Jesuit Missions

Inside Jamaica

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1956

The Liturgy

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

ON THE MISSIONS

St. Mary's Church in Alaska stands in lonely isolation amidst rolling hills blanketed with snow. Eskimos from all points of the compass for a hundred-mile radius came to visit it for it is the center and most beautiful part of our chilly mission.

It is an epitome of all they cherish. Its position, its warmth and beauty, proclaim its purpose. It is a sharply defined cell of Christian life diffusing its influence over all the surrounding country. How apt is the simile of a pebble tossed into a lake. The ripples spread in ever-widening circles until they are completely lost sight of. So also the immediate effects of St. Mary's can be easily seen.

The church itself, as well as all the mission buildings, are the work of our old schoolboys. Father Spils was the only white man that worked on the project.

Visitors are constantly amazed that this vast monument is the work of the Eskimos alone, directed by a single missionary priest. This is visible achievement, but the widening charity that reaches the hearts of distant Eskimo families through the spiritual energy generated by their children passes beyond human conception. This is of God.

Our Holy Father a few years ago (*Fulgens Radiatur*) drew a parallel between the conditions of our day and those of the collapse of the Roman Empire. He emphasized the vital contribution of monastic orders towards the formation of a Christian civilization.

St. Mary's is doing this very thing in Eskimo land.

Ancient Eskimo culture is breaking up before the impact of modern civilization. The transition is rapid and complete. Eskimos are dazzled by the glitter of modern machinery.

It is our wish as it was that of our Holy Father (1953) that the "Christian concept of work," the "rhythm of an ordered life" be not endangered by the "technological spirit" which characterizes the mass of people living in industrialized communities. We do not wish them to lose a sense of design and harmony in life. We teach them to see how all departments of human activity do combine, or should combine, in one service and worship of God.

St. Pius X looked upon the liturgy as the "primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit" in his program for "restoring all things in Christ."

COVER. A young Jamaican effortlessly carries a healthy bunch of bananas. The world may be off balance but not he. Our thanks for the picture go to Father Louis Grenier S.J. a truly tireless missionary. We are especially grateful for this picture which shows that there are certain advantages to the missions. Not every priest in the world has parishioners who are so adept at using their heads. Perhaps you were once proud of balancing a book. How about a bunch of bananas?

The Liturgy on the Missions

To St. Mary's Church in Alaska come Eskimos from as much as a hundred miles away to attend services and pray at the shrine.

Our present Holy Father follows the same reasoning in his two encyclicals, Mystici Corporis Christi, and Mediator Dei. Let us come down to details and see how we do this at St. Mary's.

We will begin with singing. This department of our school is taught by Revend Mother Antoinette Johnson. She is now completing her third term as Superior of the Ursulines. She came up here in 1935 and has been a pillar of St. Mary's ever since. She is a daring advocate of new and better things for our school. The initiation of our new congregation of the Little Oblates of Our Lady of the Snow, and also, the lately begun High School, rest mainly with her. Music is her forte.

I might as well state right here that we do not believe in highly specialized choirs. Our music, especially the liturgical music, is sung by the congregation. Tiny tots participate as well as the members of the High School. Eskimos are uninhibited in their singing. They have not yet all the fine nuances of a trained Gregorian choir, but they are getting there by constant practice.

We know four Gregorian Masses and are thus able to use a different one for every Sunday of the month. It is a distinct thrill for the priest at the altar to hear a full-throated throng of 150 to 200 voices answer him as he invites them to participate with him in the Sacrifice of the Mass.

The alternate verses of the Gloria and the Credo are sung respectively by the boys and girls. Some 60 boys and 80 girls rival each other in singing their best. I need not add that the boys have the edge in volume. When our own group is increased in numbers by visiting alumni on the major feasts, the singing

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amounts to something inspirational!

We have two music manuals of hymns that we know almost by heart. Besides these, we have songs handed down by the school's own tradition both in English and Eskimo. Our bound edition of Eskimo songs and prayers was edited by Father Martin Lonneux. The other is a leather-bound mimeographed copy made by our own students. It is an accomplishment of the school that we have been able to establish our own tradition in Eskimo and English songs, as well as in Eskimo and English prayers.

Songs for Easter and Christmas are in a special category by themselves. Once we have good printing facilities established, it is our wish that every student leaving the school will carry home with him manuals of the Mission songs and prayers. The thought back of this procedure is that we teach for an integrated life of our students.

Our daily Mass is being adapted more and more to vocal participation. The Latin prayers are recited by the deep-toned voices of the whole student body. Boys and girls learn automatically all these prayers as soon as they enter the school. Altar boys are thus picked with ease from any grade. The endless repetition imprints these prayers indelibly on their minds. A sacristan is chosen from the boys who knows just how many, and when, candles should be lighted. The girls are rotated in the care of the altar and its linens.

Each day while the priest reads the Epistle, a girl recites the same in English. She reads so that the whole congregation can follow and understand. A boy does the same for the Gospel. Practically all the older students have a daily missal and know how to use it. On Sunday the whole student body reads the Epistle and Gospel with the priest just before he delivers his sermon. The idea back of all this is a thorough participation with the priest at Mass. It is our desire that the Mass be the principal action of the entire day and every detail of its celebration is anticipated with care and precision.

It might be well here to inject a few words on our religious instruction. First of all, our High School students write a weekly composition on the matter that they have received during the week. All these compositions are typed and put in book form before the end of the year. In the grades, daily catechism is taught. Students are quizzed before the whole class at the completion of each chapter. They must be able to explain the matter they have learned. Different groups are also quizzed in church on Sunday just before Benediction as an instruction for visiting Eskimos. Catechetical bees are a frequent occurrence. Graduation exercises at the end of the year are rounded off with a strongly competitive match between boys and girls.

You see, then, that our mission is first and foremost a Catholic school. Liturgy is its most important function. We consider our work a failure if our students do not know their religion better than any other branch of learning and if they do not practice it when they leave the mission. We know full well the wonderful incarnational and sacramental value of the Church's liturgy. We want our mission to be the leaven of the whole lower Yukon.

We wish to unite the material with the spiritual, the secular with the religious; in fine to develop men who will be full-time Christians in the service of God.

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Christ Comes

TO COBBLERS' ROW

EDMUND P. BURKE S.J.

I AM RIDING the old bike today along one of India's canal roads. The village is just ahead. It is my first visit here. The men who appeared at the mission gate one morning to ask for a school are there waiting for me, with wide smiles of welcome, very happy because Father Sahib has kept his word.

They take my bike and lift it over the smaller irrigation ditch which runs alongside the big canal, and I take off my shoes and stockings to wade through the shallow water. It is a refreshing splash after a ten-mile ride. Then we start off through the fields for the village an half mile away.

In the village all the houses are of mud, about a hundred in all, except for two or three made of brick, which mark out the houses of the landlords of the village. There are many curious looks our way, because this is the first time a Catholic priest has ever entered this village. It is a solemn moment for me. It always is when I visit a new village and bring Christ with me to another corner of His Kingdom. I like to have my rosary in my hand and be telling the beads as I am getting into the village, and I am doing it today also. It makes me feel that I am not going in alone.

