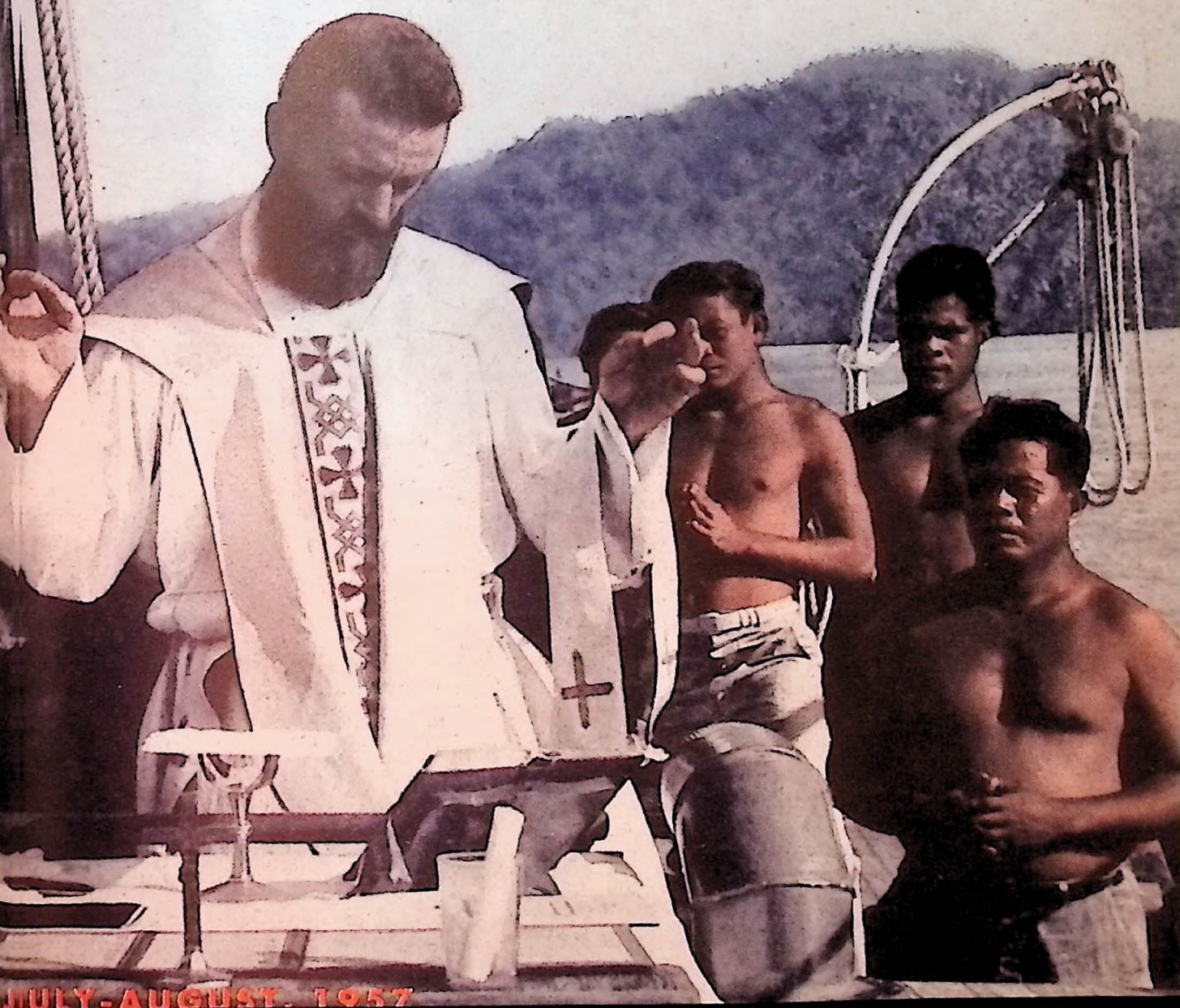


Jesuit Missions





History may never adequately solve
the time-shrouded anomaly that is

THE MYSTERY OF

Mohammed

IT IS SUNSET at Casablanca in Morocco. From the minarets of every mosque in this western port of Africa a cry pierces the lifeless air. "La ilaha illa'llah; muhamed rasulu'llah!" "There is no god but God; and Mohammed is God's prophet!" The city falls silent.

It is an echo of the cry that rose hours earlier in the farthest reaches of Indonesia and was taken up successively through Burma, India, Iran and all the Near East, Egypt and the northern coast countries as well as in the heart and bulky shoulders of Africa. It is a cry that links the Sulu Sea with the waves of the Atlantic—it also links one-seventh of all mankind, the four hundred million plus Moslems who follow Mohammed.

There are mysteries to Islam, some of them half-mysteries whose solution can be seen against the background of its origin and history and especially against the psychological make-up of the people among whom it flourished. It never captured the minds of men in the sense that it brought intellectual conviction. It has too many contradictions against the natural law. Islam has never gained a foothold among peoples governed by either

intellect or will; it belongs to the people psychologically dominated by emotion. Its strength lies in the weakness of men who are unwilling to labor either intellectually or morally. It promises quick results, an easier road, a life without complexity. If we wonder at its success we can remember Communism and its superficial attraction in our own days.

But one of the greatest mysteries is the man who set this tremendous power in motion, whose name was ever on the lips of the brown horsemen sweeping out of the Arabian desert to conquer a world that encompassed the Lions of Granada and the far slopes of Cathay. What kind of man was Mohammed? What was his teaching and on what was it based?

Space permits us to touch on only one facet of that subject but it is worthy of consideration. Oftentimes Islam has been called a Christian heresy and it has been said that it derived its power from the Christian elements it contains. No one claims it was a heresy in the strict sense; that Mohammed was a Christian who fell away from the faith. What is meant is that Mohammed took his doctrines from the teaching of the Christian

(Left) A Moslem of Nigeria in Africa. Abdullahi Jada, a member of the famous Fulani tribe, is a student at Sanaru Agricultural Training School where he studies soil conservation and crop increase. Nigeria is a borderline country between Islam and Christianity. (British Info. photo)

COVER. Father William Rively S.J. celebrates Mass on shipboard while visiting his mission stations in the Mortlock Islands, south of the Truk atoll. The Caroline and Marshall Islands are part of Oceania, whose missionaries are recommended to our prayers in July by the Pope.

Church and then molded them to his own specific purpose. The basis for this claim is the apparent similarities in the two beliefs, indicating either a mutual origin or derivation of one from the other. Suppose we take a look at the Koran, the sacred book of Islam.

The Koran has about fifty references to "the people of the Book," meaning the Jews and Christians. Time and again Mohammed attests his belief in the inspiration, the genuinity and the authority of the revealed Scriptures of these peoples. In Sura (or chapter) 46 he plainly states the main object of the Koran, to provide the Arabs with a confirmation in their own language of previous revelations. Every single reference by Mohammed to the Jewish and Christian Scriptures shows profound respect and reverence. He appeals to these Scriptures as evidence of his own claims to recognition. But just how much did Mohammed know of our Scriptures?

First of all, in his time there was no Arabic translation of the Gospels and from the teaching of the Koran we can see that Mohammed never came into direct contact with them. He speaks of the Gospels as if they were a collection of matter divinely revealed to Jesus, as the Law was to Moses, and he never gives any indication of knowing that they are a record of the life of Jesus. Any direct contact with the Scriptures would have prevented the distortion of their contents, as has happened most clearly in the stories of the prophets.

The Koran has twenty-five passages that speak of Jesus, some in detail and others merely in passing. Boiling them all down to their essentials we find that Mohammed admitted two things of Christ, the Virgin Birth and the power of working miracles. But neither of these versions is based on the canonical Gos-

pels. So many claim that Mohammed had access to the apocryphal Gospels, e.g. the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy, the Greek Gospel of St. Thomas or the Protoevangelium Jacobi Minoris, for the details found in the Koranic passages are also in these apocrypha.

If this were true, how could he flatly deny other truths clearly contained in these books? After all, the apocryphal writings are based on the true Gospels. But Mohammed denied the divinity of Christ and the crucifixion; he not only confused Mary with the sister of Aaron but even made her a member of the Blessed Trinity! He has no idea of what Christ taught, except the oneness of God. He has no concept of the Sacraments and, considering the way he went after the Arabian idolators, he would hardly have passed over in silence the Sacrifice of the Mass. There is no redemption, nor even a need for it, in the Koran.

It is important to note the meagreness or even the complete lack of information on Mohammed's part in regard to Christ. He has a very few facts and they are distorted. The same thing is true of the bulk of Christian teaching. So we are faced with this problem: Mohammed admitted the genuinity, the authenticity and the inspirations of the Gospels—yet he denied outright much of what was contained in them! The solution seems to be that he had no acquaintance with any Gospel, canonical or apocryphal, but had gleaned his meagre information from wandering storytellers.

H. U. W. Stanton, one of the authorities on the Koran, sums up the mystery in this fashion. "It remains one of the outstanding anomalies of history that the religious genius of Arabia, who staked the truth of his message on the witness of previous Scriptures, should have utterly neglected to verify their contents and

The call to prayer goes forth five times a day, no matter how ornate or shabby the local mosque may be. Here at Nineveh in northern Iraq, beside the spot which marks the grave of the Prophet Jonas, again is sounded the thirteen-hundred-year-old cry of "La ilaha illa'llah—There is no god but God!"



should have successfully inspired his followers through the ages to a like neglect!"

"There is no god but God!" It is the idea of God that determines the whole moral spirit of a religion and Mohammed's concept of Allah is a one-sided, narrow apprehension that does not approach the Christian idea of God. The sense of God's exaltation above all created things, the infinite distance between the Creator and His works, man's utter dependence—it was this element that overbalanced and threw out of line Mohammed's whole system of religious teaching. His emphasis on the oneness and omnipotence of Allah with its consequent fatalism and denial of moral liberty must be clearly understood for

this is Mohammed's fundamental position in religion. There is an infinite gap, never to be bridged, between God and man. The essence of the Christian religion is that the chasm between God and man has already been bridged by Christ and the relationship established while Islam flatly denies the possibility.

Mohammed offered to men something higher than ancient paganism, a certain kind of faith that also had a freedom to it. Its obligations were few and simple but enough to satisfy a not too rigid conscience. There is a place for ambition, for generosity, for solidarity.

But... "la ilaha illa'llah..." ... somehow there is a hollowness, an emptiness, to that sunset cry.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



Father Walter Hogan with ship's captain and stevedore on Manila's tough waterfront.

A YOUNG FILIPINO Communist, who will live as a hunted animal in the mountains of Luzon until the day the army shoots him down, once said something that every Catholic might well blush at: "The day you Catholics put into practice the social teachings contained in the Papal Encyclicals, Communism will die a quiet death." But he added, almost regretfully, "However, that day will never come."

No man can ever say Father Walter Hogan S.J. has not done all one man can do to hasten that day. For ten years he has labored to work Christ's social message down into the lives of Manila's rich and poor. He has eaten, worked, waited with the poor. Once when a friend of his was killed in a dock labor dispute, he remained for months on the dock, eating the food the poor brought, sleeping on packing cases with newspapers wrapped

around him, to make sure no one else would be hurt.

