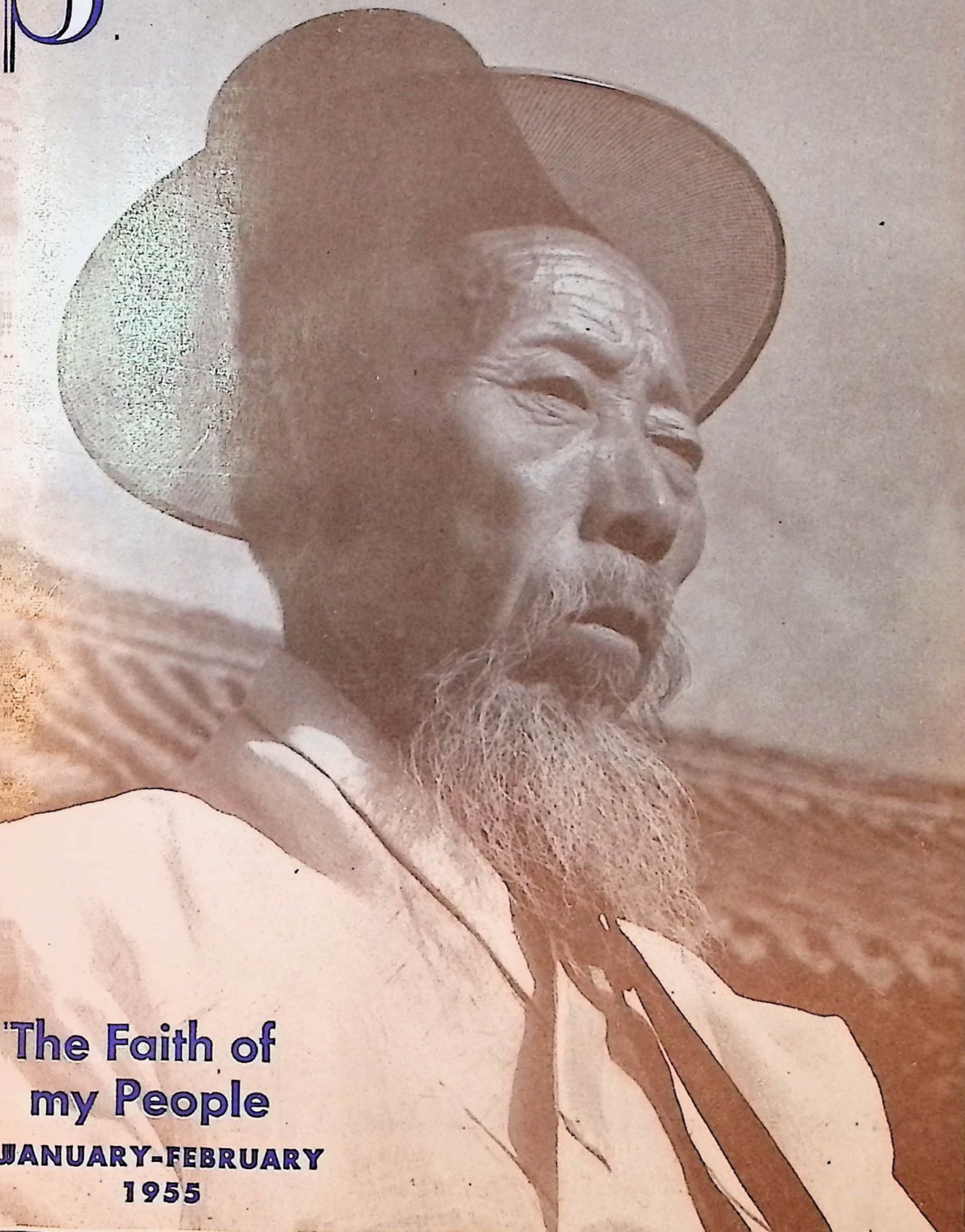


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Jesuit Missions



**The Faith of
my People**

**JANUARY-FEBRUARY
1955**

The Faith



SIMON YOUN S.J.
As Told to JOHN H. GRAY S.J.

OF MY PEOPLE

I AM ONE OF FOUR EXISTING KOREAN Jesuits. Last summer, thanks be to God, I was ordained a priest and I will soon return to my country. There is much work awaiting me there, for Korea is a land of many thousand Catholics but very few priests.

The story of my people's faith is a beautiful one—a story of constant fidelity to God despite persecution for nearly two hundred years. But it is also a very sad one—a story of faithful sheep wandering in the mist without shepherds to guide them. Let me tell you the story.

My country, first of all, is a very ancient one. The passport I carry is dated in the year 4284 of the Korean era. Actually that is the same as your 1951, but it tells you how long we have existed as a nation.

Mine is also a very beautiful country. In the Orient it is known as "the land of the peaceful morning," or "the lovely land." Typically expressive of the Oriental feeling for Korea are the following verses by an ancient Chinese poet:

*The tiger of the Diamond Mount
may have me for his prey,
if I can but see Korea,
the lovely land Korea,
my sole desire on earth . . .*

The Diamond Mount referred to by the poet is the most beautiful spot in Korea. It is called the mountain of 2,000 crags and 80,000 Buddhist monks, and is inhabited, besides, by three tigers. The poet's longing to see his land is so great that he would willingly allow himself to be devoured by three tigers in order to satisfy his desire. In the little mountain villages of my

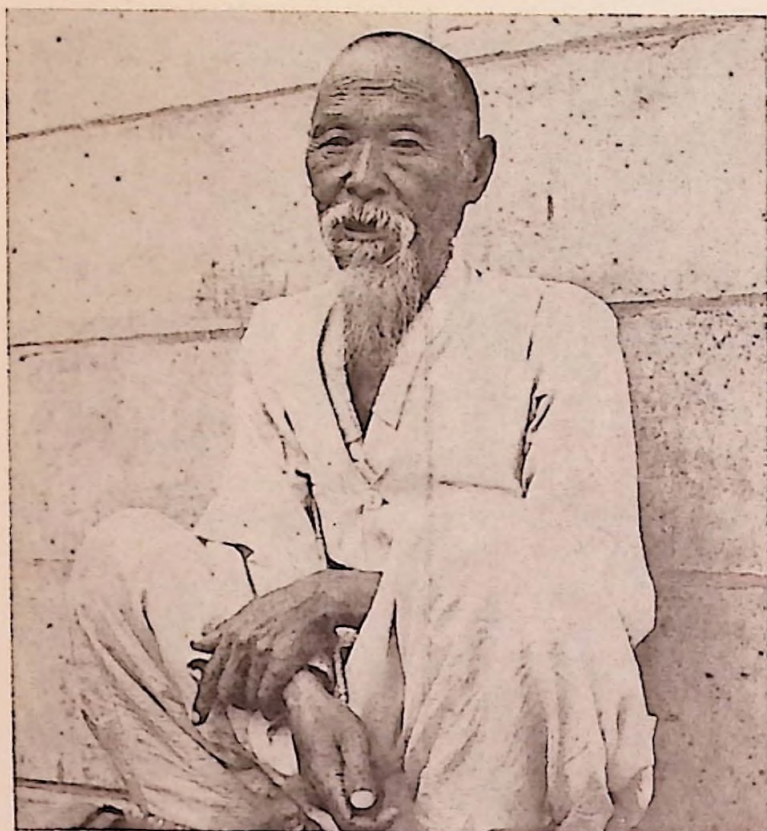
Korea, I have often watched the peasant festivals, so charming in their simplicity. Now there is one song the villagers, all dressed in white for the occasion, always sing. It is a haunting, mournful song of a people hungrily seeking truth.

*Oh, the mystery of nature:
the spring passes
and summer comes,
the flower blooms and falls,
the moon expands and shrinks again.
What a mystery is my existence!
What a mystery is my future!
In this dream of life
what must I do?*

For, down through the ages, my people have nourished a burning desire to know the truth, the meaning of life and death, the true Creator.

The story of how Christianity first came to us is quite unique. One day in 1777, several learned monks were gathered in a Buddhist monastery to discuss the age-old problems of philosophy. They reached no solution until one of the monks began reading from a book written by a Jesuit missionary at Peking. All were struck with amazement at the truth found in its pages and resolved immediately to practise what it taught. Thus was Christianity born in Korea.

Seven years later, one of these Buddhist monks traveled all the way to Peking to become the first baptized Korean. Ten years afterwards, in 1794, when a Catholic missionary, Father Tjou of Peking, first set foot on my land, he found that there were already 4,000 Christians! All this without a single priest, without the Mass or the Sacraments! Indeed, the first neophytes had



An elderly Korean. There are about 260,000 Catholics in Korea at present. In 1952 10,000 adults were baptized in the diocese of Taegu. But there are only 250 or so priests and 413 nuns in the entire country.

Three Lions

preached the Gospel well; but, alas, already a persecution raged. Father Tjou was forced to remain in hiding and to administer to his hungry flock in secret. Despite such precautions he was captured seven years later and executed. His death left 10,000 shepherdless souls.

In 1831, when Korea became an Apostolic Vicariate, several French missionaries were carefully smuggled in, disguised in the strange, long hempen robes and enormous, face-covering hats of mourners. Attired thus, they passed unnoticed from mountain village to mountain village and administered to the faithful who had fled the persecutions of the cities. These persecutions continued unalleviated for a hundred long years. Several thousand were martyred, 79 of whom have been beatified.

During the Japanese occupation of 1910 to 1945, the total number of Catholics rose to 200,000. Then, with the defeat of Japan in the last war, came our liberation and the dawn of a new Korean era. Between 1945 and 1950, there were mass conversions. In the diocese of Taegu, for example, three large groups of students spontaneously asked for baptism. They had known no priest but had found and studied a simple catechism by themselves.

The results of this sudden turn to Christianity were immediate: fifteen secondary schools were opened; a college was begun at Taegu; Catholic magazines and newspapers began publication. But the complaint was always the same: "The harvest is great, but the laborers few." There were not enough priests. The

JM

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laity formed apostolic bands and went about catechizing in the villages where no priest had ever penetrated. In my own native village we saw a priest but twice a year. For my Confirmation I had to make a two-day journey to reach the bishop. I can remember that sometimes our whole family would walk twenty miles to see and hear a priest.

