

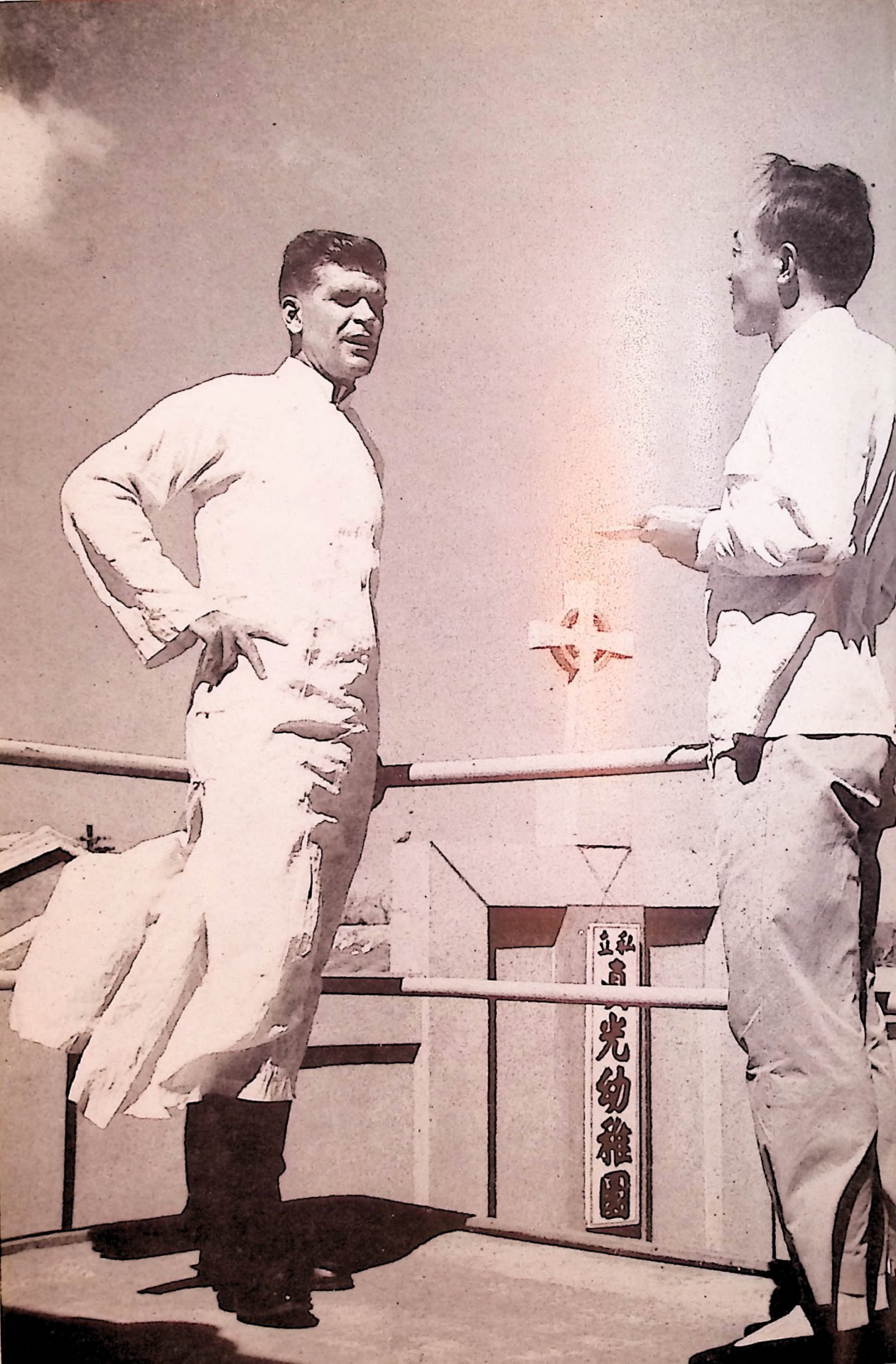
JESUIT MISSIONS

November 1959



A unifying force in a world divided





私立光幼稚園



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**

November 1959, Vol. 33, No. 8

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Talking with his favorite catechist, Father John Brennan stands in the wind overlooking his church in Taipei, and might easily symbolize the freedom which characterizes Taiwan. Untrammelled and unpersecuted, the Church in that island has grown by leaps and bounds, and the future looks bright indeed.

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The Pope's Mission Intention points to the connection

that exists between the private and public life

The strange land with

THE FIRST Europeans who saw Madagascar did so by accident. One ship of a Portuguese convoy on its way to India in 1500 was separated from the others and sailed off course to this island. Under their captain, Diego Diaz, they called it Saint Lawrence Island, for they "discovered" it on St. Lawrence day, August 10. But mapmakers insisted that it was the Mogadisho kingdom mentioned by Marco Polo. A few more mistakes—this time in spelling—and we have Madagascar.

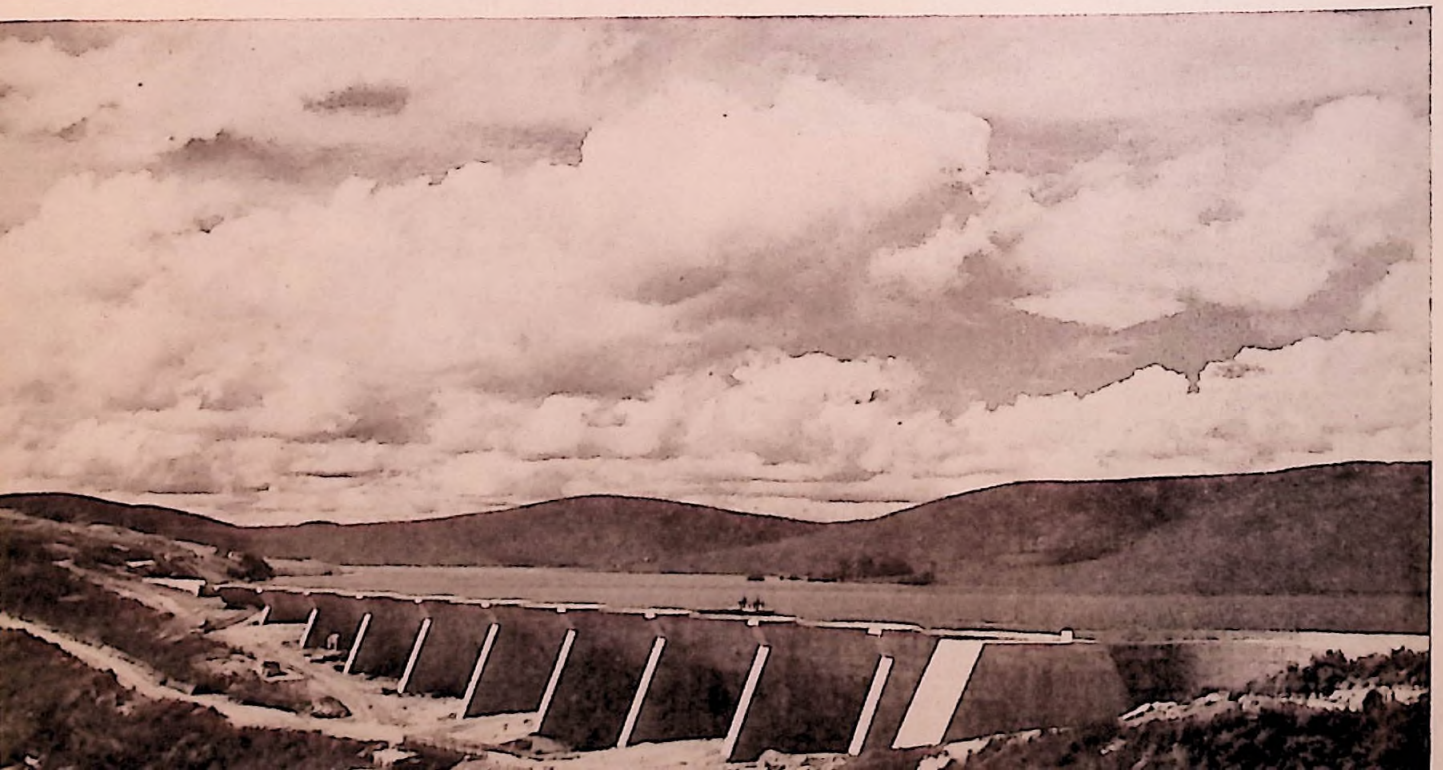
The island is big. The Malagasy—the name of the people of Madagascar—call it the Grand Island. It is a thousand miles long and an average of 250 miles wide, for a total area of 228,000 square miles. It is just a bit smaller than Texas. It never looks that big to us be-

cause we always see it on our maps lying off to the southeast of Africa, that giant of a continent.