Father Hogan, now in his middle 40s, was sent to lead the Society of Jesus' social apostolate among the Manila workmen and management over ten years ago. He began on the docks which are among the toughest in the whole East.

Now, after ten years there, he can tell you very graphically what his labor work and the whole social apostolate seeks to do: it aims to close the distance between what is and what ought to be. When he describes "what ought to be," you feel he is recalling his own father coming home on a payday. A man, when he gets his paycheck, he says, should be full of joy. He should be able to buy some candy for his children on the way home; he should be able to look forward to a clean home, a fair and happy wife, and children on the floor with their books.



DENIS P. MURPHY S.J.

A man who wouldn't scare and whose weapons were only truth and love has won the name of

Manila's Waterfront Priest

But what is the situation that exists on the Manila waterfront? On the Manila docks a man gets maybe 60 pesos (30 dollars) a month to take home. There is no money for candy. His home is a six-foot-square shack, often with a dirt floor, packed within inches of other shacks. Some families even live in the packing cases the Cadillacs come in. His wife is aged before her time, wearied with the filth and poverty. The youngsters are uneducated and unfed. The man himself is beaten down in despair. He may buy some cheap drink to forget his worries for the evening. Perhaps he visits a house of prostitution, so unattractive are his home surroundings.

Shall we merely be shocked or shall we get rid of his worst occasions of sin? Only heroic virtue would keep a man straight in such a set-up. That is the social problem. The social apostolate

wants to change that set-up. It wants to start unions, raise wages, get better working conditions and security, so that a man can live happily with his family without even being distracted by money at all. Then, and only then, will his environment really help him to be a good Catholic and a contented worker.

So often we think only of rescuing souls, fishing them out of sinful waters. The aim must be to change the water, the economic and social set-up, so that men can live in it happily and holily. Father Hogan has read the encyclicals of the Popes so many hundreds of times that their vision of a better life for the workingman has become a part of him. Now he cannot think of "workingman" without thinking of a "decent wage" and "a clean, comfortable home," etc. They go together like ham and eggs.

His most bitter enemies have been

some big businessmen and some politicians. These men welcomed him when they thought that "labor priest" meant a catechist to teach the workers respect for the bosses. But they came alive like wounded bulls, when he started to teach workers the way of organization into unions for justice. He was threatened with deportation. He hinted that if they deported him, his superiors might send someone much more capable like Father Corridan of the New York waterfront, and then they would really be in trouble. In the face of desperate greed that stopped at nothing, men who look to Father Hogan for advice have built up an honest union of over 30,000.

There are still people fighting encyclical principles of course; among them certain types of Catholics who manage to turn up in every country and who receive special treatment in the encyclical on Atheistic Communism: "It is unfortunately true that the manner of acting in certain Catholic circles has done much to shake the faith of the working classes in the religion of Jesus Christ. These groups have refused to understand that Christian charity demands the recognition of certain rights due to the workingman, which the Church has explicitly acknowledged . . ."

While Father Hogan makes it clear that responsible workers should have no part with provoking violence, he makes it equally clear that neither should good men be pushed around by hoodlums, that self-defense is a very sacred right and so is the defense of justice which is to be defended adequately, hoodlums and goons notwithstanding.

Father Hogan insists that we all ought to pay more attention to the Gospel text, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven."

He can be impatient with those who are unconscious of the plight of the poor. Indeed, he almost seems to vibrate in sympathy with the poor. He hasn't allowed that deep sympathy, however, to eat away his joy in work and people, or to blind him to the rest of life; he has retained a remarkable balance, like

St. Francis Xavier.

Even we churchmen can be guilty of neglecting the poor. Still these poor are Catholic deep down "in their blood." With them, Father Hogan says he feels closer to God than anywhere else. There is reality, he says, for there amid all the poverty are two fine virtues, kindness to one another and gratitude for the little good done them. There is little real malice among them. Their weaknesses are mostly those arising from misery, dire poverty, discouragement.

These poor will come back to the Church if someone, some priest, will go to them and tell them of their Mother's love for them. But he must help them to change their paycheck too. To tell them of the Church's love for them, while doing nothing to help, is to mock them and embitter them.

Father Hogan tells a story that shows how true it is that the poor are instinctively Catholic and only go astray when they lose contact with the burning love and justice of Christ's church.

He had known a Communist rebel leader killed by the army. Feeling that the family would find comfort in the visit of a priest, he decided to go over to the wake and speak to the wife. The room in which the body lay was long and dark, and around it sat many men, of whom probably half were themselves Communists. He went over, said a prayer by the riddled body and spoke to the widow. The air seemed charged with hostility. He hated to leave them like that. But he didn't know what to do. On an inspiration Father Hogan turned and asked them all to say some prayers with him for the soul of the young man. Then he began the Hail Mary in Tagalog, "Aba Ginoong Maria . . ." When he stood up and turned around to go out, there were tears in the eyes of many. Perhaps there wouldn't have been one Communist there or anywhere, if more priests and people had carried Christ's love and justice to the poor fifty years ago.

The docks of Manila will continue to hum with activity but there is a new note of hope in that hum, thanks be to a priest of God.

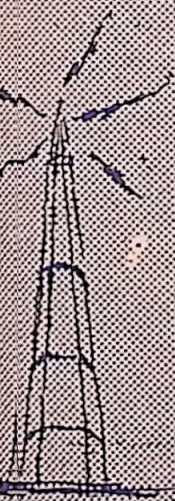
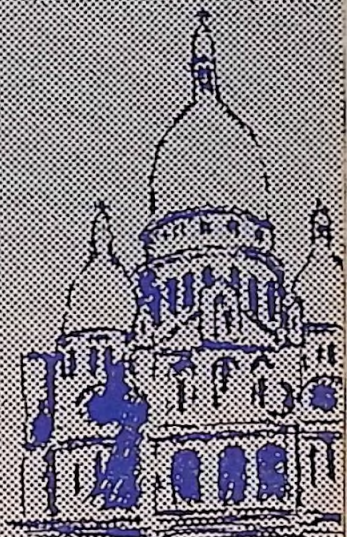
TV and the Mission Story

THE SACRED HEART PROGRAM is currently carrying six televised programs dealing with Jesuit missions throughout the world. Sixty of the outstanding television stations in the United States and Canada will carry these descriptions of mission life within the next twelve months. Friends of Jesuit missions are urged to watch for these programs in their local diocesan papers.

Reverend Thomas A. Phillips S.J. of the Oregon Province gives a graphic description of his "Three Years in a Red Prison" and Reverend William J. Klement S.J., mission procurator for the California Province, graphically tells of "Refugees from the Chinese Reds." Reverend James T. Meehan S.J., procurator for the missions in the Missouri Province, speaks of "Latin America as God's Opportunity Land." Reverend William J. Driscoll S.J., mission procurator for the Maryland Province, speaks on "Christ's Challenge to Indian Youth." Reverend Edward L. Murphy S.J. of the staff of Jesuit Missions asks the pertinent question "Is the Church in America Ready?" Reverend William T. Wood S.J., mission procurator for the New York Province considers the Philippines "A Beacon Light of Faith for the Orient."

These programs, 14 minutes in length, are produced by the Technisonic Laboratories in St. Louis, Missouri, under the direction of the Reverend William K. Schwelher S.J., producer of both the television and radio Sacred Heart Programs. It is hoped that this mission series which is the eleventh to be produced since the Sacred Heart Program inaugurated its television version will be productive of vocations to the Society.

The trademark which the program uses is the well-known Sacred Heart of Montmartre in Paris. The directors of this apostolate feel that the fact of the Sacred Heart picture being introduced into millions of homes twice a week will bring a special blessing on this work as well as the lives of the viewers.





RAMPUR IS PATNA'S northern outpost. It stands on the south-western fringe of the dense Terai jungle, almost astride the India-Nepal border. There was a time when the malaria-infested jungle was a traveler's nightmare—a haunt not merely of the dreaded mosquito but also of the bandits and murderers who found it an ideal hiding-place. Blood-letting had once been the order of the day. But, today, things are different. Malaria, in most parts, has been virtually controlled and the language of hate is being replaced with the Gospel of Love for today Father Robert Ludwig is running a tidy little

mission station here and three Sisters of the Sacred Heart run a dispensary and an orphanage which is peopled by seventeen of the cutest of God's little children. But Rampur is not yet changed.

As we cycled for 17 miles along a series of ruts (euphemistically called the Rampur Road) and carried our laden cycles across another river (we had already waded through two) Father pointed out a spot where, two weeks earlier, a man had been murdered—beaten to death by other villagers.

Father Ludwig (who is the most genial of hosts and, in every way, the soul of hospitality) had arranged a hunt for me

The sun was setting and before darkness came they had to enter that thicket and try to hunt down

THE TIGRESS OF

Rampur

PETER E. ROSE-MEYER S.J.

the next day. The forest is rich in wild life and I had been born with a constitutional preference for the jungle—and a trip to Rampur would be incomplete without a hunt. There were other considerations too; the paddy had been harvested and Father would welcome a pig or a deer with which to provide the customary village feast.

Late in the afternoon we cycled out a couple of miles until we came to a huge patch of sugar cane—cut into four segments by a road which ran across its width and a pathway down the length. In the segment closest to the forest harvesting had already commenced; a tractor was at work in the fields and bullock carts were being loaded with the cut cane. Twenty-five villagers had assembled to join in the hunt—armed with their homemade rope nets and curious, primitive spears.

Soon after the Fathers arrived the nets were tied in positions strategically chosen and the villagers began pushing through the upper segments, making an appropriate hullabaloo calculated to scare anything on four feet into sight.

There were four guns among us. Father Ludwig, with a 32.40 set himself up behind some bushes on the right; Prasad,

a fearless native shikari, with considerable big game already to his credit, with a single-barrel .12 gauge took the left; one shikari came through the cane behind the beaters, while I stationed myself in front, in the direct path of the beaters' march to take anything that emerged from the beat. We combed three segments in this fashion and nothing stirred—and that was strange, for everything seemed favorable for a decent bag.

There was only the fourth segment left to beat—where men were already at work. This fact made it unlikely that there would be much to expect but, one never knows—and we would lose nothing from a try. The beaters were going up the path to begin beating towards the jungle. Father Ludwig crossed over to the left, passing by the front of the cane field, and I crossed over the 15 yards of clear ground and looked for a suitable position among the trees where the forest began. I had a clear fifteen minutes before me before the beaters began pushing through so I changed the two L.G. cartridges (meant for larger game) from my gun and replacing them with No. 4, wandered into the jungle and a little to the right, towards Father Ludwig, on the off chance of picking

up a stray jungle fowl or two. Some monkeys began chattering in the trees I had just left behind and simultaneously a shot rang out. Father Ludwig also heard it and we rushed over to find Prasad trying excitedly to eject his spent cartridge from a jammed gun. "Bagh mara, Father!" "I shot a tiger, Father!"

A tigress had come out of the cane patch and was slinking into the jungle when Prasad caught sight of it at a distance of 40 yards. He must have hit the animal, he said, for it fell, then rose and went on into the jungle.

Well, that left us in a tight spot. There was just one hour before sundown—a wounded tigress in the jungle—and workers in the field nearby, not one of whom was even remotely suspicious of the presence of a tiger in the vicinity. A wounded tigress is not the best friend to meet in the jungle—but it is a dangerous enemy to leave alone and, under the circumstances, Father decided that we had the responsibility of going in after it.

