Jesuit Missions

JULY-AUGUST, 1956

A Tree Grows in Baghdad

THREE MILES BEYOND Baghdad's North Gate the tall, graying man turned off the road into a grove of date palms. An Arab was planting a seedling palm and the two men exchanged greetings. The tall man wandered along, apparently aimlessly, until he was sure that he was unobserved. Then he quickly scooped out a hole in the soft earth, placed a small object there and patted the dirt back into place. He resumed his casual stroll until he was back on the Tigris banks. There he broke into the long characteristic stride that has become a familiar sight on Baghdad's streets for over twenty years.

The date was January of 1934 and the man was Father Joseph Merrick S.J. The object was a tiny medal of St. Joseph. Two months later, on the Feast of St. Joseph, the Iraqi government granted formal permission to the American Jesuits to purchase the property where the medal was buried. It was the first time since Iraq attained its independence that land had been sold to aliens.

There were only eight Jesuits in Baghdad at that time and of these three were "on loan" and assigned elsewhere within two years. But that wedge-shaped piece of land—the thin edge on the river, the wide end on the desert a half mile away—gave tremendous heart to men who were trying to run a school in the midst of turbulent Baghdad. Alec Waugh would write (ten years later when conditions had even improved) of the city's main thoroughfare, "I refuse to believe that any main street in the world can, in terms of dirt and smells and heat and noise, compare with Al Rashid Street." Only three of that early band, Fathers Madaras, Mifsud and Merrick, are still on the Mission today and can remember those days in the two old houses at 11/45 Muraba'ah.

But this land three miles to the north was now a solid reality on which they could at least build dreams. As a matter of fact, during those days of the Depression, the only thing they could afford to build was dreams. After two years in the city they rented a dilapidated house near the new property as a combined residence and school.

In those cramped quarters they continued the struggle against misunderstandings, suspicion and hostility. They were foreigners and they were Christians—and there were days, long drawn-out days in which they talked of everything except that one fear which lay heaviest on their hearts, when the very existence of the

Father Leo Guay S.J. in front of the beautiful chapel of Baghdad College. Father Guay drew the plans for all the latest buildings and supervised their construction.

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Baghdad Mission was in jeopardy. They were assailed in the newspapers, in Parliament; military conscription and government regulations for private schools hit at their student enrollment. They hung on grimly, though for two years they had only about 80 pupils, and even their dreams grew stale. But they were not the kind of men who walk out on Christ.

It takes about six years for a palm to reach maturity. The tree which was planted on the day Father Merrick buried the medal was fully grown by the time the tide had definitely turned. Two events were of paramount importance in this change of fortunes—an angel smiled upon them and hell broke out on earth.

An anonymous New York benefactress donated a sum of money which would provide a school building on their own property. Despite the adverse circumstances of the times they decided to gamble on the future. They set about the construction of a classroom building which, when finished, was one of the finest in Iraq. The next year, through the kindness of the same lady, a combined residence and boarding school was erected. (I was in Baghdad when news came that this wonderful lady had died and I doubt if any place else in the world a more grateful group of men had ever offered their Holy Sacrifices of the Mass for a woman whose name they did not even know.)

The second event was World War II. When this broke out it put an end to the custom of sending many Iraqi youths abroad for their secondary education. Attention was focused on the new Baghdad College on the outskirts of the city. Those stubborn Jesuits evidently meant business—and at heart every Oriental is a businessman. The enrollment jumped. It soon became painfully clear that the new school facilities would shortly be inadequate. Father Leo Guay appeared on the scene and was promptly appointed architect for the future buildings. As the years passed and as means would permit, new construction went on until today a half dozen buildings grace the palm-sheltered campus and over 700 students are on the rolls.

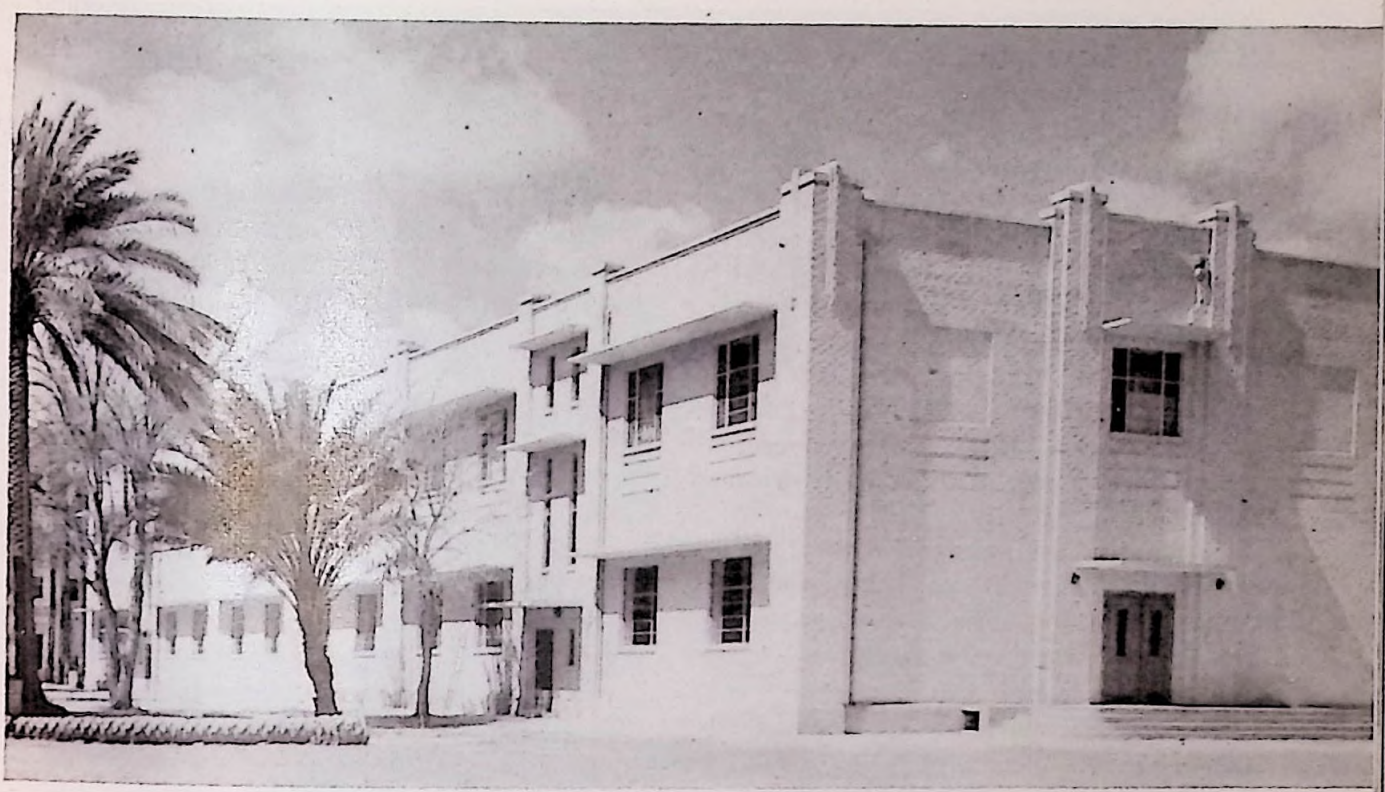
And now another step forward is being taken, a big one. This September the American Jesuits will open two courses of higher studies on the university level. One will lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Business Administration and the other to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Physics and Engineering.

Besides the professional training in business and science, courses will be offered, as an integral part of the curriculum, in Arabic, English, history, philosophy and sociology. The courses in theology will be for Christian students only.

The Government of Iraq showed its appreciation of the Fathers' efforts by generously donating 168 acres of land on the south of the city for the new university. The U.S. Government under its Point Four Program has allotted a sum of money for the technical equipment needed. Without the assistance from these two sources a new university would be as much of a dream as was the Baghdad College of the day Father Merrick planted that medal of St. Joseph in the palm grove.

The men who planted and the men who brought the Baghdad Mission to what it is today deserve a tremendous amount of credit. In the heart of the desert country they have nurtured, through long hours of darkness and trial, a life that is about to attain full blossom.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



The Cronin Memorial building where the first classes of the new university will be held.