Missionary work on the island for 300 years after the first Portuguese landing was not continuous or intense. The first two Jesuit missionaries struggled to make converts from 1613 to 1620, when one was killed and the other returned to India. Vincentian Fathers worked in Madagascar from 1648 to 1674, before the hostility of the Malagasy forced a complete abandonment of all missionary effort. From 1674 to 1832, it seems, not one Catholic priest set foot on Madagascar anywhere.

Various Protestant missions had made some headway in Madagascar. This helped to stir Catholic mission interest and activity, especially in France. Msgr.

Modern dam at Tsiacompaniry points up the contrast between the modern and the old.



one of the lesser-known mission fields

the far-away name

Henri de Solages was named the first Prefect Apostolic in 1829 and arrived on the island in 1832. His stay was brief. His successor, Msgr. Dalmond, was able to recruit the Holy Ghost Fathers for work in the north from 1844 to 1850, and the Jesuits for work in the south of the island. The first Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny (Good Shepherd Sisters) came to Madagascar in 1846.

Yet, not much was accomplished. The year 1861 brought peace to the kingdom and toleration for Catholics. Land could now be acquired on which chapels were built and schools opened. In 1864 Father John B. Cazet S.J. arrived in Madagascar as Superior of the Mission which then numbered 9 priests and 6 Jesuit brothers. This was the beginning.

By 1870 there were 5,000 Catholics

in four parishes of Tananarive, the country's capital, and expansion into other mission stations was begun. A program by which local boys could advance to the priesthood was begun when the apostolic school was opened in 1875. In 1883, there were 44 Jesuit priests and 8 Jesuit brothers; 20 Sisters; 8 Brothers of the Christian Schools (they began their work in 1866), and 80,000 Catholics in the vast island.

War broke out between the native regime and the French forces stationed there. All the missionaries fled to Reunion Island. Two years of unrest came to an end with the treaty of December, 1885 which made Madagascar a French protectorate in all save the name. Meanwhile, Father Cazet, promoted to Vicar Apostolic, was consecrated a titular

Latest hydrotherapy methods combat polio effects.

(French Embassy Photos)



Antandroy tribesman in ringlets.

(Three Lions)



The strange land with the far-away name

Bishop at Lourdes and returned to the island to rebuild from ruins.

Less than ten years passed and another Franco-native war erupted, in 1894. Mission personnel had increased to 72 Jesuit priests; 4 scholastics (one of them the first Malagasy Jesuit); 18 Jesuit brothers; 16 Christian Brothers; 27 Good Shepherd Sisters; 829 teachers, male and female; 140,000 Catholics under Bishop Cazet.

In the peace that followed the Church grew. In 1896 the island was divided into three Vicariates with the Holy Ghost Fathers in charge of the northern section; the Jesuits in the central portion; and the Vincentian Fathers in the south. More Vicariates were set up as more missionary groups arrived.

Today, of the five million Malagasy, about one million are Catholics; a little less than that number are Protestants; the remainder are pagans or Mohammedans. The Catholic hierarchy of

Madagascar was created by Pope Pius XII in 1955 to replace the thirteen Vicariates Apostolic under three Archbishops.

As anywhere else in the world, it would be foolish to pretend that all is well in Madagascar. That the solution of the problems of public and private life there be guided by the Christian spirit is the intention that the Holy Father asks us to pray for in November.

What are these problems? Are they peculiar to Madagascar? One that concerns the Church directly is the number of priests. There are some 570 priests on the island; of them, 130 are Malagasy by birth. That comes out to one priest for about 1,750 Catholics, or one priest for about 8,750 of the whole population. Where are the priests to come from on the island? The one major seminary will provide less than ten priests per year for the next few years.

Nor are more foreign priests to be expected; at least, not too many. For we run into another problem, that of nationalism. As we have seen, it has been strong in the past. It can be strong again. As late as 1947, this feeling led to a revolt that was directed almost as much against the Catholics as against the French. It was not equally strong everywhere but in two Vicariates on Madagascar's east coast, the human storm destroyed almost all churches, schools and orphanages. Only a few priests were killed but in the Tamatave Vicariate 758 out of 783 churches and chapels were in ruins when the pillage ceased and order was restored.



Odd canvas for portraits is provided by the skull and horns of a buffalo. Ramakamunach, the artist, has achieved wide recognition for his exquisitely detailed and vividly colored paintings of the local scene, all done on bone. The ox whose horns are used is the commonest beast of burden.

(Three Lions)



Mahafaly tribesmen of Madagascar are fine soldiers, and oddly enough excellent dancers. The spear is primarily ceremonial, but can serve as a dandy deterrent to violence on occasion. Christian Mahafalys are quite pious, and make it a habit to wear medals, or a rosary, like this lad.

(Three Lions)

the sharp drop in infant mortality from the high rate that used to prevail, and to the improved public hygiene. But more remains to be done in the public health field.

Much more pressing, at the moment, is the question of education. More years of school must be provided in more places. More attention must be paid to instruction in Malagasy as well as French. Now is the time to set up programs to assure training in the industrial techniques and in the professions to the youth of the country, the skills that will make them leaders of their own people.

The development of education, the encouragement of industry, the consequent rise of a middle class, a program for conservation of natural resources—all these call for an enlightened national conscience, for discipline and sacrifice. They evoke a need for true collaboration between the French and the Malagasy, based on mutual respect, aware of rights and duties.

The influence that the social doctrine of the Church might have is considerable. Unfortunately, up to now, the Church has not actually exerted this influence as fully as might be desired. Partly because so much attention had to be paid to the direction of religious expansion. Partly because of a lack of priests and laymen trained for these tasks. Too often this influence was not felt because it was resisted by those whose main thought was of material gain and those who could not see the Malagasy as their brothers.

That the Christian influence may prevail in Madagascar, we ask your prayers.

Some part of the discontent is clearly economic. The country depends too much on producing raw agricultural goods. When it comes to dividing the profits from their sale, the large colonial companies come first, then the Asiatic middle men, then the functionaries and military, last of all the Malagasy peasant. When natural forces, like the series of cyclones and consequent floods of early 1959, destroy the crops as well as their poor homes, can we wonder if the masses seek a quick, if dangerous, solution? To provide a better answer, the Bishops in Madagascar have put their authority squarely behind a Christian Trade Union Confederation, which now numbers about 50,000 members. It is active in promoting credit unions.

The population of Madagascar is increasing rapidly, by one million or 25% between 1949 and 1959. This is due to

With nations at loggerheads and men of good will
in disagreement, how are people to achieve

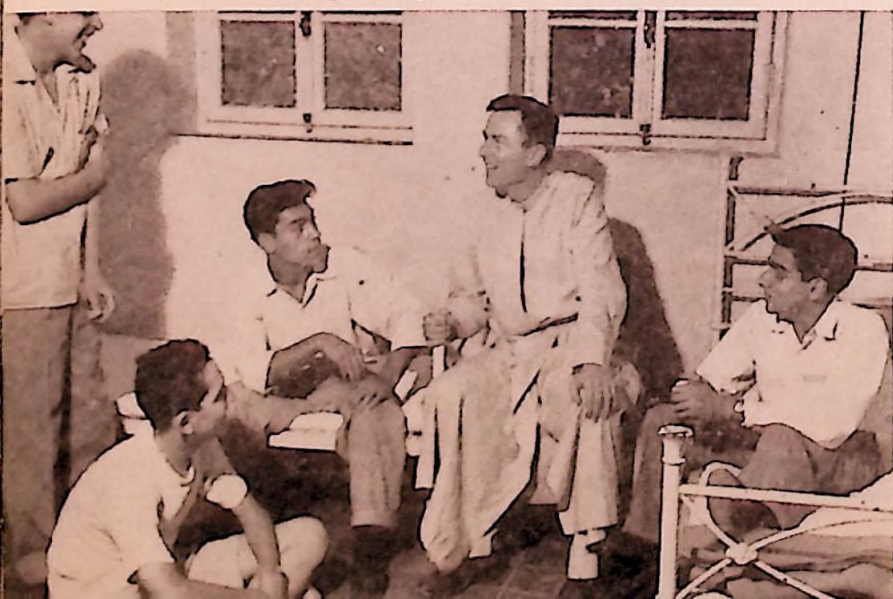
ONE WORLD?

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.