We went over to where Prasad said he had seen the animal and found a pool of blood. True enough, the animal had been hit—but whether the shot had been fatal the blood did not indicate. We picked up the trail and—sleuthlike—followed it into the jungle. This is a lot more complicated than it sounds. At the outset the blood was copious enough but after a little distance there was no more than a drop on a leaf every five yards or so which we had to search for with one eye while with the other we scanned the bushes ahead, expecting at any moment a guided missile which might turn out to be an angry tigress. I found myself pulling back the hammers of my gun. (A tigress, I knew from

experience, has not the decency to give notice of its arrival.) The villagers had joined us in the search and it was some assurance to have twenty-five pairs of eyes behind and twenty-five spears poised ready for action—but that was not assurance enough to dispel all apprehension in the front ranks.

We pulled up in our tracks. By a tree, twenty yards away, we saw her lying down. She could be dead—and I think she was—but from that distance you couldn't be sure and when there's question of a wounded tigress I, for one, like to be sure. And in any case, we were in no mood to take chances. Two more shots rang out and from the way she took them we could tell that the tigress had met her Waterloo.

Cautiously we approached, our barrels converging on her, and I felt my finger curling once more around the trigger. I was reluctant to shoot for fear of spoiling the skin—though not reluctant at all, if there was question of saving my own. We prodded her bleeding body with our guns. Her heart was still pumping, but the 8 foot, 3 inch tigress was dead.

That night, back at the mission bungalow, I paid a visit to the village chapel and told our Sacramental Lord that He should give three Guardian Angels a special reward for their alertness that day: Father Ludwig's for taking him safely past the front of the field, five yards from where the tigress lay; my own, for saving me from the embarrassing situation of handling a tigress with cartridges that had been intended to handle wildfowl; and Prasad's, for keeping the tigress from springing at him when his only protection was a useless gun which had jammed.

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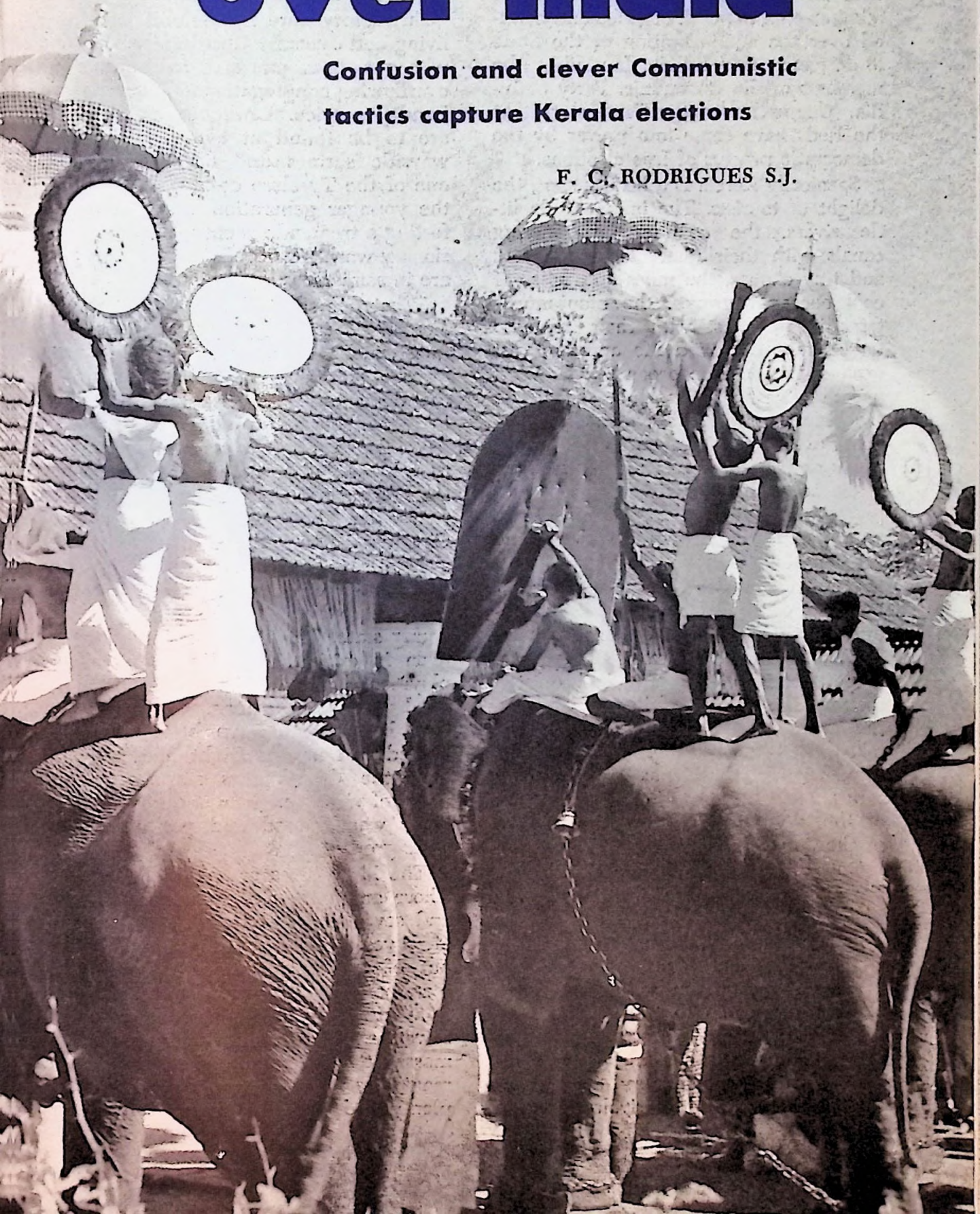
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Red Star over India

Confusion and clever Communist
tactics capture Kerala elections

F. C. RODRIGUES S.J.



Red Star Over India

APRIL 5TH, 1957 WAS R-DAY in Kerala, in the south of India. As the clock in the greater Durbar Hall struck 12:30 noon, the Governor administered the oath of office and handed over the administration of the State to an eleven man cabinet formed by the members of the Communist Party of India. This is the first time in history that the Reds have come into power by the democratic process of free elections.

Scenically Kerala is a beauty spot, the delight of tourists. The innumerable little rivers, the countless meandering canals with their queer looking barges and tiny canoes, the miles and miles of cool coconut groves, the blue mountains in the East with their immense forests and rich wild life and the vast expanse of the blue ocean on the West make of Kerala a dreamland. The people are highly cultured, brave, healthy, robust, extremely clean and neat, industrious and intelligent. They are inclined to be somewhat clannish and self-complacent. There are more people in Kerala who can read and write than in any other part of India.

For Christians the land is of peculiar interest. An ancient, well-established tradition has it that one of Christ's Apostles, St. Thomas, himself preached the faith, made the first Christians and erected the first churches. The faith he planted in the hearts of these simple people has taken deep root and grown and flourished during these past twenty centuries. Today 3,134,186 or 22.4 per cent of the population acknowledges Christ as the Son of God.

But unfortunately all are not Catholics. For many centuries the Christians on the Malabar Coast were cut off from the Roman Church. Schismatics from the Eastern dissident churches sent out priests and bishops and seduced a certain number of people to transfer their allegiance to them. At present about one third of the Christians are not in communion with Rome. The sad thing about it all is there is a lot of rivalry between

the various Christian sects and, as can be guessed by those who know Communists, this just played into the hands of the sworn enemies of Christianity.

Christianity here by far and large is a living and dynamic Christianity. Any one who goes to Kerala sees for himself the overflowing congregations in churches for Sunday service. Churches and chapels are to be found at every corner, and wayside shrines and crucifixes remind one of the Tyrolese countryside. Of late the younger generation has been manifesting a tremendous enthusiasm for missionary work. Hundreds of boys and girls are in seminaries and novitiates.

What helped the Reds into power in Kerala? It is not easy to answer this question. But a certain number of things stand out clearly. As has been said above, the democratic process was introduced in Kerala soon after India gained her independence. Somehow or other democracy has failed to take root in the land. But for a short spell in 1954-55 the power had been in the hands of the Congress Party and the Congress Party, sad to say, failed miserably. Not one government was strong enough to tackle the great and serious problems facing the young state. The economic situation has been in critical state for years, unemployment has been mounting, the farmers have been clamoring for reform of land laws which have been both outmoded and unjust. Right in the beginning the Communists started a campaign of violence, arson and murder. The Party was banned and promptly went underground.

The Malayalese are an intelligent lot. There are dozens of university colleges and several hundred high schools. Year after year thousands of graduates come out of these institutions to swell the number of unemployed. In their despair they approach the Reds who pose themselves as the friends of the down-trodden masses, the eliminators of corruption, the magicians who can turn destitution into plenty and chaos to order. They distri-

bute free tons of literature in which they recount in glowing terms their achievements in Russia, China and other countries which have chosen the "democratic" form of government.

If these new recruits had any suspicion in their minds about the bona-fides of their new found saviours, Delhi came forward to reassure them, though perhaps quite unwittingly. Reasons for suspicion there were plenty. Such events as Communist perfidy during the struggle for independence, the violent campaigns in various parts of the country launched by the Reds, the stories of Russian atrocities in Siberia were well known. But the great receptions given to top Communist leaders like Bulganin and Khrushchev, Chou-en-lai, Tito and a host of others, the innumerable delegations of various sorts shuttling between Delhi and Moscow, the constant support given by one of Kerala's best known sons, V. Krishna Menon, to the Communist cause at every international gathering, took this suspicion from out of the minds of people.

