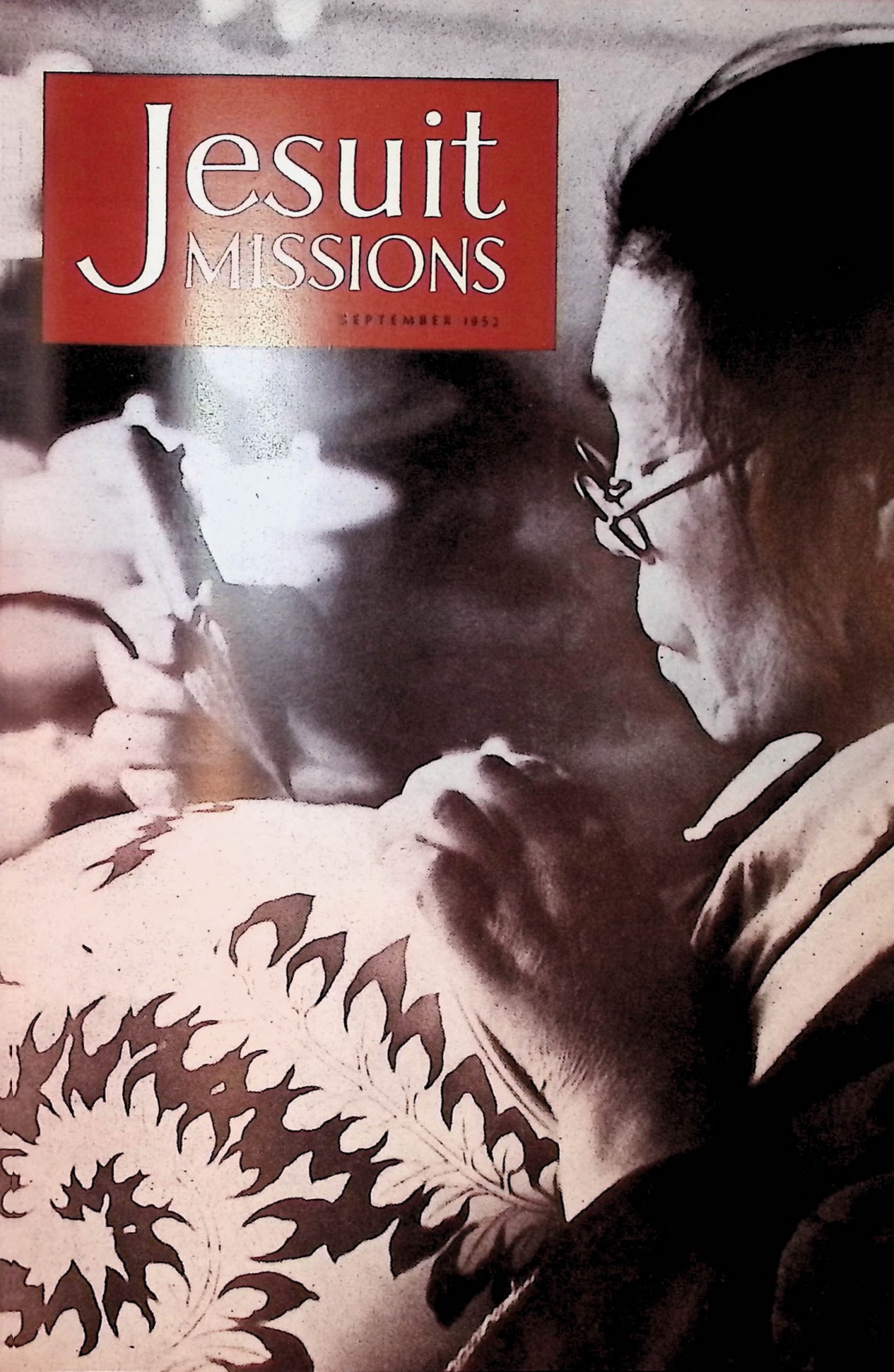


Jesuit MISSIONS

SEPTEMBER 1952



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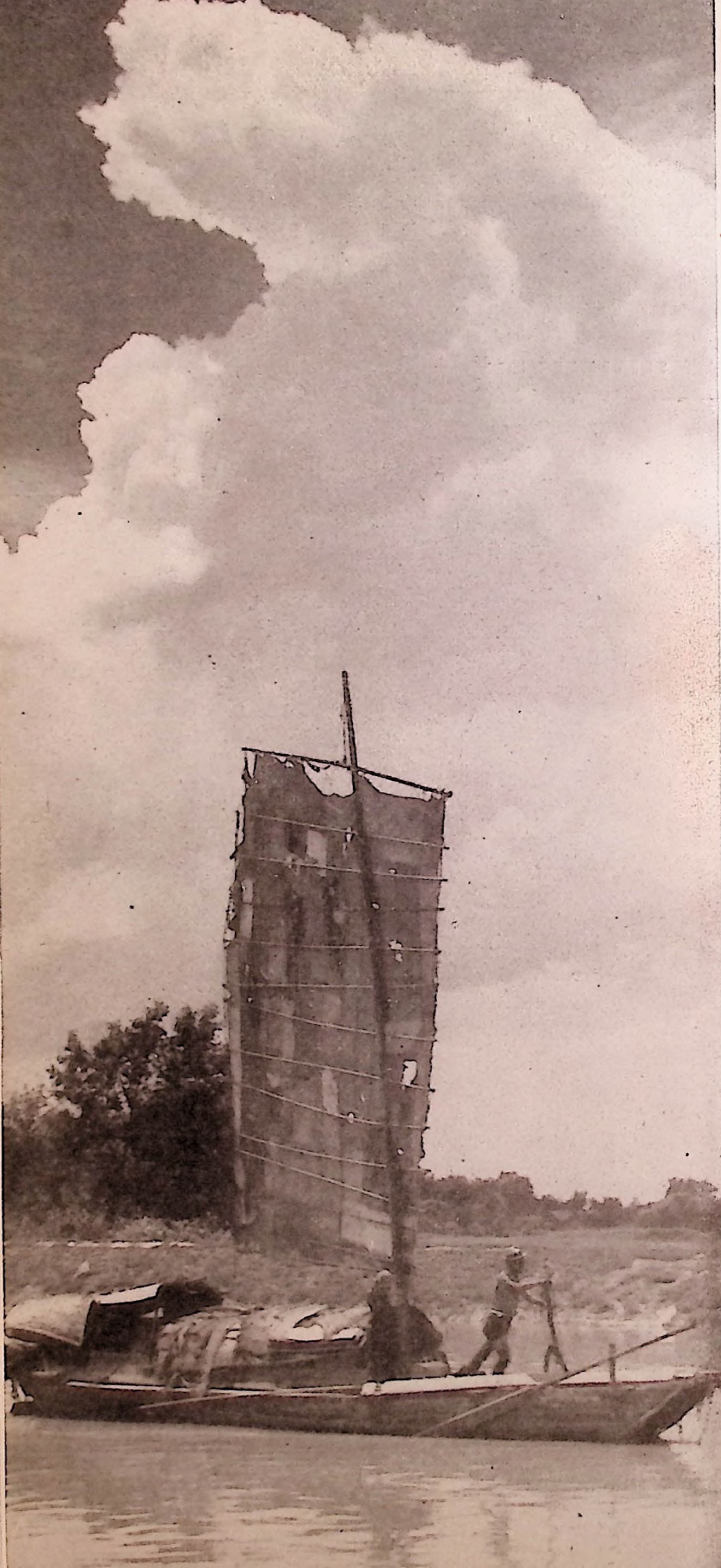
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MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF 1022 AMERICAN JESUITS

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September, 1952

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MISSION MILESTONES

Japan

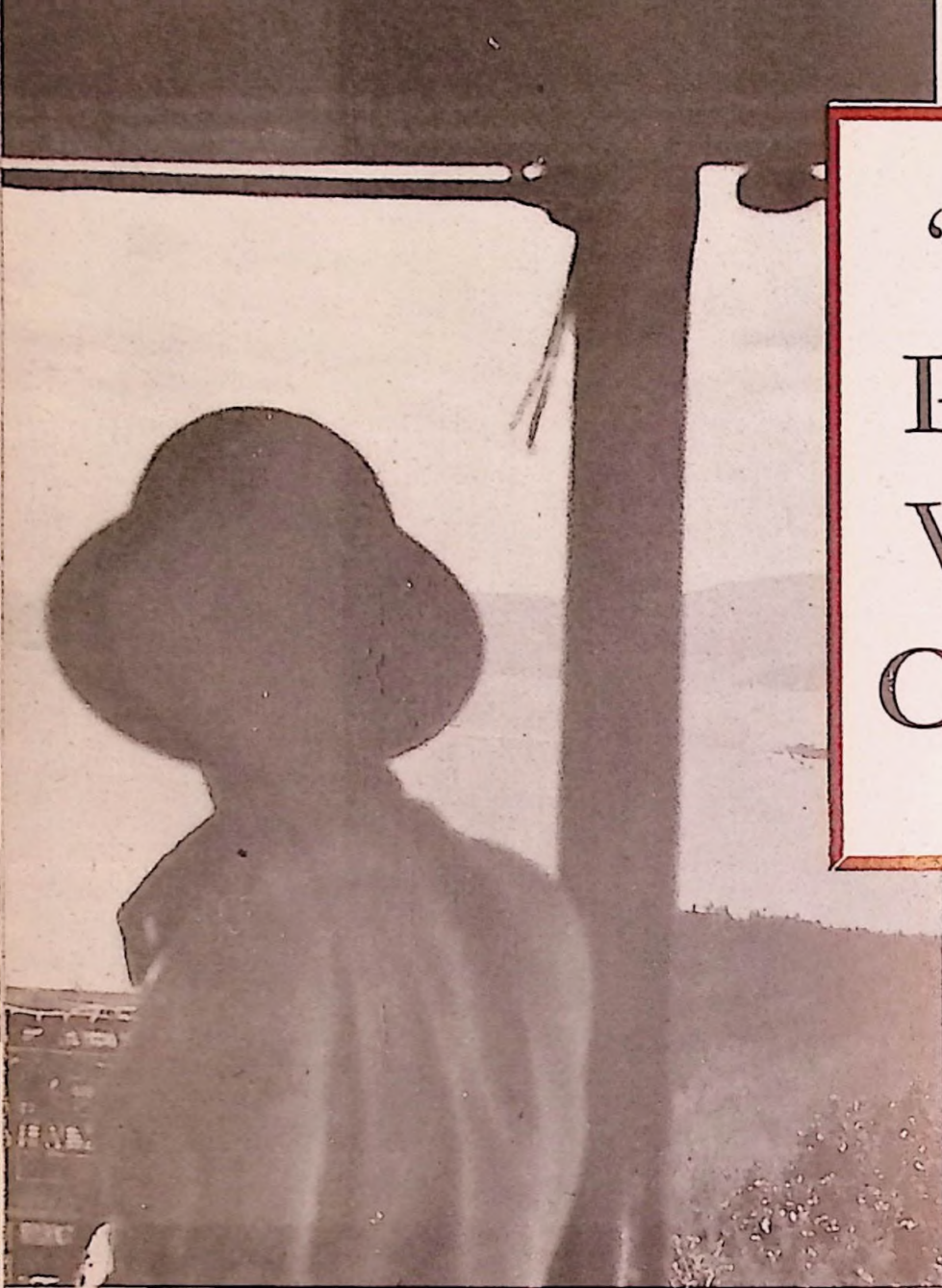
- 1549—St. Francis Xavier, Fr. Torrez and Brothers Fernandez land in Japan.
- 1576—The king of Arimano and 15,000 of his Japanese subjects embrace the Catholic Faith.
- 1587—The beginning of the first persecution, under the emperor Taikosama.
- 1592—A Jesuit, Fr. Peter Martinez, is named the first Bishop of Japan.
- 1593—The Jesuit Vice-Province of Japan numbered 22 residences, a Novitiate in Amacusa, and a Seminary in Fachiro. There were 151 Jesuits, 207 churches and 217,000 Catholics.
- 1597—26 missionaries crucified.
- 1614—Start of the Great Persecution under Daifusama.
- 1619—Bl. Leonard Kaimura burned to death over a slow fire. Hundreds of Missioners and thousands of the faithful were destroyed in the most savage and barbarous manner.
- 1622—Bl. Charles Spinola and 16 companions were put to death for the faith in Nagasaki.
- 1774—Suppression of the Society and the Japanese Mission.
- 1908—A Jesuit house is opened in Tokyo.
- 1952—22 American Jesuits help care for about 160,000 Japanese Catholics.