THE IDEA of a united world or world government to which all nations would belong is popular with many people who are sick of the horrors of war and hatred. One cannot blame them when one recalls the past destruction and slaughter and when one thinks of the fearful possibilities of atomic warfare. Does such an idea have any value? Let us say that at present with the sensitivities to national sovereignties the hope is very thin. What forms human societies will take in the future we do not know. Very much education is necessary before anything like the idea of a united world can be successfully promoted. Now fear of the future seems to be one of the most compelling motives. But any such idea will have to be founded on something other than fear.

These thoughts about a united world were prompted by the great feasts which we celebrate in the Church at this time of the year. First of all, the glorious feast of the Kingship of Christ, Our Lord. This forcefully reminds us that the whole world belongs to him whether people admit it or not. He is God and St. John tells us in the beginning of his Gospel that "all things were made through him and without him was made nothing that has been made." Furthermore, the whole world belongs to Him as God-man, because by the Redemption through His Blood the return of all mankind to God is made possible. As Pope Pius XII wrote, "Christ is brother to all mankind according to the flesh." God loves the whole of mankind and gave His Son to free all from the power of

Seeds of unity are planted in Baghdad bull session...



In Tokyo after class at Sophia.



Youngster in Akkaraipattu, Ceylon finds Father Godfrey Cook ready to give him a hand, to the obvious glee of his father, who takes great pride in the priest's friendship.



the prince of darkness and restore them to His kingdom. It is this universal Kingship of the Lord that the missionary Church especially is laboring to extend to the ends of the earth.

But the idea of unity goes far beyond the people living on the earth at present. We are reminded by the Church that we are united with all those who have gone before us through the feasts of All Saints and All Souls. On these feasts we celebrate our union with people from all over the world, east, west, north and south. In eternity the importance of differing races and nations no longer seems so great. People from all languages and tribes and nations belong to us in the mystery of Christ's redemption. The boundaries of nations and the distance of centuries fall away in the

presence of this admirable unity in God. The primary messengers and builders of this divine unity are the missionaries who are at work all over the world. Souls from all mission lands are going into heaven and purgatory now and we are to be united with them all one day.

Quietly and patiently the missionary Church is laying the foundation of this eternal union on all the continents and islands of the earth. The United Nations and individual governments are trying to lay foundations for the peace of the world through political education, economic improvement and cultural advances. But more important than all these things is the spread of the Kingdom of Christ on earth which is a divine foundation for union among people. Let us keep it in mind.

They are fostered in Manila speech lab . . .



and by Msgr. Wilson in Jamaica school.





JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.

It takes patience and

For instance, who is

full answer to the

What's

Young Red Tomahawk
tries manfully to
live up to his name.

WITH CENTURIES of experience and wisdom behind it, the Church requests that at baptism a person be given the name of some saint who will become a sort of patron, and provide inspiration for his or her namesake. This is, of course, patently logical, and there are certainly enough names in the various lists of saints to provide for practically any taste.

Sometimes, however, this particular request, which is reasonable enough, runs afoul of national and traditional customs. To begin with, most of the names available are those of Old Testament people, or of Saints popular in the Roman Empire. These, of course, are unknown in the Far East, in Africa, and among the American Indians. Certainly no bold Sioux warrior is going to react with enthusiasm to a suggestion that he call himself after the celebrated King and Warrior Olaf, or the equally valiant

Casimir. He never heard of those gentlemen. Their exploits are unknown to him. He has no reason to want their names. He doesn't *like* them.

So it goes. The Sioux have reasons for the names they have. Sometimes the reason may be a little vague, but it is reason enough. When a boy was much addicted in his early years to a certain kind of food, and his girl friend had an accidental run-in with a shotgun when she was a tot, it is only to be expected that when they come to be married, which is, after all, an act with social implications, the priest should ask, keeping his face carefully straight:

"Leroy Pumpkin Seed, wilt thou take Winona Shot To Pieces here present for thy wedded wife?"

It is not always easy to divine how these names are bestowed. Sometimes it is due to a memorable act of prowess. It is told that Jumping Badger (an ac-

wisdom to understand many things.

really capable of knowing the

simple question of

in a name?

Puzzled Miss Shields Him in full regalia is not too sure of what is expected of a Sioux.

tive and clever youngster) caught a yearling buffalo by the horns at one time, and by sheer strength forced the animal down upon its haunches. His name, in honor of this singular feat, was changed to Sitting Bull.

Again, a name may be the reflection of an incident, as that of a warrior who killed a foeman stronger than himself by drowning him in a river and thereby became Kills in Water. Or it may be personal appearance: No Neck.

It is only to be expected that people whose tradition is to bestow names for reasons that are, or at least seem to be, perfectly logical, should not be wildly enthusiastic about taking on the names of people they don't know personally and have only vaguely heard about. Naturally, this goes for other things as well. The days of the week, for instance, are for the most part named for mythological deities: the Sun, the Moon, Wo-

tan, Thor, Freya, Saturn, and so on. So are the months: Janus, Mars, Julius, Augustus. This sort of thing does not make much sense to the Sioux. *Their* names are reasonable. And oddly enough, they are poetic and quite beautiful. January, for instance, is "The Moon



of Frost in the Teepee." March "The Moon of Snowblindness," November "The Moon of Falling Leaves," December "The Moon of Popping Trees." These are certainly more imaginative, to say the least, and far more descriptive than those in our calendar.

And it is, all in all, only to be expected that names should somehow mirror the person who bears them. Certainly Yellow Horse, Pretty Eagle, Ten Fingers, and She Elk Voice Walking evoke a more vivid picture than Inga and Lloyd and Walter.

And more fun. Where but among the Sioux could a friendly brave with a beaming smile approach a solemn black-robe, who happened to be the superior of *all* the blackrobes in the area, and extending a friendly hand in welcome, make the grand Christian assurance of friendship and brotherhood by saying: "Me Stinking Bear. You my brother?"

Window on the Mission

THE WORK of the missionary is something that very frequently baffles the rest of humanity. One reason for this bewilderment is the fact that when the reports come back, it becomes pretty clear that outside of differences in language, food, and surroundings, what the missionary does in Formosa or Alaska or Madagascar is pretty much what he would do at home.

Somehow in the popular mind, the word *missionary* has become associated with a sort of dashing and romantic figure: a man who goes off alone to the ends of the world, solitary, splendid in his dedication, radiant with what can only be called a sort of divine folly, heedless of his own needs, unconcerned about his comfort or his health, intent only on pouring out his youth, his energy, his life, if need be, to win one soul.

The fact is that the primary purpose of any missionary, as he sets out to whatever field he has been sent in the name of the Church, is precisely to enlarge and strengthen the Church, which is the Divine instrument of salvation and sanctification. The faith is something that has been preserved and nur-

tured: without schools, without educational institutions, without parishes and sermons, there is very little chance of keeping the Faith alive.

This, of course, strips the missionary of some of his romantic glamor. But it does not deprive him of his fundamental importance. Whether he is assigned to teach, or run a parish, or an orphanage, or a newspaper, or the Apostleship of Prayer, he is doing so conscious of the fact that he is a missionary: that his job is to spread and strengthen the Church, and that he has been selected by the Church to do this job.

This consciousness of his purpose makes the missionary now and again feel utterly baffled by the reactions of people back home, Catholics in whose name he has been sent to work. Why, he wonders, will people back home contribute generously every time he asks for a statue of St. Hildegarde, but will fail utterly to heed his pleas for a school vital to his work, or for a catechist to help him out in the arduous work of trying to cover an enormous territory with just two feet? Don't the people realize that unless we *teach* about the Church, and train up a generation of instructed Catholics there can be no local vocations, and the Church will not grow and take root? What's with them? Why will they buy me candles and chalices and turn me down when I ask



A world, covered with swirling clouds of suspicion, distrust, and uncertainty, may very well split in pieces and fly apart in the cataclysm of war. The one unifying principle, based as it is on charity and the solid fact of God's love for all men, whatever their nationality or political convictions, is the Church, Christ's Mystical Body, which unites all mankind in unbreakable bonds. Phil Franznik designed the symbolic cover.



for books to instruct my Catholics and ensure their perseverance in the Faith as far as I can? Why will they contribute to my building a chapel and fail to help me keep the chapel filled with Catholics to whom I have taught the Faith? What have they got against catechists? Do they think a catechist is some sort of personal slave I buy for my own comfort, or something?

