

JESUIT MISSIONS

October 1959



...*HIS*
WORK
IS IN
YOUR
HANDS...





JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to
the American Jesuits
by the Pope:

- Baghdad**
- Ceylon**
- Alaska**
- Belize**
- Japan**
- Burma**
- China**
- Caroline Islands**
- Formosa**
- Jamaica**
- Jamshedpur**
- Korea**
- Patna**
- Philippines**
- Marshall Islands**
- Nepal**
- Yoro**
- American Indians**
- Puerto Rico**

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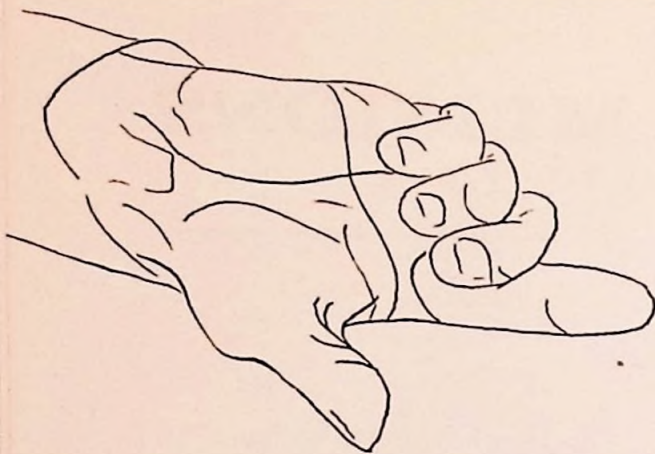
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High in the Darjeeling Hills in Northern India Father John Bingham, once of Long Island, plants a cross and invokes a blessing on the fertile soil. The farm belongs to a sick Sherpa whose son watches this prelude to weeks of strenuous work which saved his father's farm from a moneylender.

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The Pope's Mission intention for this month makes it clear that missionaries are not alone, but rather that

HIS work is in YOUR hands

ONE OF THE MORE fascinating aspects of the guidance and inspiration which the Holy Spirit supplies the Church is the way in which things said by one Pope in one connection are suddenly expanded, clarified, and re-enforced by another Pope speaking about something which at first glance seems totally different. The odd and wonderful thing about it is that at times both remarks seem absolutely simple and both ideas utterly uncomplicated. But put side by side, they seem to complement and add depth and perspective to each other, and suddenly there is an open door through which we can enter and see an enormous panorama of new and fascinating ideas. Or maybe they are just old ideas, eternally valid, seen in a new light and a new perspective.

Thus it happens that the late beloved Pius XII selected as the mission intention for the month of October the following perfectly simple idea: *That all Christians may clearly know their duty towards the missions, and efficiently fulfill it.* Certainly, nothing could be plainer or

simpler. A Christian, any Christian worthy of the name is naturally and supernaturally concerned about doing his duty, to God and to his neighbor. The missions involve both, for the work of the missions is to bring the saving Church to places where it is not, and there to establish it firmly. It is concerned with the very life of the Church, for the Church is a *living* thing, an organism, and the organism that does not grow, dies. So the idea of Christians being concerned with the missions, which are vital to the growth of the Church, is quite natural and quite logical. And it isn't particularly complicated.

Then along comes John XXIII with his friendly face and his twinkling eyes, looking like everybody's picture of what Grandpa *should* look like and doesn't. And in his very first encyclical letter, written for the express purpose of promoting unity and peace, he says: "The source and root of all the evils which affect individuals, people and nations with a kind of poison, and confuse the mind of many is this: *ignorance of the truth,*

. . . men's needs today are so extensive that priests . . . religious, consecrated virgins seem now inadequate to the task of providing the complete remedy . . .

(Ad Petri Cathedram)

Outside the Church the young and the old alike drift, aware of a nameless yearning which afflicts all men who are cut off from their Father's house. This teen-age youngster in Chakhari, India, is typical.



and not only ignorance, but at times a contempt and a deliberate turning away from it."

So there it is, two Popes, talking about different things, re-enforcing and amplifying each other's remarks.

Certainly, the first reaction of anyone reading the mission intention is a natural one. "Sure I'm willing to know my duty to the missions and do it. What is my duty to the missions?"

By way of illustration, here are a couple of stories.

After the armistice that ended World War II there were a group of soldiers quartered in a German village which had been devastated by bombs. As most soldiers will, after they no longer have to fight, this particular group started helping the villagers bring some order out of the rubble. In the course of their work they came to the ruins of a small church, and slowly the rubble was pieced together, the walls rebuilt, a roof fashioned with patience and skill.

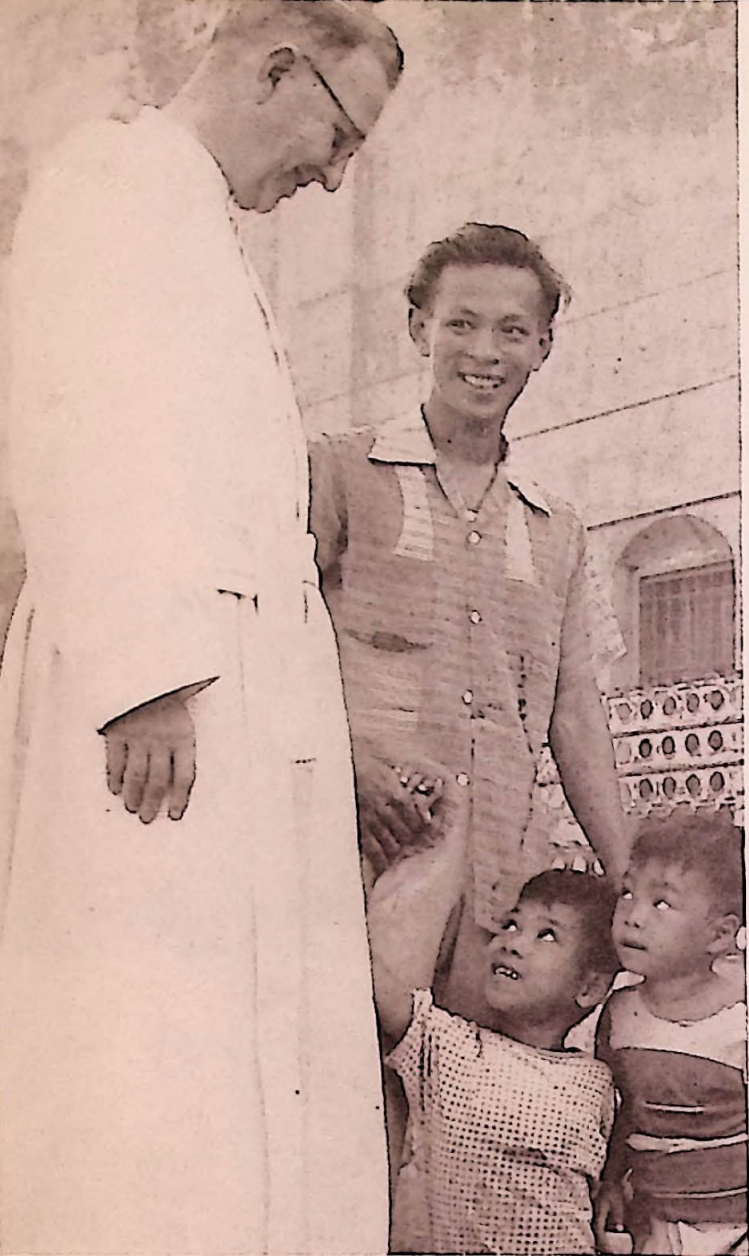
In the ruins, they came across a shattered statue of Christ, and patiently,

like men working on a complicated jigsaw puzzle, they put the fragments together, and raised it, intending to place it back on its niche above the main altar, whence it had fallen.