Father Anwar Abdulahad Stephan is the first Baghdad College graduate to become a priest.

A Tree Grows in Baghdad

The Director of the Manila Observatory at Baguio in the Philippines, Father Charles Deppermann S.J., pointed to a new device on one of the seismographs. "This," he solemnly announced, "is to be known henceforth as the cat's whisker." And no other cat's whisker in the world gets the attention which this ones does. For this whisker is a device which rings a bell system whenever the seismograph recorder writes a large red record indicating an earthquake of more than ordinary intensity.

When that bell rings Father Deppermann or Father Bernard Doucette S.J. comes a-running. For if the quake is of a certain kind a message must be flashed to Honolulu where the U.S. military arteries carry it with a calamity priority. Why the rush to announce an event that has already happened? Well, suppose the earthquake occurred at sea. A sea wave or tidal wave may be generated by the earthquake in the floor of the ocean. This wave will travel toward the shore, say of the Hawaiian Islands or the West Coast of the United States. But the sea wave travels more slowly than the radio message. So there is time, but not much, to give warning to ships in harbor or to homes or air bases by the sea.

The Observatory of the Jesuits at Baguio is one of the eight stations in the seismic sea wave warning system. The locations of the other stations will indicate the importance of the Manila Observatory in this chain of stations. The stations at College, Alaska; at Sitka, Alaska; at Tucson, Arizona; at Huancayo, Peru; at Tokyo, Japan, are under government agencies; the remaining two, in California, are connected with large universities. Only the Manila Observatory is a small private research institution.

Since the restoration of the Manila Observatory at Baguio several seismographs have been in operation. Five of these are very sensitive to earthquakes. Even when no one can feel the earthquake, the instruments amplify the waves that pass through the earth. The instruments make permanent records or seismograms. Of the five sensitive instruments, three put their records on photographic paper. A spot of light writes the motions of the earth on the film. Two other instruments use pen and red ink to give a record of the nervous agitation of the earth. Besides these five highly magnifying instruments there is a strong motion seismograph with two components. Only when a quake is violent in the Baguio area will this latter instrument write its record. But this record is very valuable. If ever a severe local quake, such as that of 1937 in Manila, comes, the delicate recorders may be violently disturbed even to the point of destruction. So a more sturdy instrument is needed.

But is the work of Father Deppermann and Father Doucette just a matter of recording quakes which have happened? No, but this aspect of the work should not be minimized. For an analysis of these records gives very valuable scientific information about the interior of the earth. Besides if the calamity of earthquakes is to be predicted in the future the basis of such prediction will be the records of the past.

For instance, consider last February 12th, the Chinese New Year Day. At Baguio several people felt the earth shake. Now an earthquake of such modest intensity is not exceptional in the Philippines. Here severe shakes of the earth occur several times in a year. But there was one remarkable feature about this quake. It started a train of quakes. In the short space of fifty hours, from Sunday evening to Tuesday evening, more than a hundred earthquakes were recorded on the instruments of the Manila Observatory in Baguio! None of these quakes was as large as the one that was felt. Yet each of them left a distinct record in red ink.

One hundred quakes in fifty hours! That is a bit of a record. It is no wonder that Father Deppermann did not sleep much these two nights. But more, he will be kept very busy making his analysis of the records written by five recorders for each of these quakes. This is part of the long years of fruitful contributions to science from this priest of God.

Father Charles Deppermann, Director of Manila Observatory.

The Cat's Whisker

JAMES J. HENNESSEY S.J.

Father Harry Mallette S.J. in Burnett Lane, Kingston, Jamaica.

Flames in

Father Charles Eberle S.J. talks with survivors of Burnett Lane fire.

Burnett Lane

HARRY J. MALLETTE S.J.

BURNETT LANE IS PART of the Jamaica I never knew, although I was born here and lived seventeen years here before I left to study for the priesthood. But now I have been a curate at St. Anne's parish in Kingston for a over a year and I am rapidly discovering this other Jamaica, the one the missionary has been battling for years.

The newspaper account began, "Two children were burned to death in a fire which destroyed three houses at 15 Burnett Lane, New Town." New Town is part of St. Anne's parish, so Father Charles Eberle, the pastor, and myself set out for Burnett Lane as soon as we read of the tragedy.

The approaches to New Town are all on foot. No car can drive to or along Burnett Lane. All the narrow alley-ways or foot-paths of the area are grudgingly marked off by makeshift fences. These last resemble a rough, rickety, rusty patchwork of zinc, tin and iron scraps. We asked in our best Jamaican dialect, "Where de fire tek place?" In all formality and ceremony we were led like official visitors to 15 Burnett Lane. Word must have spread rapidly that "Fadda a come." By the time we got to number fifteen, the whole lane was alive with human beings of all sizes and ages. The narrow gates were busy pouring out every last occupant. One by one every

Flames in Burnett Lane

yard, i.e. premise, emptied itself of its minimum quota of five or six families.

We listened to the sad tale of a mother escaping from a burning hut with one child, just in time to see the roof collapse on her other two sleeping children. There were tales of heroism too. Two men were badly scorched in a vain attempt to rescue the trapped children. Seven families in all lost everything except the clothes they were wearing.

The newspaper account had described how the fire had destroyed three houses. Ramshackle shanties would have come closer to the truth. One "house" had occupied the relatively large area of eight by twenty-four feet. Its four rooms housed four families, none of which were of the planned-parenthood variety. Family must be taken in a very broad sense to include the inevitable relatives from the country. These come to Kingston to find a town job. Having no place to stay, they sponge a cotch from their town relatives for a "few" nights. Cotch is a very appropriate word, because it graphically describes the indicated action. Since the bulging shacks are already stretched to capacity with their human contents, an additional human being, if squeezed in, can only cotch.

In the midst of this social worker's nightmare, where creature-comforts are totally unknown, I could not help noticing how healthy the half-naked children looked. These poor people very sensibly put every cent they have into food. In addition, they help one another with whatever little they have. The history of philanthropy would never be complete without at least one chapter on the Jamaican yard.

Noticeable too was the resignation with which the people bore the terrible disaster. There were no tears, very few complaints, and no hysterical shrieks. No one turned to God and asked, "Why?" With marked calmness, one by one they told of their losses. The occupants of 15 Burnett Lane left us with the impression that, although losing all, they had lost nothing. In fact, they rejoiced that things were not worse. At least they had escaped death by fire. Father Eberle helped each family as best he could with a gift of groceries from the neighboring store. All were exceedingly grateful for the sympathetic interest shown them by the Faddas.

As I left New Town, I could not help thinking that here were God's poor, whom He Himself had called "Blessed". And they are blessed. Now I had a better understanding why.

There is more to Jamaica than its fabulous "Gold Coast" and the sipping of rum drinks to catchy calypso tunes. A part which the tourist never sees is examined by Father Eberle in Kingston.

Lawrence Dietrich S.J. of Jamshedpur Mission and fortune-teller.

RICHARD E. LANE-SMITH S.J.

Your Fortune, Sir!

THE EAST WILL ALWAYS remain the East when it comes to the occult arts, and fortune-telling is an essential part of the Indian scene. In practically every corner of India one can find a whole variety of forms of fortune-telling, but one of the commonest is the one which uses a little bird.

Our fortune-teller squats on a mat beneath a very shady tree. Before him on the mat on the left is a cage containing a bird the size of a sparrow. On the right, spread out in a line but partly overlapping each other are a couple of dozen envelopes, each containing yours, or mine, or somebody else's fortune. By his side is a stack of books on palmistry, astrology and related matters. He tries to appear as serious and as confidential as possible, and if you can't understand at least half of all that he is saying, it means he is rather adept at his art.

You squat by his side and tell him in secret what it is that is worrying you, and then he will proceed to give you the solution to all your troubles. He opens the door of the cage, the little bird hops out, waits before its master while he takes two grains of bird-seed from a bottle and feeds them to the bird. As soon as the bird-seed is downed, our little feathered friend hops along the row of envelopes, stops, hesitates, hops a little further, stops, and then getting one of the envelopes between its beak it pulls it out of line an inch or so. The master then proceeds to open it and divulge all that the gods have in store for you.

