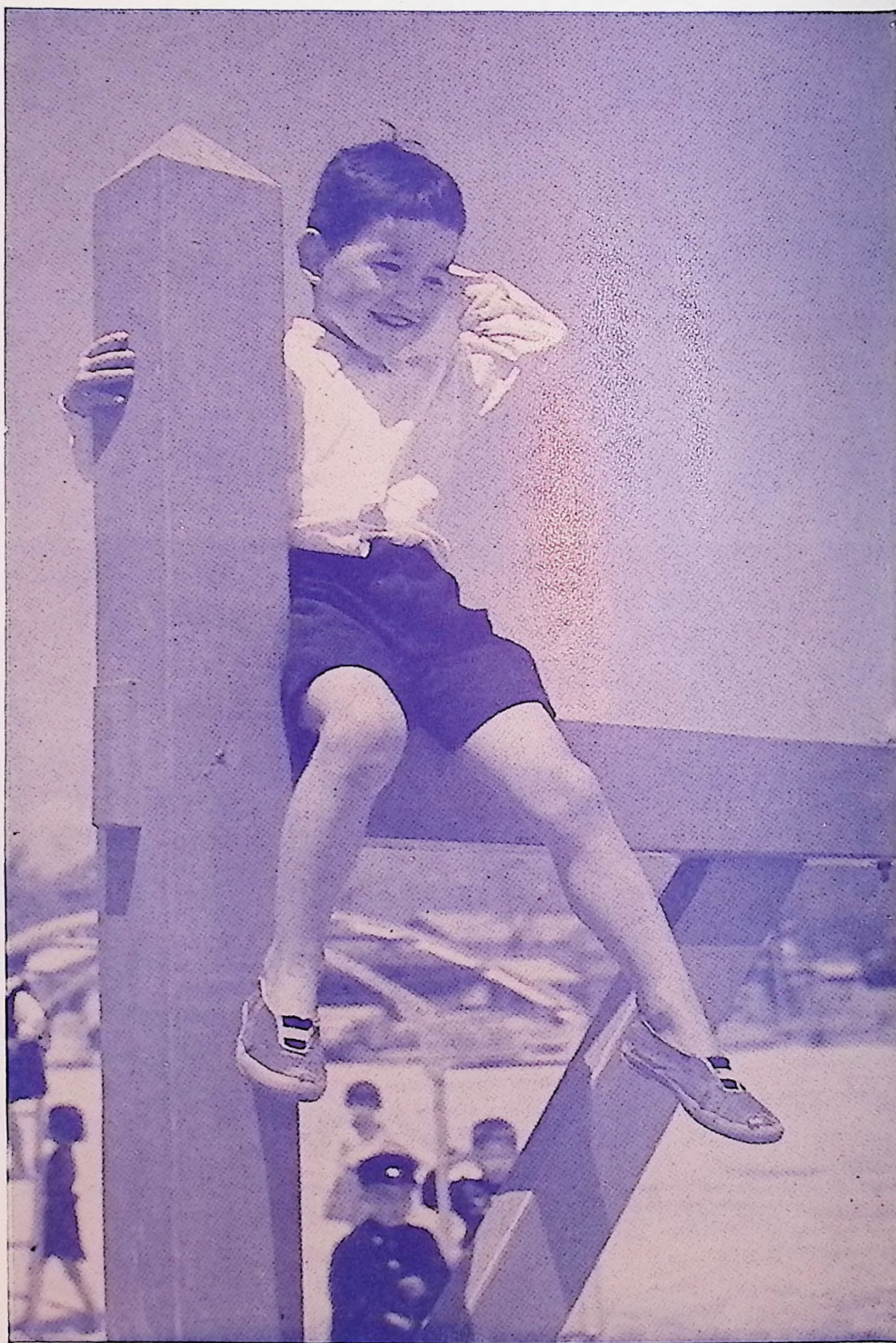


# Jesuit Missions



**Arctic Security**

**JULY-AUGUST, 1955**



Children whom the A-bomb orphaned in  
Hiroshima find a real home

# The Garden of Light

DANIEL F. McCOY S.J.

THE SWEAT was trickling down as Father Goossens and I walked our bicycles to the Japanese sliding door entrance. It was August 1948, and my first visit to the Garden of Light home. That day I did not enter; it was merely an *aisatsu* visit—a “hello in passing” to Mother Elizabeth Nagata, the Foundress of the Congregation, who sat in Japanese style on the floor of the *genkan* platform with two youngsters lolling about her.

Last January, when in Hiroshima, I visited the Sisters and children again. The transformation that had been effected struck me with full impact.

We were in the tea ceremony room, Mother Nagata (always “Hahasama”—Mama to the children) and the Sisters (always called O-Nessama—“Big Sister”) together with the now grown-up boys and girls. I was not in an institution; I was in a Japanese family but a unique one. We were partaking of a Go-chiso—big celebration dinner—and we were eating Sukiyaki cooked in frying vessels laid on circular charcoal stones carried right onto the immaculate tatami straw of the tea ceremony room.

The boys drew my attention—they sat in Japanese style on the soles of the feet. They had the traditional schoolboy shaved heads, they had the same banter—used the same schoolboy language as other boys—but with a difference. There was definitely a manifestation of maturity and of warm-hearted affection not common to Japanese men. Boys and girls were scattered in four groups, each group encircling a charcoal burner. The conversation was common to all; the gestures, nuances, attitude, all revealed a great personal love for Mother Nagata and the Sisters and a truly fraternal bond among the children.

Peter Moriwaki, a 17-year-old boy with a rough face served

portions to little Theresa Oka when the pan and things became too hot. I had never before, in seven years, observed a Japanese man or boy serve a woman.

One day, Theresa Mori had returned sobbing from school in Motomachi. Her new teacher, when inspecting Theresa's address on the list, commented aloud, "Garden of Light, Motomachi—you have no father, no mother, poor girl." Theresa remonstrated with tears. She *did* have a Mother, she did have big Sisters—she did have true Brothers and Sisters. She *did* live in a family, not in an orphanage.

Two of the boys had seen a motion picture downtown about an orphan child's experience in Nagasaki after the

bombing. That evening they were full of questions and comments. What was an orphan? Where could they be found—so that they could visit them and help them?

It was a major problem for the Sisters to reveal to them that they were orphans, that they were picked up from the streets—after the bombing of Hiroshima.

The sliding door opened and a very clean-cut boy from Hiroshima Vocational High School entered. "Who is he, Mother?" I gestured. "Is he a new boy?"

She whispered, "He always comes every evening to see the boys—he lives nearby. His own father remarks he spends more time here than at home. He likes our boys. I treat him the same."

Father McCoy and nuns with children of Hiroshima's Garden of Light Home.



(Three Lions photo)

COVER. The inhabitants of the Northland are content with the few essentials for living. A fire, food and clothing against the cold are the fundamentals of existence. As Father O'Connor points out (page 4): "The Eskimo seldom thinks beyond the day." The future is unsure so why worry about it? Trust in God's Providence. It is a lesson for our own way of life.

Vol. 29—No. 6

**JESUIT MISSIONS** is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N. Y., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Re-entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.



Mother Nagata and Sister Dolores had studied at Catholic University, 1949-51. Now they plan to erect a Catholic Sociological Institute in Fukuoka in Kyushu. In Hiroshima the physicians and surgeons want her to conduct a hospital.

The impact of her influence is deep. She talks to the heart of her people, over the radio on population problems, in the countryside on love. "God is Love" is her motto. Her orphanages are gathering centers for the solid, influential Japanese men and women who come to her Tea-Ceremony on Sunday afternoon where she talks to them in their own tongue of the Hope they hope for.

Mother Nagata's Congregation, the

Sisters of the Light of the Gospel, is in the beginning of its history. It is thoroughly Japanese yet set in the ascetical traditions of the Church's spirituality. Her Sisters must guard inviolate the Japanese customs which include the reception of guests at all hours, the warm-hearted hospitality; the tea ceremony; visiting the sick and the heart-broken in their homes at night after the day's toil.

In 1946 Mother Nagata opened her Hiroshima Home at the invitation of the Jesuit Fathers and during that time has made available for the Fathers the richness of her experiences with the Japanese. May she know many more fruitful years in God's vineyard!



# Arctic Security

SECURITY is in the air. People think of it, talk of it, even the Government sees to a social security number. Insurance companies thrive. Why? People are fearful of the future. Yet despite all their precautions, there is unrest. Perhaps there is too much stress on material providence. With the Eskimos all is different. They seldom think beyond the day. They have a deep mentality about the future. It is so unsure—why worry about it? An insurance man would be hard put to make a living on the Yukon. Let me explain.

A few weeks ago, I met an old schoolboy. He came up with a huge smile and said, "Why, Father, don't you know me?" Well, I had been away from this part of Alaska for twelve years and changes even in faces make quite a difference. I scrutinized his face closely.

"Andy Prince, of all men. Coming up the Yukon for a hundred miles just to see me." His face was beaming. I asked about his family. His face wreathed in smiles.

"You know, Father, I have a nice, big family—12 kids!"

"Twelve kids," I said. "You are meant to be a chief!"

Now this is not extraordinary. Most mothers have ten children at least during their term of motherhood, but not all of them live. Andrew had twelve and all were living, healthy, and well clothed. How does he do it? The Lord simply provides. That is the easiest answer—and it is true. With Andrew there was no thought of security. He and his wife Olga have a lively faith and a conviction that children are the greatest security imaginable. One thing is certain, Andy will be

happier in his old age than most millionaires.