September is a month of beginnings. This September will be especially so for seventy and more American Jesuits who left during the summer months for over a dozen different mission fields. They are beginning a new work, new as far as they are concerned, but a work that is as old as the first Pentecost. The new missionaries swell the total of American Jesuits doing mission work to over eleven hundred men, a startling figure if we view it against the history of the last half century.

Fifty years ago the entire personnel of American Jesuits numbered less than one thousand men. This was not the figure for missionaries only but for all American-born Jesuits of the two provinces then in existence in the United States. Today there are eight provinces whose members total 7,347. The Jesuits conduct 27 colleges and universities and 39 high schools within the borders of the United States, an educational program without parallel in the Catholic world.

In that half century the mission world has seen a similarly rapid expansion. America has come into her own as a missionary power. New faces and new hands—and a work as old as heaven—spreading the love of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

COVER. A Japanese woman working in ceramics adds the finishing touches to a vase. Francis Xavier considered the Japanese people the best in the Orient and the ones most ready for the teachings of Christ, a fact proven in her subsequent history.



“I saw the Philippine War Dead Come Home”



JOHN J. DAHLHEIMER S.J.

AN EX-MARINE, now a missionary, stands on Corregidor as the ship from Korea returns with the dead of another war.

Ten years from the day Corregidor fell the ship laden with war dead steams slowly down the North Channel, past Bataan with its memories and the peaks of Mariveles, to Manila.

LATE ON A SUN-FLOODED MONDAY MORNING in May, I saw the bodies of fifty fighting men and two of their officers returned to the Philippines from Korea.

A few months after the Red smash into South Korea, in September of 1950, I had seen the motorized column of the Philippine's first expeditionary force, 1,311 men and 64 officers, roll out of Camp Murphy and down MacArthur Boulevard to the ships that would take them to Pusan. From there it was only a short interval in time and space until they had engaged the enemy for the first time and suffered their first casualty, Private Ceciliano Alipio, killed while on patrol at Waeguan, October 23, 1950. Then came the shock of Yultong where Captain Conrado Yap and Lieu-

tenant Jose Artiaga and their men had stood their ground and died.

I had seen them leave for Korea and now—although it had not been planned—I was privileged to be among the first to salute that force's returning dead.

It was not on Pier Seven, where the mother and sister of Private Jeremias Concepcion awaited the docking of the Philippine Navy's vessel, that I saw them come back. I was not there in the late afternoon when Secretary Magsaysay and other representatives of the government laid wreaths on the caskets of the Tenth Battalion Combat Team's fallen. Nor was I at the Luneta, the parade ground of the Philippines, when the Filipino people received their honored dead in the nation's

capital. But I did see the Philippine war dead come home to the Islands.

I saw the funeral ship long before any of those awaiting it in Manila, and there could have been no better place or time for an American to have greeted it—Corregidor, May 5, 1952, the eve of the tenth anniversary of its fall to the Japanese.

Corregidor in 1952 is the most heart-breaking island south of Iwo Jima, a ruin new enough to be ghastly yet old enough to be depressing. The things around are too familiar to be viewed with the detachment one experiences in looking at ruins in Cambodia, or Egypt, or even in the mesa country of the American southwest. An American "U. S. Mail" box riddled with shrapnel and machine gun fire; roofless and floorless buildings with corridors that go nowhere; flights of stairs that end blankly against the sky—all of them built and used by Americans and now deserted. Corregidor is not a place for those with long memories. The passage of time in other places, Manila for example, has either softened or completely erased the scars of the last war. Here on The Rock it seems only to have intensified their horribleness.

The day, and the scene, might well have inspired stanzas of Rizal's *My Last Farewell*—a beautiful country at her shining best. Across the quiet waters of the North Channel the jagged circle of the Mariveles peaks lay purple and dark under creamy thunderheads. In any other direction—west into the

China Sea, east towards Manila, or south along the Cavite-Batangas coast—it was hard to determine just where sea blue merged into sky blue. White smoke from cleared fields rose easily into the still air and fanned out gently over the wooded and cultivated slopes that leveled off into the sea cliffs. Bataan, despite the grim memories, belonged, fresh and alive with the green of forests and crops, to the present and to the living.

But that was the mainland. Here, on this desolate bit of glory-drenched land that will always be peculiarly American, there was only the still acrid smell of crumbling concrete and trees and underbrush heavily coated with windlaid dust. Corregidor is as dry and brittle and dead as the rocky black scars above the portal of the Malinta Tunnel.

And then as gently as the sounding of the Antipolo bells across the valley of the Marikina early in the morning, the sun gleamed on the whitework of the vessel and pointed up her hull against the dark cliffs as she came into view from behind the stark flank of Topside. She swung in an easy half-circle in from the China Sea, past the town of Mariveles, across the expanse of Bataan, and into the Bay of the Philippines. Manila was still some twenty miles and four hours to the east, but the voyage from Moji in Japan was almost over: they were home from that other peninsula where their corps had landed nineteen months before.

Standing alone in the bright Philippine sun on the battered San Jose pier surrounded with the backwash of the Pacific

Stark against the sky stand the ruins of Corregidor, the island where the passage of time has not softened nor erased the scars of war.



War—the sagging concrete landing platforms buckled by aerial bombs, artillery, and the battering of the sea; the shattered crane with tangled tackle still in place on twisted booms that jack-knifed crazily into the dock; disemboweled turrets; dismantled guns with cracked muzzles and bullet-splashed breeches; rotting Japanese landing craft; twisted rails and torpedoes rusting away half-buried in the sand—I did not try to imagine what these men might have thought as their bodies were borne past me to Manila.

There were no warm greetings to the land they loved and whose gateway they had just passed; no melancholy murmurings about the futility of war; no pleading warnings to their countrymen; no appeals to loved ones; no fierce denunciations; and no questions.

The reality of the scene—as clear and sharp as the sea and the mountains behind the slowly moving ship and her cargo of silver and grey caskets—allowed of no imagined musings of the dead who are brought home. These men were dead: for them, thought, emotion, pain—everything but Eternity—was finished.

The dead do not make speeches and it

John Dahlheimer S.J. of the Missouri Province is one of the China missionaries now in exile.



was not the time—if it ever is—for the living to put words into the mouths of the dead.

No words were needed, for there it was: a Philippine ship with the country's dead of another war passing between Corregidor and Bataan almost ten years to the day when the curtain was rung down here in flame and smoke on the first act of the Philippine tragedy. Two wars—both of them, in a very true and fine sense, wars of the Filipino people—were fused into one vivid impression on that day which some remember but which too many have forgotten. They hadn't asked for that first war; its fury and brutality had stunned and staggered them, but they had fought it well. The second they had chosen to fight—reminded of that other war by still fresh heartaches—and to fight it well as a free and independent republic of the Philippines.

I had come to Corregidor on a sort of private pilgrimage; I had expected to see the wreck of an island and nothing more. I'm glad that the funeral ship came upon me there as unexpectedly as it did, that I wasn't in Manila when it docked, for in a few short minutes I saw the greatness of a people in a way I had never before thought possible. If I had stood on the docks at Manila I would have missed that fleeting insight into the soul of the one Christian people of the Far East. Only against the background of Corregidor with its memories can the spirit of the Filipino people be appreciated.

As we picked our way past the wrecks and the breakwater of South Harbor towards the mouth of the Pasig River that evening, I looked back into the blackness to where Corregidor lay like something dead and alone out there in the China Sea, so far from the lights and the life of the city it had once defended. I hadn't, in the ordinary sense of the word, enjoyed that visit to Corregidor; the experience hadn't been a pleasant one, rather like coming home after the burial of a close friend. I knew then what I might have missed, or lost, had I been in Manila to see that ship come in, for Manila is a city that has learned, or that is eager, to forget.

Out there at the mouth of the Bay, it was impossible to forget; I can't forget it tonight, and I don't think I'll ever be able to forget those moments when, from Corregidor, I saw the Philippine war dead come home.

Michigan's FIRST MASS



Mrs. William McCarthy, president of Diocesan Council of Catholic Women, Mayor Hart of Saginaw, Bishop Woznicki of Saginaw and Father Decker S.J. at Michigan dedication. (Insets) Fr. Brennan, Director of Propagation of the Faith; Fr. McCummiskey of J.M.



RECENTLY THE STATE OF MICHIGAN celebrated the conclusion of its first century of organized Catholic life. As a part of that celebration, the Diocesan Council of Catholic Women, at the suggestion of the Most Rev. Stephen S. Woznicki, Bishop of Saginaw, dedicated a monument on Ojibway Island, in honor of the man who celebrated the first Mass in the State of Michigan.

Fr. Henri Nouvel was one of that hardy and zealous group of Jesuits who left their home in France to bring the light and comfort of the Faith to the Indians of the New World. He was Superior of the Ottawa Mission, and was at St. Ignace in the fall of 1675 when a party of Chippewa Indians came asking for a Blackrobe to accompany them on their winter hunt.

