

Jesuit Missions



APRIL, 1956



FOUR POINT
Program

IT TAKES ABOUT FIVE MINUTES after you leave the city of Hsinchu in Formosa to pedal out on the world's second dustiest road to the world's dustiest "Peace Boulevard" (Taiwan streets all have patriotic names). There at San Chang you turn in through the gate in the bamboo fence and park your bike under the bamboo roof in the corner of the little front yard.

The chapel is made of cement, bricks, bamboo lathing, mud plaster, and has a Japanese tile roof. It holds about fifty people, not counting the babies, and has an 8 x 8 combination sacristy, office, parlor, and broom closet. The altar is simple but respectable, and a green curtain pulls across in front of it during the time of classes.

Over across the road are about 500 families of Chinese Air Force officers and men. They are all from the mainland and speak Mandarin Chinese, which is the only kind I have studied. The natives of Taiwan speak the dialect of Fukien and can't understand a word of Mandarin unless they study it. The men of San Chang "keep em flying" by day, and by night help their "T'ai-T'ai" (literally, "too-too," Chinese way of saying "wife"—an example of how the idiom is constructed) with the hundreds of wriggly children whose ubiquity, incessant activity, and facility in Chinese I never cease to admire.

The officers' homes aren't bad. Most have two rooms and a kitchen for their family living quarters, and besides rice, 40 ounces of pork, and some other rations, they receive a monthly salary of about \$180.00 (\$5.00 U. S. money).

The enlisted men live in another section and have only one room to the family, which isn't so bad considering the war and everything. Nobody is starving and people seem to be in good spirits, clinging to the hope of returning to the Mainland and home.

My parish census shows 23 Catholic families, most of whom are practicing.

The Sunday morning congregation is made up of about forty ladies, mostly fairly old, some children, and four men. Some of the men have to work, so they attend an early Mass in the "big church."

Week-day Masses average about 8 Communion, and about 20 people come every night at seven to chant their evening prayers. That is a pretty fair proportion. Father John Brennan, who opened this chapel, has built a solid foundation.

So I have a good nest egg to start with. My job now is to deepen the faith and devotion of the Catholics, continue the instruction of the 20 catechumens Father Brennan bequeathed me, and give grace a chance to work on the other 477 families here. For the Catholics, I am stressing the meaning and use of the Mass and sacraments. They can answer many of the Latin responses already. And for the others I am full of theories and plans. In fact, I have a four-point program.

Point one is to give slide lectures to which I draw the curious or merely bored-with-life. Thank God, there is no movie theater here to compete with. American movies are showing elsewhere to crowded houses. The Chinese explanation is shown beside the screen. Their influence on the people, especially the young, is immense; and the impression created of America is glamorized.

My plan was to give tickets to the slide lectures to the Catholics, who would distribute them to their best friends. In this way I would get a crowd with which I would have indirect contact, and I could follow up any interest which was aroused.

This program is fine except for the crowd part. There is simply no place to put them. The street in front is too dusty and busy with Air Force heavy equipment. And all the other places around are either rice paddies or belong to the Chinese Air Force, which strictly forbids the teaching of religion on its soil. So until such time as I can provide standing

Father Patrick Shaules of Los Angeles takes the measure of a Formosan spider. There are occasions when even a four-point program must suffer interruptions.

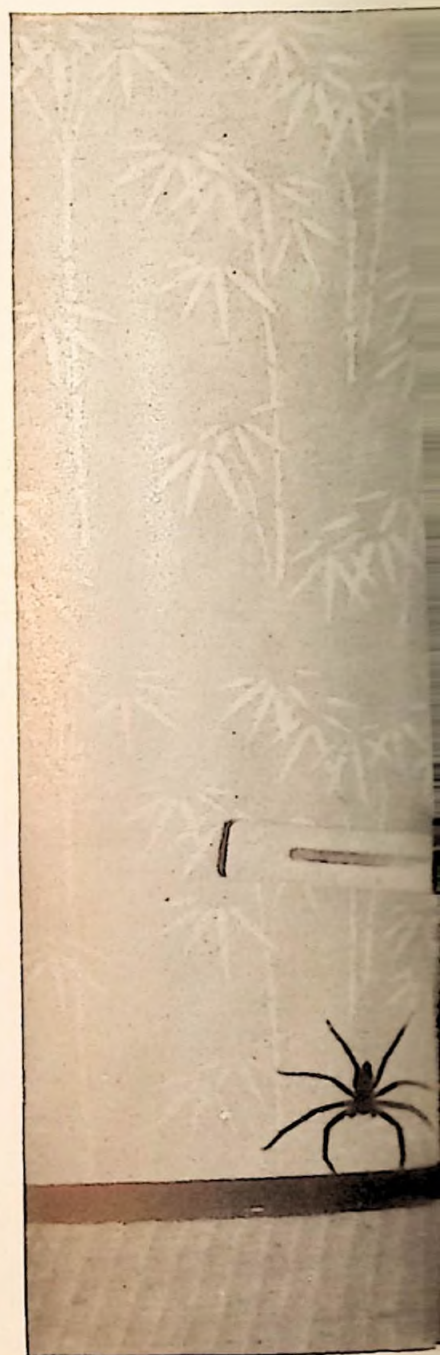
room, point one of my program is suspended.

The second point of the program is aimed at getting the men. The women will come if only for a chance to get away from their one-room houses for a while and see pretty pictures and hear something beautiful. But the men in general just aren't interested. To get them you have to break through two barriers; one, that they don't know you, and the other, that they feel quite satisfied already that they know enough about life.

Well, there is one way to break through, it seems to me. Our Lord got a hearing by His miracles, the first Jesuit missionaries in China got one by making mechanical toys for the emperor. They taught people how watches work and predicted eclipses. Thus they were put in a superior position as teachers and friends of the top class of society and made thousands of converts.

I have something nearly as good—I teach English conversation. To speak English is all the rage here, both as a hobby and for use in one's work. I wrote an English Conversation book, which, added to the fact that I am a former professor of the Taiwan National University, puts me right up there as an important person. Besides, teaching English establishes a good relationship with the men. I mean you are their teacher and always right and you correct and help them. One always has great respect for his teacher, especially in China. Furthermore, there is nothing like a conversation class for getting acquainted and becoming friendly.

This point seems to be working, though still in the initial stage. I charge \$5.00 a month tuition at the door and admit only those who have stamped admission slips. Those who come to me don't have to feel that they are being dragged in. It is a privilege they pay for. Already I can't go far down the street here without an officer jumping off his



bicycle to bow and greet me with a proud "Goo moling."

The third point is to get into the homes through the children. As I write this, there are nine of them crowding around watching the amazing operation of a "hit the word machine" (typewriter). The problem is not to get them but to keep them away. They would walk a mile to see the "magic lantern" movies about Jesus. And mama (it is the same in Chinese) is only too glad to have them off her hands for a few minutes.

However, on this I am stopped. There is room only for the children of catechu-



mens at the slide lectures. If I can get more room I can invite the kids without limit and make contact with the parents.

But the worst thing is that, except during Mass, all the prayers have to be said before an empty tabernacle. The Blessed Sacrament can't be kept here because there is no place for a priest to sleep and there would be danger of profanation. What a difference it would make! There is a great emptiness about the chapel now. All we have is an altar and a crucifix to bow to. Many of the people walk way into town to attend Benediction. God bless their faith and generosity.

But that brings me to the fourth point of my program, and my main concern at the moment. I must get more land, otherwise the entire program will bog down and the golden opportunity will be lost. If I can get the property next door I would put up a mud-plaster and bamboo barn which might not be a thing of beauty but would hold a couple of hundred children. Then things would really boom in San Chang. So say a little prayer that my four-point program leaves the blue-print stage and becomes a real corner, tiny though it be, in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Ptarmigan Time

I HAD FINISHED MASS in one of the homes in Clarks Point on the Nushagak River in Alaska. I packed my kit and left the little cabin, one of a long line of dwellings along the river bank. I had gone about a hundred yards when I heard the sudden crack of gun fire. I whirled around and another bullet whizzed by, too close for comfort. "This is no way to spend Sunday morning," I thought to myself.

