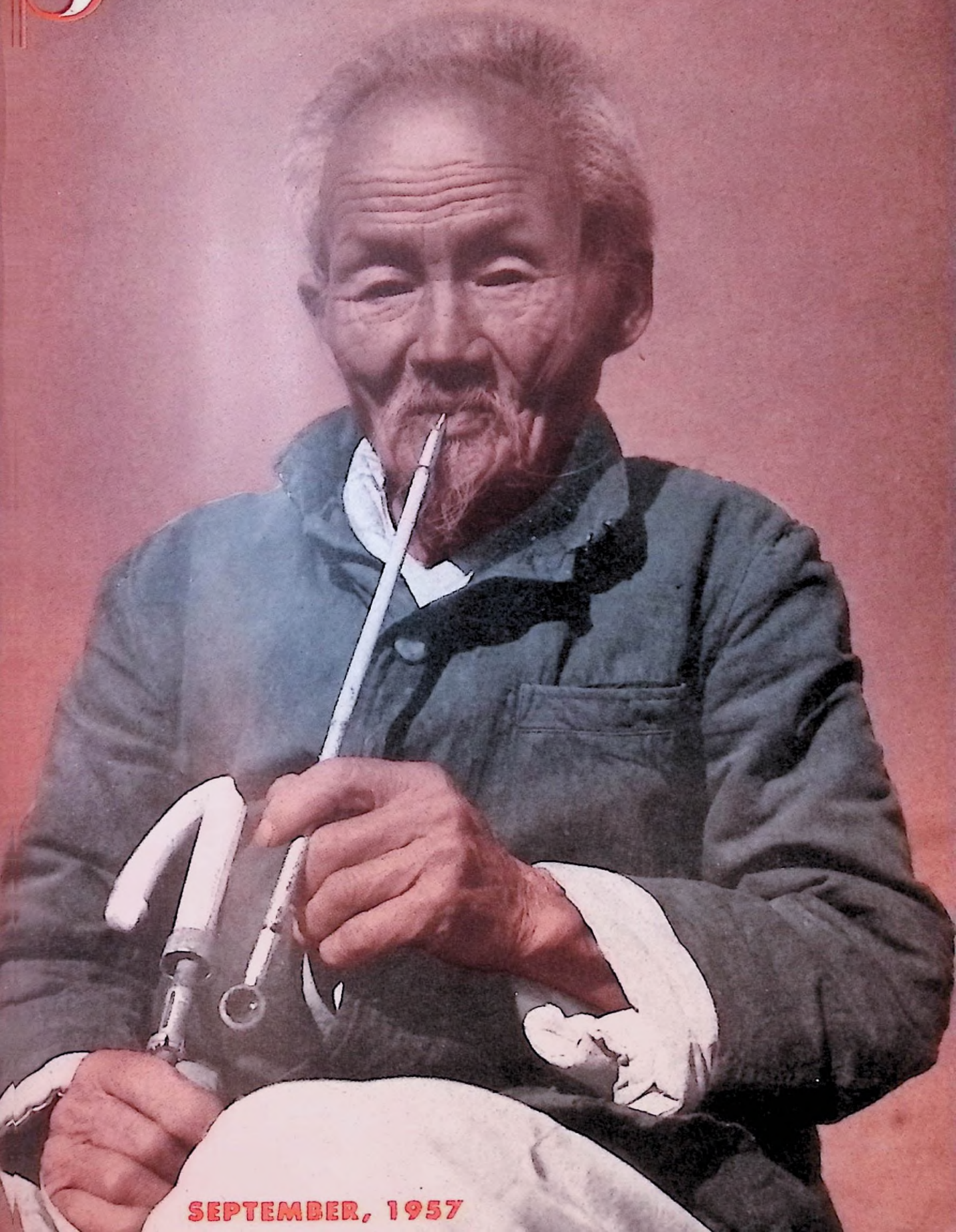
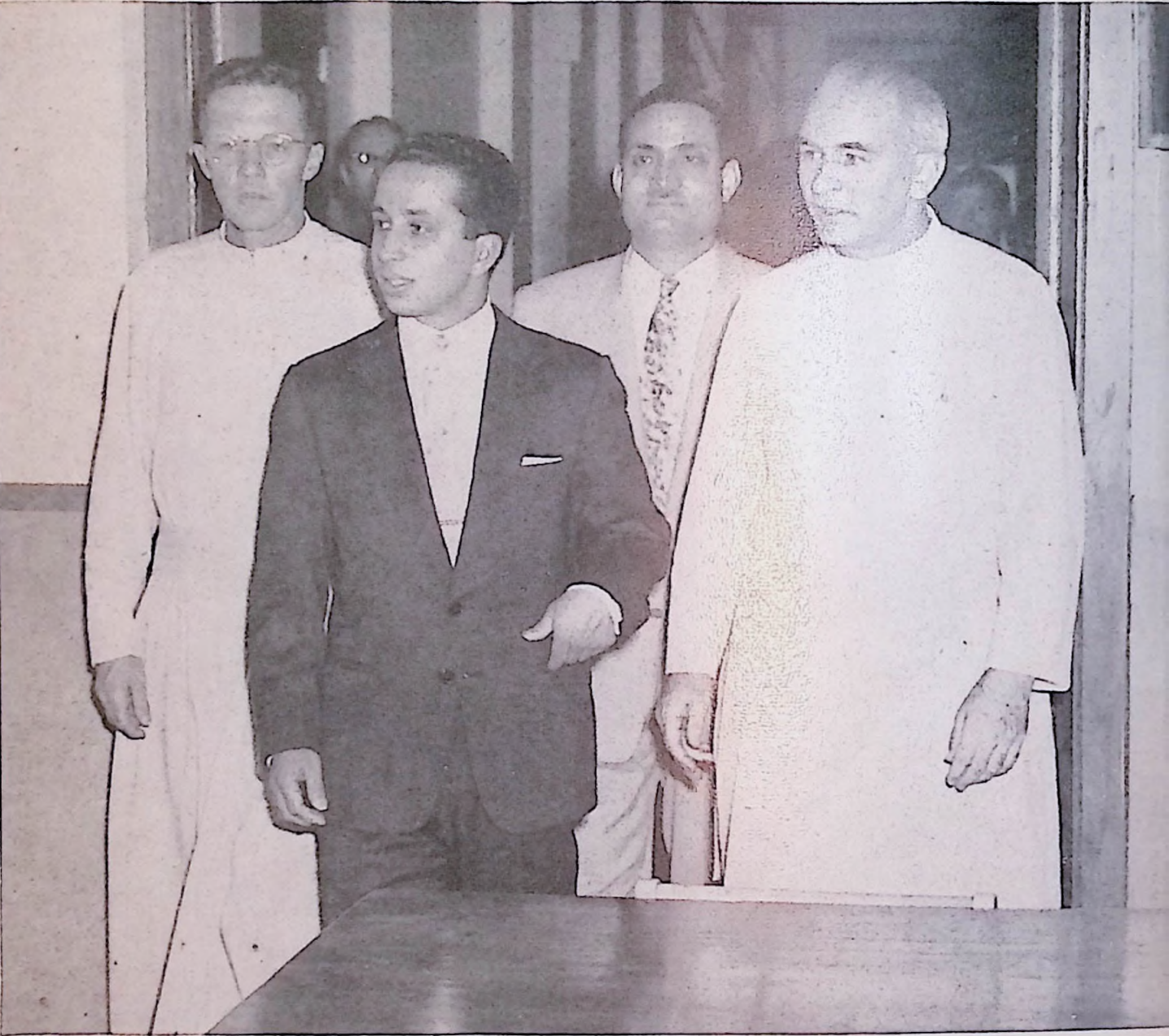


Jesuit Missions



SEPTEMBER, 1957

**The 25th anniversary of the founding of
the Baghdad Mission by American
Jesuits is climaxed by a**



(Above) His Majesty King Faisal II enters the Baghdad College library, escorted by Father Michael McCarthy (right), Acting Rector of B.C. and Al-Hikma University, Father Robert Sullivan, Dean, and Mr. Mahmud Yusuf, Professor of Arabic. This is the 25th year in Iraq.

COVER. This elderly Korean has lived a lifetime of surprises. The "Land of the Morning Calm" has belied its name during his years on earth. But the past is not as important as the future and Korea is one of the few bright spots in the Far East for our missionaries.

KING'S VISIT

HIS MAJESTY, King Faisal II of Iraq, recently paid an official visit to Baghdad College and Al-Hikma University. Both schools are conducted by American Jesuits and 1957 marks the Silver Anniversary of the mission entrusted to them by the Holy See.