Today the need for priests is more acute than ever. There are whole villages of Catholics who have been begging the bishops for a priest for years. "Send us even a sick priest," they cry. "We will care for him."

There are other needs, too: books, seminaries, churches, schools. Often, when students come for instruction, the priest has no time to give personal guidance and must simply pass out catechisms, the only books available. "Memorize this and you can be baptized," he tells them. But it is not enough. The young, educated Koreans are turning in great numbers to Protestantism.

In 1950, the tiny seminary at Seoul could only receive forty of a hundred candidates. The remaining sixty had to go to one of the eleven universities. The universities are all State, Protestant, Buddhist or Confucian institutions. Recently, however, I read in a Korean magazine that the Bishop of Seoul has

asked the Jesuits to open a university. American soldiers have contributed for this project, but where are the Jesuits to come from? We Korean Jesuits are only four in number.

In North Korea, of course, everything is gone. When freedom and unity come again, we must begin from scratch. The Communists erased Christianity in a single sweep. They imprisoned the German Benedictines, exiled all the nuns and American missionaries, and mysteriously "removed" all the native Korean priests to unknown parts.

What, then, is our future? Because we trust in God and are inured to difficulties, we have tremendous hopes. Whatever the future, it cannot be as bad as the past. We have learned to preserve our faith without sufficient priests, so why fear for the future? We know we shall always have God's blessing and grace, and always there are signs of His infinite power.

Such is the story of the faith of my people. I am proud of that faith because it is strong and persevering; it has learned to endure amid deprivation, persecution and extreme suffering. But for the moment I put my pride aside; I ask your prayers in all humility. Please, don't let our faith die. Ask God to send us laborers for the harvest.

Typical rural scene in southern Korea with rice paddies and mountains. Three Lions





Father Edmund P. Burke S.J. is well known to our JM followers.

Beauty is Born

EDMUND P. BURKE S.J.

IT WAS NEAR EVENING AND INDIA'S skies were clear from horizon to horizon with the air fresh with the first hint of winter. I had been out visiting the sick in the hospital and turned into the park where our boys were playing a football match, and there quite by chance I caught one of the truly magnificent sights of India, a panorama of soaring, snow-topped peaks framed in the cool blue sky to the north over the tiled roofs and palms of the town.

It was a breath-taking scene. The plains of India have a beauty all their own, but there is a monotonous regularity in the exuberant fertility of field and grove. There is nothing to suggest the nearness of the chaste coldness of the Himalayan heights. Our India is a fertile, peopled land, and there bathed in the golden glow of the setting sun was an immense solitude, a land of barren granite peaks which pierce the heavens and cherish a perpetual blanket of snow and ice.

The great heights are so remote and yet so near that man's spirit soars in their presence, at this visible proof that there are things in this world beyond his grasp. The eye that follows those vast masses leaping gracefully upwards finds the heavens nearer where God dwells. The hills and valleys and lakes and rivers of this world tell of the beauty of the work of God's hands. All men will one day see the grandness of the

design and recognize in a loving and thankful way the benevolence of the Father who brought such beauty into being. We in Patna Mission, and I mean by "we" all the souls, too, for whom we are sent, living our lives in the shadow of such grandeur should in the mercy of God be not last among the peoples of the earth to love and honor the true God.

We have a future! Know it or not.

There are blessed days and events which throw light on that future. This one happened in Bettiah. The man was a salesman. His company had sold us the roofing for the church, and so naturally he wanted to see the church itself. I took him in through the sacristy because it was evening and the church doors were closed. So it was suddenly and by surprise that he came into the interior by the sanctuary door. Entrance into a large empty church so filled with that unseen Presence is always a stirring act, for the peace reigning there fills and expands heart and soul. But what must it have been for this poor man, not even a Christian and in no wise prepared for what he would see, which was, the very first thing, the great Crucifixion group, carved in wood, above the high altar. He looked; it might be said, he stared. I knew that something unusual was occurring. He saw that I had noticed his mood, and he leaned toward me and whispered, "I am much moved by this sight."



IN BETTIAH

Then suddenly, dropping his briefcase, he threw himself flat on his face on the marble floor in the most complete act of adoration I have ever seen, and he remained in that position like the priest on Good Friday and for a like length of time. When he arose at last, I asked him, "Do you understand the meaning of this?" He answered slowly, almost ponderously, "Yes, I understand. I used to read the Bible in a Protestant mission school."

I marveled at the grace given this man. In that moment and for that moment he was very close to the Kingdom of God.

The same thing can happen even when the story of Christ is not known. This happened in the same church. Every year the Tibetans leave their high mountain homes and descend through Nepal into the sunny plains of India on pilgrimage to Bodh Gaya, where Buddha of old used to dwell. On their journey some of them pass through Bettiah. One of the sights they see and the places they venerate on the way is the church at Bettiah.

One day after my Mass I happened to be standing in the back of the church when a big group of these simple hillmen entered the church. They put down all their baggage, pots and pans and bundles of food and what-not, and discarded their heavy boots of coarse red cloth, and then with folded hands they

started toward the vestibule door. They were like children, all reverence and all eyes. They had no idea of the size of the building they were entering, and so they went from one thing to the next, as it happened from the *Pieta* which was in the vestibule to the Eighth Station which was just inside the door to the church. The stations are carved in wood, realistic and colorful, and they went from one to the other, like children going along a display. They stopped for a minute before the Twelfth Station, and it was very moving when one stout fellow broke out into a loud "Tsk, Tsk." Then they went on, the stations leading them on to the front of the church, which was filled with people hearing Mass. Only when they were brought up short by the altar-rail and looked up and saw the priest at the altar did they realize that they were in an immense temple.

Paying no attention to anyone, they shuffled in a humble, reverent way along the Communion rail to the center, and then they looked up again, and full realization dawned that here a great God dwelt and was adored, and in front of all our Catholic people, these pilgrims of Buddha fell down as a body onto the floor, flat on their faces.

What a lesson it was! Afterwards one good man came up to me, wonder still in his eye at what he had seen, and he said, "What even we don't understand,



The beauty of Bettiah is reflected in the dark eyes of this young Indian worshipper.

these fellows understand the first time they see it." He meant, what we don't see, who should see, these men see—that God is here, among His people, to be adored and known as Supreme and Lord of all, of life itself.

We have no great church in Buxar, but we have the poor, and they have their own lesson to teach. Some days ago we had a visitor from a big city for the Sunday Mass in our small mission chapel. It was her first visit to a mission, and she was in tears when she came out of church after Mass, and she said, "Poor people, so poor when there are so many rich." Then her voice got caught in her throat, and suddenly she could not talk at all.

I understand. Old Catholics take their faith and their place in it and in the love of God for granted. It is a shock to come upon simple devotion and faith in the ragged poor, the least in God's Kingdom on earth and the newest. The heart itself begins to echo those old familiar words, "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last," words fulfilled before our very eyes.

Yes, we have a future! God is for the world, and the world for God.

THE HERITAGE ETERNAL

Not to be forgotten after death is a very real and human desire. All of us want to live on in the hearts of our dear ones. We make a will to leave behind a material heritage that is indicative of a thoughtful love. We know it is a heritage that will perish but it is a bond that helps to soften the hard, chill aloneness of death.

But we can leave behind a heritage that is eternal, a bond that stretches not back to earth but forward into the Sacred Heart of Christ, our heritage forever. If we remember the work of the missions in our will, we are fashioning an eternal heritage. Our Lord will never forget that a thoughtful love included Him and His work.

Our legal title: JESUIT MISSIONS INC.

IN THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY Jean Millet painted on his canvas a man with a hoe and roused in the minds of the elite some interest in the man who toiled in the fields. At the century's turn Edwin Markham, influenced by Millet's masterpiece, prodded the social sense of America's literati with his stark, savage, and even prophetic poem "The Man with the Hoe." Maybe someone will some day do the same thing for the man who swings a cutlass. In Jamaica there are thousands of them.

Long ago the cutlass was a deadly weapon in the hands of those who sailed the barks, brigantines,

The Man with the CUTLASS

RICHARD J. COAKLEY S.J.



frigates and ships-of-the-line. It was the murderous side-arm of the pirates on the Spanish Main which surrounds Jamaica. Now-a-days in Jamaica the cutlass is that keen, twenty-eight inch blade with the wooden handle so frequently seen dangling from the muscular arm of the Jamaican rural laborer. He buys it in the hardware and grocery shops for about seventy cents. Inevitable companion to the cutlass is the three-sided file: another twenty cents. These are the two tools so valuable to Jamaica's rural economy.

The cutlass is probably the most universal instrument or tool to come to a worker's hand. With it he can fell a tree, lop off the branches, slice through tough bamboo, chop the kindling, cut acres of sugar cane, snick a stem of bananas from the stock, cultivate the rows of yam and corn and slice a melon. With a cutlass he can pry loose a board, open a can, sever a twisted strand of barbed wire, decapitate a fish, skin a cow or slaughter a goat or dig the edible land crab from its hole.

To the boondoggler—the chap who loafes on the job—the cutlass is truly a boon. Because it is extremely hot in the Jamaican sun there is a universal inclination to seek the shade, to rest and cool off while the boss is away. When the boss shows up in the distance, the loafer whips the file from his hip pocket and with painstaking care and diligent concentration files away at the cutlass' edge. Of course he is busy sharpening his cutlass, the better to do his employer's work.

If one is inclined to meditate on humble things and seek a grand significance in them, he might see something symbolic in the cutlass dangling from the Jamaican's rough hand. Much has been said about man's great desire to convert weapons of war into ploughshares and peaceful instruments of production. The keen-edged and bloodied cutlass which so often dangled from the hand of a pirate or fighting sailor in this part of the world so long ago would not recognize its rough and crude descendant, so important to Jamaica's economy.