They had done an excellent job. The marble pieces fitted beautifully. The statue looked almost as well as it ever had: almost new. But there was one flaw. They had not been able to find the marble hands.

So the soldiers pondered the matter, and finally hoisted the handless statue back into its niche. But on the wall below it, in letters large enough to be read by anyone who entered the building, they wrote this line: "I have no other hands than yours."

The other story is also true, and it happened in Nepal, that little-known country to the north of India, on the southern flank of the Himalaya mountains. There was a man there named Shering Sherpa who was a very happy man. He had everything he wanted: a fine wife, a lovely family of seven healthy children, a fertile farm on the terraced



*A sincere love of truth, then,
is essential for all . . . if they
wish to attain that harmony
and peace from which can
arise true prosperity . . .*

(Ad Petri Cathedram)

Everywhere, to all people, the hands and the love of Christ reach out with comforting attention. In the Tondo, a slum section of Manila, near the ruins of the Manila Cathedral, Father George Willman fascinates the kiddies.

hillside. Sure, he had to work, to make the farm pay, but he was doing work which he relished: he was a strong man, and enjoyed using his strength to make a living for those he loved.

Then his wife sickened: tuberculosis. He needed extra cash for medicines, and so he borrowed five hundred dollars from a neighbor of his who made his living lending money—for a price. The price was 24%: \$124.00 a year.

The first year he had a good crop, and paid the interest. But then the disease struck *him*. His splendid strength ebbed. No longer able to devote vigorous attention to his farm, he was unable to raise a crop that did more than barely cover expenses. His children, freed from the supervision of a mother unable to

leave her bed and a father barely capable of a few hours' work, started running wild. The disease ravaged him, and in a short time his debt had risen to a thousand dollars. Shering lay exhausted, looking ahead to a gloomy future: his children destitute, his farm lost.

And then from near-by Kurseong came Father John Bingham, sometime of Long Island, a big man with a booming laugh and a strong body. He, too, relished using his strength. And he had taken to heart some words spoken long ago: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself . . ." So when he was not studying theology at St. Mary's in Kurseong he tramped the mountainous countryside visiting the homes of the sick. Shering looked at the big American, and recog-

nized a kindred spirit: a strong man, a vigorous worker, motivated by love. Quite simply he told his visitor what had happened.

Next morning the silence of the mountain was shattered by the noisy motor of a jeep. On Shering's acres a large cross was planted: Jesuit scholastics and Shering's eldest son stood reverently while a blessing was invoked on the fertile ground. And then with hoe and rake and shovel, American fertilizer, American high-yield seed went into the soil. They worked vigorously, happily. And Shering Sherpa watched the seedlings grow, become sturdy, vigorous plants, while his new friends came again and again to weed and water and nurture their growth. He knew then that the crop would be a bumper one, and leaned back contentedly, aware that he could die in peace. His debt would be paid, his children would not be left destitute. Until the day Father Bingham appeared, Shering had never heard of Christ. He certainly had never heard of the handless statue. But the hands of Christ had come and brought peace.

What is a Christian's duty to the mis-

sions? Simple. To realize that the missionary is not just somebody who goes out to the missions on his own to satisfy some private whim, but somebody who is solemnly *sent in the name of the whole Church* to spread the Kingdom of God. It is the Christian's duty, therefore, to interest himself in what his ambassador, the missionary, is doing. And it is his duty to help: with money if he can afford it, and with prayer, which all can afford.

This duty is a part of the Christian Truth to which Pope John XXIII referred. And His Holiness goes on to emphasize the point, by saying: "Great indeed is the task entrusted to the missionaries. All who are reckoned Christian, or boast of that name, must contribute their support to the execution and extension of this task either by their prayers or by an offering according to their means."

The missionary, to a large extent, is like the handless statue. His means are always limited. His work is exhausting. He is a stranger in an alien land. He has no hands but yours. And the work is in your hands.



A missionary's work is not all drudgery. In the Caroline Islands of the Pacific Father John Nicholson of New York takes time out from his toil at block-making (above) to enjoy the admiration of his flock who are delighted by his floral headgear.



JOSEPH M. WILLIAMS, JR.

The Lord does not always provide the best
or easiest way of doing things.

Improvisation is at times the order of the day.

Make-do in Jamaica

*... the journey through this mortal
life is not something to be
considered only in itself and
grasped for the sake of ... pleasure ...*

(Ad Petri Cathedram)

Home-made ladder, home-made wheelbarrow,
bamboo shorings, marl from next door,
bare feet all manifest the ingenuity and
devotion that go into doing the work of
God. Laws in Jamaica make it necessary to
build massively against hurricanes.

IT SOUNDED awfully impressive: "St. Mary's College, Jamaica." As a fairly recent graduate of Boston College, I found the words making a pleasant picture in my mind. A campus. Elm trees. That sort of thing. The first uneasy suspicion came when I discovered that in Jamaica the word "College" means something a little different: in the British terminology, it can very well signify a secondary school: that is to say, a more advanced institution of learning, more akin to what we call "High School."

The second doubt was started by finding out that St. Mary's College is at a place called Above Rocks. And I had never heard of it. Kingston, Spanish Town, Montego Bay, these were familiar names. But Above Rocks . . . Well, anyway, I kept an open mind, and then, driving along a distressingly bad road, there it was: hills, and more hills, lush and tangled tropical foliage, incredibly rickety shacks hidden in the thick woods.

And building going on. Two buildings. Father Edmund Cheney S.J. was in

charge, so naturally I asked him what they were. He laughed. They were, he said, a dormitory for male teachers, and a science building. As for who was building them, why, he was.

I found out that he meant it literally. He was paying for them. And he was also the contractor, the engineer, electrician and plumber. He was, moreover, doing the whole thing with local help.

This *sounds* all right. In the States, skilled help is always available locally. But this was Above Rocks. Which meant that everybody working on the project was either being taught, or had been taught his job by Father Cheney.

"Works out well all around," he said. "They can use the money I pay them. Then when they leave this job they can go and get another one as skilled workers with experience, and get higher wages. Everybody's very poor around here. Skilled worker's wages means more money coming into the area." He stopped and sighed a little. "They can use all the money they get."



The rallying cry is "If we don't have it, make it." Modern machinery is expensive, and in Jamaica, very scarce. As a result, improvisation and the use of whatever comes to hand is the order of the day. Sand from a nearby hill supplies material for the building blocks, which are made on the spot. Wheelbarrows and ladders are also home-made. The forms are used over and over, and supported with bamboo poles cut from nearby groves. Concrete is made from the marl deposits found in the neighborhood, and is mixed by hand.