Of course the contents of the envelope cannot be read by you. It is in some code, and has to be interpreted by the fortune-teller. I have often wondered at the plight of the over-scrupulous Johnny who makes it a point to have his fortune from six of these birds in a row.

India is a land of faith—very deep faith. But the faith is being wasted on charlatans and the like, and is ready to be applied to better things, to the only true things. But as St. Paul wrote: "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?" We pray that our friends keep on sending the preachers to India.

Of

JOHN T. NEWELL S.J.

Minas de Oro is a picturesque mountain town in the interior of Honduras. From its early history the principal industry has been shoemaking and this product has given Minas de Oro a wide reputation. But the men themselves who formed the backbone of this industry didn't fare so well. The wages were low with the inevitable accumulation of debts owed to the shop-owners who hired these men. It was a vicious circle that offered little inducement for betterment.

It was the kind of situation which Communism has exploited time and again and there was real danger of that in Minas de Oro. So we set out to remedy the situation—and were promptly tagged as Communists ourselves! But our aim was to better the living of these men, improve the structure of the shoe-manufacturing industry, and to bring everyone concerned closer to the Church and its social doctrine. The means we chose was the formation of a Shoemakers Co-operative.

It wasn't an easy thing to do. The idea was new to the workmen and the shop-owners fought it tooth and nail, naturally enough. But a fair number of workers showed interest so we pushed ahead.

The Banco de Fomento, which has a department solely for co-operatives, sent at our request an expert in organizing. We had already drawn up a detailed practical study and the expert, Licenciado Marcial Soliz, used that in his explanation at our first meeting. But it was not a promising start for the shop-owners had influenced some of the prospective co-op members and the latter were wary of incurring their enmity. The first meeting fizzled.

However, the next night we held a secret meeting in the rectory with the more promising recruits. These showed decided interest and inclination and we resolved to take the plunge with these twelve men, the minimum number required for a co-op. So the first industrial co-operative in Honduras was organized under the name of "Co-operativa Industrial San Antonio Limitada." The members did not have a penny of capital but the Banco de Fomento facilitated a loan of fourteen hundred Lempiras ($700), for which we went security, and suddenly we were in business.

Our idea was to make the co-op members independent owners of their own shop but that took some doing. Fortunately, our vigilant Patron St. Anthony enabled the co-operative at this point to get practically all the equipment necessary for the start from an individual who decided not to go ahead and start a shop in his own town, because his head shoe-

maker was leaving to join our co-op. From him the incipient co-operative obtained a major part of the equipment along with a good amount of materials.

The opposition again began to make itself felt. The shop-owners, heartily desiring its failure and making efforts to ruin it, requested authorities to prohibit it under the pretext that it was Communism getting under way in Honduras with the cooperation of the Church. An attempt was made to alienate prospective clients with the claim that the co-operative was composed of irresponsible drunkards. Our men were always selected to put out forest fires in the vicinity. One official and a merchant gave liquor to a member to get him drunk, with the result that he absented himself for a number of days, and lost his rights as a member. The fact that he lost his rights made the rest of the members think and reflect before imitating him.

The other shops reduced their prices in competition, but while the co-operative did not wish to reduce the price of

Boots and Saddles

Fathers Newell (left) and Prendergast of Yoro Mission.

shoes, which was already low, it was forced to do so, and this meant economizing all around, in order to make a profit. Fortunately, on the strength of a steady monthly purchase of a good amount of materials, the co-op was able to get its imported materials at favorable prices. But economizing meant also building its own tannery, in which to cure local hides for shoe soles.

By way of note, the only materials procurable in Honduras are the rough hides which are tanned for shoe soles. The finer leather for uppers, nails, heels, etc., must be imported, the cheapest purchases being made from Cuba and South America. But, from now on, the co-op will save the difference of the middleman by the fact that it has become a member of the co-op, organized in Tegucigalpa, for importation of materials. Using all types of material, the co-op in the main produces working shoes, but also any type of finer shoe in the catalog to sell wholesale and by individual order. After the expensive operation of importing materials, shoes of equal quality to those in the States sell much cheaper here.

Another problem to be solved was a good and steady market. One of the members, the road-man, had to take the road each week with a couple of mules, to look for sales and a market. Inferior shoes were coming from Salvador, and were being offered wholesale cheaper than those of the co-operative. However, the users prefer these of the co-op, as being of solid materials and construction. For this reason, it was concluded necessary to get agents in the different places to handle its shoes, since its product is preferred and would sell better than the others. After some months of struggle, the co-operative finally achieved a good number of steady clients and agents in the principal places.

In February of 1955, the co-op ended its first year of existence, and showed successful results. The members had been able to buy and pay for their machines and other equipment, invest in the best tannery in town (and later buy it), purchase three mules for deliveries, and end up with five thousand Lempiras as working capital and as a modest dividend.

Starting with its second year, one difficulty was dealt with, increase of their insufficient wages. The members are now getting seventy cents a pair for making shoes, compared with fifty and fifty-five cents paid in the other shops. With its Credit Union feature, helpful expenditures have been made, including a contribution to our Escuela Parroquial. In this second year, nearing completion, the co-op is succeeding in operating with the desired smoothness, providing the members with the advantages that will make them proud and content with their co-op, and insure its lasting success.

As a result of our success with the shoe-makers, another common venture was born, the Consumers' Co-operative. This has flourished also, and at the moment two other co-ops are under way, one agricultural and one among the workers of the hydroelectrical plant. With four co-ops in town, and more contemplated, Minas de Oro is now recognized in the press and on the radio as the Pilot Town for co-operatives in Honduras. The Communists won't be bothering us here.

Father Newell is a veteran missionary.

Leaves from
HALF-WAY TREE

IT IS A FAIRLY COMMON practice here in Jamaica for a busy housewife to summon her maid to do something or other, even when the maid is otherwise engaged. It is still more common for the maid to pretend to be deaf and to pay no attention to the summons, in which case the mistress calls out again. Then the maid, her deafness overcome, shouts back, "Soon come, Missis," and goes right on with her work. After this interplay has gone on for some minutes the lady of the house will bellow at the top of her voice: "Don't you hear me—stop yu comin', and come!" I seemed to detect that note of finality in a recent letter from JESUITS MISSIONS so here I am with a bit of news from Holy Cross parish at Half Way Tree.

My room is at the back of the house and a veranda leads to the kitchen which adjoins my room. Consequently, the help often pass to and fro and I hear remarks that do not reach the ears of Fathers Ballou, Martin or Kilcoyne. Thompson is our Jack of all trades, (Mr. Holy Cross I call him) and Iris is one of the maids. This is what I heard one Sunday morning. Iris asked Thompson why he had not put on his new suit. "I am rendering my heart, not my garments," rejoined Thompson.

The other day I heard a conversation going on as to the number of Jamaicans who are going over to England to find employment. Thompson's words of wisdom ended it all. "Here in Jamaica you are a British Subject, but over there you are only an Object," and with that Parthian shot, he walked out of the kitchen.

A couple of months ago when there had been quite a lot of illness among the help, I remarked, when the Ten Plagues of Egypt had come to an end, "Do you know something? I think that we had better build a clinic in the back yard, and I shall be the doctor in charge."

Up spoke Thompson, "Oh, yes, Father, and I will give you your diplomacy." It is a good thing that there is so much humor down here and it crops out at the most unexpected times.

While Father Raymond Sullivan was on furlough in the States we took turns manning his missions at Alva and Murray Mount. Alva is in the hill country and was delightfully cool, and there one dealt with the country folk again; they are good people at heart, but one does run across some unusual cases, and sometimes they kind of blow the wind out of your sails by their sayings and their attitudes.

One Sunday morning after Mass at Murray Mount a man of about thirty years of age came to Father Martin to arrange to be married—and it was high time, too, for his consort and himself had produced a family of six. When asked when he was baptized, he said that he had always come to church but was not sure if he had been baptized. His mother was called and she said, "No, Fader, him never baptized. I did bring him to be christened when him was a baby, but Fader vex with me that morning, and I never bring him back."

Father Henry was more than taken aback and posed the question, "But suppose he had died in the meantime?"

Her answer came without any hesitation. "But him not dead, Fader!" How would you answer that?