The author uses a cutlass on a cocoanut.

THE FIRST

Nisei Priest



AMONG THE SEVENTEEN JESUITS ORDAINED in San Francisco recently was a self-effacing little man who would have preferred to attract no notice at all. Yet before the ceremony he was besieged by reporters, and his progress through the sacred rite was punctuated by flashbulb lightning from every angle of St. Mary's Cathedral. Long after his fellow-priests had unvested, he was still patiently helping newsmen get their facts straight. This was Father George Minamiki, the first full-blooded Nisei, or Japanese American, to be ordained a priest of the Society of Jesus.

Father Minamiki was born and raised in Los Angeles. Led by the example of his three sisters, he became a Catholic early in his grade school years. He was educated at Loyola High School and Loyola University, graduating with highest honors in 1941.

Six months later came Pearl Harbor, and the young college graduate, like hundreds of other Japanese, was interned in a relocation center. During eighteen months of confinement he taught in the camp high school and directed a Catholic boys' club. At the same time he was turning more and more to

spiritual things and seriously considering the life of a priest.

Upon his release in 1945 George Minamiki worked briefly with the Maryknoll Fathers in Boston, then entered the Jesuit Order. Because of the war with Japan his superiors decided that he should make his novitiate in Massachusetts, away from the Pacific Coast. After V-J day the Nisei Scholastic returned to continue his Jesuit training in his own California Province.

In 1948 Father Minamiki sailed as a missionary to Japan, the homeland his parents had left thirty-four years earlier. For two years he studied and taught at Tokyo and Kobe, then was sent back to California to study theology and to be ordained to the priesthood.

The extensive publicity given his ordination brought to this Japanese-American priest a flood of congratulations and good wishes from all over the world. But the tribute that meant the most to Father Minamiki was undoubtedly that of his aged mother, an adherent of the Buddhist faith. "It was his wish that he become a Catholic priest; his decision has made me happy and proud."

NEILL R. MEANY S.J.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

JM—

AFTER TEN YEARS

At this time ten years ago in the Philippines, General Douglas MacArthur's army was sweeping down the San Fernando Valley towards Manila and the liberation of the missionaries there and at Los Banos. The Philippine Mission of the American Jesuits lay in ruins. In dollars alone the loss totaled over five and a half million, to say nothing of the loss in life and in health. Schools, seminaries, cathedrals and churches were destroyed totally, as well as other buildings like the famed Observatory, medical dispensaries, etc. The men released from prison camps after "the thousand days of hell," as one of them put it, could well wonder if the works to which they had given so much would ever be restored.

Ten years is not a very long time in which to recover from such a devastating blow. But the state of the Philippine Mission today is a shining tribute to the faith and courage of the men who turned back to sweep away the ashes and begin again. The restoration is not 100% by any means but all the major activities previously carried on are in full swing. New schools and churches stand witness to the swift comeback staged by determined fighters for Christ.

The rapid rebuilding of the Philippine Mission speaks volumes in these days when other missions in Asia are being lost. It is one example that "the gates of hell will not prevail."

WHO GOES WHERE?

It took World War II to introduce many of our American boys to the missions. They returned home, still surprised

that they had found American priests and nuns in those lands. One question was often asked. "Why is it that all those priests in India seemed to be from the Midwest?" Or if the men had been in the Persian Gulf Command they would wonder why most of the missionaries they met were from Boston.

The Society of Jesus in the United States is divided into Provinces. At the moment there are ten provincial divisions, two new ones having been formed during the past year. Each Province conducts its own schools and other works in the geographical section allotted to it. Besides, the Jesuit General in Rome, at the request of the Holy See, assigns to each Province one or more missions according to its capacity. It is then the duty of the Province to see that the mission is supplied with personnel and backing. So the reason why men from a certain area predominate in any one place is because at the time the Holy Father requested the Jesuits to staff a new mission that particular Province was most ready.

So if you encounter a Southern drawl in Ceylon, a Midwest accent in India or a Boston one in Baghdad or the Caribbean, a touch of Brooklynese in the Philippines or some remote Pacific isle, you will understand the reason for it.

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WANTED . . .

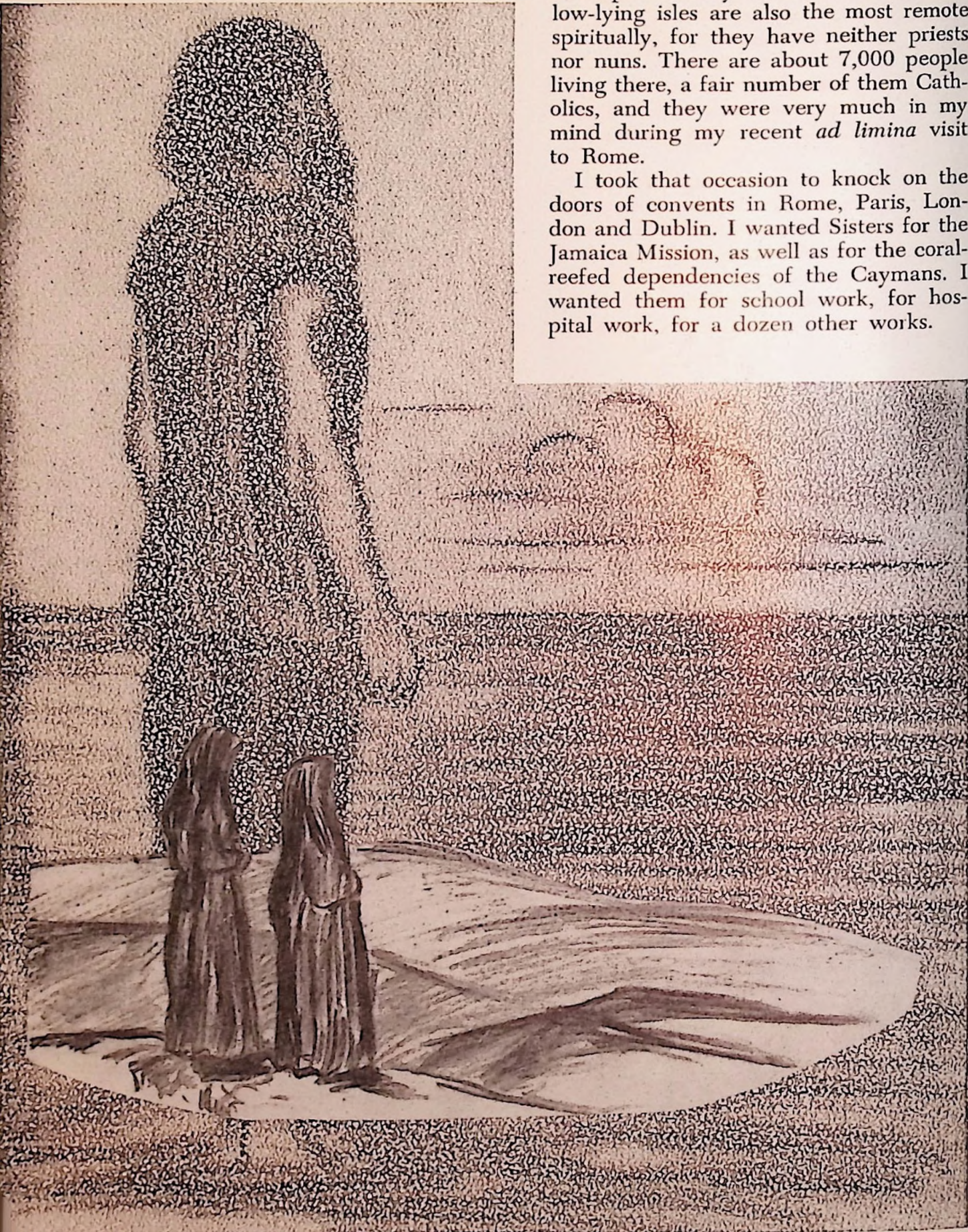
Robinson Crusoe Nuns

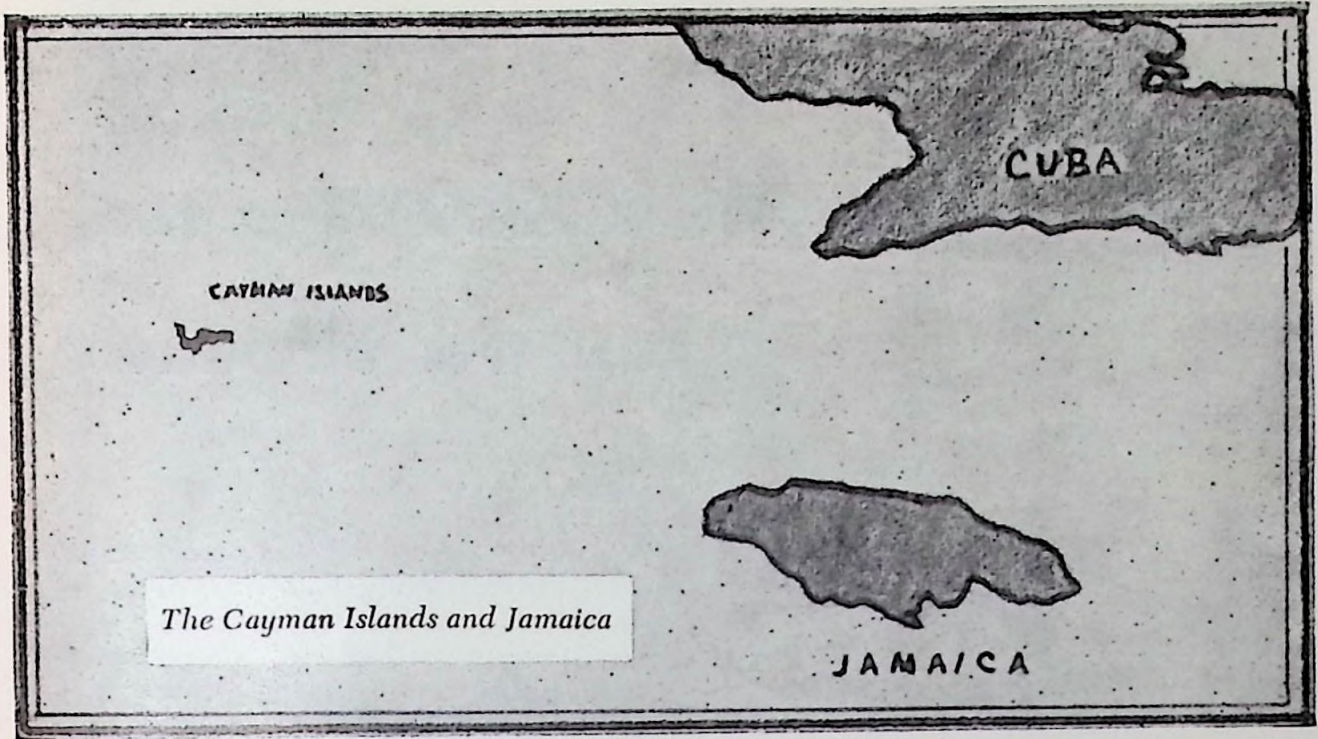
Most Rev. JOHN J. McEENEY S.J.