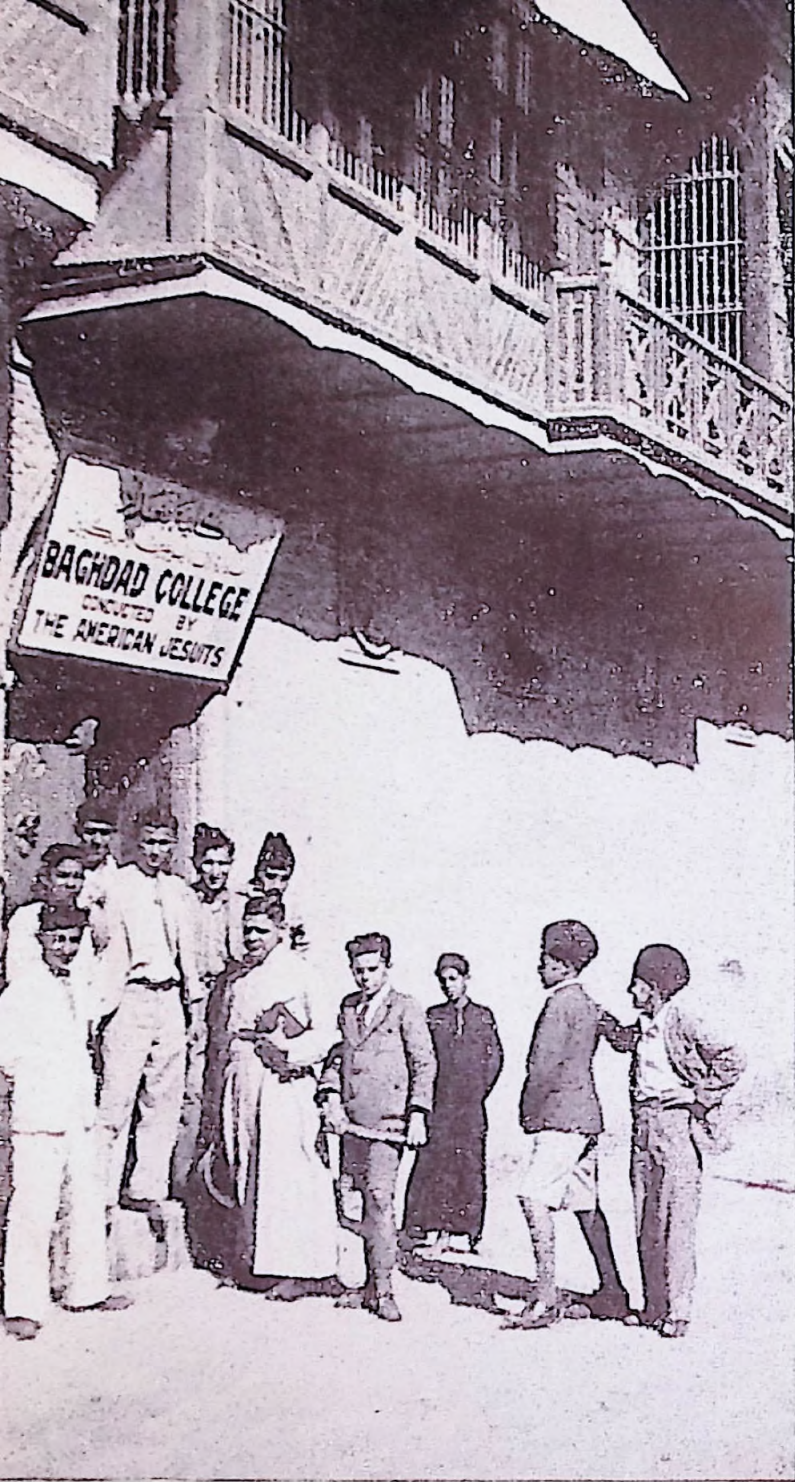
The 22-year-old monarch, whose graciousness and sincere interest in his people have endeared him to them, was accompanied by his uncle, The Amir Abdul Ilah, Crown Prince of Iraq. Also in the Royal Party were Mr. Tahsin Qadri, Master of Ceremonies at the Royal Palace; Mr. Abdullah Bakr, Assistant Master of Ceremonies; Mr. Khalil Kanna, Minister of Education; Mr. Abdul-Hamid Khadhim, Director General of Education; Mr. Majid Al-Douri, Director of Education in Baghdad; and several Aides-de-Camp of His Majesty.

They were welcomed by Father Michael McCarthy, Acting Superior of the Mission, and were conducted through the school grounds. They began at the graceful Chapel of the Sacred Heart, were then greeted by the more than 750 students who were drawn up in lines on the athletic field, and passed on to the Administration Building where they were welcomed by the Principal, Father Robert Sullivan.

The next stop was the Rice Memorial Science Building where the King manifested a keen interest in laboratories and classes. The Arabs have always excelled in science and His Majesty is very much aware of the important part it plays today in Iraq's economic and social progress.

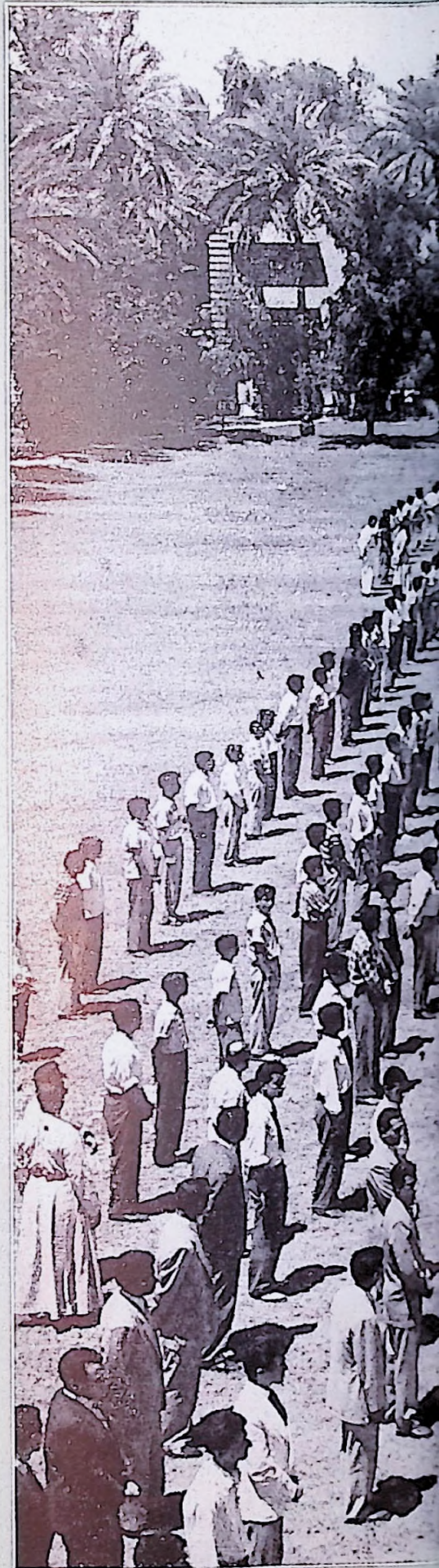
After visiting the Cronin Building where Al-Hikma University (the first Catholic, English-speaking university in the Middle East) is temporarily located until its new site is developed, the King appeared before the student body, a holiday was declared, and a fitting climax was put to twenty-five years of labor.

It is heartening to note the friendly attitude and the constant assistance of the Iraqi Government to the Jesuits.



This was Baghdad College back in 1932, a small, rented house in the narrow alleys of the old part of the city. Father Mifsud is shown with some of the first students. He, Father Madaras and Father Merrick are the veterans of the present faculty who can remember this original site.

(Right) The students of Baghdad College form a guard of honor for the Royal Party as they cross the campus on the way to the Administration Building. In the background is the Chapel of the Sacred Heart and at the left, hidden by the date palms, is the Faculty Residence.





Death in the Morning



FATHER FRANCIS XAVIER WONG S.J. was in the morning of his priesthood, the sacred oils of ordination still fresh on his hands, when the Chinese Communists swooped down on him. That was in June of 1953 and from that time on nothing was heard of Father Wong. He had completely disappeared in the diabolic labyrinth of the Red prisons.

He was 33 years old at the time, the traditional age of Christ when He went stumbling out to Golgotha, carrying the cross whose arms would reach out to the whole world, even to the dungeon in China where a young priest whispered the Sacred Name through smashed lips. And the darkness that once covered the whole earth from the sixth to the ninth hour enveloped again, time and time again, the lonely cell where suffering was the only companion. Did Francis Wong also know the ultimate bitterness of that darkness and did he cry out, as once a voice rang out over the Hill of the Skull, "Eloi, eloi! Lamma sabachthani? My God, my God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

The American Jesuits who were released by the Chinese Communists in June, Fathers John Houle and Charles McCarthy, have described some of the torments they endured. Father Houle, who suffered from a back ailment, was forced to sit for seven months on the stone floor of his cell. During most of this time he was forbidden to make the slightest move without his guards' permission. Father McCarthy was cooped up with five others in a cell so small that the prisoners could only stand there, unable to move, sit, or lie down to sleep.

"As bad as our treatment was," reported Father McCarthy, "the treatment given other priests, especially Chinese priests, was infinitely worse." When he made this statement, in British Hong

Kong, was he thinking of Father Wong?

The Communists had killed Francis Wong. Technically, he was a free man when he died, a few days after his release from a Shanghai prison. But the best hospital care in the world could not have saved the broken, emaciated priest. It was readily apparent that he had been released to save the government the embarrassment of having to record a death on prison records.

There was nothing extraordinarily outstanding in the life of Francis Xavier Wong before that June night in 1953 when he had walked, quiet-eyed, into a Chinese hell. At the age of nineteen he had entered the Society of Jesus and his early studies had been made at Hsienhsien in Hopei. Then the Communists had moved in and he had fled to Peiping where he finished his philosophy at Chabanel Hall. He moved farther south for his theology studies at Zikawei and his ordination to the priesthood.

The fact that Francis Wong died is testimony of his loyalty to Christ. He could have bought his life and freedom for the price of that loyalty. No man will ever know, until Almighty God reveals it in the blinding light of Judgment Day, the depths of the suffering endured for that loyalty. But Francis Wong had given himself to Christ; as a priest, for a brief time, he had held Infinite Beauty in his anointed hands—so they broke his body but they could not touch the soul that trusted in and loved Christ to the end.

Father Francis Wong stands for the suffering Church in China today. He is a symbol of that power which all the forces of hell cannot overcome, of that love which blazed forth on Calvary and enkindled a similar love in the agony of a Chinese prison where a young man, in the morning of his priesthood, died.

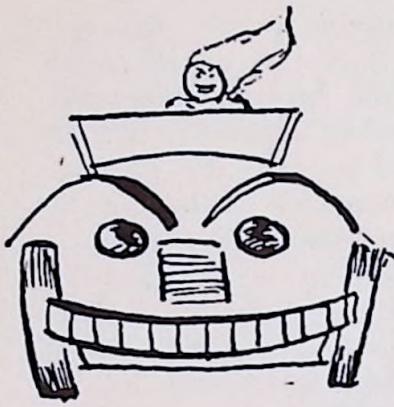
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Women, Women, Women!



FATHER JERRY HEALY in the Philippines tells of the American Jesuit who was driving his jeep through a small town in Cagayan. He spotted the familiar jeep of the American nuns approaching from the opposite direction, but on his side of the road. He politely honked his horn moderately but the Sisters kept coming on. With a few thoughts on women drivers, Father pulled over to the wrong side of the road at the last moment. As the other jeep serenely passed him a pleasant American voice called out to him, "Chicken!"

FATHER LEONARD HACKER S.J. of Majuro Island in the Marshalls finds the missionary life demands a jack-of-all-trades. "To have a chicken farm, I had to learn the diseases, remedies and pitfalls of chicken raising. To have a place to live, I had to learn the principal fundamentals of carpentry, as well as the ramifications of reinforced concrete, etc. It was a whole new art to learn how to teach kids from kindergarten up, especially how to keep five different grades busy at the same time. The people wanted a band—and I finally got some instruments but to have them learn to play—I had to learn a few things about it myself. Now we have a fairly good boys' band as well as a men's band. And now my last source of chagrin—I am trying to teach the girls how to bake! Please have a little pity—my cakes fell twice last week!"