The money comes in dribbles. A dollar here, a pound there. Father's credit is good. If money doesn't come, the work stops. Somehow, it keeps coming.

The construction of these buildings means a lot to this area. Poor families benefit from the flow of income. Workers benefit from the experience gained. And most importantly, the resulting structure, housing a laboratory, benefits the whole island of Jamaica.

The reason for this is obvious. Nurses,

doctors, engineers, architects, technicians of all kinds require a certain amount of scientific background. And there is a dire lack of facilities to furnish this training. Only one secondary school in the island, St. George's College in Kingston, has a Science Laboratory. As a result, young people can't get the necessary training.

But the two buildings were only a part of it. I found out that within the last dozen years, in an area of wilderness eighteen miles from the nearest town, in a place where there was no electricity, no running water, nothing, really, Father Cheney and his local help have managed to put up a Grammar School, a Secondary School, a Craft School, a Trade School for mechanics, electricians and carpenters, a Convent, a Rectory, and now the Science Building and the new Dormitory.

It is fantastic. And it is not the end. It never is: with help, St. Mary's at Above Rocks will continue to grow. The future is in your hands.

Beautiful Taiwan has some
not so pretty things . . .

The parade

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, the gods of Hsinchu had a parade. Out of the temple courtyards they came, tall ones and short ones, some walking, some borne on sedan chairs.

Trumpets ten feet long went before them, announcing their approach. Parents brought their children out to bow and reverence as they passed. Above the din of firecrackers—used to scare away unfavorable demons—could be heard the clamor of cymbals, drums, and gongs.

The gods marched according to established order and hierarchy. First came four rather tall deities; one with a horse's head, one with a cow's head, and two with horrible faces.

Next came a small, round black creature, followed by an extremely tall deity in white clothing. The small black demon chased all the little boys, who ran along beside him. The tall white one walked with a peculiar lurch, and his tongue hung out a foot from his mouth.

Lastly came a row of small idols, each carried in a brightly colored sedan chair. The men who carried the idols kept the chairs bouncing vigorously.

All through Hsinchu they marched, until the sun began to set, and the people inside the big idols got tired of carrying them and brought them home.

Behind the parade were many centuries of superstition. So many are the gods and temples of Taiwan that the people have forgotten whether they are Buddhist or Taoist, and keep both kinds of deities in the same temples. Though many of the onlookers did not know it, this particular parade was Taoist.



MICHAEL SASO S.J.

of the gods

The first four deities were guardian spirits of the Taoist hell. Their job is to wait upon the "Ch'ung Hwang," the governors of the lower regions.

The second two figures were once two human beings, named General Fan and General Hsien. General Fan, the short one, drowned. General Hsine, the tall thin deity, hanged himself. That is why his tongue hangs out so far. They were given the job of bringing all the newly deceased "souls" down to Taoist hell, to be judged by the "Ch'ung Hwang."

Last of all came the "Ch'ung Hwang" themselves, the small idols carried in sedan chairs. For some superstitious reason, the carriers must always keep the chairs bouncing as long as the idols are out of their temples. Each temple in Hsinchu sent its own representatives, so the groups were repeated many times.

Besides the gods of the Taoist hell, there are many other idols in Taoist temples, and another whole hierarchy of deities in the rival religion of Buddhism. Pagan superstition is so much a part of the people's life that each month has its own "Bai-Bai," or days of special religious festival and feasting.

That is why many Taiwanese find Catholicism so hard to accept. For to become a Catholic means to reject all the great celebrations, to become an outcast from one's own social and family gatherings. This is not easy.

How long before the Faith and Hope of Catholicism, the Love of the One true God, will replace the terrible idols who walk in the streets of Hsinchu? We can all work together on that problem.



Window on the Mission

IN HIS RECENT encyclical letter, "Ad Petri Cathedram" (selections from which will be found scattered throughout this issue of *Jesuit Missions*) His Holiness Pope John XXIII again makes it clear that the interests of the Church are not limited. The Church is Catholic, which by definition means universal, in the sense of being all-embracing.

One of the most remarkable and heartening statements in the whole encyclical occurs right near the beginning.

"The Catholic Church continues to enjoy her perennial youth . . ."

Somehow, that remark strikes a chord. Many people tend to regard the Church as *old*. So it comes as a pleasant sort of tingling shock to be told, by no less an authority than Christ's own Vicar, that the Church not only is perennially young, but that the Church *enjoys* this youth.

The word is quite apt. It is fun to be young and energetic. There is a character in Shakespeare who cries out, exultantly, "The world is mine oyster!" And in this statement by the Pope there is an echo of that splendid cry.

The youth of the Church is not always obvious. Sometimes, the fact that

a large number of the people who compose the Church are advanced in years tends to conceal from a casual observation the youthful vitality that even the old acquire whenever they gather in their capacity as members of the Church.

Sometime ago, for instance, there came a story from Hungary. It seems that when the new Pope was elected, a large crowd in Budapest gathered in the ancient Cathedral of Saint Stephen to sing the *Te Deum*. There is something very moving in the picture of thousands of people, persecuted and harassed for their faith, flocking into a church to sing the mightiest of all the thanksgiving hymns. But the fascinating part of the story is this: after they had finished the *Te Deum*, while the echoes of their singing were still reverberating in the great cathedral, one of the Canons mounted the pulpit and began to read a communication from the government, exhorting the people to do their duty by the "people's republic" and . . . Somebody coughed. Somebody else coughed. A veritable epidemic of coughing descended on the congregation.

The Canon, faithfully trying to comply with his instructions, raised his voice to a shout, and the coughing increased in volume. It was, beyond a doubt, the loudest, most widespread, and most sustained fit of coughing in history. In the midst of the shattering uproar, the



The vitalizing and electric moment when the hand of the missionary and the hand of the stay-at-home touch, and the responsibility for the success of the Church in the missions becomes a shared thing is suggested by artist Phil Franznik who designed the October cover.

Canon's words were completely inaudible. Then he finished and climbed down from the pulpit, whereupon all coughing ceased as if by magic, and absolute silence settled on the vast crowd. In the hush there sounded the laughter of a child.

There is something exuberantly youthful in the idea of thousands of people spontaneously being afflicted with fits of coughing in order to defeat, even in a minor way, their faithless government.

But there are other marks of this youthful vitality, too. This is especially the case in the field of the missions. It cannot be said often enough that the missions are the most vital work of the Church, because it is the work of growth. And it is significant that while John XXIII was writing that the Church enjoys its youth, the Church in Mexico was informed that it was to take over a part of the missionary work in Japan, and American Jesuits were assigned to Puerto Rico, Chile and Peru.

It is also significant that when the Holy Father speaks of the missionaries and their works he links it to a duty. "No undertaking, perhaps, is so pleasing to God as this, for it is intimately linked with the duty that binds all, the spreading of God's kingdom." He makes it a challenge, and what youth can reject a challenge? He does not pat us on the head and say kindly: "That's fine. We can rest now. The Kingdom's reached far enough. We don't want to strain our lines of communication. Let's take it easy for a while."

On the contrary. He uses strong words. He says it's a duty that binds *all*. He says the Kingdom *must* spread farther. And he speaks to *all* of us.