Most of the houses look alike, but as in all places there is the respectable end of town and the not-so-respectable. To the inhabitants it makes a great deal of difference, but most of it is in their imagination. Still it is no secret that our welcome is to be with the poor, among the tanners and cobblers.

It does not take much experience as a missionary to recognize this as a real welcome. There are people standing in every doorway in the ten or fifteen houses in Cobblers' Row. The women and girls are shyly hiding their faces in the corner of their *sarees*. The children are half-way between laughter and tears at the sight of the big stranger in white, and the men are frankly curious. I go along with the welcoming committee to the house of the leading man, and ducking my head for a low doorway enter into the small lean-to where he cuts his hay and grass for his cattle, usually a cow or a buffalo or two, which he keeps with him in his house.

There is a rope bedstead on the bare ground. The ground has been swept clean all round. There is a blanket spread neatly on the bed, and I know by this where I am supposed to sit. I do it gratefully. It had been a hot ride in the sun. One of the men begins to wave a fan to cool things off, and the others sit down on the ground expectantly in a circle around me, while the children crowd around the door, as ready to run as stay. I tell them to stay and take out my constant companion on these tours, a bottle of hard candy, the only "ammunition" I take on my

The nearest corner will do for a shoe repair shop for one of India's itinerant cobblers. Many conversions to the Church have been made among the Chamars, whose traditional occupation is leather working.

lonely travels. They see I really mean it and are my friends from that minute.

This is a village of good people, and they show some of the old time hospitality. One man brings in a big brass plate and a pitcher called *lota* with water, and then the two of them wash and massage my feet. It is a curious experience which always sends my thoughts back to Gospel times and Our Lord's complaint to Simon the Pharisee, "I came into thy house and thou gavest Me no water for my feet." A welcome like today's is rare.

After washing my feet, to cut the thirst of the road they give me a sherbet made of sugar and water. Soon after the sherbet comes tea and *chapattis*, a kind of fritter or bread, and on top of it all a full dinner of rice and dal and chicken curry, all in proportions for a man who eats only once a day.

In return for all this kindness what do these people want from me? They want a school for their children. They are seeking a strong protector, and the privilege of becoming Catholics. They do not understand it all yet. But they want it. I have not sought them out. They have come to me. But they have gone to a great deal of trouble to bring me here, and there is no question of their sincerity. I am telling the story exactly as it happens. All they will get in the way of material help is a primary school, and in exchange for that they will become the butt of much petty persecution and be worried with some serious threats to life and property.

There is only one explanation of their choice. They have been given the grace of God. Whatever the apparent motive which is leading these cobblers to seek out a priest and to welcome him into their homes, we come to this fact. Other castes are just as poor and equally afflicted with troubles, but none are turning to the priest as these are. Infinite Wisdom has chosen the cobblers.

We talk about all these things. They show me all their children, and I count heads to see if we can have at least fifteen for the school. There are twenty-two here today, and so it is agreed that I will try to find them a teacher while they get a place ready for him to stay.

Then they bring in the sick. Sores and coughs and itch all find remedies in my heavy knapsack, and the serious cases are invited into the mission dispensary tomorrow or for Mass on Sunday when they will find Sister Cecilia, a trained nurse, on hand to care for them.

When the run on pills and iodine declines, I begin to pack for the road again. I have my mission and school to return to, and the people have their chores to attend to, all forgotten most of this blessed day. I move off toward the road escorted by a friendly crowd of men and boys. They come with me all the way to the canal road, and when I am ready to get on my bike, they fold their hands and say goodbye in the old Christian way, heard for the first time in that village, "Praised be Jesus Christ," and I shall add silently and thankfully, "Forever and ever. Amen."

The author cheerfully follows the bearer of his afternoon tea into the rectory at Buxar.

Janet AND THE JESUITS

EMORY KING

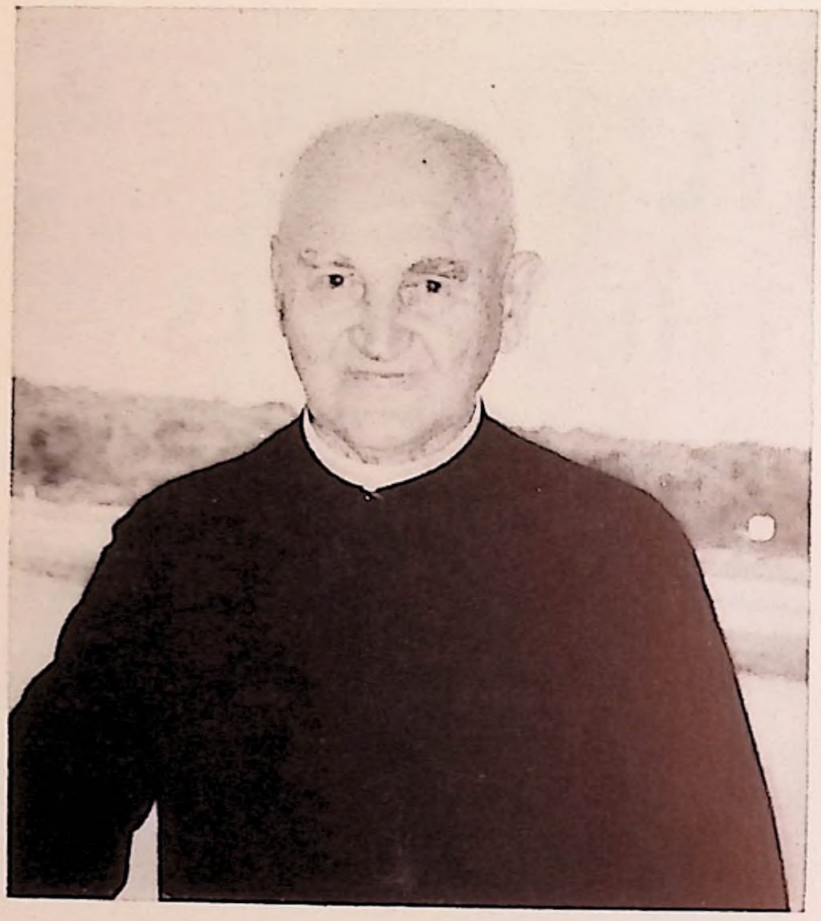
Only the Mission House was standing after Hurricane Janet swept through Corozal, Br. Honduras.

THE NAME JANET used to be considered a lovely name for a young lady in British Honduras. But when Hurricane Janet recently roared through Corozal, our northernmost town, creating a most unladylike mess, the name fell into ill repute.

When it was all over there were 12 dead and 150 injured. Only half-a-dozen buildings were left standing in the town which had housed 2,600 people. All of the Maya Indian villages in the surrounding area were damaged, many of them completely destroyed. One thousand square miles in the path of the storm were wrecked.

All of the American Jesuit Mission's installations, except for the Mission House, were destroyed. The church, primary school, and convent were totally wrecked. In the outlying areas 11 Catholic schools and nine churches were demolished; only two village schools survived the hurricane winds which reached 167 miles per hour in some places.

On the spot were three Jesuit priests, Fathers Philip Pick, Henry Sutti, and 84-year-old Joseph Kammerer. The work of these Jesuits in Corozal saved a number of lives.



Benign, 84-year-old Fr. Kammerer S.J., who celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest last June, was in tears as he saw only rubble where before there was a convent, school and a church which he started 40 years ago.