The good Father agreed to go himself, as soon as he could, and actually started out

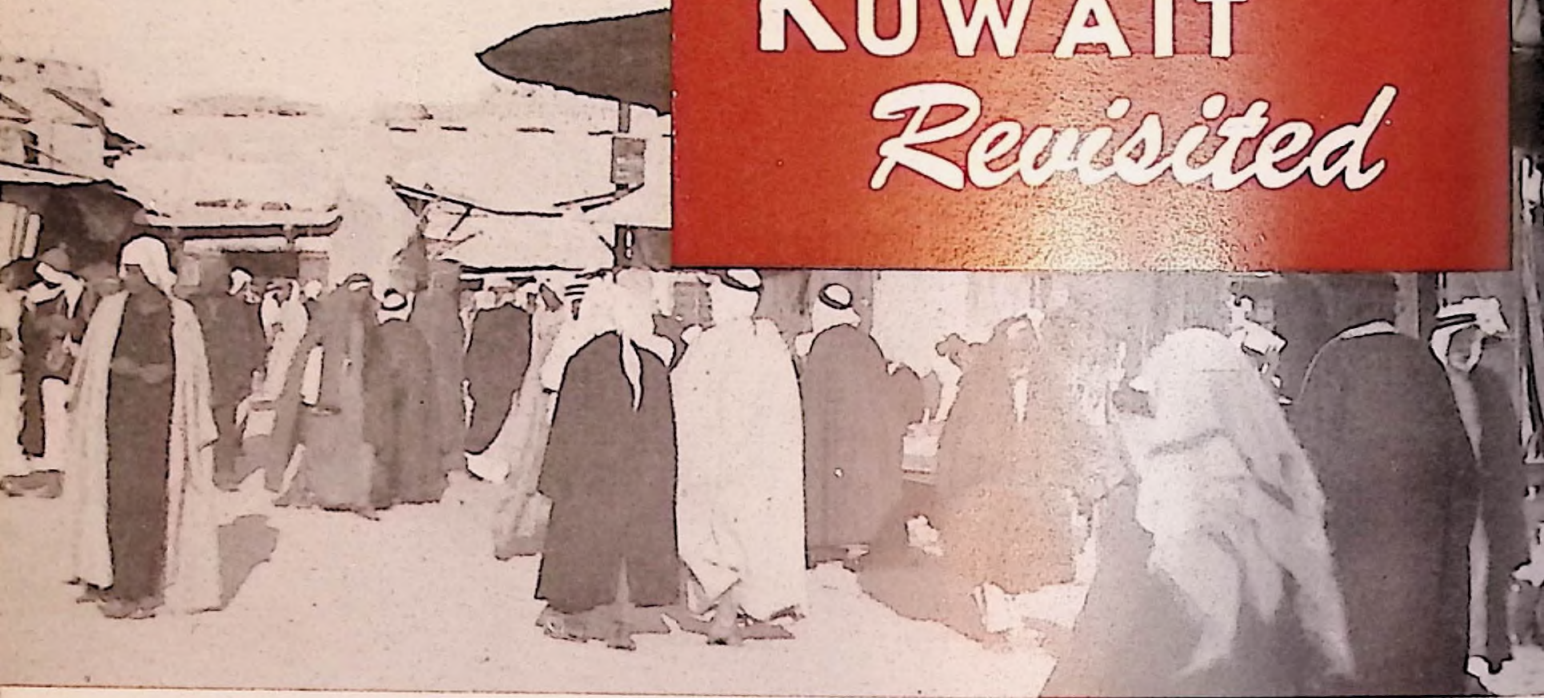
on November 8th, guided by a map prepared with the help of the Chippewas, and accompanied by two adventurous Frenchmen.

It was a wild and perilous journey. The weather was foul. Winter was fast coming on and fog, rain and thunderstorm was the order of the day. The great wind from the Northwest made life miserable, and the water froze at night. Ice constantly threatened the frail canoe. In their haste they missed the mouth of the river they were seeking, and had to retrace a whole day's journey. Then, on the evening of December 2nd, they met a group of Christian Hurons. And on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, Fr. Nouvel wrote in his journal, "we celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in goodly company."

That was an enduring seed. And the monument that commemorates its planting is a deserved tribute to a great man.

KUWAIT

Revisited



(Above) Main street of Kuwait shopping area.

(Below) Father Larkin snapped this Arab with a falcon to prove falconry is not a lost art.

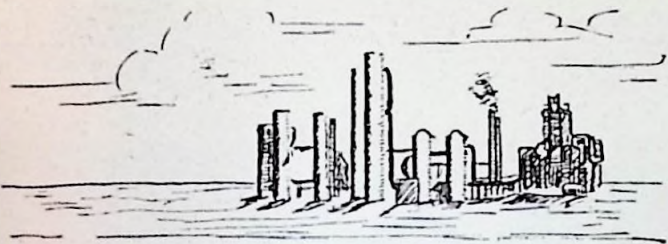


THE SHEIKHDOM OF KUWAIT LIES WEDGE-like between Iraq and Saudi Arabia, with a frontage of nearly a hundred miles along the Persian Gulf. It is 2,000 square miles of sandy waste sitting on top of the biggest oil pool the world has even known.

I first visited Kuwait in 1945 just as its oil fields were getting into production. It was then turning from its ancient pursuits of pearl fishing, smuggling and building the rakish dhows that for centuries have sailed the Arab seas. Clusters of prefabricated huts were springing up along the desert tracks. The roar of motors and the clatter of steel were shattering the ancient desert silence. For the Kuwait Oil Company had begun to ship its engineers from England and the United States, Texas drillers, artisans from Iran and clerical workers from Goa.

Oil was bringing fabulous wealth to Kuwait. It was also bringing Christianity to a Moslem stronghold. The Goanese, particularly, are ardent Catholics who trace their faith back to the preaching of Saint Francis Xavier. At their request I had come, the first priest in many a long day, to celebrate Mass within the tiny sheikhdom,

JAMES P. LARKIN S.J.



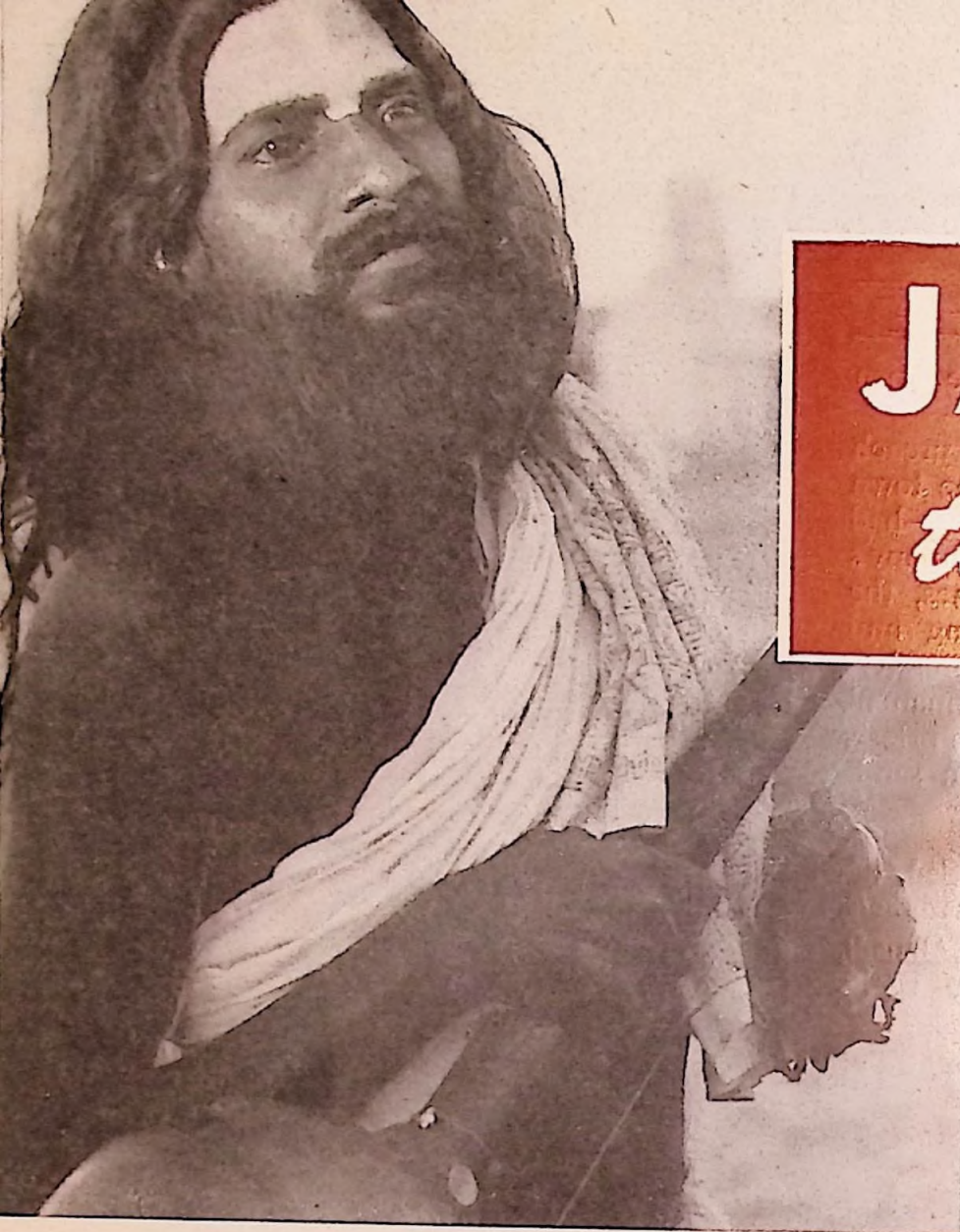
which I did beneath a tent in the open desert.

I was recently back in Kuwait to preach a mission. On once barren sand, the town of Ahmadi—an architect's dream—had sprung up, housing 8,000 of the Company's personnel. The air-conditioned homes, the schools, the hospitals, the shopping and recreational centers were all impressive. But most thrilling was the permanent church where two resident Carmelite priests bring Christ daily to His people in sand-swept, oil-rich Kuwait.

(Right) The author, teaching in Baghdad, devotes vacation to apostolate for oil workers.

(Below) Tankers at jetty in Nina-al-Ahmadi, Kuwait, the largest oil jetty in the world.





JADU ...

the Sadhu

THROUGH DEATH the man who turned away in fear from Christ found the key to eternal life.

Jesus Christ, the Lord. But it remained for Jadu to push the button that set in motion the events which have since added to Christ's fold some fifteen thousand souls.

Here is how it began. Jadu's brother was dying; and for

some reason, Jadu wanted him to die a Christian. A priest was sent from the mission. A last hour baptism! Had Jadu also found the faith? A week or so later, Jadu invited one of our missionaries to his village. The result: Jadu and most of his caste in the village, about thirty in number, were baptized. And from there the movement spread.

But dark days were ahead. In 1942, an orgy of looting, arson and murder broke out and attained its most violent stage in the vicinity of the Patna Mission, making it more difficult than it had been for those who were known to be Catholics. To escape persecution, Jadu went underground. His method—not to be held up for imitation—was to don again all the discarded insignia of the one-time Hindu sadhu—ashes, cow-dung, a load of prayer beads, besmeared face, and coconut bowl.

The Indian sadhu or holy man is a familiar sight on India's streets and is readily recognized by his distinctive garb.



