FIRED my entire household staff, the said staff consisting of two boys. Canon Law considers it seemly that a priest's housekeeper be an elderly lady known for her gravity, as befits the dignity of her office. But in the Philippines people take a dim view of housekeepers for priests because, among other reasons, the housekeeper would almost inevitably be a relative of the priest. Now, Filipino hospitality is something sacred. Where one relative goes, all relatives go. And parishioners are not enthusiastic about supporting a priest's household consisting of all the priest's sisters and cousins and aunts to the fifth degree.

So priests in the Philippines do not have housekeepers: we have houseboys. The only female allowed in my house is the cat, and she can't cook. Neither can the houseboys. But I do enjoy the benefits of female cooking. The Sisters cook my dinner at their own convent and a houseboy fetches it. I fix my own breakfast and have worked out the ideal bachelor's breakfast for a lazy male,—a glass of fruit juice (canned), a chocolate milk shake (powdered milk and Hemo in water), and several cups of coffee (powdered instant coffee without complications of milk and sugar). No cooking, only water to boil. The extra hot water I put in a thermos jug so I can have black coffee during the day without fuss or bother whenever I feel sleepy.

With no housekeeper to ring a supper bell, I usually dispense with supper.

When hungry in the evening, which is not very often, I fix myself a little snack from the store of canned goods which I always keep on hand in case a priest guest comes unexpectedly for a meal; in which case I prepare the meal myself. I can cook, but can't be bothered to cook for myself. I find that a peanut butter sandwich is just as filling as beef steak and much easier to prepare.

My houseboys prepare their own meals to their own liking, for which I give them a *per diem* allowance. If they buy cigarettes instead of groceries it's their own stomachache. So, no housekeeper, no marketing; which simplifies housekeeping considerably. The houseboys attend high school and do the household chores after classes. They also do light tasks in the church, such as locking up, ringing bells, preparing altar and sacristy for Mass, etc. When I go out to the other mission stations one boy accompanies me.

I fired the two boys last night because they were A.W.O.L. at night, for which the penalty is automatic immediate dismissal. They knew that, but it is in a boy's nature to take chances. Probably they took that chance many times when I was too busy to check on them; but this time they were caught, so home they went. I am responsible to their parents for them, and I cannot be faithful to that responsibility if I don't know where the boys are, especially at night. It was punishing myself because now I must train two more boys to do the household



Father Stoffel's houseboys present a problem well known in many American rectories.

tasks, which is harder than doing the tasks myself. But I haven't time to do all the household tasks myself.

This morning, before breakfast, there were four boys applied for the two vacancies. The dismissed boys were sporting enough to spread the good news. Parents are forever asking me to take their sons into my household. They usually say, "Father, I think my son has a vocation. I want to put him in your

care so he will learn how to serve God." What they really mean is: "Father, I can't afford to house, feed and clothe my son, and send him to school, so I want you to do it for me." One mother told a priest that she had dedicated her son to God. She made a vow, she said, to put the boy in the priest's household. The priest answered, "That's funny. Just this morning I made a vow not to take any more boys." That's one way out!

Special Offer

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THERE is a wonderful book on the market, recently published. It is

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It is an interesting, witty, and accurate book about the man who invented the Jesuits. It will sell for \$5.00 at the bookstores, but JESUIT MISSIONS readers can have it for \$4.00. Fill out the coupon below.

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A FIELD

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THE UNQUIET LIFE



A missionary's day is far from routine. He must always be ready to cope with the unexpected and face the inevitable, as we can see from the following items.

Father Leon Foster S.J., Director of the Apostleship of Prayer for the Patna Mission, recently visited all the mission stations in that vast area and wound up his tour as follows: "The last afternoon I was at the station by one o'clock to get my train which took three hours to run the 48 miles to Patna. There was no sitting room, so I had to stand, but at the next station when about 500 people got out, I climbed up on the baggage rack and spread out for a couple of winks, putting my cashmere shawl between the boards and the bones. I got to Saint Xavier's in Patna after four and piled down to the holy Ganges for a swim. But I was deterred from getting in for there was a *lash*—a dead body—floating near the place. It's common enough for the poor people who cannot afford to buy wood for the cremation of the corpse to just burn a finger or so and

