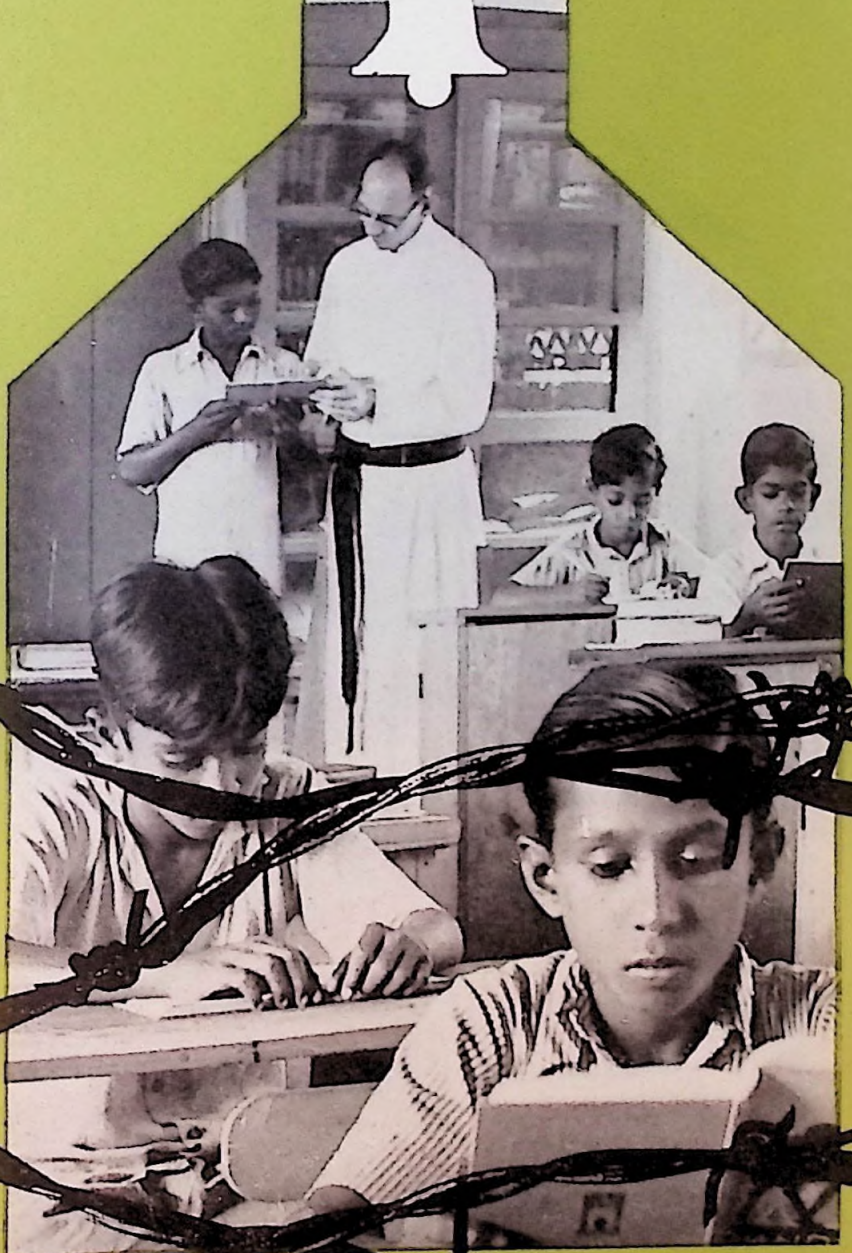
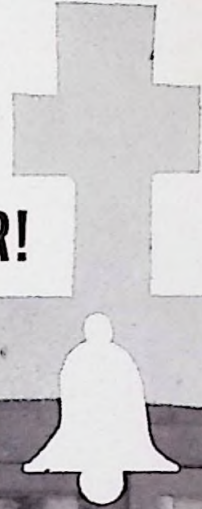


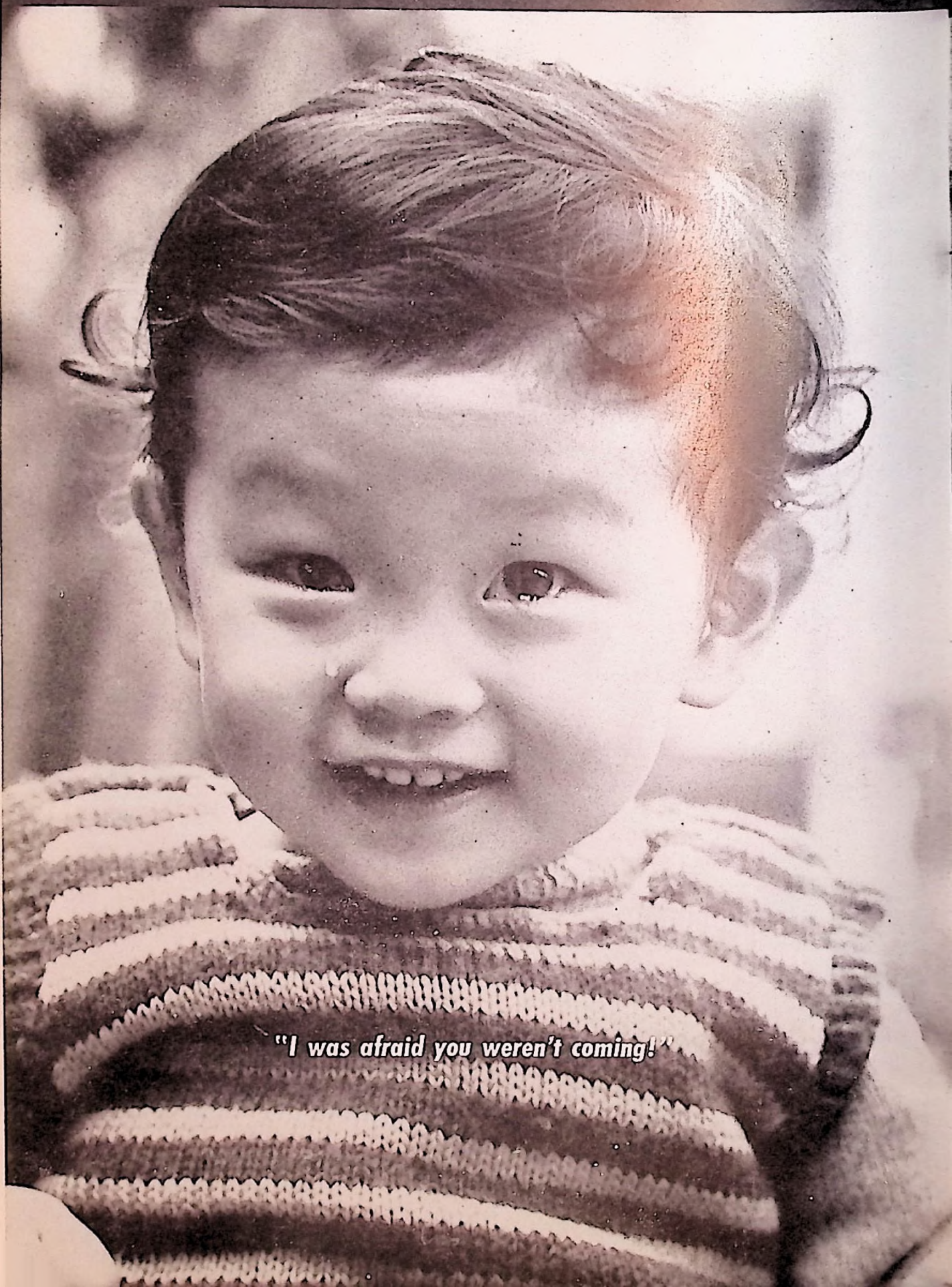
## MISSION SCHOOLS IN DANGER!



JM

# JESUIT

*National Magazine of the American Jesuits*



*"I was afraid you weren't coming!"*

# MISSIONS

*in the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father*

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

Baghdad - Ceylon - Alaska - Belize - Japan - Burma - China - Caroline Islands  
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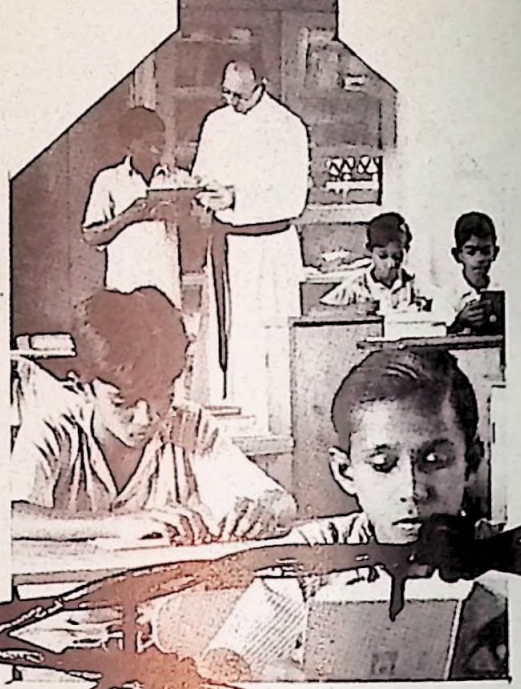
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COVER. A chapel in a mission station can burn down or a rectory be destroyed in a wind storm but these are isolated happenings, not like the attacks being made on our mission schools today, of different origins but worldwide, hemmed in, as artist Phil Franznick sees them, by barbed wire hatred.