RICHARD LANE-SMITH S.J. of the Jamshedpur Mission in India reports:

"Never a dull moment! While receiving new entries into the school in June, I was trying to convince a sixteen-year-old of the advantages of boarding life, and of how nice things were in our hostel, but he kept insisting on being a day-scholar. Pretty soon his Dad chips in and says:

'I think he had better be a day-scholar for the sake of the wife.'

'Good grief, man,' I said, 'surely your wife is not that fond of this huge fellow?'

'Oh, it's not MY wife I'm talking about,' he replied, 'it's HIS.'

"So he is a day-scholar, and goes home to his wife every day."





Three Lions Photo

**Ride the royal highways of Honduras in
Central America and you will discover the**

Code of the Road

Code of the Road

WILLIAM J. BRENNAN S.J.

MINAS DE ORO has no traffic problems simply because practically all traffic around Minas is four-legged. Yet primitive though the travel may be it, too, has its code of the road. This I was soon to learn after coming to Minas de Oro. My first awakening came one day when I asked a mule traveller for directions.

"Say, Senor, am I on the right path to San Jose?"

The man looked at me somewhat startled. He even seemed to be a little offended. But he patiently helped me to the right path.

"And here, Padre, is the royal highway." Politely he bowed.

I waved my thanks and started off. But I could not miss the pained expression. A short time later it came to me. I had offended the man by referring to the rut, three feet wide and a half inch deep, worn by mules' hooves, as a path. It wasn't. The expression was "royal highway"—in Spanish, "camino real." I would not make this social error again, I decided.

On the next three trips I made out of Minas I needed directions to keep from getting lost. I went out of my way to ask about the "royal highway." But on each occasion I received strange looks as though I were some sort of barbarian. Perhaps it was that I was not friendly enough. So, the next two travellers I met were treated to a big sunshine smile as I passed them. But that didn't work either. Still those pained looks.

I was mad now. Just what was the matter with me? Why was I such a pariah to the knights of the road? I decided to be as observant as I could.

On a trip to a place called Ayapa, I was jogging along some distance behind a fellow traveller. In a short time the man I was tailing met a mule rider coming towards us. Here was my chance. I must scrutinize every move. As the two came close to each other, they stopped their animals, and said something. Then they tipped their hats, touching one another on the shoulder—

right hand to left shoulder, left hand to right shoulder. They must have spent three or four minutes in conversation, then they moved on. I then spurred on my mule from one mile an hour to perhaps one and a half. Catching up to my man I began grilling him. The man he had met was some close friend, no doubt. No. Perhaps there was an important message exchanged in the three or more minutes they were talking. No again. Could it be they were negotiating a sale of some kind? Still no. Well, whatever could be the substance of the conversation? After a few moments more of questioning, I discovered that the two had merely said hello.

Then, as the comic strip would have it, came the dawn. There was a definite protocol to be followed when one met another on the trail. You didn't just pass saying, "Good Morning!" nor did you merely wave at the passer-by. There was a ritual. Only the barbarians from the North gave brief greetings or asked directions pointedly.

On my next trip to a village called Quecelapa, I was able to put my newfound knowledge into practice. The sweet little cherub that had been sent to guide me had taken off at great speed and lost me. I was in danger of never arriving at my destination. I might never have arrived if I had caught the kid who deserted me. Instead I would have been arraigned for manslaughter.

However, I was fortunate in encountering a traveller coming my way. Although anxious to find the right trail, I began thus:

"Good afternoon, Senor." I touch him on his left shoulder with my right hand lightly.

"Good afternoon to you, Padre." He touches me on the right shoulder with his left hand.

"And how are you this fine afternoon?" I continued, tipping my hat.

"I am fine, Padre, thank you very much. And you?" He tips his hat.

"I am just fine, thank you."

"And the Father John, he is well al-

so?" queried my friend.

"Oh, yes, the Father John is well, but he is not in Minas de Oro at the moment."

"I am exceedingly happy to know that all the Fathers are well."

"You are very kind, Senor."

"It is really nothing, Padre."

"I hope you will excuse me. It is really nothing that I wish to ask you."

"At your service, Reverend Padre."

"By the way, could you tell me if I am on the royal highway to Quecelapa?"

"With great joy, I shall tell you, Padre. Yes, you are on the royal highway. But see to it that when you reach the dead pine tree ahead you do not turn right."

"I cannot repay you for your kindness, Senor."

"It is nothing worth mentioning, Padre. The pleasure is entirely mine."

"May you go with God, Senor!"

"May you too go with God, dear Padre."

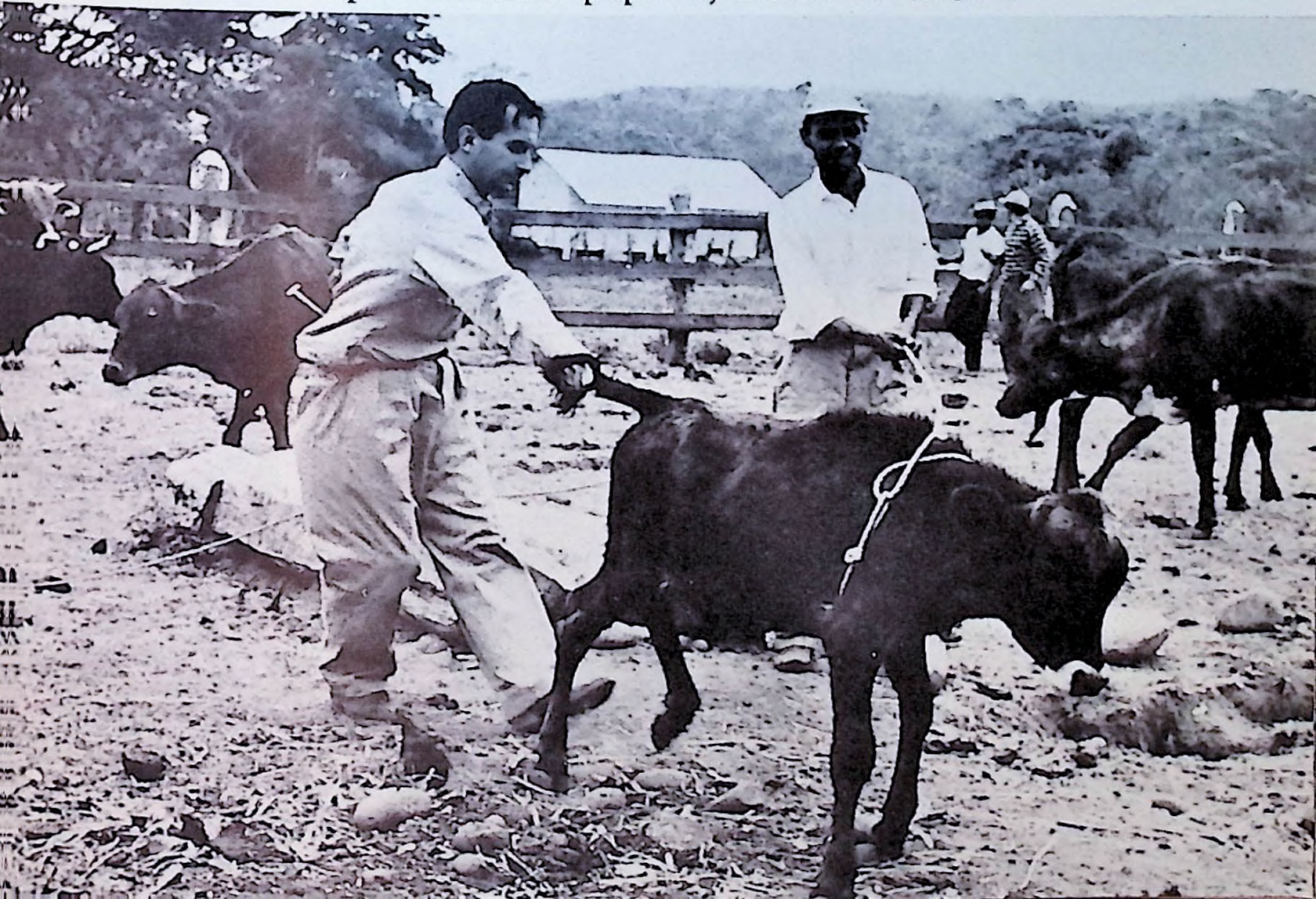
"And may you travel well, Senor." I touch him on his left shoulder.

"Equally to be sure, may you travel well, Padre!" He touches me on my right shoulder.

With a bow and a smile my friend tipped his hat and continued on. I too wore a contented smile. No more dirty looks. I was in.

To the "gringo," the Spanish term for the white man, such courtesies of the road are a waste of time. The North American wants to get down to business and be done. Not so the Spanish American. The North Americans are efficient and practical. The unforgiven sin—wasting time. Get the job done is the motto. What is it? Asking directions? Come to the point and get moving. And the time thus saved, what of that? Is it spent any better than our Latin American neighbors who lose three to four minutes every time they meet on the road and exchange courtesies? One seems to ride faster with a lighter heart.

In Honduras a UN expert demonstrates proper way to catch calf. (UN photo)



The Caribbean is calypso-minded but one missionary found that it can also offer a

Rock'n

THE MESSAGE ARRIVED here at Grand Cayman at a time when there wasn't a single sturdy turtle boat at anchor. A Caymanian on Swan Island, 200 miles south, had been badly cut up in an encounter with a shark and there was no doctor on that little American island in the Caribbean.

So we boarded the only vessel available, a 50-foot pleasure yacht (on occasions like this one that adjective is a complete misnomer) which was used for fishing trips close to the island. It was never meant to get out of sight of land yet the waters we were to travel are the deepest of the entire Caribbean, well over 20,000 feet.

Our party consisted of the captain and one sailor, three relatives of the injured man, the doctor and myself. (The doctor is A.T. Haas, once of Montana, who has settled here with the idea of helping the mission with free medical services for the poor. Although retired, he neither looks nor acts it.)

The southward run to Swan Island was right out of a travel folder. The seas were calm and beautiful, the sunsets gorgeous, and the full moon resplendent at night. We had the ocean all to our-

selves and, as a matter of fact, we spotted only one vessel, far in the distance, during the entire trip.

We were welcomed warmly at Swan Island for the people are glad to see new faces, especially the half dozen Americans who man a most complete weather and communication station for ships and planes. The doctor performed a slight operation on the shark-fighter to prevent infection and a few hours later we started back with the patient.