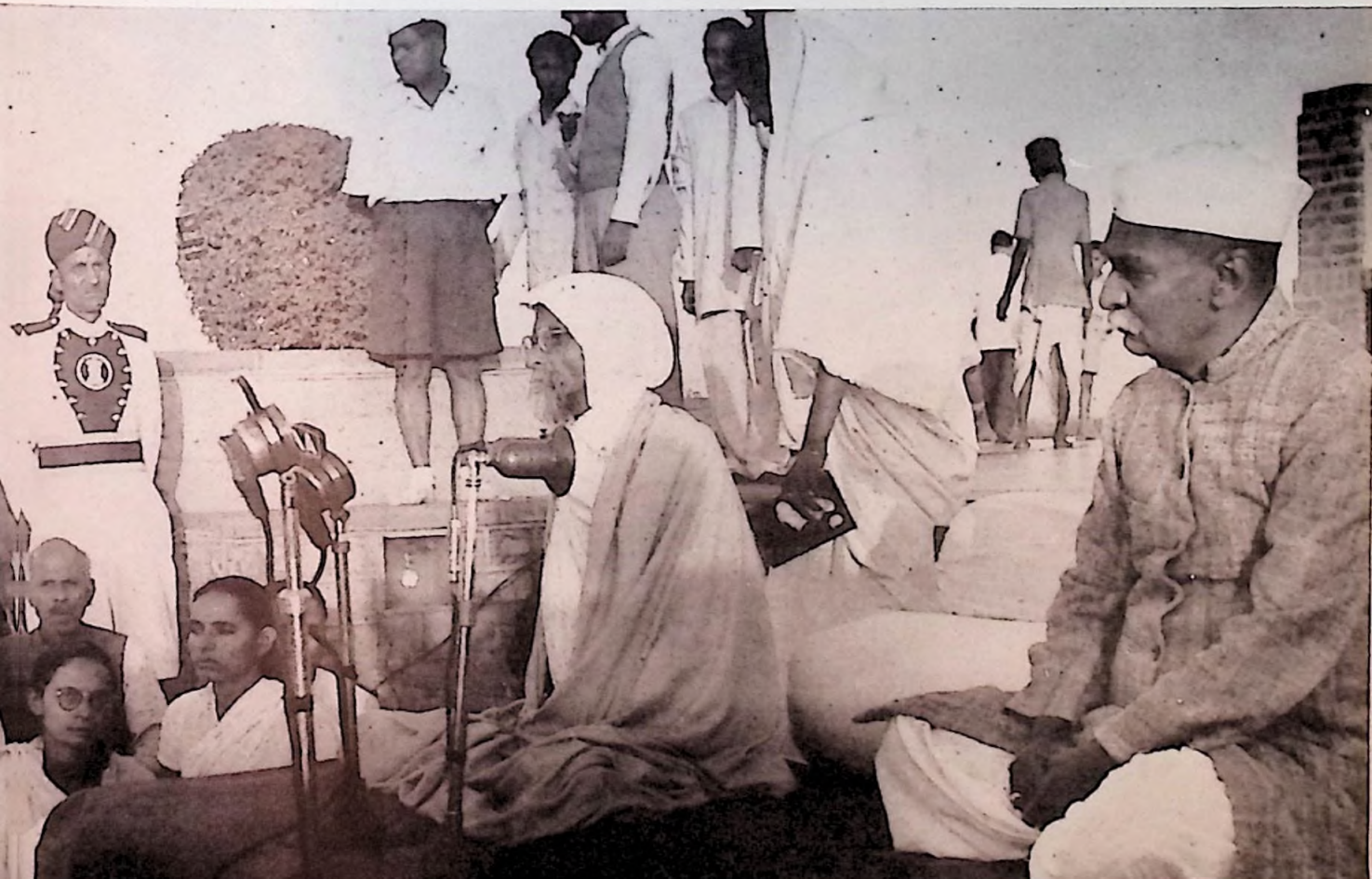
The Hindus in Kerala also gave the Communists valuable help. Though there are just over a million Moslems in the

State the two communities which count are the Hindus and Christians. Though the latter are smaller in number—3 million to 9 million—yet they are superior to the former in many respects. Thanks to our Christian tradition 80 to 90 per cent of our people can read and write. The Catholics alone conduct over a dozen university colleges—some of the best in the country—and over 70 high schools. Besides these there are the primary schools in every parish.

Only the higher castes among the Hindus, and these are numerically inferior to Christians, compare favorably with us both in the matter of education and public affairs. The greater part of Hindus belong to the lower middle class and they are definitely backward compared with our people. Now this has given rise to an acute form of jealousy and fear. They are afraid that the Christians would gain control over the State and would try to suppress the others.

The Party bosses themselves showed their venom against the Christians when it came to the question of choosing candidates for the last elections. Christian applicants who would have been real ac-

The political soap-box in India looks more comfortable than ours.



quisitions to the party and sure of success were refused for no reason. Not only that, they went so far as to nominate Hindu candidates to represent predominantly Christian constituencies. The Christians in their desperation put up their own candidates who stood as independents. This proved fatal to the cause of anti-Communism, for the independents by splitting the vote gave the Reds a walk-over victory.

The Congress Party too must bear full responsibility for the shabby treatment meted out to Christians while in power. For years we have been begging the authorities to grant to Christians belonging to backward classes the same financial and other facilities which are granted to backward classes belonging to the Hindu faith, but in vain. It was only on the eve of the elections, when it was clear that the Congress position was precarious, the concessions were at last granted. They came too late. The reason for this apathy is to be sought in that Hindu hostility towards the Christians.

The Catholics have been accused of voting a Red government into power. But from what has been hitherto said it is quite clear that the accusation is, to say the least, quite unfair. Kerala is not Christian as Italy or France. From the analysis of the election results it is quite clear that the Christians have overwhelmingly voted Congress in spite of the mistakes made by the Party. Congress lost many seats on account of the splitting of the vote in many constituencies where there were two or three contestants. There are a few fallen away Catholics and some of these are high up in the Communist hierarchy, but the vast majority of Catholics are wholeheartedly anti-Communist. The Red leaders themselves have stated this.

But the Christians in Kerala perhaps deserve blame for their complacency and failure to realize their danger. Their leadership failed to rally the Catholic voters and give them definite directions. There are unfortunate dissensions among themselves which played into the hands of the archenemies. The Christians could have reacted more energetically and done

more to solve the economic and social problems confronting the masses.

All eyes are on Kerala watching the progress of the Red Star. The Communists have made many and astounding promises in their Election manifesto. It may be they thought that they would never be called upon to act on them. The State is a deficit one. It is short in resources and its finances are meagre. Industrialization has made very little impression on the economy of the State. Very little more land can be brought under cultivation and that which is under the plough will not yield much more than what it does now. There are of course the plantations, many of which are owned by foreign interests. Nationalizing them might bring some advantage, at least a political one, but the Government of India will not nationalize anything without paying compensation.

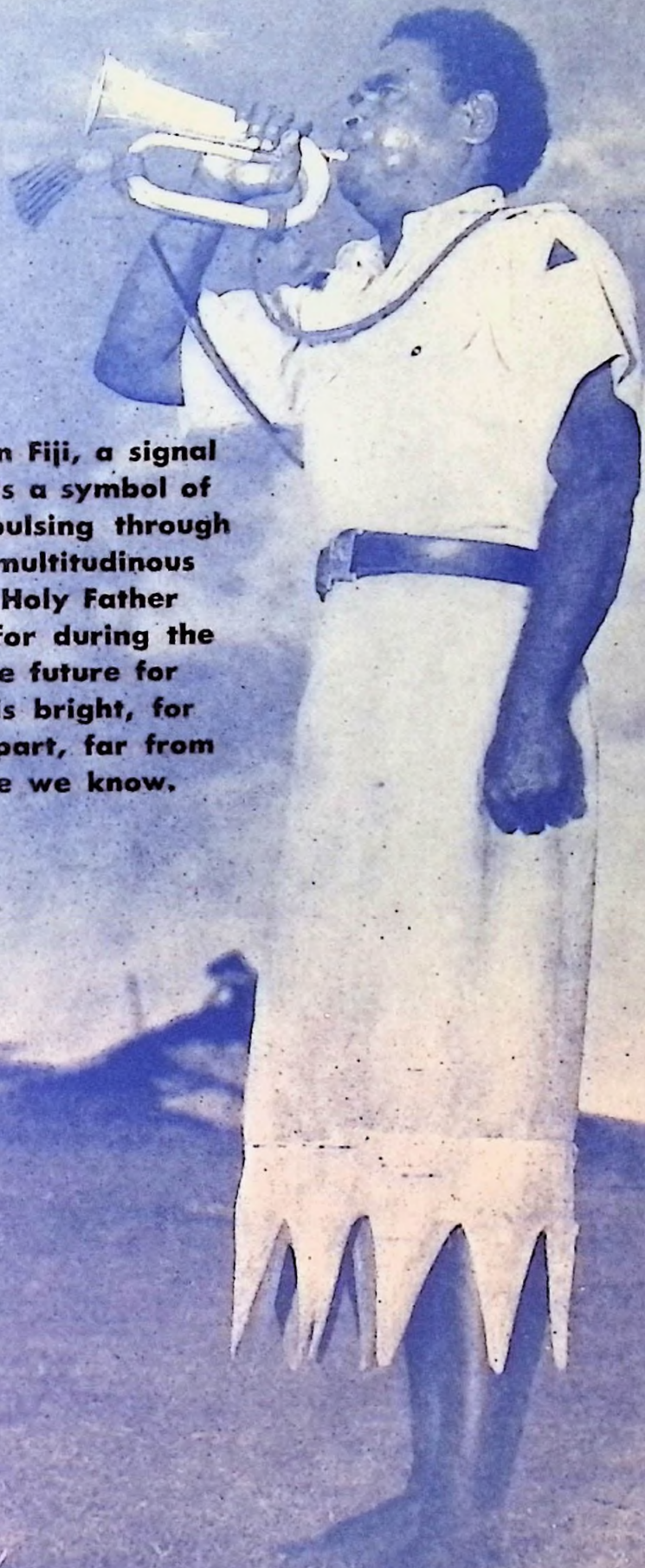
Then there is the Constitution of India. As is well known, much of the inspiration in drafting the Constitution came from the United States of America, Britain and Ireland. It is a democratic setup we have in India, but a democracy which is diametrically opposed to what the Reds called "democracy." They have publicly stated that they will work within the framework of the Constitution. But for one thing we must remember that Communists do not always mean what they say, and for another, there are always different interpretations to one and the same clause.

If the Communists run into difficulties they will not hesitate for a moment to lay the blame squarely on the Constitution and on the Central Government which is run by the Congress Party. If the Communist experiment fails, their cause will suffer and they will be forced to some more uphill work. But if they succeed, the next general elections will have a different tale to tell. In the present elections in every State, except Madras, the Communists have won from 100 to 500 per cent more votes than in the last elections. West Bengal, which has many points in common with Kerala, is the next target. One thing is certain—the enemy is on the threshold.

Isles of Promise

A bugle sounds on Fiji, a signal of awakening. It is a symbol of the life that is pulsing through all Oceania, the multitudinous islands which the Holy Father asks us to pray for during the month of July. The future for the Church here is bright, for this is a world apart, far from the distracting life we know.