SPOTLIGHT



Far north of the Arctic Circle Father Thomas Cunningham has built his mission of St. Patrick at Lonely Point Barrow, the northernmost tip of Alaska. A veteran of over twenty years in the Far North, Father Cunningham has had many an adventure. One of the more unique ones occurred when he was stationed at Little Diomedede Island. On a seal hunting trip the ice forced him ashore on Russia's Big Diomedede where a Soviet commissar promptly sentenced him to death. But his facility in the Eskimo language (the commissar had to use an interpreter) won public opinion to his side and his release. His devoted people on Little Diomedede joyfully welcomed back their pastor and Number I rifle shot.

Father Cunningham has been a valued adviser to the military on many phases of Alaskan life. He still cares for the spiritual needs of the soldiers at our most northern outpost. Say a prayer for him.

throw the body into the river. So back home I headed."

MIDNIGHT KNOCKINGS



When a priest hears a knock at his door around two in the morning, the first thing he tries to remember is where the keys to the holy oils are kept. But not in Ceylon.

When Father Ralph Rieman S.J. was aroused about this hour not long ago, he was shocked into noonday alertness by a voice at his window: "Come quick, Father! Pampu! Pampu!"

Anyone less versed in Tamil would have concluded that the excited visitor had come in behalf of someone named "Pampu" who was in dire need. But the fact that Father Rieman reached for his gun and jumped to follow his informant, gives proof that he had the situation pretty well summed up from the start. Even Don Camillo wouldn't go on a sick call armed only with a rifle.

Father Rieman never did get the explanation of how the fellow who came for help made his discovery at such an unearthly hour in the morning, but subsequent facts proved the verity of his information. When the pair entered the house, there was a rustle near the roof. A flashlight beam caught a faint ripple in the palm branch roof. While the man of the house pin-pointed the movement, Father Rieman drew a bead and let go. Five feet of snake slithered down from the rafters onto the floor with no more fight left in him than a piece of firewood could knock out with a half dozen wallops.

Was Father Rieman proud of the shot? Prouder still that he knew that the Tamil word 'pampu' means 'snake'—and this at two in the morning!

We wonder what would have happened if Father had missed and had to face five feet of angry snake so early in the morning.

SITUATION ABNORMAL



In another mission station of Ceylon some more shooting was heard. Father Claude Daly S.J. reports from Sorikalmunai.

"We had rather an exciting week since last Tuesday, but now things are returning to their customary lethargy. Two weeks ago a bill was introduced in Parliament to make Sinhalese the only official language in Ceylon (what this means, no one has ever bothered to define). Anyhow, the Tamil-speaking people got quite excited about it. In Colombo the Tamil-speaking Members of Parliament organized a protest meeting, modeled after the meetings Gandhi used against the British in India; they just sat quietly on the public square, and said nothing. Some passersby hooted and jeered, and when that got no response, they began to throw stones. Then a sort of riot broke out in Colombo, with fires and looting; Tamils and Indians were the principal victims.

"Then on our side of the island, where Tamils are a majority, the Sinhalese began to suffer from the same violence. Amparai, where the Gal Oya Development Board has its offices and stores, has a good percentage of Sinhalese; and they damaged the Tamils. Police finally restored order in the town itself, with the help of a detachment of army troops; but meanwhile several gangs had stolen trucks, petrol, and dynamite from the stores, and were going about the colony area, looting. Rumors made things seem much worse than they were; but the reality was bad enough.

"On Monday, I made my usual weekly trip to Batticaloa; things were quiet enough—in the 50-passenger bus, which ordinarily carries 80 to 100, there were only 11. Ceylon police ordinarily go unarmed; but that day I saw two at every intersection, carrying rifles. I made sure to get back home before dark. Tuesday, the colonists near Sorikalmunai moved

into the village; many brought all their goods also. No mail till further notice. Wednesday the village expected to be attacked. Men spent the day chopping down trees to block the roads, and guards, armed with shot-guns, stood watch all night. Thursday the women and children, and many of the men, went across the lagoon—some in rowboats, some wading—leaving only about 50 men, who took turns at guard duty day and night. The raiders made no attack on the village itself; but they broke open the abandoned houses in the colony, and removed whatever had been left behind; paddy, barbed wire, chickens.