I had barely turned from Andy when I met the outstretched hand of an old guide of mine, Patsy. We had had many a meal along the trail. Patsy had brought one of his girls to the mission. "And you, Patsy, are you letting this young Andrew beat you?" I asked.

"Ah, no," he said. "He only have twelve kids—I have twelve kids and ten grandchildren!" To clinch the argument he had five little tots with him and several grandchildren besides. They had all piled into his boat to come to the mission. They all laughed. Truly, children are not a hazard up here, but living, palpitating wealth.

I went down to the baseball field where Eskimo boys and girls were having the time of their lives. I had just begun the job of umpiring when a boat came shooting up the Andreafski River. It had two kickers and was moving fast. I recognized an old schoolboy and thought that he must be really in a hurry. He was. George Peterson, an old-timer seven miles down the Yukon, was dying. I ran for my oils and told one of the children to call Marie, the daughter of George. We were off in minutes with two kickers blazing a streak down the Yukon. I mentally counted George's children. He too had the magic number of twelve.

At his funeral, children and grandchildren came from all directions. This industrious old man was making a net when he died. As Father Fox said at the Requiem Mass, "He was too busy caring for his children to do wrong." Many a time I had stopped at his place to eat a big reindeer steak. His cache used to be

stacked high with frozen whitefish. I remember also that he and his boys had as high as thirty dogs to feed—and all were well fed. His name will live a long time through his seven stalwart sons on the Yukon.

Just recently William Tyson came back from a long stay at the hospital. He has ten children. He went down river on our boat. He had no house, no fish for the

winter, no dogs. Yet, he was not perturbed. He had brothers and many relatives. All would help. Then too, as he remarked on bidding me goodbye, "God would provide some way or other." It is the old but ever true story. Faith actually does move mountains, and if God takes care of the fish of the sea, and the flowers of the valley, He will—and *does*—take care of his Eskimo children.

Sometimes there isn't much in the line of food to offer but there's always lots of love.



# BIG JOHN of Jamaica

JOSEPH M. KRIM S.J.



"BIG JOHN" he is called by the boys. And he is truly big—in hands and in heart. He is as much a fixture here at Campion Hall Prep School as are the members of the faculty.

"Big John" is that facsimile of a Jack-of-all-trades we read about, but meet so rarely in Jamaica. In a blazing tropical sun you may spot him on the top of the building mending a leaky patch of zinc; or see his glistening back bending low in the flooded scullery grease-trap. He is as adept at plumbing and carpentering as he is at electric installations, painting, masonry or gardening.

"Big John" is a convert—and a steady one too. He sits humbly near the back of church, but, as he says disarmingly, "I can hear the preacher way back there and, when Father Higgins used to speak, I could hear him on top of the roof!" Father Leroy instructed "Big John," Father Russell married him (his wife is a convert also) and Fathers Colman and Krim baptized his babies.

A short step behind "Big John" as he reports for work daily is "Tiny John," a chip off the old block. Like many Jamaican children "Tiny" is learning from the ground up. He calls the motor lawn-mower his "Bulldozah."

Now this sketch of a growing Catholic Jamaican family might not seem of great moment. That is, unless you know Jamaica and its Youth Problem. As the Police Sergeant said, when signing "Big John" on as a Special Constable (one more notch in "Big John's" gun), "Wish we had more young Jamaican men like John!" For "Big John" is that rarity—a strong man physically, but a gentle one. I have seen only one flareup of temper. It happens when an "outside" workman lets the Holy Name slip lightly between his teeth. "Big John" reacts as though struck. His huge fists double up.

Only one problem worries "Big John." He wants a little house. "For the children's sake," he reminds me. Missions need so many things. Yet the humble Catholic layman who is doing a splendid job raising a family merits a thought too. I hope I can help fulfill "Big John's" well-deserved wish.



*The Melody*  
LINGERS ON!

# The Melody LINGERS ON!...

(The New York Times recently published the following account from A. M. Rosenthal, their India correspondent.)

PATAN, NEPAL.—The fourth grade of St. Xavier's School of Nepal was shouting, "To the trees, to the skies, to the evergreen valley of Katmandu; To the snows, to the peaks, to the roaring streams and the winding paths."

The Rev. Thomas Downey, a young Jesuit from Cincinnati, grinned at a visitor.

"Get it?" he asked. "The Maine Stein Song.' See if you get this one."

He turned to the boys and called for the school song of Godavari, a sister school a few miles away. Forty small Nepalese boys sang the Notre Dame fighting song, with appropriate changes in lyrics:

"Our school is Go-dav-ar-i,  
Best school on earth for you and me.  
Great Phulchoki stands nearby;  
Barking deer roam here and birds fly."

In the next classroom in the palace that is now St. Xavier's, the Rev. Marshall Moran of Chicago was conducting a quiz in history. He pointed a finger at Tara Bahadur, son of a major in the King's Bodyguard.

"Was Napoleon a good man?"

"No, sir. That man was a greedy man."

There are not many history books about Nepal, but in all the text written from now on there will be a place for Father Moran. In 1769, the last foreign priest left Nepal, by pointed invitation. It was not until 1951, after the revolution that ended Nepal's rigid isolation behind the Himalayas, that a foreign missionary was allowed to enter the country again.

Father Moran had been working in the Indian City of Patna, not far from the Nepalese border, and had come to know many Nepalese exiled by the ruling Rana family. In May, 1951, he was asked to come to Katmandu to proctor

the final examinations of college students.

Not long afterward, he received permission to open a school for Nepalese and foreign youngsters at Godavari. It grew so big that a new school had to be opened—St. Xavier's. All told, the Jesuits at Godavari and here at Patan have about 180 Nepalese and fifteen foreign youngsters under their care.

Father Moran, a man of gentleness and gaiety, has spent twenty-five of his forty-nine years on the Indian subcontinent. In a place where politicking is an industry and recrimination is general, nobody has anything but good words for the priest and his work.

Under the agreement with the Nepalese Government that led to the setting up of the Jesuits' schools, there was to be no campaign for conversions. The priests, however, are permitted to give moral instruction. Father Moran called on 9-year-old Krishna to sing the lesson:

"God gave us things to use,  
Things that are good to use;  
Let's use them right each day  
and night  
To bring us close to God."  
The tune was "Goodnight, Irene."

Here at JM we would like to add a word or two to the foregoing account. Father Edward Niesen of Chicago has crossed the border from India to become the present Jesuit Superior in Katmandu. Two other Patna Jesuits, Fathers Alfred Poovatil and Thomas Vazhakapara, have also joined the little band in Nepal.

Another milestone in the history of the Church there was reached when, for the first time in history, the Cabinet voted consent for the Government to sell the Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary the land for the building of a girls' school. Previously to this, the Sisters could only rent quarters.

May we ask you to remember prayerfully these missionaries in that faraway, mountain country? Once it was the "Forbidden Kingdom" for all foreigners. Now the dawn is bright over the Himalayas.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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



## AFTER TEN YEARS

The first eyewitness account of the atomic bomb explosion at Hiroshima ten years ago concluded with this reflection: "It was an incredible catastrophe, and yet, almost strangest of all, the Japanese people here showed no bitterness toward America. Great good can yet be brought out of all this tragedy and of all the nations on earth today, America is in the best position to help us lead these people to the knowledge, love and service of the one true God." So wrote German Jesuit Father John B. Siemes in *JESUIT MISSIONS* for March, 1946.

On June 30, 1954, Msgr. Aloysius Ogihara S.J., Apostolic Administrator of Hiroshima, said in a letter, "The Church in our little Vicariate, despite the many financial vagaries of the postwar period and the great changes in thinking and customs of the same period, is progressing steadily and gratifyingly. Of the present 9,000 Catholics in our Vicariate, eighty per cent were converted since the end of the war, but these 9,000 Catholics themselves continue to be our greatest source of new converts."

Basque Jesuit Father Pedro Arrupe, now the Society's Provincial in Japan, in a recent newspaper interview said, "The strongest rivals in Japan now are Marxism and Christianity. Both are making progress. In numbers, perhaps Marxism is ahead. But in depth, Christianity is laying a stronger base."

These three commentaries on the last ten years of the Church's history in Japan retrace the constant, changeless pattern of the Church's history in the world. From the fantastic destruction wrought by man God hews monuments to His mercy. The triumph of evil on Good Fri-

day is a stepping-stone to the triumph of good on Easter. "In the world, afflictions are in store for you," Christ said just before His death. "But have courage; I have overcome the world."

No shock at the awful effects of past disaster or fear over the impending clouds of future evil should ever obscure the Catholic's certainty about the eternal present of Christ's triumph over Satan. Christ has won, is winning, will always win. This is the permanent insight into the meaning of history which only the Catholic has. So he recognizes the awesome afflictions of the moment for the mirages that they are.

For the Church in Japan the past held the frightful destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki—two Catholic strongholds. The future probably holds a titanic struggle with Marxism. At present there are 200,000 Catholics out of 85 million Japanese. Each day marks a slow inching forward, scarcely perceptible but real.

As Monsignor Ogihara remarks sagely, "The Catholics themselves continue to be our greatest source of new converts."

To the mission-minded American Catholic this remark has a personal significance. He sees himself strong in the spiritual power of prayer and sacrifice. He and Christ, eternally triumphant, are converting the world.

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AT THE HOLY FATHER'S REQUEST  
AMERICAN JESUITS EMBARK ON NEW MISSION

## AND NOW in Korea

**A**T THE INVITATION of the Holy See, American Jesuits from the Wisconsin area are about to start a college in Seoul, capital of Korea. On March 19 of this year Very Reverend Leo J. Burns S.J., Provincial of the Wisconsin Regio, flew to Korea to arrange the details of the new mission.