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In the unending war against ignorance

Ceylon missionaries man a

BASTION



LIKE EVERY proper capital city Batticaloa, the capital city of the eastern province of the island of Ceylon is situated on a river. Well, not quite a river. A lagoon, which looks like one.

Still other streams pass through the city, and, in fact, within the walls of the college run by the Jesuits of the southern province of the U.S.A., three streams wend their way through the college and out, the Tamil, Sinhalese, and English streams. These streams are simply the whole curriculum of subjects taught in the aforementioned languages. This necessitates, therefore, three separate staffs to run the place.

This is St. Michael's College. The word college is used in a broad sense to include students ranging from seven years to 20 years of age or more, and going from what is called 4th Standard to H.S.C. (Higher School Certificate), which latter prepares one for immediate entrance into the University of Ceylon.

St. Michael's is old and not only broad in the students it embraces but broad in the sense of being sprawled all over the property it occupies. The French Jesuits who built it spared no pains or money in making it an imposing building. An important official at the time of its erection remarked, "They are build-

Basketball is becoming popular in Ceylon. D.L.F. Rupasinghe is typical of the students who make St. Michael's worthwhile.

*... let them never think that there
is a fixed maximum for their labors ...*
(Ad Petri Cathedram)

Massive and beautiful, St. Michael's stands today as solidly as when it was built in the last century to bring the young to Christ.



ing a college much bigger than the town." What the American Jesuits acquired in the acres of land alone should be hailed with undying gratitude to the French for the infinite patience with which they purchased tiny little plot after plot of land until they had an area big enough for the school. Each little plot housed a cajan hut or two and family or families and this process continues to our day as a few more are needed to help expansion. Hence, the anomaly of finding wells at odd places around the grounds and gardens.

It still intrigues all newcomers to visualize the herculean labors involved in getting to the site of the college the huge steel beams which now support the roof. They would not be a whit undersized for skyscraper work in the industrial empire of the U.S.A. And they were transported to this province when there was no railroad from the port cities of Galle and Colombo. The walls of the college seem built to stand a shell bombardment rather than the harmless yell bombardment daily inflicted on them. Since it is rooted in the granite which is the subsurface of Ceylon the college is here to stay.

At any rate, St. Michael's still stands unharmed by the decades. Only the blackening of its fort-like towers, like the greying of hairs, reminds one of its age. Enrollment is now up to 438 and this number still fit in the building, along

with the growing Jesuit faculty and a whole section of boarders. Boarding is now 62 but this is not a peak year. One hundred can be housed.

To assure the sound body, sound mind principle, the college indulges in sports, some typical, a couple untypical, of the isle. Cricket is one of the chief. Even those who do not participate have a belligerent enthusiasm for the cricket event of the year, the Australian-English cricket Test Matches. The enthusiasm extends from the principal down to the unshavable shavers. Soccer also has its day. Until recently it was played bare-foot. Despite the hazards and the incredible feats of footwork, injuries were few. Now that some are shod and others not, the risk increases.

Basketball seems to have a permanent place, too, on the campus, not the least of the reasons being that a hard-surfaced court is down to stay. But the zeal for the game which is foreign to the isle depends on a coach. Recently, Mr. Brou S.J. from Edgard, Louisiana, kept up the traditions of southern keenness in basketball by staging a tournament island-wide and challenging all comers and fielding two teams, one of which emerged on top. Admissions were charged to help defray expenses; the court was floodlit by the college's amateur electricians and the crowd exceeded all expectations as they flooded onto the college's inner compound to witness the

BASTION



Lighthanded Fr. Ralph Rieman shows the boys that ideas are not all he can juggle skilfully.

first thing of this kind in the area. Mr. Brou managed to suit out one of his teams in tee shirts and trunks carrying the school's name, thanks to a benefactor in the States who even had the suits flown in. Basketball may be here to stay.

School itself is literally always humming during classes and sometimes the hum reaches a roar. Classrooms are built for coolness. The noise must be taken in the bargain. But despite the obstacles much learning is transmitted.

It is difficult to remain alert from 8:10 A.M. to 3:15 P.M., especially when one has to carry a schedule such as the following: Religion, English, Tamil, Arithmetic, Writing, Reading, Geography, History, Health, Handwork, Drawing (4th Standard tots' lot); or in the high school level such an array of subjects as: Religion, English, Tamil, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Botany, and

Zoology. It is no wonder that the government requires only a 33% for a passing grade. The Jesuits raise the standard a notch or two so that 50% is the passing mark. Occasionally, a student passes through this milling process with a remarkable achievement such as the boy now 13 years old who has finished 10 grades and is class leader besides. He will finish all his preparatory work for the University at the age of 15 if he continues at his present pace and has then to mark time for three years waiting to reach 18 for entrance into those halls of learning! What a situation!

With the advance being made in this undeveloped area of Ceylon it will not be long before this section catches up with the rest of the island in all respects and SMC should be producing some of the finest minds and technicians on the isle. At least we can dream.

From all over America Jesuits assigned to
the Holy Father's Missions make their way

To New Lands



Joseph Bennett
New England
Iraq



James Berna
Maryland
Jamshedpur, India



Bernard Boyle
Maryland
Osorno, Chile



James F. Brown
California
Formosa



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California
Thailand



Michael H. Ducey
Chicago
Patna, India



Walter Vogelsanger
New York
Marshall Islands



Thomas Gafney
Detroit
Nepal

To New Lands

And now Our thought takes wing to those who, giving up their father's house and their beloved homeland, enduring serious hardship and overcoming difficulties, have gone to foreign countries.

(Ad Petri Cathedram)



Richard Halpine
Wisconsin
Sioux Indians



Henry Haske
Maryland
Osorno, Chile



Charles J. Healey
New England
Iraq



John F. Henry
Maryland
Osorno, Chile



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Maryland
Osorno, Chile



John F. Moran
New York
Philippine Islands



James O'Leary
Missouri
Yoro, Honduras



Joseph P. O'Neill
Maryland
Osorno, Chile



Lawrence J. O'Toole
New England
Jamaica



Harold R. Powers
New England
Iraq



William J. Raferty
New England
Jamaica



Francis E. Reilly
New York
Philippine Islands



William J. Sheehan
New England
Jamaica



Carl L. Starkloff
Missouri
Sioux Indians



Andrew Stawowy
Missouri
Japan



Robert J. Suchan
New York
Philippine Islands



George R. Toruño
Missouri
Yoro, Honduras



Joseph B. Torres
Missouri
Sioux Indians



Leo F. Weber
Missouri
British Honduras



George P. Winchester
New England
Jamaica



Walter J. Young
New England
Iraq



Theodore F. Zuern
Wisconsin
Sioux Indians

Not pictured

To the Philippines

Edward Mooney
Vincent Bowen
Thomas Denny
John Mayer
Michael Reilly

To Puerto Rico

Edward Berbusse
Thomas Hession
Walter Janer
William McDonough

Raymond Nolan

John J. Scully
Joseph Hernandez
Francis Kasteel

To the Sioux Indians

John F. O'Shea
Anthony Dagen
Eugene Lilla
Roland Starszak
Emil Recker
Thomas Beaunantine

To Burma

William Lynn

To Japan

John Blewett
Richard Devine

To Marshall Islands

Richard Becker
Thomas Flavin

To British Honduras

Ralph Vonderhaar

To Yoro, Honduras

George Prendergast

Some things are needed more than others—

One of the most necessary of all is

INSPIRATION

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE are returning to school. This reminds us that, no matter how remotely, they are preparing for life. It might be a good time to make some observations about missionary vocations. We always assume that God meets the needs of the Church and society. At present the Church needs many more vocations and certainly the world is badly in need of the teachings of the Gospel. While the graces of a missionary vocation are given by God, as all graces are given by Him, at the same time it would be wrong to think that the idea or inspiration of a vocation must come directly from God.