Both Fathers Pick and Sutti are amateur radio operators, and being anxious to get whatever information on Hurricane Janet that was available, they kept calling around the Caribbean area for information. On Tuesday at 4 P.M., the Miami Weather Bureau reported the hurricane's position in the Caribbean Sea and predicted it would cross the mainland somewhere along the Yucatan Peninsula in Mexico. This news relieved the worries of many people in British Honduras, but those in the north, along the Mexican border, were still cautious.

At 7 P.M. Father Pick tuned in a call from Havana. A lady radio operator in Havana was urgently calling Corozal or Chetumal, Mexico. The Jesuit Weather Observatory in Havana, Cuba, she reported, had warned that the hurricane's position had shifted four degrees west since the 4 o'clock advisory from Miami, and that it was headed for the Corozal-Chetumal area. The Cuban operator stressed that Janet was a dangerous storm and that every precaution should be taken.

Fathers Sutti and Pick went into action immediately. "We owe our lives to those Jesuits in Havana and to that lady, Violeta, who sent us the news," Father Sutti later said.

At 7:30 Father Sutti preached at a novena to the Little Flower in the church and warned all the people that the hurricane was near and all should find safe shelter as soon as possible.

Afterwards he locked up the church, which he considered unsafe, and went about warning individuals of the danger. By nine o'clock the wind was rising and the barometer was falling. Father Pick started making provisions to save his radio equipment which would be needed later, and Father Sutti ordered the Pallotine Sisters to leave their convent near the seashore and come to the Mission House.

With the first impact of the storm the town's lighting failed. Father Pick started the Mission generator and the long wait began. The Fathers and the Sisters sang and prayed the rosary. At midnight Father Sutti started pre-arranged flash-

light code signals with a Catholic layman, Willie Gegg, sheltered in his *bodega* across the street. Father Pick struggled to keep the generator going.

Soon, by way of the flashlights, Father Sutti learned that the hospital and doctor's house had collapsed. The roof had gone from the church, and a large *cantina* sheltering ten people had collapsed. There was nothing to do but wait. Every few minutes the roaring of the wind would be punctuated by the crash of buildings and the whistling of flying zinc roofing and debris.

At two o'clock the sudden lull came as the eye of the hurricane passed over. The Fathers, along with several laymen, went into the town to help the injured. They pulled out several people and took them to shelters; they also warned many more to go back to their shelters—that the storm was not over.

Around two-thirty the calm ended with a terrific roar as the second blow of the hurricane began. Father Pick wrapped the radio transmitter in a blanket and for the rest of the storm braced himself against a second-floor window to protect the set. Downstairs, venerable old Father Kammerer stood in a foot of water for two-and-a-half hours, praying, while Father Sutti and the Sisters made a last-ditch stand by bracing themselves against the door to keep it from blowing in.

"We knew if that door blew in the rest of the building would soon fall," Father Sutti said. "We kept up our courage by praying the rosary."

While they were barricaded in the Mission House the rest of the town, except five buildings, was demolished.

By 5 o'clock in the morning it was safe to go outside, and the two Fathers carried the radio set to the Government wireless station and used a generator there to start sending SOS messages to Belize, the capital city. However, no amateur operator in British Honduras answered. By 6 o'clock Father Pick was beginning to think Belize had been hit by the hurricane also.

Meanwhile Father Sutti was out in Corozal helping the injured into an improvised hospital at the Mission House. The Sisters, who found their convent destroyed, were helping the injured. The doctor and a group were digging in the wreckage of the hospital, hoping to find medicine.

Father Sutti found Father Kammerer, who had built the convent, the school, and part of the church more than 40 years before, standing in front of the rubble that had been the church. The only thing left intact was the statue of the Little Flower, leaning despondently in the wreckage and looking sadly out over the town. Tears were streaming down Father Kammerer's face. "I'm looking for a place to say my Mass. There's nothing left, nothing."

By this time Father Pick was desperately trying to get any operator to answer his SOS. Finally he tried the United States and was picked up by Bill Mashek at Station WOCPM in Omaha, Nebraska.

Mashek plugged a telephone into his set and Father Pick talked to Monsignor Nicholas A. Wagner at Boys Town, Nebraska. Monsignor Wagner called British officials in Washington, D.C.

Father Pick asked Mashek to call any amateur operator in British Honduras, figuring they could hear the U.S. but not Corozal. Mr. Edgerton Eves in Stann Greek, B.H., picked up Mashek and called Belize to inform the Government.

Very Rev. Urban J. Kramer S.J., Superior of the Belize Mission, left immediately for Corozal by motorcycle and was the first man to arrive there.

His first act was to order National Catholic Welfare Conference milk and other relief supplies from Belize. Fortunately 150,000 pounds of powdered milk had arrived from NCWC in Washington only a few months before and there was still a great deal left.

Soon Government, Red Cross and Catholic relief began rolling into Corozal by land, sea, and air. Refugees from the nearby villages soon came to Corozal and they all went to the Mission House. "Padre, Padre, help us. We need food, clothing, and medicine."

It will be a long time before the town is back on its feet.

MISSION STATISTICS may not be every man's meat, but they have many fascinating stories to tell. The latest (1955) edition of the *Catholic Directory* for Japan is a figure-snooper's paradise. One can compare, analyze and, map in hand, thrill to the extraordinary post-war growth of the Church in Japan.

The number of conversions, considered absolutely, has not been great, but if one were to stop at that statistic, one would be profoundly deceived about the health of the Japanese Church. The most encouraging fact of all and, ultimately, the most important one, is the truly phenomenal flowering of local vocations.

Two other developments, however, deserve special emphasis. They are: (1) the diverse nationalities of foreign missionaries, and (2) the number and variety of religious orders working in Japan.

As of the 1955 *Directory*, there were 38 orders of men and 70 congregations of women from more than 20 nations toiling to establish the Church in Japan. These figures are important from two points of view. In the first place, they show that a large and difficult mission is receiving at least a fair-sized staff to begin the long job of digging foundations. Secondly, they illustrate the better-than-average start the Japanese mission has to become catholic as well as Catholic. It is this second point that is worth a bit of reflection.

The mission church is, by definition,

Window on the Mission World

Recipe for a healthy mission: mix missionaries of many nations and Orders. Spread thickly on mission.

an infant church, and the state of its development to maturity can be judged, even if roughly, by comparing the structure of a mission with that of a fully developed and, preferably, ancient diocese. One of the notable features of the great and historic dioceses of Europe is the richness of their clerical and religious life. In addition to the diocesan clergy and purely local religious congregations, one can find a rich selection from the seemingly endless variety of religious institutes—monks, friars, clerks regular, the active and the contemplative, members of institutes with branches in many nations of the old and new worlds.

Judged by this criterion, the Church in Japan, since the war, has made a giant step towards maturity. Many of the newly arrived institutes have already opened novitiates, and given the unusually high vocation rate, it should not be long before Japan is well represented among the old and new religious families.

This stimulus to the "catholicity" of the Church in Japan should be obvious. Less obvious, but none the less fortunate, is the happy chance that brought an unusual variety of missionaries from many nations to Japan. North and South Americans, Latins, Germans, Irish, Polish, Australians, and even a fair sprinkling of Orientals—each group of missionaries has its own touch of individuality to add to the catholic nature of Japan's Catholicism. The islands are crowded and bound together by excellent communications. It will be easy for the leaven to spread and work its hidden magic.