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# LOST: A THOUSAND SCHOOLS

*The greatest danger to missionary success is the loss  
of the schools which meant so much to those countries*

**M**ISSION WORK does not always come to an abrupt end behind prison bars or in fire and smoke. There is another way a mission field can die, by a long strangling that is not less painful because it does not reach its fatal end for a time. And it is this latter danger which faces the missionary of today in many countries. The schools into which they poured so much time, effort and money are the prize at stake, and if the schools are lost then it is only a question of time before mission work grinds to an end.

To understand their importance we must realize the part these schools played in the development of the mission and the whole country. The missionaries were the first to set up schools in the majority

of countries. The reason for their existence is obvious, but unless we see them against the background we can miss their supreme importance. In some countries they were the only source of education; in all countries they were the chief instrument of the missionary apostolate. Unless the Faith took root among the young then the mission work would be an ephemeral one, doomed to wither in a short time.

No other single influence had as much to do with the moral and spiritual development of many countries as did the mission school. That influence varied, of course, according to the background of the people involved. In places where there was a high development of civiliza-

tion and education was already in existence the mission school could not be expected to play the leading role as it did in lesser developed countries. But the growth of Africa, for instance, is merely the history of the spiritual and moral riches which were unfolded under the leadership of missionary teachers. Out of these schools came the educated laity and priests who would be the leaders of their countries. These leaders might not be Catholics, although the schools were a ripe field for conversions, but the reputation of the Church was a solid one in their minds, thanks to the sacrifices and tireless efforts of the missionaries.

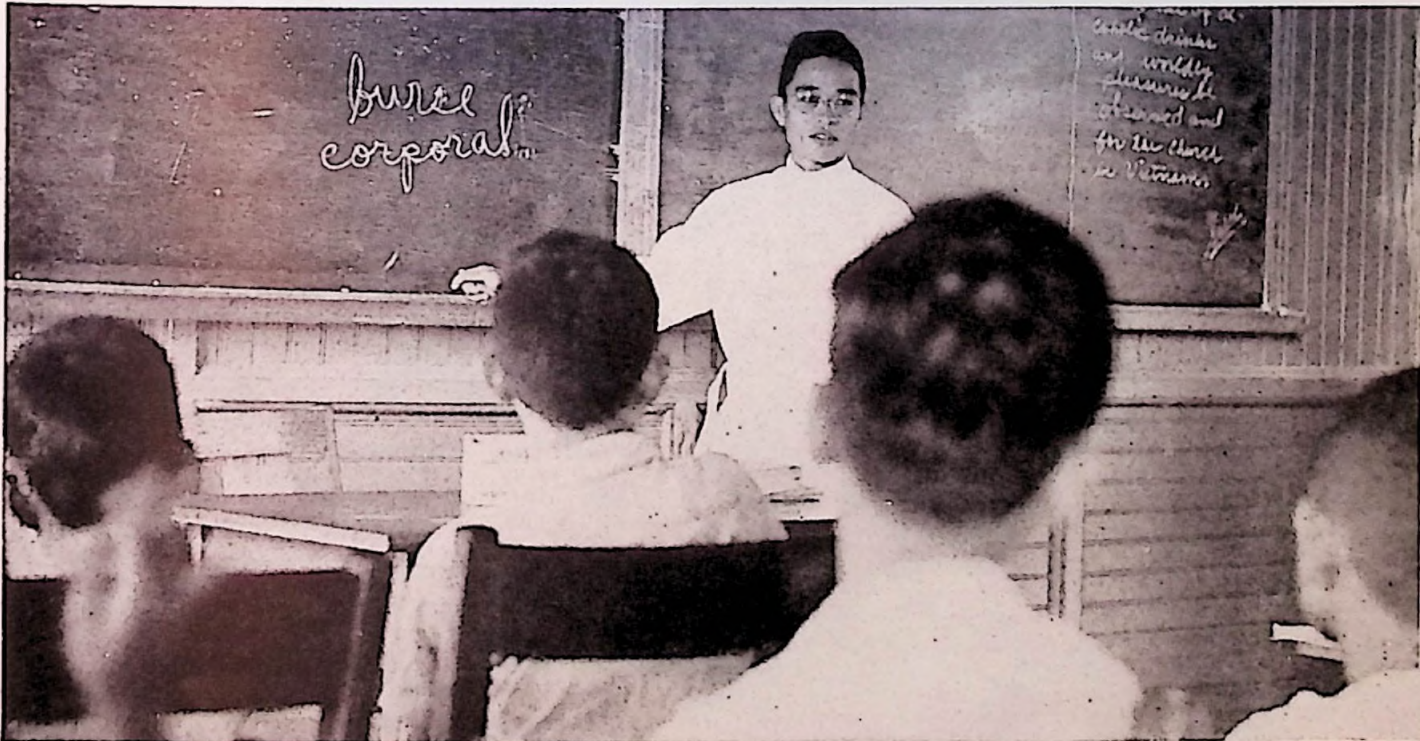
Now the picture is changing and becoming darker day by day. Behind the Iron Curtain that darkness is complete and there are simply no mission schools left in existence. The youth of those lands are lost. In places like China, North Vietnam and North Korea the Communist governments have abrogated to themselves the complete monopoly of educating youth, denying the natural right which parents have of educating

their children in the manner they think best. In China some thousands of Catholic schools were confiscated by the Reds.

But the danger has spread far beyond the Iron Curtain. It has reached a point where the Holy Father asks us to pray during this month of April that freedom of schools in missionary countries may be upheld or restored. Justly did the Vicar of Christ complain in the Secret Consistory of the appeals for aid from lands where obstacles were being placed in the Church's progress . . . "in particular, there are the burdensome restrictions which check and stifle flourishing scholastic establishments which are exclusively devoted to the education and the moral and intellectual training of youth, and which are a result of the toil and sweat of missionaries over many generations . . ."

There is no single factor which is the one cause of this attitude of hostility which exists toward the mission schools. In those countries which have recently obtained their independence the spirit of exaggerated nationalism can foster a feel-

■ Father Simeon Reyes S.J. teaches class in the Philippines at the Ateneo de Zamboanga, one of the half dozen colleges which dot the islands and have meant so much to the people.



ing of hatred. Often enough, the missionary is a foreigner, and all foreigners are lumped together as symbols of past oppression and dominance. The outbursts of racial hatred which we have seen in recent times in Africa can take many different forms—the most constant loser is the missionary together with the young souls he is trying to save.

At times a different method of attack is employed but the result is tragically the same. For some years the Sudan has been independent although internal strife has been evident between the seven million Moslems of the north and the three million Negroes of the south. A half dozen years ago the heads of the southern tribes started a rebellion which was quickly crushed. But the government put the blame of the revolution on the bad education that the people had received

■ One of Jamaica's own nuns, the Blue Sisters, holds outdoor class at Alva Mission.



at Catholic schools. Within a short time 300 schools had been confiscated and the remainder have now disappeared.

In the rapid turnover in the political world it is difficult to give statistics which are up to date and give a true picture of the tremendous outlay the Church has made in education throughout the years. The last figures available before the political upheavals began are for the year 1957. At that time, in mission lands alone, there were 46,323 elementary schools with 4,666,000 pupils; 5,705 secondary-upper schools with 1,132,000 pupils; 1,142 professional schools with 56,800 pupils; 476 training schools which yearly trained an average of 30,722 and not a few universities and university colleges. So when you speak of the danger to mission schools you are also dealing with about ten million souls, roughly the total Catholic population of the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, with the city of Buffalo excluded. It is a larger figure than the total of all the Catholics west of the Mississippi.

The Ceylon Catholic weekly, *The Messenger*, pointed out at the beginning of this year the various steps which have been taken in that country to stifle private education of all kinds. The first occurred when the system of education was nationalized. At that time private institutions were given the choice of remaining outside the direct care of the Education Department—but they could receive no government assistance, could charge no fees of any kind and would necessarily exist sheerly on the bounty of benefactors. Yet over 40 schools chose freedom on this thin line of existence.