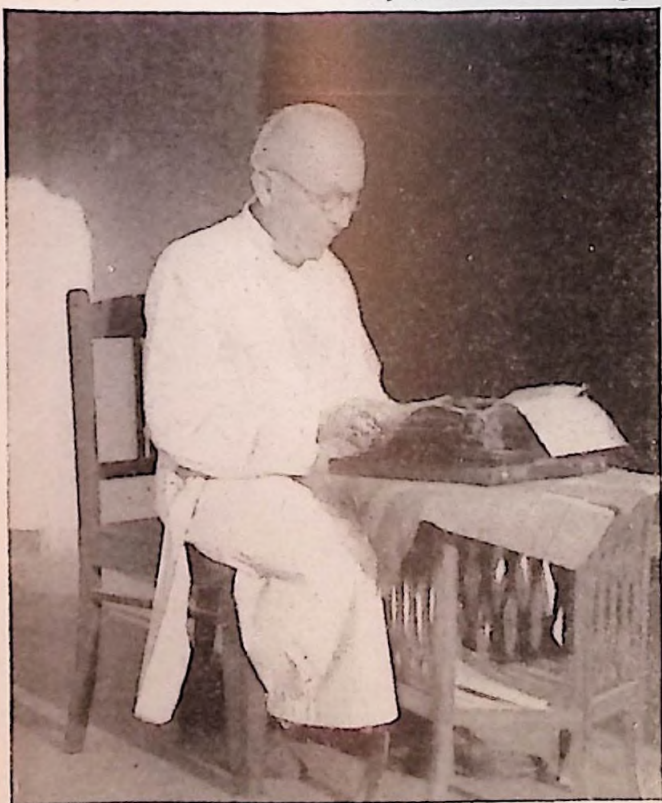
I WANT YOU TO MEET JADU. Now Jadu was a sadhu, a devout servant of the gods—a multitudinous array of gods. His dedication to religion was symbolized by his saffron robe, his long matted hair, heavy with cowdung, his breast and arms covered with ashes, the huge string of beads about his neck, and the coconut shell which was always ready to receive your alms. Arrayed in all his trappings, he was a sight to be seen.

For many years I had been searching every available avenue to find the secret of opening the hearts of India's millions and millions of Hindus to the "tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people"—that to Indians, too, there is born a Savior, whose name is not Ram nor Krishna, but

While Jadu carried on his flourishing business, he left his eleven-year-old son Robert in my mission school. Robert was a lad whom I wish every one of you could have met. He was a very talented boy in general; but in the field of Christian doctrine he was precocious to a degree that was really uncanny. He seemed to know instinctively the answers to the most difficult questions. And he was a good boy.

When the summer holidays arrived, Robert left with the other boys for his village; but en route, he was stricken with cholera. At nine o'clock one night, a messenger came to me and begged that I accompany him to the village eleven miles away, as Robert was dangerously ill. We arrived shortly after midnight; and realizing the boy's desperate condition, I roused a local doctor who took him in hand. Robert's condition, however, remained very critical. All through the night, as I sat at his side, the feverish boy never ceased praying. And the whole burden of his earnest pleading with Jesus and His Blessed Mother was that his father, Jadu, would return to the faith which Robert believed him to have lost. Again and again, with no prompting on my part, he told Jesus that he would gladly suffer and die if only his father would be a Christian once more.

Father Sontag is known as "Patna's Apostle of the Pen" because of his many popular writings.



Toward morning, as it was the First Friday of the month and many would be waiting for Mass and Communion, I had to return to the mission. The boy had seemed a little better when I left; but scarcely two hours after I had reached the mission, the body of little Robert was brought in. To prevent the spread of the disease, it was necessary to bury Robert that same day.

A few days later, I saw Jadu walking down the road in all his sadhu pontificals. He had to pass the little cemetery where a small, lone grave with a modest, wooden cross marked the burial place of his little son. Jadu saw the newly-made mound and the cross. Flinging himself onto the grave with outstretched arms, he lay there motionless for a long, long time. At last, he arose and slowly removed all the claptrap of Jadu, the sadhu; and Jadu the repentant stood before the cross of the Father Whom he had deserted in the hour of folly. The saffron of the prodigal was exchanged for a mantle emblazoned with a large crusader-like cross of red to proclaim to all the world that he had not abandoned his Savior, and his later days were spent in striving to redeem his sad error. About four years later, he died—as far as human judgment may see—a beautiful and holy death. Little Robert had not died in vain.

Part of a Hindu religious ceremonial is this procession on the sacred river of the Ganges.



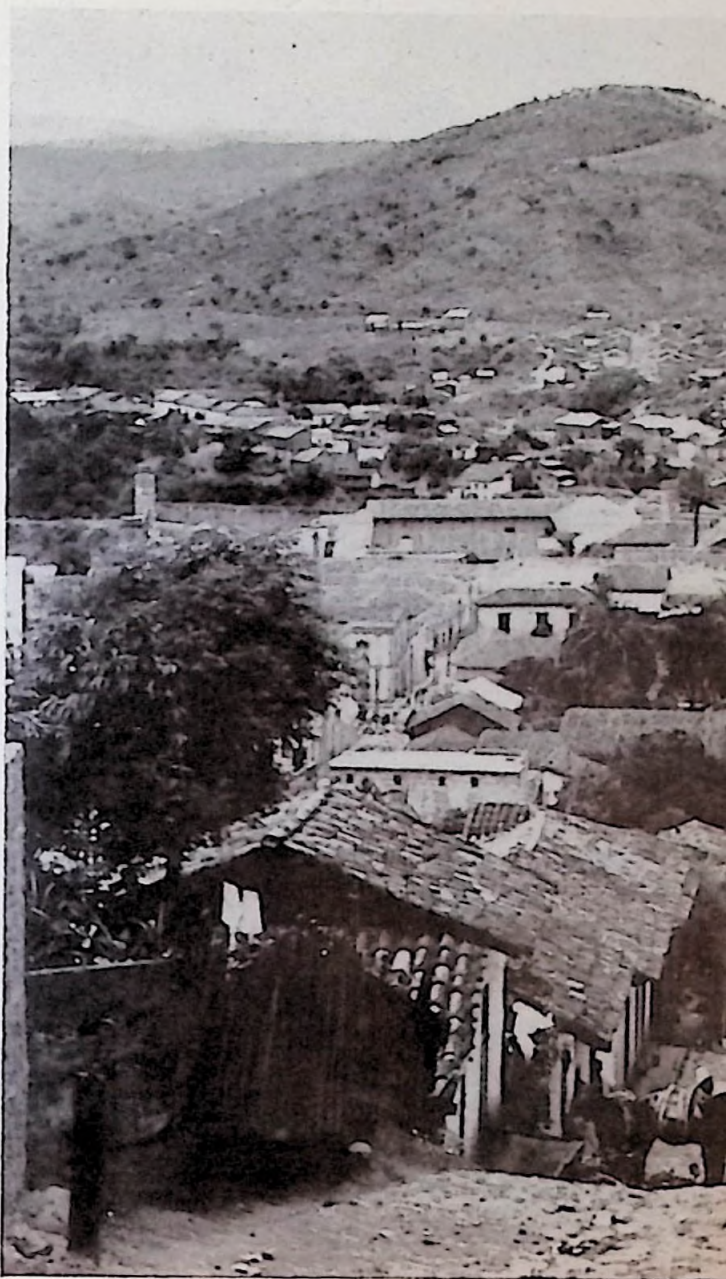
RIDING THE *Honduras* TRAILS



"Over there," points Father John Murphy S.J. "there's work to be done."

Father Murphy is one of the nine American Jesuits who ride the rough trails of Yoro, a department in the north central section of Honduras in Central America. A glance at the capital city of Tegucigalpa (right) re-





veals the rugged terrain of the Yoro country. There are 15,000 square miles to the Yoro mission, most of them forest-covered mountains. Close to 80,000 people are scattered over this region and the missionaries are constantly in the saddle or behind the wheel of a jeep. It's rough going—but Christ rides the trails with them in their ceaseless search for souls.





The American army isn't the one to blame for the ideas implanted in the minds of Japanese youngsters. Here in Kyoto Santa Claus has a leading role at an army Christmas party—but the textbooks from the West which are used in school don't even explain the meaning of the word Christmas!



WM. J. EVERETT S.J.

Slow Poisoning IN JAPAN

I HAD BEEN GOING SEVERAL TIMES A WEEK to the Hiroshima Normal School to teach conversation to prospective English teachers. So I had occasion to see at the college all the flood of new "modern" English textbooks that have come rolling off the presses.

It was just before Christmas, so we paged through the books, reading the various accounts of European and American Christmas customs. I was simply astounded at first—and then just plain angry. They told all about Santa Claus, Christmas presents and cards, trees and turkey, and all the rest . . . but they had taken the "Christ" out of "Christ-mas." No mention that Christmas was the birthday of Jesus Christ!

Another instance of this same "keeping religious topics out of the schools" is their treatment of Thanksgiving Day. The Pilgrims, the Rock, and (again) the turkeys . . . but somehow God was forgotten.



Again, just a consideration of the word "Thanksgiving" implies that *someone* is being thanked. But that is, no doubt, too profound a consideration for youthful minds, and not, of course, "modern."

Just two examples, but how symbolic of all the Western "culture" that is invading Japan. The Japanese are often accused of being great imitators, of grasping only the externals of things and missing the essence. That this happens is, of course, a fact. But I do not believe the fault lies with the Japanese. The dice are loaded before they begin to play.

It's not that the present "democratic educators" tell the Japanese lies (Note—though sometimes they do, as for instance in the textbooks in a "letter from a friend in America to a pen-friend in Japan" it is clearly written "I was wondering whether you have coeducation in Japan also—all schools in America are coeducational, you know" . . . which was news to me, I must confess); they tell only half-truths like about Christmas and Thanksgiving.

Or take their presentation of democracy. In a two-volume textbook being used in senior high school, in an elaborate first chapter entitled the "Foundation of Democracy," the youth of Japan are taught that democracy ultimately rests on "a mutual respect which individuals must have for one another." Just why we should respect one another is not entered into.

Who is to blame for all this, I don't know. But it is hard for the Catholic missionary to stand by and see this diluted poison being passed out to the millions of Japanese school kids in the name of "modern education."



Come, follow me

TO PAY HOMAGE TO OUR LADY ON the feast of her Nativity, the pilgrim in Jerusalem can find no more appropriate shrine than the Seminary of Saint Anne. It stands in a walled compound just north of the site of Herod's temple and close to the eastern gate of the city, called reverently by the Arabs "Bab Sitti Maryam", the Gate of Our Lady Mary. The Seminary chapel is a beautifully proportioned Crusader church in whose crypt, according to an ancient tradition, is enshrined the birthplace of the Mother of God.