WANTED *Robinson Crusoe Nuns*

THE CAYMAN ISLANDS LIE ABOUT 150 miles northwest of Jamaica and they constitute the most remote point of my Vicariate. These three low-lying isles are also the most remote spiritually, for they have neither priests nor nuns. There are about 7,000 people living there, a fair number of them Catholics, and they were very much in my mind during my recent *ad limina* visit to Rome.

I took that occasion to knock on the doors of convents in Rome, Paris, London and Dublin. I wanted Sisters for the Jamaica Mission, as well as for the coral-reefed dependencies of the Caymans. I wanted them for school work, for hospital work, for a dozen other works.





The Most Reverend John McEleney S.J. is Titular Bishop of Zeugma and Vicar Apostolic of the island of Jamaica and its dependencies, the Caymans.



In one convent I deliberately described the Caymans in unflattering terms, knowing well that were I to paint a picture of a tropical paradise the dear Sisters might well think an ecclesiastical Baron Munchausen had invaded the house. When I finished my description, one nun spoke up. "Bishop, what you want is Robinson Crusoe nuns!"

She was right. This island of Grand Cayman, perfectly flat, with a pale green scrubby growth of bush and grass, dotted with patches of stagnant water, has all the atmosphere of the classic tale by Defoe. The long reaches of white and golden sand are broken with rotting hulks and rusting cannons, stark symbols of shipwreck, of abandonment, and of high adventure. There are tales of still undiscovered treasures buried in those sands by the buccaneers of old.

Yes, I want Robinson Crusoe nuns, the hardy kind who were serving on battlefields long before Florence Nightingale brought her first-aid kits to the wars. I want nuns of courage who can calmly await the coming of the hurricanes which sweep the ocean across the low-lying land that lacks even the protection of hills. I want nuns of patience who can face the isolation, the mosquitoes, the primitiveness, as they till a field so long neglected.

Our Holy Father the Pope has his finger on the pulse of the missions. He sees no difficulties in nuns riding bicycles or in modernizing their attire. He has reminded the Sisters on the missions that they may even have to sacrifice the solace of daily Mass.

Where can I find the hardy Congregation of Sisters who will provide my Robinson Crusoe nuns? They are desperately needed on a lonely island in the Caribbean. One thing I can promise them. There will be footprints on the coral sands when they arrive, the footprints of the man Friday, the priest who will bring to them in daily Mass the Christ who chose them to be saintly Crusoes on the Caymans.



Window on the Mission World

HOW WOULD YOU CELEBRATE A NEW AND much better job? A new hat? Dinner at a plush restaurant? Well, a lady we know recently got the job she wanted, so she decided to celebrate by pledging a regular share of her pay-check to the support of a mission seminary.

This lady happens to be a solid-gold Catholic. She knows that new hats have a habit of wearing out and that dinners digest into less than a memory. So she took out a long term investment in a young man she never met and probably never will meet, but who will one day be a priest forever.

It would be hard to think of a better charity. To be truly Catholic, one has to be mission-minded, and to be solidly mission-minded means to be native-clergy minded. The establishment of a native clergy is a fundamental aim of mission action. The foreign missionary is sent by the Holy See to establish the Church in new territories. If the Church is to be native, at home, rooted deep and naturally in a new soil, its priests and hierarchy must themselves be native to the soil. The foreign missionary is always a foreigner; he is, in fact, a transient worker in the Vineyard of the Lord, ready to move on to till virgin soil when native workers are ready to take over the ground he first cultivated.

From the earliest days of any mission, a constant preoccupation of missionary bishops and priests is the establishment of a native clergy for their people. It is a costly and complex task. Vocations are the normal fruit of sound Catholic family life—and good families are not

the product of a day. Educational facilities, slow-working and expensive, must be provided so that young men may get the training needed before entrance into a seminary.

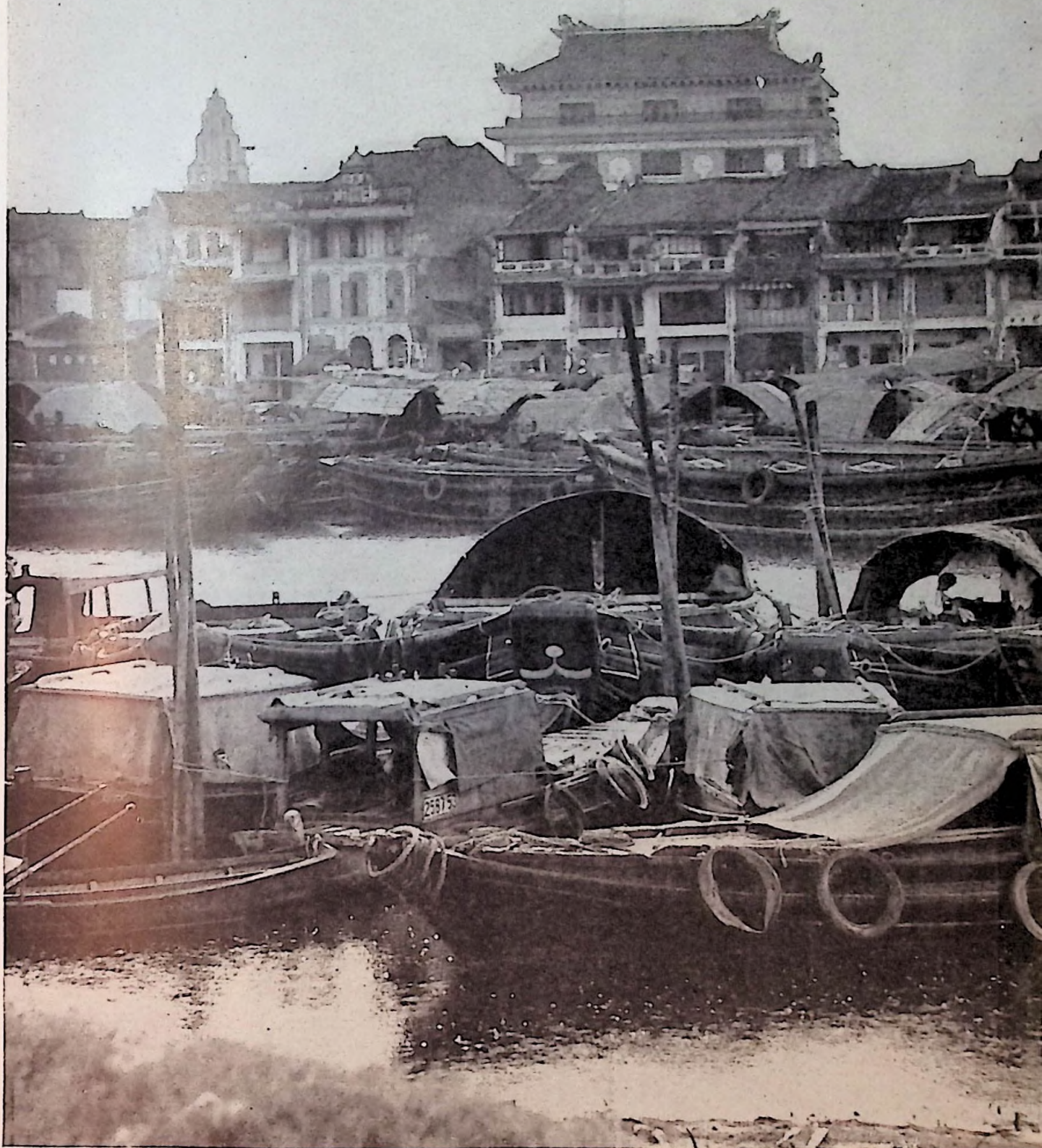
Seminaries are the crown of any mission building program. They may also be called the cross, for the upkeep of the seminary is nearly always the heaviest burden of the mission. The Holy See has established the Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle for the purpose of supporting mission seminaries where native priests, both secular and members of religious orders, are trained. Every year the burden grows heavier as the number of future priests increases.

Catholics like the good lady we mentioned earlier should carry their share of this precious burden. Every truly Christian budget should earmark an annual contribution, no matter how small, for the Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle. In addition, since the Holy See cannot possibly carry the load unaided, another mite should be set aside for the native seminaries or scholasticates under the direction of our own American missionaries.

The Holy Father expects his missionaries to beg, and they beg most cheerfully for the support of their seminaries since they know that no other work is more basic to the success of their missionary apostolate. A native clergy, secular and regular, must have top priority in mission policy. May we ask your prayers and support for the mission seminaries and scholasticates under the direction of American Jesuits?