(A U.S. Army photo)



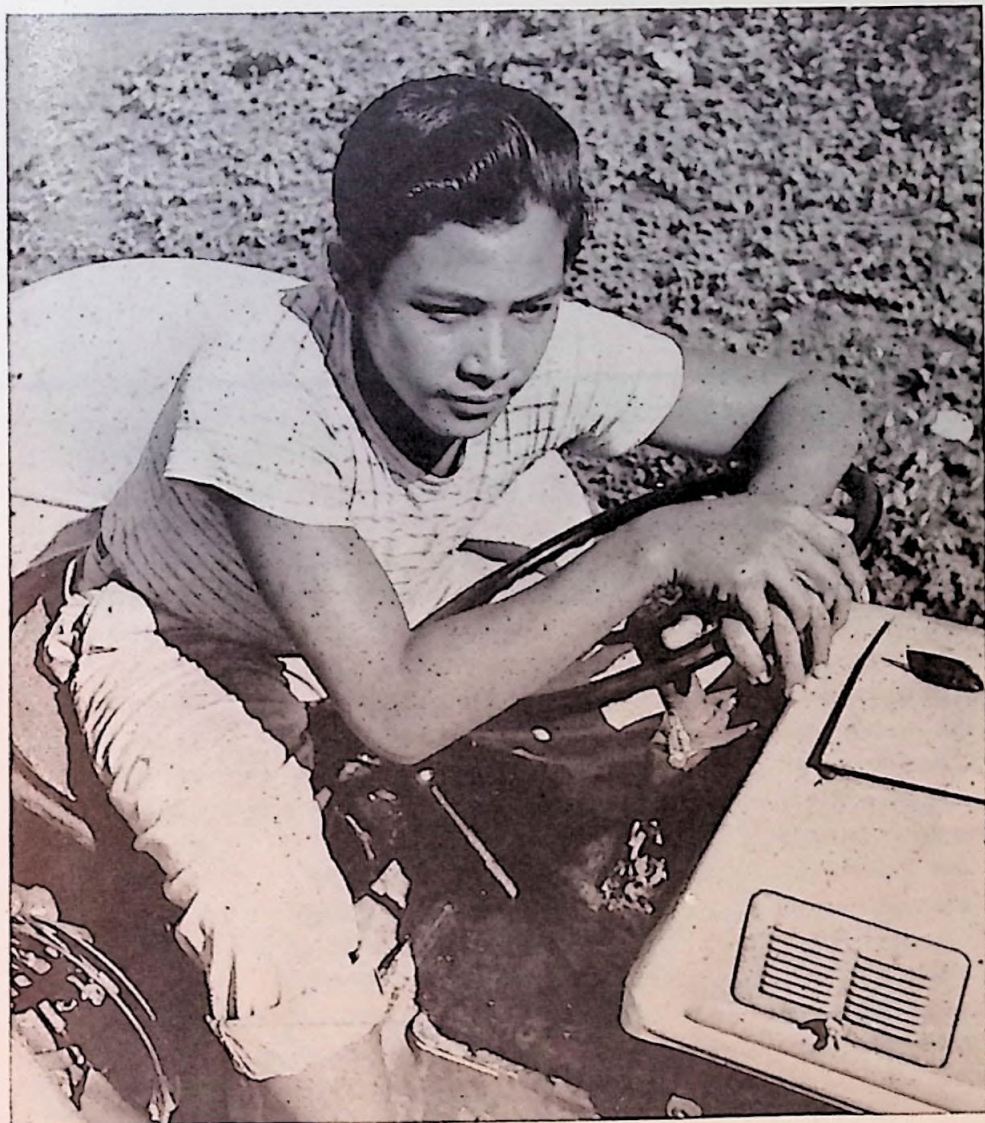


Isles of Promise

A glance at the accompanying table will show the area which is included in the name Oceania. The missionaries have encountered both success and difficulties, as the column on the Catholic proportion indicates. In some islands they followed in the wake of Protestant missionaries and progress was necessarily hampered. In a place like the Fijis the majority of the people are Hindus from India and set in their ways. But the blood of martyrs like the Marist Chanel of Futuna and the Jesuit Sanvitores in the Marianas was not shed in vain.

(Left) Father Frank Cosgrove S.J. of Yap in the Caroline Islands holds a conference in the window of the time- and weather-scarred Yap church.

(Below) On Guam in the Marianas this young son of a farmer drives his American tractor through the fertile fields. (A Three Lions photo.)



Isles of Promise



Brother Ariceta S.J. and be-goggled fishing boys of Koror in the Caroline Islands.

Oceania: Total and Catholic population

	Total Population	Catholics	Proportion	Priests
Bismarck Archipelago	150,000	63,400	42.3%	61
Hawaii	500,000	150,000	30%	135
Caroline and Marshall Islands	50,000	20,557	41.1%	23
Cook Islands	19,632	1,427	7.3%	13
Fiji Islands	287,000	28,319	9.9%	57
Gilbert Islands	37,000	15,000	40.5%	21
Marquesa Islands	3,150	2,810	89.2%	6
Mariana Islands	65,000	61,750	95%	30
New Hebrides	49,389	4,910	9.9%	17
Solomon Islands	150,000	46,000	30.7%	53
Samoa Islands	101,960	25,490	25%	25
Tahiti Islands	60,000	13,336	22.2%	22
Tonga Islands	45,667	6,800	14.9%	11
Wallis and Futuna Islands	8,933	8,926	99.9%	15
New Caledonia	64,839	37,020	57.1%	44
Sum Total:	1,592,570	485,745	30.5%	533

REPORT

Father James T. Meehan S.J.
Missouri Province Mission Director



THE JESUITS of the Missouri Province, at the request of the Holy See, staff the missions of British Honduras, Yoro in Honduras, and St. Stephen's Indian Mission in Wyoming. The Yoro Mission was formerly attached to British Honduras but last Easter it was established as an independent field with Father Francis Hogan as its first Superior.

At the present time the Missouri Province has 57 men in these three fields and they have under their guidance 13,200 children in grammar and high schools. Besides, they have well over 200 mission stations to cover and the nature of their work requires that they be teachers, social workers, community leaders, builders and scientists as well as priests.

I have had occasion to visit these Central American fields and they are different worlds, not only from St. Louis but from each other. The Belize Mission is a British colony, flat swampy coastland gradually rising to hills and jungle. Yoro is Latin America, mountainous and remote. The people too are of different racial strains, Carib, Creole, Indian, Spanish. But there is one thing the majority of them share, and that is poverty. The missionaries are laboring to bring a better economic standard to these people who have been exploited so long. In Yoro, for instance, there have been two movements which have helped greatly in alleviating the economic stress. Father Newell organized a cooperative for

shoe makers and these men now receive a fair return for their work instead of the previous pittance. In the coffee area Father Ratermann did the same thing for the growers who were receiving only five to ten cents a pound for coffee which would be sold for over a dollar. Today 250 families, organized in a co-operative, are receiving a just price for their labor.

Of course the missionary personnel is far from adequate. The average is one priest for 5,000 people, in contrast to the U.S. where there is one priest for 500 Catholics. But the advance in the ten years we have been in Yoro has been astonishing. Although the people were nominally Catholic some of them didn't know how to make the Sign of the Cross when our Fathers first entered the area. So instruction is the order of the day and real progress is being made.

British Honduras is about 60% Catholic so our main aim here is to consolidate as well as sow the faith. The best way for that is through education and the missionaries can well be proud of their school system which provides the opportunity for every child in their parishes to obtain a Catholic education.

To keep that system functioning smoothly it is necessary to train Catholic teachers and this, as well as an Apostolic School for the local clergy, is a prominent work of the mission. So please pray we keep moving ahead.

REV. JAMES T. MEEHAN S.J.

In Ceylon they do things differently than at home

FROM IGS TO *Snake Eyes*

LIFE IN CEYLON is not always normal and the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province who man the Trincomalee Mission can testify to that.

Consider the Language School at Nilaveli and the house pet adopted by Fathers Macnair, Arulappah and McGill. It is an iguana, a tropical lizard, affectionately known as "Igs" and made most welcome by the Fathers. Now a scaly old lizard, dragging his two-foot length around the premises, might not seem to be the most attractive house pet to a lot of folks. But "Igs" serves a purpose, and as long as he does he'll have a roof over his ugly head. For the doors and windows are always open, there are no screens, and the most persistent sparrows in the Orient were accustomed to build their nests over the Fathers' desks and beds. Then "Igs" came, the sparrows went, and peace reigns at Nilaveli.

At St. Michael's College in Batticaloa Brother Quintus Fernandes has quite a reputation as a taxidermist. Birds, animals, snakes—anything that can be stuffed is brought to him. Recently someone ran over a fine specimen of python so what more natural than to bring it to Brother? He accepted the gunny sack with the python in it and promised delivery of the finished product soon.

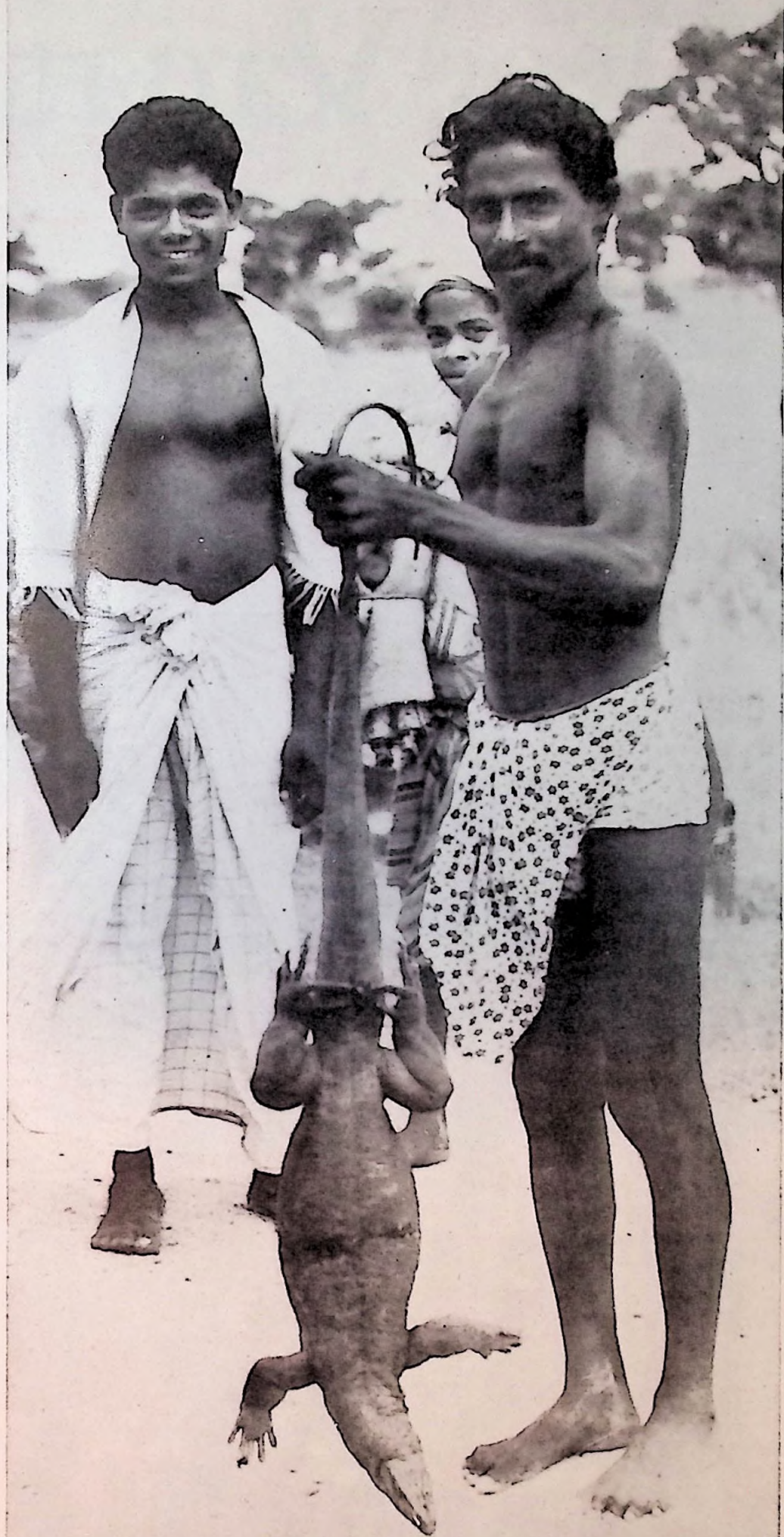
Father del Marmol got the bright idea that such a fine specimen of snake should be photographed. As a nice touch, he suggested that Brother Quintus drape the snake around his neck. No one would know that the python was already dead.