Now the honeymoon was over. We went from the travel folder atmosphere right into the pages of Moby Dick. The wind was from the northeast and head-on. Our 9-foot wide yacht would push her prow beneath the on-coming waves if we tried to make any speed; if we slowed down we had nothing to measure our progress, if any. The boat went into a rock'n'roll that kept up, hour after weary hour.

I tried to curl myself into a three-foot bench for a little rest but the pounding and rolling made sleep impossible. My feet were resting on the cage where Captain Morgan, a parrot who had evidently been a juvenile delinquent, was clinging precariously to his perch. Now



Roll Ride

FRANCIS C. JACKMAUH S.J.

and then, when a sudden lurch knocked him off, he would sum up the situation superbly but unprintably.

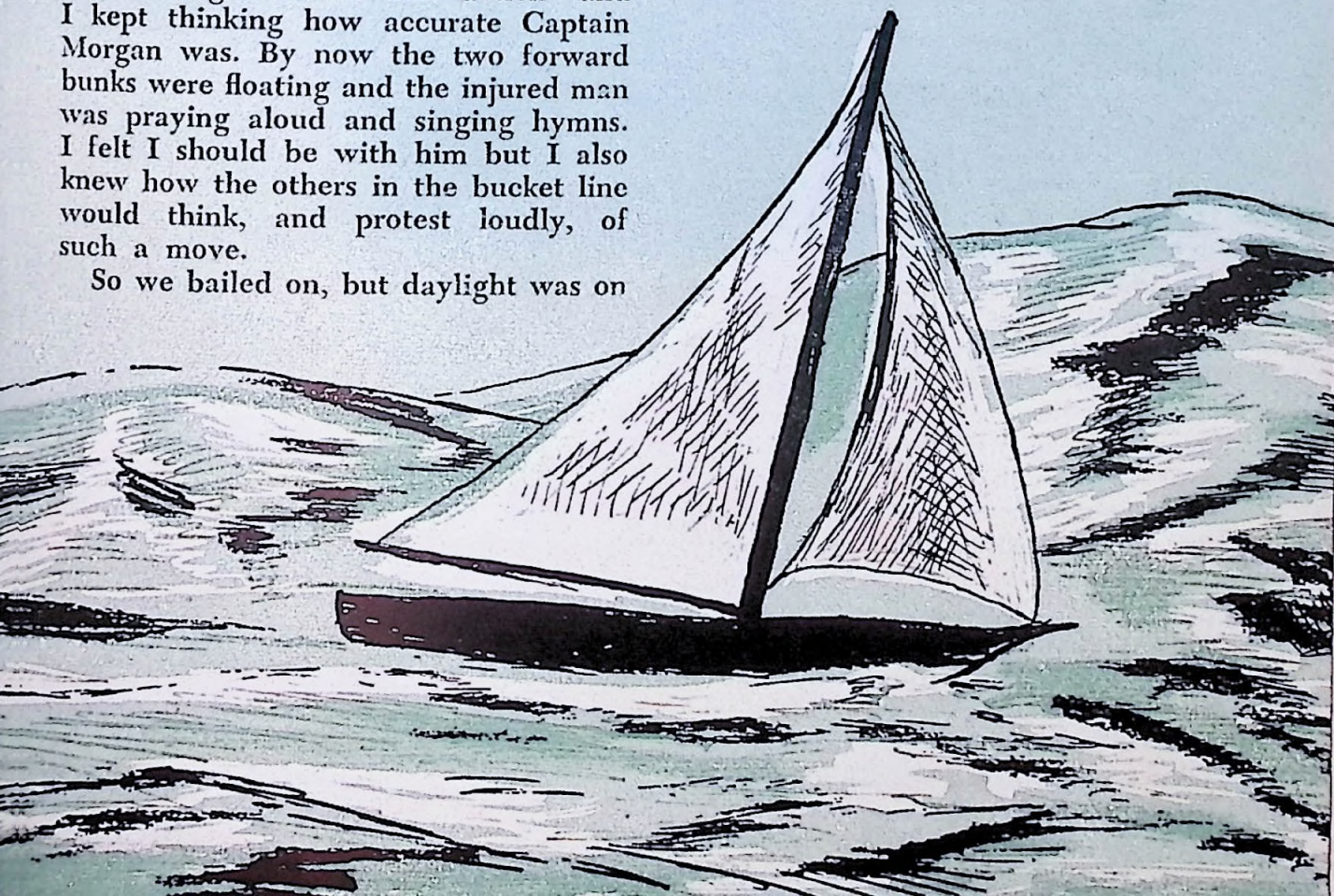
About four in the morning the captain's shouts brought us all on deck. The helmsman who had taken over the wheel had noticed the ship was listing badly. Investigation showed that the boat was rapidly filling with water and close to the sinking point. The mechanical pumps, as well as the generator for our radio communication, had been put out of commission by the water. (After three nights without sleep, loss of appetite and the constant rocking and pounding I was all for abandoning ship—but we had no lifeboat.)

Four of us started a sump-pump but after a dozen strokes I managed to tear the innards out of the thing. So the bucket brigade went into action—and I kept thinking how accurate Captain Morgan was. By now the two forward bunks were floating and the injured man was praying aloud and singing hymns. I felt I should be with him but I also knew how the others in the bucket line would think, and protest loudly, of such a move.

So we bailed on, but daylight was on

us before the battle of the bucket was won. The captain was trying to get his bearings from a directional finder that picked up radio beams. He admitted that he had been following the wrong beam but our present position was now 60 miles south of Grand Cayman. He took another reading and we were suddenly 60 miles north of the island. The third and fourth reading verified the second so we sailed south, with just the teeniest bit of doubt in our minds. (We didn't know that planes were searching desperately for us).

But there was Grand Cayman, with all the islanders to greet us for we were a day overdue. The injured man recovered, and I hope my stomach will also before long.



Thy People My People

Every missionary has heart trouble. That is why he is a missionary, because he knows and loves Christ and it troubles him that there are other people in the world without that same knowledge and love. So he roams the earth, showering the treasure he himself possesses on everyone who is willing to receive. But before he can win them to Christ he must first win them to himself. It's not just a question of personality; people can discern easily enough the sincerity, the devotion, the idealism of this man who brings Christ to them. What he gives them is divine, but he does it in a human way—like Father Joseph Martin S.J. of the Patna Mission (right) who has evidently won the heart of this Indian boy.





Thy People, My People

The missionary must become "all things to all men" in order to find the gateway to their hearts. Then when he enters that gateway he brings Christ with him and the Light and the Truth are bright in those souls. Then the missionary knows a joy not of this earth.

So he makes use of every possible way to lead these wandering people into the one true path to salvation. Interest them, help them, be their friend, and teach them. Only then can the missionary happily whisper to the Christ he loves and serves, "My people, Thy people!"

Father Leroy Ryan S.J. of the Patna Mission finds a harmonica draws an audience.





The kimono, an outward
expression of the art and
delicacy of the Japanese,
is a

Story Telling Dress

Story-Telling Dress FERNANDO G. GUTIERREZ S.J.

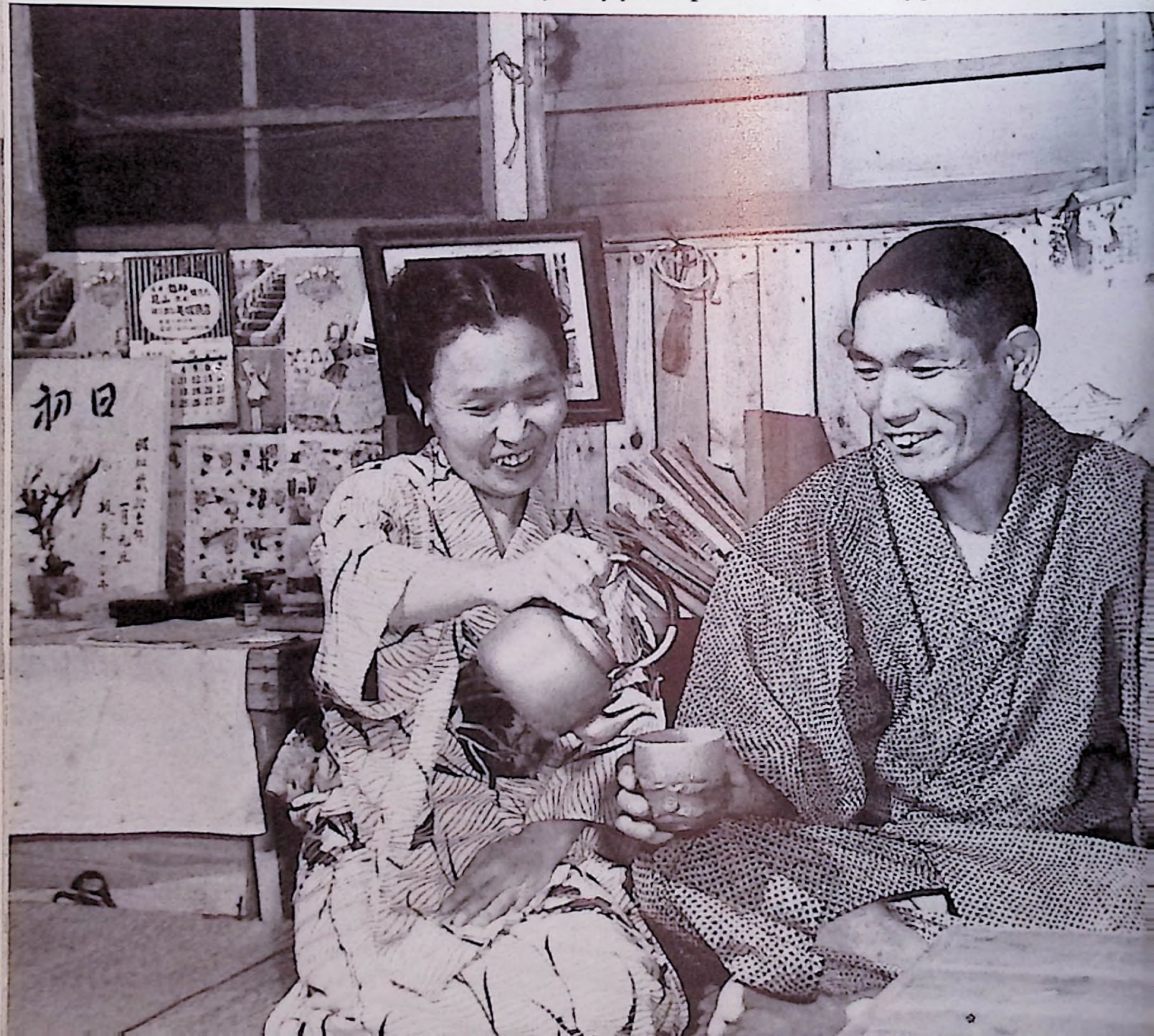
THE KIMONO is the typical Japanese dress, used since very old times with little modifications. It is not only the formal dress, but the ordinary, and the art and delicacy of the Japanese soul are outwardly expressed in their "kimono." It is truly a story-telling dress.