Several men with rifles were running towards the river bank but I saw immediately, to my great relief, that I was not their target. However I wasn't too far off their line of fire so I remedied that situation as speedily as I could. I knew now what was happening—a flock of ptarmigan had landed on the river bank.

The ptarmigan are pretty white birds. It is almost impossible to see them against the white snow. When they perch in the bushes they look like snowballs. They are completely covered, even the feet, by their soft white feathers. They are said to wear mukluks, the

Eskimo fur shoes. And when a flock flies off over the snow they are so quiet about it that they almost seem unreal.

There aren't many ptarmigan on this side of the river but flocks occasionally fly over from the opposite shore. The river is three or four miles wide and the distance is about all a ptarmigan can stand. Some of them, tired from the long flight, drop into the water before reaching the beach. On this particular day however, most of them made it—but they must have been very disappointed at the reception they received. Here it was, a quiet Sunday morning, and things were pretty dull on the other side, so they had decided to visit.

As soon as they lighted they were seen, and the keen-eyed Eskimoes, hungry for a little fresh meat, reached for their rifles. The first shot brought the whole village alive, for there is no sharper instinct here in the North than the one that centers around hunger. As a result, many homes dined on ptarmigan breast today. It was delicious, too. Or do you prefer your ptarmigan on ptost?



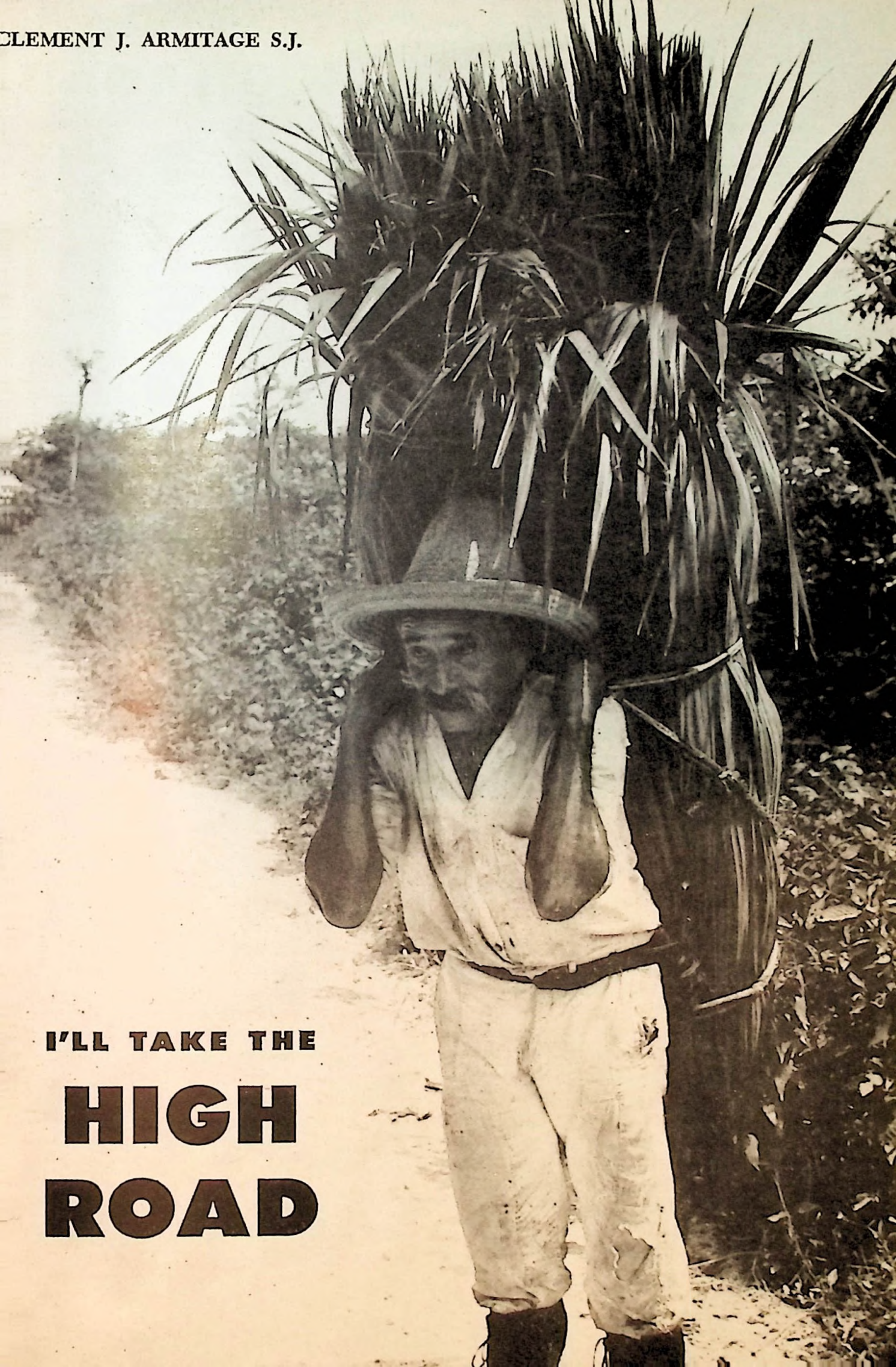
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COVER. The ritual dances in honor of Confucius are still held in Taipei and it isn't difficult to see that they are taken seriously.

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ELEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



I'LL TAKE THE
HIGH
ROAD

I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD

TWENTY YEARS AGO in British Honduras there wasn't much of a choice between the high road or the low road. Up to 1935 there were only 35 miles of road suitable for motor vehicles. Today the picture has radically changed, though as yet it is by no means complete. One all-weather road runs north from Belize through Corozal to the Mexican border; another goes west from the capital city to Benque Viejo and the Guatemalan border, connecting en-route with the new Humming Bird Highway which runs south and doubles back to the sea at Stann Creek. And with the building of roads the mission picture has also changed.

Once it was a matter of days or even weeks to reach the out-lying mission stations like Cayo or Benque Viejo. It meant shallow-bottomed boats or dug-out canoes along interminably winding rivers or horseback along jungle trails. For example, it took fifteen days for a missionary to reach the Indians in the Peten district! Only Almighty God knows the total of the many weary hours American Jesuit missionaries have put in since 1894 along those tangled waterways and trails. Today, thanks to the roads, the colony can be crossed from east to west in a few hours.

This telescoping of distance means that the missionary has much easier access to many of his people but it also means that the way of life for those same people may undergo considerable change. For the pattern of life in British Honduras has been unique, a way of existence shaped by nature and history. The first settlers were strictly lumbermen, working the logwood forests along the coast and then turning to the cutting of mahogany. As the trees were thinned out along the sea the cutters moved inland to forests bordering rivers down which the felled trees could be rafted. Without knowing it, these men were setting a pattern of life which later generations would continue to follow.

In those early days treaties with Spain prohibited extensive settling of the land with its consequent agriculture. So the lumbermen, to produce their own food-stuff, had to undertake clandestine farming, hiding their small plantations deep in the bush. They regarded this as a necessary operation but still a minor one in relation to the main job of getting out the timber. Slaves, too old or physically incapacitated for labor in the forest, were assigned to farming. So that two-fold aspect of secrecy and inferior calibre of the workman engendered a contempt for agriculture which still lingers on today. I wonder if that is true anywhere else in the world?

So the economic life of the majority of people in the colony still hinges on that basic idea that a man works on mahogany and other woods during the dry season and turns to chicle bleeding during the wet months from July to February. The forest tradition is ingrained in the average laborer and that industry has been the mainstay of the colony's economy. A man might do a bit of farming but that would be only for the foodstuffs he himself needed, not for market produce. British Honduras today has no needed backbone of farmers with their roots deep in the soil.