“Sunday morning a police officer came to tell me, and asked me to inform the villagers, that a special police station had been set up in the next village, and that things were under control. In the afternoon, soldiers in two jeeps came with a similar message. The army is encamped about 5 miles away, they are patrolling the area, and there is now no need to fear—let the women and children come home. Yesterday some did return; and today more will come. Now they are complaining that stuff is missing from their houses; and since no outsiders came in, it must have been the guards that did the stealing. Back to normal.”

NO COMMAND PERFORMANCE



But not all the unexpected problems are in the physical sphere. Some are of the psychological order, as Bishop John McEleney S.J. can attest.

A British movie company had selected Jamaica as the locale for filming certain scenes of the novel “Sea Wyf and Biscuit.” The story features a nun during the evacuation of Singapore in World War II. So one of the film directors came to the Bishop with a request for a dozen nuns as authentic background. The scenes in which they would play would be shot at night along Kingston’s harbor.

The Bishop graciously assented to consider the request and, after the director departed, he sat back to ponder. How we wish we had a record of those thoughts—and we wager every Mother Superior on the island would like one, too. Which group of Sisters should he call first? “Reverend Mother, would you mind if your Sisters spent the next ten nights on the waterfront? They should be home by midnight.” The situation offered numberless possibilities and the opportunity might never occur again. But finally, ruefully or not we do not know, he phoned the director and suggested that he make use of high school girls who would be coached by nuns in the roles needed. Someday the Bishop’s autobiography may unveil the intriguing thought patterns of those hours.

PALAU PROBLEM



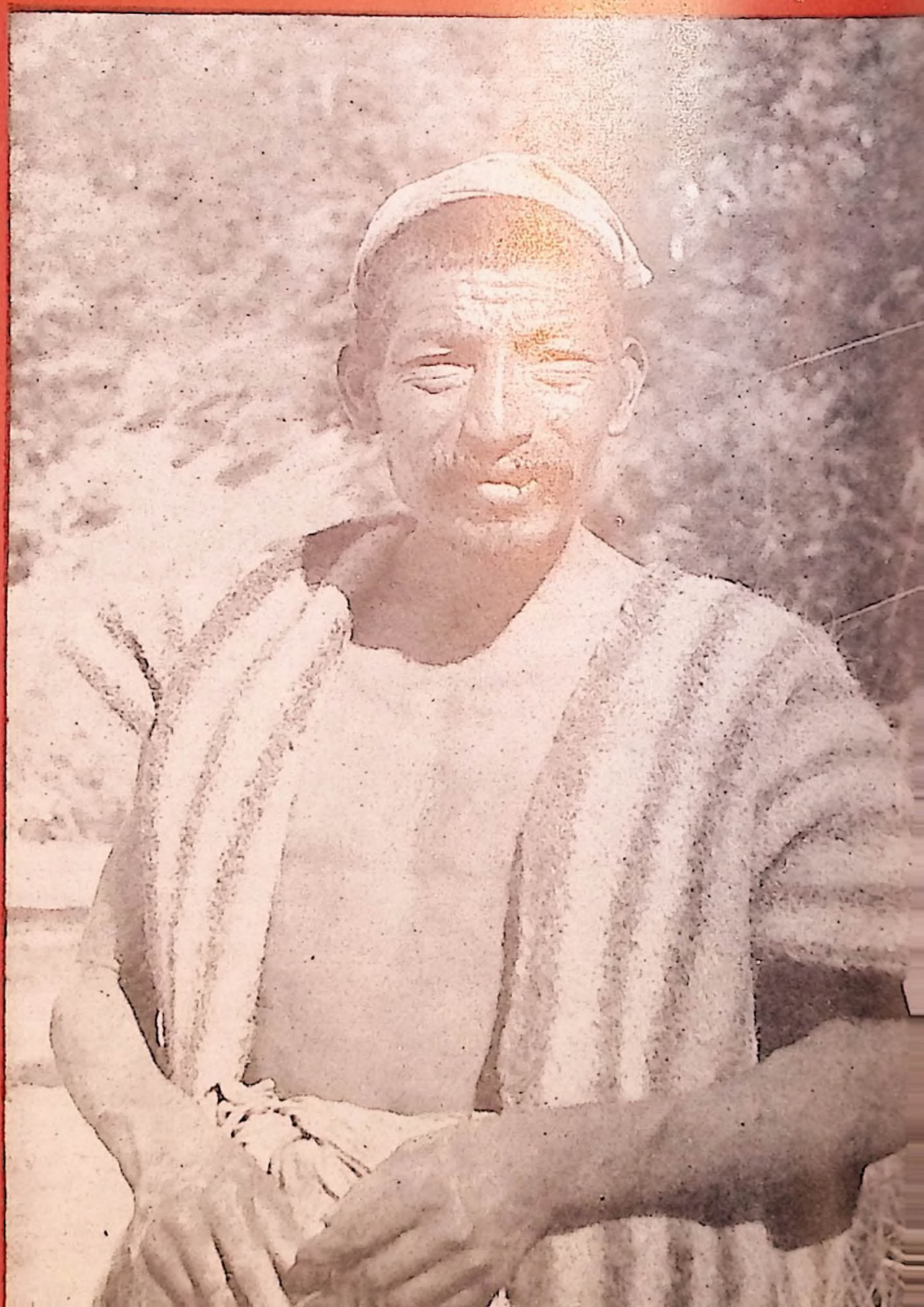
But there are other psychological problems which are deep and lasting. From Palau in the Caroline Islands Father Edwin McManus:

“Here in the islands we have many good, pious people who are going to get to Heaven, but their culture and their ways of thinking are at times at variance with, or even opposed to Christianity. So the life of a missionary is not concerned solely with baptizing pagans; that is probably the easiest part. Christianity is an entire way of life and should permeate all the thinking of the Christian, but sometimes it takes generations for Christian ideas to really ‘sink in.’

“Christian ideals of marital love simply don’t enter the picture, and I am still at a loss for Palauan words to express what is meant by Christian home life. The very word that is used for love, even for the love of God—its first meaning is to pursue a girl into the woods. Such is the environment here, and it takes tremendous graces for a man to rise very far above his environment.”

Peter Rose-Meyer S.J.

Oh, for Esperanto!



IF YOU KNOW of any linguistic genius interested in the future good of humanity, and still bent on devising some sort of Esperanto, put me in touch with him. I must say I'm all for it. Any more skirmishes with the language problem and I'm going to join the Carthusians. As far as I see, the only way out of the problem, short of the Gift of Tongues, is to turn overnight into a phenomenal linguist.

Born and bred in the north of India, I must say I did a lot of roaming, but that was never south of a line from Bombay to Calcutta, and the practical aspect of the language problem didn't strike me as anything to grow grey over. The language I spoke (apart from English) wouldn't pass unchallenged as flawless Hindi, but I had always prided myself on the fact that it was good substantial bazaar Hindustani. And anyway, since it had always proved adequate for my needs in the north, I saw no reason why it shouldn't do the same anywhere else in this subcontinent.

But Goa brought me enlightenment. It was there that I had my first clash with what ceased to be a merely theoretical problem. I had just landed in Margao, a raw novice (in more ways than one) and so entirely apprehensive about the Hospital Experiment that had brought my companion and myself there, as to have forgotten that quite another *bhasha* held sway in that part of the country.

The coolies in Goa are mostly women, and nearly all Catholics if the rosaries around their necks meant anything. The portress carrying my grips from the station put them down at Loyola High School and I handed her what I recognized to be the fare—8 annas. She said something. Coolies, as I've known them for years, always say something and what's more, faithful to the teaching of St. Paul, they "all say the same thing." The ways of saying it may vary slightly, but substantially it all comes to "this isn't enough." So when I heard her murmuring something in her own language (later discovered to be perfectly good Conkani) I knew what she wanted. The words she used I don't recall, but I'm

prepared to swear they ended with "Deo" (in Hindi "give") . . . and the words I used I don't recall.

But I had just begun to grow eloquent when my companion, who understood Conkani, cut in with, "Hey, what do you think you're on? She's saying 'God bless you!'" Well, now I ask you? How on earth is one expected to know that every second portress in Goa goes around hurling benedictions at her customers? (Unfortunately there wasn't much in my tone that had been suggestive of imparting blessings!) After that I realized that the only safe way out of linguistic hot waters in Goa—where nothing but Portuguese and Conkani seemed to flourish—would be to keep my mouth shut.