The Japanese love for nature is expressed in the fact that they reproduce on their dresses flowers, birds, and whole landscapes. On the kimono they represent all the seasons of the year, and according to those, they use one or another in winter, autumn, etc. For example, in springtime, women will be

dressed in a long-sleeved kimono of a bright spring-like straw color, with dandelions, violets, and butterflies lightly decorating it. Or they will be dressed in a kimono of bright soft cobalt like the peaceful spring sky.

That's not all: Japanese people have special kimonos for the different occasions during their lives. I was present, in a Buddhist temple, at a wedding ceremony. I was astonished contemplating the bride's kimono. The magnificence and richness of it reminded me of the gorgeous vestments of the most famous churches in Christendom.

Kimono-clad Mr. and Mrs. Fujiko Tsuchiya enjoy a cup of tea. (U.S. Army photo.)



In olden times at the beginning of the wedding ceremony, the bride wore a pure white garment, then she changed into an elaborately colored and designed kimono. Today, in place of the white garment a crested black kimono is worn, and the change is made into a bright kimono as formerly.

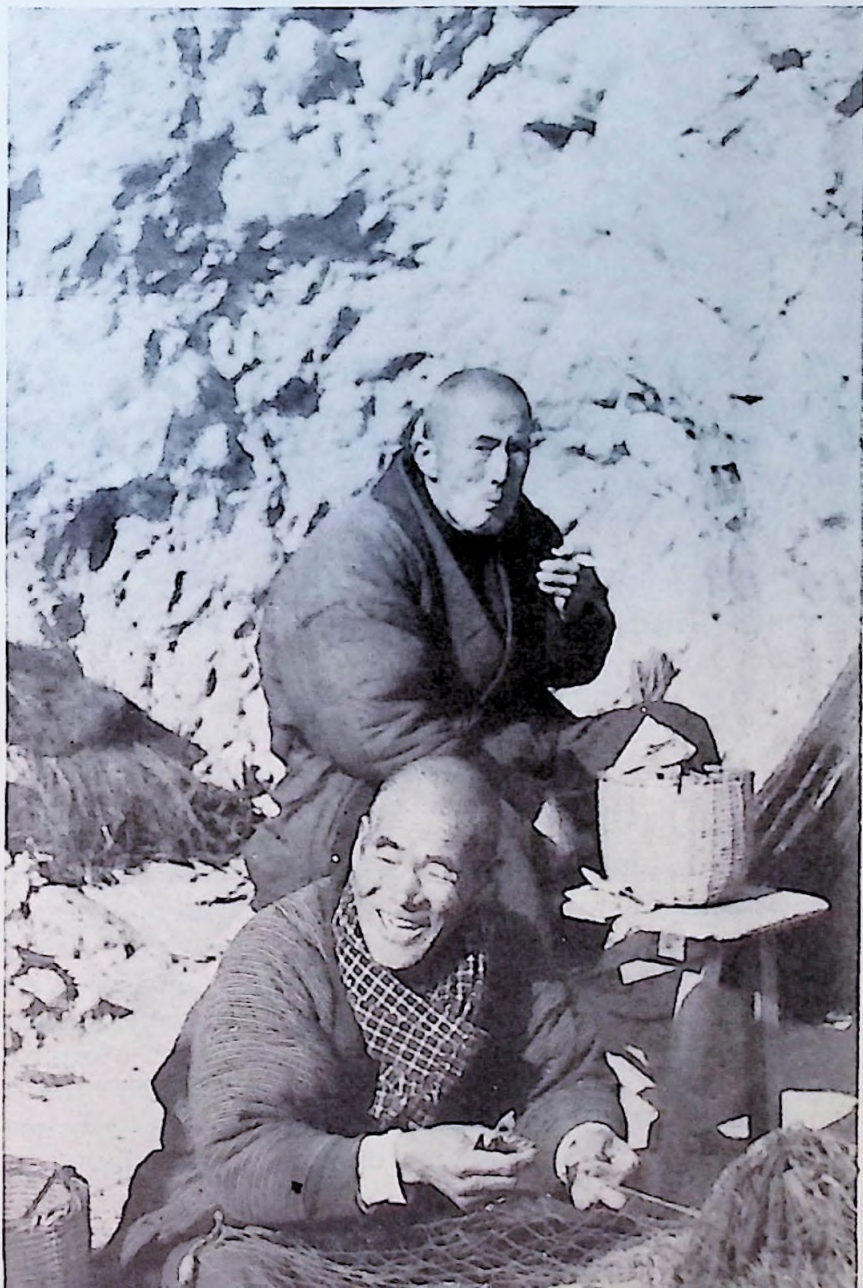
There is a special kind of kimono used in classical Japanese theater, *Noh* and *Kabuki*. In *Noh*, the background is always the same, a board wall with a pine tree painted on it, which symbolizes heaven, earth and all nature, or the universe. And the costumes are in keeping with the stage and are extremely abstract. For example, when they want to represent a heron, no costume characteristic of

the heron is worn. The actor wears a white robe of Chinese brocade, a pair of baggy trousers and a mask, and simply carries on his head a little mark shaped like a heron with spread wings.

Not only herons, but gods, beggars, evil spirits, savage beasts and robbers are alike dressed in costumes of dazzling Chinese brocade or embroidery. They are most admirable in their essential simplification in keeping with the spirit of *Noh* and the abundant thought taken to make them effective on the stage.

In a few words, the kimono is a kind of dress expressing the Japanese nature and distinguished manners. When we meet people dressed in typical kimonos, unconsciously we think: "This is Japan!"

The dress of fishermen tells a practical story of warmth.





The Short Way

THE CATHEDRAL was packed Friday morning, just as it had been another morning nine years ago when Leslie Xavier Russell S.J. was ordained to the priesthood here. But this time we had gathered for the young priest's funeral.

Father Russell was not young in years, but he was young in the priesthood. After university studies in the United States he was converted to the Faith in his native Jamaica and entered the Jesuits when he was already thirty years old. He died at forty-seven, the first Jamaican Jesuit to die in his native land.

God did not ask much time of him,

but he accomplished much in his few years of active priestly apostolate. He was my curate in the big and busy parish of Saint Anne in downtown Kingston, and I know. He was preeminently the priest of the poor and the sick. Day after day he trudged the wards of Kingston Public Hospital, and day after day he opened his warm heart to the throngs of poor at our rectory door.

There was nothing at all spectacular about Father Russell's priestly apostolate. Mornings he would be "on door," to meet the hundred small contingencies of a busy parish. A couple of hours of listening to petty woes can try anyone's



Home

patience, but he was unfailingly kind and gentle. Most of all he was ready to listen, no matter how long the story took to tell, no matter how prolix or boring the talker.

After lunch he tramped the fourteen or fifteen wards of the hospital, and it was here most of all that the depths of his priestly dedication manifested themselves. Happily we have a picture of him at a bedside. It is more than a snapshot, really; it is a character caught perfectly by a chance camera.

As one who loved souls and who knew illness himself, Father Russell gave of his best to the sick. His qualities of

gentleness and patience made every bedside visit a small event. And he was not just a cheery visitor, but a priest who talked easily and lovingly of the things of God. He was especially attentive to the dying, so much so that he would be depressed and almost inconsolable if, by accident, he "missed" one of the dying.

Back from the hospital, he would begin again the wearing routine of advice, direction and just plain listening. Then to the school for instruction class, and in the evening devotions in the Church, or Sodality, or some such work that always seemed to take up all the time there was. Exhausted—and I have seen him completely exhausted time and again—he would throw himself in a chair on the rectory porch for a few minutes.

At the graveside I could recognize many faces that used to appear at the door of Saint Anne's to ask for Father Russell. As we sang the old familiar hymns, I could not but feel that these good folk had now taken over. They felt he was their own. And he was. They went home with him in their hearts. And there were present, besides the living, the many for whom he made death holy, who must have met him with open arms at the gates of heaven.

Father Russell would have been astonished to think that his death would be a pain to hundreds of hearts. He was a self-effacing, almost naturally humble priest. I feel sure that he hadn't the slightest idea that his capacity for dedicated priestly love was instantly recognized and appreciated by the hundreds he met. And they loved him in return.

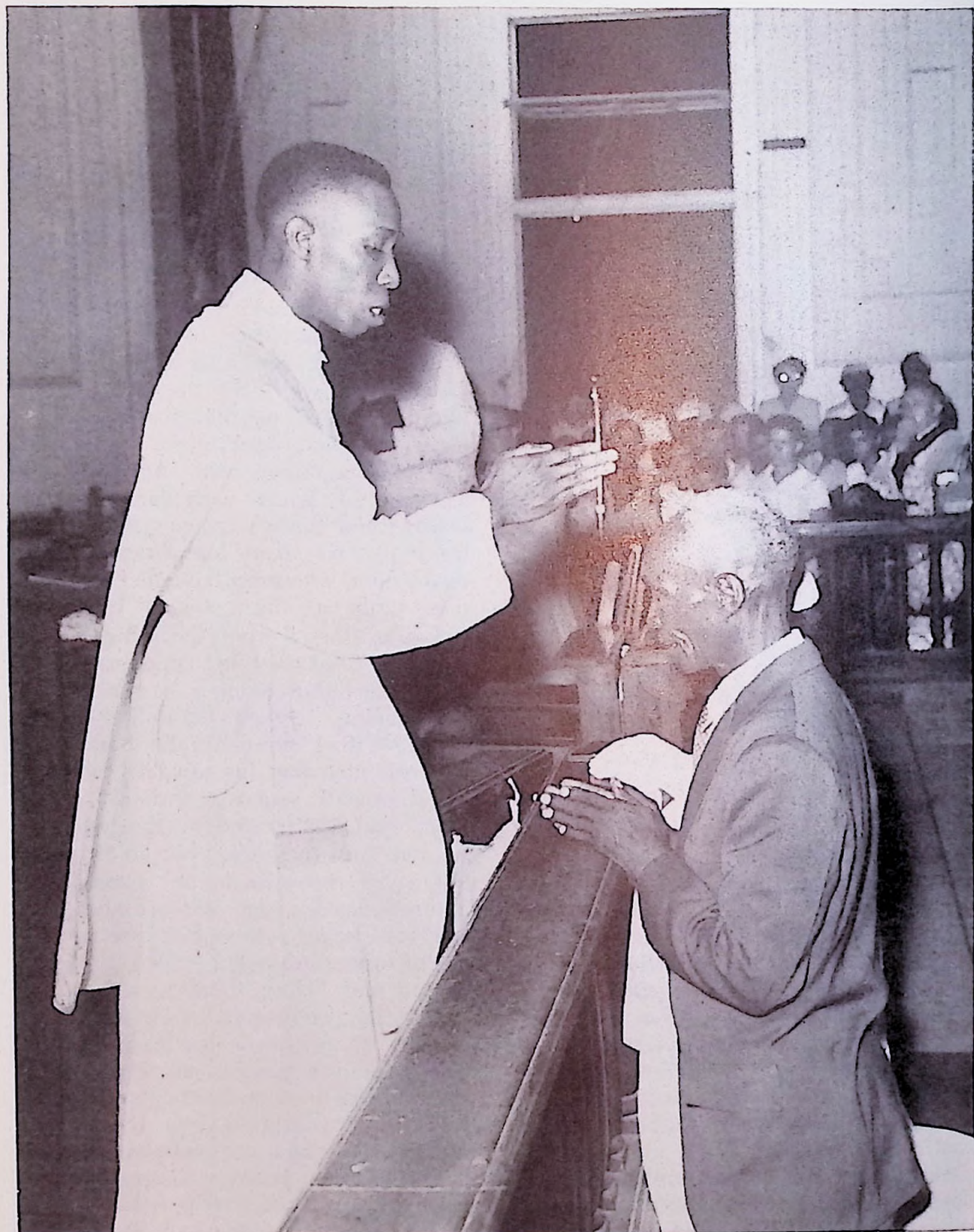
One of the men in our parish here is terrified of corpses. When Father Russell was being laid out in the funeral parlor, the undertaker called the man in and said, "Here, touch a saint."