But the forests are now dangerously thinned out, there is much unemployment despite the fact that the population numbers only 70,000; and the colony still must import far more than it exports. This situation is by no means a new one and many efforts have been made by the Government and other interested parties to turn the people to agriculture in the hope of attaining a more stable economy. But agriculture and roads necessarily go hand in hand and until there were highways to seaports and markets there was little use in emphasizing the good earth as a source of livelihood.

The Jesuits of the Missouri Province who staff this mission and the one in

Yoro, Honduras, have been keenly aware of the need of helping the poor people to achieve some kind of economic independence. To this end they have tried to teach the people to form Credit Unions and Cooperatives and their efforts have met with considerable success. For instance, two years ago Father Francis Ratermann organized the coffee growers of Yoro into a cooperative. Today it is the biggest producers' cooperative in the mission and has greatly benefitted the coffee growers of that area by forcing the coffee buyers to pay a price more in line with the world market price.

This particular remedy to cure the economic ills has been in existence for over a dozen years. The Central Consumers Cooperative in Belize was started as a buying club by Father Henry Sutti and developed into a flourishing cooperative store under the direction of Father Marion Ganey. The latter's work in this field so impressed the then Governor General that he asked for Father Ganey's services when he took up a new post in the Fiji Islands. So Father Ganey has been on a leave of absence in the Pacific for the last few years.

The setting up of these Credit Unions and Cooperatives in British Honduras was not an activity limited to urban areas or certain districts. All over the colony people have learned the advantages of working and earning together. Less than ten years after the start of this movement there were 22 Credit Unions in existence and the various Cooperatives embraced Consumer, Marketing, Housing, Hog, Chicle and Farmers Cooperatives. The Senior Savings Unions totalled twenty while there were about twenty-five Junior Savings Unions. Today these numbers are on the increase.

The importance of these groups in the light of the changing economic situation can be readily grasped. They constitute an already existing framework to which a new pattern of life could be fitted. If the people realize that agriculture can provide the solution for their economic problems their past experience with the success of working together will give them a model for any new operation.

An outstanding example of the success possible in this field is the Mayan Indian village of San Antonio in the far south of the colony. The Mayan Cooperative Society was first started by Father John Knopp and developed through the last seven years by Father William Ulrich.

Again, the building of a road played a leading part in this success. San Antonio is the largest village of the Indian Reservation and it lies over twenty miles from Punta Gorda on the seacoast, its natural market and shipping port. A few years ago a road was constructed to link the two points. But the road alone did not mean an immediate business boom for the Mayans. It was essential, but it was some time before they could make use of it to their own advantage.

The transportation at that time was in the hands of men who squeezed as much out of that control as they possibly could. Their trucks were the only way the Indians had of transporting their maize, hogs, etc. to market. The truckers would buy the hogs at an extremely low price, far below market value. Then the Mayans would pay for their own passage into town where they would try to sell their maize. But everyone knew that if the maize was not sold the poor Indian would have to pay to freight it home again. So he had to sell very cheaply.

Father Ulrich pointed out to his villagers that they themselves had to control the transportation to town. So they banded together to buy and operate their own truck. It was paid for in a single year. That success brought about the formation of a hog cooperative. When I visited San Antonio a few months ago a rice mill was operating as a cooperative, there was a cooperative store, cattle were being raised on the same basis and experiments were going on with fruits, grasses and other salable products. And one of the most beautiful churches in the whole mission was being completed by the people themselves. A new way of life has come to San Antonio.

It may well be that this oft-neglected colony will soon be on the high road to economic security—and one vote of thanks should go to the missionaries.

Our Koreans



Ground Forces

KENNETH E. KILLOREN S.J.

IT IS ALWAYS A LITTLE STRANGE to sit and chat with fellow Jesuits after the Second World War, Jesuits who come to the United States for studies, and have them casually mention, "Oh, yes, we were bombed by the American planes." The French and German Jesuits looked at the underbelly of loaded American planes, carrying bombs. So did the Italians, the Filipinos, and the men who were on the Japanese Mission. Many a night these last stood outside Sophia University in Tokyo and watched the American B-32's from Okinawa hit their bombing run near the University grounds and let loose their hard-shelled eggs. It is all over, gone and past now, and we live very close as brothers.

But it came as quite a shock to hear our two Korean Jesuits mention, also quite casually, that they were in Hiroshima when the "A" bomb hit. They were philosophers at the time, Father Kim and Father Jin were, and they were about two miles from the center of the bomb. The shattered windows and shaking walls and the great fire that followed will never be forgotten by them.

But that was back in 1945. Here, ten years later, they belong to the Wisconsin Province of the Society of Jesus of the American Assistancy. The very same country, which dropped destruction on their heads while they were in Japan, is sending its own men to Korea, to join these native Koreans in the establishing of a university in the capital city, Seoul.

Every Province of the Society of Jesus is given a foreign mission by the Holy See but it is seldom the privilege and the luck of these provinces to have included in the gift of a mission, four sons of the mission, all ordained priests, who speak the Korean language, who know the Korean people, and who can help these bomb-dropping Americans become Korean, too, in language, in work, and in spirit.

Of the five Korean Jesuits in existence, one is a novice at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Brother Alphonsus Ahn, who is preparing for the priesthood in the Society. Two other Koreans are also outside of Korea at the moment; Father Simon Youn who is making

his Tertianship in Canada and Father Thomas Pak in Rome, completing extra studies in Theology. But here in Seoul we have Father Jin and Father Kim, living with the two Americans, Brother Arthur Dethlefs and myself, and all under the tutelage of Father Theodore Geppert of the Vice-Province of Japan. Father Geppert is the Minister and the Procurator of this little group.

Father Kim, age 36, (there are a million Kims in Korea) was given the baptismal name of Tobias but his full Korean name is Kim Tae Gwan. (The last name comes first out here and then the rest; you know: genus, then species.) He is from Pusan, in the far south of the peninsular Korea. His mother and father still live in Pusan. Father Kim went to Japan to study in the Jesuit University of Sophia. This was in 1939. After two years, he joined the Society in Japan and took his novitiate in Hiroshima, where the Juniorate and Philosophate were also located.

A few months after the "A" bomb hit, Father Kim went up to Tokyo to begin his three years of teaching. For Theology he went to Louvain in Belgium, then Tertianship in Germany and finally a year of special studies in the United States, at Fordham University.

Father Kim went back to Sophia in Tokyo to complete his Master of Arts in Education. He arrived in Korea in November of 1955 and spent a few days with his folks in Pusan. Switching freighters, he landed at Inchon in late November and then went on to Seoul. This was the first time in 16 years that Father Kim had been in the capital city. There were many changes but he still recognizes the old landmarks such as South Gate, South Mountain, the Capitol (now empty and burned out) and the bigger hotels.

Father Kim is a man for the fine arts and loves painting, music and literature. He plays the guitar well and has proven himself an expert in the photography field. Once he sets up shop here, we can expect much.

Father Jin is from even further south than his team-mate. Father Jin (pronounced "gin" as in alcoholic circles) has

the Christian name of Peter, but his Korean name is Jin Sung Man. The island of Kogedo, made famous a few years ago as "prisoners' island" for the prisoners of war, was his birthplace and his home for most of his pre-Jesuit life. Father Jin let several years lapse between his high school and his entrance into the Society of Jesus but finally made it in 1940 in Japan. Korea didn't know the Jesuits at that time, but the Koreans knew the Jesuits. After his early studies in Japan, he went to Belgium for Theology and ordination. He spent his Tertianship in France at Paray-le-Monial. For the past six years or so, Father Jin has been assistant pastor down Hiroshima way.

Father Jin is short but it is impossible to match his speed as he worms his way through the crowded streets of Seoul. He has a smile that is completely disarming and although his English needs a bit of polish, his favorite expression of "Such a business, such a business!" fits all good and bad events.