It was a perfectly legal move on the part of these schools but it brought on further discriminatory regulations from the government. An attempt was made to force private school students to pay fees for public examinations; then the doors were further shut by regulations which would ultimately dry up the



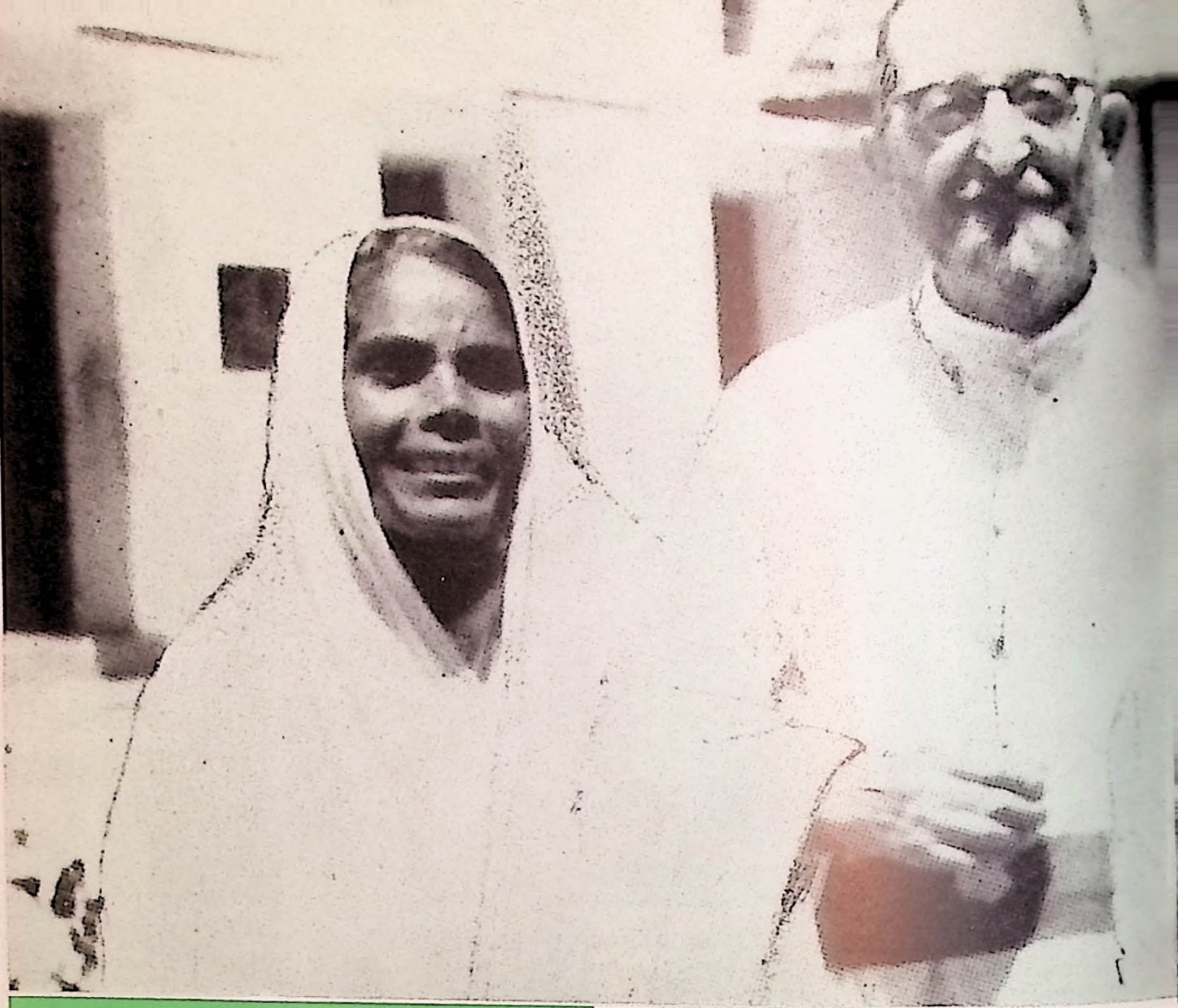
■ This thatched school at El Cayo in British Honduras, close to the Guatemalan border, may not be the latest in architectural triumphs but it serves satisfactorily for Mayan youth.

source of teachers—no Religious would be allowed to teach; no new graduates could teach in private schools; no pension rights for private school teachers, etc. It is perfectly obvious to anyone that these measures were directed towards starving out of existence all private schools. And who would suffer the most? *The Messenger* puts its finger squarely on the losers. “In the final assessment, the victims of this campaign of discrimination will be the children. One wonders what crime these schools have committed that they should be subject to this continuous trouble . . .”

This is an echo of the disturbing rumble which is heard all over the mission world. The schools are in danger, and there are many faces to that danger. It may stem from an administration im-

bued with a spirit of laicism or materialism or the face may be one contorted with the ungovernable fury of hatred, either of Church or of nation. We must not think that these things are happening only far from the beaten path of civilization. Even UNESCO prefers a school without religious training, although the “Charter of the Fundamental Rights of Man” as drawn up by the United Nations recognizes in Article 26 that “Parents have the prior right of choosing the type of instruction for their children.”

So the Holy Father asks us to pray, with understanding and with all fervor, for this most important intention. May our schools be free where they still flourish; may they be restored where their freedom has been restricted or abolished.



## *The Paradox of Samissu*

*An unusual story of an  
unusual woman and the  
strange workings of God*

JOHN J. SLIJKERMAN S.J.

**S**AMISSU ADJUSTED her white dress, her white *sari*, sign of widowhood in South India and, smiling a “so long” to the Mother Superior of the Convent school in Athoor where she was residing, moved out into the street on her errand. She had often before gone out for the same reason as now, with the same end in view, and she had always returned with a smile of satisfaction on her face, a smile, announcing to her Parish Priest, Fr. Clement Montaud S.J., “Mission accomplished.”

Leaving the narrow street at the end of the village, she moved out into the road which led her to the rice-fields through which she made her way slowly



■ Samissu (head covered) is pictured with Fr. Montaud and a Moslem schoolteacher.

gance. It was an obvious proof of the wealth of its owner, a distinguished Moslem, a leader in his community. Samissu entered, and sure of herself, approached the portico. A watchman came immediately from the porter's lodge and, welcoming her, showed her in. She was evidently expected. "The Master is awaiting you," he whispered. "He is very bad and urgently wants to see you."

Ibrahim Abdullah had been a prominent member of the Moslems in that district of South India for well over forty years, but now a severe illness had brought him to the edge of the grave. In that long life of influence and contacts with people of many different beliefs, he had come to the conclusion long before that his Moslem faith was not a safe guide to heaven and, comparing the different doctrines which were expounded to him in his contacts with friends and well-wishers, he had come to the conclusion that the Catholic Faith was the only one to assure his eternal life. And he decided to do what many of his brethren had done before him on their death-bed: he called for Samissu, the Moslem widow.

away from Athoor. After a walk of one hour she approached the village of Sittayancottai and from the minarets of the mosque which were soon clearly visible above the houses it was evident that the place was inhabited by Moslems. In fact, Sittayancottai was an entirely Moslem village except for two or three Catholic families, who lived unmolested among their Moslem neighbors and enjoyed the quiet possession of a small chapel. But Samissu was not on her way to them. Samissu, although living with the Sisters in her widowhood, was not baptized.

She passed through the main street and reached the gate of a large property in the centre of which a big house of Moslem architecture stood in all its ele-

Samissu entered the sick room and approached the bed on which Ibrahim was lying. She sat down near the bed and, opening her bag, drew forth from it a small bottle of water. Addressing the distinguished Moslem, she asked in a gentle voice, "Ibrahim, which baptismal name have you chosen?"

Ibrahim Abdullah answered: "I have chosen Youssouph (Joseph)."

"Youssouph, do you believe that there is one God in three persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost?"

"I do believe," answered the Moslem.

"Do you believe that God the Son has become Man and has died for us on the cross?"

"I do believe," answered Ibrahim.

"What do you expect from baptism and from the Faith?"

"Life eternal," came the clear answer. And after a few more questions of a doctrinal nature the final query:

"Youssouph, do you want to be baptized?"

"I do want to be baptized," answered Ibrahim Abdullah.

Then Samissu took the small bottle with baptismal water and, uncorking it, poured it slowly over his forehead, saying distinctly: "Youssouph, I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

A little over an hour later she was back at her work in the Convent school, her smile announcing as before that her mission was accomplished. It had been her 300th baptism of a Moslem!

This is the story Fr. Clement Montaud S.J., veteran missionary of the Madura Mission, likes to tell his visitors on the veranda of his bungalow after supper.

Naturally they are all amazed when he tells them that Samissu herself is not baptized. "Does she not want to be a Christian?" his guests are wont to ask him in surprise.

"Of course she wants to be," he will answer with a happy smile. "She is living the life of a Christian as much as any Catholic lady in the village, but she knows that, if I baptize her, her apostolate comes to an end immediately. Christian women are not allowed to enter into Moslem households."

"But don't the Moslems object to her doing this apostolate? It cannot remain hidden, it must be known to many."

"Most certainly, it is known to almost all Moslems that count. But far from objecting to it, they object to her being baptized a Christian. 'We want to go to heaven,' more than one old Moslem has told me confidentially, 'and if Samissu were to be baptized, she cannot come to us any more to baptize us. Postpone her baptism!' An so both of us wait."

■ The Reverend Mother Superior of the convent school at Athoor in the Madurai Archdiocese draws water from the convent well. Photo by the author, a leader in Catholic Truth Society.



# THE BISHOP OF EDUCATION



THOMAS H. GREEN S.J.

*In his thirty years in the episcopacy, despite wars  
and imprisonment, he has worked hard for his flock*

**T**O TRAVELERS AND missionaries and empire builders the Philippine Islands have long been known as the "Pearl of the Orient." Even the Filipinos themselves, who have found much that the West has brought to them difficult to understand or to accept, proudly apply this title to their native land. It aptly sums up the tranquil beauty, the exquisite setting of Filipino life.

But in reality this pearl is not a single jewel. Upon closer examination it is seen to be a composite, the single total effect of many jewels; some, like the natural beauties for which the Philippines are justly famous, are the direct creation of the all-beautiful God. Others are the handiwork of men. It is one of the

latter that is the subject of our story.