Possibly romance is to blame. The picture of St. Francis Xavier, alone and facing the whole of Japan on foot is a very attractive one. What is forgotten, all too often, is that airplanes, jeeps, penicillin, tape-recorders, film strips, paperbacks and the like were simply not available to the Apostle of the Indies. What was available, he used, and brilliantly. Imagine if he had been able to fly to Malacca! Imagine if he had a speedboat on Sancian, or a phonograph in Tokyo! How he would have writhed with impatience at the thought of the romantic figure striking off alone!

The work of the missions, the establishment and the expansion of the Church is too great and important a work to be hampered by romantic notions of things that were so only because that was the only way they could be at the time. This is 1959, drawing rapidly to a close: times have changed, techniques have changed, instruments and needs have changed. Only one thing stays the same: the missionary's aim and purpose: "Go make disciples . . ."

Doing this, he forges a link of union between men, which is their common membership in Christ's Mystical Body, the Church. This, in simple human terms, is a vital reason for helping the missionary in every possible manner.

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In the vast diversity of types which make up
the unity of our one world there are all sorts
of characters. Some are like

JOEL

JOEL IS NOT a bearded character from the Old Testament: he is my tutor. He has other claims to fame. He is, besides being my tutor, an Uraon. This means that 1,500 years or so ago, when the Huns, Goths, and their kin were preparing to descend on Rome, Joel's great-to-the-sixtieth-power grandfather was being moved out of his home on the Ganges and was heading south to the jungles of Chotanagpur. After some differences with the original inhabitants, Joel Senior and his friends settled down to a life of quiet and called themselves Uraons.

Joel at last was born, along with two brothers and three sisters, in a mud hut in Rajaol. His mother was not attended by a doctor. In fact, she had such cool disregard for her health, that after a couple of days she carried Joel five miles on her back to be baptized. For the next year and a half, Joel saw quite a bit of life. He spent fifty per cent of the day on his mother's back, caught up in a loop of her sari, and he could just see what was coming in front by peeping over her shoulder. It was great to be carried out into the fields where at times his mother slushed about in the mud, planting rice in Dad's little one acre farm. There was just one thing he objected to. His mother used to carry

heavy loads on her head—maybe half a dozen house bricks—and he was scared stiff one was going to fall off and hit him, but it never did.

When Joel could toddle, he staggered and crawled from cool room to cool room in Dad and Mom's house. He used to be 'just on the point of falling over into the fire that Mom and Ursula had built on the kitchen floor, when there would be a scream and a rush from the females of the family, and he would be saved from crashing into the afternoon's dinner and scolded lovingly.

It was about this time that he began to get inquisitive about the family gathering each evening at seven, but he was saved much inquiry, because as soon as he could talk, he too became a unit in the evening prayers.

It had all happened like this. About eighty years ago, a rangy Belgian Jesuit galloped a big white horse out of the jungle into a village a few miles from Rajaol. He looked exhausted—probably because he hadn't had much sleep the night before and was not likely to get much tonight, because as soon as the

Throbbing drums supply the rhythm for the graceful dances of India. Villages vie with each other in the skill and artistry of their dancing girls and their accompanists.

word went around that the Lievens Father had arrived, the people came running from everywhere. This was the man that could save them from the grasping landlords. He preached a new religion too, and stories had come in before about the other Adabasis who had become converts. These people too were interested. That is how Joel's grand-

father became a Catholic, and that is how the evening prayers had started.

All this time Joel had been growing up, and by now he was a slim lad, learning to beat the drum, while the village girls danced, arms linked together. Yesterday Dad taught him the names you had to call the two black bullocks to get them to drag the wooden





Flooded fields, patient oxen, plows and muscle are the elements of an immemorial farm scene.

plough across the sloshy paddy field. There was a deal of giggling from Maria and Ursula, who were up to their knees in mud planting rice, when he tripped and fell flat on his face. Anyway, Mom had consoled him as she was combing the mud out of his long hair, he had graduated to ploughing. He had started off minding the goats when he could hardly walk, trying to drive them along with a stick twice as big as himself.

Apart from being just plain bright, Joel was bright at school. In fact he took his middle school certificate in stride when he was only twelve. The difficulty was that Rajaol did not have anything further for him to take in stride. About this time Joel began to think that perhaps when he grew up he

would like to be the-tall-rangy-priest-on-the-big-white-horse. So he went and talked it over with the Indian Father at Rajaol, who was rather a-stubby-little-priest-on-a-battered-old-bicycle, and before you could blast a bullock he was signed up for the minor seminary at Ranchi. And to cut this short, that is how Joel came to be talking Hindi with me for half an hour a day.

Joel is now a clever forward at football and beats the drum in the band. And they have been talking for weeks in Rajaol about how he came first in 10th class at St. John's High School, Ranchi. Some day, please God, he will be back there, saying Mass, looking after them and preaching to them in their own language.



Sometimes it is not so
easy to tell who the
teacher is. For instance:

Tirso

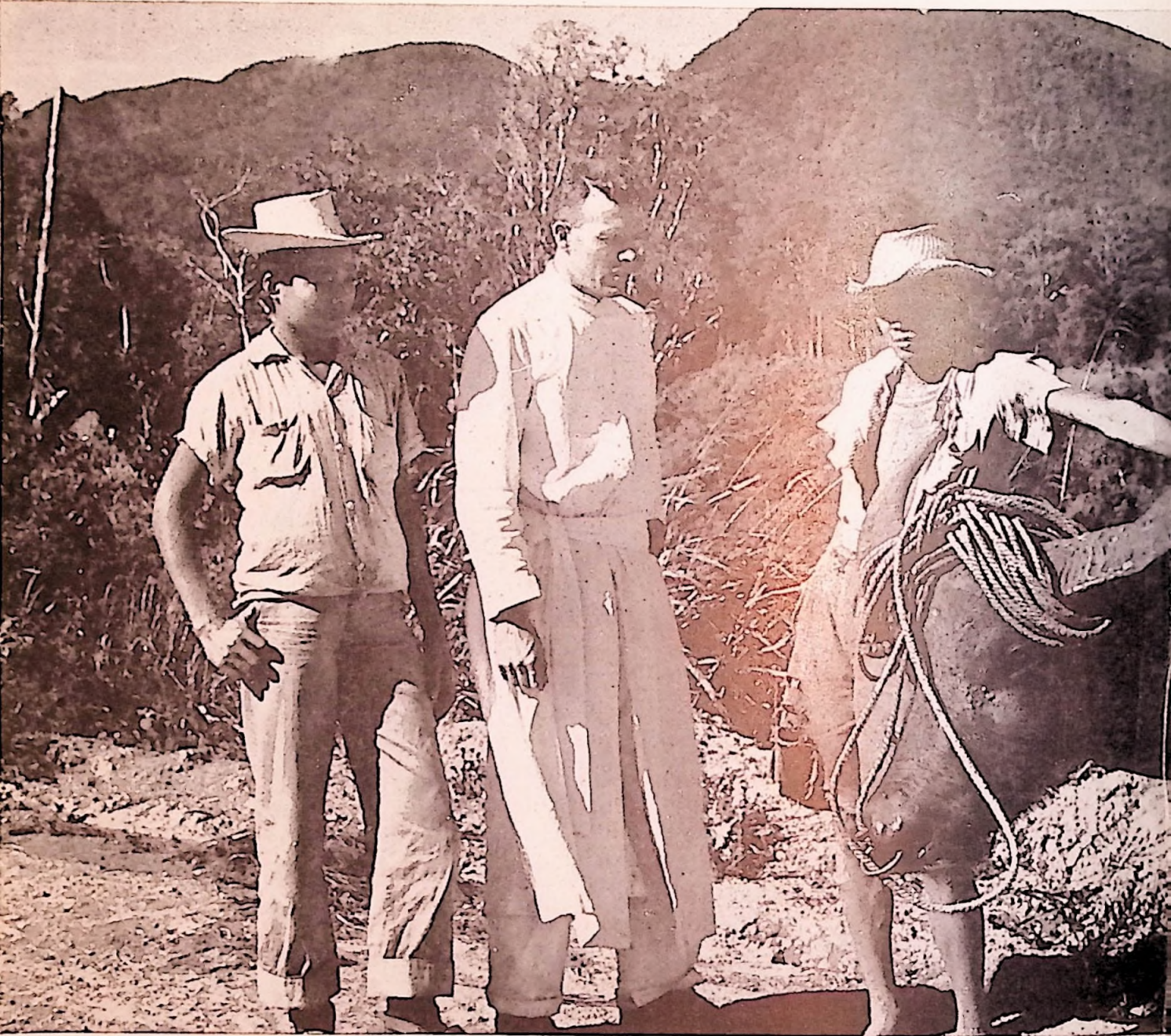
VINCENT CULLEN S.J.