It is such a comfort and a joy to have men here who can speak the language of the people, and speak it, not with a foreigner's studied pronunciation but with the machine-gun speed of the best Korean style. Both Fathers still feel a little shy at giving public speeches since it has been almost 15 years since they have had a chance to use their mother tongue. But it is a delight to see the number of Korean folk who come to our house here in Seoul, right in the heart of town, near the old South Gate, to see their own Korean priests.

The visitors' eyes light up and a knowing smile comes over their light brown faces, high cheeks made higher by a huge grin, as they listen and discuss the future of the Church in Korea with their own Korean priests. Nor do the visitors come empty-handed. One fine old Catholic lady came to see the Fathers and brought a choice gift, a fine two-foot high jar of *Kimchee* she made herself. This jar she sported in the front gate, neatly balancing it on her head in the best Korean fashion. (Either a little rubber doughnut or a ring of soft cloth

gives the needed padding and support for carrying a flat-bottomed object on a rounded head.) Home grown persimmons, now dried and curiously arranged on spit-sticks, crispy apples in straw baskets or a freshly plucked chicken are also quietly passed to the Korean Fathers by the good people who think the Fathers are having a hard time with that awful American food like potatoes and gravy, bread and jelly.

These two Korean Fathers, Father Kim and Father Jin, find plenty to keep them busy. They are working with Father Geppert in the purchase of a suitable property (which we haven't found yet at this date) and with the preparation of a library for the new university. The barrier of language is great enough but then add the confusion on land ownership after frequent occupation, retreat, and re-occupation by armies from the North and from the South, and it becomes imperative to have our own Korean men guiding us and helping us. With 22 million people spread unevenly over 35,000 square miles of South Korea, land is a valuable item.

The Wisconsin Province has been given Korea as its adopted son and in the Providence of God, four Korean Jesuit Priests were handed over in the bargain—a terrific bargain in every way. Plans are already afoot for a novitiate here. Since the first year of residency, when one man

alone was living here, and he not a Korean, five applicants begged for admission into the Society of Jesus. Our five Korean Jesuits could easily be five times that number in five years.

The University situation here in Korea is a strange one. There are almost thirty universities in Seoul, most of them small of course, and several of them under Christian auspices. The biggest one is Seoul National University with over 10,000 students and with the highest scholastic rating. The government does not wish to issue any more charters for future universities. Several of the smallest universities are already dead, really before they were properly brought to life. Even now, the present ones cannot take in all the students who apply.

Many Korean students go to Japan for higher education, but to study in the United States is the great desire of most students. Some few go to Europe and some to Taiwan and the Philippines. Our Catholic University will be a great thing here, but we must have the highest standards, finest faculty, and widest program if we wish to get "face" which is as essential, maybe even more essential, than the walls and grounds. With God's grace and American help, this University to be founded by the Jesuits, will be brought to life, will grow up sturdy, and will be the future parent of Catholic life, Catholic people, and a Catholic Korea.

THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION FOR APRIL:

"That the number of missionaries in Korea may increase."

The history of Catholicism in Korea is a unique one. Long before the first missionary priest arrived there were several thousand Catholics who had accepted the true Faith through their reading of Chinese books written by Jesuits. Even through the savage religious persecutions which swept the country from time to

time they clung doggedly to their belief in Christ. And always, when things were quiet again, a plea from Korea would arrive in Rome, "Send us priests."

It is a plea that the Holy Father hears today and asks us to remember in our prayers. It is not his concern alone; it belongs to every Catholic.

I Came Home to

JAMAICA

I CAME HOME TO JAMAICA, to my parish church of St. Anne's in Kingston. I came back to the same altar where I had served for many years before becoming a Jesuit. But this time I came to that altar as a priest, to offer my first Solemn Mass.

It was a great thrill to be back with my loved ones and friends and to offer with them the Holy Sacrifice. Each "Dominus Vobiscum" and the prayer "Orate Fratres"—"Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God"—had a new meaning. For they were my fellow Jamaicans; from among them God took me and gave me the priesthood. True, every member of the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, is my brother and sister. But these were my brothers and sisters also by the title of kinship of country. With great joy and wonder I gave Christ to them in Holy Communion.

But for Jesuits, members of a missionary order, this day had a very special meaning. For the chief purpose, the all-important aim of any missionary, is to establish a self-sustaining Church and a native priesthood. That is the reason why any missionary, Sister, Brother, scholastic or priest goes to a mission country. That is why they leave home and family, and go off to live among a foreign people, perhaps of different language and color and customs.

And since this is the reason for missionary work, it is also the purpose for the help given to missionaries by those

at home. American Catholics, especially of New England, have been very kind and generous with money and have been offering their prayers and sacrifices for the work of our Fathers here in Jamaica. They also share in the great work of establishing a native priesthood.

So that first Solemn Mass was a reward to all the missionaries of Jamaica and to those at home who helped them. It was a sign that the work of the early Franciscans and Dominicans, English Jesuits, and since 1894, the American Jesuits, had been well done. It was a proof that the work of our dear Sisters in the elementary schools and of the Jesuits in St. George's College had been all worthwhile. God blessed the sweltering hours spent in the confessional, in preaching, advising and instructing.

Indeed, it is a triumph of grace, a day of fulfillment for any missionary when he sees a native priest holding aloft the Host and Chalice in the Sacrifice of the Mass. The missionary sees his work accomplished when the native priest breaks the Bread of Life for his own people.

As the Catholics of Jamaica thank God today for the native priests and seminarians, both Jesuit and diocesan, they know God is answering the hopes and prayers of the missionaries who have come to our island and of those who have stayed at home. If we, as native priests, see the grand vision of the Kingdom of Christ waiting for our hands, it is only because we stand on the shoulders of giants who have gone before us.





“AND YOU CAN PUT THAT in your column if you like.”

Those were his exact words and they hit the Office like a vest-pocket thunderbolt. We had often wondered if the Ancient Missionary realized that *he* was the Ancient Missionary of these pages. Apparently, he knows.

It was unfortunate that the good man left before we could solicit his opinion of the “column.” It would have been crisp and salutary, we suspect. This time, we will have to be very careful about what we say and how we say it!

Anyway, here is the dictum we have his permission to print: “If I had a million dollars,” said the Ancient Missionary, “I would spend it all in the spread-

ing of the printed word on the missions.”

Now it is our job to interpret the oracle, and it will not be difficult. As so often, the Ancient Missionary was emphasizing a point by exaggeration. We hardly suspect that he would sink his entire million in books and printing presses. He has too catholic a mind for that; he loves all the works of the missions.

And yet, it may not be an exaggeration to say that the Ancient Missionary in the year 1956 would actually designate a hefty slice of his hypothetical fortune for the press on the missions. For, old as he is, he is a keen observer of the world and an expression he often uses is “the battle of the books.”

We know what he means and we agree



Window on the Mission World

“The Battle of the Books” is at its fiercest today as two warring forces fight for the souls of men in mission lands.

entirely. All over the missionary world today a crucial battle is being fought for the possession of men's minds, and the noise of battle, if one listens carefully, is really the clatter of presses a good deal of the time.