In 1926 a Jesuit priest, newly assigned to the Philippines, arrived in the southern town of Cagayan de Oro. Far away from his native land he began the work of the priesthood among his adopted people. The Cagayanos were a quiet, peace-loving people; they were far-removed from the restless growing pains of a world caught between wars. But even here, in the backwaters of civilization, there were many problems for the young Jesuit. His parishioners had all been brought into the faith by the zealous Spanish missionaries. But the heretical Philippine Independent Church, a sad side-effect of the great late-19th century Filipino independence movement, had



■ One of the leading educational institutes in the Archdiocese of Cagayan is the former Ateneo de Cagayan, now Xavier University, conducted by the Jesuits, with over 2000 boys.

lured away the greater part of this flock. His efforts to win them back were beset with difficulty and rewarded with discouragement at first. As time went on, the conviction grew that this disease of the soul could only be cured by education.

When, in early 1932, this zealous Jesuit was appointed as the first Bishop of the Diocese of Cagayan, he saw his first real opportunity to strike at the roots of heresy. That same year he returned from America, now His Excellency, James T. G. Hayes S.J.—and saw time was ripe to take effective steps towards the “reconversion” of Cagayan. Time was to deal harshly with this missionary Bishop. Yet despite the trials of imprisonment and maltreatment during World War II, Bishop Hayes remained close to his peo-

ple. In 1951, when he became Archbishop of the new Archdiocese of Cagayan, the Holy See gave further recognition to the wisdom and zeal of his almost 20 years in the episcopacy. During that time two colleges had been started in Cagayan, itself now a city. One, Lourdes College, was administered by an order of Filipina sisters, the Religious of the Virgin Mary; it gave the Filipinas of the area their first real opportunity for higher education. Its counterpart for boys was the Ateneo de Cagayan, administered by Bishop Hayes’ own brethren, the men of the Society of Jesus. Around them flowered a remarkable system of parish and town schools throughout the vast diocese. These, the work of tireless parish priests and unheralded laymen and laywomen, were

the feeding stations for the more advanced schooling at Cagayan. In addition they were spreading the rudiments of knowledge and intelligent belief among the Catholics of the province. Many of the graduates went out as catechists, lightening the burden of the never-sufficient priests. Many more went on to establish the first truly Catholic families in an area that had been nominally Catholic more than a century before.

Behind all this work, ever guiding, encouraging, counselling, seldom interfering but always exercising ultimate authority, was Archbishop Hayes. His schools—and they were his in a very real sense—were a great consolation to him as he reviewed his years in the episcopacy. There was just one further educational end to be realized by the Archbishop, and this the most important of all.

Just as education is fundamental to the faith of a people, so is the education of the “native” clergy fundamental to the total educational picture. It has been the constant teaching of the Holy See that the most important work of the missionary is to render himself unnecessary—by building a clergy and hierarchy native to the region in which they labor. Saint Paul spoke of the wondrous fact that the priest was taken from among men, for which reason he shared their nature fully and understood their problems. What more reasonable than that the priest of a given people should be from among their numbers, sharing their culture and traditions, their race and their nationality? In Cagayan, Archbishop Hayes felt, now was the time to begin the training of this home clergy. And after years of planning and consultation, he began carrying out the crowning work of his dream of education for the people. In 1956 San Jose de Mindanao Seminary was opened in Cagayan. By 1958 more than 30 seminarians, all from the Southern Philippines, had passed through its doors on the way to

the great work of the priesthood. Today 35 more are being prepared. In ten or twenty years, the Archdiocese of Cagayan would be sending forth the priests her people needed so badly. Although, in God’s ordinary Providence, Archbishop Hayes could not expect to see this fruition of his greatest dream, he now knew that his work would live on in the priests from San Jose de Mindanao.

Cagayan de Oro is a growing city today. New industry is invading the area, slowly but steadily. The downtown section has had a needed face-lifting under

■ The encouragement of vocations among Filipino boys and girls has been important.





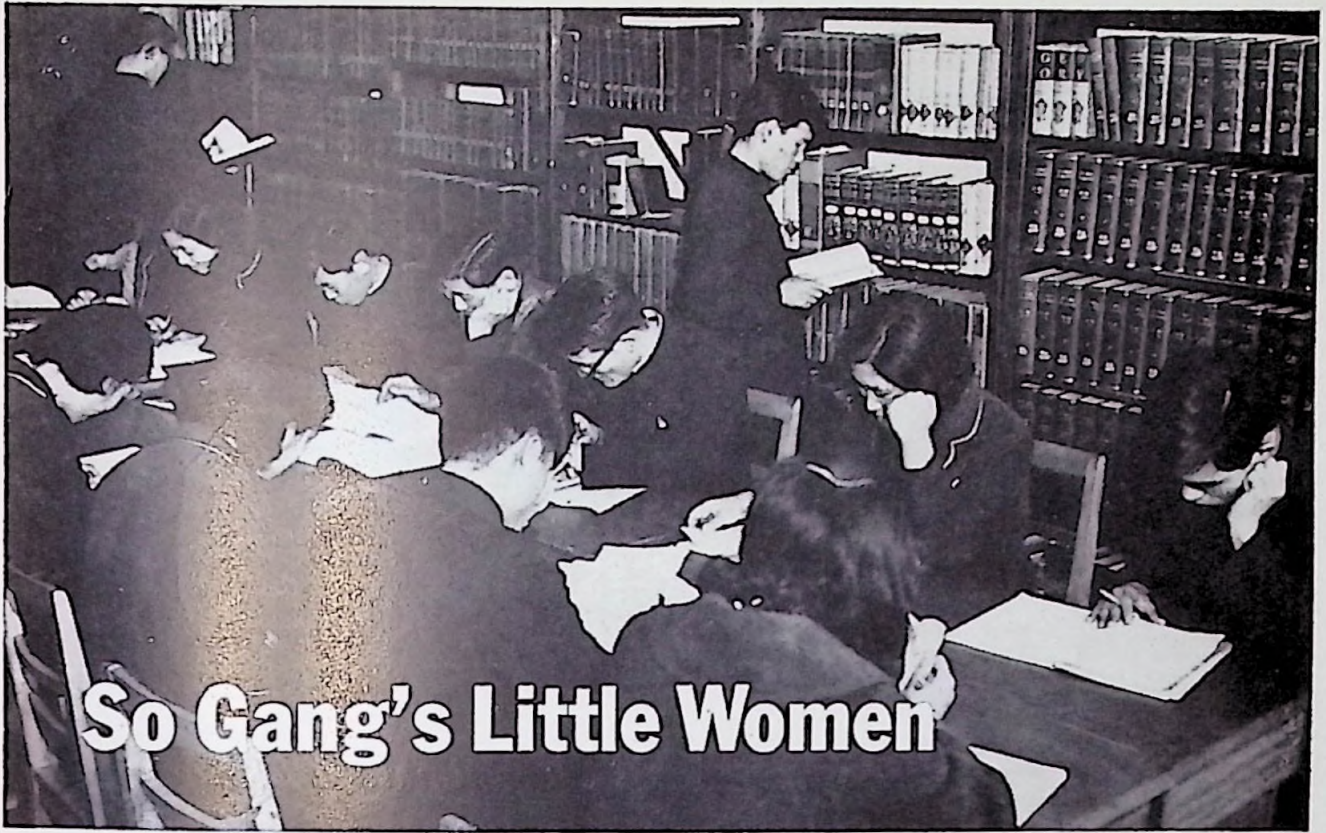
■ Archbishop Hayes' Secretary, Father Jaime Neri S.J., chats with a young gatherer of coconuts along the beautiful shoreline of Macajalar Bay, an indentation of Mindanao Sea.

an energetic city administration. But the greatest change of the past 30 years has been in the hearts of the people. Today well over half the people are in the fold of the True Church, and Aglipayanism is steadily declining.

In this 30th year of his episcopacy, his 55th in the Society of Jesus, Archbishop Hayes is universally recognized as the principal human architect of this revolution of the spirit. Like the man in the Gospel, he found a tarnished pearl in a field, and sold all he had, spent himself, to reclaim it. Because he recognized the primacy of the school movement in effecting this transformation, he deserves to be remembered as "the Bishop of

Education." It is a well deserved title.

It has not been a one-man venture; the Bishop himself would be the first to tell you of the countless men and women, religious and lay, who joined his crusade. Yet to him, belongs the credit for being the driving spirit in the reconversion, by education, of the hearts of the Cagayanos. As he looks down today, from the balcony of his 19th century Spanish residence, over the town and countryside of *his* people, he has the great consolation of knowing that he, through and in Christ, has won back this people to their faith. It will be a joyful and magnificent offering to make to his King, when the day of recognition comes.



KENNETH E. KILLOREN S.J.

*Size is very much a relative thing and the girls at the Jesuit college in Korea intend to prove that fact*

**A**S FAR AS THEIR size goes, they are little women. Our Korean co-eds at Sogang College in Seoul are only freshmen and sophomores and, compared to college girls in the States, are really pint-sized. Even when full-grown, Korean men and women are not nearly as big as Americans.