Vocations are given to human beings, who are subject to the influence and inspiration given by other human beings. There is no reason why God should eliminate the value of such influence in the development of vocations. Most missionaries can point to some parent, priest, Brother, Sister or young friend as the source of their first inspiration to a vocation. Anyone who genuinely loves the Church and feels responsible in some way for her growth should be eager that she have an increasing number of vocations to assist her in accomplishing her world-wide mission.

The Lord, of course, told us to pray that laborers may be sent into the harvest. No doubt some people do pray for the increase of vocations. But one wonders how many feel the obligation of making such a prayer to God. Many who might pray for the increase of vocations would not think of suggesting or encouraging a vocation in young people. All of us should pray; but that is not

all we should do. We should present to our young people the divine challenge of a missionary life. Young people are idealists. They often dream of doing great things. Why should we hesitate to present to them the doing of great things for the spread of the Kingdom of God? We cannot expect people to aspire to a greatness about which they know almost nothing, because we do not desire or reach for something about which we have no knowledge. All of us can present to our young people the greatness of the Church's missionary life and the privilege of dedication to Christ in extending the Church in mission lands.

Because in some cases it has been said that parents or priests exerted pressure on the young for vocations which did not work out, we should not go to the opposite extreme of saying nothing. Parents should be at least as eager that their children should become priests and religious as that that should marry well or pursue a profession or a career. It is just as wrong to put pressure on the young not to follow the inspiration of a missionary vocation as it is to force such a vocation. It would seem that more young people are pressured out of a vocation than are pressured into a vocation. Everybody is sure it is wrong to exert excessive pressure for a vocation. But they do not seem to be so sure that it is just as wrong to discourage a vocation. Christ has entrusted His Church to all of us in one way or another. One way we fulfil that trust is by the encouraging of vocations with prayer, example and inspiration.

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.

Just returned from the missions three young
lay women are full of enthusiasm and are
planning to return, with others, to where things are

"Usually Exciting"

KURT BECKER S.J.

THE DICTIONARY defines "adventure" as "(1) an exciting or unusual experience; (2) a bold and difficult undertaking, usually exciting, and somewhat dangerous." And there are three young ladies around who will cheerfully testify the dictionary is perfectly correct. They have just had an adventure.

Rose Marie Stanton comes from New York. Yvonne Coutu hails from Pawtucket, R.I., and Sue Lapointe is from Brookfield, Mass. And their adventure came about when by divers means and several ways it came to their attention that Father George Endal of Holy Rosary Mission in Alaska was looking for volunteers to help him run a school. So the three of them went. They went in various ways, by various routes. But on the last day of August they found themselves in Dillingham, Alaska.

Dillingham is a very small town. There are four stores, two movies, which show pictures at least two years old, a small hospital, a combination grammar and high public school, a pool hall run by a formidable lady named Jessie, and two saloons: the N & N and the "Willow Tree." The latter has a dance floor, and a juke box, and a faintly unsavory reputation as a hot-spot.

Holy Rosary Mission, however, is not in this metropolis. It is a couple of miles out of town, on the road to Kanakanak, and consists of three buildings: a large two-story and basement affair which is a combination chapel and school, a small building which is a dormitory for the girl students, and a smaller building which houses Father Endal and his assistant, Father Greif, when he comes.

On August 31, when the girls arrived,

Students ranged in age from six . . . to much older. Everyone pitched in to the work with a will.



Parka is modeled by Yvonne Coutu while Rose Marie Stanton watches.

The biggest trouble in Alaska, they report, is the gnats, which are called "no-see-ums" and which raise a big welt when they bite.



they found out that school would begin the day after Labor Day. Which meant that they had three days to get ready for class. Only the classrooms weren't finished yet. The floors needed to be scraped, smoothed, and tiled. So they all pitched in. Labor Day was precisely that. At two-thirty in the morning of opening day, everything was ready, and everybody got a little rest to prepare for the big event.

Forty pupils showed. Of these twenty were boarders: fifteen boys, five girls. The rest were day-hops. There were three rooms for the eight grades: Sue coped with the first three, Yvonne took the two middle ones, and Rose Marie handled the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. But even this was not complicated enough. The first students to appear were a family of Moravians. They

ranged in age from six to twenty-six, and the oldest, who was the most advanced, was in the third grade. (He was quite advanced in other ways, too, and because of his persistent patronage of the Willow Tree, was asked to leave school.) The others, to nobody's surprise, never gave any trouble.

In the beginning of October a building inspector came around, and insisted that one of the rooms, in the smallest building, was too cold. So there was a hectic week while one of the larger rooms was partitioned.

The day-hops, it turned out, loved the school. Some, under strict orders from parents, apparently, went home at four when classes were over. But there were a good many who stayed, so that the cook always made sure that he had extra helpings, and there were more places

The boys skated on the icy surface of the road, liking especially to skate up the hills.





Eskimo children share the great charm of youngsters everywhere and are excellent students.

set than the boarders could use. Some of the boarders, on the other hand, were inclined to wander. "Awol" Johnson, who earned his nickname, was frequently the object of hurried trips in the jeep. He liked Jessie's pool parlor, and had a number of good friends there, whom he was anxious to impress with his growing education. His brother Morris, on the other hand, who had come with the reputation of being a wild man, turned out to be a fine student, and became the best altar-boy in the place.

There were things which in other climates would be astonishing. Mudball fights, for instance, as soon as the snow melted and the tundra thawed. The time when a berserk moose came around, and had to be shot, furnishing food. Moose, the girls insist, is delicious. So is "Rice and Moose juice," a concoction

for which they were unable to supply a recipe. They loved something called "Agutok" which is regarded by everybody in Dillingham as *the* supreme delicacy, and consists of cranberries and sugar mixed with lard.

And always, like a great light over everything, was the awareness of the fact that they were doing this for Christ. Their adventure for the year is over. But they're going back, all three of them, and what is more, they are ardently recruiting young ladies and young men to return with them so that others can share in an experience which is, in the words of the dictionary, "usually exciting."

So if you find that your own routine of life is lacking that invigorating quality you might like to consider spending some time for Christ and His Kingdom.



The Church in Pisgah is a wreck.

Father Francis Kempel, of Jamaica, sent along the picture above to show what he meant when he said that the Church in Pisgah is a wreck. He adds that his people are the poorest of the poor, and that the prosperous Adventists are building a big church nearby, and luring his people away with shows of prosperity. He needs help.

Won't you find it in your heart to come to his aid?

Send \$5, or \$10 or whatever you can afford to

Jesuit Missions

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

ANTHONY ROBERTS S.J.