I'll try to "stop comin' and come" a little sooner next time.

DENIS J. CRUCHLEY S.J.

EDMUND P. BURKE S.J.

Too Many People See Snakes

I DO NOT LIKE SNAKES, and I rarely see one. I cannot say that I have ever killed a snake. It takes a longer stick in a surer hand than mine. But I do know too many people see snakes here in India.

Every missionary knows enough to jump when he hears that cry of panic, "Snakebite." Now it happened that when I had written the sentence before this, I was interrupted by that very cry. A woman in the village next to the mission had been bitten by a poisonous snake and was brought in, half-unconscious from shock and fear.

She had good reason to be frightened. Three days ago a young girl was carried into the mission compound on a bed. She was a bride; the wedding party was still going on when at four in the morning she was bitten by a snake, high up on the back, a deep bite. Her relatives tried everything. They chanted charms, gave her home remedies, carried her off to the hospital, but the doctor was away at a wedding, and a snake-bite case cannot wait. Someone told them about the mission, and they rushed over here, carrying the poor girl two or three miles, as a kind of last hope. But it was noon before they reached here. She had already been unconscious for some time. I could not find any pulse, but the body was still warm, so I tried to force some snake medicine between her clenched teeth and started artificial respiration. At the same time I began pouring water over her head in the hope that she would revive enough to take the medicine. After the third dipper the thought struck me, "What a fool, to be pouring all this water and not to think of baptism. She may have come only for that."

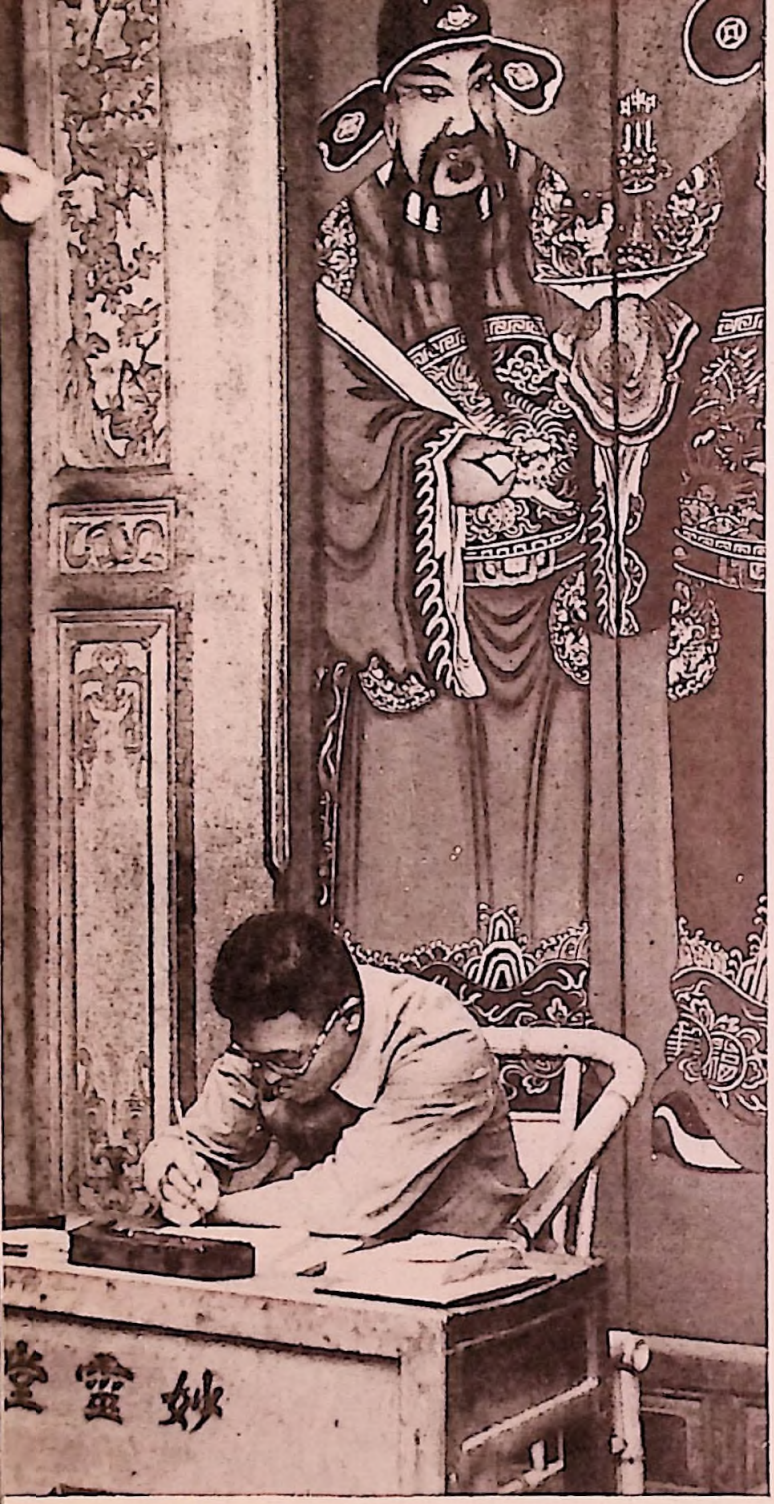
In the next instant, if her dispositions were good, the poor girl was Mary and climbing swiftly to heaven and the happiness of a second Wedding Day. We worked on her for an hour more before giving up hope, and then they took her body away.

Hardly a day passes that does not bring some case of snake or scorpion bite in this hot, rainy season. In a crisis like this the people are absolutely helpless. Snakes are as old as India, but as yet no one has gotten around to stocking snake medicine in the villages, and

so when a case occurs, the need is always desperate. Half in hope and half in despair, they come running to us as their last resort. How much better I could serve them if it were for their souls' need they came to me, even as a last resort.

But I do what I can. I keep a stock of a snake remedy called *Tiriaq*, discovered by a priest in South India. At all times of the day and night cases have come in, and all but one have walked away, fully recovered. That one, whose story I have told, did not come, I think, for medicine alone.

This is one of the services a missionary can give to the poor of all faiths. It does not cost very much, and in their poor lives the effect is the nearest thing to a miracle that they will ever see. It is strictly a service, with no strings attached, but no man who owes his life to another can fail in the duty of gratitude, though it may never be expressed, and frequently is not. Only one leper in ten came back to thank Our Lord. The ratio is about the same today. No one who has ever taken the treatment has ever offered me anything for my church or orphans or even to meet the cost of the medicine, but I feel that a great fund of good will is built up. And after all, no one wants to be paid for a miracle, even a minor miracle, or a wonder drug, and that is what *Tiriaq* is to me. I do not know of any other means by which the name of the Catholic Mission could spread so far into hamlets I have never seen or come to be a real-life necessity in the lives of so many who would otherwise have no interest at all in Christ.



JOHN E. BLEWETT S.J.

LETTERS EDGED WITH GOLD

I THINK HIS NAME WAS Paphnutius. It doesn't make too much difference; it's what he did that makes your hair stand on end. He was the man, as I remember from my novitiate reading of the lives of the saints, who burned a packet of letters unopened, unread. Alone in the desert, sunk in God, he could not be distracted with news of his sister's child or of the new flames of former friends. So into the fire went the letters, and Paphnutius went his holy way.

I used to marvel at him, admire him in a somewhat grudging way. But now, years later, I think Paphnutius shortchanged himself. Maybe I'm wrong, but I didn't think so last night when I untied a sheaf of old letters I had carried with me from the Orient a few years ago.

The first was penned by a man in Tokyo whom I met only once and then only for a few minutes. "It was three years ago that my dear son departed," it opened. "I remember that you were very kind on that occasion to comfort me and my family for which I am grateful so much."

My mind snapped back to a rainy June evening in 1950. I was tired, with heaps of uncorrected examination papers sullenly standing between me and bed. Suddenly a Japanese student burst in. "Will you please come, Father, to say some prayers for Haruo? He has recently died, and his relatives are gathered for the funeral tomorrow."

I had never met Haruo or the family but, while jeeping over to the house, I learned that they were Buddhists with leanings toward Christianity. Haruo had asked for baptism before death, but the message never reached the priest who had been instructing him.