The immediate task is the founding and staffing of a small college to serve as the nucleus of further developments. Eventually there should arise a university with a strong liberal arts college and various professional schools staffed by forty or fifty American Jesuits.

Aiding the mission will be four Korean-born Jesuits who formerly belonged to the Vice-Province of Japan. Readers of JM probably recall the interesting article which Simon Youn, one of the four, wrote for the January-February issue describing the faith and needs of his people. In that article Father Youn recounted the unique way in which Christianity had come to Korea and the part that a Jesuit had played. Before a priest ever came to Korea there were 4,000 Catholics there whose conversion started with the reading of a catechetical book written in Peking in 1603 by Father Mateo Ricci, one of the most famous Jesuit missionaries.

Apart from the work of chaplains going back as far as 1594, Jesuits have had little connection with Korea. Now they are taking on a work which, expensive and time-consuming as it is, cannot be neglected in a country which has less than 300 priests. Catholic education is a vital need of the Koreans.

All of us will join our prayers to those of the many Korean martyrs that this newest mission entrusted to American Jesuits will prosper, and that the unsettled conditions of the Orient will not impede the planting of a deeper knowledge and love of God.

# Missionary

ROBERT C. DRESSMAN S.J.

(Read at the West Baden, Indiana, Jesuit community  
"send-off" of John D. Smith S.J. to India.)

LET'S CALL HIM JOHN.

Or we can call him Pete or Cy or Paul, or even Frank.

But tonight let's call him John, courageous follower of Christ.

He's the man with burning eyes and calloused feet who  
has walked each road in Christendom through nine-  
teen hundred years;

Who has turned the wrong to right,

Has enlightened darkened pagan minds with knowledge,

Cleansed black souls white with Christ.

It is he who has borne the Cross and its glory to every open land;

Whose halting tongue, whose eloquent activity,

Has spread the love of Christ to all the world.

He is the disciple sent by Christ with neither staff nor scrip;

He is Barnabas and Paul, and Cyril, all in one.

He is Augustine, Xavier, Claver, de Foucauld.

Where there is Christ, this man has brought Him,

And where He's not, this man will surely go.

And he goes, Ambassador of Christ, to conquer;

Not to bring to heel, but bring to heart.

In mission magazines this man is fabulous, surrounded by novelty  
and romance—

Exotic trees or gorgeous isle, or funny bullock carts.

And someone always sends back home those lying Kodachromes,

Those slides which do such beautiful injustice to mud huts and  
flimsy shacks.

For color slides don't show cold food—or aches or pain,

Or hate—or perverted lack of sympathy,

Or studied unconcern.

They never portray loneliness,

Nor schematize that feel of turning darn near inside out to shake  
off Western ways.

But for all the adjectives, these mission ways aren't strange.

You and I—we've felt the same from time to time,

And needn't go too far to point out when and where.

We live with poor;

We feel the unhealthy blast of climate and the scorn of pagan men.

We know discouragement and loneliness. What's different, then,

In mission life? It's ordinary fare.

I'll reveal a missionary's secret.  
Mission life is ordinary labor of ordinary men.  
Take any man in India.  
He might have taught in Cleveland, but instead he's in Jaipur.  
He baptizes at Chuhari, Gaya, Jamalpur;  
He shrives souls in Hindi and he brings to them the Mass,  
Brings down his own Krist Raja to enshrine within their hearts.  
—He seems in all things like to us . . . us ordinary men.  
He preaches with a handicap, and sees uncomprehending stares.  
He isn't puzzled, but he's troubled, humbled,  
And returns to church—alone—  
And prays to Christ for eloquence, for the mission gift of tongues.  
He's discouraged,  
But he's not disheartened, not unless he wants to be.

A "great, sublime vocation" our Holy Father calls this task  
Of heralding the Gospel in far non-Christian lands.  
And it is sublime,  
Sublime to introduce Our Lord to men who have never known Him;  
To see Christ's love attack dry souls,  
To see their quick response;  
To watch grace inform, reform deformed souls  
And radiate throughout a whole community.

A missionary labors in some pagan cranny of God's world,  
And he's busy every second of his waking day.  
Yet, there's an underlying pulse-beat, an exigence for "allness"  
Which is the Church's pounding throb, the Heart of Christ Himself.  
He feels it in his very marrow, and he identifies himself  
Not only with his mission, but with the entire Church.  
Her work is his work, and it does not matter where.

He better understands why Paul was restless.  
He knows why Xavier died frustrated,  
Why his desires outstripped his strength;  
Why his love fell equally on Indians and Japanese, and Chinese he  
never met.

He knows down deep within himself  
What Pope Pius tells his Heralds of the Word:  
"Certainly he should dearly love his fatherland and his Order,  
But the Church should be loved with still more ardent devotion."  
Primarily, foremost, pervasively, the missionary knows  
That he belongs to the Church, and so to all the world.

John Smith, you go to Patna.  
But India is not a land, it is a people,  
A people whom you'll love.  
You will share their privations, and they will share your Christ.  
You go because God wants you there; you represent His Church.  
And you represent us, also—and depend upon us, too.  
Don't forget that sheer dependency,  
For your failure will be ours, as ours is yours.  
You need our prayers, and we shall not fail you.  
We shall share in your success, as we ask also a share  
In your missionary prayers.

# Window on the Mission World

*There is a special type of Jesuit missionary whose deep influence on mission youth deserves to be better known.*



THIS is the time of year when there are more tugs at the heartstrings than usual. Missionaries are sailing away to their different fields and the House on 78th Street is their headquarters and rendezvous before departure. Strange voices which echo Boston or Chicago or New Orleans sound through the house; there is the excited last-minute checkup on luggage, visas, plans; a final handshake at the door or on the dock and they go laughing on their way. It is a moment when Christ must love them very dearly.

Many of them are Scholastics, Jesuits who have not yet been ordained priests. This is a unique Jesuit institution, not found in other religious orders. When a man has finished his studies in the humanities and philosophy he goes forth to teach for several years before returning to the study of theology and his ordination to the priesthood.

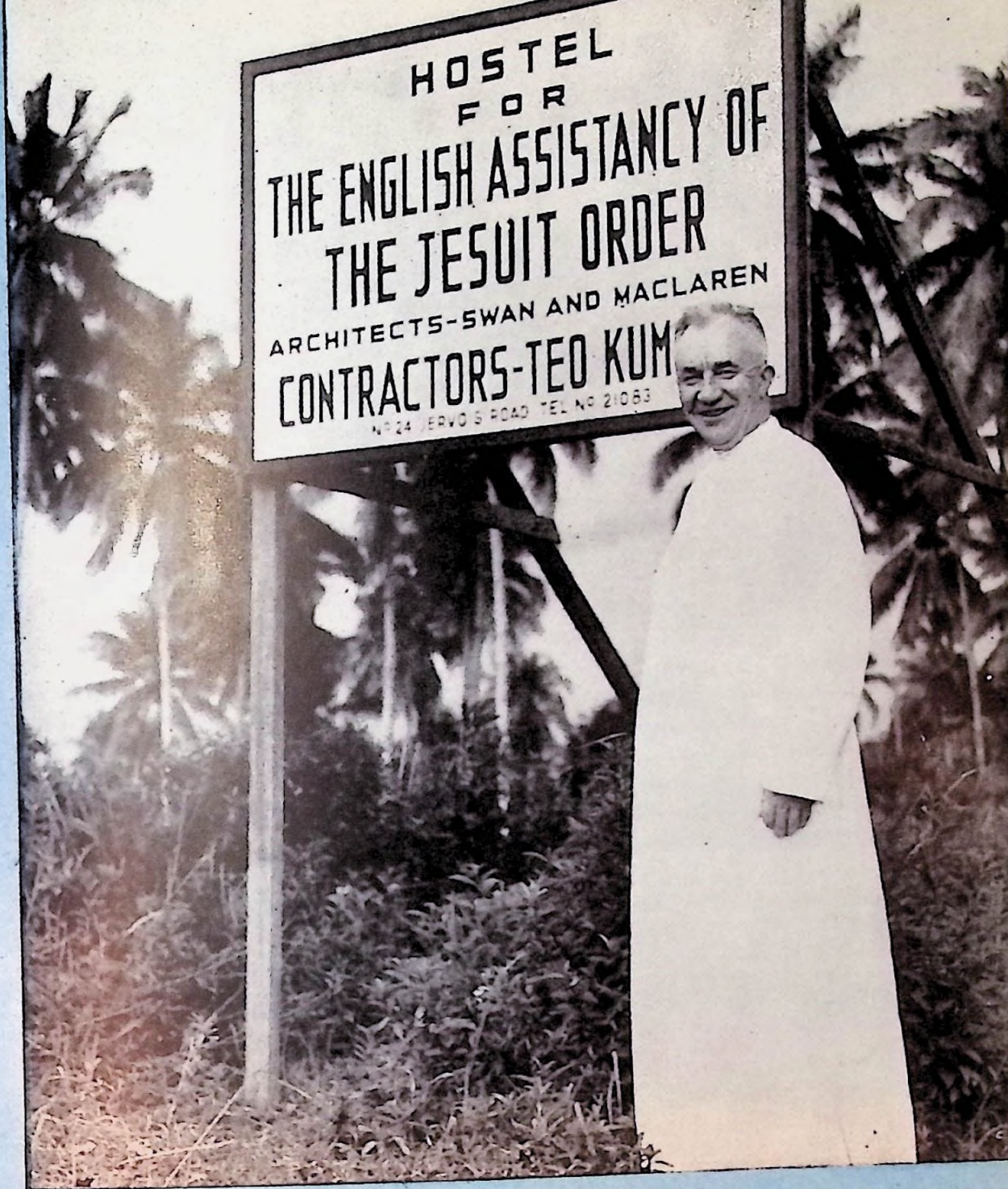
It is a policy that has reaped rich dividends both at home and on the missions. For these Scholastics exert a profound influence on the youngsters in the schools. For one thing, they are a half dozen or more years nearer in age than the priests are to their youthful charges. Again, in most mission fields, it is the Scholastic who spends most time with the boys as teacher, prefect, director of games, etc. That naturally tends to forge a closer relationship and consequently a deeper understanding and trust. It has been said, and with good reason, that the steady growth of vocations on the missions is due primarily to the influence of the Scholastics.