The man did and, make what you want of it, overcame his fears at once.

The Church everywhere needs priests from among her own local people, priests ready and willing to bear the monotonous burden of a commonplace priestly apostolate. The Jamaica mission is grateful for having had Father Russell.

CHARLES J. EBERLE S.J.

Mission Briefs



In Formosa Father ➔
 Albert O'Hara S.J. (left) greets Father Francis Corley S.J. at the Taipei Airport as the latter, Editor of "Social Order," makes another stop in his tour of the Fast East. He is investigating social and economic conditions in that part of the world. Father O'Hara is an "Old China Hand" who was expelled from the mainland with the other Jesuit missionaries by the Reds.



◀ **In Belize, British Honduras, Father Martin Avila blesses his parents after his ordination to the sacred priesthood by Bishop David Hickey S.J. Father Avila is the first diocesan priest to be ordained in Belize. Born in Punta Gorda, he made his studies at St. John's in Belize. In 1950 he entered Kenrick Seminary in St. Louis, Missouri. (Photo taken by Mr. Manuel Lizarraga, Jr.)**

In Washington, D.C. ➔
 Very Reverend Thomas Hussey (left) Superior of the Baghdad Mission, was awarded an honorary Doctorate of Laws by the President of Georgetown University, Father Edward Bunn S.J., in recognition of the quarter century's achievement on the Tigris and the recent founding of Al-Hikma University. The late Father Edmund Walsh of Georgetown helped start the Mission.



REPORT

FATHER ROBERT A. ROSENFELDER S.J.
Chicago Province Mission Director



GREETINGS AND BLESSINGS to each of you! I am really happy to talk out loud to you and to share the story, from Stateside view, of the Chicago-Detroit Provinces' Mission in Patna, India.

It is so wonderful to be able to say "Thanks" too for all you've done for our Jesuit Missions throughout the world, but even more wonderful to thank you personally, in the name of all our missionaries in India and Nepal.

Bishop Wildermuth of St. Louis, and Father Edward Mann, the Vice-Provincial from Chicago, asked me to express their gratitude from all over there to all of you for what you have done for Patna Mission.

So much to say, so little space to say it! The Holy Father gave the Mission to us in 1921—34,000,000 souls living in 89,000 square miles, souls in cities, villages, jungles, and almost lost in the vastness of Nepal's Himalayas—a gigantic task; so big that two Provinces must support Patna with men, supplies, and money since neither Province alone could do it.

In 1921 we sent five Jesuits to Patna, India. Today, thanks be to God, we have 217 Jesuits in the Mission. We are more than 50% Indian since our present count of Americans is 94.

Sharing in the tremendous work of

the Jesuit Fathers are nine orders of Religious Sisters from America, two from Europe, and three Indian.

All working together for Christ delineate an imposing record—53 village schools, 10 middle schools, five high schools for boys—six for girls, a College for Women, hospitals, leper clinics, information centers, credit unions—to mention but a few of the activities in bringing Christ to India.

This, sketchily, is the progress as Patna grows into maturity. Our next big step to maturity is our own Novitiate and Juniorate along the "Sacred" Ganges. God is giving us the Indian vocations (22 this past year). India's novitiates are full; we must build for the new novices and juniors when God is providing. We have purchased grounds and JESUIT MISSIONS has already told you our building needs.

Building with stone to build for eternity—you have been so generous—all are grateful. I repeat over and over—our Masses and prayers are yours.

Before I say goodbye for a while, may I introduce by name our other hard-working Procurators—Father Robert G. Liska S.J. in Detroit, Father L. A. Majerowski S.J. in Cincinnati, and Father Edward O'Leary S.J. in the Cleveland area.

God bless you in abundance!



A Boy at Communion

IS A SIGHT TO MAKE THE ANGELS SING

In Sugar Island, Michigan, Father James Birney patiently prepares Indian youngsters like the one in the picture to know, love, and receive their God. It is a wonderful and rewarding work, but it costs a good deal of money to transport the children to a central place . . . and Father Birney needs help. Won't you supply it? Send \$5, \$10, whatever you can, to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



IT'S NOT THE EASIEST thing in the world to walk into a war-ravaged city and begin a new mission. Nor does the pioneer spirit and enthusiasm of young America fit too readily into a culture 4,000 years old. But the Holy See asked the Wisconsin Province to establish a university in Korea so here we are in the city of Seoul.

At first we planned to buy a bombed-out office building, rebuild it to its former six sturdy floors, and get into the university business within a year. But fortunately, government regulations threw up a road block and we were forced to do what we had dreamed of in the beginning.

We bought a mountain. No, it wasn't like buying Brooklyn Bridge, and you must remember that most hills in Korea are called mountains. But there it was, a low mountain of 50 acres only one mile from the Han River and within the city limits. That last detail is important for any school should be close to its "customers" and our site is a mere 15 minutes by auto from the city's center.

About 40 of the 50 acres are usable for buildings and the top ten will be park and campus. So we have land, we have elbow room, we are in Seoul—and we pray that the growth of our university will be as good as its beginning. Please join us in that prayer.



American Jesuits have established a bridgehead in Seoul and are busy at planning the next moves forward

Korean Campaign

KENNETH E. KILLOREN S.J.



(Right) Father Geppert S.J. and Mr. Kang, librarian of the young university, catalog \$10,000 worth of books donated by the UN Korean Reconstruction Agency as a nucleus of a teacher training library. Later, it will be the basis for the main library of the university whose future (above) is explained by Father Geppert to Brother Dethlefs S.J. and the hopeful Mr. Kang.

A Bomb fell on BAGUIO

JOSEPH A. GALDON S.J.

(The pilot or bombardier of the American plane which in 1945 bombed Mirador Hill—16.5° latitude: 120.5° longitude—in the Philippines may be interested in what happened to his bomb.)

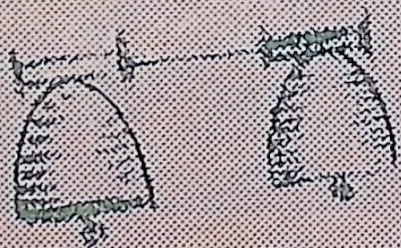
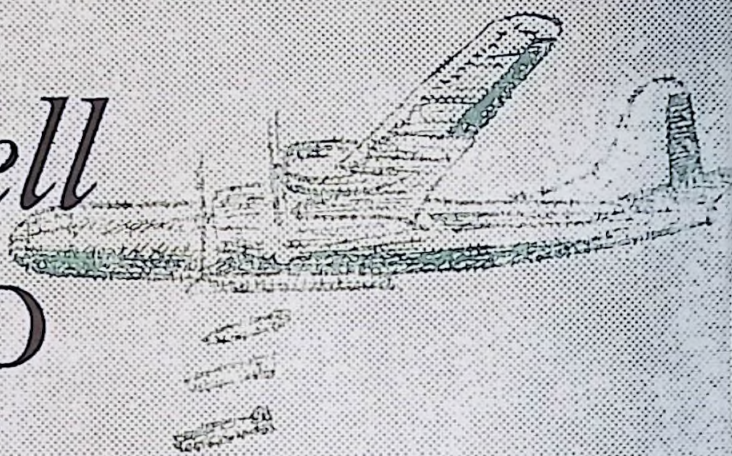
THERE ARE TWO bells at Bellarmine College on Mirador Hill in Baguio. They hang from a framework of pine trees on either side of a short flight of stairs that leads to the wooden porch on the highest part of the hill. The bells are made of a 500-pound American bomb that fell on Mirador Hill in 1945 and didn't explode. When Bellarmine College was being rebuilt from the ruins after the war, the bomb was found and cut in half after its explosives had been removed. A metal clapper was inserted in each half of the bomb, and the newly made bells were hung in place.

Those bells on Mirador Hill have a clear, haunting sound, especially when they are rung in the foggy stillness of the early morning at Baguio. When you hear the sound you can't help remembering that they are not really bells at all, but halves of a bomb that was made for war and destruction. And yet the bells do not seem at all out of place in a religious house that is training Jesuits for another kind of war in China across the sea. For Bellarmine College at present is a house of studies for the China Mission in exile, where Chinese

Jesuits and missionaries from a dozen different countries study Theology, are ordained, and wait for the day when they will be able to return to China.

There is a magnificent view towards the west when you stand beside the bells at the top of Mirador Hill. Mount Santo Tomas rises up sharply on your left. On the highest peak of that mountain there is a rough wooden cross that overlooks Baguio and the plains of Pampanga to the south. Directly in front of you and far down the valley that snakes its way to the coast is Lingayen Gulf where the Japanese landed in 1941 and the Americans in 1945. In the wide curve of the Gulf are Hundred Islands, hazy bits of white land shining in the bright sun. Beyond Lingayen is the China Sea, and out of sight beyond the horizon to the northwest is the coast of China.