TIRSO IS SMALL for fourteen so it is no wonder that Sixto, my guide, doubted that he could make the hike from Dumalaging through the mountain forest to Kalabugao. But Tirso is a Bukidnon, and he was in his own country, so I knew he would have no trouble hiking to Kalabugao, and would be able to teach me something about hiking on the way. He taught me an even more important lesson before we got back.

Dumalaging, a group of houses sprinkled on a steep grass slope, is the stopping place on the mountain trail from Impasugong to Kalabugao, deep in the hills across the Pulangi River. We had reached Dumalaging the day before and it was still dark when we left at five A.M. with a flashlight winking along the dark trail to lead the way. The sun as it peeked over a neighboring mountain found us high on the slope just below the forest line. It was a clear morning and as we stopped for a breather we could see the tin roofs of Dumalaging twinkling in the sunlight, and across the canyon in a clump of trees our home base, Impasugong. We

Tirso, ready to travel. The Bukidnon country is hard to traverse: villages hide in clefts and valleys. Roads are mere pathways.

Tirso



could just make out the trucks as they crawled along the highway which links the towns of Bukidnon with the coast.

Right from the start it was clear that Tirso was having a grand time. Although he was carrying the Mass kit, he ran ahead up the narrow trail which wove its way up the mountain side for five hours. Since I was doing no running whatsoever, he would wait for us from time to time and then run ahead to talk to some little old Bukidnon ladies

who had passed us along the trail. Occasionally his laughter would ripple through the forest when the guide slipped and fell. He didn't laugh when I slipped, but I know he wanted to. When the soles of his battered sneakers came off, he just laughed and threw the tops away and went on barefoot.

After a lunch of dried fish and boiled corn and water from a mountain stream we started down the other side of the mountain, and then it rained, as it does

Sixto was an efficient and affable guide. Since he had the only horse, he bravely left the animal home and made the journey from Impasugong to Kalabugao on foot with Tirso and the author.

He proved himself a cheerful travelling companion, and made firm friends with the boy, whose high spirits kept all the group constantly amused.



The patient carabao waits while his master chats with Father Cullen and a friend. Behind them the mountains of Bukidnon rise forbiddingly. This area of the Philippines is particularly difficult terrain for the missionaries because the roads are all but impassable to cars and travel must be on foot.

most afternoons in the Bukidnon mountains. The trail got muddy and the log bridges over the streams more slippery but no softer, as falls proved.

The brown houses of Kalabugao in the midst of the green forest looked like a small heap of dry leaves in the tall grass as we approached late in the afternoon, wet, muddy to the knees and, speaking for myself, tired. After a swim in a nearby stream and a change of clothes I tried to figure out a way to

get the most out of a short stay. The real problem in Bukidnon is that the villages are for the most part small, scattered and hard to reach, and even when you get there it is difficult to gather the people for instruction. While I was wrestling with the problem and a bit worried about an infected foot which threatened to make me the irremovable pastor of Kalabugao, Tirso washed my muddy clothes and set out on a one-man good-will tour of the village.

The next morning, Saturday, there was Mass and an instruction, and the rest of the day was spent limping around the village talking to the people. The first step in the campaign is naturally enough to establish contact with the people, and this can best be done by visiting their houses. The people of Kalabugao were a bit shy at first, for they don't have many callers and are a bit suspicious of outsiders, but I did get myself invited to one house for a glass of "linus," fermented sugarcane, which tastes like flat beer. Much of the con-

TIRSO

Village boys were shy and uneasy about having their picture taken. Tirso kidded them into a pseudo-belligerent pose, to the bewilderment of the older lads, and the vast amusement of the little ones.



versation had to be translated from my Visayan to their Binukid dialect by my guide, and although my attempts to speak Binukid almost brought the wood and thatch house down, I know they appreciated the effort. The next step was to find a catechist. Here I was lucky, for there was a young fellow who had worked around the church at Impasugong. He was eager to help. Next I had to persuade the people to build a chapel, which isn't so easy. It's easy to talk about it so that is what we did; we visited the proposed site, took measurements; they promised to give it serious consideration, and I promised to give them a "santo," a statue, and then we all went home quite pleased with a hard day's work well done. In the meantime Tirso had been playing with the children, and wandering around the houses carrying on his one-man campaign of kindness. It really wasn't a campaign at all; he was just doing quite naturally what I was doing in a more or less studied manner.

It was on Sunday morning that Tirso gave me the real lesson. Mass was over, and I started to baptize some of the children, when a little boy of four came up to be baptized. He was a perfect Michelangelo cherub including cherubic attire, but minus the wings. Tirso was

his godfather, and after the baptism I saw the little fellow proudly departing dressed in a clean T-shirt that reached to his knees, and clutching a rosary, gifts from his godfather. It had been quite natural for Tirso to give his godson his other T-shirt and his only rosary, and I found out later that he gave his prayerbook to the school teacher.

We hit the homeward trail early the next morning. The pale sunlight filtering through the giant trees whose tops were hidden in the morning mist made a fairyland of the forest which seemed alive with the liquid notes of hundreds of birds. Tirso had made a flute from a piece of bamboo and went tooting his way up the mountainside. A quotation about the horns of elfland faintly blowing escapes me at the moment, but it did sound like that at the time.

That evening we were in Dumalaging and the next afternoon back at the rectory in Impasugong. Tirso bought a new rosary and I gave him a new prayerbook. I may have taught the people of Kalabugao a little something about the goodness of God, and I hope I did, but I will always remember that trip to Kalabugao from the lesson I learned from Tirso, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all else will be added," including a lot of fun along the way.

HERE IT IS!



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WILLIAM J. BRENNAN S.J.

For more than a century the river cut the town off from
access except to the determined and the spry:
then men came together to an understanding and built

A Bridge for Santiago

YORO HAS a bridge. No longer do the ox carts with their solid wooden wheels bump over the rock-strewn river Machigua. Mule trains no longer pick their way through the swift current to the accompaniment of shouting mule drivers. Nor do the women have to test their skillful sense of balance walking a log stretched across the river as they bring in the day's firewood, deftly perched on their heads. The reenforced concrete link between the outskirts and the town of Yoro has changed many things. There are some trucks now, and even two passenger cars.

Though the bridge has changed some things, it has not broken with the past. It is named the bridge of Santiago. On the Feast of this apostle, the bridge was solemnly blessed by Father Joseph Wade S.J. with the whole town on hand as witnesses. In a country where one runs across the Bakery of the Virgin del Carmen, the Drugstore of San Antonio, it should not be extraordinary that the town of Yoro should have a bridge dedicated to Santiago. But this bridge was finished three months before July 25th, the Feast of Santiago, or St. James. And by order of the Governor supported by the Mayor, as well as by common agreement, nothing at all crossed this bridge until the day of the blessing.

The ancient Spanish devotion to the Apostle Santiago still lives in the town of Yoro. Whether it is a poor farmer who drops a few coins from his small receipts on selling a bag of beans, or the colorful procession of July 25th each year, when a small statue of Santiago is carried out of town, only to be carried back on men's shoulders at the hour of Mass to meet a similar proces-

The author and a townsman meet and chat for a few moments on the new bridge. Formerly access to the town of Yoro was a matter of balancing on a log, skipping across stepping-stones, or simply wading. Spring rains completely isolated Yoro.

sion with a big statue of the Saint coming out of town, the devotion to Santiago is palpably obvious.

This is true throughout Spanish America. To the North American, St. James was merely one of the Twelve. When Our Lord went into the garden to pray Peter and John were there. On reflection, the North American will advert to the presence of James. But to the Spaniard and Spanish American, there is no question that Santiago was there with the other Apostles.



Many of the statues of Santiago show him mounted on a steed geared for battle. It is thus that the Spaniards link the companion of the Lord with their eight-century struggle to free the Faith from the shackles of Islam. And it was thus that Santiago appeared to the soldiers like a harbinger of victory. From Compostella where a Roman Galley had brought him, where his tomb became a shrine of pilgrimage, the Spanish military and political reconquest began that eventually cast out the unbelievers.

In tests ancient, in tests modern the Glory of Spain is her Catholicity. Her glory, her treasure she has shared, spanning the Atlantic to bring it to Spanish America. Spain did not exterminate or ostracize the people she found. With the help of her missionaries who were government aided, and always in the vanguard of the conquistadores, she set up her school system, to civilize and not extinguish native talent.