There is another great advantage in sending Scholastics to the missions. It

gives them a good opportunity to become acquainted with the people, the customs, and especially the language. The average age of the Jesuit priest going out to the missions for the first time would be about thirty-five. It is far from easy for a man of those years to start the study of Japanese, Arabic, Hindi, Chinese or any other difficult language. It takes years to learn those languages well enough to preach, hear Confessions, etc. Yet it is vital to have a knowledge of the tongue of the people. The Scholastic has not only the advantage of age over the priest in this respect but he also has several years of study ahead of him. From his firsthand experience on the mission field he will know how to use those years to the best advantage.

Of all the Jesuit mission fields outside of American territory there is only one, the island of Jamaica, where a foreign language is not needed. So language schools have been set up in India, Baghdad, Japan and among the expelled China missionaries. There is a movement now afoot in the Philippines to make Tagalog the national language in place of English, which would complicate matters in years to come, for up to now our missionaries have used Tagalog only in certain regions of the islands.

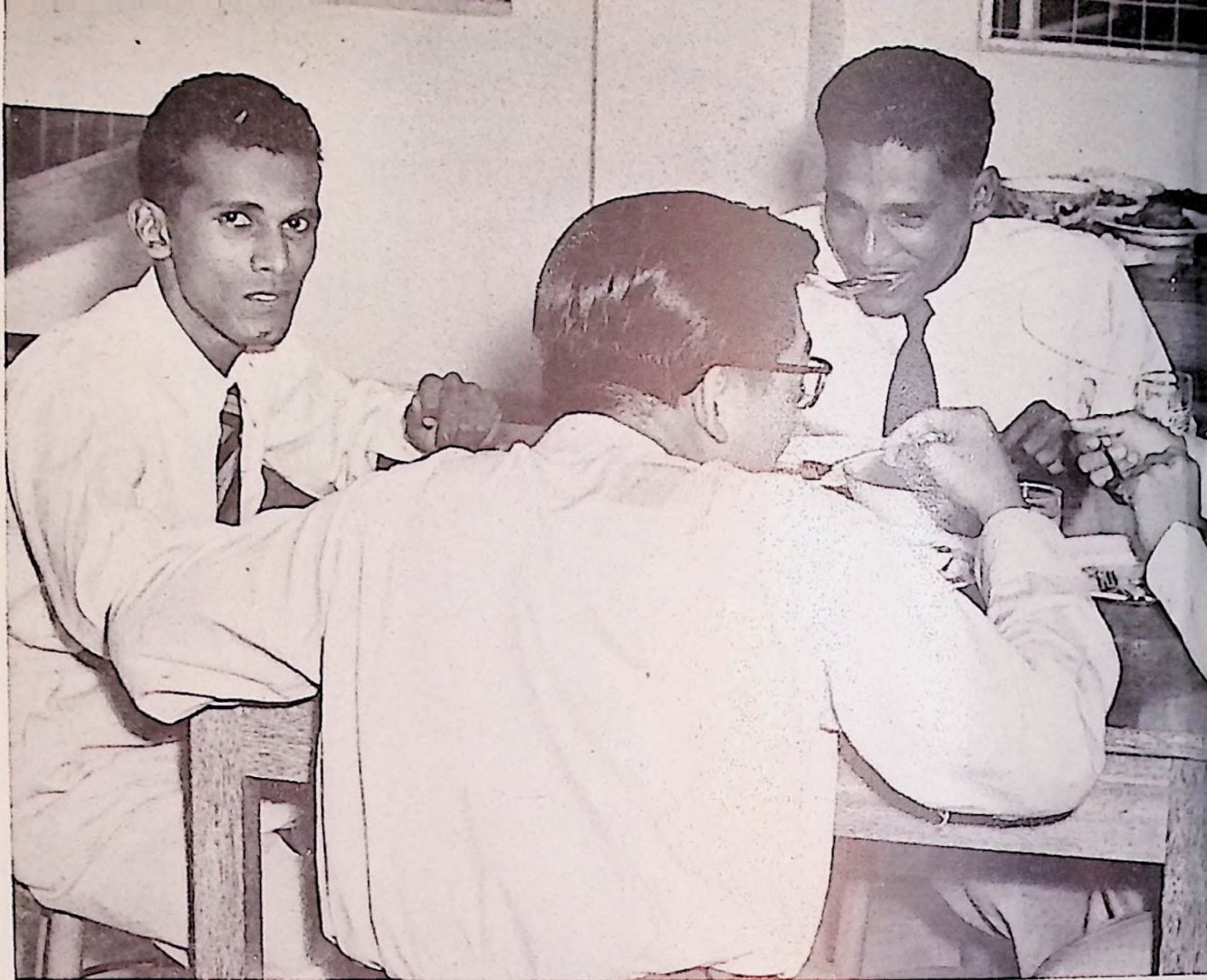
There are some hard years ahead for these young Scholastics who are sailing away. But they go gladly, willingly, to battle for the greatest cause on earth—and there is a sudden emptiness and barrenness in the House on 78th Street as the echo of the laughter of these young soldiers of the First Legion dies away.



**RETURN TO**

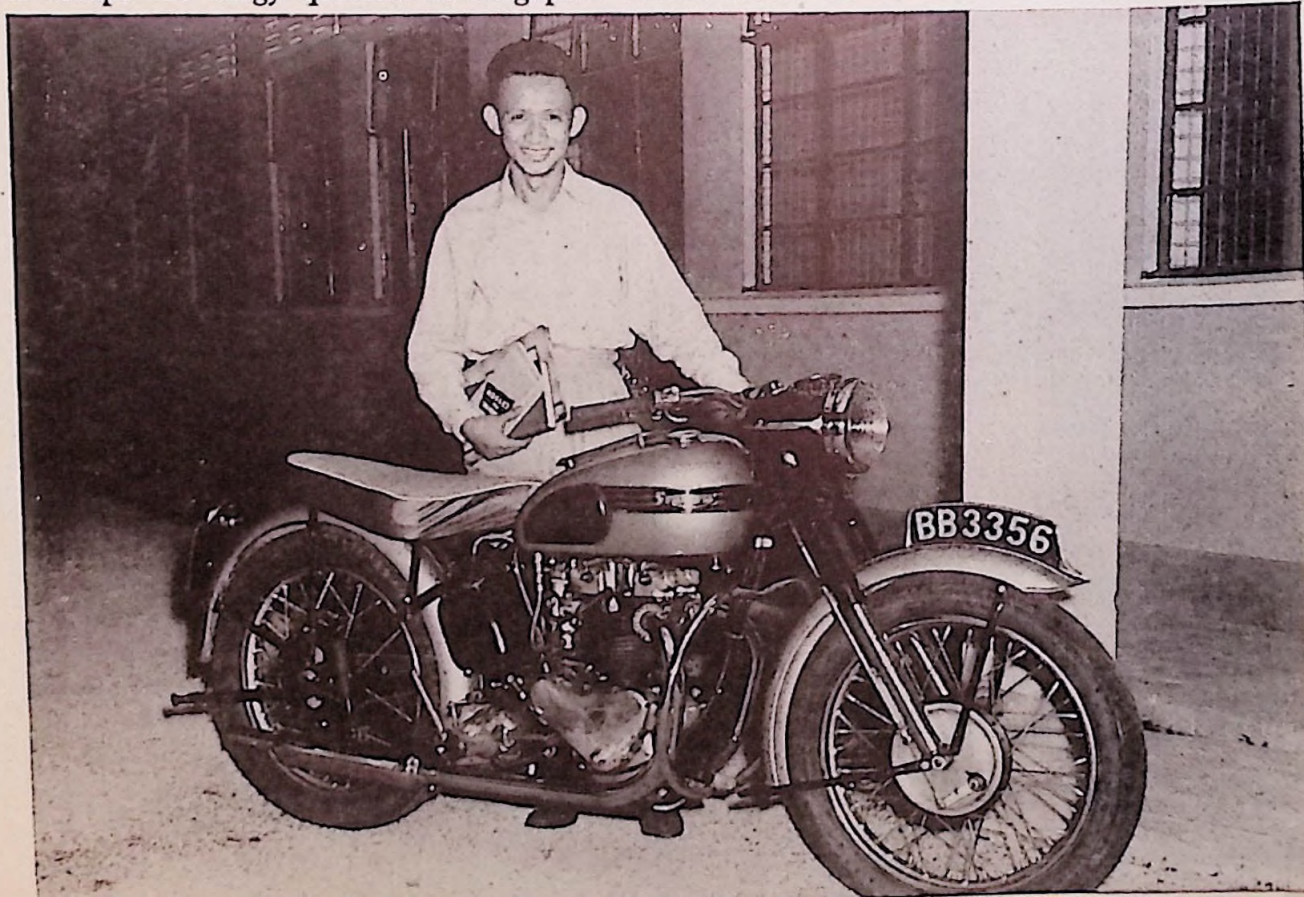
**Malaya**

**JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.**



Two Indians and two Chinese share the same table, a typical Hostel disregard for racial consciousness. Sikhs, Hindus, Buddhists, Catholics and Protestants mingle together amicably.