Last

THE MOST PROMINENT features of a typical Micronesian landscape like outrigger canoes or graceful palm trees are well enough known to most American readers. But few would associate the Caroline Islands with an elevated railroad as readily as they would with a copra shed or a roof thatched with nipa palm. Yet there still exists throughout these islands the remains of an amazing system of narrow gauge tracks on which the last train ran some time during World War II. By this time rails have been removed in most places, and there are even fewer traces of the rolling stock. But at the time of this writing I have had occasion to be reminded of this once flourishing system when news came from far-away New York City that the old Third Avenue El has been demolished.

Since traces of these Micronesian railroads are found in out-of-the-way places, my first inkling of their existence came when studying the Yapese language. Understandably, there are many areas of non-equivalents in the vocabulary of a Western language and the dialects of the islanders. One is hard put, for example, to translate the parable of the Good Shepherd into the language of a people who do not engage in agriculture or husbandry. There is no native word for "sheep" and none for "shepherd." And for a non-money economy, neither is there a word for "hireling." On the other hand, there is a very rich vocabulary dealing with types of fish traps and the different stages of development of a cocoanut. Now, in the midst of this situation, imagine my surprise at finding a native word for "railroad": *ghalaisin* (etymology doubtful).

At that time I had not laid eyes on a ghalaisin out here, and could hardly believe that this was the real meaning of the word. I suspected that I was the victim of one of those ludicrous misunderstandings that plague hasty investigations. But further descriptions removed all doubt: a ghalaisin has parallel iron rails, switches, locomotives and cars hitched up to one another.

Since the rails have disappeared around settled areas, and have become incorporated in local construction by that same historical process whereby latter-day fellahin of Egypt have mended their back fence with pieces of the nearest pyramid, one must go into the interior of the island to find the tracks *in situ*. The first sight is somewhat startling: rusty tracks cross a jungle footpath and disappear into the underbrush. Since everything is scaled down from what we call "standard gauge," the cars and wheels seem oddly small to American eyes. But it's not a toy railroad, and the tiny Diesel locomotives once hauled important loads for the Japanese activities of the Pacific Islands.

Real railroads? Yes. But an elevated one? Well, naturally the system hugs the ground where feasible. But to cross swampy areas or arms of the sea, causeways of coral blocks make many sections truly elevated—sometimes perilously so! I occasionally use these spurs for shortcuts on overland journeys. One need no longer fear that danger referred to in notices that sometimes forbid passengers to "enter upon or cross the tracks." But with the ties gone, one frequently has to do a kind of tight-rope walk over high places along the rails of the "Japanese El." It's not easy.

As a matter of fact, there are sections of the railroad on Yap that could be designated as the "Subway Division." In some places, spurs turn off at a switch

Remembering the Third Avenue El, a New York Jesuit meditates on the decline and fall of the Yap El.

Train from Yap

FRANCIS J. COSGROVE S.J.

and disappear into the darkness of caves. Some were used as ammunition dumps, others contained anti-aircraft guns mounted on cars which could be quickly routed for the "rush hour." Many of these lines had commercial importance. On my own island (Gagil) there was a copper mine with two tunnels, one of which is about a half a mile long. A narrow gauge line carried ore to sampans at the waterfront. Some of these lines used Diesel power, some sheer human muscle, and at least one was electrified.

These islands are filled with reminders of the last war: bombed-out buildings, fighter planes sitting on ruined airstrips and great rusting hulks of warships with decks awash in the ceaseless rising and falling of the tides. Such is a fitting end for war matériel. But a railroad in ruins is something else. There is a certain suggestion of permanence about carefully laid tracks and switches. The very elaborateness of the system proclaims continuous service. But its complete abandonment is still more eloquent. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The inhabitants of these islands have seen the rise and fall of several world empires in their own lifetime: Spanish, German and Japanese. The tiny islands of Micronesia have been incorporated into successive systems of world-wide hegemony. But their peoples have survived them all. Amid all these testimonials of human instability there is contrasting evidence of permanence and singleness of purpose in the Church in Micronesia that has been served by various religious orders from many countries: Augustinians, Capuchins and Jesuits from Spain, Germany, the United States and other nations. And there are some natives in the Marianas whose families have been Catholic for almost three hundred years.

Fortunately, amid all the changes that the island people have seen, the tracks of theological truth have not been torn down. The tracks that lead to heaven may have become a bit rusty at times, but they have always been in use and their location known. These people may not have had the elaborate adjuncts of the Church which others have had. Their railroad itself was only a small one. But they have had the essential life of the Church: they have possessed and kept the simple truth which is strong enough to carry a man all the way to heaven.

Many a good Catholic out here could not rattle off the textbook credentials of the Church. But perhaps their very environment has sharpened their perception to recognize an institution that is more than human. They seem to have an eye for permanent truth, for that which even the jungle cannot obliterate. Many strange forces have thrust themselves into the existence of these islands, only to fade away, leaving a track that leads nowhere. But the Faith has remained, definite and clear, leading home.

The Woman in White

PETER COLEMAN S.J.

It was a chilly winter morning at De Nobili College in Poona, India, and after pacing up and down the front path, saying my rosary, I stopped for a moment at our new grotto for the "Hail, Holy Queen." I am afraid I was more occupied with how fine our grotto looked in the early sun than with "Our Life, our Sweetness, and our Hope," when a voice broke in: "Salim, sahib!"

"Salaam," I answered, as I turned around. A young man was standing, holding his bicycle and looking at Our Lady in the grotto. I recognized him as one of our workers. From his greeting I knew he was not a Catholic. I was wondering why he should have stopped to look at the grotto, when he said: "Sahib, who is that woman in white?"

"What a beautiful question," I thought, "the woman in white." The words of the Mass of the Assumption came to my mind, where Our Lady is "a woman clothed with the sun." "She is Mata Maria," I explained, "the Mother of Jesus, who is also God."

My friend listened intently as I told him how we can ask Mary to show us her Divine Son, so that we may win eternal life, even if we are not Christians. This was what he had been wanting to know.

I looked at my watch: half-past eight; I must be off. As I turned to repeat the prayer that had been interrupted, I offered it with gratitude to the Mother of men, because I was aware of someone else standing behind me who had not been there when I first started my "Hail, Holy Queen."

Inside Jamaica

Peace and prosperity bring thousands of tourists to the rim of the mission world. What happens when tourist meets missionary—in Jamaica, for instance?

Inside Jamaica

RICHARD V. LAWLOR S.J.

AMERICANS GET around these days. One of the sure indices of prosperity is the growth of tourism, and Americans, being generally prosperous, have taken to the sea and airways in great numbers. Until quite recently Europe was the usual goal. It still is, but it is no longer unusual to meet Detroiters in Pakistan, Bostonians in Ceylon. And they are there just to see the place.

Tourists, unless they are old hands at the game and somewhat adventurous, stick to pre-packaged itineraries, carefully worked out by the tourist agencies, who want to be sure that others will come this way. The routes they follow are fairly antiseptic. The water needn't be boiled, usually, and cold Cokes are always available. One can see the world without getting too far from the U.S.A.