My prayer was simple, a request to the Father Who knows the falling of every sparrow to accept the soul of the lad who had died before receiving the baptism he desired. The Buddhist father thanked me warmly, presented me to other members of the family, promised never to forget.

Three years later the family gathered for an anniversary service. They recalled the details of Haruo's death and burial. Mention was made of the American Jesuit, returned to the States for his theological studies. The relatives agreed that they should again extend their thanks. That night an air letter was winging its way across the Pacific.

The firm handwriting of the next two letters betrays the strong character of the writer, a Japanese girl in her late twenties, recently married. I remember how eagerly I had raced through them when they arrived, looking for news of her acceptance into the Church. No such news. Her fine mind was still wavering on the razor edge of decision. The books I had recommended she read but, "Since the turn of the year, I got—not tired, but somewhat scared . . ." Child of flesh and blood, she knows that baptism means burial with Christ, the call to heroism. She is still waiting, perhaps still "scared."

The next letter, now three years old, I reread with sadness. The eight closely-written pages might have been torn from a diary, so personal, so mind-revealing are they. They were penned by a young person, whom I would not hesitate to call brilliant, whose faith after years of flickering in the winds of difficulties and questioning had finally guttered out. "I sometimes wonder why it is that many of us Japanese feel the nihilistic 'eternalism' of India so much easier to comprehend than the concept of creation and of a personal God." I wonder too.

But not all the letters end on a minor chord. The next one acquaints me with the decision of its writer to enter the convent. An only girl of an ancient Japanese family, she could not have found it easy to convince her Buddhist mother that she was not being disloyal to the best traditions of her country in exchanging natural for supernatural motherhood.

The Wisconsin postmark on the next letter momentarily startles me. Who could have written that? Ah yes, the Vietnamese student who kindly answered a question on religious psychology for me. "Was the moral teaching which you received at home explicitly connected with religious belief?"

One of fifteen children, the writer had received a great deal of moral training from her Buddhist parents. After paragraphs of detailed explanation she concluded: "On the whole it seems to me that even though bad actions are referred to as sinful, shameful or low, there is no strong religious conviction behind the whole thing. This is where the trouble comes in. Those principles of earlier times don't work in our society any more now that we are in contact with the modern West."

There are many more letters in the packet: from an ever-smiling hospital sister in Pakistan; from an American librarian in Thailand; from a Japanese student carefully outlining his reasons for wanting to continue his studies in the States; from a girl from Singapore exulting over the evening courses in Theology she attends after a wearying day at the office . . .

As I tighten the band round the letters, I ask myself how Paphnutius did it. For I have found out that frequently my fires of motivation burn low, seem almost to die out. Then it is that a rereading of old letters reminds me that people across the world have a claim on me, on the Mass I daily offer, on my distraction-cluttered prayers and tiny sacrifices. As I pitch my packet, not into the flames, but into my trunk, I thank God for people who write letters, letters edged with gold.

THE STORY OF MODERN Africa might be called "History in a Hurry." Only yesterday events on the Dark Continent moved in the massively leisurely way in which history is made. A decade, in all decency, should be more than a moment in the evolution of a social pattern; the development of national unity, too, is—or always has been —a long, slow growth which cannot be forced.

History, however, is a narration of facts, and the facts about modern Africa do not fit that pattern. The Dark Continent may have been dark yesterday, but today it is ablaze with light, even with flame. The historical processes that a century ago might have lumbered along through stages of discernible growth have been accelerated almost beyond our imagining. The work of a decade is telescoped into a year or two. A whole continent is in explosive ferment. A young world is being rushed into adulthood without the merciful transition of adolescence.

The mission intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for July, "That the danger of atheistic materialism may be averted in Africa," indicates how serious the problem is for the Church. The sobering fact is that communism can, and may, win much of the continent.

Perhaps the chief reason for communism's golden chance is the fact that history is moving too fast in Africa. The result is turmoil, uncertainty, rootlessness, a tendency to strike blindly at the

Window on the Mission World

Atheistic materialism may be a new and repugnant idea to young Africa, but communism can argue persuasively.

unprofitable past and to clutch, just as blindly, at some present anchor.

To many in Africa, an appealing and solid anchor seems to be atheistic materialism. In a generation they have seen their past evanesce. When one abandons the spear and age-old tribal unity for a machine and the anonymity of the worker's compound, the tendency is to abandon the whole past, including religion.

The white man has made it cynically clear that what counts is profit, and the black man is quick to learn. If he is too slow to see that he is being exploited as an industrial hand, or that the immense wealth of his land is being drained away by foreigners, then communist agitators are there to whisper the news.

He is especially ready to listen since his growing sense of nationalism and patriotism is involved. The world-wide reaction to colonialism is a ready-made tool for the communists. Hatred for the white colonist can easily be extended to hatred for all his works, including his foreign religion.

It is hard to believe, but even the Western friends of Africa are busily and blindly aiding the growth of atheistic materialism. The uprooted African's mentors stress material culture with no reference to the thing that gives it meaning, religion. And more and more the crucially important mission schools are being supplanted by state schools, where religion is unimportant.

Africa, then, is in grave danger of losing her soul. Only the Church can save her. But because our present resources are so pitifully inadequate for the great task, we must turn even more instantly to fervent prayer. God save Africa!

THERE'S A FAMILIAR saying, "God must love crowds—He makes so many of them." Well, over here in Formosa we are trying to make crowds, too, and then explain to them the why and how of God loving them, collectively and individually. The quickest way, of course, to draw a crowd is to start a fight but we can hardly make use of that method. So we employ other ways to get our message across.

Two years ago the Catholic Church was unheard of here in Hsinchu Province. As a matter of fact, Christianity was looked upon very unfavorably, an attitude based mainly on the ill-advised proselytizing of the Protestants who preached against idols and ancestor worship, the fundamental traditions of the Hsinchu people. So when we' arrived here from the China mainland there was an urgent need of preaching positive Catholic doctrine from the house-tops.

One of our first steps was to set up the Jesuit Catechetical Center which is our base of operations. But we couldn't expect the crowds to come flocking in simply because we were waiting for them. We had to find ways to make them come to the Center and, once they were there, to make them return.

So out into the highways and byways we go, not on foot but in our Ford truck with its public address system. The loud-

GOD

LOUIS J. DOWD S.J.

Brother Griffin S.J. on Hsinchu streets with Ford truck and public address system. (Above) Father Dowd listens to a Junior Apostle instructing his class.

LOVES CROWDS

speakers blare out our invitation to a lecture and movie and we have enough volume behind it to overcome even the noisy din so common to the streets of the Far East. These lectures have been well attended and have helped to make the Church known to the general public.

At the entrance to the Center is our Visual-Aid Service Department, presided over by Miss Doris Yeh, a graduate of the college in Shanghai run by the Mothers of the Sacred Heart. A glance at the materials in the department will show the means we use to hold the attention of the interested. There are projectors, film strips, picture charts, roll-up blackboards, flash cards, etc. There is also a catechetical reference library.

One of our most important weapons is the training school for lay teachers of religion. A typical product of this training is Miss Katherine Wu, a native Formosan and a recent convert. Like most of the young men and women in her class, she speaks Taiwanese, Mandarin and Japanese. In the mornings and early afternoons her visits take her to the homes of catechumens or to the various sub-centers, where she instructs groups of housewives. After school hours and on Sundays she has catechism class for public school children. She follows the basic rules for all of the Center's teachers, taking with her a projector, film strip, pictures, chalk, and a couple of interesting stories.

Katherine, as are most of our graduate catechists, is a member of Our Lady's Sodality. She meditates before Mass every morning, receives Holy Communion, says her rosary daily, etc. It is needless to say how valuable these native catechists are in our program.

We also have our Junior Apostles, a select group of students and young workers who teach catechism after school or work. For example, Hsiao Li (pictured above) can hold his grammar school audience for an hour every day with colored film strips, pictures and stories. With help like this, the Church in Hsinchu will certainly flourish.

THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION FOR AUGUST

"That the education of youth in Japan may rest upon the foundation of religion."