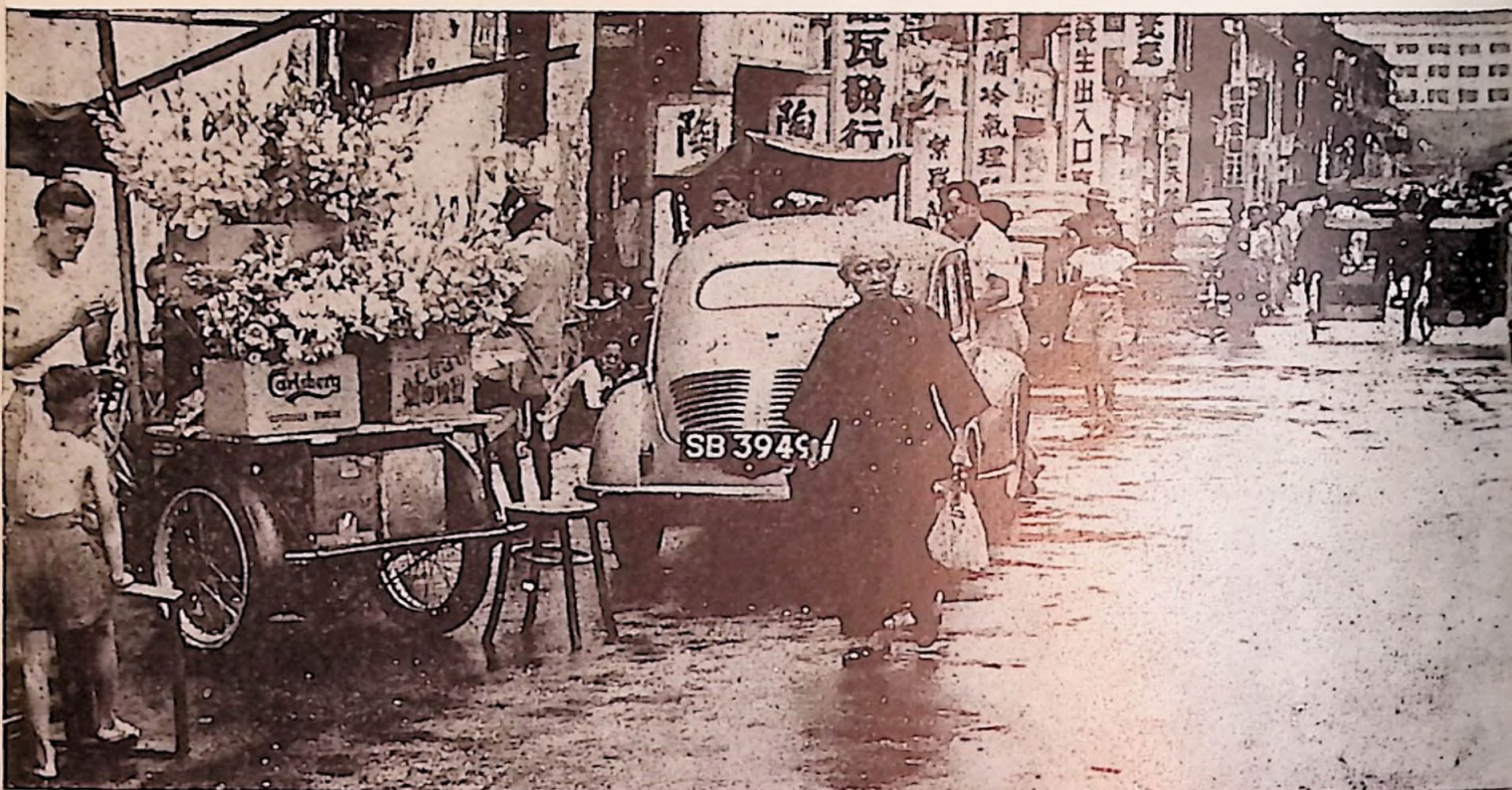
Storm

OVER SINGAPORE



Sampans and junks huddle on a rainy day along the bustling Singapore waterfront. The city at the tip of Asia would make a rich and strategic prize for the Reds.

STORM OVER Singapore



East and West commingle in the city where no one is looked upon as a foreigner.



The 800,000 Chinese are by far the largest racial unit of the million inhabitants.

IT HAD RAINED EARLIER AND GRAY clouds hung darkly over Singapore on the day when Father Fred Foley of the China Mission set out to take the pictures on these pages. It was a background for the Singapore of today, "the city that never sleeps."

There is little of romantic past to this sprawling port at the very tip of Asia where two oceans meet. It was less than one hundred and forty years ago that the storied Raffles leased the diamond-shaped island on behalf of the East India Company. Since that time it has grown into a city fabulously wealthy, a market for two worlds and a melting pot for the cultures of East and West.

It became the Far East fortress of the British Navy but its value is still unproven. Invincible from the sea, it was quickly taken from the rear by the Japanese in 1942. They poured down the Malay peninsula and across the three-quarters of a mile of the Johore Straits to capture this rich and strategic prize.

It is the memory of that feat which darkens the Singapore sky. Naturally enough, the island figures largely in the Communist strategy for all Malaya. Their victory in Indo-China is only part of the over-all plan for Southeast Asia.

Over the slightly more than one million people in Singapore hangs that cloud. They do not provide a united front against that threat, for no other city in the world has so many diversified elements. The customs of China, of Malay, of India and of all Asia still live on beside the way of life brought by the West. The people do not dress nor talk nor think alike—and that is a peril when the storm breaks.



A Malayan stands guard at oil installation.

A Sikh student at St. Joseph's High School.

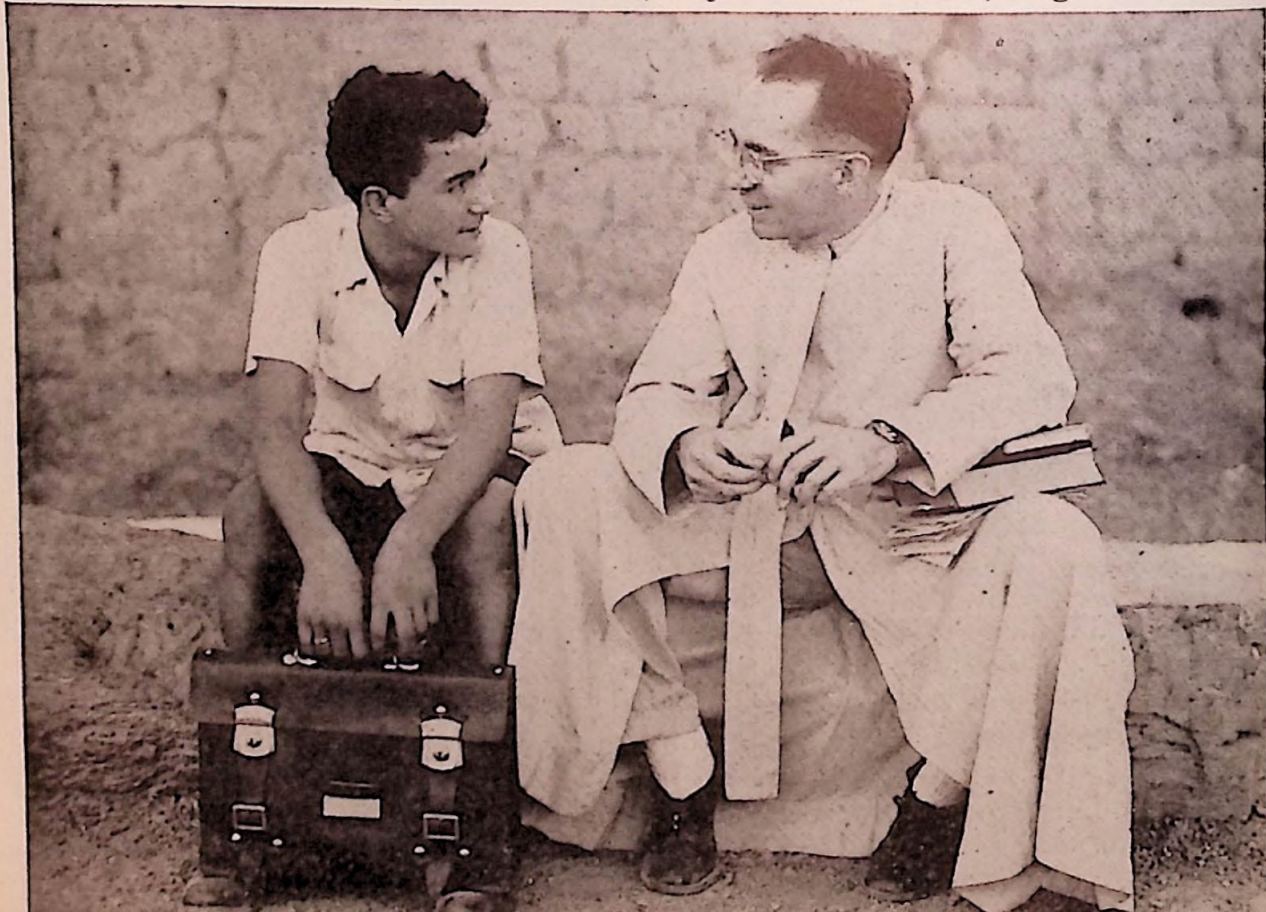


Monophysites

YESTERDAY, I WAS PAGING through a book on the Schismatical Churches of the East when I came across a section on the Armenians, the Gregorian Armenians as they have called themselves since the fifth century when they followed the Monophysite heresy and broke with Rome. According to the statistics of the book there are about three million of these Armenians spread throughout the East, Europe, and America—the second largest schismatical body in the Christian Church.

But "books are a bloodless substitute for life." You see, these facts really tell you nothing about the Armenians. Before I knew it my eyes were off the page and my thoughts were with the Armenians that we have here in Baghdad College. Last week I had seen one of these three million Monophysite Armenians crying outside the Assistant Principal's office. He wasn't a schismatic then;

Father Joseph LaBran S.J. passes the time of day with a student of Baghdad College.



IN OUR GARDEN

He was Sami—Sami in trouble. In his halting English, between sobs, he told me that he had been sent out of class for having his book open as a quiz was about to begin. I tried to console him, telling him that a zero on a quiz wouldn't mean much, especially since he had been doing so well all year.

"But it wasn't my fault, Father."

"Did you explain to your teacher?"