A parched land, a poor people, a group
of strangers. And suddenly

Christ comes home

HE'S REALLY always with us, but it did seem as if He was coming home in a special sort of way when Anandpur parish had its annual Eucharistic Procession.

Catholics from all the major villages of the 800 square mile parish were represented here, each group pridefully carrying its different "ship" or float, so painstakingly made and so carefully



brought over the miles to this place for this day. The roll call of the villages here haunts the ear like the far-off booming of jungle drums so often heard in the stillness of the night: Buru Tulunda and Bura Kinduda in the Northwest, Omra in the scrub-brush mountains. Raiom and Hantopa, Gulruam and Hututua, deep in the reserved forest; and Chota Kurna in the South, and Dodoro Baru. They were here from their mud houses. Yesterday they had silently tramped the tiresome miles—over the mountains and through parched stream beds, and across dried paddy fields. Many had walked five and six hours to be in good time for this procession—unless seeing it all you might think "procession" too elegant a word—for it is a stately word conjuring up stately images: the cool majesty of the liturgy in Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York, the electric, centuries-old pageantry of Saint Peter's in Rome.

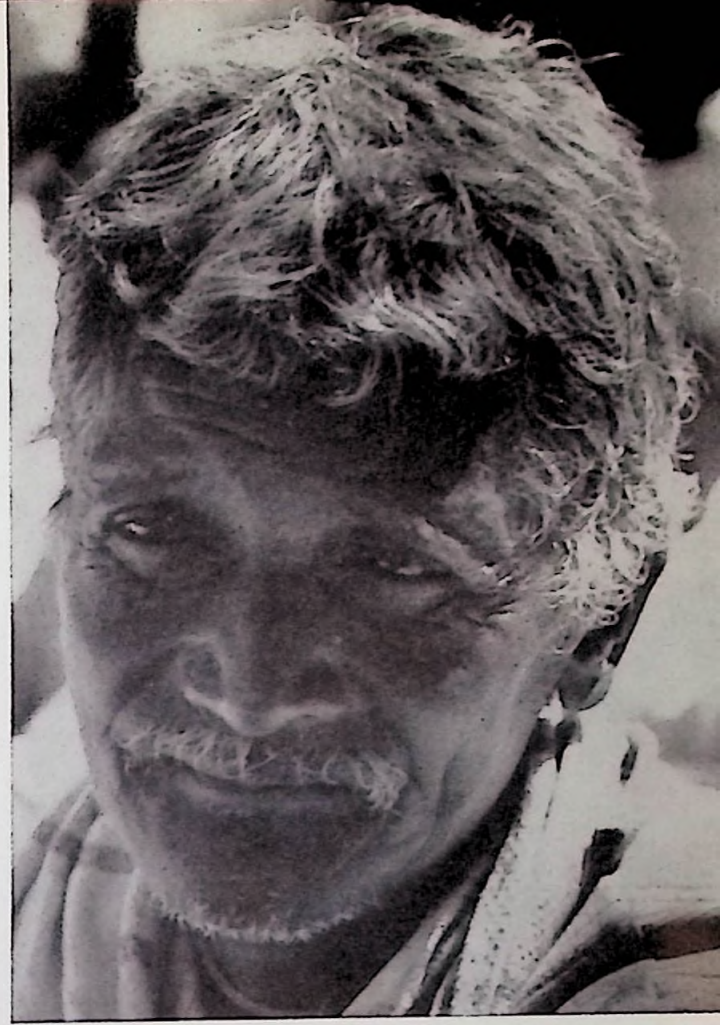
You might have felt a little ashamed walking here through the dust, thinking of all the beautiful ways Christ the Son of God should be honored—how nothing

The young look on with delighted fascination as the procession walks along. To the pagan, only the appearance of the occasion strikes home. The meaning is not grasped.

*And now Our thought takes wing to
those who, giving up their
father's house and their beloved
homeland, enduring serious hardship
and overcoming difficulties,
have gone to foreign countries.*

(Ad Petri Cathedram)

Peace is always one of the Lord's gifts as He passes by. The serenity and happiness of Christians, even the hardest-pressed and poorest, have always been one of the opening wedges in the missionaries' efforts to bring the Faith to India. People are interested in finding out *why* Christians are so contented.



is too good, and how all man's most sublime efforts to reverence God are tinsel and make believe before that Uncreated Glory. You note the ill-made road, thick with dry red dust, the bitter smoke of cowdung fires rising lazily from the roadside huts and circling in the early morning air, the great searing ball of sun, only just beginning its day's task of scourging the spent land, the poorly clad aboriginals: poorest of the poor, the altar-boys: ebony skin and scarlet cloth, and penetrating it all the plaintive sound of the Indian hymns—and then the Sacred Host, passing through on high.

It's at that moment that all the inadequacy and poverty vanish before the overpowering memory that bears down with such force upon you: this is His own—something He recognizes well—something He once knew in all its reality. It's as if He'd come down for a brief visit home. When He walked the earth, cool marbled floors did not echo His footsteps. The Feet of God trod the hard dusty roads of Palestine: "Thou

gavest Me no water for My feet." No princely umbrella shaded Him from the pitiless Oriental sun: "Jesus, therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well." Not among the comfortable or the luxury-loving did He pass His time: "Those who wear soft garments dwell in the houses of kings." . . . And so here He is again, the Son of God in that little white Host, doing it all over again, passing along with His people: a sweating, disarrayed, loving, straggling group—a procession, you would tolerantly say. An echo and a repetition.

It's all so familiar to Him, after all those centuries. Through dusty tired fields under a sun-scorched sky He makes His way, and the women turn from their grinding and farmers from their threshing while loin-clothed children cease for a moment from their shouting and their play and come to the edge of the road: curious, silent; it could be nineteen hundred years ago: "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by." But it is today and all the world is His home.

MICHAEL COOPER S.J.

In the unnatural circumstances
of persecution strange things
happen. Here is the case of

The Christian Goddess and.

Exquisitely carved in ivory, her
foot above the serpent's head, the
Madonna-Goddess combines Christian
symbolism with Japanese delicacy.

AS LONG as the sun warms the earth,
let no Christian dare set foot on
the shores of Japan. Let all understand
that whoever defies this decree, though
he be the King of Spain, the God of the
Christians or Buddha himself, he will
pay for it with his head." So ran the ar-
rogant decree published by the Japanese
authorities in 1640 in their savage at-
tempt to wipe out Christianity.

The interdict spelt doom to the ef-
forts of the devoted missionary priests
to slip unnoticed into Japan to minister
to the persecuted faithful. From that
time onwards the Christians were to be
deprived of their pastors for more than
two centuries. Persecuted, imprisoned,
tortured and exiled, the Japanese Chris-
tians valiantly clung to the Faith which
their grandfathers had learned from St.
Francis Xavier himself.

In such circumstances it was obvious
that the faithful could not hold religious
services in public nor even display any-
thing in their houses that would show
that they were Christians. They dared
not even have in their homes a statue
of Our Lady whom they venerated with
so much devotion. It was because of this
that somebody one day hit on the idea
of making a so-called Maria-Kannon
statue with surprising results.