Everything was set for the picture

when the "dead" snake suddenly began to squirm. Now the thrust of the python is reputed to be one of the fastest of live actions but in this situation Brother Quintus got the first thrust in and his head out. Since that moment he has spent his free time trying to track down any connection between Father del Marmol and the client who wanted a live python stuffed.

One who can sympathize deeply with Brother Quintus is Father Francis Brou who spent some time at the Sinhalese Language School in Yatiyantota. It seems it gets rather damp in that region on occasion so it can be readily understood that a little warm shelter is appreciated by living things. Father Brou was peacefully boning up his Sinhalese lesson one day when he looked up and found himself gazing into the interested eyes of a seven-foot glossy rat snake. "Out in the fields or in the yard," he observed later, "is fine—but not on one's desk! If I come back to St. Joseph's speaking Sinhalese with a stutter, you'll know why."

Meanwhile at Batticaloa Father Joseph Meyer chanced upon a rendition of the New Testament which might interest Scripture commentators. Father makes use of the Gospels in his English class for beginners and recently they were translating from Tamil into English the passage concerning Our Lord's conversation with the rich young man. Father Meyer called upon one lad who swallowed a bit and then translated bravely, "The bird, he have a nest; the fox have a hole; I do not have a pillowcase."



Vacation



means School

WILLIAM H. FEENEY S.J.

THE GENTLEMAN with the two small children in tow seemed embarrassed. He was a non-Catholic, come to enrol his youngsters in the regular day school soon to open in a building that serves the mission of St. Pius X as a church on Sunday and as a school on weekdays. Somehow, this was a strange place, with some kind of school in full swing even during vacation . . .

It was a school, indeed, but a Religious Vacation School. The children were obviously in favor of the idea, and when a courteous Jamaican seminarian asked the gentleman if he would care to sit down to watch the proceedings, he did.

Not long afterwards, that man, his wife and whole family began instructions in the Faith.

Five years ago the first Religious Vacation School ever to be held in Kingston, Jamaica, managed to enrol only 87 regular attendants, but it was a start. By last summer eight different centers in the city enrolled 1,400 children.

All the centers followed the suggested daily schedule found in the *Religious Vacation School Manual* supplied by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Each day's program covered three hours, with the "project period" by far the most popular feature. The *Manual* indicates that modifications of the daily schedule be made whenever it is thought advisable to do so. Sister Sebastian, of the Jamaican Blue Sisters, allowed her class of 35 girls of the 14-plus age group to write down anonymously any questions they wished answered. The questions were quite revealing and enabled Sister to solve many of the problems these young girls were grappling with. Reading over the questions one might conclude that it is all too easy for a teacher of religion

to be out of touch with reality.

Eight centers with a peak attendance of 1,450 children may seem a fairly small apostolic job to handle. Yet the staff in Kingston for 1956 consisted of 83 workers. There were 19 sisters,—Franciscans, Jamaican Blue Nuns, Dominicans and Sisters of Mercy; seven seminarians from Saint Michael's Seminary, two Jesuit scholastics from Saint George's College and 55 lay persons.

This valiant group of missionaries, many of them foregoing a chance to take a small vacation themselves, found their efforts more than rewarding. Their prime aim was to reach Catholic youngsters who attended public schools or whose Catholic education was deficient. Despite the fact that there was no concerted effort to attract non-Catholic children, 338 of them attended. It seems that only a deep hunger for spiritual things can explain such a spontaneous approach.

One center alone, Saint Anne's in western Kingston, had a spiritual harvest of 39 Baptisms, 69 first confessions, 61 first Communions and 58 Confirmations, not to mention the all-important instruction in the catechism.

The Vacation Schools have spread to or have been revived in the mountains of the mission also. This year we had successful centers at Christiana, Porus and Stony Hill. The spark even leaped 180 miles to the northwest of Jamaica to the Grand-Cayman Island, where Miss Monica McGowan of Saint Elizabeth's School in Kingston opened a Vacation School for Grand Cayman's youngsters.

His Lordship, Bishop John J. McEleney S.J., is intensely interested in the progress of the schools. He and all of us can see great possibilities for deepening the Faith of our people.

JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.

*A strong heart and a stronger stomach
come in handy but a former China
"Old Hand" has also made
the discovery that*

MALAYA *needs* *St. Patrick*



BEFORE I CAME to Malaya in 1951, I had pictured the country as a land where huge snakes could be seen dangling from nearly every jungle tree. Actually, after six years here, I haven't seen a single live snake of any sort. Dead ones, yes, carefully stuffed in the Raffles Museum; or imprudent "teen-age" little ones lying flattened out along the road, caught unawares by a passing truck; but no live ones. One day during a drive in the Federation we saw a big group of Indian rubber tappers gathered excitedly around something on the ground. Meanwhile, they were watching every passing vehicle intently.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

My companion without looking answered, "The tappers must have caught a big snake among the rubber trees and are waiting for some rich Chinese merchant to come along and buy it. It's a great delicacy among the Chinese, you know."

There are plenty of snake stories going the rounds here. Other people have certainly seen live snakes, even if I haven't. It is a practice of Singapore merchants to keep their huge godowns (warehouses) free of rats by stationing big pythons in there to devour them. Occasionally the pythons get "fed up" with rats three times a day, and slip out to "do the town."

Recently a 20-foot specimen made its nest in the rafters of a series of six shops on Beach Road, one of the main thoroughfares of Singapore. Fascinated crowds used to gather there every evening, causing traffic jams, to watch her poke her head through holes in the ceiling. She was very playful and not in the least frightened at the crowds she was attracting. Her presence was first detected when one day two little

snakes fell from the roof, each with a dead rat in its mouth. "It seems there must be a family of them up there," commented a Chinese waiter, working in one of the shops. The police wanted to shoot her down, but the owner objected, because the bullets might make his roof leak. The first time she poked her head out of the building a Chinese laborer attacked her with a sharpened pole. But he quickly let go when she wound a coil around his arm.

The families living in the house were not worried. "She's harmless," they said, "though it is a nuisance at night when we hear her sliding across the ceiling chasing rats."

However, at last the proprietor became annoyed by the daily crowds gathered in front of his shop, and went up after the big reptile. As soon as he reached the top, he reported he saw gleaming eyes staring at him, and the snake began to hiss. Soon the people outside started shouting as the python slithered away from the proprietor and down a pillar into a drain. He jumped in after it and caught hold of its tail, but the snake turned and bit him on the arm. Finally he captured it. "I'm going to make a pet of it," he declared.

Cobras have a much worse reputation than pythons. There are Indians who have pet cobras which dance to their music for the entertainment of passersby, but I have never seen any here. The best cobra story I have heard is that concerning a "snake house" in a residential district of Singapore. A lady occupied the house nervously till she had killed no less than 13 black cobras in the grounds, and then she called it off and departed. Living quarters are hard to come by in this populous city, so after a few months a newly arrived lady from Holland moved in, snakes or no snakes. After she had seen four cobras about the place she decided to call in a snake charmer.

Pied Piper Syed Husein had no success the first day, for the cobras refused to come out to listen to his dulcet piping. But he did better the second day, and this time got both his own

photo and that of a cobra dancing to his music into the paper. It had taken him 20 minutes of soft playing to entice one cobra out of its hiding place. When it appeared, the spectators scattered in all directions. The musician gradually approached the interested reptile. Then with cobra-quickness he pinned the astonished snake's head to the ground, while with a pocket knife he cut out its fangs, and flipped it into his basket.

The housewife, though interested, was still not happy. "It's only a little 4-foot one," she said, "and there are still many others around."

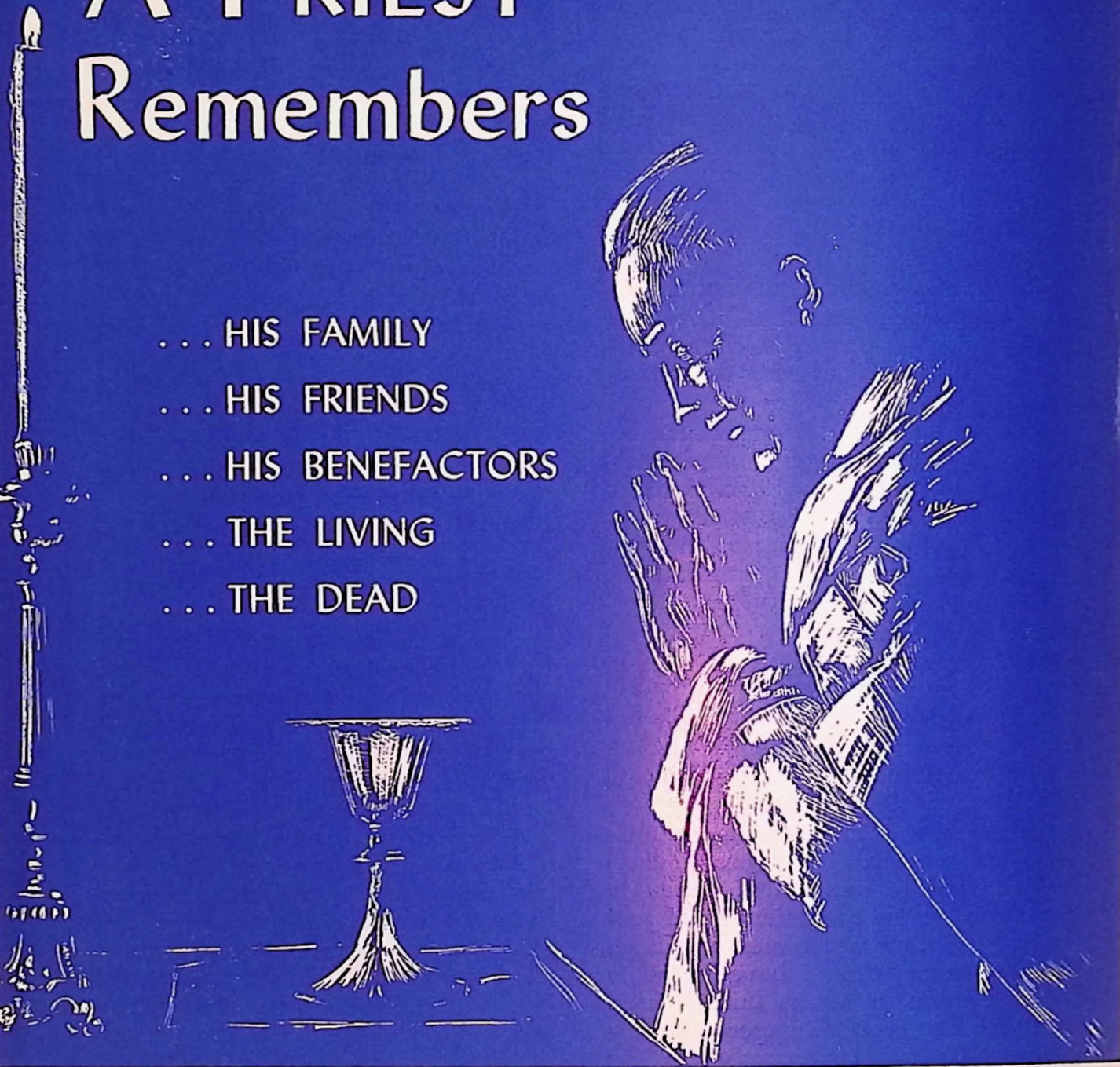
Then the papers began to publish letters of advice to the occupants of the "snake house." "Buy a flock of geese," suggested one correspondent. "They aren't afraid of cobras and will clear the place of them in no time." Other suggestions followed, but in the meantime the Dutch housewife decided to move elsewhere, and did so.