Perhaps the Chinese Jesuits at Mirador Hill know that they may never see China again in their own lifetime. But they know that some day China will listen to Christ again. For on some unknown day in the future, Jesuits will return to China once again. And among them, side by side with Chinese Jesuits returning to their homeland, will be Filipino Jesuit missionaries going out to convert the East, men who walked and studied beneath the bells, once a deadly bomb, on Mirador Hill.





*The Pope's
Mission
Intention*

India's GROPING YOUTH

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT facts about India is that 350,000,000 people live there. Of this group a good 40% are young, from the ages of 5 to 25. It is this group, this group of youth, who will control the future of this vast awakening sub-continent. These are the people who will solve India's economic, social, political and religious future—for better or for worse.

A look at the way young, intelligent India thinks presents a startling problem. A friend of mine recently walked through the halls of one of the large public universities of India. He questioned youth after youth whom he met in the corridors

about their religious belief. Five out of a hundred assured him that they held the ancient beliefs of their forefathers, and most of them were Hindus. Another five out of a hundred were firm believers in materialism and most of these were Communists. Ninety out of the hundred had no conviction at all about God, the purpose of life or about the future!

Here is the very heart of the problem: the youth of India and what they believe. It is only if the youth believe strongly and forcibly in some ideal, in some spiritual purpose, in God, that India will be able to achieve its own success as a nation. It is only its spiritually

The youth of India are eager for learning and good literature is sorely needed.



India's Groping Youth

trained youth that will beat the Communist threat that lies above them.

Can this spiritual training, this strong faith which is necessary, be found in the old religions of India, Hinduism for example? Or must it be found elsewhere?

To the youth of India, especially those who are attending public universities, and to the intellectuals, there is a great deal lacking in the old religions; there is much of superstition, much of irrationality. Contact with proved scientific truths unmasks irrational elements in their traditional beliefs. Then they wholeheartedly reject the religions of their forefathers and tend to reject *all* religion. They become materialists only, relying on scientific truth alone, and cease to believe even in God.

Is there an answer to this problem of India? Yes, indeed there is, and it lies in the challenge of Christ Our Lord. It is only a sincere *faith*, helped and fortified also by proper scientific arguments, in the one true God, and in Jesus Christ His Son Our Lord, Who was made Man for us, redeeming us by His precious blood, it is only in Him and in faith in Him that the youth of India, nay, the whole of India, will find the basic and lasting answer to its problem.

In the 53 colleges and 4,056 schools in India's Catholic educational program the Church is trying to teach intellectual

leaders of Christ. Of this number 14 University Colleges are conducted by the Society of Jesus, in addition to 48 high schools and Normal Schools in India. These schools, of course, are not numbered in the 518 elementary, industrial and basic schools conducted by the Jesuits.

In the high schools and colleges conducted by the American Jesuit missionaries, (70 of these missionaries from the Maryland Province and 250 from the Chicago Province) these youths are being taught to answer this challenge of Christ. But in addition to these who are coming under the Jesuit influence, hundreds of thousands who have no contact with Christ must be taught, too.

It is to the youth of India that the Sacred Heart addresses His most urgent plea. "I call out to you," He says to these wonderful youths, "because you are young. The future does not belong to those who doubt, but to those who believe, to those who have faith; it does not belong to the timid but to the brave; it does not belong to those who hate, but to those who love."

The Sacred Heart offers the youth of India and the whole of India, His Divine, Infinite Love; all He asks in return is the love of the heart of India. What a challenge to the youth of India today!

WILLIAM M. J. DRISCOLL S.J.

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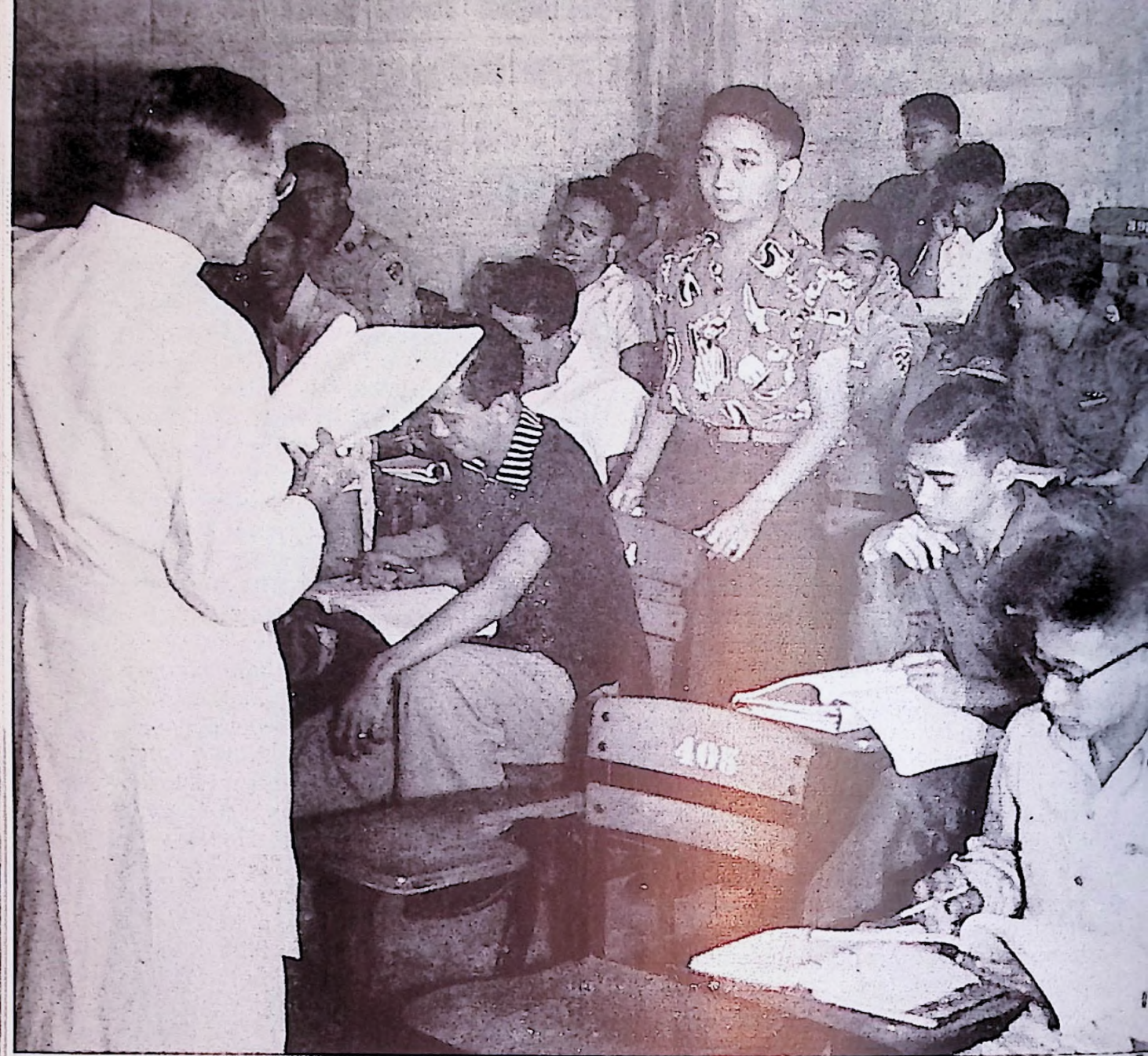
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POPE PIUS XII's most recent mission encyclical, *Fidei Donum*, (The Gift of Faith), places strong emphasis on the need of what can be called the intellectual apostolate of the missions. He outlines succinctly the problem faced by the Church in Africa, thus: "The Africans, who are traversing in a few decades the stages of an evolution which the Western world achieved in the course of several centuries, are more easily upset and seduced by the scientific and technical teaching which is being given to them, as well as by the materialistic influences to which they are subjected."

The situation of Africa is not unique but has parallels in other parts of the mission world. There can be few missionaries in 1957 who are unaware of the

urgent importance of reaching the real and potential intellectuals of any mission area. As the old colonial territories mature, peacefully or by violence, into new, independent nations, the quality and effectiveness of our apostolate to minds as well as to hearts becomes strikingly clear.

Missions do not exist in a pious vacuum. The Church is established and must live in a human framework, under a political and social philosophy. It will do little good to bewail, for example, the fact that civil constitutions of these new nations may contain false or dangerous implications. The real question we should ask ourselves is this: did we fail in our task of producing local intellectuals, solidly trained Catholics, who could have spoken effectively for truth?



Window on the Mission World

The missionary must teach things both human and divine, that man may live as God's will would have him live

If politicians are demagogues, if journalists are irresponsible, if professors are materialistic, should we be surprised if we have not borne the difficult burden of training young Catholics to serve their countries intelligently and wholesomely in these key positions?

In a word, have we been realistic in our support of the more difficult and important apostolates on the missions, especially Catholic high schools, colleges and universities?

It is rather easy and even attractive to say a quick prayer for a hero missionary who braves physical danger to bring the sacraments to his people. It is almost dull to think of praying for or supporting a missionary priest professor of chemistry. And yet, the missionary who devotes his life to the

laborious apostolate of the mind is at least as necessary to an infant Church as the "ordinary" missionary, and in many situations our future can be won or lost in this battle for minds.

Seventy-nine years have passed since the first caravan of White Fathers penetrated Equatorial Africa. These heroic missionaries could never have dreamed that less than a century later the cruel continent they knew should have advanced to a point where missionaries would be college and university teachers. But they would rejoice to see the growth, not only in their beloved Africa, but all over the mission world.

The Holy Father has urged us to extend the intellectual apostolate on all fronts. The preparation of missionaries for this crucial task will be difficult and the support of their work will be expensive. The Kingdom of God must be built as His Providence directs, and the obligation is ours.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The Mission of Holy Rosary in South Dakota still bears the marks of bullet holes from the final skirmish between the U. S. cavalry and the Sioux. That was in 1888 and since that time the mission has been the religious and educational center for thousands of Indians. Holy Rosary has the distinction of being the largest private Indian boarding school in the United States with an enrollment of 531 boys and girls. Gradual withdrawal of governmental help has brought the school to the edge of bankruptcy. Would you please help Father Lawrence Edwards to make sure Holy Rosary Mission School continues?