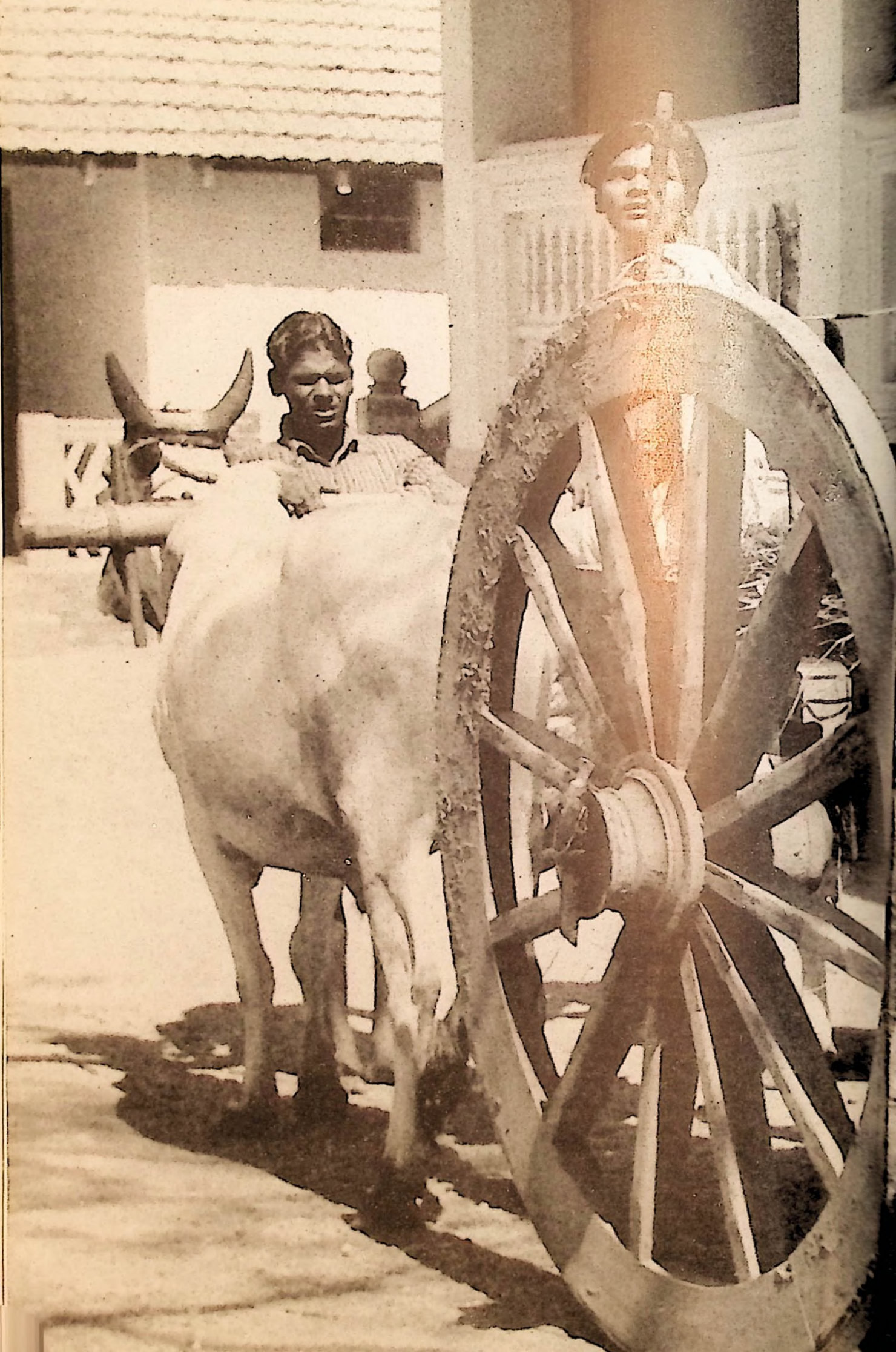
Millions of people who would have been born to lifelong illiteracy just a generation ago are now avid readers. They want to be entertained and they want to learn. Whoever reaches them first or most forcefully with books and pamphlets and newspapers will have a profound effect on the shaping of their minds.

The Communists know this. They have spent staggering sums to provide cheap literature for Africa and Asia. Men with

no ideology except the love of profit know it, too, and they are providing trash of all sorts, careless of its effect.

Here is a challenge which the Church must meet. It is not merely a question of anti-communism or anti-secularism or anti-anything else. Obviously, our converts and others of good will on the missions must be provided with literature to counteract error and deception. But the basic reason for the Catholic press on the mission is that it is an extension of the teaching arm of the Church.

All the wealth of doctrine and devotion which is the Church's must be made available to our converts in their own language, lest they starve spiritually. That means books and pamphlets. They must be kept up-to-date and informed on current events. That means newspapers and magazines. The Ancient Missionary, as always, knew what he was talking about.



RED CLOUD OVER INDIA

A COLD FRONT FORMS over the bleak lands of Siberia, pours down through China, across the Himalayas and spills into the Bay of Bengal, pushing before it the winds and the rains of the northeast monsoon. As the high pressure area of the north empties into the low pressure area of a warmer land it fills it with wind and rain.

The intelligentsia of the post-Independence movement in India have in a similar way set up a low pressure area that is today being filled with the onrush of a high from the north. This high, formed over Moscow, has been pouring through Peking and is spilling across the Himalayas into India, filling the vacuum created in the minds of the intelligentsia. I think the comparison apt in trying to point out the general trends of Communism in India today. It gives us a starting point for a general discussion of what is going on in India.

The basic problem that we face in India today in a fight against Communism is that the university student is given no real philosophical training, even in Catholic colleges. All of his studies are pointed toward the University Exams so that when he comes in contact with Communism and its underlying philosophy a vacuum is made manifest. The students cannot meet the Communists on their own ground of philosophy for they have no directing norm for their thinking.

The result is that they are over-awed when they come into contact with a full philosophy. They just don't know where to take a stand. They don't even know if a stand can be taken to answer the Communist. That wouldn't happen if their program of studies included philosophy.

Communism in India is not a danger, if we think of it in terms of a violent revolution. It will not take over by that means, and is not really striving to do so. Why? Because it doesn't have to. There is no sense risking a revolution when other means will give you what you want. Communism is following the course of nature and filling the vacuum by infiltra-

tion. One day India will wake up to find that its intelligentsia is *de facto* Communist. The men forming the thought of the masses rule the country, and when they are Communist, India is Communist. The dam to stop the wind and rains is not there and the water will spread with rapid and drastic results.

Another point of infiltration is on the level of the technician. In the second Five Year Plan almost all the technicians being brought in are of Communist origin, Russian and Czechoslovakian. These men will fill the key positions and train and influence the men who show results to the people. Their influence, as you can imagine, will be tremendous. Please note that in speaking of the coming Five Year Plan I am speaking of the technical level and not of the political level, which is a field too vast for a short article.

The third place where we have outstanding infiltration is in the field of the vernacular languages. The works of Lenin, Stalin and Mao Tse-tung have been translated into the vernaculars and are put out in popular, cheap editions well within the means of any man able to read them. On the student level you have the newspaper *Blitz* that is read by practically the whole of the University population. Thus another vacuum is being filled, almost with explosive force, as it finds so little competition.

There you have, to my mind at least, the three great causes of Communist success in India. And, as with the case of the northeast monsoon, it is not something that has local consequences only but also the indescribable attraction of a complete world vision. The Communists know the type of a world that they want to build from the Asian point of view. They have men who have been trained on this vision and these are influencing the thinking man of India today. The vision they propose is complete and ap-

pealing, and unless another vision is put before it the vacuum is going to be filled, for the vision will be loved, cherished, fought for, and even died for, until it is attained.

The common answer to the threat of Communism in India is that India will not give up its traditions and its background for something as new as Communism. Let us agree for the sake of argument that the elder statesmen, the men in power today, may be of that sort. But as surely as today gives way to tomorrow the present generation will give way to the generation of tomorrow. And that generation is the one that is being trained in a Materialistic and Communistic atmosphere.

The older generation is English-trained. They have done their thinking and planning of democratic India against the backdrop of English democracy. True, they have not tried to make India another Britain, they have avoided much of what we find in British democracy, but they have had a working model to look at and think about and, if you will, in some way to react against in forming their nation, but they have had something positive.

Today the positive tint comes to India from China. As with the monsoon which gathered much in its crossing of China, so too with Communism today. It comes to India through Peking. The ideas and the ideals of the future are taken from China.