Philip Boudville is an Eurasian Catholic and one of the student teachers fortunate enough to escape the dingy quarters in Singapore where thousands of fellow students must live.



# RETURN TO Malaya

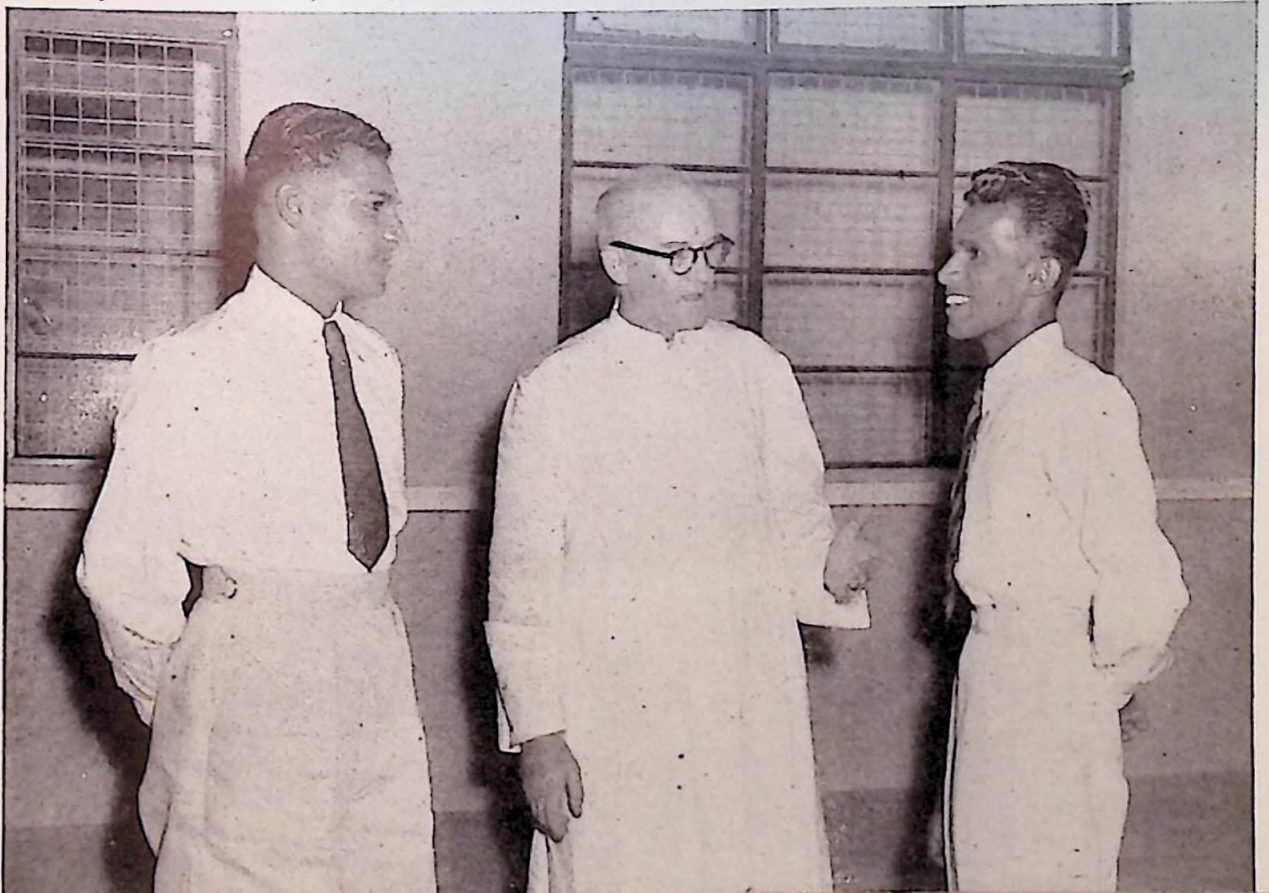


**A**FTER THREE centuries the Jesuits are back in Malaya in the city of Singapore. In the time of St. Francis Xavier, they had been the pioneers of Western learning in this part of the world, as Archbishop Olcomendy of Malacca pointed out as he welcomed them back. For almost a century they had labored there before the Dutch drove them out in 1641, and their St. Paul's College, built on the hill Xavier loved, was a landmark.

Their present work is to conduct a student hostel, the finest of its type in Malaya. It is for the benefit of future teachers who come to Singapore for their studies and are forced to live in small, over-crowded rooms and under stairways in the city itself. It is estimated that most of the 3,000 student teachers now in Singapore must put up with wretched quarters.

The site of the new hostel was practically a jungle when Father Joy, Jesuit Superior (shown on p. 15), began to build. Now, with the aid of other Jesuits from Hong Kong, he is starting anew the work begun by St. Francis Xavier.

Father Kelly S.J. chats with Lewis Sewell and Lawrence Somnamsundrum. Father Kelly, formerly of Ricci Hall, the Jesuit Hostel at Hong Kong University, is in charge of students.



# NEVER underestimate the power



**I**T HAPPENED at the Sacred Heart Novitiate at Bettiah in Bihar, India. If the nocturnal prowler had chosen another night he might have received the kind of reception he evidently expected. But all day long the Sisters had been toiling away at storing the supply of rice which had to last them through the next twelve months. They were dead tired by the time they got to bed and they were in no mood to get up again in a hurry.

The barking of dogs is a regular part of India's nightly chorus, even of the three which the Sisters euphemistically call watch-dogs. The Oriental canine appears to have a psychological aversion to any activity except barking. He may figure that as long as he is barking he will not be expected to carry the attack any further. And the man who came stealing into the Sisters' yard in the wee hours of the morning evidently counted on that.

Sister Superior was the first to hear the sounds at the storeroom door. Her cry of "Thief! Thief!" brought the rest tumbling out of warm beds. They grabbed heavy shawls and headed en masse for the ground floor. There, by the light of their flashlights, they saw the thief calmly

working away at the door which led to their precious rice.

It must have been a memorable scene. Eighteen shouting Sisters, three barking dogs, and one man making the biggest mistake of his life—ignoring the women. "Hell hath no fury" . . . and besides, they had spent all day putting that rice away from the likes of him. Suddenly he realized they were moving in on him, all eighteen of them. One Sister slapped at him, hard. He sensed that a change in tactics was called for. Brute force was out; he had to use psychology.

So, deliberately, he began to loosen the one garment he was wearing, his loin cloth. Once the Sisters started to flee in horror his escape would be easy. And once again he misjudged the temper of weary Sisters pulled out of bed at this hour by such as him. No sooner had he made the motion when one Sister swooped down on him and threw her shawl around him. Then he disappeared under an avalanche of Sisters.

When the storm subsided the robber lay there, securely bound. All the rice in the world wasn't worth this ignominy. He was almost glad to see the eight men from the village who bore him off to jail.



THOMAS J.  
KELLY S.J.

## The Dean's Report

AS THE DEAN OF DISCIPLINE of Baghdad College, I think it is about time to submit some kind of report. It will not be a complete one, for the statistics are not all in—but I am! The summer heat is creeping into the office and I am very anxious to creep out. So bear with us.

The arm breakage this year has not been too bad at all. Only four to date! Three of these arms were broken by the best friends of the arms in question. They keep fooling around until something gives—in four cases it was the arm. Frequently, it is the spectacles, often the overcoat and once it was the neck—almost. (Half a tube of Bengué got us out of that one.) A week ago two little fellows in third high who are nephew and uncle to each other had a case. Usually they roll around like a brace of teddy bears and do harm to no one. For some reason the nephew managed to get his uncle in the stomach with his toe. The uncle promptly collapsed and we had to bundle him up and send him home in the college car. We called his mother and told her why he was coming and she laced into us for not taking care of him and telling us we should tell them not to play that way. She was unaware that we told them precisely that daily for three months. She still thought we ought to outdo God in watchfulness. Latest report: uncle back in school two days later with traces of a limp and—we hope—a little smarter after the painful incident.

Archeology as a science or a hobby leaves me cold but I do emotionally arise to the occasion with the bottle buriers. They are the ones who take an empty Coca-Cola bottle, stand it on its head in the soft ground, and then jump on it. This usually takes place on the ballfield around home plate. We found six in one day and you can be sure I was not as halting in my speech as I am at this typewriter. Last year we had a rash of lock-jammers (people who put toothpicks into locks and then snap off what is left outside). Naturally, this proves very hilarious when the teacher tries to open the door after the bell has rung for class. A few of these were apprehended and punished and the evil came to an end—almost; we have had two cases this year.

When 700 boys romp over 25 acres all day for 6 days a week the campus is bound to get cluttered up somewhat. In a scientific vein we have studied their frequency habits and placed large, empty

barrels at strategic points. Even that does not solve the problem. So we elect various offenders to gather the pieces and put them in the barrels. Lettuce leaves are most in prominence. Vendors hawk this vegetable outside the college grounds, the boys buy it and peel off the undesirable outer leaves and drop them wherever they might be. (Oranges and bananas can also be catalogued under lettuce.) If they are observed by this department they immediately have an inkling of how the cry of the banshee sounds. Now it has come to the point that they look around carefully before they drop their debris outside the barrels.