A FEW YEARS AGO 700 young boys and girls in the old capital city of Kyoto answered a questionnaire aimed at discovering the roots of the materialistic atheism so prevalent in Japan. One question was, "Is God perhaps only a product of the human imagination?" Only 14% did not hesitate to affirm the existence of God! More than half denied that existence outright while the rest were uncertain.

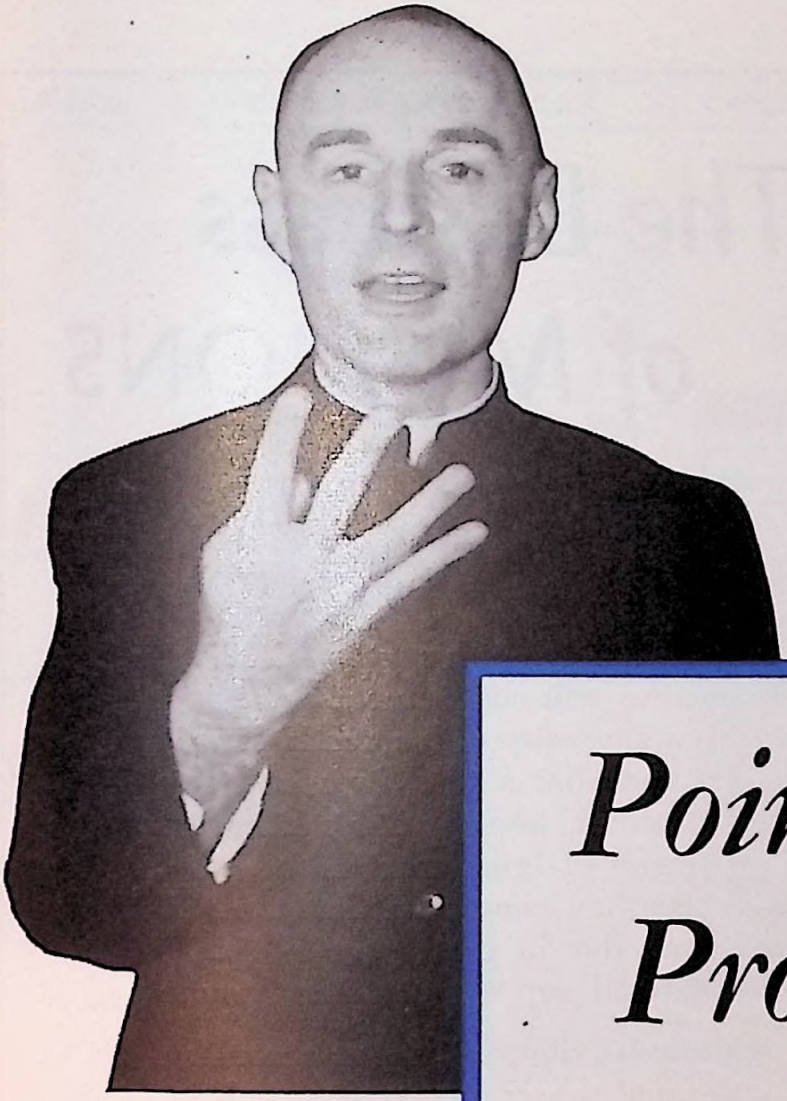
Another survey of 2,000 students in Tokyo universities revealed the fact that over 80% of them were infected with materialism or professed some sort of atheism. What are the reasons behind these widespread denials of the divinity?

First of all, there has been no moral or religious instruction in the public schools. After the war (and following the example of certain Western countries) all such training was forbidden. The result was exactly what would be expected. Now the Ministry of Education is desperately trying to restore some sort of moral or religious instruction to the schools of the nation.

Another reason is the social conditions which the majority of Japanese youth must face. It has been computed that over 70% must work their way through school. And this has to be done under conditions far from ideal. The food problem in Japan has been acute for some years and poor nutrition has resulted in much pulmonary disease. One-fifth of the students have been affected this way.

The Communists have made the most of these conditions and one source does not hesitate to assert that 60% of the students of Japan are Communistic. This may be somewhat exaggerated but it cannot be denied that the easy promises of the Communist have found ready and eager acceptance among a very high proportion of students.

Another cause of this insidious growth has been the fundamental ignorance of so many of the people. They never had the opportunity to learn about God or moral values and they naturally drifted with the tide. Our missionaries have been appalled at the complete lack of basic knowledge among the students in Catholic schools but they have also realized that many of these young ones are sincerely groping for the truth. The number of conversions in our schools is high but we must remember that the total enrollment is only a tiny percentage of all the students in Japan. For the month of August let us pray fervently for this intention of the Holy Father.



Point Four Program

Father Dowd's vigorous catechetical program for Formosan youth depends on four points. See story page 20. Please pick your favorite and help.

1. Catechist's support—$15.00 a month. Seven catechists are now teaching.
2. Still picture projectors—He needs two, costing $40.00 apiece.
3. Film strips—$3.50 each. Needs $300 for these.
4. Movie projector—$350. Present machine worn out.

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The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

On July 31st of this year 32,899 sons of St. Ignatius will commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of his death. Every Jesuit rightly cherishes a filial love and reverence for the spiritual heritage of his father Ignatius. In the heart of Ignatius, as in his sons, there is the constant conviction that their achievements are due in great part to the spiritual and material support of their friends.

During his life St. Ignatius prescribed both Masses and prayers to be said each week by his sons for the benefactors of the Society of Jesus. Granted that during life he had such a genuine gratitude towards benefactors, one can rightly presume that he is a powerful advocate in heaven for anyone assisting his sons in their labors for the greater honor and glory of God.

Without you how could we in America send aid to our 1,193 Jesuit brothers in eighteen different missions of the world? For your sacrificial loyalty a Novena of Masses will be offered in honor of St. Ignatius. Neither Ignatius nor his sons will limit their prayers for you to nine days but rather they will continue until your days become eternity.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

(Rev.) Coleman A. Daily S.J.

AFIELD with American Jesuits

TRADE SECRETS

How separate the blackboard from the jungle? Teachers and prefects since Adam have pondered this problem. Now two American Jesuits in the island of Ceylon suggest the following procedures.

Joseph McGill S.J. recommends this routine: always bring a copy of the Tamil Reader (first grade version) to the boys' recreation. If they begin to drift away or become occupied with something on the doubtful side, produce the book and begin to read aloud, very loud. The mispronunciation will immediately collect a crowd of impromptu tutors.

Father Joseph Sommers S.J. tends to the modern. Amplifiers, recorders, wires running in all directions, these so intrigue the lads that there is hardly a moment left over for trouble. He is experimenting with recordings of routine school announcements, even the school bell. "My purpose," he tells us, "is to render myself superfluous."

SPOTLIGHT

Father Claude Daly of the Ceylon Mission may appear from his photo to be on the serious side but his contributions to JM belie that impression. We won't go so far as to say that Ceylon has its own Baron Munchausen; we prefer merely to say that Father Daly was born in Texas. But when a letter does come in from him our misgivings are always overcome eventually by our delight.

One of nine children, he spent most of his youth in Shreveport, Louisiana. Two months afer his fifteenth birthday he entered the Society of Jesus. This year he celebrates his Silver Jubilee as a Jesuit.

He is pastor now at Sorikalmunai, an inland village, where he takes time out from duties, Tamil study, etc., to inform us that Ceylon water weighs 1 2/3 pounds more per gallon than American water. Pray for this missionary of the light-hearted pen.

TRADE REPORT

Father John P. Sullivan S.J. of Jamaica represented the Holy See at the Second Technical Conference on Caribbean Co-operatives in British Guiana. Excerpts from his report:

"On my flight to and from British Guiana there were stopovers for a few days each in Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico and Trinidad. However, in Haiti I didn't have the time to investigate too thoroughly but I did discover a number of caisses populaires (Credit Unions) in operation around Port-au-Prince.

"In Puerto Rico, you come constantly across new and arresting developments on the social scene. The Commonwealth's co-op movement is growing uproariously. This trip the most arresting event for me was the fact that the insular government has recently allocated $800,000 (U.S. currency) for overall co-op promotion. A fantastic figure comparable to the almost invisible wherewithal available in B.W.I. territories for the same co-op objectives. For example the government of Jamaica allows me for co-op extension $1,400 (U.S. currency) annually. Hence I get weak when I think of that $800,000 figure in Puerto Rico.