The statue is of Our Lady seated with
the Child on her lap and two saints
standing on either side. But to deceive
the police spies ever on the watch for
secret Christians, the designers of these
statues introduced one curious feature—
they made the statue in the likeness of
Kannon, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy.
So while they were outwardly venerate-
ing the pagan statue, the faithful were

... We persist in our asking that the freedom of law, which is due to all, and also to the Church of God, be granted, as it ought, to everyone.

(Ad Petri Cathedram)

the Pagan Cross

Mute testimony to the savagery and the determination of the great persecution is borne by the worn carving of this *fumie* preserved in Sophia University.



praying in their hearts to Mary, Mother of Mercy, for help in their tribulation.

But sooner or later the authorities found out about this stratagem and they in turn began to devise a plan to discover the secret Christians. So now not only did the Christians make Buddhist statues—the persecutors starting making crucifixes! Their idea was as simple as it was effective. The order was issued that everybody must present himself once a year at the local Buddhist temple and openly declare his religion. As the acid test, all were obliged to trample on a crucifix which was laid on the ground; anybody refusing to obey was instantly hauled off to prison and execution.

And thus countless Christians were found out by the use of these '*fumie*,' or step-on pictures, as they were called. Many *fumie* still exist today and are

treasured as sacred relics of the bitter passion of the ancient Japanese Christians. It is a moving experience to hold a *fumie* in your hand; as you look at the crucifix, worn smooth by the feet of thousands of Japanese hundreds of years ago, you wonder how many Christians of old refused to desecrate this particular crucifix and paid for their fidelity with their lives.

They say that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church; with such valiant forefathers to inspire and watch over the Japanese Catholics of today, the Church in Japan will reap a rich harvest. But we must remember that the planting was done in blood and although the fruits may be rich they will not be gathered in without great labor. So let us keep the Church in Japan constantly in our prayers.



In the meager shelter of an overhanging thatch a shoestring school gets under way in Buxar.

I CALL THEM Shoestring Schools, because that is what they are started on. When a class of people who have been illiterate for a few thousand years decide at last that they want their children to learn to read and write, it is a world-shaking event, and there is no time to be lost making a lot of fuss arranging for a building, desks, blackboards, books and equipment. The thing to do is to begin before they change their minds and settle into the old rut for another thousand years.

India's Prime Minister Mr. Nehru has been finding fault with educators because they spend so much money on the buildings. He would find no fault with us in Buxar. What is the thing most needed for a school? I always say, and very loudly, "Pupils." In my tours through the villages whenever the talk of a school begins, I look round for the children. If there are enough, say, fifteen or twenty, and generally there are, I say, "Yes, you can have a school." If the children are promising, and generally they are, they will have it.

But there is one last step, one hitch, before the school can go over the hump. "And, uh," I begin, "has anyone got an empty house or an empty room where we can get started?" If the people are really sold on the idea of education, they lead you to a cow-shed, or an empty porch, or the unused extension of one of their houses, usually a low, small, windowless room, but if it is big enough for the teacher to sleep in and to keep his things, and if it has a door, they have a deal. And the teaching? The shade of any tree will do. So say I, though it rarely comes to that.

Then I go home and look for teacher. Unless the teacher shows up quickly, enthusiasm evaporates. In a few years the village schools themselves will provide a whole crowd of young men qualified to be teachers among their own people; now it is a question of what I can find, a young man who can learn as he goes.

Come Sunday, the people of the village come for Mass. I found a teacher, and he was told to get ready to go back

We therefore give Our fatherly support to competent and zealous work of those priests who . . . spare no pains for the spiritual good of these children . . .

(Ad Petri Cathedram.)

When there is work to be done, it does not pay to wait too long, even if the result is

Shoestring Schools

E. P. BURKE S.J.

with the people that very day. Francis was an able man for the venture— for venture or adventure it was, a parting of ways between the old and the new, a path to a higher life, a better future, for all these people, for Francis, too.

Just one week later he brought an attendance roll with twenty-six names on it. If the school does well, the teacher will get a bed and a chair, a blackboard and a kerosene lantern, a slate and a book for each child, and \$10 a month for himself. For a year or two he will manage to borrow a house or a single room while we look for a small plot of land. Only about 1/16 of an acre, on which to erect, out of mud, a first school and chapel.

This is the way a great number of village schools began. It is the story of ten right here in Buxar. This work is what I call the Great Adventure, not only an adventure in faith, but in better living, better chances, better hopes. I am a priest and am thinking of souls first, but even if I should fail in that higher purpose, the Shoestring Schools will have served India well.

But twenty-two years of experience

with Shoestring Schools have taught us that they grow. The churches of Itarhi, Dumraon, Shahpur, and the first permanent establishment of Buxar at Kritpura were all Shoestring Schools.

Typical of the children of the poor in India is this girl looking forward to her school.



Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
some have greatness thrust upon them.

Number one, Number two

FRANCISCO A. CLAVER S.J.

“**P**ADDER, I’m only number two!” the little tyke protested vigorously, all the while trying to locate hands and feet within the voluminous folds of an oversized cassock.

“Never mind,” the *Padder* reassured him, “you will be number one from now on.” With this he shoved the nervous little bundle of humanity into a side chapel to help the priest vest for Mass. The *Padder* peeked in later, and number two was there, manfully sweating it out alone, and in the process becoming a number one.

Number one, number two—no code words, these, with mysterious overtones. In our altar-boys’ vocabulary, they simply meant first server and second server. Number one was the honorable bell-clanger and Communion-plate-handler, the experienced rattler of flawless *confiteors* and *suscipiat*s; and number two, the lowly book-carrier, number one’s meek assistant, awkward with cassock and Latin and feet.

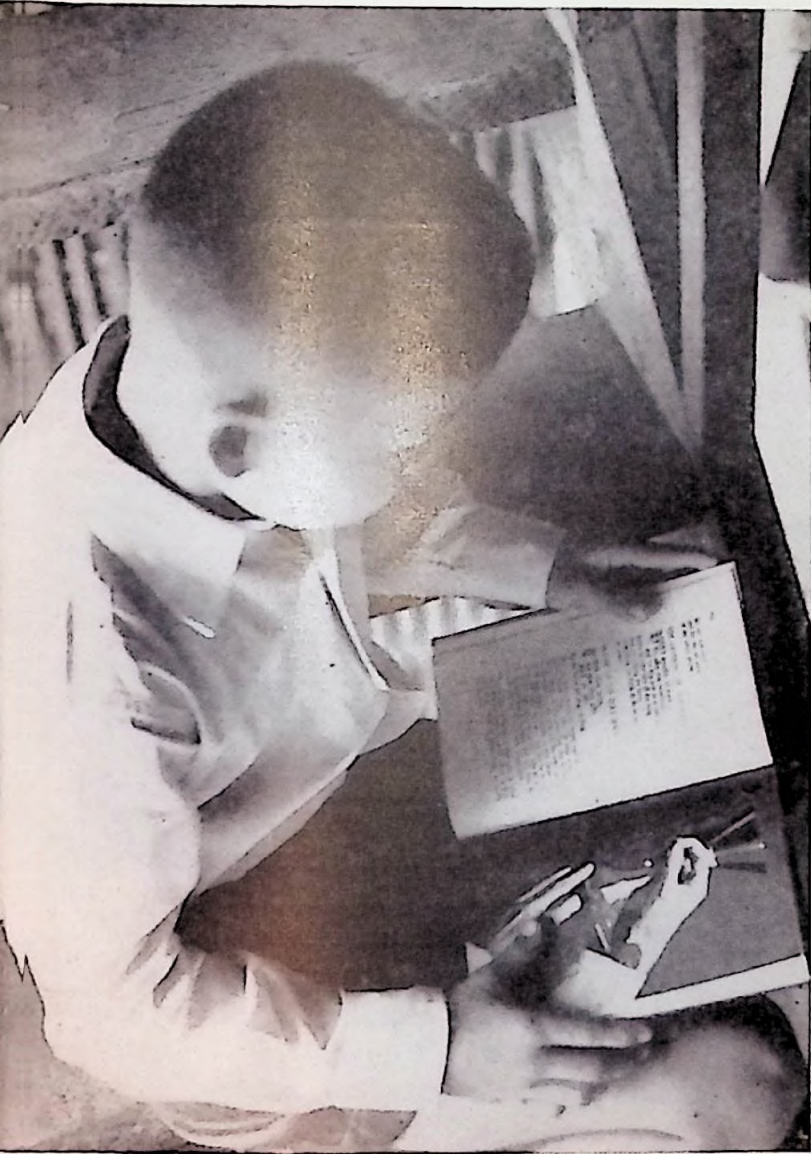
The *Padder* was Mr. Juan Bonafe, a scholastic at the Ateneo de Davao. He built the Sanctuary Society, of which he was moderator, into a veritable army of number ones or number twos in the exacting routine of daily Mass service. And they were good.