As Dean of Discipline I come across the usual misdemeanors, such as talking in class, inattention, levity, friskiness, laziness and the lack of homework. One sluggish afternoon I was at my desk trying very hard to stay awake until the bell rang, when a knock startled me. A boy came in and told me that the teacher had put him out of class. I asked the reason and he said, "Well, I fell asleep." In the circumstances, all I could in conscience say was, "Hmmm, don't let it happen again," and let him go back to class.

Hookey is occasionally practiced—but not for long. One extreme case did escape us. The boy was told to bring up his parents and the uncle protested that we were too strict with the boy in calling the relatives up because the boy had been absent three times. He almost slipped off the chair in the office when he was informed that the boy had been out of school for 19 days in one marking period!

But my worries are very small alongside those of my American friends who hold down similar jobs. The Iraqi youth have not gone in for wholesale destruction or vandalism but are merely afflicted with the ordinary friskiness and winsomeness common to boys all over the world. When I read in American periodicals of the juvenile delinquency problems back home in the schools, of broken windows, smashed furniture, etc. I think of our boys here and say, "God bless them!"

# The Business of MISSIONS

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Dear Friend:

When purchasing a round-trip railroad ticket for a destination one hundred miles away, you know very well how little change you receive from a ten-dollar bill. With this thought in mind, you can appreciate at least to one hundredth of a degree the expense of the Jesuit Mission Procurators in paying for one-way passages for numerous missionaries traveling ten thousand miles to their destinations.

The exact price of the one-way ticket can be calculated but incalculable is the price of inevitable pain paid by parents in offering their sons so that many in foreign lands might become the sons of God. During this Summer, you will pray to the Blessed Mother to watch over your sons and daughters leaving for a short vacation. The prayers of parents are powerful so I beg your prayers that Our Lady protect the new missionaries and bring to their parents the peace of Her Son.

You may be inclined to offer partial payment towards the passage of our missionaries. This will give you an added right to share in the Sacrifice of their Masses and also in the sacrifice of their hearts so pleasing to God and His Mother.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

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

## JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

### Alaska

Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.  
1103—16th Ave.,  
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### British Honduras, Yoro and U. S. Indians

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### China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)

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### India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians

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403 Wellington St., West,  
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### India (Jamshedpur) and Home Missions

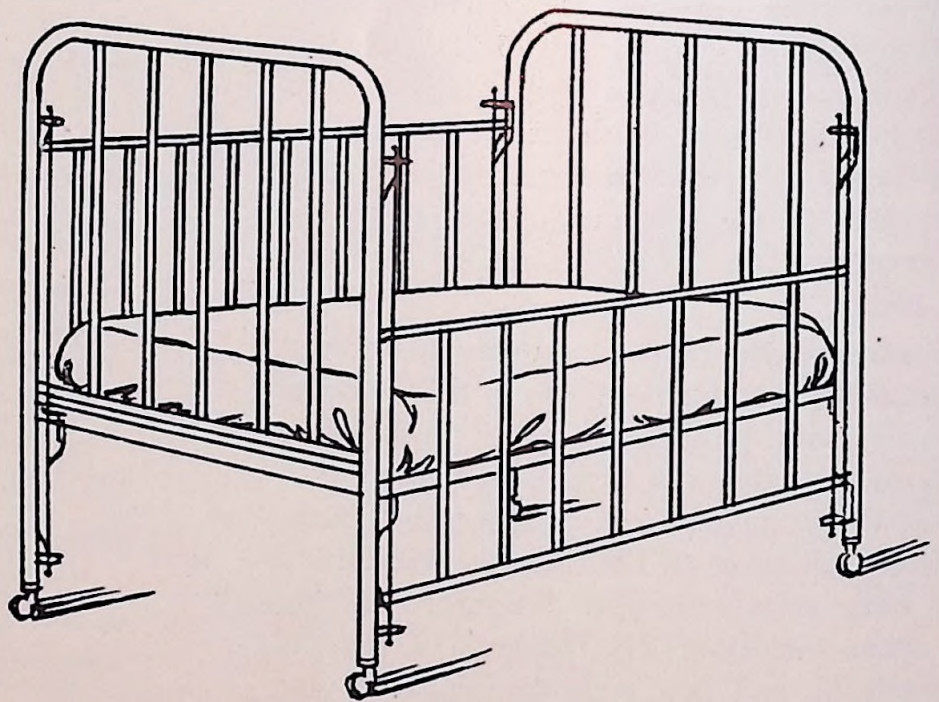
Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.  
700 N. Calvert St.,  
Baltimore 2, Md.

### Philippines, Caroline and Marshall Islands

Rev. William T. Wood S.J.  
49 East 84th St.  
New York 28, N. Y.

# A Crib for the Crèche

The Dupont Creche in Kingston, Jamaica, has been set up to care for the needy children of Kingston while their mothers work.



But there are not enough cribs.

COULD YOU PROVIDE A CRIB?

It costs \$20.00.

Send your contribution to JESUIT MISSIONS, 45 E. 78 St., New York 21, N. Y.

# Afield

## with American Jesuits

### ALASKA IS SHRINKING

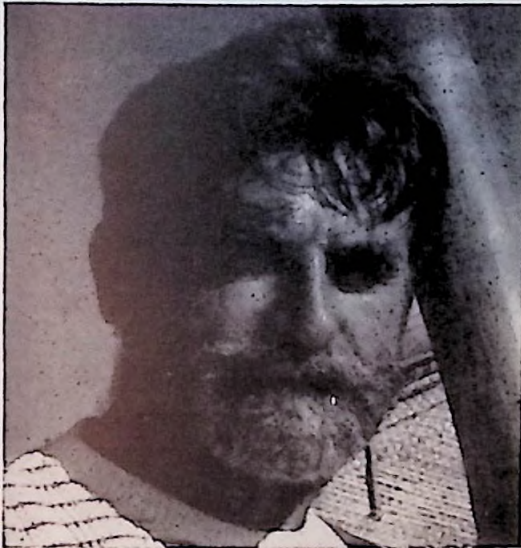


For the first time in Alaska history a priests' retreat was held this year for the Jesuit missionaries. Eleven of them gathered at St. Mary's, the new

name given to Andreafski by the Post Office Department at the request of Father Paul O'Connor.

"This gathering would have been impossible twenty or thirty years ago," Fa-

### SPOTLIGHT



Father William J. Walter S.J. of Ulithi in the Western Carolines is a much milder person than the above picture might indicate. This was taken after a several-months' trip around the scattered islands of the Ulithi

Atoll, a regular feature of his missionary work. He is the only priest on Ulithi and must cover over a dozen mission stations on other islands.

One of these stops is at Mogmog where Jesuit Father Cantova was martyred in 1731. He was the one who charted these islands and navigators who followed him, including Father Walter, have plenty of reason to bless his name.

Last month Father Walter, once of Buffalo, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Six of those years were spent as a Chaplain in the U.S. Army. Since 1948 he has been traveling the waterways of the Pacific to the remote isles beyond the rim of civilization. It is not a quiet life; even on Ulithi the people are lashed to trees when a typhoon breaks. Say a prayer for this mariner of Christ.

# Afield with American Jesuits

CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS

ther Lawrence Haffie writes. "Imagine Father Cunningham trying to get down from Port Barrow by dog team. Or Father Boileau from Fairbanks. Both are over six hundred miles distant from St. Mary's as the duck flies. And the duck takes a more direct route than the dogs do. But the airplane has shrunk Alaska. And don't think we aren't glad! It's wonderful to have a chance to get together once in a while with our brother priests."

## PUTTING THE FOOT DOWN



In the Philippines the old Spanish custom of using the Rite of Toledo during marriage ceremonies is still in existence. Father Joseph Stoffel S.J. at Talisayan has an interesting sidelight on it.

"There is one ceremony, commonly seen, which is not in the Toledo Rite. If, during the wedding, one of the parties puts a foot on top of the foot of the other party it means that the one whose foot is on top intends to dominate the family affairs. More often than not, it is the bride who puts her foot down, not only during the wedding but also during their whole married life."

## YOUNG MAN IN JAPAN



This past year a young Jesuit Scholastic visited a church run by Fr. Francis Reuschal S.J. on the inland sea near Hiroshima. The first night he was too eager for sleep to notice much except the taste of the rice, raw fish and seaweed (via chopsticks) which he ate.

The first thing which struck him the next day was the lack of privacy. In the morning the front and sides of the house are removed and the rooms are separated only by paper walls. The po-

liteness of the people struck him, especially a traffic sign which read "Please drive carefully, our children may be disobeying us." Trying to be just as polite, on a bus he gave his seat to a lady who was carrying a new tricycle. She bowed gratefully, put the tricycle on the seat and stood calmly holding it there the rest of the trip.

All of his impressions are interesting but we must conclude with his home-making tip that chrysanthemum petals can serve instead of lettuce in salads, and that an unusual breakfast can be had of octopus tentacles, rice and pickled horseradish.

## HEART OF GOLD



Our JM readers will remember the wreck of the *Romance* on a Truk reef some time ago and the splendid salvage job done by the people. Father William Rively S.J. adds a postscript to the story.