"He wouldn't listen. He said 'Get out.'"

"Well, don't worry, Sami. You go back, and, in a nice way you try to explain to him. After all, you're a good boy, so you should never worry. Everything will turn out all right. You go to Mass here every morning, don't you?"

"Yes, Father."

"Armenian Orthodox, aren't you?"

"Yes, Father."

I don't know what prompted the next question. If I thought it over it would have appeared tactless. However, tactless as it was, I asked if he ever thought of becoming a Catholic. Of course he had. And as soon as he finished school he was going to become a Catholic and leave the world. He was smiling now, his zero in geometry completely forgotten. And he explained his plan for leaving the world to relieve my puzzled look. He had read an Arabic life of Charles de Foucauld, the modern French hermit of the desert who had been slain by Arabs. That was exactly the type of life he wanted to lead. Well, Sami is still in his early 'teens, and dreams are still a big part of his life, so we let that go and got down to more substantial things.

"Have you told anyone you want to become a Catholic?"

"No, Father, I'm keeping it a secret.

But I tell my mother how good the Catholics are."

"And what does she say?"

"She says they are good, and they do many hard things which we don't have to do."

"Would she mind if you became a Catholic?"

"I don't know, Father, but it doesn't matter. Many saints had a hard time becoming priests. Who was that saint? His brother chased him and took him back home when he was going away to be a Jesuit."

I told him it might be St. Stanislaus. Yes, that was it. Sami had read his life in Arabic. Then the bell for the next class sounded.

"You'd better go now, Sami. You see your teacher and try to explain to him what happened about that open geometry book. And remember, every morning at Mass you must pray that God will let you become a Catholic as quickly as possible, even before graduation."

"Yes, Father. Thank you, Father."

And he was running off to his friends and the next class.

One of three million? A Monophysite schismatic? Yes, but Sami most likely never had heard the word Monophysite and he couldn't pronounce schismatic, like so many others among that three million. Yet, he was being persuaded by grace, by many graces.

His case is typical of many. The subtle theological arguments of long ago are buried, unknown to today's schismatics.

I hope that Sami keeps praying, I hope he keeps dreaming; but even if he leaves off praying there is someone else who won't.

Bazaar Day AT BANDGAON

JOSEPH R. LERCH S.J.

AS A LAST GESTURE BEFORE FALLING into bed, I opened my little notebook diary, and in a semi-conscious state I scribbled half-illegibly, "Wednesday: Same kind of hectic bazaar day. Usual madhouse in bungalow." With a gesture of finality I closed the little book, stumbled over to my bed, and in a matter of seconds was fast asleep.

Bandgaon is a peaceful little village six days out of seven. There is the usual routine of school, building operations, perhaps a sick-call or two, but outside of that life flows on rather peacefully. Wednesday is different. It is the big bazaar day, and the little village takes on the aspect of a county fair. By ten o'clock every little road or path within ten miles of the place is crowded with laughing groups of men, women, and children, jogging along at a pace which is half-walking, half-running under the weight of their heavy baskets filled with rice or vegetables.

On this particular Wednesday, life at the bungalow began peacefully enough with Mass for the children who had stayed overnight for their weekly Sodal-

ity meeting. At nine o'clock I hurried off to the school building, and for three hours tried to explain the intricacies of Hindi, Arithmetic, and Geography to boys with far-away looks in their eyes. At twelve the Angelus bell rang, and after saluting God's Mother, the boys with one shout bolted out the door. This was bazaar day, and of course there could be only a half day of class.

By the time I reached the bungalow, twenty or thirty of them were standing outside of my door, shouting for iodine for their cut fingers, a slate pencil, or a piece of paper to cover their books. I wormed my way into the bungalow. There were ten or fifteen people trying to get medicine; the mailman had just come in with a registered parcel; one of the masters was busy over in the corner measuring out a couple of hundred pounds of rice, which we were buying for the school children; one catechist was seated in the middle of the floor surrounded by little piles of coins; another catechist, flanked by six or seven determined-looking villagers, was trying to give a little bit of technical advice.





Market-day in India has never a dull moment, especially when competition is keen.

on some land dispute; the servant was bustling about setting the table for lunch; and in the midst of all this confusion Father Blandin was running back and forth vainly trying to do six things at once.

I threw my books on my desk and plunged into the confusion, determined to give what help I could. First of all, I did my best to satisfy the needs of the schoolboys, no little feat in itself, and then turned to the nearest person. He was in need of medicine for his mother, who had cut herself badly with an axe three days before. Like everyone else he had waited for bazaar day to come in for medicine. I gave him some sulfa powder and bandages, and tried to explain in my best Mundari just how he was to go about treating the wound. As I turned away from him to attend to the next customer, I noticed over his shoulders that two strong young men were struggling through the door with several more large bags of rice. And then? Yes, the sound of a horn; two Fathers from Jamshedpur had just arrived. Visitors are scarce at Bandgaon,

but when they come, it always seems to be on a Wednesday.

I can't tell you what happened in the next hour, but somehow or other we managed to satisfy all or most of the people, and we sat down to eat a quick lunch with our visitors. We hardly had time to swallow our dessert, and catch up on the news from Jamshedpur, when the familiar, "Ranu, Gomke"—"Medicine, Father"—started us off again.

At three o'clock our visitors left (they had to be in Ranchi that night, they said), and I managed to shout good-bye to them over the heads of our workmen who were lined up for their weekly pay. By five the crowd was thinning out, and at six an unnatural peace descended over the bungalow. Father Blandin went out to the church to say his breviary, while I began to light our petromax lamps. Peace at last! Very soon, however, another "Ranu, Gomke" shattered that illusion. The late-comers had arrived. But it couldn't go on forever, and at last we were able to sit down to a quiet meal. Bazaar day was over.

The Altar Boy Gets

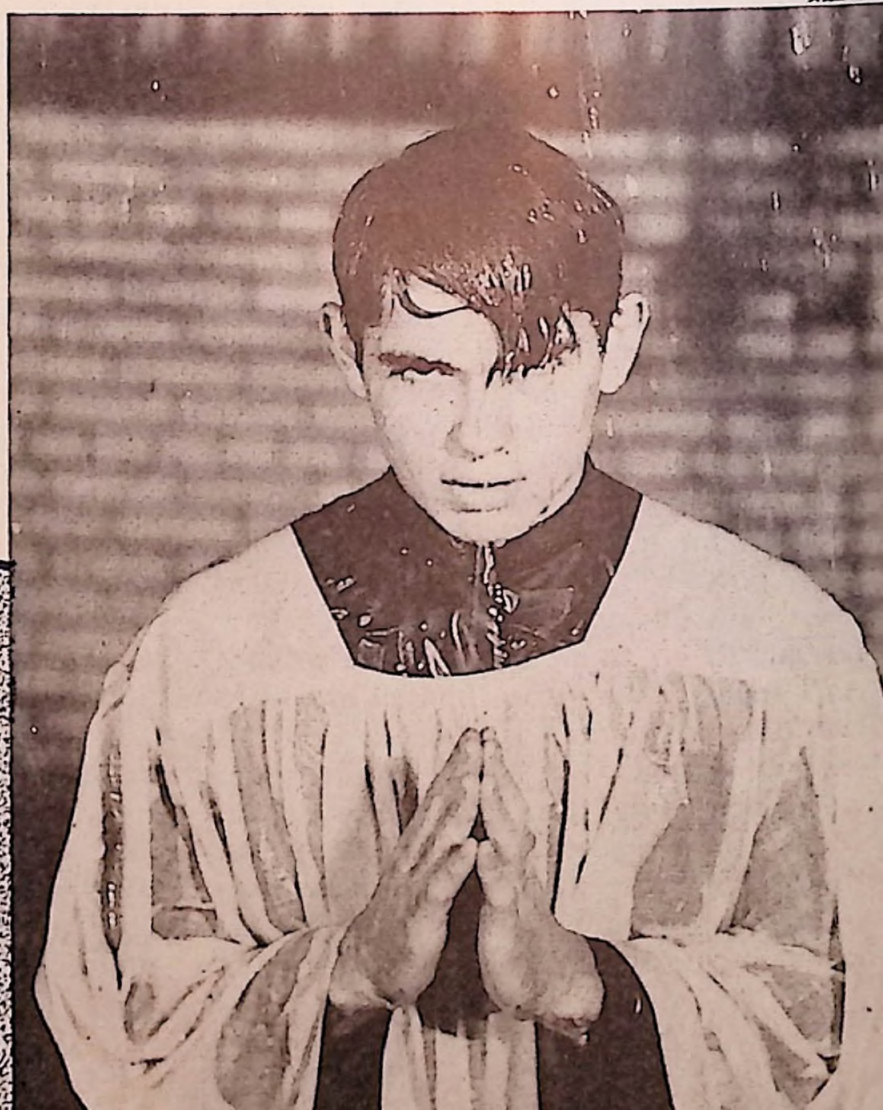
DRENCHED

in Masihabhawan Mission, India

There is no Church, so Mass is said on a porch. This is fine when the sun shines. But in the rainy season . . . it rains and rains and rains. It *rains!*

Will you give toward building a Church?

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ceived at



JESUIT
Missions

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



OTHERWISE Everything Normal

JOHN T.
McCARTHY S.J.

TO: SONSOROL, PULO ANA, MERIR, TOHOBEI ISLANDS.

Ship: Schooner Milleeta. Once of Australia, now of the Trust Territory. No longer a schooner: the masts and bowsprit and booms were shortened greatly because they were rotten. Foremast is now cracked, and the ship can do little or nothing by sail. Maximum com-



OTHERWISE Everything Normal

plement (lifeboat total): 31. On Sonsorol heard confessions. Communion at Mass: 41. Sick: 6. Many of the men cannot attend Mass, even though it is but once in six months, since they are usually working in the boats, loading copra. Gave 18 of them Communion in a boat shed near their work. Everything loaded or unloaded is carried in small boats. Main trouble is boarding the ships: with a heavy swell and the normal very heavy roll of the Milleeta, there's about a six-foot space to negotiate: hands over your head on the hanging platform on the ship, then time the waves, and spring . . . haven't seen anyone fall in yet. Haven't even done so myself.