Padder assigned two servers to a priest each day. If both turned up, the priest was served royally and he got his wine and water at the precise moments and

his genuflecting and his bowing were generously advertised by the noisy clinking of bells. If only number one came, it was still all right. But if only number two showed up, well, that was when the *Padder* made momentous decisions and number twos automatically, if excruciatingly, became number ones against all accepted army norms of promotion. They would sweat and stammer and stumble from one part of the Mass to another, deprived of the prodding support of number one, but when the ordeal was finished and the last fervent *amen* said, why, they had arrived.

It was not uncommon for a server to appear at the Ateneo long before the entrance gates were opened at 4:50 A.M., rising time for the Reverend Fathers of the school. Once diminutive Arsenio, all enthusiasm over his newly acquired number one status, came hurrying in an hour or two too early. No one was around and the night was still dark, so he curled up on a pile of discarded costumes behind the stage and peacefully resumed interrupted dreams. He woke up hours later to the tramping and shuffling of feet—the students were filing into the morning’s first class. (No, he was not court-martialed nor even reprimanded by the *Padder*, but he got a good breakfast.)

At another time, Roberto, a fresh recruit likewise from the number two ranks, woke his mother up, and in the



*To those who have special
training and skill,
the opportunity is given
to rise also to
higher ranks...*

(Ad Petri Cathedram.)

The transition from lowly Number Two to the exalted ranks of Number Ones is not accomplished without homework. An illustrated book helps, but even with such artistic assistance an ambitious altar-boy finds that in this field, as in all others, the old statement still applies: Knowledge maketh a bloody entrance.

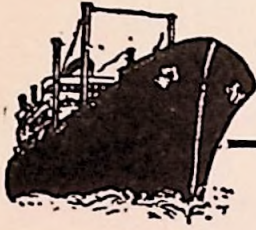
process the whole family, to ask what time it was—he had a 5:20 Mass assignment. There wasn't a clock in the house, so the good woman went knocking on a neighbor's door in the darkness. The lady of the other house answered: "*Co-madre*, it's only 2:00 o'clock, go back to bed!" They went back to bed, and Roberto—he didn't make it that day.

And there was Alex who lived with his grandmother on San Pedro Street. He may have looked like a kid among kids but he had the heart of a man. He had come on his own accord a year ago from a far-off section of Davao to take our scholarship exams and he won one

of the six scholarships at stake. His grandmother was quite reluctant at first about his getting up so early in the morning to serve Mass, fearful about his safety in the streets. One day she walked with him all the way through Bankerohan, across the bridge, and on to the school grounds. She never did it again. It was Alex who steered her clear of speeding jeeps and rushing market vendors—he could take care of himself.

And so it went every morning, day in, day out, and so it still goes, number ones and number twos bravely battling with sloth and sleep to keep an appointment with the King of Kings.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

Promoting Devotion to the Sacred Heart is the self-appointed task of Father James F. Morgan of Baghdad College. Despite revolutions and changes of government, the work goes on among the 211,400 Catholics of Iraq. Father Morgan needs funds to help him meet the cost of printing Sacred Heart leaflets in Arabic. If you could help—

50 Leaflets \$1.00

Families Are Living in goat houses, hay lofts and bullock stables in Koath, India. The youngest girl of one family is called Punita—the Holy One—because she was born in a stable like the Infant Jesus. Father Gallagher, her missionary pastor, has been pinching every penny he can get to build homes for these people. The work on housing has started but Father Gallagher is out of funds and asks for your help.

Cement floor \$25.00

Door \$ 6.00

Window \$ 5.00

A Change Had to Be Made so Father Goudreau of Bakhtiapur, India bought property in hopes he might be able to build a permanent brick church. His present church of mud bricks built on rented property, is leaking badly during the monsoon rains. Water comes through the roof and onto the altar, beds, books which have to be covered when it rains.

The total cost of a brick church will be \$2,000 but maybe you could help Father get started with a contribution of \$1.00, \$2.00 or \$5.00. Father Goudreau would be very grateful for any assistance you could give.

Students Are Failing in their studies at the Loyola school of the Jamshedpur mission because study conditions are so poor in the over-crowded homes. The Jesuits have opened a hostel for them with the boarding and school tuition coming to \$8.00 a month. The parish pays half the cost but many of the parents are unable to furnish the remaining \$4.00. Would you be able to help this worthwhile educational work?

Tuition and Board \$4.00 a month

St. Andrews Indian Mission, in Pendleton, Oregon, is a Umatilla reservation of about 1,100 Indians. Father James Hurley, who has been in charge of St. Andrews for six years, needs library books of grade school level for the mission school. The *Book Rate* postage is inexpensive if you could help. The address is:

Rev. James P. Hurley, S.J.

St. Andrews Mission

Route 1 Box 193

Pendleton, Oregon

Patches of Soft Snow have weakened the landing gear of Father Convert's plane. He needs a wide type of plane skis which help absorb the shock of the rougher landings. Father's anxiety to have his own plane for his Alaskan mission trips is simply a matter of economy since the commercial rates are \$50.00 an hour. He can cover his missions for \$5.00 a hundred miles. With the use of his own plane Father Convert has been able to visit his people more often. Please consider whether you could help with a contribution of \$1.00 or \$2.00.

Clinic

ON THE YUKON



In St. Mary's Mission, on the lower Yukon River in our 49th State, Father Lawrence Haffie has a clinic where over 4,000 people a year receive medical attention.

The trouble is that running this clinic is expensive. Father Haffie needs help.

Won't you come to his assistance?

Send \$5, \$10, or whatever you can afford to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18

MISSION
SUNDAY

Support Your

SOCIETY FOR THE
PROPAGATION
OF THE FAITH

Give Generously!