The Seminary itself is a happy fusion of Western and Eastern Catholicism. It is staffed by priests of the Latin Rite, members of that valiant missionary congregation, the White Fathers, founded a century ago by Cardinal Lavigerie. Their students are young Arab aspirants to the priesthood in the Greek Catholic Melchite Rite. Professors, whose accents derive from Paris, Rome, Louvain or Rotterdam, form to priestly maturity young men from Cana and Nazareth of Galilee, such Judean towns as Bethlehem and Jerusalem, or the ancient Phoenician capitals of Tyre and Sidon.

Here East and West definitely meet as the two streams of culture merge under the gracious auspices of the Mother of the Universal Church. It is a harmony that will find eloquent expression as the solemn Byzantine liturgy is celebrated on her feast day. It is oriental ceremony at its resplendent best in color, movement and sonorous chant. For its native exuberance is restrained and tempered by the infusion of that discipline and order that are the West's distinctive contribution. It is a magnificent ceremonial tribute to Our Lady.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.

FORMOSA

Outpost

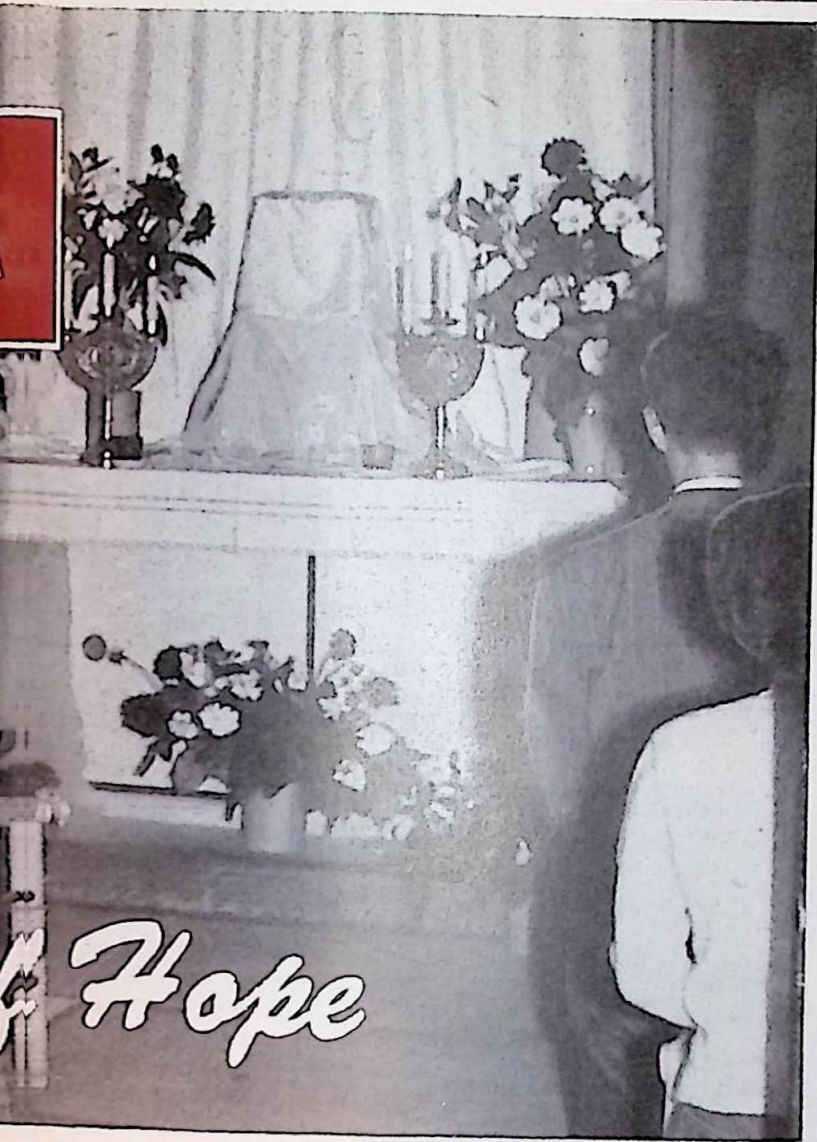


(Above) A typical Formosa scene, mountains, river, rice paddies. (Below) A Japanese memorial gate in Tamsui port.

TWO AND A HALF centuries ago, missionaries from the mainland of the Portuguese returned again from their mission to the island now in Japanese hands. Formosa is the only ray of light in the darkness settles on China's coast. but today it is a hope where me

(PHOTOS BY





Hope

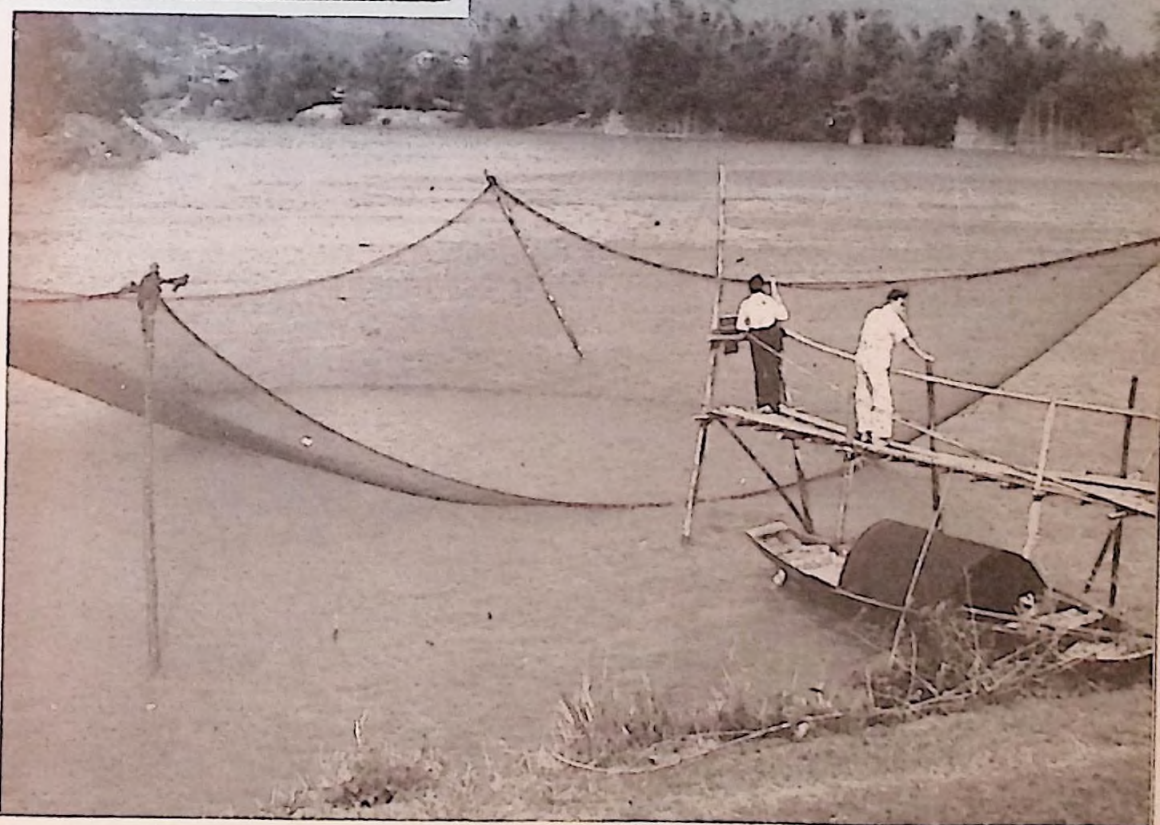


(Left) On the isle of hope Father Murphy and students of Taiwan University keep watch before the Blessed Sacrament in Beda Tsang Hall. (Above) A waterwheel at Taipei. Thin bamboo rods carry water to top of wheel, then empty.

CENTURIES AGO JESUIT
China sailed from
this place which
named Iha Formosa,
now the Jesuits have
this time as exiles
the Chinese main-
lands.

stronghold of the
against the Com-
post of hope for
the Church. As the
over China the
comes from this
ntt 90 miles from
island of beauty
of all an island of
d wait and pray.

ED FOLEY S.J)




Fishing in Formosa. The huge net is lowered and raised every half hour. In ordinary times the people, predominantly Chinese, enjoy a comfortable living.

MEMORIES ALONG MISSION TRAILS

Micronesian MEDICINE

kit are essential. In February the penicillin was successfully used to treat pneumonia, nine cases of it; and shortly afterwards I had an interesting experiment in pediatrics. I was visiting Lotho Island at Ulithi Atoll. Mass had just ended and I was talking to my island catechist, Ignatio, about the



At Likiep in the Marshall Islands one of the few native medical practitioners treats a blind patient. (Right) Father William Walter S.J. brings Viaticum to a dying parishioner on the island of Fassarai in the Ulithi atoll of the Carolines. He is not only the priest to his people but on occasion doctor too.

OUR LORD DID MUCH OF HIS work on and around the Sea of Galilee. St. Peter and others of the Apostles were fishermen. And out here in the Pacific we follow in their footsteps, relentlessly roving the seas to do our apostolic work among the atoll-dwellers of Micronesia. I have led a nomad's existence for the last five months. Now, at last, I'm "home" again to re-equip and re-supply myself before starting out once more.

Some day, if the opportunity ever comes, I'm going to study pediatrics and medicine. For one living alone with the natives in the remote atolls some knowledge of medicine and child care is necessary. Every tour of my islands makes the need appear more urgent. Sulfa drugs, penicillin and a first aid



chapel we are hoping to build, when a Mogmog canoe arrived in a flurry of excitement.

"Padire, a baby is very sick."

"Whose baby?"

"Clara's, it was born yesterday."

It didn't take long to remove my cassock, pack my Mass kit, eat a quick breakfast of

MAN



fish on a taro leaf, and wade out to the waiting canoe. Fortunately, a good breeze was whipping up the whitecaps and soon we were skimming across the lagoon with spray coming over the bow. There was no need for tacking and the twelve miles to the island of Mogmog would be covered in less



than two hours. I squatted on the tiny deck and was soon occupied with my thoughts.

So Clara had her baby already. A few days before, the old women had told me her baby was expected. I had replied that I would be gone only three days to visit the islands of Faralep, Fassarai and Lotho. For her confinement Clara lived at the women's

house which is off limits to all men except when the priest is allowed entrance on occasions of serious illness. The old ladies are the doctors and midwives; some are versed in the use of medicines made from leaves, bark, and roots; others are expert at massage; all have a practical knowledge built upon the accumulated experience of their ancestors. Normal births and common illnesses are managed without difficulty. The fact that I was summoned so urgently was a good indication that here was a serious case for which the old women had no solution. Clara's baby was due, so it could not be a premature birth. What, then, could be wrong?

The human race is a tough species. Two thousand years ago the practice of medicine, as we know it today, did not exist. Yet mankind prospered and multiplied. Today at Ulithi modern medicine is an unknown quantity. Two or three times a year a doctor comes for an hour or two and each patient in the line gets a few moments of his time. Yet the people are very healthy and we have a beautiful crop of squirming babies.