This new phenomenon has a special interest for missionaries because, for the first time, considerable numbers of the folks back home have "been there." They have seen the missions in action. There can be no doubt that this personal contact with missions and missionaries is valuable. During World War II thousands of GIs lived and fought deep in the most remote mission territories, and today our servicemen abroad can know the Church in Japan or Korea almost as well as they know their home diocese.

There is encouraging evidence that any "live" contact with the missions stimulates a better mission spirit among the faithful at home. It is necessary to know before one can love, and the better one knows, the deeper and truer the love. To know one part of one mission, to have seen it with one's own eyes and not merely in text and picture, gives realism and warmth to an abstraction.

Yet there is the temptation to superficiality. Every tourist knows that he cannot pose as an expert on a country he lived in for three days. That's plain common-sense. But the temptation persists, stubbornly. The world traveller who stopped off for a while in Tokyo feels, justly, that he has some right to say a little bit about the Church in Japan, and he may be piqued if a G.I. who served in Hokkaido reminds him that Tokyo is O.K., but you have to get off the beaten track to see *real* missions.

At this point, a little gentle diplomacy is called for. Everybody is right, to a certain degree, as nearly always. If, by *real* missions, Joe means remote, difficult, perhaps dangerous outposts, he is right when he says that they are 'way out there, where tourists never go.

But the difficulty lies deeper. Joe is wrong if he thinks that only remote and romantic missions are real missions. And the tourist is wrong if he harbors the secret feeling that although he has seen Tokyo or Manila or Calcutta, where missionaries live and work, he hasn't really seen a mission yet.

Let the tourist relax. Let him take comfort. He has seen real missions and real missionaries, right in the big ports, near the modern airfields, right in the up-to-date cities. A missionary is a missionary by virtue of the work he does, not because he lives in hardship.

Yet there is a danger for the tourist. Given the frailty of the human mind, even in the best human heads, it is easily possible to generalize, falsely, about a mission one has visited briefly by plane or via cruise-ship. The danger is simple: to assume that one has seen all there is to see and to draw conclusions about the state of the whole mission. It is as if, seeing Paris, one has seen France.

The mission of Jamaica, British West Indies, will serve as a handy example. Anyone who is given to the intriguing pastime of reading the travel advertisements knows that Montego Bay is numbered among the world's plushier resorts. East and west of this small tropical city, the coast is dotted with warm coral

beaches beside the inviting sea. For several months of the year, rainless days can be all but guaranteed by the weather bureau. The north coast of Jamaica has become a vacationer's paradise, just hours by plane from New York or Miami.

So thousands of tourists every year get a glimpse of a mission. In a few glorious, sun-drenched days, they can drive around and across the island, wherever the good roads go. They will see bustling Kingston, with its half-dozen busy parishes and the great Cathedral dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity. Here and there, in the small towns, they will see the cross of a church.

They will, in short, see good evidence that the Church in Jamaica, though small, is beginning to dig deep roots. But they will have seen only part of the picture. For in Jamaica, as in most mission lands, tourists—and, for that matter, long-time residents—cover only a small bit of the territory. It is the job of the missionary to cover all of it. In dozens of remote and obscure places, worlds away from coral sand and brash calypso, small chapels are firmly planted in the heart of Jamaica and close to the hearts of the country people.

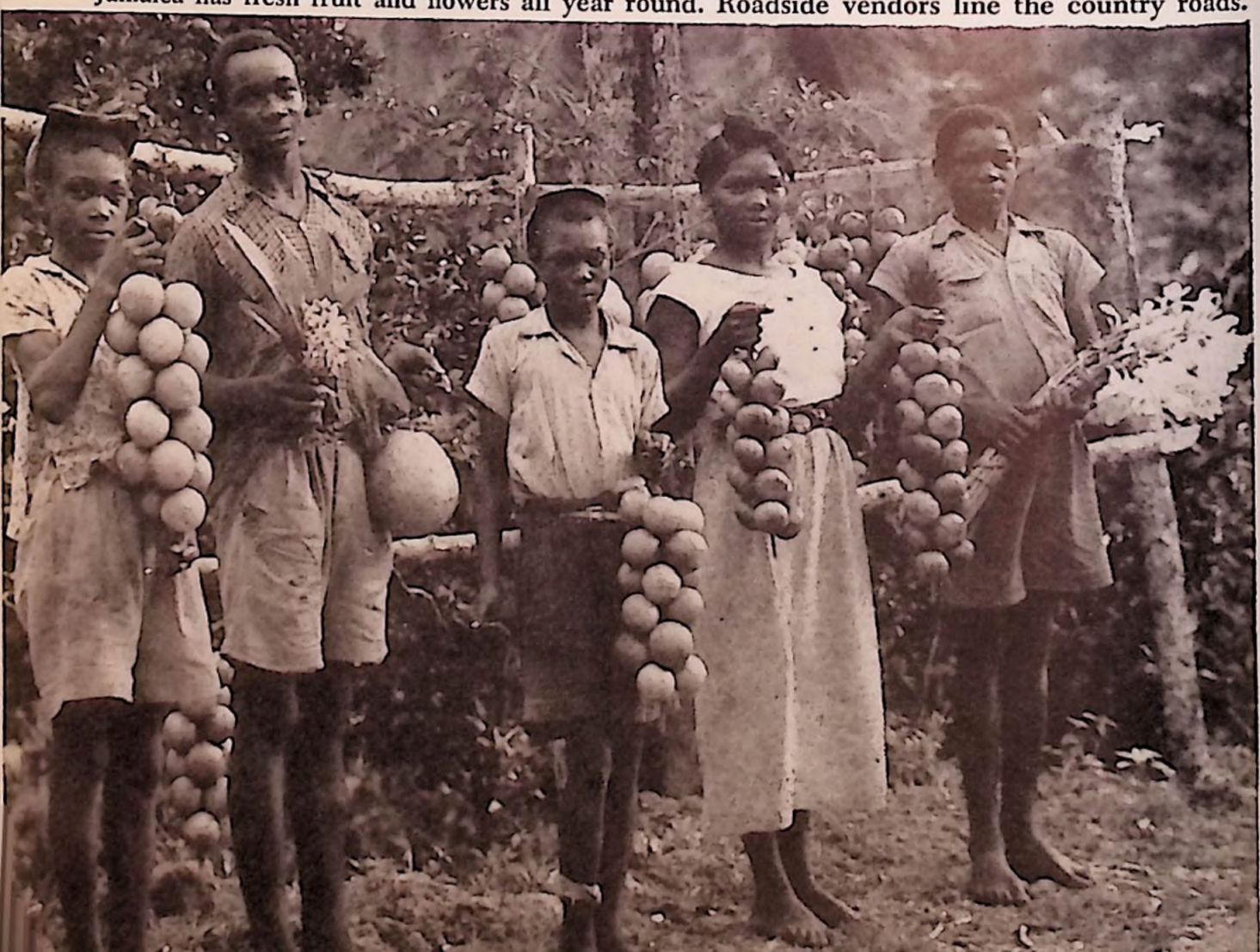
Here are a few of the place names: Tom's River, Jeffrey Town, Murray Mount, Pisgah, Avocat, Mile Gully, Belfield Line, May River. These small centers of population are too remote and insignificant to attract tourists, but they are magnets to the missionary, who is drawn to any place where his people live.