As with the monsoon the winds and rain can last only for some time before it blows itself out and the beautiful days of the inter-monsoon season return, so too with the Monsoon of Communism, it will no doubt blow itself out some future day. But in the meantime say a prayer and a fervent one for the men who will be caught in the full blast of this monsoon.

Felix Tarboin



THE MIRACLE OF

Margie Hu

TWO MONTHS AGO, Margie Hu, running away from her brother's water pistol, tripped backwards into a tub of scalding water, which her mother had just taken off the stove for the children's baths. Her parents immediately rushed her to the hospital. The doctors there insisted the case was hopeless—61% of her body was burned—and that they could not be held responsible.

Margie is six years old, the only daughter among six children, so the parents were inconsolable. When I saw the child I immediately asked the father if I could baptize her. He agreed, adding that not only Margie would be brought up a Catholic, if she should live, but the whole family would also.

After Margie's baptism, we enlisted the prayers of the Carmelites and many

others, and entrusted the case to St. Anne and her daughter. The first month, with all of the blood infusions and especially the internal hemorrhages in the intestines, the doctors kept shaking their heads and reiterating "hopeless." However, Margie was still holding on to her life and the intestinal bleeding started to decrease. Margie had a statue of Mary constantly at her head, and in her moments of great pain, she would call on Mary to strengthen her.

Now after two months her life seems to be out of danger, but the long process of skin repair and grafting must now start. The parents and doctors are fully aware that her recovery was clearly a miracle and the family is now anxious to start with their instructions. May the miracle of Margie Hu convince Formosa!

BIG BUSINESS HAS A HEART

THEY ARE HARD-HEADED men who know the value of a dollar but they also know the broad-shouldered priest and the fantastic dream he is rapidly turning into reality. To build a two-million-dollar mission establishment in Alaska is one thing; to do it without money is something else again. But this priest is doing it, and their backing shows their faith and respect for him and his work.

Father John Buchanan S.J. is hurrying the construction of the Copper Valley project which he began a year ago. The foundations are already poured for the six buildings which will house priests, nuns, boarding students, both boys and girls. Three buildings are practically



completed in this new mission along the Alaska Highway which someday will hold the Catholic University of Alaska.

Father Buchanan leaves the actual construction in the capable hands of Father James Spils S.J. who works with a few Eskimo boys and volunteer help. It is Father Buchanan's job to get the materials and truck them in. And that is



This girls dormitory, now completed, reveals the sturdy construction which is typical of all the buildings being erected at Copper Valley.

what he does—with the help of friends.

The friends include more than 19 companies which have donated lumber, cement, construction steel, bulldozers and trucks. They include Ned Abrams of Sunnyvale, California, a Jewish architect who designed the buildings as his gift. They include the Alaska Freight Lines, Alaska Airlines, and United Truck Lines

who have helped enormously in transporting materials. Many of the drivers, on days off, have driven for nothing. Jim Benson of the Pack River Lumber Co. in Idaho has been a real friend, as have Permanente Cement Co., Superior Portland Cement Co., Southwestern Portland Cement among others.

Recently Father Buchanan appeared

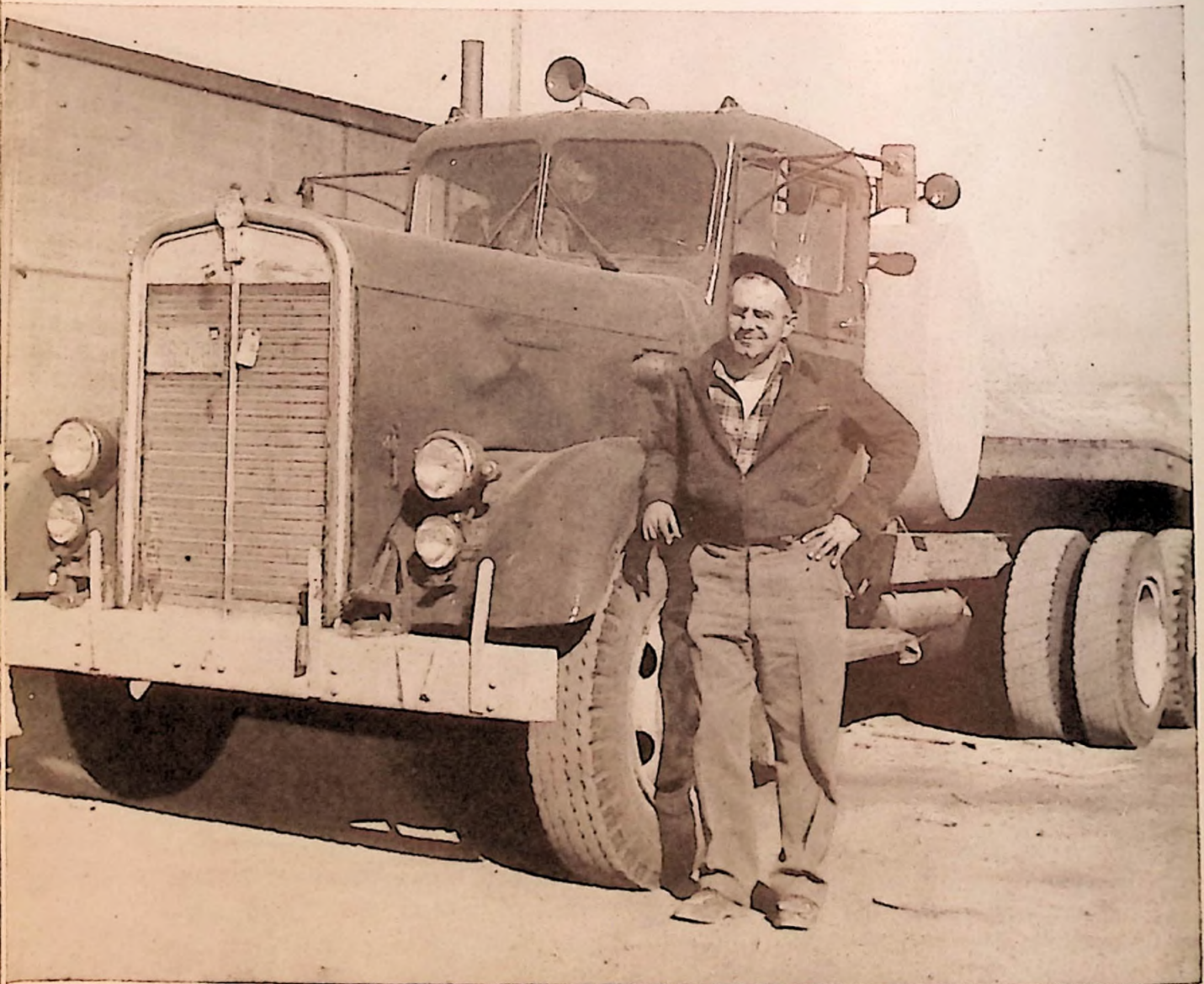
Big Business Has a Heart

in New York City. He and another Jesuit had driven across the country in a panel truck, non-stop, in two days, taking turns sleeping in the back. Naturally Father Buchanan was here to beg further help from business firms, and to show some of the contributors movies of the project, demonstrating how their gifts were being used. The Fuller Brush people offered to supply him with any of their products which would be useful for the school.

Thanks to donations from the G.M.C. Truck Division and the Kenilworth Company, the "packrat priest," as Newsweek magazine once called Father Buchanan,

has supplemented his first small panel truck with several others, some of them huge trailers. The Kenilworth carries a legal load of 20 tons.

Father Buchanan says that without the generous help of big business the whole project would be impossible. His only regret, as he pours 300 gallons of gas into the Kenilworth, is that he hasn't got a credit card. His bill for gasoline came to seven thousand dollars this past year. But, apart from the strain on his own generosity and that of business acquaintances, that has been the only cost in his \$2,000,000 project to help the Eskimos.



On one 14-day job Father Buchanan (above) made seven 400-mile round trips, trucking material from Sandpoint, Idaho, to the Seattle docks.