The local Little Sisters of the Poor had noticed they were missing occasional chickens and ducks. One afternoon the Sister in charge of the poultry yard heard a commotion out there. As she had expected, a python from the nearby jungle was the culprit. However, he had foolishly got himself into a jam. He had crawled half way through the wire into the chicken yard, but after swallowing a big hen couldn't withdraw. This Sister wasn't afraid of pythons at all. Securing a rope, she lassoed the swollen serpent, then led him entirely into the chicken-yard and out through the main gate to where the community were at recreation. She showed her captive proudly, but as he began to get angry she took him to the kitchen. There he was quickly butchered, and that night the Chinese old people had a rare treat for dinner—boiled serpent.

One day, not so long ago, near our Singapore hostel, a neighbor lit some brush fires on a vacant lot. Shortly afterwards, the Indian Jaga, or watchman, saw a refugee snake crawling up to our front door. He politely refused it entrance, because the hostel was full up already. But there's room for St. Patrick.

A PRIEST Remembers

- ... HIS FAMILY
- ... HIS FRIENDS
- ... HIS BENEFACTORS
- ... THE LIVING
- ... THE DEAD



A missionary priest is especially grateful for benefactions, and especially mindful of benefactors, living and dead. Remember the missionaries in your will. The official title is

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The Voice *is Stilled*



The late Father Emile Boll S.J.

OVER HALF A CENTURY AGO, when he had just come to the Indian missions of the Northwest, Father Emile Boll S.J. had been named *Moh-khi-hoh-heh*, "Father Big Voice," because of his powerful preaching and singing voice. It was a term of affection that deepened through the years as he spent himself for his loved Indians. Then a few months ago, the 87-year-old veteran breathed his last, and the voice was forever stilled.

Alsace was a turbulent little strip of land between two stubborn nations when Emile T. Boll was born into one of its villages called Guebwiller on July 1, 1870. When still a boy, he longed to go to the Rocky Mountain Mission of America; and so in 1885, he crossed the Channel to learn English while acquiring his education.

September 20, 1891 was a happy day for young Emile. For on that day he truly began his missionary life by entering the Jesuit novitiate at Desmet, Idaho. After pronouncing his first vows two years later, he was given the assignment of prefecting and teaching the Indian children of the mission at Desmet.

The ensuing four years were spent in teaching, prefecting, and studying the

Cheyenne Indian language—first at St. Benedict Labre Mission, Montana, and then at St. Xavier's among the Crow Indians. Then back to the books, to his ordination, and finally to the field again.

Youthful vigor must have been exceptionally forceful in Fr. Boll. For the next forty-six years he was to be engaged in constant missionary labors throughout the Northwest. All but five of these many years, from 1927 to 1932, he gave bringing Christ's message to the Indians. There were six years among the Nez Perce at Slickpoo, Idaho; two among the Umatilla, Cayuse, and Walla Walla at Pendleton, Oregon; three serving the Gros Ventre and Assiniboine at Hayes, Montana; seven laboring with the Colville at Ward, Washington; another three at Pendleton; and a long second term of twenty years at Slickpoo.

In 1954, the aged missionary retired to the philosophate of Mount St. Michael's in Spokane. He was not entirely finished, however, with his priestly labors. God gave him another two and a half years of daily Masses and almost constant prayer. Then, one happy day this past spring, the Master called home the laborer who had served Him so long and faithfully. R.I.P. GEORGE ST. HILAIRE S.J.

MARRIAGE is a many splintered thing and this is the time of year in India when a pastor finds quite a few of them getting under his skin. A parish priest back in the States has a lot of paper work to do for a marriage case—but he still doesn't have to cut down the trees himself to get the paper. But in this district of Patna a Catholic marriage takes a lot of discussing, fussing, bussing (in the travel sense) and disbursing.

For instance, I have just spent two hours at a "committee meeting" arranging the details for the wedding of Sonawa, a girl from the neighboring village of Jogini. Those attending the meeting were Sonawa's mother, an uncle and aunt, a man from Jogini related by marriage, three other women, my catechist John Master (who had done the preliminary scouting for the match) and myself.

The agenda of the meeting boiled down to the simply asked but not easily answered question, "How much is it going to cost?" There is a further question but I unfortunately know already the answer to that. "Who is going to pay for it?"

The rupees came in for more attention than the romance. In fact, the one most concerned, Sonawa, sat out on the verandah and cared for her baby sister during the entire discussion. However, I will translate the rupees into American dollars in case you want to submit the bill for your daughter's wedding to your own parish priest.

The first move, when things have reached this particular stage, is to send three men to the boy's village to look him over. If the men are satisfied they will then have to "check" him, an ancient and costly custom of giving him money to make the agreement binding and so preventing him from entering any other marriage. Now the boy's village is 62 miles away so the railway and bus fare

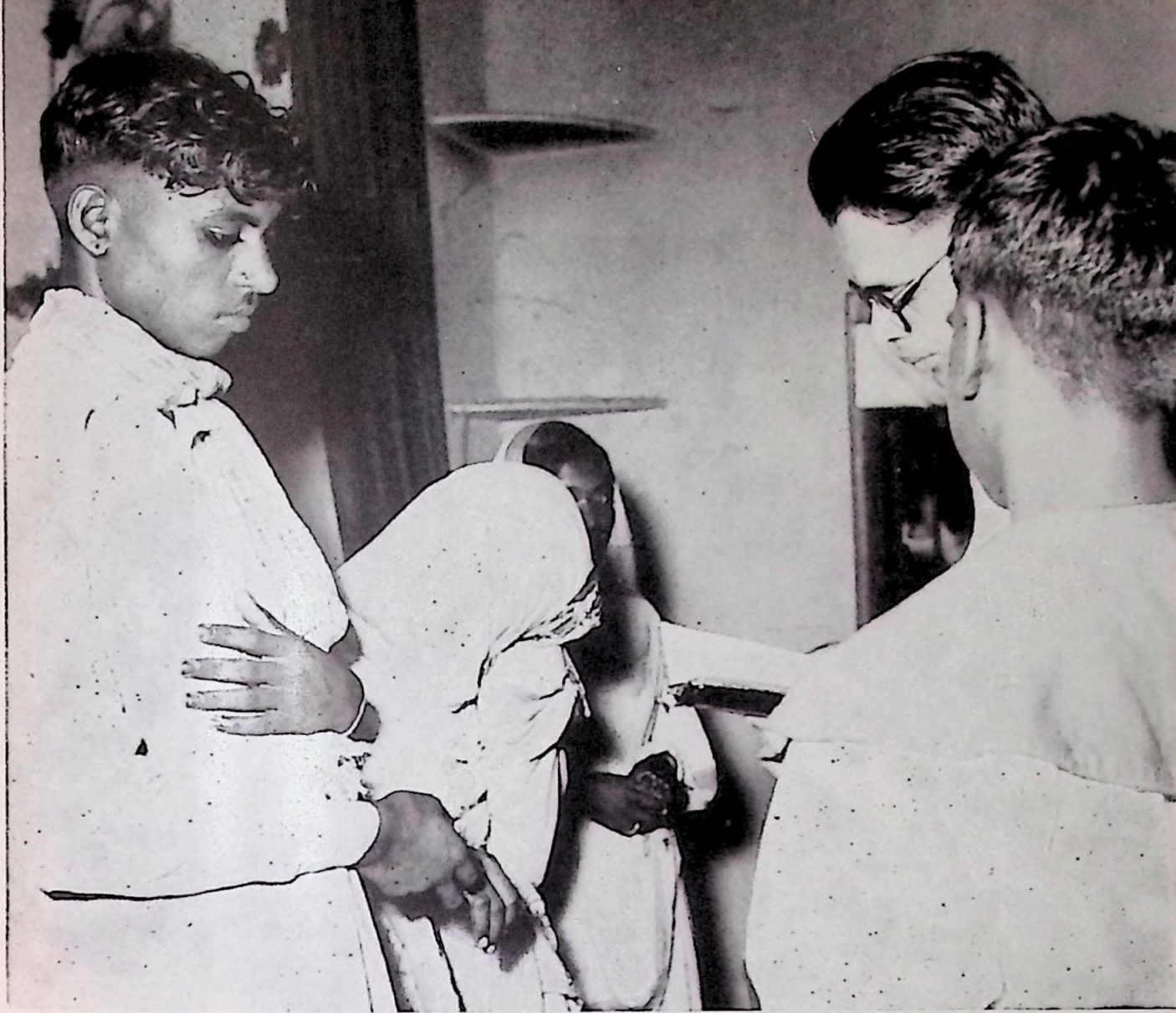
OF *Romance* AND *Rupees*

E. VINCENT GALLAGHER S.J.

for the three men will be about five dollars and the "checking" one dollar.

However, this is by no means a one-sided affair so there will be another trip by men from the boy's village to "check" Sonawa. We (and in every question of paying out that is very much the editorial "we") won't be expected to pay their travel expenses but we will have to feed them to the tune of \$3.00.

Then there is Sonawa's trousseau, and custom has pretty well hardened each item necessary. One tin trunk; a kitchen knife with ladle and iron spoon for making soot to put under the eyes (a mark of beauty, please); brass plate and brass bowl; a comb and mirror; one sari for every day use; one shawl and one blouse. Then a sari and blouse for Sonawa's mother plus clothes for the bride's four small brothers and sisters as well as three blouses to be given to her husband's



There's a lot of maneuvering to be done before the final marriage certificate is signed.

relatives. All this will run about \$9.50.

Naturally enough, the groom doesn't get anywhere near the same number of articles but his two dhoties, shirt and undershirt, red scarf and pair of shoes will still cost \$5.75. These must be provided by the bride or her family. (In case you are wondering about the lack of any mention of the bride's father, he had the foresight to hie himself off to Assam a couple of years ago and is maintaining a discreet silence.)

When the actual wedding day comes (and none of the "checks" proves to be a rain check) we can expect about twenty people to come from the groom's village. Then all of Sonawa's relatives will be on hand as well as all the people of her caste in the village. So we must provide rice, wheat, salt, mustard oil, spices, vegetables and meat. Cost: \$7.00.

So you tot up the various figures and

the total is \$32.50. It doesn't sound like much, does it? Not even if you express it in rupees, over 160 of them. But please remember that I am talking of Sonawa's wedding only. One swallow does not make a summer and one wedding doesn't make the marriage season. The difficulty is that each and every wedding, if it is to be a Catholic one, requires as much time and expense.

One can also spend as much time trying to break up a proposed marriage as he does in setting up a good one. Even when you think you have thrown a successful block you must still keep your eyes open for the old way of doing things is still a strong factor among these people. The Catholic faith has not taken deep enough roots as yet. So pray for us and for our people. Otherwise we might be tempted to emulate Sonawa's father and quietly depart for Assam.