"On the island of Trinidad close to the coast of Venezuela the pace of co-op development in very recent years has been sharply accelerated. In Trinidad incorporated Credit Unions alone number 215 and this after roughly eight years of effort. In Jamaica we have 70 full fledged Credit Unions and we have been banging away at it for over 15 years!

"For variety and originality in co-op formation you have to hand it to British Guiana. Here in B.G. you find ferry co-ops to carry food and people; transport co-ops for lugging crops; charcoal burning co-ops, fishing co-ops, school co-ops and all types of credit co-ops. Curiously, of the over 500 incorporated co-op societies in British Guiana there is only one bona fide Credit Union as we know the institution in Jamaica!

"However, the most vivid and startling co-op challenge I met during this recent hegira is definitely in the Dominican Republic. In Santo Domingo, under the leadership of Padre Pablo Steele, S.F.M., tireless Canadian missionary, the sheer statistics and speed of things bowl you over. After only five years of activity Father Steele now has 80 incorporated Credit Unions with a total membership of 16,000. Fifty more Credit Unions are on the way through the study club funnel to incorporation. Amazing: every single one of these Credit Unions operates in a strictly rural area!

"The C.U. League in the Dominican Republic employs nine full-time lay assistants. All but two of these work out in the field, in the rural stretches of the country. No bonding of co-op and C.U. officers handling money yet exists in the Republic. Outside of the capital city only three banks exist in the country parts—an area of 20,000 square miles. Hence the consequent problem of delay in the depositing of C.U. funds. There are no full time operating Credit Unions at all."

EMILY POST IN JAPAN

Five freshmen of Sophia University underwent a "Western Weekend" in the Hakone Mountains. Their director, or archtormentor as the case may be, was Robert Deiters S.J.

"The agreement was that we would do things the American way. One of the high points was when I prepared a Western-style meal: mushroom soup, chili con carne, French Fries, and raw carrot sticks. I showed them how to set up the table, hold spoon, knife, and fork, etc. After I had finished the briefing we started on the soup. Sure

enough! A chorus of loud slurps came from all around the table. I laughed, because this is one of the points of their etiquette so strange to us. It seems that the slant-eyed Emily Posts smile approvingly at the sound of loud slurps and sucking noises when one is drinking tea. The reason is, they say, that by sucking in the tea it is vaporized and the odor goes up into the nostrils and brings out the flavor better. Try sucking in a good hot cup of coffee sometime. If you do it once, you may develop a secret vice somewhat akin to dunking your toast.

"Before they had a chance to pick up their plates in their left hand and bring it up right under their mouths, I warned them that we usually leave the plate on the table. The next temptation, which I also forestalled, was to bend down over the plate to cut down the transportation distance. I explained that Westerners prefer to sit up straight even at the expense of a few spots on their tie and shirt front. From then on they sat up straight as ramrods and plied the fork in perfect form, except that they looked like young surgeons performing their first operation. (I'll bet Mom never thought that I would ever be teaching table manners.)"

PATIENCE VS. RED TAPE

In the Philippines Father John Lipman of the China Mission spent a hectic three weeks over official exit documents for his men.

"There are 16 of the Fathers who will be leaving the Philippines, and the preparations required for leaving the country are anything but simple. There are five different sets of papers to be filled out, with from three to five copies of each form. When this process is completed, then you have to take the papers and begin the rounds of the various and sundry offices concerned. First to the finger-print bureau where they make a complete set of your finger and hand prints. You also need a 30¢ revenue stamp plus 70¢ charge for the papers. Then to the Chief of the Police to have your clearance signed and stamped. After this comes the Court Clearance, which means another 30¢ stamp and one peso charges, and the signature on the five copies of the clearance of the Clerk of Court.

"Next on the program is a five-mile ride out in the country (the scenery is beautiful) to the Police Constabulary Headquarters for the equivalent of an FBI clearance. Here it always happens that the Commander, who must sign the papers, is out of the office, which means another trip back the next day. Another 30¢ stamp and three pictures are needed here. Then back to the City Hall for the Tax Clearance which in itself is, to say the least, a rather complicated process. It involves getting cleared for Income Tax, Internal Revenue Tax, Municipal Taxes, City Service Taxes (whatever that means!) and Alien Registration. It also involves two 30¢ stamps, one 75¢ stamp, an eight Peso stamp, and a notarized guarantee by a responsible person the applicant's possible taxes will be paid in his absence from the country! When you have been through this procedure for 16 men, in groups of two or three, you are inclined to be a bit fed up with red tape. Patience is truly a wonderful virtue!"

SEASONAL NOTE

Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J. reports from Formosa. "James Rude S.J., on catechetical experiment with his Mandarin, was instructing with the aid of film slides. Projecting a picture of heaven with the gates closed, he explained that this represented heaven before the Incarnation and the Redemption. To test the effectiveness of his explanation he asked one child why the gates were closed. The answer came readily. 'They were all on vacation!' May you be, too."

The Winning of

TOWARDS SUNSET OF A SUMMER'S evening, an outrigger put in to the harbor here at Truk. It had come all the way across the open sea from Murilo, a small coral island some 75 miles northeast, with nothing to guide it except the stars and the hoary captain's experience. The trip was made to bring a message from the chief of the island to the Mission Superior. The chief begged that a priest be sent to explain the Faith to him and his people. We were dumbfounded! For six years one of the Fathers had been trying to win a hearing from these people, and for six years they had turned deaf ears to his preaching. Now, of their own accord, they were asking to be instructed.

But now there was no priest available either. It seemed that the opportunity would have to be missed. And then someone thought of Hermes, a very promising boy who was attending the mission school at the time.

But would the people listen to him? He was only 20; the chief and the elders would be two and three times that age. Besides, he had had very little experience at such work, and out there, all by himself, he would have to make a lot of decisions that aren't answered in the books! But he was a mature, sensible young man, and very zealous. So Father McGowan decided to send him.

Hermes' reception at the island bore out our fears. When the people saw that

Murilo islanders weaving coconut mats. (Official U. S. Navy photo)

instead of a priest, a mere boy had been sent them, they were offended. In true Oriental fashion they were most courteous in receiving him as their guest; but they would have nothing to do with his instructing them. Still, he decided to stay for a few weeks and see what would happen.

Now that he had a good bit of time on his hands, he felt that he should look about for some way to repay these people's hospitality, for they were providing him with food and lodging. At the time there was no school teacher on the island, so Hermes asked the chief if he might conduct some classes each day for the children. He didn't realize it at the time, but actually he had hit upon the means that would soon break down the people's prejudice.

This business of school was new to the children, and curiosity, more than any love of learning, brought some thirty children to his classes each day. Fortunately, Hermes is one of those people who are excellent teachers almost by nature, so that it was not long before the children had forgotten their initial reticence, and were looking on this young stranger as "their very close friend." The three hours of class each morning were a real delight to them, and in the evening they would recount to their families all that Hermes had taught them in school that day.

How had this young man, a total stranger, captivated the affections of all these children so completely? The older people were frankly curious, and they decided to find the answer. Soon Hermes noticed that during class time each day a group of adults just "happened" to be sitting under a group of trees very close to the thatched hut where he was holding classes. If Hermes invited them in, they would politely refuse, pretending that they were completely uninterested. Hermes now found, however, that they were no longer treating him like a mere boy, but like one of themselves. He was gaining their respect now, and this renewed his hopes.

One evening some weeks later the chief held a meeting of all the elders in the village meeting house. The discussion was earnest and protracted, but when it was finally finished the chief approached Hermes and asked that he teach the people about the Faith. It was not long before almost the entire island was under instruction. For two and a half busy months Hermes taught them the prayers and explained the catechism. It was taxing work for a boy so young and so inexperienced, yet so successful was he that when a priest was finally able to visit the islands the chief and sixty-five of the people were ready to be baptized immediately; the others were baptized a month or so later.

Murilo

FELIX L. CLARKSON S.J.