IT CAN'T RUN WITHOUT GAS

Big business has helped Fr. Buchanan with big engines. Will you help him by supplying what it takes to keep the engines running? Gas and oil cost money.

Won't you send gas and oil money to Fr. Buchanan? At

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

Those Birney Boys

ONCE UPON A TIME there were three Birney boys in Jackson, Michigan. Then they went off to become Jesuits, and we have the sneaky suspicion that Jackson will never be the same. Now Father Harry is in Jaipur, India; Father James is with the American Indians on the northern Michigan peninsula; and Father Leo is a JESUIT MISSIONS staff member in the wilds of New York. The last has been known to assert meaningfully, as he looked around at us, that he also works with Indians.

Father Harry has a tidbit to add to our "In the Animal Corner" series. "Some acquaintances left us a Boxer pup a few months ago. He has the reputation of the best sniffer and blower in the neighborhood. When we sleep out in the yard in the warm weather it's easy to tell the whereabouts of the pup. The sniffing and blowing is a give-away.

"Just before the weather turned chilly, the pup switched from snorting to yapping. This particular night even a couple of gruff orders didn't slow it up. One of the Fathers flipped back his mosquito netting to investigate, but quickly pulled back. A couple of feet from his cot was a five-foot cobra, swaying back and forth, keeping the pup at a distance! Then came a lot of noise and action with someone grabbing the pup and someone else using a combination swing of the golfer, the baseball batter, and the de-

termined woodsman who won't spare that tree. It marked the finish of the snake, but not of the sniffing and blowing. Now we're waiting for the time when our pup tries to inhale a scorpion."

Father James has a note on psychology which your family doctor might recommend. "One of my Indians recently returned home after nine months of work in an auto factory in Lansing. I asked him if he had been fired. No, he had just quit. When I pressed him further he readily acknowledged that the work was not bad and the wages were good. But he couldn't get over the idea that he was expected to work the whole year with only three weeks vacation. 'Father,' he said, 'I don't mind working nine months, but working the year round—that's just too much!'

"Maybe most of us might never appreciate his attitude. But, willy nilly, this is a key to the Indian's character. He is a child, sometimes simple, sometimes profound; lazy yet ambitious in turn; wise and also foolish. You work and work with him, trying to get him to do something simple. Then when you have given up all hope, he will do something heroic.

"Once, on the Sugar Island ferry, an old Indian observed a car loaded with vacationers and their fishing equipment. He shook his head and moaned, 'White man foolish! Work all year to live like Indian for two weeks!' Pray for us."

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Dear Friend:

In the correspondence of our readers the following expression occurs occasionally, "Enclosed find only one dollar. It is so little that I hesitated sending it to you." Such a statement always puts sentiments of gratitude in my heart, realizing that the donor has made a sacrifice and indeed with humility. By inverting the statement the importance of a dollar becomes very apparent.

The supposition is that a missionary did not have a dollar. If so, he could not pay a catechist for one day and, thus, children would be deprived of learning more about Our Lord and His Mother. Further, the gas tank of his motorcycle might be empty. A dollar would purchase a few gallons of gasoline to carry him with speed to a dying person or he could arrange to say Sunday Mass in two places rather than one. Without a dollar he could not purchase rice to feed half a dozen or more orphans.

In the mission world a dollar is valuable and its effects reach into eternity. Suppose that you were just one of a hundred people who hesitated sending a dollar. Whether your gift is ten cents or one dollar a missionary needs it, he will be grateful and God will bless you.

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

A FIELD

with American Jesuits

LAST LETTER



From Father F. X. Mayer S.J. in Ceylon comes word Scholastic Antoine Braquet S.J. died of an abscessed appendix in Colombo on January 16. "It was a sad loss for the mission," says Father Mayer. "He was a competent, industrious and zealous Jesuit. Maybe he can do more for us up there."

Texas-born and Louisiana-educated Father Braquet was dedicated—all 6' 1" of him—to the cause of the missions. A month before his death he wrote to us giving news of the missionaries. His letter was full of the activities of others. We print his unselfish letter as a tribute to a departed Jesuit, who now, we trust, is an eternal companion of Jesus.

"Dear Father:

Remembering the staff's pleas for at least a letter occasionally, I cannot ignore my conscience any longer.

Last month Saint Joseph's College held its first prize giving in three years. The courage of the new principal, Father Heaney, started the mass of inertia and it rolled to a successful climax. Father

SPOTLIGHT



Father John Hughes of Boston, now Dean of Men at Sophia University in Tokyo, is one of the veteran American Jesuit missionaries in Japan. When the Jesuit General in Rome asked for volunteers to man this war-devastated field after the war Father Hughes was the first New England Province priest to go. Readers of JM are familiar with his stories and pictures which have appeared so often in these pages. Shining through everything he writes and everything he does is a love of his adopted land and people.

Apart from brief service in the Vicariate of Hiroshima, Father Hughes has spent most of his apostolate among young men, mainly at Rokko High in Kobe. May this popular priest lead them all to Christ!

Rieman was responsible for the task of ordering and installing the stage curtains in two weeks. The cloth for the side curtains and the main curtain arrived two days before the event (a Colombo concern filled the order in 5 days). Father Rieman bought up stainless steel and aluminum airplane parts from junk dealers, cut them. Result, first class curtain hangers. The principal himself was so rushed that he did not complete his address until 1½ hours before the event. A group of boys duplicated it as it came from his typewriter. It was hectic, for Father Superior was himself spraying a colored cement on the facade so that the guests would have some idea of what the finished product would look like. That night no one doubted that Saint Joseph's was just beginning to get ahead, but that soon it would be well ahead of any rival school in the Trincomalee district.

Father Brady, the school's only scholastic, has been very largely responsible for the increased interest in Trinco in the Crusaders. When he came to the school he designed and purchased uniforms for his group and increased the activities of these young boys. Just recently, he organized a town-wide reception which was held at the Cathedral. It was to have been presided over by the Bishop, but he was suddenly detained.

This same scholastic is responsible for the growing interest in Trincomalee of basketball. He is an avid player, all 6' 4" of him and he has whipped up a fair team to play in Batticaloa. Most important, he has spread the interest to the little fellows. He organized teams and a league. He finds that these little fellows learn fast and correctly. They are St. Joseph's future hopes, for basketball is a fast coming sport in Ceylon.

My conscience feels lighter now and you have some news from us.

In Corde Jesu

Antoine J. Braquet S.J."

May the soul of this young and zealous priest rest in peace!

IN PRAISE OF MISSIONARY MOTHERS



From British Honduras Father John Knopp S.J. sends a request for prayers for his recently deceased mother and heartfelt praise for all the loyal women who have given their sons to God for work on the missions.

"I'd like very specially to beseech your prayers for my mother who died on the thirteenth. Almost twenty-four years ago we began celebrating Mission Sunday—she at home and I on the mission. This year with eager desire and anticipatory joy Mother left for Mission Sunday in Heaven. Along with her went the bands that bound my hands on ordination day.

While they are on this earth the precious mission endowment of prayers, sacrifices, sufferings and quiet growth in holiness of the mothers of missionaries are perceptible to us.

We have not always had an equal awareness of all that these triumphant missionary mothers do for the missions once they come to Heaven. But now I am confidently looking forward to all manner of graces. For surely those triumphant mothers will keep the angels busy between Heaven and every point of Christ's missions. They will probably push through universal missionary service for all the angels.

It could be that those triumphant mothers have the most important role in the extension of Christ's mission Kingdom. Their mission minds and hearts are now one more than ever before with the mission mind and heart of Christ. No small part of their triumph is their sisterly union with our Lady Mary, Mother, Mother of the High Priest, Mother of the original Missionary. All the mission world will be a Cana of Galilee and there will be an incessant prayerful murmur of 'They have no . . .' and the peoples of mission lands will be cared for and graces will flow to souls in Stann Creek and every remote mission post.