Babies are born rugged or had better be. The weak ones die at birth or within a few days. Those that survive are as tough as stevedores and healthy as frolicsome kittens. Knowing nothing of germs the atoll-dwellers know even less about the spread of disease. So, from the moment of birth the infant is exposed to every germ on the island. It lives in the women's house which is also the women's hospital and it is handled and caressed by all under the roof. It sleeps on a little mat on the hard floor. Within a short while the infant seems to have developed an immunity to most diseases. Children's diseases are unknown.

When we arrived at Mogmog the boys turned the canoe into the wind and slackened sail, putting an end to my ruminating. I was immediately led to the women's house. Clara was lying on a mat with the baby beside her. Fearing the worst, I asked how the baby was.

"Padire, it is very sick. It hasn't eaten since it was born."

"Does anyone know what is wrong with it?"

"There is nothing wrong with it."

WM. J. WALTER S.J.

"Then why doesn't it eat?"

"Because Clara has no milk."

What a relief! It wasn't, after all, as serious as I had feared. Thank God, I had a supply of baby bottles and powdered milk.

For the first five months of a baby's life a milk diet is essential. If the mother's milk is insufficient or fails altogether the poor infant is almost sure to die a slow death by starvation. It cannot eat fish and coconuts, and there is very little sustenance in coconut water. Breadfruit and taro are starchy foods and the baby's saliva does not begin to have sufficient starch-digesting capacity until its fifth or sixth month. What, then, can be done? The anxious mother chews breadfruit or taro, mixing it thoroughly with her saliva. Then, like a mother bird, she feeds her infant mouth to mouth. It is a matter of life and death and this expedient is sometimes successful. But the hazards are great and the outcome uncertain. So, almost from the beginning, I had stocked powdered milk.

After baptizing the baby Perpetua, I produced a can of Similac and looked for the instructions on the label. This was not very illuminating for it said only to follow the instructions of the physician. So I started

out with one tablespoon of milk powder to eight ounces of boiled rain water.

After four days the old women said that Perpetua must be ill. Why? Because she eats too much and after she has finished her bottle she cries until she gets some more. I did not need to have an M.D. diploma to know that Perpetua was crying because she was hungry, but I said, "The next time you feed Perpetua, call me so I can watch."

They did that, and at the next feeding we got into a huddle around the baby. I watched Perpetua and the old ladies watched me. Now this Perpetua takes to the bottle like a bee to honey. She finishes the bottle in almost one breath. Then she starts right in crying. All eyes are upon me. Like a doctor thinking very hard over some mysterious malady, I put my hand to my chin and say gravely, "I think we'll have to change this milk we are giving Perpetua. We'll have to put a little more powder in." We do this gradually, a little more each day until the baby is getting two tablespoons of milk powder at each feeding. By that time Perpetua has stopped her crying and the old ladies almost believe I am a genuine M.D. "Sa lap," they say. "An expert!"

There are other problems besides health problems, such as transportation, construction and education. Sailing the seas in an outrigger is very romantic and, if there is a breeze, does get you places. But a small schooner of my own would be so much more efficient. Grass shack chapels are sufficient to keep the rain from drenching you at the altar, but they don't seem very proper for a House of God. And religion cannot make the best progress until we have a well organized system of religious training. The whole burden of financial assistance depends on God's inspiration and the generosity of friends, but the whole burden of work is on me if anything is to be done. Doing as much as a lone nomad can wherever I happen to be, I keep traveling from island to island, casting a little seed here and there, hoping that some of it will sprout. And it will sprout if a continual mist of prayers ascends to heaven and a gentle rain of grace comes down upon my people. So keep praying!

The people who live on the edge of civilization and who have no knowledge of modern medicine have still learned the secret of survival and have produced a hardy and rugged race.





Willie Brown, who served Jamaica's bishops for fifty years, with Bishop John McEleney, present Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, on the occasion of the blessing of Willie's home.

WITH THE RECENT PASSING OF MR. William Brown at Gregory Park, Kingston, a link was broken, so to speak, in the annals of the Catholic Church in Jamaica. Throughout an even half century, from 1900 till 1950, Willie, as he was popularly called, served six different bishops as a competent valet and general factotum.

In terms of his own life span, this long service covered the period of time between Willie's twenty-second and seventy-second years. Successively, he had been in the employ of Bishop Charles Gordon S.J., of Scotland, and the American bishops, John J. Collins S.J., William F. O'Hare S.J., Joseph N. Dinand S.J., Thomas A. Emmet S.J., and John J. McEleney S.J. In appreciation of his faithful and devoted work, Bishop McEleney retired Willie on a pension, and provided for him a newly constructed home, situated next to St. Francis

Xavier Church in Gregory Park, a sub-station of the Spanish Town Mission. Here he spent his all too short retirement with his wife, Mrs. Ida Brown, former teacher at St. Francis Xavier School. At the end, fortified by the last rites of the Church, Willie gave back his soul to the Maker after a few weeks' illness.

The solidity of Willie's spirituality is indicated by an incident that occurred a year ago when I visited him. His wife, Ida, informed me that her husband was living in the church in the room opposite the sacristy. When I fol-

THE PASSING OF *Willie Brown*

MATTHEW J. ASHE S.J.

lowed the directions given, Willie greeted me with "I suppose it is all right to say 'Hello' to you, Father, but I am observing the rule of silence these days since I am in the midst of an eight-day retreat!"

On other occasions when Willie was free to speak, he did speak freely, and he would regale you with stories about the Jamaica Mission that carried one far back through the years to the time of the Jesuit Fathers of the English Province, who had labored under Bishop Gordon, first Catholic bishop in Jamaica since the Spaniards left the island.

Yes, a link was broken with the passing of Willie Brown.

THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

SEPTEMBER: Religion in Organizations for Education and Health

IN RECENT YEARS, A GREAT DEAL OF PRAISE-worthy work has been done by international organizations to overcome illiteracy and epidemic diseases. The two most prominent are those set up by the United Nations and are best known by the names: UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization) and WHO (World Health Organization). Their purpose is to increase the health and happiness of those peoples of the world who are less advanced in education and in the use of modern, scientific knowledge and equipment.

It is easily seen how their work in many ways goes hand in hand with the efforts of our Catholic missionaries in the fields of health and education. But, in spite of the good intended and already accomplished by UNESCO and WHO and the greater good possible by their closer collaboration with the agencies of the Church, there is good reason why Catholics regard these organizations with some concern.

Let us cite only one example for each. The Geneva meeting of WHO in May of this year approved a concentrated program of international cooperation to treat the disease of leprosy. Catholic missionary priests and Sisters will greet the teams of doctors and nurses sent out by WHO as allies in their struggle against this dread disease. But this same WHO meeting considered a proposal that birth control information be recommended as a means of helping overpopulated countries. They can get no help from Catholics on this point. Nor from anyone who considers that the natural moral law which forbids this pernicious practice is obligatory on all, Christians and non-Christians.

Again, UNESCO has done much

to increase the interchange of ideas and books among nations. But when they tell us that missionaries in their schools must be restrained from imposing new religious ideas on the impressionable youth of the mission countries, they misinterpret both religion and education.

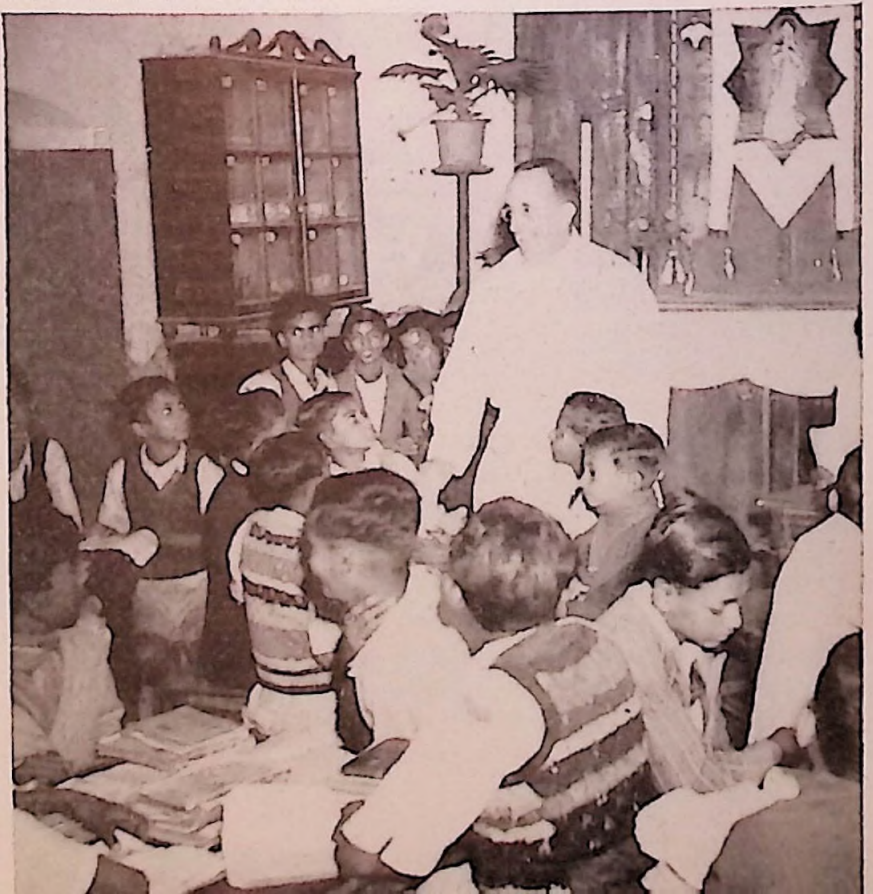
Does it follow that Catholics should oppose the efforts of these international organizations? Not at all. Rather, they must strive that the good that is possible to be done by UNESCO and WHO be accomplished and that the possible harm be avoided.

This Catholics can do 1) by prayers, as the Pope asks us this month, that God's grace direct the organizations on the right path; 2) by Catholic delegates, mindful of the opportunities and responsibilities of such organizations; 3) by international Catholic organizations, exerting their influence; 4) by the Catholic press, presenting our rights before the public, the governments who are members, and to the organizations involved.

If we do these things, we can be sure that UNESCO and WHO do not fall into the hands of the enemies of religion, morality and of the peoples they are supposed to help.

EDWARD S. DUNN, S.J.

Father Vincent McGlinchy S.J. with pupils of the Mission Middle School at Bettiah in Patna Mission, India.





Father Beda Tsang S.J. pictured here awarding graduation prizes at the Jesuit College, Shanghai, was martyred last year by the Reds. He symbolizes the heroism of Chinese Catholics.

Replacements for the **MARTYRS**

Priests are dying in jail in China or are being driven from the land. But new recruits are in training for the day of deliverance. Thirty-five young Jesuits are starting their theological studies at Baguio in the Philippines. Can you find it in your heart to adopt one of these exiles for Christ? Make him your own priest-apostle for the salvation of souls in China. Pick a sum you can afford and send it to us monthly for these wanderers of Christ. Whether it be one dollar or ten dollars, every penny of it will be the best investment you ever made.