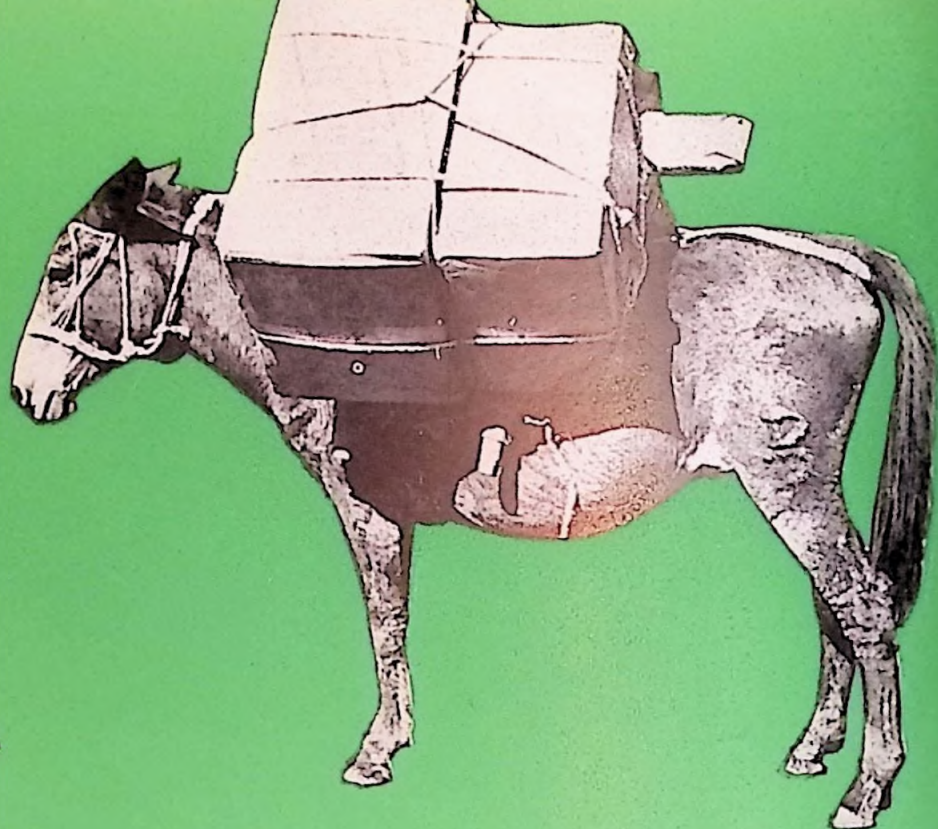
But you cannot call our girls "little" in mental ability. They beat most of the boys in good marks, in hard study, and in desire to excel. Traditionally, Oriental women were given only the minimum of education since their future was pre-destined to be in the hidden folds of private family life. The boys were the favorites and got all the attention, the education, and the glory. This is rapidly changing in Korea as well as other places in the Far East. Women are given equal opportunities in education and many professional and secretarial jobs are opening up for them.

And our girls are not "little" spiritually. They flock to Mass, crowd the Communion rail, and have more private devotions than a bevy of nuns. Of course, the phenomenon of women being more plentiful, more ostentatious Catholics than men, is true in Korea as well as in the other parts of the world. These young Catholic girls make no compromise with the paganism around them. No one had better try to ridicule their sweet Lord or there will rise up angry and valiant women to protect Him.

We are most happy with our little women of Sogang College. There are only 50 of them among the 250 boys and no one is more happy to have them in the school than these boys. They try to be gentlemen and show respect and sociability to the weaker (physically) sex. But they can't quite believe how these pretty little things can be so strong in their studies and in their religion.

# MY PARTNER IN GRIME

MARION G. BUDZINSKI S.J.



*Oftentimes it's a sticky job but never underestimate a blonde*

**W**HEN ONE IS constantly travelling the mountain trails of Honduras it is comforting to have a partner. Mine came at Christmastime and we've ridden the trail together ever since. Or to be more exact, I've ridden and my partner has gone along unflinchingly. For 'tis a she, and her name is Rubia (in English

■ Father Budzinski (right) would like to take the road in a motor car once in a while.



“Blondie”) and she is so named for her coloring. And Rubia is a mule.

A mule, as you know, is not a burro but the result of crossing a horse with a donkey. Blondie is not as big as a Missouri mule but has far finer characteristics and is a beautiful animal to boot. (That last phrase, lest the SPCA promptly gets on my trail, is used strictly in the sense of “also.”)

Father John Newell first introduced me to Blondie and suggested a swing around the plaza to further the acquaintance. It was love at first prance, a love that threatened to go unrequited when Father Newell casually mentioned that \$150 was the price of her dowry. That made her too rich for my blood, although I envied her youth, her fine lines, the grace of her movements. “One hundred and fifty dollars, Padre Juan!” It was a wail that stirred all Minas de Oro.

Just as casually as his first mention of the price, he said, “If you like her, she's yours.” O happy Christmas! And it has turned out to be a wonderful deal. Blondie is a fine lady, not capricious,

not a show-off—just a fine, faithful companion in making the rounds of my seventeen mission stations. So up and down the hills and mountains we go, in balmy and foul weather, in shimmering tropical heat and drenching rains pouring by the bucketful from the skies.

Nothing seems to disturb her, not even snakes, some of which are no joke. *Barba amarilla*, “yellow beard,” is a killer if there ever was one. A boa constrictor is not venomous but can become most uncomfortable in its process of strangling someone. Well, whenever a snake comes across Blondie’s path, she merely stops in her tracks and waits until the reptile goes by. Then she slowly but cautiously resumes her progress.

And talk about endurance! Blondie goes on and on, hour after hour without stopping for rest. Going downhill, she slows considerably, carefully feeling her way first with her left foot, and if satisfied, will follow with her right. If she starts slipping she promptly brakes her slide with her hind legs.

When I’m lost in the dark, not knowing where to turn, I give her free rein and she unerringly takes me home where a ten-pound block of solid salt is always awaiting her. Once, when halfway home, she stopped and refused to budge despite patting, a gentle spur, and a hard shot in the belly. Finally I dismounted to see what was wrong. A small bridge of logs across the creek had been swept away by a swirling torrent! It would not have been a pleasant experience if Blondie hadn’t used her native obstinacy.

She will eat almost anything; grass of course, corn, leaves, hullings from rice, pine needles, sugar cane (fattening but so delicious) and newspapers. But a pumpkin really starts her tail wagging.

Together we share the sweat, the dirt, the mosquitoes and a score of other insects—all the trials of the trail. So I lift my black Hondurean coffee in a sincere toast to “My partner in grime.”



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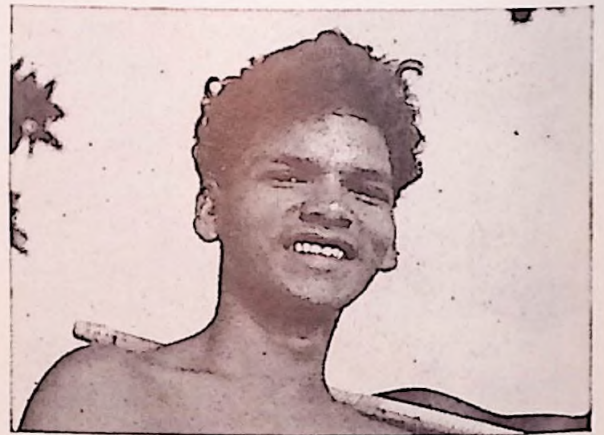
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# THE SMILING SANTALIS





JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.



**T**HE SANTALIS ARE an aboriginal race of India and one of the compensations of nature is their ability to smile despite the tough life they must endure. Here at Chakai and the country round about, they have been victimized by money lenders and other unscrupulous people. Their own simplicity and unsophistication have been played on by others and as a result they have lost their best farms, they are desperately poor—a desperation which sends the men to work in the mica mines and to return sick, broken, dying.

They are children of nature, wise in the ways of the birds and animals of the valleys and forests. Their weapons are rude bows and arrows but they are adept in their use. Their days are spent in tilling the little land which they have managed to keep from the hands of their exploiters. Honest, truthful and clean; straightforward and happy, the Santals with their way of life and its simple pleasures are one of the most attractive races found in India. The Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel, from South India, share with me that feeling of affection for our Santals and the desire, despite their grinding poverty, to keep them close to the loving Heart of Christ.



# DEATH OF A BABY

JAMES R. BROCKMAN S.J.



■ An Indian baby is brought in to the Tacna church to be baptized. Jesuits of the Chicago Province have recently begun to assist their Peruvian brethren in this vast field.

**D**USK WAS FALLING in Tacna, Peru, when we sat down to supper in the rectory. Then a message came from the sacristan that a group of Indians were in the church. They had brought a baby to be baptized. I rose from the table and went over to the church.

"How's the baby?" I meant the words more or less as a pleasantry.

"It's dead." Shocked, I bent over and looked at the tiny brown form on the floor. It was dead. I hadn't realized it was actually dying. No time even to curse my ineptness. I jumped up and grabbed the baptismal water. Thank

heaven old Juan had gotten everything ready for the baptism.

I bent over the tiny form again as it lay on its rags. Conditional baptism was the best we could do now . . . no flicker of the eyelids even as the water touched the forehead . . . but we never know: still so warm, so close to life . . . perhaps not too late!