Around 4 p.m. left Scnsorol, overnight to Pulo Ana. Population: 10. Landing (at high tide) is a jump from the boat to the sand. (At low tide it is a quarter-mile wade.)

Reached Merir on the same day around 2 p.m. Landing at Merir is on a long broken shelf of coral, almost dock-shape, that sticks straight out from the island across the reef. Population: 6, all Catholics. Said Mass there, and all received Communion.

Left Merir 4 p.m. for Tohobei: there the next morning. Around 5 p.m. we were finishing Tohobei. All copra was loaded, and the people were aboard buying trade goods and loading 15 bags of cement they had ordered to finish their church. We were not too close to the reef, since the current there was toward shore. The engine wouldn't start: fuel pump broken. The men from Tohobei could not row their whaleboat back to the island. We had drifted too far and the current was too strong. That left us there, around 6:30 p.m. on Tuesday, March 16, with our engine dead, in a good southwest current from Tohobei, with 56 people aboard, and a cer-

tainly inadequate water supply.

I fixed the transmitter which had failed on the first day of the trip. It was useless to try the radio that night since there's little all-night duty hereabouts. On Wednesday we tried to get Koror. We could hear Koror, Yap and Guam, but could not get in. I estimate that we were putting out about 5 to 7 watts. Finally we did get Angauer. This is a government-maintained station for liaison with the Japanese company mining phosphate there. It was difficult, but I did get a message through.

Then we sat and looked at the ocean. Caught three sharks: one with remora: sucker fish attached. Others had pilots. Caught a couple. Good food. Saw lights during the night on the horizon, presumably Japanese fishing boats.

Next night around 11, I was awakened. "Flashlight!" Gave it up to the doctor. Another passenger was about to come aboard. Baby was born at 11:45. Only help for light: my flashlight and a kerosene lantern.

Wednesday we heard that the Torrey was setting out from Yap: 600 miles NE.

On Friday afternoon, I baptized the youngster. Name: Sirilo.

Saturday morning the Torrey came in sight. Had us in tow around nine. Tried to do the job too fast. Broke the tow chain twice. Nine knots won't do in a rough sea. Had to settle for five. Back to Tohobei where the people thought the whaleboat had been lost.

Then on to Sonsorol where I said Mass. Back out to the ship, already in motion. Captain of the Torrey was extremely impatient and didn't care whether we got back or not. (It was a hard jump that time.) And so back to the more regular round of Babelthua.

Otherwise, everything normal here.

Afield

with American Jesuits

THE BEAR FACTS



It isn't always the human element which causes difficulties on mission fields. Sometimes the animal kingdom insists on doing its share.

From FATHER CARROLL FASY, Superior of the Jamshedpur Mission in India comes the following account. "Up at Raj Anandpur a bear and FATHER ANDERSON BAKEWELL have come to grips. It won't go on record as to which was the aggressor. But it seems the bear had been causing a lot of trouble and Father Bakewell was out to even up the score. The bear took refuge in a heavy thicket and, when routed, came charging out in a hurry. Before Father could level his trusty Winchester the bear was on him. The result? One dead bear and a missionary scarred in battle. Fortunately, it was not a serious wound. We are certainly offering up prayers of gratitude for the happy ending of what could have been a very tragic affair."

And in another part of India FATHER EUGENE WATRIN of the Patna Mission (his story "Jungle Sick Call" is on page 30 of this issue) also has a word on bears and other pests.

"There is a large hill that slopes up in back of our property here at Hazaribagh. A couple of weeks ago some of the Fathers were climbing to the top of the rocky summit when a big black bear suddenly emerged from a cave and started towards them. They were too frightened to move until the bear made a lunge at one of them. The Father dodged and promptly departed for a distant point. That evidently satisfied the

bravado of the bear, who lumbered off down the hill.

"Earlier in the year there was a tiger roaming about the same hill but he must have decided that we were all too tough for a good dinner for he seems to have moved off. We certainly hope so. The monsoon has brought out a lot of snakes around here but so far they have behaved and stayed outside. But we keep an eye cocked all the time for some recalcitrant who may stray into the house, as happens every year."

LOOKING AHEAD

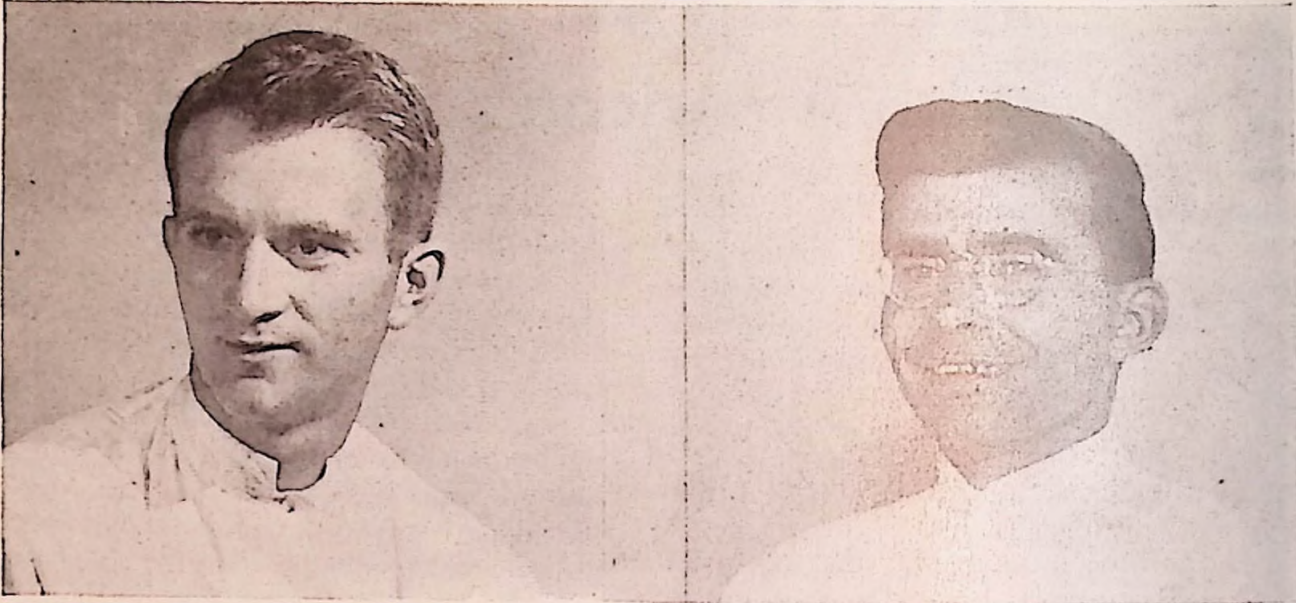


Even at this early date some missionaries have their eyes on the month of June. Due preparation for coming events is the result of experience.

FATHER EDWIN MCMANUS, Jesuit Superior of the Caroline and Marshall Mission in the Pacific, learned a lesson last June at graduation time in his Mindszenty School. "Sears Roebuck undoubtedly declared an extra dividend after totalling up the profits they made in Palau last June. Palauan parents have the same complaint now that American parents have; namely, the high cost of ransoming their children from school. Many of the parents here can easily remember the day of the grass skirt, so it comes as a real shock when they have to buy special graduation dresses for their daughters. The price of a thousand cocoanuts was riding on the backs of some of our girls at graduation. Now, that is a tremendous outlay, especially as the cocoanut trees are now being attacked by some pest.

Afield with American Jesuits

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS



Father Gerald P. Grace S.J. (above) of Chicago and Father Norman H. Langenderfer S.J. (at right) of Swanton, Ohio were ordained Nov. 21, 1954 at Kurseong in India by Archbishop Ferdinand Perier S.J. The two new priests entered the novitiate at Milford together in 1941, studied philosophy at West Baden, Indiana, and have been in India since 1948.

"So last September I struck a blow in favor of harassed parents. We bought a quantity of decent, but inexpensive, cloth and each of the June graduates is making her own dress. They have sewing classes, so it is a class project. Come graduation, there won't be a thousand coconuts spent for one night, even though it be a beautiful June night."

ELSEWHERE



Meanwhile, over in Ceylon, the New Orleans Province Jesuits are looking forward to June for what we might call a higher reason.

FATHER CLAUDE DALY reports from Batticaloa: "The next eclipse occurs on June 20th and will be visible only in

Ceylon, Siam and the Philippines. At that time the other half of Ceylon will be having its rainy season, so that leaves us with the best seats for the show. We have a short-wave radio station which might be put to use for the event. It has reached Finland and could probably reach the Philippines. (Just what our only licensed transmitter, LLOYD LORIO S.J., ever wanted in Finland I never discovered.) But he is in India at present, finishing his studies, so the station may very well remain silent. So if anyone wants to see an eclipse, you can refer him to us in Ceylon.

"Another science in which we have been indulging lately, and with more personal interest, is that of mathematics. A few days ago FATHER JOHN LANGE counted the absestos-cement sheets that go on the roof of the new building of St. Joseph's College. He found that forty of the sheets had been stolen. We have night watchmen, of course, but they are under the very definite impression that all their job requires is to sleep on the premises.

"So we decided to do a little arith

metic. The asbestos-cement sheets retail at 25 rupees each. So forty sheets would mean 1,000 rupees—which is the equivalent of 333 days of labor at 3 rupees a day. So even if the thief were caught and given six months in jail (with free food, clothing and shelter) he would come out ahead. And he is not liable to be caught.”

Incidentally, Father Lange is also keeping an eye on his own Jesuit brethren these days. It seems that husky BROTHER EMMANUEL TRUJILLO was mov-

ing some bricks on the college grounds one day. The method he was using was that of the “hammer throw.” Father Lange inadvertently wandered into his range. The damages: one surprised and slightly winded Mission Superior. “Knocked the wind out of me,” reports Father Lange. “Lucky, too, considering who was doing the heaving.”