Church of the Soldier Saint

THE CHURCH OF ST. IGNATIUS Loyola in the Hindu village of Kallady in Ceylon has waged an uphill battle for years for its very existence. So a more fitting saint could not have been chosen as its Titular than the man who once defended so heroically the ramparts of Pamplona against the French.

Back in 1928 the Jesuit Father Happenot who worked in the Batticaloa area succeeded, by his kindness and tact, in getting a toehold in Kallady, a Hindu stronghold. He erected a small cadjan hut as a church and, because it was Father Happenot, no outcry was raised against it by the Hindus.

Mass conversion in this area was out of the question but little by little the kind priest brought a handful of families into the Church. Each year he invited the old Catholics from Sinna Uppodai across the lagoon to help these new Catholics celebrate the Feast of St. Ignatius. So the Catholics of Kallady received a concrete demonstration of devotion to the saint.

In the following years many difficulties sprang up. The scarcity of priests meant Mass only once a month; the isolated Catholics, living in the midst of Hindu customs and morals, were ashamed of their poor cadjan church in contrast to the magnificent Hindu temple close by; and there were disagreements and misunderstandings between priests and people. But the fight went on. Each year the priest gathered his scattered flock, some of whom had strayed far, for the Feast of St. Ignatius.

When I came to Kallady a few years ago the sight that met my eyes was heartbreaking. The Catholic graves near the church had been left unattended and the crosses had disappeared or were about to fall. Cows and goats wandered in and out of the church and rain poured in through a gaping hole in the roof. But strangely enough, the statue of St. Ignatius had been untouched by sun or rain! And the people were genuinely glad to see me.

That day I resolved to take up again the fight for St. Ignatius Church. I had no money so I turned to Mr. Lawrence Sebastianpillai of Trincomalee who had in former days spearheaded the fight to preserve the feast day of St. Ignatius in Sinna Uppodai and Kallady. He was a builder and, although in poor health, he consented to attempt the restoration.

In one afternoon the orphan boys of St. Sebastian's under the direction of Brother Richard cleared away the remains of the cadjan hut and moved the altar to a

A candle is lit in Kallady.

safe place. There is no road leading to the church so bricks, timber, cement, etc. had to be brought in by boat.

Our plans were simple ones, dictated by a lean purse —half walls, no windows or doors and a cadjan roof—but once the work was underway money began to come in. Even the Hindus donated materials or labor. And one fine day our Catholics of Kallady proudly dedicated their beautiful church. It was the Feast of St. Ignatius, of course.

But the fight isn't over! A school is being erected and 22 Catholic families from Sinna Uppodai are moving in. As a result, objections have arisen and letters of protest sent to the Government. *But St. Ignatius loves a fight!*

From letters we have gleaned the following items:

Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

At St. Michael's in Ceylon the missionaries are quite concerned about a sanitation problem. Improvements in the present facilities are absolutely necessary to safeguard the health of the students. The situation, without exaggeration, is critical and the missionaries do not have the money to take care of this urgent need. In their dilemma they turn to you again with the hope that you may be able to send $1.00 to help them provide decent conditions for the boys. Please help, if you can.

An Immeasurable Help in the teaching of catechism in the Philippines has been supplied by film strips and catechetical films. You know how pictures can hold the attention of squirming children. You appreciate, then, why Father Stoffel asks for the film strips, as he mops his brow and wonders how his teaching is being received by restless children. If you would like to make an investment in a spiritual project that will bring the beautiful truths of religion to the mission children, here are suggestions:

Film strip—

On the Sacraments	$5.00
On the Stations	$5.00
On the Mass	$15.00

The Congregation Is Large but there is no chapel on Grand Turk Island.

Father Frank Osborne takes care of this new mission assignment on weekends after teaching during the week at St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica. Father's generosity gives him work seven days a week. This he accepts willingly, trusting God will bless his efforts and will inspire generous benefactors to help build the chapel.

Though the chapel will cost $8,000 Father Osborne has hopes of a large number of gifts of $1.00 to $5.00 for the chapel.

Will you help, please?

The Sisters and Orphans are 6 miles away and one of the priests from Loyola School, Jamshedpur, makes the bicycle trip to the Orphanage every morning for Mass. The younger priests don't mind the exercise but the 12-mile round trip by bicycle is too wearing on the older men, especially under the hot Indian sun. Whether young or old the priests could save time and would have more vigor for their teaching jobs if the bicycle could be replaced by a scooter. For the scooter, would you help with a gift of $1.00 or $2.00?

The Chapel Is Finished at Scammon Bay, Alaska, and Father Hargreaves has said Mass there.

However, the interior is entirely unfurnished. Father needs money for vestments, altar cloths, pews and stations. Would you help furnish the chapel?

Vestments	$25.00
Altar Cloths	$10.00
Pews	$40.00
Stations	$7.50

The Cassocks of the Missionaries in the tropics need frequent laundering. The light material of the cassocks becomes frayed after many washings and the garment must be replaced.

To clothe the missionary—

Cassock	$15.00

LAND $150

CHAPEL $500

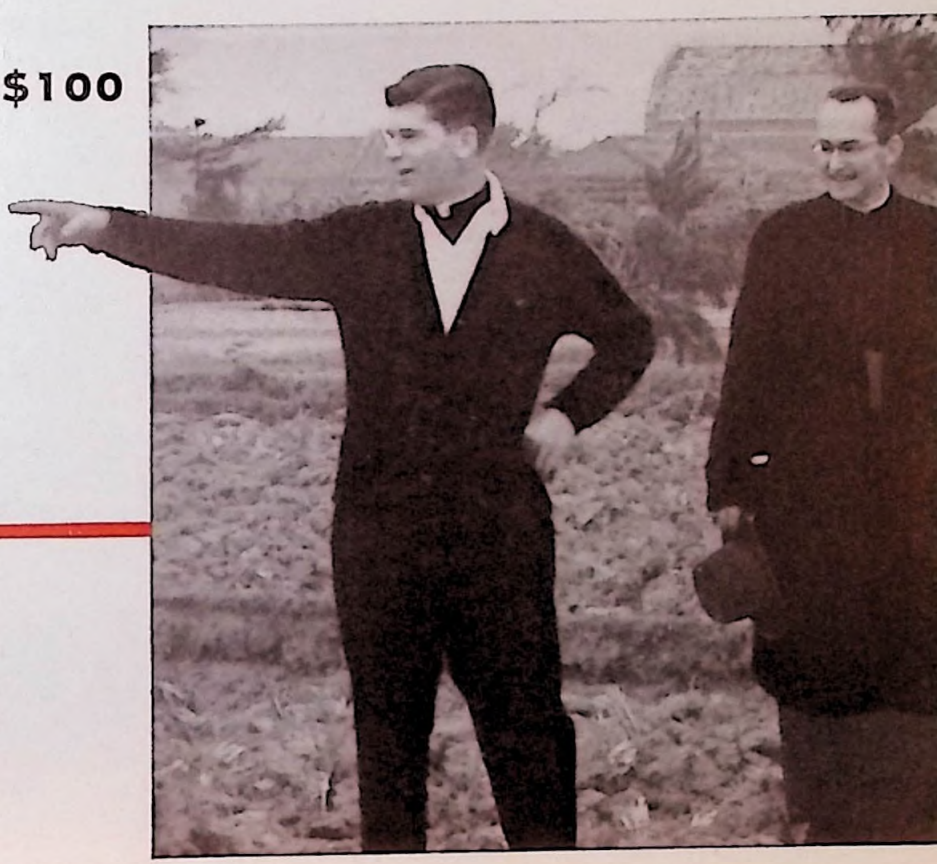
PRIEST'S ROOM $100

PEWS $75

ALTAR $50

STATUES $10

ORGAN $95



Walls for St. Paul's...

An empty lot has no walls.
St. Paul's is an empty lot.
Will you help Fr. John Brennan S.J.
build walls for St. Paul's
at Hsinchu, Formosa?
He points above at his needs.

JESUIT *Missions*

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

This is My Life!

THE CHURCH in Jamaica is growing surely. And one of the surest signs of this growth is the steady increase of candidates for the priesthood. Years of study lay ahead for each of us to train us to serve our people well. A dollar a day supports us. Would you be willing to spare a dollar a week from your income to help us prepare?

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