And so it is around the world of missions. There is no such thing as a *real* mission in contrast to the kind of mission a tourist sees. There are only different and contrasting parts of a whole.

Part of the present mission enthusiasm among Americans is certainly a consequence of war, when soldier met missionary and each liked what he saw. It may well be, in God's Providence, that the growth of tourism can serve a similar holy purpose to His glory.

When you plan your trip to that exotic somewhere, high among the points of interest list the following: local missions, plain or fancy.

Jamaica has fresh fruit and flowers all year round. Roadside vendors line the country roads.



The Business of MISSIONS

Dear Friend:

With the turn of the new year, it is customary for business executives to calculate possible sales for the forthcoming year. They are also conscious of possible changes in the world markets due to political upheavals, not to mention climatic catastrophes. Their presage of success is always conditional.

On the contrary, Jesuit missionaries, like all missionaries, begin a year with utter confidence in God's provident blessings upon their activities. We are also aware of the assured sacrificial support of our co-missionaries. With this combination success is inevitable.

We Jesuits are primarily grateful to God and also to you, the children of God. As an expression of our appreciation a novena of Masses will be offered in honor of St. Francis Xavier from March 4th to the 12th—the Novena of Grace. The first Mass will be celebrated in Alaska and then we will go around the world with the final Mass in British Honduras. The first great Jesuit missionary, Francis Xavier, will plead your intentions before God because of your part in helping his brother Jesuits to emulate his own zeal of four centuries ago.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
(Rev.) Coleman A. Daily S.J.

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Gurung's One Surrender

It is always a pleasure as Father Kennedy S.J. of Jamshedpur mission well knows to stop for a chat with genial, ancient Joseph Gurung as he weaves away.

JOSEPH C. HAMMETT S.J.

JOSEPH GURUNG WAS born in Nepal eighty or more years ago. Gurung is an occupational name meaning herdsman; and Joseph Gurung spent most of his life on the slopes of Nepal, following his family trade of tending herds. In his spare time he learned how to fashion baskets, and spent much time as a youngster weaving baskets to increase the meager income of the family.

The Nepalis are an independent and freedom-loving people, and Joseph Gurung is no exception. While still a young man in the prime of life, he was attacked by a bear. Unarmed and alone, Gurung stood his ground, and though his right cheek was ripped away in the struggle, he kept his honor intact; for it was the bear, not Gurung, who finally took refuge in flight.

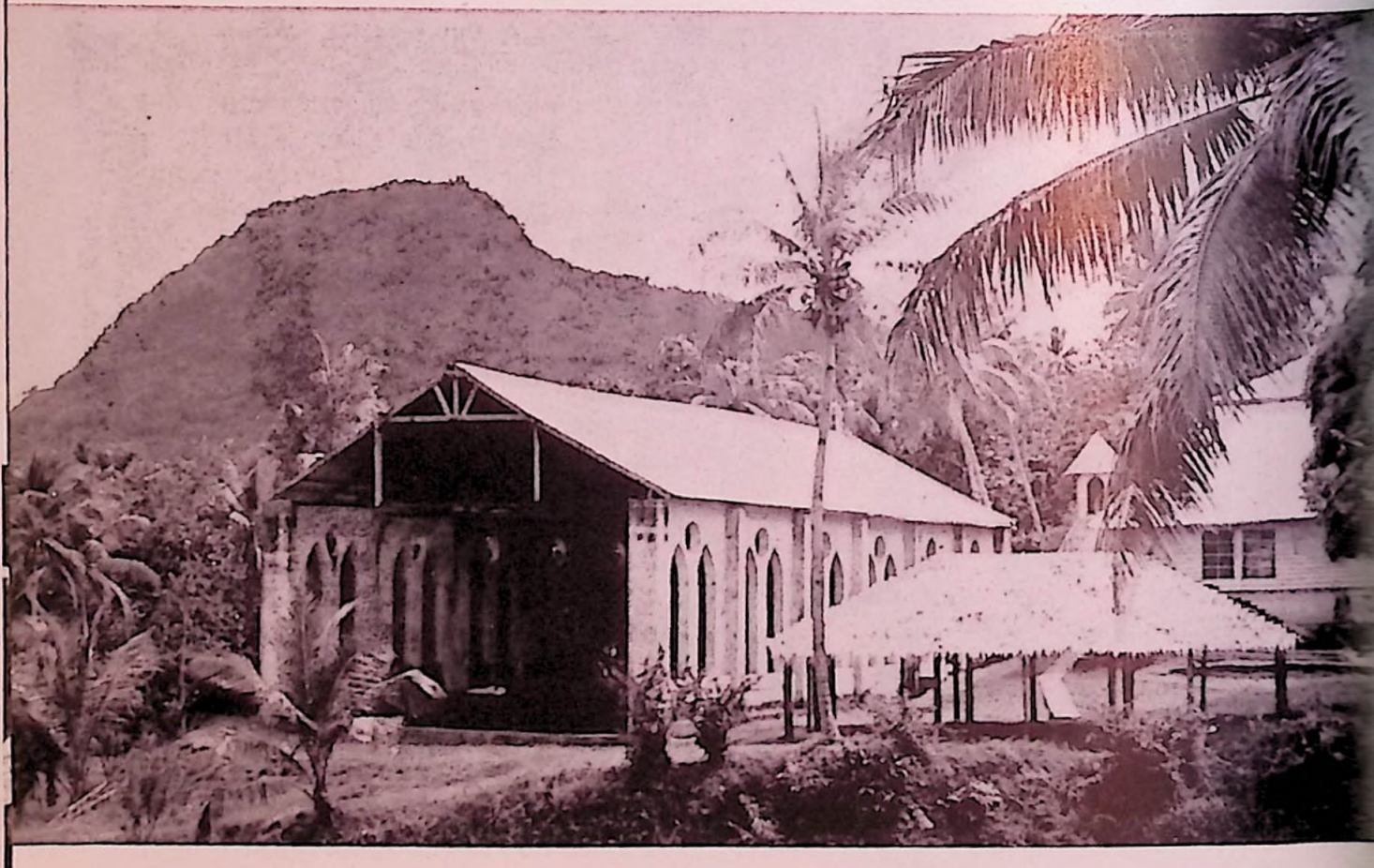
Throughout his life Gurung maintained his rugged independence. Feared by some and loved by many, he ripened into mellow old age. At last it looked as if the old man must give in to his children's pleas and let them support him.

But the same independence, the same fierce love of freedom, still burned in the heart of this gentle old man. He could not get around as before; but the thick, stubby fingers, with which he had mastered the bear in his earlier days, were still nimble. And so, at a ripe old age, when most men are content to sit in the warmth of the sun and dream dreams of past achievements, Gurung again took up the art of basket-weaving! Today he is as independent and free as ever; and his children's children smile on the old man as they watch him at work, for they understand him and love him.

Only in one matter does Gurung "surrender" his freedom. A smile plays upon his features as, fingers busy at their task, he speaks of the only One on whom he really depends. Recognizing this complete dependence, Gurung, never a man for half measures, does not hesitate to surrender himself whole-heartedly to Christ; and he has found to his utter joy that surrender to Christ means, not dependence, but a real freedom.