JESUIT *Missions* 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

Afield

WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA • INDIA
CAROLINE-MARSHALL ISLANDS • INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS
IRAQ • JAMAICA • JAPAN • PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • YORO

FEW PEOPLE REALIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF the missionary in the troubled world of today. Dedicated heart and soul to Christ, the Prince of Peace, the missionary is the most convincing witness to the people of the mission world that true peace is the result not of political might or military strength but of conformity to the will of God.

What a splendid witness! He is found in every corner of the earth, in the bush missions and in the mission schools and colleges, in the hospital wards and in the leprosaria—wherever there is an opportunity of bringing the truth and peace of Christ into the hearts and souls of men.

STRONGER THAN DEATH

Ten months in a Communist prison in China is a long time. But now, thank God, three Jesuits of the California Province—MONSIGNOR EUGENE FAHY, FATHER WILLIAM RYAN and FATHER JAMES THORNTON—are slowly recuperating from their ordeal in Hong Kong. It is known that Monsignor Fahy spent at least three months in solitary confinement in the old French prison and two months of the same in the Ward Road jail. The Communists tried every means possible to win the Fathers to the side of the nationalist state church. Their failure was proof that the love of God deep within the heart of a man is stronger than any physical or mental violence—stronger than death itself. Is it any wonder that the missionary is, from the Communist viewpoint, public enemy number 1?

MISSION EXHIBIT

To celebrate the 400th anniversary of the death of St. Francis Xavier, an elaborate mission exhibit was staged in Shembaganur, India.



Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J. in the last photo taken before his imprisonment by Chinese Reds.

“The celebration, opened by HIS EXCELLENCY, BISHOP JOHN P. LEONARD S.J., was by no means a hit and miss affair. Plans had been in the making for almost a year. The central feature was a three-fold exhibition with sections devoted to Indian interpretations of religious themes in oils and water colors, to an international collection of mission magazines and to a series of twelve large graphic charts which presented the Church’s role in Indian social work for the last fifty years.”

“As the steady stream of visitors—Indian, European and American—poured through the rooms where native art was exhibited,” writes EUGENE LOCKWOOD S.J. of the Patna Mission, “it was rather surprising to see the



reaction of the Indians to the paintings of Fonseca, Trinitade, Wesley, Thomas and other native artists. While Europeans, for the most part, found the art refreshingly original, many of the Indians were reluctant to accept New Testament figures in Indian garb. All too often, Indian Catholics and even Hindus, rooted in the idea that Christian art must be Western, looked on this new art as a kind of treason. Dali and Picasso could not have stirred up more varied comment. While a Goan lady fell in love with Wesley's *Flight Into Egypt*, two young men from a nearby parish merely shook their heads and mumbled: 'No good.' Even the 'adapted' ivory statuettes of Our Lady and of the Sacred Heart, products of Catholic Travancore, suffered the same contradictory fate.

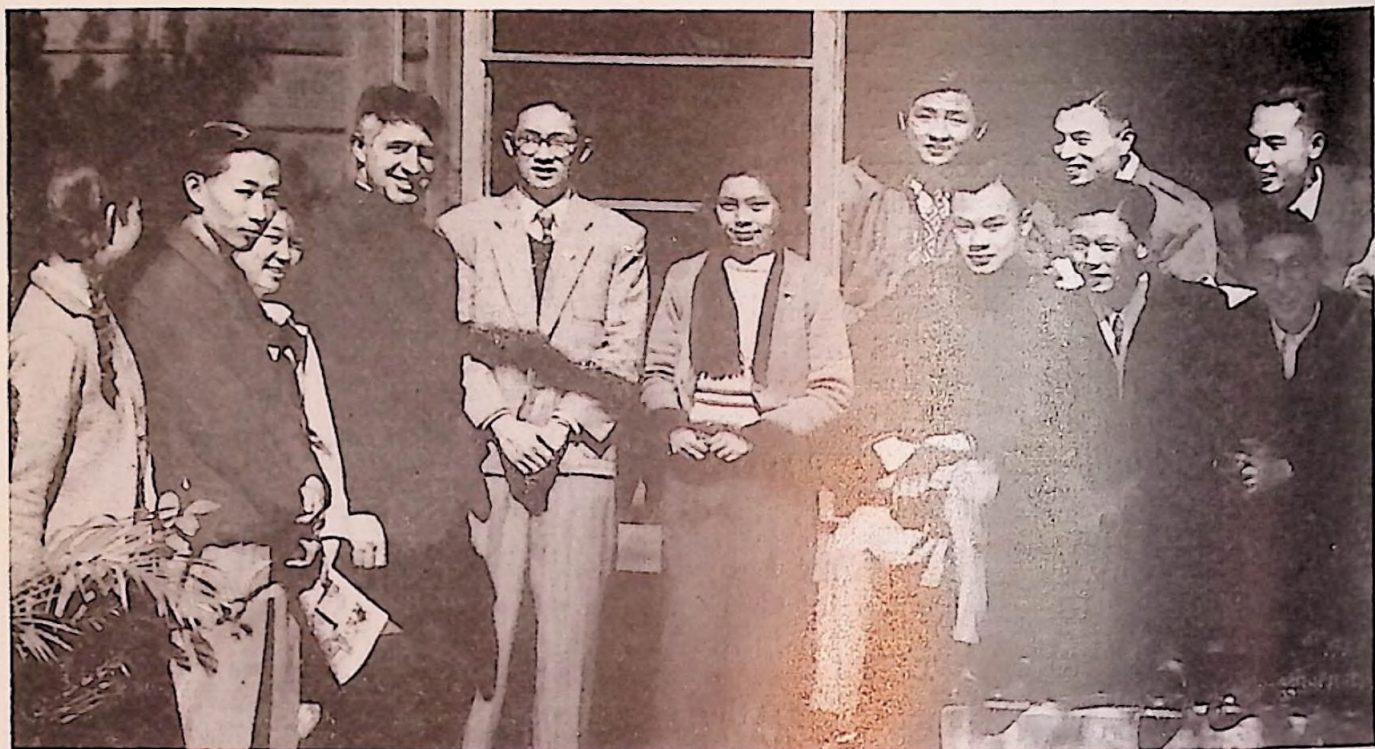
"Grim faces relaxed, however, as the crowd passed to the exhibit of the World Mission Press. Far less controversial and much more understandable were the 350 different mission magazines gathered from all over the world. In this section, numerous foreign flags loaned by the embassies at Delhi, covered the walls. The 'Pope's Corner' featured artistic sketches of Pius XI and Pius XII and presented contrasting mission statistics for the period 1925-1950.

The October issue of
JESUIT *Missions*
will be a special feature on
The Far East
in commemoration of the
Four Hundredth Anniversary
of the death of
St. Francis Xavier

But perhaps the most fascinating feature for children and adults alike was the huge electrically controlled and illuminated map of the world. Red arrows indicated each of the fourteen mission countries which contributed substantially to the exhibit, and at the same time, statistics on population, both total and Catholic, and the number of mission periodicals in that particular coun-

A corner of the mission exhibit in honor of St. Francis Xavier held at Shembaganur in India.





A group of interested students on the porch of Beda Tsang Hall in Formosa listen to Fr. Murphy.

try flashed on in an adjoining panel.

"A mission version of New York's Translux, people watched with fascination as country after country twinkled before their eyes. A youngster summed up the average reaction to this attraction: 'No, Mama, don't go yet. One more time around the world'.

"Xavier, the man who healed the sick and taught the little children, would have gloried with pardonable pride in the Social Exhibit. The towering total of hospitals, schools, colleges, dispensaries and asylums, which completely amazed the Hindu visitors, actualized his dream of four centuries ago.

"Of the hundreds of people who saw the Exhibit, a barefoot coolie went most surely to the heart of the matter. 'Much work, Father,' he said, 'but worth it for St. Francis Xavier.' And he stooped to kiss the feet of the statue of the saint."

ENGLISH IN FORMOSA

Your China Letter reports on an important phase of the work of the California Jesuits who recently joined the staff of the University of Formosa.

"New convert classes are starting all the time. First it was FATHER EDWARD MURPHY'S students who desired to learn about religion. Since then the students of different

classes taught by the Fathers have been making the same request—FATHER WEINGARTNER'S German, FATHER FREDERICK FOLEY'S Sociology and FATHER PATRICK SHAULES' History and English students. The Fathers have much prestige with their students because of their status as faculty members. FATHER SHAULES' sophomore English classes had been asking for a class in English conversation for several weeks. Finally someone asked about a religion class. Of course, Father always had time for that. So now another dozen are signed up for a class in religious enquiry.

"One of the Fathers remarked (no reflection on Father Shaules) that the students would listen to the devil himself if he spoke in English. Well, we go in their door and hope that after a while they'll come out by ours. And actually, as soon as they get into it the students find that religion is the deep problem in their lives.

"Most of the students are pure pagans, unspoiled by prejudice against religion and uncontaminated by any fake dogmas. This makes them very receptive to our teaching and many of them begin to believe after only a few weeks. So we have high hopes for the future in Formosa."



RIGHT OR LEFT

We never thought of it this way before, but it is quite an affair to teach children to make the sign of the cross. Perhaps you'll agree with this:

"It is incredible how many skills are required to teach youngsters how to make the sign of the cross," writes FATHER SILVIO GARAVAGLIA S.J. of Jamaica. "Morphology, dramatics, counterpoint, logic, phonetics—all have their part to play. First of all it is difficult to find the right hand and when that has been successfully located there are all the possible variations that one can conceive of in getting the correct sequence of the forehead, breast, and the two shoulders. And we must not rule out the possibility of the left hand coming in to complete the operation. If the teacher uses his right hand to demonstrate, the children will use their left. If he uses his left, some of the precocious will take him literally and use their left. Once the morphology of the operation has been determined, there follows the problem of matching the correct words with the correct movement of the hand. I'll let the mathematician figure out how many possible ways there are of getting the wrong combination. Add to these a few original 'devagations' and you might as well be facing Einstein's formula of Relativity. But we'll keep at it."

FLYING IS HIGH

It's so expensive to feed dogs these days that a veteran Alaskan missionary finds it much more economical to travel around his missions by plane.

"There are occasions when I wish I had my dog team again," says FATHER JOHN FOX S.J. of Mountain Village, Alaska. "It's a slow but a safe way of getting places. However, under the present circumstances, it would cost me about twice as much to do all my travel with dogs, even though the plane fare is by no means cheap either. A round trip to Marshall, my farthest station, still costs \$30.05, although Marshall is only about 70 air miles away. And the fare to Pilot Station and back, which is roughly half way between Marshall and here, costs \$21.70. From here to Andreakski, a distance of about 16 miles, the fare is \$11.50 one way. The trouble with dogs is that they eat their salmon each day whether they work or not. And with salmon costing 20 cents a piece (when it's available at all) you can see that it is no small problem for a missionary. An average day's run for the greater part of the winter is about 30 miles. If you have to hire a driver to haul you, the charge mounts up to about \$15 per day. This is one of those many problems of the missionary in this part of the world that most people never hear of."