A significant comparison is in place. Today in Mexico, which may be taken as



Father Brennan bears a strong resemblance to his brother Terry, Notre Dame ex-coach.

typical of a Spanish American colony, 30% of the population is pure Indian, the other 70% is made up of various mixtures with a small portion of pure Spanish descent. In the United States 3% of the population is Indian; the percentage of mixture is insignificant. Nothing can prove better that Spanish colonization contrasts sharply with our own.

Spanish America has been belittled for a culture and a civilization far behind her large neighbor to the north. But in the light of the statistics given, the truth emerges. It is a gargantuan task to amalgamate and civilize a nation made up of aborigines and colonists of western culture. Belloc said it took over 800 years to civilize a people. The process can be telescoped by eliminating

the aborigines or isolating them, and bringing in colonists with 2000 years of civilization behind them.

In the history of the world as God sees it, Spain deserves a high place. From Compostella, the tomb of Santiago, as from a storm center, Spaniards unfurled their forces in ever expanding waves until Spain from one end to the other was free from the Moorish menace to the Faith. And once free, Spain repulsed with identical vigor the inroads of Communism today. What the machinations of men could not retard, neither could the elements. Even the treachery of the high seas was not sufficient to thwart Spain from spanning the expanse of waters to bring the treasure of the Faith to Latin America. This was her glory, done out of a sense of simple duty.

Because her glory is interwoven with the Catholic Faith, the full explanation of Spain's glorious history remains for the day when the veil will be drawn from men's eyes to see first hand how the Divine Providence was unfolding in human history. No man can yet venture to say how God's Grace operated behind the fabric of Spain's chronological development. But all men can see a Roman galley bringing Santiago to the Ulla River mouth that runs from the east coast a few miles to join the Sar, which in turn passes Compostella, the site of the Apostle's first preaching in Spain, and the site of his tomb and shrine. And the subsequent history of Spain, that too is known by men.

From the pilgrim on his knees at the shrine of Compostella, westward across Spain, across the Atlantic to another land where Spain still lives to the little town of Yoro—there the solid white arch of Santiago glistens in the morning sun. Mules and ox carts, women carrying firewood on their heads cross the river Machigua now with dry feet. It is clear that all can say: "James, one of the Twelve, he too was there."

Old China hand, after long separation, returns
to Free China and finds some changes

After Seven Years

JOHN LIPMAN S.J.

TO ANYONE who has put in some years on the China mainland, arriving in Taiwan (Formosa) is like coming back home to familiar surroundings. It could easily have been Shanghai. And the next morning, in the light of day, there was no reason to change this initial feeling of having seen all this before. For Taiwan is China; a little cleaner, maybe, and better organized than was the mainland as we knew it, but definitely China. The big difference is that Taiwan is FREE China. The people are happy, friendly, able to enjoy life, to laugh and chatter away without fear of the omnipresent monitor that is the bane of existence in communist China.

This was my first visit to Taiwan, just seven years after the first few Jesuits, expelled from communist China, were sent to explore the possibilities of finding there a new field for their missionary labors. Just seven years, but what has been accomplished in that short time is little short of miraculous. From the original handful of Jesuits who set foot then on Taiwan, the number of the sons of Ignatius now laboring in this small corner of the apostolate has risen to one hundred and eighty, and the number of new buildings—churches, residences and catechumenates—is more than thirty-five, with numerous others under construction or on the planning boards. You have to see it to believe it!

Probably the most striking feature of the Jesuit work in Taiwan is its great



Father John Lipman spent years in China and was long Mission Director for that mission.

variety. In Taipei, for instance, which is the capital and the largest city on the island, there are more than thirty Jesuits engaged mostly in educational and pastoral work. Many Fathers are teaching a variety of subjects in the National University of Taiwan and the National Normal School; English, French, Spanish, German, Sociology and Public Hygiene. The contacts they make in their classes have resulted in a large number of interested students coming to inquire further into the Catholic Church and to

attend group instruction or private classes in religion. Other Fathers are engaged in regular missionary work in the city, in directing the work of the Apostleship of Prayer for the whole island, or the League of the Sacred Heart and the Sodality of Our Lady. They have one regular parish church and five or six small chapels, each with its own fervent congregation that is steadily increasing in numbers and fervor.

In central Taiwan, in the city of Taichung, the Jesuits have what is called a "house of writers" which in reality carries on an amazing variety of works. Its principal production has been the compilation of a monumental Chinese polyglot dictionary, which was actually started in Macao nine years ago, before the Jesuits moved over to Taiwan and which translates Chinese into French, English, Spanish, Hungarian and Latin, represents an enormous number of man-hours of hard work, and a staggering sort of erudition. When completed, it will be a monument to the patience and the learning of the men who worked on it.

Another of the works of the Taichung

Chinese Jesuit novices, the first from Formosa, attest the vitality of the growing Church in Free China. For years after being forced to leave the mainland the Novices were trained in the Philippines.

Author (in white coat) chats with Master of Novices to his right, and Vice-Provincial.

community is the Kuang Chi Publishing House. This was started as a venture to translate various foreign books into Chinese, especially religious works. Now, in addition, there is a considerable amount of original work being prepared by the Chinese Fathers, and the Kuang Chi publications are gaining a constantly increasing circulation.

The other facets of the Taichung operation are the direction of a Catholic

radio station and the care of the "youth centers" of the city. Both of these works were undertaken at the request of the Maryknoll Prefect Apostolic, who is very happy to have the assistance of the Jesuit Fathers in his prefecture. It is too early to venture a prediction as to the ultimate success of the venture, but the possibilities are very promising.

The greatest concentration of Jesuits in Taiwan is centered in Hsinchu County, or Hsien, as it is called in Chinese.



This is an area, about fifty miles southwest of Taipei, which stretches roughly twenty miles from north to south, and fifty-five or more miles from west to east. About three quarters of Hsien is fairly level, well cultivated land with a good-sized river running from the mountains on the east to the ocean on the west. The eastern quarter is all mountains where the aborigines have their homes and where a number of the Jesu-



Radio station in Taichung gives evidence of the wide scope of mission activity in Taiwan. The building and equipment are the property of the Maryknoll Fathers. The Jesuits are responsible for the programming and operation, a typical instance of the way the various missionary groups cooperate in the work of spreading the Church and setting it up on firm footing everywhere.

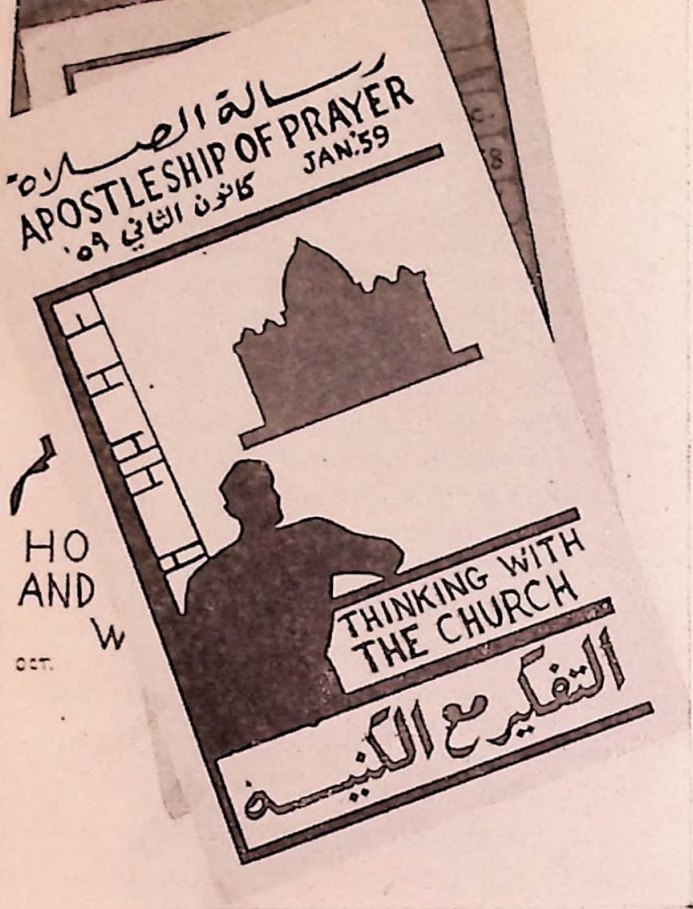
it Fathers are doing excellent work instructing the natives and caring for those who have already entered the Church.