You see, don't you, why I am anxious for your prayers for my mother and all missionary mothers."

A HARRIED ADMINISTRATOR



Brooklyn-born Father Edwin McManus, Superior of the Jesuits working in the Trust Territory of the Pacific, besides administering the farflung activities of the missionaries in the scattered islands of the South Pacific, worries about the fact that from the Palaus he has only one vocation for the priesthood this year, changes the school vacation date to avoid interference with the mother of pearl season, wonders if a new school will be finished in time for the scheduled opening. But here is the story in his own words:

"I'm usually very bad in getting out Christmas mail but this year I was much worse than usual for I didn't write a single letter, not even to my family. I was off on another trip to accompany the Provincial in his visitation of the mission. We made it in a hurry, but I was traveling from November 11th to December 16th, just the time when I could have been writing letters.

"Another reason why I didn't want to leave Koror at this time is that the work on our new school goes very slowly when I'm not around to push the workers. They're willing enough but they need someone to 'stand over them'; seeing as I've spent only about two months here since June, I haven't been able to do much in the way of supervision. Now I'm beginning to doubt if we'll have the building finished by next August.

"I say August for that is when school opens here. We used to follow the regular U.S. schedule of September to June, but there was always a lot of confusion at the end of the school year for graduation coincided with the trochus season when every able-bodied Palauan, and

many not so able-bodied, is out on the reef diving for trochus shells.

"Trochus is sold for a very important source of income in the islands, and eventually winds up as genuine "mother-of-pearl" buttons. Excessive raiding would deplete the beds so the government has forbidden indiscriminate collection. June is the open season—just the time for final exams and graduation, so the school year now starts in August and ends in May. We have very little variation in seasons here, so it really doesn't make much difference when we have the school vacation. But it does mean we'll have to have our school completed by August. Since I'll probably be away again from May to September 1956, the school really should be finished in May—a larger order for the workers we have.

"Some bad news recently about our seminarians. Three are due to graduate from high school this year and I was planning to send them to the Philippines, but two of them will not go. As for one of them—now that he is one of the 10 or so Palauans who have finished high school, his family wants to use his knowledge in running the family store. I think he really has a vocation but family pressure here is very strong and the boy isn't able to resist it. Unfortunately, but I certainly don't want to compel anyone to enter the novitiate. The other boy just hasn't been behaving himself the way a seminarian should; so that leaves only one candidate for this year."

IN MEMORIAM

On February 22nd Father John Kilian of the Chicago Province passed to his eternal reward. The Patna mission has lost one of its greatest missionaries and backers. Father Kilian labored on the mission field from 1923 until poor health forced him back to the States. But his heart was always in Patna and for the last 19 years he has pleaded the cause of the mission at every possible opportunity. May he rest in peace!



RENDEZVOUS IN

Tokyo

RUSSELL F. HORTON S.J.

STRANGE ARE THE WORKINGS of Almighty God and His mysterious Providence. There are 33 men living together today in an unfinished building in Tokyo. But if World War II had lasted a little longer some of these men might have met death at the hands of others in this little group. For, ten years ago, the majority of these men were in a uniform different from the Jesuit one which they wear today. If the war had not ended when it did, undoubtedly we would never have had this rendezvous.

The new St. Mary's Theologate has Jesuits from eight different countries of the world—Hungary, Spain, Italy, Germany, Ireland, Brazil, the United States and Japan. Ten years ago all the Japanese were in the army or the navy; many a Spaniard here suffered under the Communists in Spain and they have some hair-raising stories to tell. Hollywood could make a gripping movie about the experiences of one of our Hungarian Jesuits in his escape from the Com-

munists. And there are other stories.

But that belongs to the past. And these men who are studying here have one common objective—they want to win Japan to Christ. So we prepare for the day when, as priests, we go forth ready for that high purpose.

There are ten Japanese in the Theologate and they are most precious to all of us. They know their people and they can teach us foreigners how to be all things Japanese to all. They themselves will be able to do jobs in the apostolate here which a foreigner could never do.

Here are men gathered from eight different countries, men who ten years ago were fighting one another. Yet there is a wonderful spirit of charity which I have not seen rivalled anywhere else in the Society of Jesus. All of us are looking forward to the day when we can offer the Holy Sacrifice for our beloved Japan, and pray that Christ will bring His grace and a new dawn to the Land of the Rising Sun.

Three Japanese Jesuits take advantage of a bridge to discuss theology.



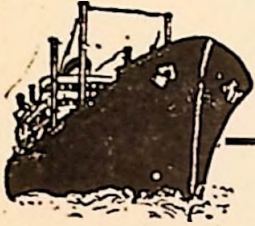


Messrs. Doi from Brazil, Kobayashi and Yanase of Japan, Coquet of Belgium.

Mr. Diez from Spain and the author study on the roof of the theologate.



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Work Yourself Out of a Job is the aim of foreign missionaries, who know their efforts should be directed to making their converts independent of foreign help. This independence should extend especially and principally to fostering vocations to the priesthood from the families of the mission territory. It seems, then, that American Catholics who promote vocations in mission countries take part in the highest form of mission activity and will merit Christ's appreciation for their love of His brothers.

Last summer, Father Urban Kramer of British Honduras started an Apostolic School for boys who wish to go on to the seminary and the priesthood. It is expensive but it is the only way to solve the problem of developing priestly vocations.

For \$5.00 you could support one of these boys for a week. Would you help?

You Might Not Expect It but in Jamaica, at *Chapelton*, we need a new chapel. Quoting a Jamaican, who was asked the location of the present one, "I'm not from here, Father. I'm from Kingston. But I know the church here is the worst in the whole island." A new chapel would cost several hundred dollars but you might be able to supply some items for a new chapel which Father Phil Branon must build.

| | |
|-------------------|----------|
| Tabernacle | \$50.00 |
| Vestments | \$25.00 |
| Missal | \$35.00 |
| Stations | \$7.50 |
| Altar Cards | \$15.00 |
| Monstrance | \$100.00 |
| Altar | \$200.00 |

It Doesn't Take Much to make Santal children in India happy. Father Dan Rice of Chakai, India, writes: "My little Santal children here love to play soccer football, and in their bare feet. I have no thought of supplying them with shoes, but I would love to get a couple of footballs. I patched up the present one so much that it looks like a patch quilt now."

\$5.00 for a football would keep 10 children happy for a year.

We Cannot Name the Country, for political reasons, but in one of the most inaccessible spots in the entire Orient, five Jesuits are doing tremendously successful mission work. These men are badly in need of many of the necessities of life. What they need most is money to purchase kitchen equipment and furnishings for the chapel. If you could help a nameless mission, here are suggestions:

| | |
|---------------------|---------|
| Tabernacle | \$50.00 |
| Vestments | \$25.00 |
| Stations | \$7.50 |
| Pots and Pans | \$1.00 |
| Stove | \$25.00 |
| Cabinets | \$2.50 |

Books Are a Man's Best Friend when that man is a missionary. If you are a member of a book club and receive a book or so each month would you be willing to send it directly to a missionary after you have finished with it? He would deeply appreciate it. We have had a number of requests from the field and we would gladly provide you with the name and address of a missionary. The cost to yourself would be only a few cents each month for book postage.



How

DO I GET WATER INTO THE CHURCH?

Fr. Claude Daly S J. of Sorikalmunai, Sammanthurai, Ceylon, is a do-it-yourself expert. He could pipe the necessary water to his church and school. But he needs **TOOLS**. Which cost money. Won't you help? Send \$1, \$5, whatever you can to

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

**JESUIT
MISSIONS**

Widows

AND ORPHANS

Can starve. They have. Fr. Frank Wieman S.J. in Chuhari Mission, Patna, is trying desperately to keep that from happening in his mission. Won't you help him provide food for those who need it so badly?

Send your contribution—\$1, \$5—whatever you can spare to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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