Today he sits and weaves his baskets in his own house, independent and alone. Not really alone, for Christ is with him.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN



can come into the church . . .

more easily than the parishioners. So Father Holland S.J. asks help to rebuild the front wall of his Caroline Island church. Any size donation will help.

JESUIT MISSIONS
45 East 78 Street, New York 21, N. Y.

AFIELD with American Jesuits

WORD OF WARNING

Six months ago Michael Saso S.J. joined his fellow California Jesuits in Formosa. Now he has a word of advice for prospective tourists in the Orient.

One thing you must have have along for any travel in the East is an Old China Hand, a person who has been around here long enough to know the ropes. For instance, when you go shopping there's no such thing as a fixed price. A Taiwanese will pay one price for an article, a China mainlander will pay slightly higher, but there's no ceiling for an unsuspecting American. An Old China Hand knows enough to let a Taiwanese friend do his shopping.

There are very few washing machines in Taiwan. Every morning just at dawn, all the neighborhood housewives take their washing down to the nearest stream, and have a huge neighborhood get-together. At about the same time every morning, the street vendors begin calling out their wares; hot rice, bean-curd cakes, and all sorts of vegetables are carried around and sold in the streets. So the day starts early.

SPOTLIGHT

Father Francis G. Kempel S.J. has given his entire priestly life to the mission of Jamaica, British West Indies. And in him Jamaica got a treasure of a missionary. His story cannot be told adequately by a mere listing of the churches he has built and served, nor even by a selection of "newsworthy" items, as, for example, his notable work with poultry cooperatives.

Perhaps the best summary would be this: all his missionary life Father Kempel has been an unfailingly faithful servant of God, of the children of God, and of those who do not yet know Him adequately. Any missionary, mindful of the toll of the years, can appreciate the heroism implied by such a description.

One of the most amazing things about Formosa is her children. If there is any secret weapon which the Orient possesses, it is undoubtedly the strength and number of its children.

Three times a day the streets are so full of them that you wonder if the entire population of Taiwan is made up of children. Going to school in the morning you see them, all neatly dressed in their uniforms. Then again at noon and in the evening, the streets are filled with their shouting and laughter.

But you have to be careful of these children. One evening as I was sitting outside my room studying Chinese, a group of school children came along and asked for some holy cards. Since a kind lady had given me a generous supply before coming here, I gladly went to get them a few. But when I came back from my room, I suddenly found that the whole neighborhood was there, screaming and hollering for holy pictures. Now every evening I have to fight off crowds of youngsters who come looking for holy cards.

The Orient, with its pagan temples and colorful feast-days, its street shops and open markets, its children and working men, is a series of unending wonders. An Old China Hand told me to write down everything I found so amazing, because in six months it would all seem commonplace. But another told me that after a lifetime, there is still more to see and learn about the Orient. I hope the second one is right.

ASSISI IN CAGAYAN

A good-natured Jesuit Rector of a college in the Philippines is taking a joshing from his faculty because of a recent episode. Alfred Fiorino S.J. writes from Tuguegarao:

The Ateneo de Tuguegarao is the only Jesuit school in the Philippines which did not benefit from the War Claims. So we are struggling along with a big debt, no chapel (classrooms are used for Mass), no gymnasium, poor lighting, etc. Since we have no chapel our Thursday confessions are held in the classrooms. The other day Father Pascua, our Rector, was sitting in the makeshift confessional during Mass.

He heard a noise at the screen and waited patiently. Then he said, "Yes?" in an encouraging manner.

Still no "Bless me, Father . . ." He suddenly became aware that the penitent was lapping the screen with his tongue! Father Pascua swallowed hard and then looked closer.

In the confessional box, paws on the kneeler and face pressed against the screen, was our house dog!

St. Francis of Assisi could preach to the birds, but did he ever get one to go to confession? And of course our community, probably the happiest one in the Philippines, is making the most out of the incident.

ST. ISIDORE AT WORK

Down in Yoro, Republic of Honduras, Father Joseph Wade S.J. has entrusted his new cooperative to the protection of St. Isidore, patron of farmers.

Within the last several months we have organized a marketing cooperative among the *cafitaleros* (coffee growers) of the parish. To date it promises to be a really great thing for the parish, both materially and spiritually.

The Banco Nacional de Fomento (Development Bank) much like our R.F.C. in the States, has given the infant cooperative a very substantial assist in the form of L.125,000 lempiras (a lempira is worth fifty cents U.S.) so as to enable the organization to facilitate loans to its members and thus avoid the generations-old custom of selling the coffee four or five months before harvest at some ridiculous price.

Among the 155 members 240,000 lbs. of coffee were harvested this year and there is strong hope that the cooperative, officially known as CASIL (Cooperative Agropecuaria San Isidro Ltd.) this first year will market the crop in Hamburg, Germany, thus eliminating a whole series of middlemen.

Another project that has been under consideration for some time is the opening of a clinic here in Yoro. This clinic would have a doctor and a nurse in attendance, would dispense medicines, and be equipped for the more necessary medical examinations. There would be only a few beds for emergency cases, at least at the beginning.

Because it would answer to such an urgent need (closest hospital is ninety miles away), we feel that within a short time it may be self-sustaining financially. It makes one feel very sad to see how many fathers and mothers of big families die simply because they can't afford the forty lempiras to take the plane to a hospital.

Like all parishes in Latin America, this one has very little revenue. Because of the poverty of the people, stipends received by the priest are extremely low: Baptisms 50¢, marriages theoretically five dollars, but in fact many can't pay even that. Alms given for the upkeep of the church come to about sixty dollars a month. Thus you can see that our revenue is not sufficient to take care of all the very urgent needs of a parish of 30,000 Catholics. All the extra things that any priest would like to do just have to be passed by.

A WOMAN'S WORLD

The Trinco Mail, bulletin of the New Orleans Jesuits in Ceylon, reveals that Divine Providence is as partial to Sisters on the missions as to Sisters at home.

Every Saturday, rain or shine, Father Joseph Meyer goes to the Leprosy Hospital for confessions. One Saturday, on his way to the Mantivu Ferry, he met Father Weber. The drizzling rain was a suitable atmosphere for a sad story.

"Father Rieman has brought his basketball team all the way from Trinco to play our boys," Father Weber told him, "but if this rain continues we'll settle for ping pong. I guess we'll have to say a few fervent prayers for this rain to let up. All we have is an outdoor court."

Father Meyer was properly sympathetic and moved on. Arrived at Mantivu another sad story greeted him. Said the Sister Portress:

"We are sorry to make you come in the rain, Father, but we are praying for rain. Some of the patients want to have a cycle race, and if they do someone will surely collapse and die. Only a downpour will stop them." In a little while it really began to rain.

With his spiritual work done, Father Meyer decided to see how Father Weber was taking it. What he saw at St. Michael's College was two teams sliding up and down a clay court that now resembled a Miami press-agent's idea of sunny California.

Father Meyer: "So you settled for ping pong?" "No, we decided to go through with it," was Father Weber's weak rejoinder. "After all they came so far—but then it's good, in a way, that this rain came. Our boys would slaughter St. Joe's on a dry court."