Only six years ago there was only one Catholic family in the whole Hsinchu area. The Jesuits were assigned the pastoral care of the Hsien in August of 1952, and the first Fathers moved into Hsinchu City in November. From those beginnings—practically no Catholics, no priests and no churches, less than seven years later, there are nine thousand baptized Catholics with another thousand under instruction; there are one hundred and eight Jesuits—Priests, Scholastics and Brothers; there are five large churches, twelve smaller churches, and more than fifteen parish halls used as temporary churches. There is one large industrial school and the beginnings of a second. There is an excellent Youth Center, and a residence for the Fathers in almost all of the mission centers and stations. All this in less than seven years.

And the kindergartens! Up to this year the Church has not been allowed to open grammar schools. But every one of the mission stations has its kindergarten in which from one hundred to three hundred small fry are taken care of. Probably most of these children are pagans but their parents are happy to have them given the excellent care provided by the Church, and the children themselves are frequently the wedge

that opens the door of the Church for many of the pagan adults.

This, then, is the picture of the work of the Jesuit Fathers in Taiwan. In all probability none of the work would ever have been started if the Communists had not expelled the missionaries from the mainland. It's a beautiful example of the mysterious way in which good fortune for some results from the bad fortune of others. And what began as a temporary location for the expelled China Jesuits has become a permanent part of their missionary work and the current "home base" for the newly erected Province of the Far East. Nor is the end of the expansion in sight. A new novitiate and retreat house is under construction; there is talk of opening a high school, of the possibility of a small hospital. In short, the Catholic Church—and the Jesuits—are now well established in Taiwan. The rapidity of its growth will depend in great measure, at least for the time being, upon the continued support of Catholics outside of Taiwan. We feel sure that the friends of the Jesuits will carry on their valuable assistance in spreading the Kingdom of Christ in this small corner of the Far East. We are confident that the next seven years will bring an equally phenomenal growth in the number of members of Christ's Mystical Body in the island of Taiwan.



WHEN FATHER JAMES MORGAN returned to Baghdad after finishing his studies in New England, one of his assignments was to take charge of the Apostleship of Prayer in Iraq. This is an endless job. Both Pius XI and Pius XII have emphatically stated that the work of the Directors will not be over until "every Catholic is enrolled in the Apostleship of Prayer."

This formidable assignment was complicated still further by the fact that Father Morgan was unable to preach in Arabic, which is a *very* difficult language for anyone not born to it.

At Baghdad College itself, of course, there was not much difficulty: English is a part of the curriculum, and the Catholics who attended were soon enthusiastic members of the Apostleship. But there are an estimated 211,400 Catholics in Iraq. And the problem was to reach all these people, somehow.

Pastors, and the directors of primary schools, and the local clergy were quite co-operative, and as a result monthly intention slips in fairly large quantities, carefully translated into Arabic, were soon available in most of Baghdad and

Whatever tool comes to hand

with imagination, like

Iraq's

a number of the surrounding villages. The campaign, to succeed, had to have some punch, an eye-catching something that would attract, and hold attention. Posters to put up in Churches were the obvious answer. But how to get them? Imported posters were prohibitively expensive, for one thing. For another, they were useless, because they were not in Arabic and hence unintelligible.

It was then that one night, in casual conversation, while the subject was being tossed back and forth, that someone remembered:

"Somewhere on the property we have an old silk-screen press. That ought to make nice small colored posters. Why don't you make your own?"

"That," said Father Morgan, "I will."

The result was a detective-story sort of chase: one man had a vague recollection of seeing the old press somewhere: that place was now used to store food. Another recalled that things had been moved from there to a paint-shop. It turned out that the paint-shop was now a carpenter shop, and that while a good deal of junk had been thrown out in the process of transformation, a lot of stuff had been carted over to a trunk room at the other end of the building.

is more often than not quite useful to a man

Silk-screen Apostle

And there it finally was: old, battered, buried under a heap of broken chairs and bed-springs: the silk-screen press.

Came heart-break almost. The silk-screen process is one of the oldest methods of printing known to man: you take a piece of silk, cover parts of it with something to make it impermeable, and squeegee paint to a paper through the untreated parts. It is simple. But you have to be able to make the stencil.

And that takes a certain amount of skill and practice.

It took months. But gradually, with infinite patience, the technique was mastered. And today, in practically any Church you name in Baghdad, there will be a colorful, attractive poster somewhere, in carefully phrased Arabic, extolling the importance of joining the Apostleship of Prayer. It has been quite a feat. Pray God it succeeds.



With an assist from one of the Baghdad College students Father James Morgan attacks the ancient silk-screen press in the fresh air. The Sodalists at the school were enthusiastic helpers in the poster campaign, but their skill at the press was not by any means spectacular.

Unless men understand what others are saying

there can never be a meeting of minds. Hence

"No-mans-land" in

EVERY JESUIT who comes to Japan (with the exception of a few Fathers) must spend two years here at the language school learning to speak and read Japanese. The Jesuits in Japan represent 25 countries, and here among the 32 language students we find 10 nationalities: Spanish, English, French, American, Colombian, Italian, Chinese, German, Polish and Irish. Besides these there are Japanese and Brazilians in the community, who teach in Eiko High School on whose campus the language school is situated.

For various reasons the language school students could almost be said to live in a "no man's land" between Japan and the Western world. Their way of life is predominantly European (except for 2 Japanese meals a week), they have very little contact with the Japanese people, students or otherwise. All their time is spent studying Japanese, or gathering strength to go back to the study of Japanese.

It is hard to overestimate the difficulty or the importance of mastering the Japanese language. Men who have never had trouble with studies have finished their Japanese studies feeling quite frustrated. In the paper yesterday I noticed an article in which Indonesian college students in Japan commented on the language difficulty: it took 2 years to get accustomed to Japanese food, but even after 3 years we find the language barrier the biggest difficulty about living in Japan—this after rubbing

shoulders daily with Japanese on a university campus for 3 years. But an ever-increasing number of Jesuits are able to come to a fair mastery of Japanese, since we now have our Theology in Japan, and the language-teaching methods used here have improved considerably and will continue to improve until our language school becomes literally the best Japanese language school in the world (thanks to the study and work of Father Alphonso, who has completed linguistic studies at Michigan U., and is well acquainted with what is done in language schools everywhere).

In spite of all the modern technique and equipment, the job is still a tough one. Now and then, when on a walk, I see kids not much higher than my knees chattering away, and it seems quite incredible that tots should do so easily what I find so elusive and difficult. Still...

The site of the language school and Eiko High School is a former submarine base turned over to the Jesuits after the war. One of our teachers in the high school, Father Ooki, is a former submarine officer.

This morning we all went to see a couple of Japanese movies in Yokosuka. The 2nd year men (like myself) are now able to catch the drift of the story and snatches of dialogue here and there. Japan produced more movies (over 400) than any country in the world last year, but many of these were thrown together in a week, and relatively few were quality movies. One reason for so many is

LAWRENCE W. BEER S.J.

Yokosuka

simply to give continued employment to the vast staffs of the movie companies (every company in Japan is somewhat like a family, employer and employee having mutual-security obligations).

The first movie was *very* typical—2 brothers in love with the same girl, but one brother cools off, other gets girl. Girl loves him so all looks rosy; but when girl's mother visits boy and his family to discourage said romance, boy, to calm feelings of girl's mother, tells lie, i.e., that he isn't serious about girl. Girl hears this by chance from outside window, fails to grasp boy's motive correctly; commits suicide off nearby cliff, as if it were an every-day occurrence (which it is). Such sentimental love-tragedies are very common on Japanese screens. Japanese actors (and actresses to slightly lesser extent) seem to be in a constant state of tense emotional excitement; never have I seen a relaxed movie. Even the second movie today, a comedy by Japan's leading director called "ohayoo" was more "tense," than more serious American movies would be.

Japanese, however, are extremely natural about some things: audience and actors don't hesitate to weep when it is natural and a great sense of nature's beauty is shown by movies.

Japan is a beautiful place, and photographers of all kinds delight in capturing its beauty in all sorts of weather and circumstance. Japanese movie makers are particularly skilled.





Missionaries are not always entirely self-sufficient. In Alaska especially.

“Manasinkat..



Little Ones!"

OF ALL THE VARIOUS countries and climates in the Lord's vineyard, Alaska would hardly be chosen as the easiest to plant, cultivate and harvest. Vastly uninhabited, and even in habitation, a land greatly in need of a Displaced Village Bureau, Alaska's tundra-geography, climate and isolation offer obstacles unlimited even to the most optimistic missionary in the world.

For the novice missionary there are other bugaboos in the planting of the seeds of God's Kingdom. My pet is the language barrier. Learning Esquimo is the job of half a life time and even then brings a sympathetic smile from your listeners. And although a good number of the Esquimos in my five Yukon Villages "understand" English, they speak Esquimo 98% of the time and are constantly mentally translating when I instruct or preach, missing much and always very conscious of the "white man's language."