Well, now what? The Indian woman wrapped the still form in her shawl again. Live or dead, Indian babies are slung in a shawl on a woman's back. The two men who had run ahead to tell the Padres stood helpless, silent.

I went back to the dining room, where supper was growing cold on my plate. "The baby's dead. I baptized it conditionally."

"Oh, no!" Father Morin jumped up. Father Cetnar followed, as we went back to the church. In a parish where babies are brought casually at any hour, we had not been inclined to get excited at the news that a sick baby was being brought for baptism. And the baby had not seemed that bad when it arrived. Better to have trusted the simple wisdom of the Indians, who must have seen many babies die; better to have baptized it without the ceremonies. Instead, I had assumed there was time for the regular baptism rite; and now it was dead, before I could even begin.

Well, enter the baptism in the record anyway. *On this thirtieth day of November I solemnly—no, scratch out solemnly and write conditionally—baptized Pedro, legitimate son of . . . one of these two men here is the father—no emotion showing in those Indian eyes, just the patient look of a man who does what he can, and beads of sweat still on his brow from running to the church—born in Tacna on the twenty-ninth of November . . . just one day of life in this world for Pedro and now, we may hope, an eternity of life in another world—at least, commended to the providence of a loving God.*

The tiny bundle was slung again on the woman's back. They would have to take it to the hospital for a death certificate in order to bury it. Perhaps then they would take it to one of the little graveyards that you see along the roads, rough crosses and piles of stones, where the Indians often put their dead.

A group of people had gathered. A man stepped up. "Padre, can you baptize a baby? They have to leave town tomorrow . . ."

All right. "Tell Juan to prepare for a baptism." I put on the stole again.

## Your Attention, Please

According to the postal regulations which went into effect in January we must pay 10c. for every copy of *Jesuit Missions* which is not deliverable as addressed. So may we request our readers to notify us of any change of address. Please send us both the new and the old address so that we will make no mistakes. It's becoming quite costly to make mistakes these days. Thank you.

JESUIT MISSIONS

211 East 87th Street

New York 28, N.Y.

■ Another child of Adam becomes a child of the Holy Ghost as Fr. Brockman baptizes.





■ These four Young Catholic Workers consulting Father Dowd have already fished out fellow factory workers.

# The Year of the Tiger

*In Taiwan a determined priest set out to rescue the young workers who had nobody and who were in danger*

IT ALL BEGAN TWO years ago, in the Year of the Rat. Father Louis Dowd S.J. of Rochester, N.Y., was drawing a wee bit of breath after finally opening his Students Youth Center in Hsinchu, Taiwan. Some 150 Chinese boys were happily involved in the fast-moving program of the Center.

But it took more than a deep breath to ease the worry of a man who, in China and now in Formosa, had spent most of his time working with the young. Father Dowd was only too well aware that a Students Center was primarily for those attending school—and how about those lads who were already out on the streets, working in the factories? Approximately one out of every two youngsters never got beyond the 6th grade. It was rough enough on adults to be thrown into the industrial environment of Hsinchu but

the havoc wrought on both bodies and souls of the young was an ugly thought for any man who cared.

Hsinchu is the industrial center for the whole country. Thousands of young workers had been swallowed up in its grim maw. There was no one to take an interest in them, no one to guide them, to inspire them. Father Dowd had no money in his pocket but his heart was rich in desire to reach out for these “other sheep” who lived in darkness and in the shadow of death.

The first step was an experiment, one of the “You can’t lose and you might possibly win” kind. After all, the Students Center was available, on a limited basis, and Father Dowd decided to use it as the magnet for his first approach to the youth workers. If it didn’t draw them, then there might be other approaches.



■ So we'll take the high road, the glad road which leads to Christ. Guess who is the boss man in this group of Young Catholics in the city of Hsinchu and guess also if they mind.

Only one who has lived close to loneliness and thoughtless neglect can understand the reaction of these youngsters when they were first invited to participate in the simple pleasures of the Center. They came hesitatingly, they took to it wholeheartedly ("Like a desert to rain," says Father Dowd) and they didn't want to leave. So the first Young Catholic Worker group was formed.

In a short time their numbers increased to a hundred members. They met at the Center, recreated there and received instructions in the Faith. To understand what those simple things meant to these boys we must remember the dark road which most of them would otherwise have had to travel. It is a pitiful sight to see the young of Hsinchu after two or three years in the "slave-labor" factories. Any society with a similar amoral background is a rough deal for the weak and ignorant. There isn't a drop of love

in a carload. These boys would have been brought low physically but the big tragedy would have been their souls.

Father Dowd knew very well the procedures which had been followed in Europe in situations of this kind. It held true for Taiwan also—workers are going to have to win workers and hold on to them once they are won. To do that, trained and dedicated Y.C.W. leaders are a must. In his dreams he saw this group in Hsinchu as the heart of the movement for the whole country, for the whole of Free China.

But the physical setup for this purpose was far from satisfactory. The Students Center was of necessity only a temporary meeting place for the workers. A corner store would hardly be the answer for a problem which loomed so importantly. Father Dowd realized that the parish was not well established enough as yet to cope with the situation.



■ The sincerity and devotion are clearly visible as young Chinese recite the Rosary.

When a man has lived with and dealt with the Communists for years he knows their evilness well enough to gamble all he has lest those in his charge become their prey.

The workers needed their own physi-

cal plant—a Y.C.W. Center building which they could be proud of and work for. It would be a place fitting for doctrine and study classes, for meetings large and small, for recreation and library facilities, for chapel and dormitory etc. So the man whose pockets were empty but whose heart was full walked the streets of Hsinchu until his quick eye spotted a plot of land, large enough even for outside play, in the factory district where these lads worked and lived.

It is now the Year of the Tiger, the year that is symbolic of courage and fearlessness. This is the time when Father Dowd is striving to bring his dream to reality, the dream of a home where the young workers of Taiwan will be close to Christ. The blueprints have been drawn for a long time, so long that they are dirtied and crumpled from being unrolled and rolled up again by a man who has pushed his dream as far as he can by himself. But one of his favorite sayings is, "When you're on the missions, you never look back." And in the Year of the Tiger no one wants to look back.

■ It's a different world when a young boy can find someone to talk to, one who will listen and advise. What would have happened to this young worker if there hadn't been a Fr. Dowd?



# Catholics or Communists?



“Make no mistake about it,” writes Father Dowd from Formosa, “there is absolutely nothing else to choose from over here.”

On Formosa, one out of every two kids leaves the sixth grade and goes to work. Imagine, if you can, what havoc is wrought on their bodies and especially their souls. They are indeed vulnerable!

What’s Father Dowd’s answer? A Young Catholic Workers Center that can house 40 of these lads including a chapel, foyer and offices, a dormitory, living rooms, assembly rooms, 3 classrooms and 12 smaller rooms for parlors, lavatories, supply, etc.

Hsinchu, Formosa, the proposed site for this center, is an industrial center for the whole country and thousands of workers are waiting for someone to take an interest in them. They need a direction. With your help, Father Dowd will show them the way. He cannot do it alone! Can he count on your donation to help pay the proposed price of \$20,000 for this building?

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# “Interview with a Veteran”



By THOMAS J. M. BURKE S.J.



*Eugene E. Fahy first saw the Orient as a member of the Merchant Marine but that visit whetted his desire to be a missionary. He came back to China as a Jesuit of the California Province in 1941 and was soon thrown into concentration camp by the Japanese. After the war he labored in the Yangchow District, where he was appointed Prefect Apostolic in 1951. That same year he was imprisoned for ten months by the Communists. On his release and expulsion, he started the Hsinchu Mission in Taiwan where he is now stationed.*

There has been some discussion and writing in this country recently about necessary changes in our concepts of missionary work. What do missionaries themselves think?

To arrive at certain conclusions, it would be necessary to question many missionaries. But with the hope that one well informed missionary could throw light on the subject, I posed some questions for a youngish looking American Jesuit veteran of the China Missions, Msgr. Eugene Fahey.

**Q.** Can you remember, Monsignor, what notions you had about missionary work before you ever went to the missions?

During school days I had the usual notions of converting the pagans by customary bush work as gleaned from missionary magazines, correspondence with missionaries, etc. More or less the bicycle apostolate of the sun-helmeted missionary through rice paddies to outlying Mission posts to catechize and baptize.

While deciding on my vocation I visited Jesuit and other missionaries in China and the Philippines. Saw other

parts of the picture: Gonzaga College in Shanghai, hospital work in Manila, and the like. Was told about the little "Rome" of Zikawei with its orphanages, seminaries, observatory, cloisters, etc., though never got to see them. All in all, had a fairly well rounded out knowledge of missionary work by the time I was sent.

**Q.** Would you say that your concept of missionary work differed somewhat from your earlier thoughts when you actually were assigned to the missions?

No appreciable difference since I was 30 when sent to the Missions and over

the years had picked up enough accurate knowledge of missionary work and conditions to know what to expect. However, theory is no substitute for the actuality as regards physical adaptation to the change of climate, diet, customs, language, etc.

**Q.** Do you feel that your thinking now after many years on the missions has changed much? Do you find that some aspects of missionary work or attitude seem more or less important now?

Missionary thinking necessarily changes with the times, keeps up with current history. The speed and convenience of modern means of communication have brought the Missions much closer to our home countries; have taken much of the "foreign" out of "Foreign Missions."