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LAST EASTER SUNDAY Pope Pius XII, Vicar of Christ, gave to the world a new mission encyclical, *Fidei Donum*, (The Gift of Faith). The chief theme of the encyclical is the critical situation of the Church in Africa. His Holiness, in a missionary document of unprecedented vigor, calls upon the entire Catholic world to come to the aid of Africa.

He writes: "... the problems of Africa are no longer a limited and local matter that can be resolved at leisure, little by little and independently of the general life of the Christian world . . . it is necessary that under the impulse of this Apostolic See, the fraternal response to so many needs should come from the entire Church."

Not since the Crusades, perhaps, has

a more ringing cry to "come over and help us" been heard in the Church. It will be some time, certainly, before the full import of the document is realized. We are not used to crusades in 1957; and we may look upon encyclicals as documents to be pondered and studied at leisure, apart from the harsh today.

But this encyclical is very different. It is a call for immediate action in a concrete area of the Church's life, the great continent of Africa. "There is cause for serious concern for the Catholic future of Africa," says His Holiness, and, lest any one of us feel that this is no business of his, the Pope asks a blunt question: "Specifically, will the sons of the Church understand their obligation to help more effectively and in due time the missionaries of the Gospel to announce the sav-

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Picture credit: United Nations.

ing truth to about 85 millions of Africans of the black race who are still attached to pagan beliefs?"

His Holiness points out that the establishment of the hierarchy in Africa is no sign that missionary work is over. Even in the areas where local bishops rule their dioceses and African-born priests are fairly numerous, the tremendous needs of a continent emerging into the modern world cannot be met, even on an emergency basis, by Africans alone. For years to come, they will need help from abroad.

The more specialized and difficult ministries will require our particular cooperation. It is not enough, as the Pope points out, to announce the tidings of the Gospel. A mature church needs its colleges, a Catholic press, social organi-

Window on the Mission World

**The Pope warns the Catholic world:
"There is cause for serious concern
for the Catholic future of Africa."**

zations and, above all, Catholic Action. "Such apostles," writes the Pope, "cannot be improvised." They must come from Europe, America, and everywhere the Church is already established.

To every one of us, from the Bishops to the last man in the last pew, the Pope makes his appeal for Africa. He invites us to prayer, to sacrificial generosity, and some to the gift of themselves. One request should touch us: "In these years which are probably decisive for the future of Catholicism in many countries, let us multiply Masses celebrated for the intentions of the missions. These are the intentions of Our Lord Himself, who loves His Church and would have her extended to and flourishing in every place on earth."

Africa is no longer a remote mass on the map. The Vicar of Christ has made it our charge and responsibility. We cannot fail in our response.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Instead of a Porch for a church, the Catholics of Jojobera, in Jamshedpur, India, have plans for a real church. Their pastor, Father Ed Dineen, says it has taken eight years to get enough money to buy the property for the church and the only big expense left will be for the purchase of doors, door posts, roof and tiles. The wood and tiles will be the only expense because the church will be built of mud by the parishioners. Lest you think the mud church would be unsubstantial, Father Dineen says he knows of a mud church over 100 years old that is still in use.

Would you help these Indian Catholics complete their church?

Doors	\$50.00
Door Posts	\$20.00
Roof	\$200.00
Tiles, each50

"Do-It Yourself" Experts, here in the United States must realize that there are many missionaries with quite similar interests and problems. That's particularly true in Alaska where our missionaries do their own building, from necessity, though with great regret that such work takes them away from more priestly labors and duties.

Father Plamondon of Ruby, Alaska, is at the point of beginning a chapel—one of three needed in his big mission district—and has requested an electric saw to make the work go faster and give him more time for pastoral work. A heavy duty saw costs \$400.00. Would you help by adding \$1.00 or \$2.00 to the contributions of Father Plamondon's friends?

It's Not Nice to crowd in so many orphans at the St. Francis Xavier mission, Rampur, India. The last two infants re-

ceived had to be put in a soap box and medicine box. The orphans that are old enough to talk wouldn't complain but would tell you they are lucky to be with the Sisters. Besides, the Sisters are almost as crowded as the orphans since the convent couldn't be finished because of lack of cement. Would you please help Father Ludwig provide more room at the St. Francis Xavier Mission?

Needed—Cement—\$1.00 a bag.

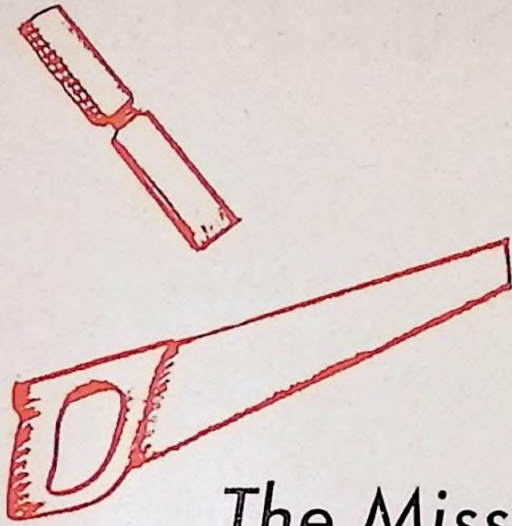
Congratulations for Finishing the church at El Negrito in Yoro. Father Murphy thanks you and speaks of the vast difference between the old and the new church.

The interior of the church still needs important furnishings like sacristy, pews, altar, communion rail.

Pews	\$50.00
Vestment Case	\$100.00
Altar	\$400.00
Communion Rail	\$200.00

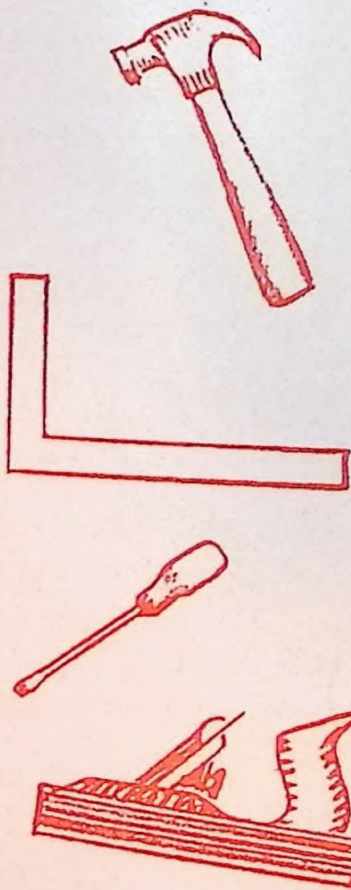
Have You a Marriage Problem?

Or at least, do you have any like the ones so whimsically described by Father Vincent Gallagher on page 28? He is doing his best to arrange truly Catholic marriages but he could certainly use a few fairy godmothers (or godfathers) for his Patna brides and grooms. Perhaps you could help him provide a bride's trousseau at \$6.75 or at least part of it: a shawl is \$2.00, as is the very necessary brass plate with its bowl; for \$1.00 you can outfit the lady with a sari or a tin trunk to store her few possessions. The groom's expenses run to \$5.75 but for a mere \$7 you can provide the entire wedding feast! We will gladly send any gift to Father.



The Missions Need

TOOLS FOR CHRIST!

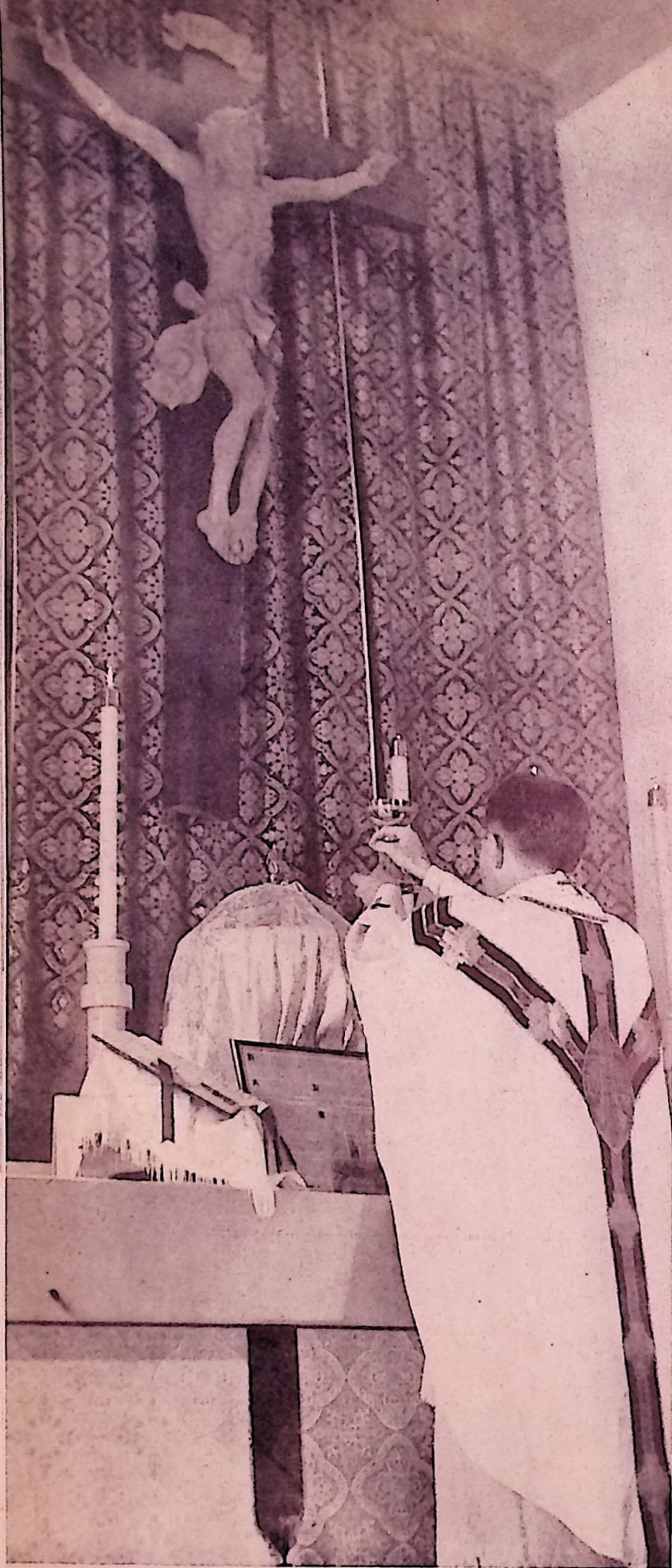


In Chuhari, India, Father Joseph Martin runs a school attended largely by boys of the carpenter caste. They are eager to follow the trade of Christ and become carpenters. Tools are urgently needed for this, and Father Martin cannot afford to buy them. So he turns to you for help.

Would you, in your charity, send \$5.00, or \$10.00, or anything at all, to help Father train boys to imitate the Divine Carpenter? Send your contribution to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



No Greater Thing

can happen than the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. To be celebrated fittingly, the Priest and his servers need decent vestments, like those in the picture.

In the heat of Baghdad, vestments wear out rapidly, and have to be replaced frequently, especially the albs and surplices. They cost. And missionaries are poor.

Won't you help? We can get them very reasonably. Send \$5.00, \$10.00, whatever you can, to

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