Even for the veteran (which I'm not) there are unchanging difficulties . . . Lacking sanctity, which could result in bi-location (2 places at the same time) it is a necessary sorrow to leave a village and know that no Mass, confession or communion will take place there until months later. Many villages in Alaska are

visited only a few times a year.

With these two spiritual hurdles in mind, it is a real joy to hear the children shout out in Esquimo-English . . . "Manasinkat . . . Little ones!" So we all walk out to watch the dog team come up behind the church and out from the bundles on the sled emerge two of the Oblates of Our Lady of the Snows, Esquimo Sisters who have come from St. Mary's Mission to spend a time with us in the village, instructing and visiting the people . . . in their own difficult language.

As the Esquimo people are known more for their big hearts than their altitude, these Esquimo Sisters, when seen in the presence of the Ursuline Sisters, who teach at St. Mary's, are indeed "little." So they have gained this diminutive title, which speaks nothing of their zeal and love of God, which are in every way the direct opposite of little.

For these Little Sisters there is no language barrier, the Esquimo rattles off like a machine gun with a sore throat. The smiles are wide and the joy in the eyes of the people is bright. These are their own people. And it *does* make a difference. These little Brides of the Lord can help a priest greatly in breaking through the language barrier.

The community is small, but it will grow. We are praying that the day will come when a priest, leaving his village, will not have that note of sadness in his thoughts . . . for he will leave behind "his other hands" to carry on the work of the Lord cheerfully and efficiently until he returns.

But these things do not just grow by themselves. They grow by prayer; your prayers! Your Masses and your communions, offered to God asking for His blessing on "Manasinkat . . . Little Ones!"

Sister Bertha makes a big hit with Marie Beans of Pilot Point on the Yukon. The Sisters are invaluable help to the Jesuits.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

How Long Is Temporary, wonders Father Guidera of Chaibasa, India, where Mass has been said for fifty years on the veranda of the school building. The parishioners are ready to help with the actual building—they can contribute work but no money. Would you help supply the building materials, please?

Bag of Cement _____ \$2.00
Bricks _____ .25

This Same Missionary, Father Guidera mentions the trouble that comes when the water supply fails. In May the one well went dry and he had to bring water from the streams. He says, "I wouldn't mind it so much if the buffaloes would stop washing their feet in the same streams."

2 Wells _____ \$1,000 each

St. Paul Did Missionary Work in Athens, Greece 2,000 years ago. Athens is still missionary territory with Father Sebastian Rigoutsos S.J. in charge of the few Catholic churches in the city. He asks you to consider whether you could help him replace an old chapel which is too small for the congregation. Would you have a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 as a donation in honor of St. Paul?

Only Two Girls are in school in Father Wieman's parish in India. "Here, probably more than in the States, religion in a family depends on the mother. If the mothers get no chance for religious education, what can we expect of the children? If I could start a two-room school immediately, I would be able at least to teach reading, writing and catechism."

Father could most certainly use your help whether it's a large or small gift.

School _____ \$500.00

St. Francis Xavier Wrote to the Queen of Portugal asking for gifts to support a catechists' training school in India. If you would like to be a Queen—not for a day but for eternity—would you help this important project of training religion teachers in India today? Father Wieman gives these facts: the support of a religion teacher in training is 18 cents a day; only married men get this training; support of a *family* is 38 cents a day.

Could you help supply this daily support for one week? One month?

Father Rodriguez of Poona has been asked to help a young couple. Husband and wife were both working and were able to support themselves. Now the wife has had to give up her job owing to illness, and is expecting a baby. She hasn't the nourishment she needs and they can afford only a near-starvation diet. Once the child is born she expects to go back to work. The husband, too, hopes to get a raise in pay. This difficult situation will probably last for the next five or six months. "If I had \$100.00 I could see these young people through their trouble." Would you help?

Used Religious Books and New Testaments and The Imitation of Christ are needed by:

Rev. A. Z. Muthumalai, S.J.
Mother of God Retreat House
Madras 29, India



Smaller than a back-yard pool...

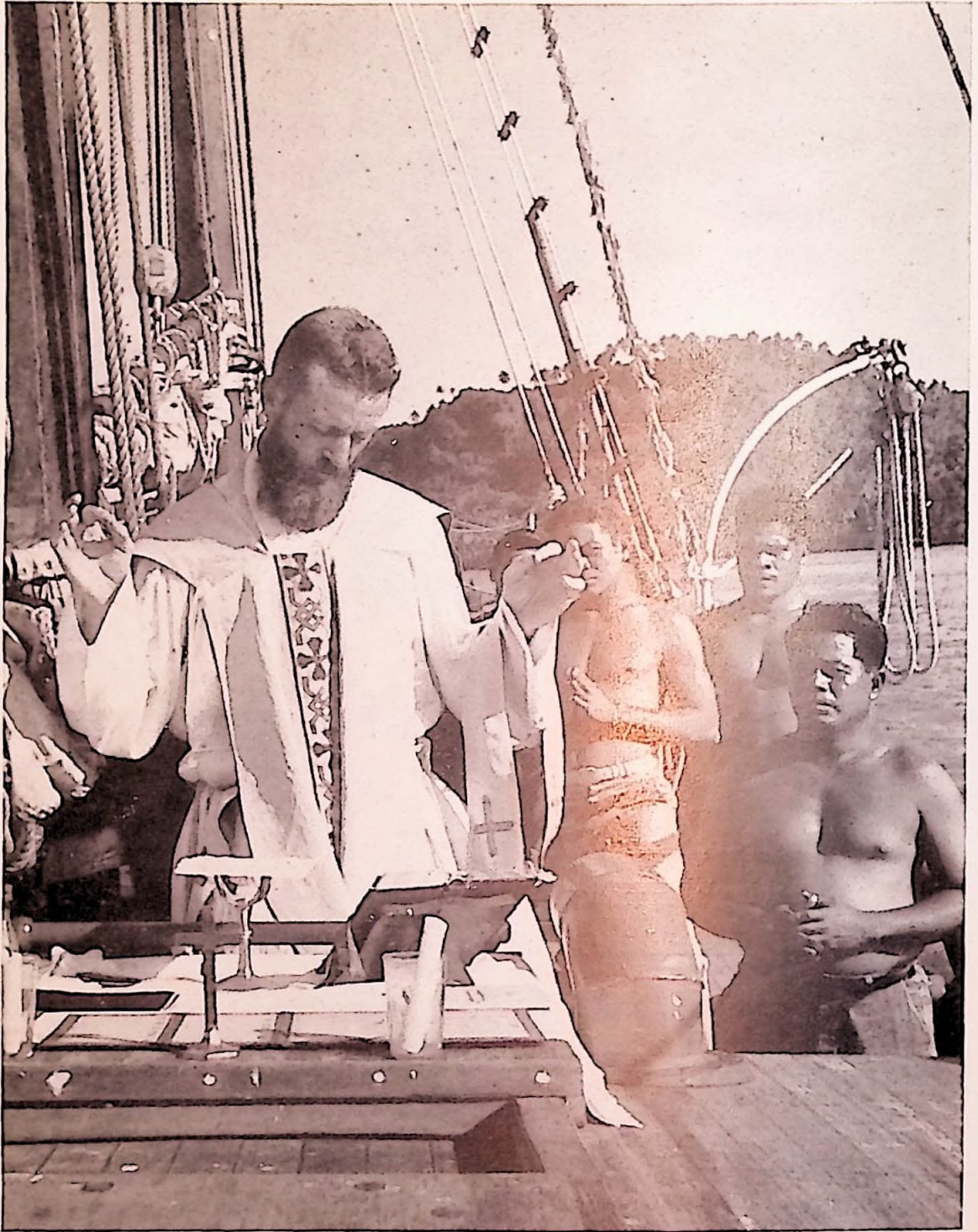
In Wao, Lanao, Philippine Islands, Father James Cawley's Immaculate Conception Church is tiny indeed. And it is made smaller yet by the fact that Father has no place to live except the sacristy. If he had a house, even a tiny one, he could move out of his present quarters and make the church that much larger. He has, unfortunately, no money with which to put up a rectory.

Won't you help?

\$5, \$10, \$200 or whatever you can afford, will be received with prayerful gratitude by

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Mass in the Missions

November is the month of the Holy Souls. Would you like a missionary to offer the Holy Sacrifice for your beloved dead this month? You can arrange it by contacting

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