There is not as much of the bush in the bush work. The standard of living of the people is higher, generally speaking. They know more of the standards in our own countries and expect similar treatment. Mission buildings and equipment must be on a higher plane; the preparation of missionaries likewise, especially in the language. They have to contend more and more with natives educated or trained in a foreign country. All the modern scientific instruments of evangelization, particularly in the field of visual aids, must be used. As far as possible our missionaries, particularly in the field of education, must be specialized and linguistically, whenever possible, be prepared to present their specialty in the medium of the country where they are stationed.

**Q.** Back in 1945 Pius XII in his Christmas broadcast said that though the essential vocation of the Church—that is of Christ's continuing work in time—had not changed, that vocation had assumed a new aspect. For a long period the Church appeared, he said, as a majestic river flowing out to the ends of the

earth. Its source was, in a geographical sense, in Europe. This had changed, he noted. Though still centered in Rome in the person of Christ's Vicar, the life of the Church bears the aspect of a continual interchange of life and activity, of grace and energy between the various members of the mystical body all over the world.

Would you say, Monsignor, that this new aspect is tangible in missionary work and missionary areas?

Yes, I think that it is noticeable in missionary areas, e.g., regional meetings that include representatives from most of the countries in the Far East. This is becoming more common. Our Jesuits perhaps are leading in this with annual meetings on social questions, theology faculties, the workers' movement. For lay meetings there are lingual barriers, nevertheless attempts are being made and likely will become more widespread. Each country, regardless of its degree of development, has something to offer that may be beneficial in neighboring countries and interchange of ideas and methods may be helpful. At the same time a greater spiritual communion results, besides practical applications. Since foreign missionaries are also included, the scope of the interchange widens accordingly.

**Q.** Father Calvert Alexander said in a speech to missionaries in Washington, D.C., that the concept of interchange of life and energy between the members of the mystical body in the world was difficult to grasp at present because it is obvious that the Church in the West must furnish most of the money and a large share of the manpower to the Church elsewhere. "It may seem to us," he said, "that the situation is still pretty much of a one-way traffic, but this is largely due to the fact that we still have not grasped the vision of the universal Church as the *same* body of Christ actually extended throughout the world. We

have not taken the so-called mission world into the body of Christ. We look upon it as foreign, and not ready to be admitted into the Catholic Church. This type of ecclesiastic segregation is as injurious to our mission work as racial segregation at home."

Would you have any observations or comment on this subject, Monsignor?

As I mentioned before, we must look upon our missionary work less and less as something foreign. For the missionary it is essential that he integrate his thoughts and life as much as possible with the people among whom he works. Especially in the Orient he can never be considered other than as a foreigner. The differences are too great. The people realize this and are willing to make appropriate allowances. But they will rarely make due allowance for him viewing their country and customs as a foreigner, speaking as a foreigner with continual references to and comparisons with his home country, keeping his own country in the forefront in activities and conversation, especially bragging or bringing out differences detrimental or belittling to their own country. When you can bring out in some particular instance regarding the life or customs that your country is the same as theirs (not to be presented vice versa), that goes over big. Differences are better not mentioned, certainly better not emphasized. In Taiwan or China we are dealing with a proud people, touchy on these points. At the same time, what country or people does not have its national pride, in one form or another?

But along with the idea of the Missions ever becoming closer to the home countries, it is more and more incumbent on the laity and especially the missionaries of that home country, even though they may be supplying practically all the man-power and financial help, to consider themselves as helpers of the *people*,

not as directors either of policy or work. Rome's policy at present is to appoint almost exclusively native Ordinaries of ecclesiastical territories. Our Society correspondingly in Taiwan and the Far East is appointing more and more Chinese superiors. The picture will be and should be changing more and more, so that the "foreigners" will be taking a back seat.

**Q. Father John Considine, M.M. speaking at the same meeting in Washington said that the center of gravity in the apostolic Church throughout the world has shifted from the missionary forces to the national hierarchy with its local clergy. In the 20's he recalled that "the full brunt of the world missionary task was regarded as falling on the foreign missionary. Local clergy were already well developed in certain areas but were accepted as auxiliaries to the foreign missionary. . . . In major portions of the planet today, even where Christianity is proportionately only a splinter of the total population, the prime responsibility for the apostolate rests not on the foreigners but on the Church's local leaders."**

How would this square with your experience?

I think that it is true, as pointed out above. In a sense it is analogous to the western States where I was raised. As Jesuits we were educated by Italians of the Turin Province, though most had passed on by my time. But our secular clergy when I was a boy was dominated by Irish pastors, which is not the case now. I can recall seeing the last of the Irish allotment of priests being sent first to St. Pat's Seminary to try sluffing off some of the brogue before being sent out to the parishes; can recall parishioners' comments on not being able to understand sermons because of the brogue and the like, though the zeal and fervour of the Irish priests were rightly appreciated and revered. But they looked forward to

the day when their own American pastors would be sufficient in number and qualifications to take over.

The same amongst the Chinese. Probably not as much, as the thoughtful and fair-minded still prefer foreign pastors in many instances. But they also look forward to the day when their own will be sufficiently qualified to take over entirely; foreigners only make up for a lack in numbers. It is now our duty as foreign missionaries to foster local vocations and train them towards this end, the sooner that it can be accomplished the better.

**Q. Do you think that the statements of Fathers Alexander and Considine are related to the curious phenomenon that we observe in the world today, a simultaneous tendency to fragmentation and towards unity? Many people everywhere are pushing for, and achieving, self determination and independence and at the same time most peoples seem to recognize the necessity of working together.**

Yes, as covered in the last point. All small countries want their independence. It's contrary to human nature to be subjected to "over-lords" of one form or another, even though materially they may bring material advantages. So the whole psychological trend of the people is to obtain this independence. Once obtained—and often perhaps with a more sober reflection and judgment resulting—they realize more their inadequacies and want to unify with others for self-protection or other advantages. All a natural human tendency but more pronounced in our time. The Church must adapt itself to the times and the tendencies.

**Q. Would you have any suggestions for Catholics who are not able to pack up and go back to Taiwan with you, but are still desirous of sharing in the missionary life of the Church?**

First of all, join with us and our work in prayer and sacrifice. Real, active, con-

tinuous participation. So often the missionary realizes benefits of grace in the missionary ministry that he knows can only be explained supernaturally as the result of the prayers and spiritual offerings and sacrifices of co-missionaries far away.

Secondly, actively participate in local missionary societies or work for the Missions. All, regardless of physical condition or financial status, can do something for the Missions. The main thing is to be of a frame of mind that realizes the need, appreciates the value of such help given, is ever on the lookout for occasions to apply this help.

Thirdly and perhaps more obviously, give financial help proportionate to means and proportionate to spendings for self-entertainment at home. Costs of living and operation in the Missions are much higher than they used to be. At the same time, much more still can be accomplished in the Missions than at home with the same dollar. It still goes farther and brings a greater proportionate return. In line with some of the questions treated above, the Missions must present more of a material aspect somewhat akin to the material aspect of the Church in non-Mission countries. Less and less of the "bush" appearance since in other material aspects there is less and less of the "poor" aspect surrounding the same Missions. This is gauged by the particular region. Generally speaking, the Mission should not be better or worse, materially, than its surroundings. But edifices and equipment, ecclesiastical paraphernalia and the like, must be up to the standard of the surroundings. Catholics can be expected to make greater allowances. Pagans who have not yet a realization of the need of religion cannot. This does not apply equally to all the mission world, materially, but the yardstick is the same: keep up to the standards of the surroundings, whether in the cities, countryside or in the mountains.

## WEST OF MANDALAY



■ Father McCreesh stops to talk with a group of Chin women. There are about 200,000 members of the Chin tribe scattered throughout the deep valleys and broken mountains.

### *Deep in the hills of Burma live the Chin tribe*

EUGENE P. MCCREESH S.J.

**Y**OU HAVE probably never heard of the Chin Hills, situated in the north-western section of Burma, west of Mandalay. These hills, averaging four to nine thousand feet, run some 250 miles north and south and about 100 miles wide. I've never seen such a broken, contorted mass of mountains with deep valleys and totally devoid of plains. This makes it mighty rough for the people and the missionaries as they journey through far-flung parishes and mission stations.

Hidden among these sprawling hills are some 200,000 Chins of many tribes and speaking a babel of tongues. Until the turn of the present century when the British came, they were animists. Buddhism never was and still is not popular among them, as they have been always cut off from the plains. Since 1900 the Baptists have come and only in 1940 did

the first Catholic priest enter the area. After the war 16 other priests have joined the mission and already there are some 10,000 converts.

Since many of our seminarians at the Major Seminary in Rangoon will soon be traveling over these mountains, I thought I would spend my holidays among these people and see what the future had in store for our boys. It was a richly rewarding experience.

What struck me most during my month's stay there? Well, I think it was the simplicity and friendliness of the people. This was the more true, the more remote the village. Many villages have sons and daughters at the University and have advanced far. Others are still far from the road and far removed from civilization. There seemed to be no shyness in meeting me, a tribute to the good

work done by the Fathers in the short time they have been there.