Meanwhile the building of the new and greater St. Joseph’s goes on, with the eyes of all Ceylon on it. Please keep these men in your prayers.

SPOTLIGHT



This month the JM Spotlight has a selfish glint in its far-reaching eye. FATHER FRANCIS WELZMILLER S.J. of the Patna Mission, once one of our most faithful contributors, has been silent for many moons. So at

Arrah in the Shahabad District we seek the reason.

It is a very simple one. He is busier now than he ever has been in his almost twenty years in India. For Arrah is more than a mission station; it is the headquarters for the Shahabad District. As such, it has a grade school and also a high school with about 80% of the students living on the mission grounds.

There was a time when Father Welz Miller spent most of his day going from village to village around his Piru station. Then he could say, “I like bicycling because it is fairly fast, noiseless, gives you leisure to think and observe . . .” Today, although he still visits the outlying missions, his job is mainly that of caring for his Chamar children. No wonder he has been silent.

THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION

JANUARY 1955

*For the unity and
increase of Christians in
the Malabar region
of India*

FEBRUARY

*For the growth of the
Church in the Union
of Central Africa*



THIS RELATIVELY SMALL REGION on the southwest coast of India is of great importance to the Church. Of the eleven million people in the area about 20 percent are Catholics, while in India as a whole only 1.25 percent are members of the Church. On the strength and fervor of the Malabar Catholics in great part depends the priestly vocations to provide for the other millions of India, now that it is increasingly difficult for foreign priests to enter the country.

Many more in the area should be Catholics. They believe in the primacy of Peter and most points of Catholic doctrine. Unfortunately, many of them went into schism in the seventeenth century in protest against civil and ecclesiastical reforms made at that time. Thus they gave up the faith which they had received from the Apostle Thomas. In 1928 the schismatic Metropolitan Mar Ivanios returned to the unity of Rome. With him came one bishop, 35 priests, and over 5,000 people. Before his death in 1953, about 70,000 people and 170 priests and two other bishops had followed. But there are still about 300,000 separated from the Church.

IN THIS CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION—composed by the British on August 1, 1953 from Nyassa, Northern Rhodesia and Southern Rhodesia—12 percent of the six and one half million people are Catholics. Of the whole population about 170,000 are whites.

Like any mission territory it has its roll-call of heroes and inspired priests working for Christ. For instance, Father Dupont, member of the White Fathers, who took great risks in bringing the faith around the turn of the century to the fierce Babema tribe. He so won over these people that the Chief named Father Dupont his successor. On the death of the chief, Father Dupont was successful in preventing the customary ritual massacres. He then turned over his authority to a member of the tribe but continued to enjoy great prestige.

These people, as men everywhere, need to know Christ and His Mother. For without this knowledge they will never know true peace and happiness either in this life or the next. They will spend their days beguiled by materialism or warped by the suspicions, antagonisms and fears of paganism. They will never know their own true worth.

The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

During His public life and particularly during His passion, Our Lord rewarded in wondrous ways any charitable consideration shown to Him. To imitate closely his Master is the lifetime meditation of a Jesuit missionary. You have refreshed him with a cup of cold water, you have put at his disposal a boat for the search of souls, you have furnished an upper room for the Holy Sacrifice, you have encouraged him by your prayers and, like his Master, he wants to assure you of a reward.

At the beginning of this new year, it is my part to express to you in the name of my brother Jesuit missionaries their sincere gratitude for the countless kindnesses extended to them. Each morning, they have the most wondrous way ever granted to man of repaying your charity. It is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Throughout every hour of your days and nights, the hands of American Jesuits are raising aloft chalices, with a prayer that upon you and yours blessings eternal may descend.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

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

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“COME QUICKLY, FATHER, FOR TWO of Daniel Chamar’s children have died during the past week and his oldest daughter is now delirious. And all of the small children of the village are also sick with fever and cough.” This was the message which Michael brought us from Danto in the Bihar district of India at 5:00 in the afternoon.

First of all I went to the Holy Cross Sisters’ Dispensary and got some medicines, and then tied the Mass kit on the back of my bicycle, and with Michael as a guide headed for Danto. The first 13 miles were along the main road, and though it was soon dark there was a beautiful moon to light our way. It was only after Michael pointed out a little path through the jungle as the road to Danto that the trip got interesting. Time after time the path ended at a rice bund and we had to push our cycles across the fields. We had to cross two rivers and though there was not much water in them the steep banks and loose sand made it a hard job to get the cycle with the Mass kit safely across.

As we were walking along one bad

spot, I asked Michael if the people from Danto ever do any hunting. That was a mistake, for he assured me that they often do so right in this very jungle and get such interesting game as deer, wild boar, tigers, and bear. My imagination began to create various pairs of eyes peering out from the darkness of the underbrush.

In Hindi the word for bear is “bhaloo,” while that for sand is “baloo.” So when Michael was cycling along and suddenly swung his cycle away from a clump of bushes and shouted “baloo” I braced myself for the charge of a bear, only to find that I was soon bogged down in the loose sand, and bathed in a cold sweat.

Michael finally hit a stone in the dark and the tube popped out of his tire. So we had to finish the trip on foot. It was 9:30 p.m. when we finally reached the little mud school at Danto. It was still a mile further on to Daniel’s house out in the jungle. I took the medicines and Holy Oils and went there immediately. His daughter Theresa, about 13 years old, was suffering with violent dysentery.



JUNGLE Sick Call

from which the two smaller children had died. But she was no longer delirious. Her temperature was normal and so was her pulse. I immediately gave her some medicine and said that I would bring her Holy Communion in the morning after Mass.

They then asked me to wait and have some tea. I was only too ready to accept. After a short time they brought the tea. They then placed the lantern about three feet in front of me, and Daniel with a bamboo in his hand sat about three feet further off towards the jungle. This seemed a strange arrangement, but he began to sip contentedly the hot tea. Suddenly Daniel swung into action with his bamboo and began to beat something running around on the ground. I quickly saw that it was a scorpion about six inches long. When I asked him how he happened to be ready for it he said that since it is so dry they come out of the jungle when there is moisture near the light. I didn't waste any time drinking that tea.

I then went back to the school where the master's wife had some rice and *alahl* ready for me. It was almost midnight when I finished eating. I stretched out on the mud floor of the school with

images of snakes and scorpions projecting themselves on the screen of my imagination. I was just about asleep when I felt the breath of an animal on my face, and leaped up to find one of the village watch dogs investigating the presence of a stranger. He was friendly enough but I was still glad to see the dawn at 4:30, and got up to prepare the altar for Mass.

It had been many weeks since the last visit of a priest, so there were over 50 people for confession before Mass. After Mass, Holy Communion, and sermon I took the Blessed Sacrament and walked the mile to Daniel's house. I was delighted to find that Theresa was much better. I gave her Holy Communion and left more medicine.

I then set out to the houses that are scattered over a couple of miles of jungle to visit the sick youngsters. I soon found that they all had the same disease—chicken-pox, for which I knew of no remedy. The ones who got it first were just about well again, and I thought that the others would soon recover. But the people were relieved to learn that it was nothing serious, and so was I. The sick call to Danto had been quite successful.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

The Perfect Teacher has at last been found, says a missionary (Claude Boudreaux) at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India. This teacher gets no salary, never needs sleep, food or shelter. Above all, this teacher will never lose patience with the slowest student learning the Tamil language.

If you haven't guessed, this teacher is a tape recorder, which can be purchased for the Theologians in India for \$150.00. Would you help to obtain this perfect teacher with your gift of a dollar or two?

There Are 28 Beds for fifty babies at St. Mary's Orphanage, Bihar, India. The Sister who is in charge of the nursery says the babies, from two weeks to five years, are sleeping two and three to a bed and on the floor.

Further, "In the name of our dear Lord, help us in some way. There is only one orphanage in Patna and from all sides they send the babies and small children to us. Because their souls are so precious, we cannot refuse anyone . . . Praying for you before the Tabernacle daily,

Yours very thankfully,
Sister M. Diomira"

\$5.00 will buy a crib for an orphan in India.

If Helen Is Your Name you may be interested in helping Father Ball in Jamaica, who is begging for an outdoor statue of St. Helen. If we were to receive twenty-five cents from our readers who have the name Helen, we could get the statue for St. Helen's Church, Jamaica. What is your name?

The Regional Seminary in Japan makes a request for purificators, corporals, and amices. You might like to send a small donation to purchase these articles which we will forward to Father Kamata in Japan.

Has Anyone an Extra Locomotive Bell for Father Stoffel in the Philippines? Father has in mind a bell which could be mounted on his jeep. With this arrangement, there would be a bell for each barrio chapel that the missionary visits, as he rings his way into every village. Money for the purchase and shipment of this bell would be greatly appreciated by Father Stoffel. Would you help?

Altar Linens and Purificators are needed by the priests in the villages near Baghdad. Father Hussey, Rector of Baghdad College, knows how much these priests need help and hopes to aid them through your kind gifts. Please send \$1.00, if you can, to buy altar linens.

You Have the Opportunity of supplying altar candles for the mission chapels in British Honduras. Your gift of 25 cents will buy two candles, which will burn through several Masses. Please help.

The Sisters at a Mission School in Jamaica could use a sewing-machine. It would be much better to purchase the machine in Jamaica, to save duty. If you have an extra dollar to help the Sisters, please send it along.

PLEASE LORD

*Send Me a
Mother!*

Every night the children of St. Francis Mission in South Dakota beg Our Lady to send them a mother who will help support them.

\$10.00 a month will do it.

How about it?



SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO

Jesuit Missions

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

Where
Shall
I Go?



WHERE INDEED? Where can one go without relatives, without friends, without the strength to work?

The terrible tragedy of poverty-stricken old age afflicts Ceylon as well as other places more familiar.

To cope with this tragedy Bishop Glennie of Trincomalee is building a home for the aged poor. But he cannot do it alone. He needs help, and he counts on the generosity and kindheartedness of those better off to help him. His Excellency and God's poor will be prayerfully grateful for any contribution sent to

JESUIT *Missions*

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