Student's Daily Support .50

Let's Suppose you are a missionary in the Philippines and you want to serve breakfast to 320 in the First Communion Class. Your budget is limited, of course. What would it cost? Father Poulin, at the Ateneo de Cagayan, says he made 320 children happy at the cost of 40 pesos—\$15.00—or about 4 cents apiece. As Father Poulin observes, "You see a little can be stretched a long way. I also like to buy candy for them once in a while; it helps to keep them coming. So if anyone wants to send a dollar or two, it would be quite welcome."

With the Communists flooding India with cheap literature, Brother Karpinski S.J. of Sanjivan Press in Patna, India, is trying to meet the competition with low cost Catholic literature.

On an old press he has just completed a popular edition of *The Life of Christ in Hindi*. To keep up with the work he needs another press. The press would cost \$5,000. The cost is high but

the good results could be immeasurable. Would you help with a gift of a dollar or two for the Fund for Truth in India?

Every Mother and Father knows how much easier it is to instruct young children if pictures can be used for illustration. Father Foley wants to use that technique in Formosa for instructing the large number of converts that have come into the Church recently.

Father needs 15 film strips
Cost—\$2.00 each
Projector—\$60.00

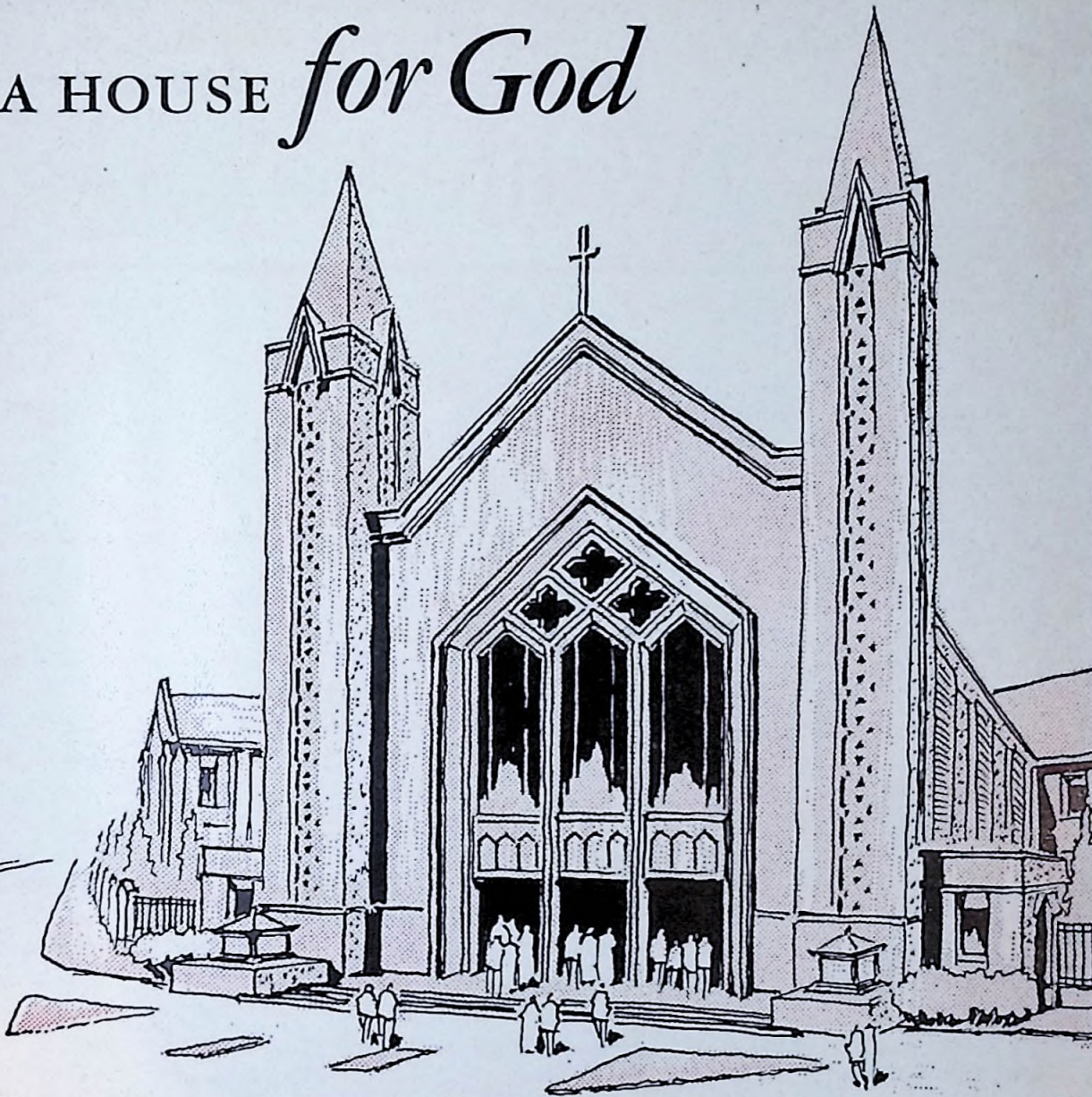
You Know the Size of India. You know that there are millions of Indians who have never heard the message of Christ. You will be pleased to hear, then, that Father Edmund Burke is opening up new territory in his mission. For this expansion Father Burke plans 5 small Village chapels. His needs:

5 Chapels, each	\$200.00
Altar Cloths	20.00
Albs	20.00
Cope	25.00

Maybe You Remember that Father Greif of Alaska was very grateful for your help in rebuilding a chapel that had been burned. This one building serves as chapel, classroom and playroom. "This is a huge parish and I have Catholic children out in the little villages with no one to instruct them. I am hoping that, with more room here, I can bring them here and keep them in order to give them the religious foundation."

Would you please send \$1.00 or \$2.00 to help start the simple classroom for Alaska?

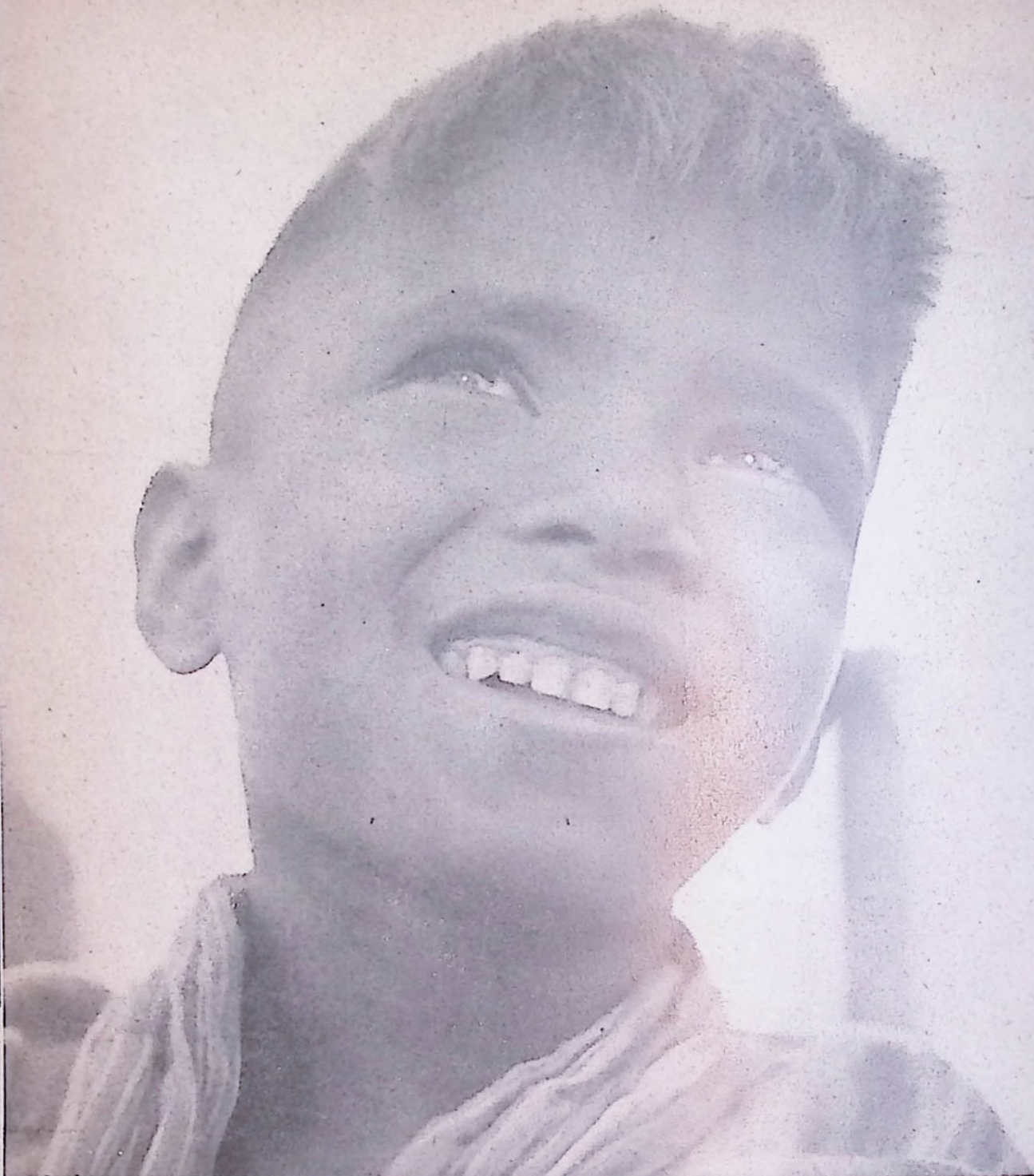
A HOUSE *for God*



IN HSINCHU, FORMOSA, the missionaries, who are missionaries because they love God, are trying to build Him a fitting house. As you can see by the architect's drawing, it is a very fine church. It will cost \$50,000, and the missionaries know that the Good Lord, in whose honor it is being built, will rain blessings on all who help. *Won't you contribute? \$5, \$10, \$100, whatever you can give will help. Send your contribution to*

Jesuit MISSIONS

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LIKE ALL CHILDREN, an orphan needs food, clothing, shelter . . . and love. Only an orphan has no father or mother to provide for these needs.

In Jahenabad, Gaya District, India, Father Alphonse Goveas—who like all missionaries, is quite poor—takes care of more than fifty orphans. He has love in abundance for them, but he finds it very difficult, almost impossible, to supply his orphans with food and clothing. For these things cost money, and Father Goveas is poor.

Won't you help? \$5, or \$10, or whatever you can spare, will be gratefully and prayerfully received at

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