Next, the lack of roads amazed this city-dweller. Even the one main road is dirt and in need of constant attention to keep it open for jeeps and trucks. There is no railroad nor any possibility of an airfield at present. Hence, the Chins have their own unique way of transporting supplies. From ancient times they have always carried their goods on a bamboo basket on their backs. The average load is 60 pounds, 20 miles a day. The basket is tied to a wooden yoke that fits into the back of the neck. To relieve the strain a broad band passes through the yoke and round the forehead.

I'll never forget my arrival in Mualpi Village where a priest friend of mine is pastor. Mualpi is 18 miles from the road. (Father had a pony for the upward climb to the village to spare this soft seminary professor!) As we rounded the last bend before the village there to greet me was a banner and behind it all the children of the village. After the traditional welcoming song I was surprised to hear three

loud cheers for the U.S.A. Father explained why. The cheers were not for me alone but for all the friends in America who have sent clothes to the villagers. Besides, everywhere in the Hills can be found the medicines sent over by the Catholic Medical Missions in N.Y., directed by Father Anthony La Bau S.J. So the U.S. is held in mighty high esteem.

Everywhere the priest has to be doctor and lawyer for the people. But, great is their confidence and now from far distant villages the word has spread and the priests are being called to preach the word of salvation. Gone are the days when the priests in search of souls, after travelling miles over rugged mountains, could not even get a sip of water or any food from the villagers. They had been warned to have nothing to do with these strange men or evils would befall them. Now the charity of Christ—to heal the sick, to bury the dead, to preach the gospel to the poor—all this is bearing fruit in abundance among the Chins of Burma. Pray that it continues and that these people find the riches of Christ.

■ The papoose-like sling is the favorite way for carrying the baby. The Burma Road, built during World War II, was the first link for the Chin tribes with the world outside Burma.





## In a Tokyo Garden

MICHAEL COOPER S.J.

“**A** SCIENCE faculty?” the student repeated in a surprised voice.

“That’s right,” I replied, “a science faculty. We hope to start it going in a year or so.”

We were sitting together in the gardens of Sophia University one hot summer day, waiting for the afternoon lectures to begin. My companion was a Sophia freshman—intelligent, non-Christian, perhaps a bit puzzled by what he saw going on around him.

There was a pause as he thought for a while in silence. “But,” he said finally in a rather embarrassed way, “isn’t Sophia a Christian college? So how can you have a science faculty . . .?”

For people living in the States, perhaps this student may appear a little naive. “After all,” you might say, “why

on earth shouldn’t our schools have science courses? There’s nothing unreligious about science.”

But the situation is much different in Japan. For centuries the country shut itself up in absolute isolation, cut off from contact with the rest of the world. Then only 80 years ago the feudal system finally broke down. Practically overnight the remote agricultural country, ruled by barons whose word was law, was turned into a fully industrialized state. Jet aircraft now touch down in Tokyo where within living memory haughty samurai used to swagger in the retinue of the great nobles. Next door to the ancient Buddhist temple in Shiba Park, where the visitor can see the overgrown tombs of some of the powerful feudal families, soars into the sky the 1,082 feet high

Tokyo Tower, carrying one of the highest TV antennas in the world.

Meanwhile, Buddhism, the religion which has molded Japanese thought for well over a thousand years, slumbers on, living in the splendor of its past. Japan has changed but its traditional religions have failed to adapt themselves to the needs of modern times. As a result, they exert little or no religious influence.

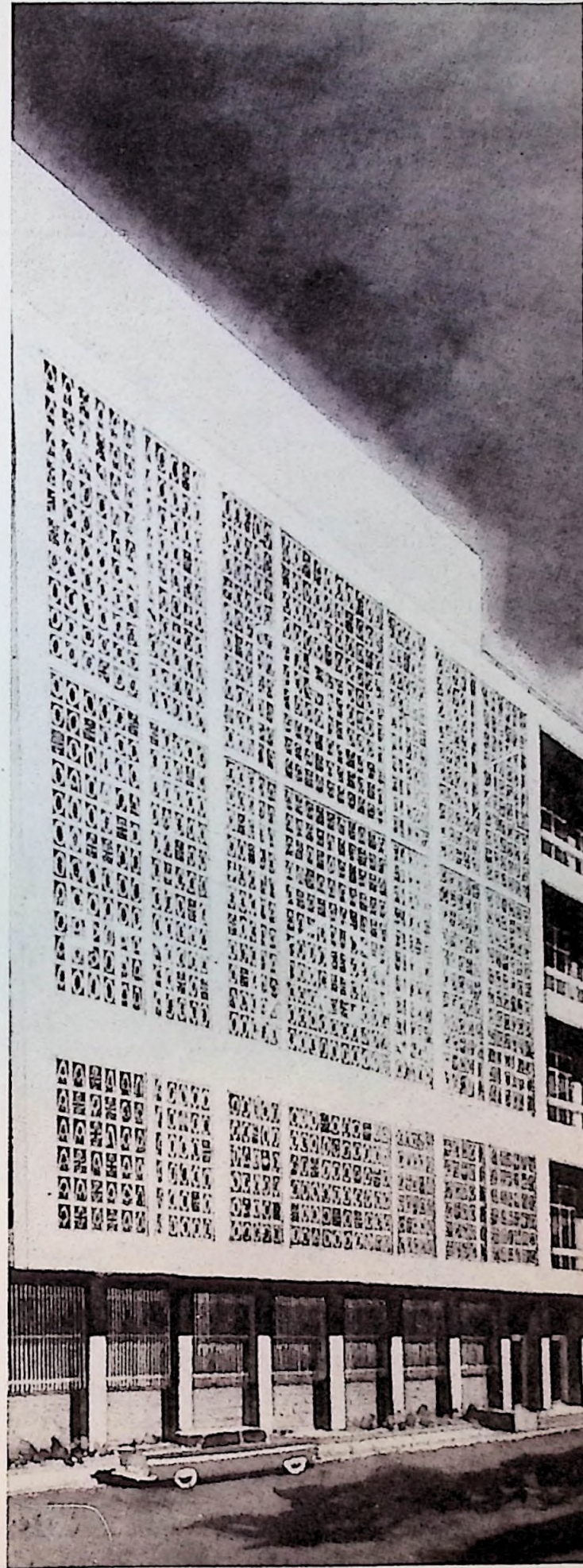
Now perhaps it may be easier to understand the puzzlement of the student I was talking with in the garden. His line of reasoning was faulty, but all the same it represents the attitude of millions of Japanese. Either, they say, you can be old-fashioned and believe in God, or you can move with the times and put your trust in modern technical progress. And in this age of TV, jets and ICBMs, you can be fairly sure which alternative the young will choose.

That is the reason why a science faculty has long been needed at Sophia. Sad to say, there is in Japan not a single Catholic university or college which possesses such faculty. But at last work is progressing on a fine complex of buildings which will eventually house Sophia's new Faculty of Applied Science and will open this April.

Once it begins to function, not only will it show that the Church is not old-fashioned and based on superstition, it will also be an outstanding proof that Catholics are concerned as anybody else in scientific investigation and progress.

That is what I tried to explain to the student as we sat in the garden on that hot summer's afternoon. Even if I didn't manage to convince him entirely, the sight of the new building now going up on the Sophia campus should bring my point home to him and to thousands of other Japanese students like him for whom materialism has replaced God.

■ The new Science Building at Sophia University in Tokyo is a surprise to Japanese.



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# Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

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1) The need of education in mission fields is too obvious to be stressed. But it still remains one of the greatest expenses a missionary must bear. We have a score of requests for help in supporting boys and girls in school. If you could give something for so worthy a cause we would be sure that it went to some missionary from your own neighborhood.

2) Our priest readers can appreciate the request of Father McGinley at the Papal Seminary in Poona, India, for a set of the complete works of Pope Pius XII. The set costs one hundred dollars.

3) Twice a year is the average number of times Father McShane in Honduras celebrates Mass at his El Progreso headquarters. The rest of the time he is on the road to his 75 villages, farms, etc. He desperately needs a better jeep for this constant travel over rough roads. The price is high—\$2000—but many small gifts would go a long way, even as Father “No Brakes” McShane.

4) An organ for Linabo in the Philippines is requested by Father Phil Boyle, who recognizes it is not a “bread and butter” need but knows how much it would mean to his people in the Bukidnon hills. For \$100-150 a lot of people would be happy.

5) At the other end of Mindanao, on the Moro Gulf, Fathers Pascua and Borja are trying to outfit the twenty chapels in their care. They need altar linens, candle sticks, etc. A gift of \$2, \$5 or more would be a big help to them.

6) A thief in the night has seriously crippled Father Dan McCoy’s work in Tokyo. He stole a typewriter, seven years old to be exact, but when it’s your prize possession it’s hard to lose. We would like to help Father get back in writing stride as much as we can. Any size donation would be gratefully received.

7) The dialog Mass has been a great success at Father Fox’s Holy Cross Mission in Alaska. But both the altar missal and the ones used by the people are old style. Father is anxious to get two altar missals and a number of small ones for his folks. Could you spare a few dollars?

8) Debts hang more heavily around the neck of Patna’s Father Ernst than do his 68 years. But he still continues to feed his orphans, to outfit the girls for school and to keep his mission station running in spite of the difficulties. But we do wish we could ease the burden which this grand missionary has carried uncomplainingly. Will you help us, please?

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