Father John Fox S.J., veteran Alaskan missionary, with some of the pups which are his problem.



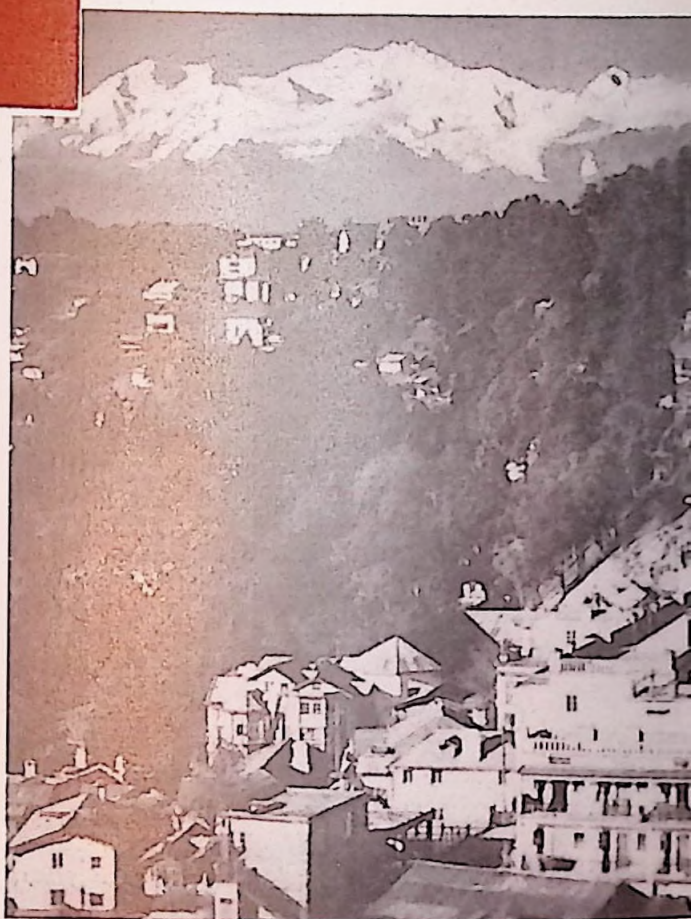
THE HOUSE OF *Snow*s

Against the majestic background of the Himalayas, "the house of snows" the town of Darjeeling seems almost insignificant. But not far away is St. Mary's College in Kurseong, the training ground for India's Jesuits.

EVERY MAY HERE IN INDIA, THE SCHOOLS close down and the summer holidays begin. Jesuit schools are no exception, so at that time the scholastics and some of the priests retire to a house near Darjeeling in the Himalayas to recuperate, correct exams, and prepare for the next semester.

Thus it was that the Jamshedpur scholastics started out on their journey on the fifth of May. After a two-day train trip we reached Siliguri, at the foot of the Himalayas, in the evening. A very battered and creaking station wagon swallowed up all our baggage and ourselves until it literally bulged with the burden. We coughed to a start and roared along the darkening road leading to the hills. The car shot through a silent thick-set forest which marked the beginning of the long climb, forty miles of road to ascend sixty-five hundred feet.

Heavy blackness had enveloped all the countryside, leaving only the distant glimmer of lights to help us gauge our progress. The car snarled upwards along the edge of an ever increasing precipice to our left. The darkness comfortably concealed for us the full picture of the canyons we were skirting, an occasional light pricking the void in the valley being the sole hint of the heights to which we were rising. Still our brave little car went groaning upwards, squeezing by down-coming traffic, with nothing to see but the fairy lights of some far-off mountain village. In two hours time we espied a great blaze of lights on a nearby summit, having for all the world the likeness of some secret candlelight gathering of midnight worshippers. "Darjeeling at last," someone said in a rather tired voice. But it was only Kurseong, nineteen miles from Darjeeling. This distance we traversed in an hour and a half, and in due time, cramped and cold, we arrived at our destination, Darjeeling.



The mountains of India afford the greatest possible contrast to the plains. The monotonous flat sameness of the latter gives way to the constant variations and ever interesting novelty of the former. The harmonious interplay of clouds and light invest even the most prosaic scene with new and subtle qualities. A valley at two o'clock may be forbidding and somberly clothed in dark greens and indigos. Under such a lighting effect, the long ragged scars of the ever recurring landslides snake evilly down the mountain side. One feels that the sad earth is wearing its proper outfit of mourning. In half an hour's time the same scene may be entirely transformed by the free shining sun. The far stretching slopes are then washed in warm sunlight, imparting a sense of peace and calm as deep and abiding as the feeling of brooding danger when heavy clouds overhang the earth.

Under such golden sunlight the tea pickers dotting the hillsides call to mind

those pictures we sometimes see of European peasants laboring in the happy harvest time. Such a peaceful scene might beguile one into forgetting the cheerless prospects of these Nepali mountaineers. Tattered poverty and wearisome labour, coupled with

whole range derives its name: *Himalaya*, "the house of snows." No one looks on them but he is muted by their isolated grandeur. "They are not of this world", is the most frequent comment of those who see those titans in their lonely splendour. Such glimpses



the ever present spectre of disease—especially tuberculosis which is prevalent in these parts—is their life long lot. Sorrows all the heavier because they know no Christ to sanctify them, no Virgin Mother to comfort them.

The clouds themselves are most beautiful. They have a uniqueness not seen elsewhere. Now heavy gray billows that fill all the valley below; now mere swabs clinging to the sides of the high hills, curving with the contours of the ridges and bearing a very striking resemblance to melting snow. Often times the only clouds one sees are the wispy wraiths that hang lazily over the valley, gently bending with every lightest breeze, and soon dissipated in the upper air.

But no sight is more majestic and silencing than the great mountains themselves, seen from afar. Everest, 40 miles from Tiger Hill, and Kinchenjunga—"the land of eternal snows", 20 miles from Darjeeling. Massive towers of ice and snow, from which the

The toy-like, narrow gauge D. and H. Railway threads its way across this mountain road for fifty miles from Siliguri to Darjeeling.

are rare; for most of the summer months they are veiled in the heavy mists and cloud forms—as befits mighty sovereigns. But what a reward for patient expectancy to see them momentarily through a gap in the heavy curtain surrounding them. The outermost points of earth's perimeter—no wonder they seem of another world: solitary watchers of all the events of the earth and the deeds of men and their sadness—aloof, serene and silent.

I sometimes wonder if, when earth's last hour has come, it shall not be from one of these high peaks—these footstools of God—that the last trumpet shall sound; for of all the world these alone seem undefiled.

ANTHONY P. ROBERTS S.J.



The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

On July 1st, Matthias Chen, a Chinese Jesuit scholastic, arrived at 962 Madison Ave. Exiled from his native Shanghai, he spent several years in the Philippines and is now in the States for theology.

There were a few important items on his agenda; the extension of his passport, the adjustment of his visa and particularly the buying of clothing. It was interesting to observe his reactions as he rode the subways and changed from express to local, from upper level to lower level, and also as he saw the huge buildings and experienced the courtesy of the sales clerks. While shopping, I tried to emulate my mother's virtue of looking for bargains but, even so, the bill mounted and mounted. The major cost was an overcoat, an unknown article in the Philippines.

Can you imagine the Red Government of Shanghai approving the disbursement of funds for his support? It would be a gracious act of charity if some of our readers could defray the expenses of Mr. Chen's clothing. In the years prior to his ordination and especially afterwards I am sure that he will prayerfully cherish the charity of his American benefactors.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Alaskan Catastrophe

Fortunately, Father Segundo Llorente of Alaska is stalwart, both spiritually and physically, otherwise he might have become very despondent over a major tragedy. His mission at Alakanuk is on the Yukon about eight miles from the sea. When the break-up came this year, the ice blocks jammed and built up a granite-like wall. In all directions the water overflowed the banks. Huge boulders of ice pounded against the homes of the village and destroyed Father's log house. The pressure of the ice blocks forced his church into the river. After being battered about, it settled down three miles away. Father was able to save the vestments, his chalice, the ciborium and his parish records but everything was soaked. In his own words, "Please do not send me vestments or a missal. I first need a place to put them." Would you be interested in sending \$1.00 or \$10.00 for the reconstruction of the church and parish house at Alakanuk?

Correct Version

In a certain mission, the Government requires the students to pass an examination in Scripture. The text provided is the Protestant version. The missionary of that locality has an assurance that the teachers will permit the Catholic students to use an ap-

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Philippines, Caroline and
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Rev. William T. Wood, S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

proved Catholic version as their text in class. For the spiritual protection of the students, 250 copies of the New Testament are needed. JESUIT MISSIONS can purchase these copies at the price of three for \$2.00.

One Wall

In the village of Aqua Blanca, Yoro, Father Murphy has sufficient funds to buy adobe blocks for three walls of his church. With an additional \$500.00 he feels he can put up the other wall, a roof and complete the church. The lumber for the pews has been donated and his local carpenters are willing to make benches for 75¢ each. To preserve the benches from the attack of ants a heavy coat of paint is essential. Week after week, the people of the village will hear Mass, attend Benediction, say the Stations and the rosary in the new church. In their prayers and those of Father Murphy there will be a constant remembrance of your goodness in sending 50¢, \$5.00 or \$50.00.

Halifax to Houston

To illustrate the size of the mission of Father Walter in the Western Carolines a comparison or two might be helpful. His territory is equal to the combined area of New York, New England, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. For a complete visitation of the islands he travels, in nautical miles, a distance greater than that from Halifax to Houston, Texas. To reach some islands he must depend upon the irregular visits of boats while for others he can use the small native outriggers. This latter type of travel can be very precarious. He must keep a constant vigil over his Mass kit and other supplies lest the sprays breaking over the bow penetrate the cases and ruin his missal, vestments and other supplies. For his major stations, Father Walter desires a complete set of vestments (\$25.00), a missal (\$30.00) and a ciborium (\$60.00). Kindly send your donations to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Japan

MISSION NEEDS



St. Ignatius Church, Tokyo, is drawing hundreds of converts through its doors. To run the services with proper dignity the Jesuit Fathers there tell us they need the following items. Will you help?

2 CIBORIA	\$150.00 each
3 COMMUNION PLATES	12.00 each
VESTMENTS	25.00 set
SURPLICES	10.00 each

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

MASS KITS *for the Missions*

Many a priest serving the mountain and bush missions is able to offer Mass for his people only at rare intervals and in out of the way places. He has to carry his sacred vessels with him because he goes where there is no regular church. The Mass kit containing everything he needs for Mass is the solution. Will you help bring Christ in the Mass to faraway places by helping us buy Mass kits for the missions? \$200 buys a complete kit. If you cannot afford the whole amount, perhaps you can send us part of the price.



There is one mission alone which has sent us requests for twelve of these kits. Many more are needed to serve the distant outposts of Christ. In the hard lives of these faraway Christians the Mass is an infrequent and yearned-for event. Help make it possible.

JESUIT *Missions*

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