Now that I've come further south, there doesn't seem to be much of an improvement. I remember my first picnic in Shembag. Like any other Jesuit who picnics in style, there was nothing in my outward mien to distinguish me from any other one-day vacationer, or so I thought. Coming up a steep incline, a little ahead of my companions, I saw a group of women coming towards me. As they got within hailing distance I was greeted with a barrage of "Money, Swami, money." Two questions chased each other round my brain. How on earth do they know I'm a *Swami*? And why do they think I have any money? "Sorry, no money," my hands and my head gesticulated, and my out-turned pockets confirmed the truth of this. On which they fell to giggling and, pointing to my wristwatch, let out another volley, "Yes, Swami, money, money."

"Oh, so that's it," I thought, "that's what makes them believe I'm rolling in the stuff." Aloud I said, "Well, ladies, this watch is only borrowed property." Just then my companion came up. His mother tongue was Tamil and his reaction to the similar warcry of "Money, Swami!" was to turn to me and ask, "Have you the time on you, Brother? They want to know the time."

You see what I mean? Unless you find another solution to the problem, I'm threatening to become a recluse.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The Children Are Too Hungry to listen to the catechism lessons in the Philippines, where the breakfasts are so light. The youngsters have a little fish and rice in the morning and are ravenously hungry after several hours of class, especially when they have walked a couple of miles to school. It is almost impossible to get the children, or even to hold them, once you had them, because they were either late (if the catechism was before the opening of classes in the morning) or they were so hungry after classes that they wanted most naturally to run home and fill their little vacuum stomachs.

Father Koller wonders if you could help him furnish a little food for these children. Would you have a dime to spare for one small lunch for a child in the Philippines?

His Needs Are Large and Small and Father Phil Branon thought you might be able to give one of these items:

3 Bibles	\$4.00
4 18-inch Crucifixes	\$10.00
1 36-inch Crucifix	\$20.00
Rosaries25
Amices	\$2.00
Purificators	\$1.00
Altar Cloths	\$10.00
Statue of F. Xavier ..	\$100.00
Statue of St. Therese	\$100.00

In the South Pacific, as you know, a missionary must keep in mind, when he builds a chapel, that the building will have to be strong enough to weather several hurricanes a year.

For that reason, Father William Walter of the Yap District, has concluded

that the only way to be sure that he will have a church on his next visit to the islands is to build it of concrete. The people do most of the construction work but have no money to buy concrete.

The cost of a church that will stand up against a hurricane is \$3,000.

The church will be built with small contributions, so if you could pay for a bag of cement you would have the assurance that your generosity has helped build a church on the missions.

One bag of cement \$2.00

By Way of Contrast, there's no concern about hurricanes in the Bar Bigha District of India where a chapel can be built for \$500.00.

Father Edwin Saxton hopes to build this \$500 chapel with your generous help. Would you have \$1.00 or \$2.00 for the chapel?

Copies of the Catholic Encyclopedia and of the Encyclopaedia Britannica are needed in Yoro, Honduras. If you have copies of either of these not being used, would you give them to the missions?

If you have the books to give they could be sent to St. Louis, Missouri, to be forwarded. The address is:

Rev. Joseph Hebert
c/o Father Meehan
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Missouri

Medicine for Lepers is requested by Father Pollard who runs a clinic in Shapurpati, India. Could you send a gift to purchase the medicine?

No Cadillac!

Father Clarence Sharma S.J., whose address is Catholic Church, Latonah, Tribeniganj P.O., Saharsa District, Patna, India, has no car. A Cadillac, as you can see by glancing at the picture below, would be out of place. What he needs is a pair of bullocks. The trouble is he doesn't have the money to buy them. Could you help? A good bullock costs \$95.00. Send \$5.00 to help. Father Sharma will be eternally grateful. And your donation will be received with grateful prayers at

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MASS

... in the Missions

November is the month of the Holy Souls. Would you like a missionary to offer the Holy Sacrifice for your beloved dead this month? Or for any intention at any time? You can arrange it by contacting

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