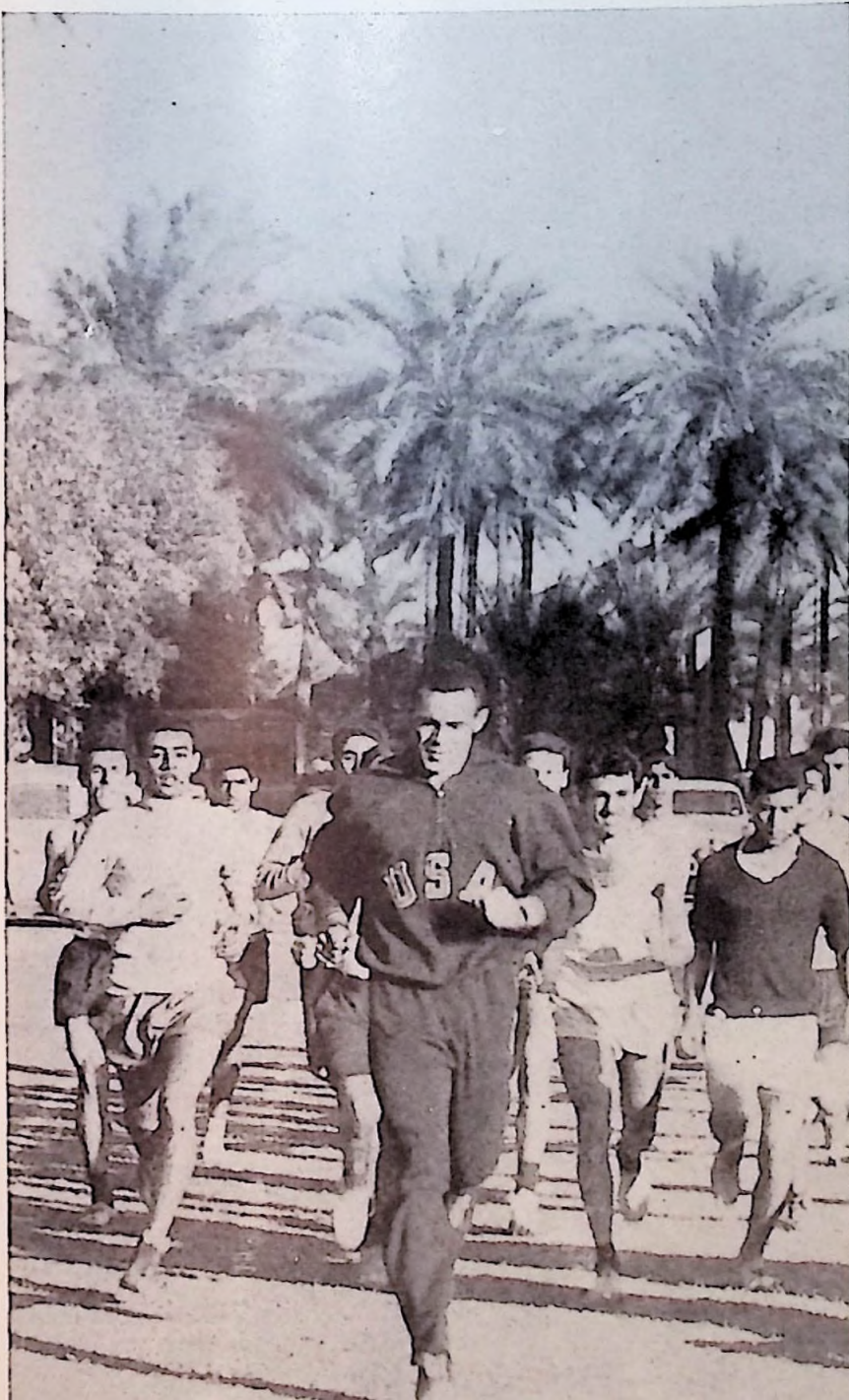
"I want to tell you about Herb Madden. Herb is the doughty sailor and ship-builder who first introduced me to the *Romance* in California in 1951. He is not only a shipwright of high repute, an influential citizen greatly respected in his community, a natural Irish wit and raconteur—but he also has a heart of gold.

"When Herb heard of the accident to the *Romance* (now named *Maris Stella*) and the complete lack of skilled labor for the repair job, it was natural for him to offer his services at once. It meant a 5,500-mile journey to Truk, costly and time-consuming, to say nothing of what his business would suffer during his absence. It meant months of hard work in a tropical climate to which he was not accustomed. Nevertheless, his heart of gold brought him flying out to Truk. Thanks to Herb Madden, the *Maris*

*Stella* is taking me to the islands again.”

And in the Western Carolines Father John McCarthy S.J. of Koror is also rejoicing over a new boat—new to him, that is. “I got it third-hand—a twelve-foot, fiberglass skimmer with a ten-horse-power outboard motor. It’s not much but it does save time and energy. And it makes

it easier for me to help these fine people here. You know, some of them walk across the hills for four to seven hours each way to attend First Friday Mass. They come one day, attend Mass and receive Holy Communion on the next, and start back. A priest just can’t say enough Masses for people like that!”



The Olympic star, Mal Whitfield, shows the boys of Baghdad College how a champion runner keeps in shape. While on his recent tour he dropped in to the college and gave a talk to the students on proper training. His instruction was interpreted by the Iraq Director of Physical Education, Mr. Akran Fahmi. After his talk the runner went through a vigorous half-hour exercise with fifteen of the boys trying to stay up with him. They were ready to drop at the end of the practice but they had a first-hand idea of how a champion is made. No, the Jesuit faculty discreetly stayed on the sidelines during the workout of the American star.

# The Pope's MISSION INTENTIONS

## **JULY** *Lay Apostles in the Missions*

**T**HE NEED for help in the missions of the Church on the part of its lay members has been increasingly emphasized in recent years. So it is that we have seen doctors, nurses and teachers, joining forces with the missionary priests, Brothers and Sisters. But this month we pray for the formation of apostles among the laity of the missions themselves. The increase in the number of Catholics in so many missions is due in great part to the inspiring work and lives of those who are already Catholics. Now the Church seeks a qualitative increase in Catholic life, a deepening of the full Catholic spirit in its members, and a penetration by it into the whole society of which it is a part.

First of all, there is the family, the foundation stone of all social life and the cradle of all education. Catholic mothers and fathers in the missions can be apostles by their faithful observance of their duties to each other, to their children and to God and the Church. There is need also for Catholic teachers who are well-formed in their professions and in their religion. Labor unions in mission countries need Catholics to lead them towards a truly just social order.

We must not forget the political arena. Here, only the laity can enter freely as citizens and leaders. With diligence and tact they can impress Christian principles on the civic life of their nations.

## **AUGUST** *Christian Principles in Marriage and Family Life in Asia*

**T**HE NEWS from Asia of political unrest too often obscures from our eyes the blows struck against family life there. We shudder when we read, for example, of the more than a million abortions performed each year in Japan. We wonder at the official approval given to the spread of contraceptive information there. And, now, India—so long proud to be called Mother India—is being invaded by “Family Planning Clinics.”

All this proves only too clearly how much the countries of Asia need the clear teaching of the Church on the sanctity and dignity of marriage and family life. Pope Pius XI said in his Encyclical letter on Christian marriage in 1930: “No reason, however grave, may be put forward by which anything intrinsically against nature may become conformable to nature and morally good.”

The fact that the Church teaches this so plainly doesn't make it a “Catholic doctrine” as we hear too often even in our own country. Rather, it is a tenet of life that comes to us with our human nature, a part of the natural law for all men. In this, non-Christians in great part concur.

Let us pray, then, that the principles of human nature rightly understood, which agree with Christian teaching, may prevail in marriage and family life in Asia.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.



**ONE LITTLE Indian**

JAMES A. MOHLER S.J.

## ONE LITTLE Indian

IT IS JUNE and young Johnny Sacataw, an Indian lad from the western half of Michigan's upper peninsula, is packing his bag. As he looks up, we see that his bronze skin and his piercing dark eyes under a thatch of shining black hair, his high cheek-bones and flashing white teeth make Johnny a modern replica of his Chippewa ancestors. A horn honks loud and long on the front road. Giving Mom a "Goodbye" kiss, Johnny runs out to the car, where seven of his friends are anxious to be on the move. Destination: Camp Baraga, Sugar Island, Michigan.

Camp Baraga was founded three years ago by Fathers Joseph Lawless S.J. and James Birney S.J. in order to teach the Indian children of the upper peninsula

more about their faith. Their aim is to try to supply, for a period during the summer months, what a Catholic grade school education gives to other more privileged boys and girls during the year. Since the little Indians live in scattered missions from Harris, at the western end of the peninsula, to Mackinac Island in the east, they get little formal training in religion. This is where Camp Baraga, a combination religion school and summer camp, comes in. Fathers Lawless and Birney have found that much more religion can be taught when the children are at camp for a full, three-week stretch than when they come for only a few hours a day over a similar period.

A 200-mile trip through Michigan's

How popular is Camp Baraga? Well, these Chippewa youngsters provide a very obvious answer.



wast pine forests brings Johnny and his companions to the camp driveway at least. "Camp Baraga" reads the sign in silver letters against a background of small birch. Farther along the road lies a cluster of gray, green-roofed buildings facing along the broad St. Mary's River. But the basketball court, swings, volleyball net, and smooth, sandy beach are what intrigue Johnny at the moment.

Stepping out of the car, he shakes hands with one of the Jesuit Scholastics who takes him up to the dormitory where several other Indian boys are getting acquainted with their regulation, double-deck army beds. After supper and recreation, Johnny is glad to head for bed, for it has been a long day.

Next morning Johnny's first day at camp starts with Mass at 7:30. Here he learns to recite the Mass prayers in common with his forty young companions and he hears the liturgy explained at "boy-level" by one of the Scholastics. Daily Mass is one of the most important courses taught at Camp Baraga. And after three weeks the boys know the Mass as something more than a mere religious exercise.

Following breakfast and cleanup are two periods in religion. The boys are divided into three classes. Johnny is in the First Communion class; the other divisions being a Confirmation class and a third group which studies the sacraments in general. Towards the end of the morning comes the honors period, a special instruction for those who have not learned their lessons as they should. During this time the others may go for a swim. Needless to say, this is a great incentive to learning.

By lunch time the boys are like a pack of hungry bears. "Wait a minute, Johnny, are your hands clean? Now walk into the dining room like a gentleman and wait for grace to begin." Lunch over, cleanup begins. The boys are divided into four clans: Wildcats, Bears, Lions and Stags. Each team takes its turn at cleanup and a spirit of rivalry prompts each gang to turn out a creditable job. Johnny is a Wildcat and as such participates in many camp games and exercises. It doesn't

take him long to get the spirit of Wildcat teamwork.

After siesta the boys pile into crafts class with renewed vigor. Perhaps today there will be a period of statue-making with plaster of paris. Tomorrow will be a camp-improvement project such as cleaning up the ball field or erecting a log tower for the camp bell.

About four o'clock Johnny grabs his swimsuit and heads for the beach. The warning bell for rosary begins to sound about 5:30. One of the older boys leads in this special fifteen-minute period given to Mary each day. Each boy is taught to keep his rosary with him always and say it often.

Something special for recreation tonight . . . a Wild West movie. Johnny Sacataw feels more at home now as he eats popcorn with the boy next to him who hails from Mackinac Island. With thoughts of Hopalong Cassidy in his head he hurries to chapel for night prayers. Here one of the Fathers helps him to review his day in an examination of conscience. With his eyes half shut with sleep, John is happy to shinny up to his upper bunk.

Three weeks go by fast and it is time for Johnny to head homeward, for room has to be made for the girls' camp which starts tomorrow. Johnny will be happy to see his Mom and Dad again. But he has learned a lot during the past three weeks. He knows better now what an important part God and His Blessed Mother have in his life. He learned how frequent Mass and Holy Communion will be his strength against the devil and his special aid to heaven. Now he knows how to say the rosary, morning and night prayers and grace before and after meals. He's learning to be an altar-boy, too.

Back home, Johnny quickly spreads the word around. "Camp was swell . . . I was a member of the Wildcats . . . I'm learning to serve." He shows his pals the rosary he carries in his pocket and explains what his Sacred Heart badge means. His buddies listen eagerly and ask if they can go to Camp Baraga next year. "Sorry, kids. There's only room for forty!"

BERNARD C. O'LEARY S.J.

# The Grand Tour



**T**HE FIRST TIME I went on a tour of the Anandpur parish of the Jamshepur Mission in India, Father Julius Kujur, the pastor, had told the people to make my first visit a memorable one. They were to show Father that they were happy to have him visit them. So, when all the catechists were gathered together in the central station, the itinerary was explained to them, and they in turn announced the day to their own villages so that plans could be made.

I had only twelve villages to visit, six on one tour and six on the other. One sunny afternoon three men came from the first village to act as porters for the luggage. They had to carry the Mass kit, a box with my clothes, some religious articles and medicines, dishes, cooking utensils and food. Everything was distributed as evenly as possible in rope nets and hung on either end of strong, flexible poles. The head catechist and a cook also went along, so the result was like a small safari.

The shortest day's march from one village to another took only an hour, and the longest was over five hours. Sometimes we walked along a respectable dirt road, made seasonally for timber trucks, but generally it was a path along valleys, through rice fields and around hills. Even a well-traveled path often was full of sharp stones. The soles of my heavy shoes last for only about three weeks of this kind of walking. The rest of the party did not have to worry about their shoes. They never wear any. How the porters can carry heavy loads for hours along such paths and not have their feet cut to ribbons, I will never understand.

As we approached a Catholic village, we were met by three or four drummers, beating away vigorously on their native drums of various sizes and shapes. Perhaps a half dozen girls danced and sang to this accompaniment, forming a straight line, shoulder to shoulder, a very sedate but sometimes intricate type of dance. Meanwhile, women representing each family of the village ceremoniously washed the Father's hands, as in the

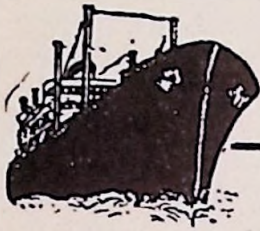
Lavabo of the Mass, using brightly shining brass jugs and plates. There might be twenty of these hand-washings, one after another, in one village, and the Father is supposed to dry his hands carefully each time. It's all part of the game. Father's neck is hung with garlands of pretty wild flowers, and so he arrives in triumph in the village, with his hands well washed and his shoulders decorated like Astor's pet horse. In the two largest villages there was even an adorned and canopied chair waiting, so I arrived at the church in grand style.

Generally the drumming, dancing and singing go on in front of the church until Father's tea is prepared. Then the people are blessed, and calm returns for a while. Toward nightfall the people come in again, this time for Confession. After this, some of the men and boys build a fire near the church, and we sit around and settle the affairs of the village, the Church, and the world in general. It isn't very often that someone from "outside" visits with these people so they make the most of it.

The next morning there are more Confessions, Mass, a sermon, perhaps a Baptism or two, visits to the sick, a house to be blessed. Finally Father gets a chance to read his Breviary, perhaps interrupted by lunch. In the early afternoon, fresh porters arrive, shoulder all the quickly packed luggage, and away we go to the next village.

A tour of the villages, minus the elaborate welcome, is a very important part of our work. Many of the people live so far from the central church that they have no obligation to attend Sunday Mass regularly. Some of them are too old, some are sick, and some have to remain at home to watch the house, the crops and the cattle. So the priest's visit is an opportunity for them to attend Mass, receive the sacraments, and to realize that they are important members not only of their own village and parish but also of the universal Church. And it is also an opportunity for the priest to realize to the full the importance of his own vocation.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



# Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

**There Will Be More Restful Nights** for the Sisters in Bettiah if we could build a wall for their protection. As you have read on page 18, the Sisters have had to come out in force at night to drive away thieves who try to steal the rice, which is the mainstay of the Novitiate diet. Please help.

An adequate fence or wall would cost several hundreds of dollars, but several hundred of us may have a dollar to spare to protect the Sisters and their food supply. See a dollar around?

**It's the Other Way Around,** now, for Father Lipman, of the Philippines. For years Father Lipman did a wonderful job of winning support for the China missionaries by publishing their needs. Back on the missions, he writes to ask for help for the chapel in Baguio City. He needs:

5 Requiem Missals .....	\$15.00
Amices .....	.50
Purificators .....	.50

**Medicine from a Library?** Yes. The Medical Missionary Sisters distribute medicine from the Nirmala Library in Patna, India. Many of the people who come to the library for information on the Church are found to be so ill that they have to be treated by the Sisters. Money is needed. Would you have a dollar for the purchase of drugs to assist in this work which is doing so much to stop the spread of Communism?

**Farmers and Chauffeurs** can sympathize with Father Ludwig of India who has the problem of transporting Sisters to various mission stations and running

a small farm in the time he has free from priestly work. Father says the answer to the dilemma is the acquisition of a jeep. The Sisters prefer the bouncing jeep at 30 miles an hour to the creaking 2-miles an hour of a bullock cart. With this same jeep the plowing and harrowing would be done three or four times faster.

Farmers and chauffeurs, please help a fellow-worker in India do a better job. Maybe you could pay for part of a "horse" in the 75-horse-powered jeep.

**Wanted in Yoro** by Father William Moore.

Bicycle repairs .....	\$10.00
10 padlocks .....	1.00
Load of firewood .....	5.00
D.D.T. bomb .....	2.00
Typewriter .....	100.00

**Refugee Student Aid** is needed on Formosa. Students, cut off from their families on the China mainland, approach Father Murphy each month for the equivalent of U.S. \$4.00. This, unbelievably, covers their food bill for the month, \$1.00 a week, and permits them to give their time to study. Otherwise, to their eight hours of class daily, they would have to devote at least three hours a night to earn enough to eat. That leaves no time for study, and little energy for anything. Some must do this.

Generous donors for this cause can make it possible for the Fathers at the University on Formosa to choose worthy and deserving students who can profit from this assistance and be minded always of the Church and your charity in the years to come.

Food for one week..... \$1.00



# No Room for Him . . .

This is one of Christ's little ones.

(WHATSOEVER YOU DO TO ONE OF THESE MY LITTLE ONES, YOU DO UNTO ME . . . )

Christ wants His little ones close to Him.

(SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME...)

St. Joseph's school in Trincomalee, Ceylon, literally has no room. So. Fr. Lange, the superior of the Ceylon missionaries, is building a larger school, *with his own hands*. But he needs help.

(AMEN, AMEN I SAY TO YOU, A CUP OF COLD WATER GIVEN IN MY NAME WILL NOT LOSE ITS REWARD . . . )

One dollar will hire one man for one day . . . Won't you send a dollar? Enough dollar bills will build the school and bring the little ones to Christ . . .

SEND YOUR DOLLAR TO JESUIT MISSIONS

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

# AS FAR AS The Eye Can See

**SKY AND WATER, WATER AND SKY...**

Father Hugh Costigan, of the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission must travel from island to island to bring Christ to his scattered flock. It takes two days, sometimes more, to get from one island to another in the native outriggers he has to use. An outboard motor would cut the time down to a few hours, and make the trip safer.

The catch is this: **FATHER COSTIGAN HAS NO MONEY TO BUY SUCH A MOTOR.**

Won't you help?

Send fifty cents, a dollar, five dollars, anything you can spare. We'll see to it that Father Costigan doesn't have to depend on the wind to move from one mission station to another. Your contribution will be received with gratitude at Jesuit Missions, 45 East 78 Street, New York 21, N.Y.