Father Meyer admired this resignation but decided to get another point of view. Yes, Father Rieman had his version: "Our fellows are older, bigger, faster. On a dry court it wouldn't be a game. Now we lose by only six points, everybody knows why, and everybody's happy."

A damp shout announced the end of the watered-down match. Both sides claimed a victory, physical or moral. But Father Meyer knew the Sisters were the real winners.

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTIONS

JANUARY: *Unity and Fidelity of Chinese Catholics*

FEBRUARY: *The Church in Vietnam*

IN CHINA AND VIETNAM, the two countries chosen for the Pope's Mission Intentions during January and February of this year, we have before us two chilling examples of the successful pursuit of a military principle, "divide and conquer."

China has already been lost. Neatly lulled into apathy during years of constant internal strife, her people looking from one party to another for some suitable answer to their pressing national problems, they became at last the perfect foil for a deceitful and servile form of government.

No sooner was the military conquest of this vast territory an accomplished fact than the new rulers quickly turned the attention of these distracted peoples to internal divisions. The farm group against the landowners, the business man against the bankers, the employee against the employer. There is no phase of man's relations with either his fellow men or with his God that is excepted under Communism from this principle of "divide and conquer."

One of the first endeavors of the Communist regimes in Asia as in Europe has been to establish a "National" Catholic Church. This is an attempt to make organized religion a tool of tyranny, to cut off the Catholics from the Vicar of Christ, destroy their union with the Vine from which they draw vital strength, isolate them so that they can be bent to the wishes of Red rulers. A "National" Church presents some of the superficial appearances of Catholicism, a "national" priest looks like a real one, but the Truth and the Life and the Way are not to be found except in union with Christ's Vicar.

For this reason Our Holy Father asks us to pray these people may remain ardently attached to the true Church, that they may, no matter what the price, remain firmly attached to Christ. This is not easy for Catholics under Communism. From a few pictures we have seen of the ravaged faces of Communist victims, we glean some idea of the sufferings they have undergone to keep their allegiance to God.

Pope Pius XII also asks that we pray God that the people of China and Vietnam may live in accord among themselves. Only through the strength of God will they be able to keep united before the dividing tactics of the Communists. It is essential that they realize quickly that by being continually kept off balance any effective resistance to the injustices imposed on them is impossible. China was successfully divided and conquered. Korea to the northeast and Indochina to the south have already been split in half.

Lacking unity these nations need the union of our prayers that God may, in His mercy, heal the wounds their internal divisions have brought upon them. Our prayers are essential, too, lest the possible success of this false philosophy in Asia become an accomplished fact and its malicious power then be turned against us. Prayer is our only answer.

RALPH H. BROWN S.J.

Bishop Glennie S.J. and the Little Sisters of the Poor bring the smile of God to Ceylon.

A ROOF *and Rice*

Sister Clare, Fr. Sommers S.J. of St. Michael's College, and Fr. Galle greet Bishop Glennie.

Here are the five Little Sisters of the Poor who care for the aged men at Batticaloa.

NO MATTER WHERE a man may dwell in this wide world of ours, an old age filled with loneliness and hunger is a tragic thing. Perhaps no group of dedicated women is more famous for assuaging that hunger and loneliness than the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Five of these extraordinary nuns have made a beginning of a home for the aged in the diocese of Trincomalee in Ceylon. Just recently Bishop Ignatius T. Glennie S.J. blessed their first new building which was made possible by friends of the mission. The old building which housed eight men now becomes a garage for the Sisters' begging car.

As new buildings rise, more and more men will be able to find not only a roof and rice but the smile of God in the Sisters' charity.

GREGORY D. AHERNE S.J.

Nine Years of Waiting

HAVE YOU EVER looked forward to a thing for nine years? If you have, I wonder how you felt on the day when it finally took place. Perhaps you felt a little twinge of disappointment at the actual realization.

If that was the case, your experience was different from mine today when I watched seven little Chinese children receive their First Holy Communion. Nine years for a First Communion class of seven. Do you think it's worth it? I do.

The nine years that I have mentioned started on August 14, 1946 when I rode up the hill to the Jesuit Novitiate at Los Gatos, California. A lot of thoughts were in my mind that day; one of them was that I wanted to do something worth while for Our Lord.

Like all new Jesuits I soon learned that for the time being this would consist in quiet days of prayer and study, days and years during which we could get to know and love Our Lord a little better, before trying to bring others closer to Him. That they were necessary and happy years, only the men who have gone through them can fully appreciate. But still there was the thought, by this time it had grown to a desire, to do something worth while not only for myself but also for others. Now we knew the name of what he wanted—it was called the "apostolate."

In 1950 eleven of us sailed through the Golden Gate to join the China Mission. It seemed that the time had come for that "something worth while," for the apostolate. But the China mainland had already been occupied by the Communists, so we joined the exiled members of the China Mission in the Philippines. Now we were missionaries, but our missionary work was the study of the Chinese language for the next two and a half years. After this, those of us who were not yet priests studied Philosophy together with the Chinese scholastics who had been forced to leave China. Then came regency and the chance to do something directly for others.

Regency started for me on last June 3rd when I arrived in Taipei, the capital of Free China. The place was Beda Tsang Hall, a small residence next to National Taiwan University. There really isn't much to the house, just a chapel, library, and a few rooms where the Fathers may talk things over with the

Jesuit scholastic Gregory D. Aherne of Beda Tsang Hall buys some flowers for the altar.

University students who drop in. But during the four-year history of Beda Tsang Hall, not only students but neighbors came in to talk things over with the Fathers. And with them came children.

Just as I arrived a group of these children were ready for First Communion so I was elected to instruct them. This was the end of a nine-year wait, this was the time to do something worth while not only for myself but also for others, this was the beginning of my apostolic activity among the Chinese.

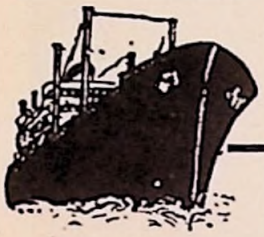
Week after week we studied our catechism. Note that I say "we," for students and teacher alike were working hard. Before class I would listen attentively to a tape recording to find out just how to pronounce every Chinese character, then with an air of complete confidence I would face my class and tell them to read each question after me. Even my inexperienced ear could tell me that the repetition which the little children sang out was much closer to what Chinese should sound like than their teacher's original reading had been.

But gradually they became used to hearing their teacher do strange things with their language. And in spite of all, they learned their catechism, passed their final examination, and were ready for First Communion.

So this morning as I knelt in chapel and watched seven Chinese children receive Our Lord for the first time, there was once again an assortment of thoughts in my mind. Nine years of waiting to do something worth while not only for myself but also for others. A life to spend trying to bring the Chinese people closer to Our Lord.. A First Communion class of seven.

Do you think it's worth while? I do.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

Father McKechnie in Japan says there is a fine school spirit at Sophia University which could be strengthened if the students had a band. The Japanese are excellent musicians but the school lacks band instruments. Father asks if you could spare a dollar or two to provide band instruments for Sophia University.

We Know that devotion to the Sacred Heart is one of the surest signs of spirituality in the life of a Catholic. On the missions this devotion is preached and encouraged. If you would like to help the missionary in this wonderful work you could answer the requests from British Honduras—and other missions—for Sacred Heart badges.

100 Sacred Heart Badges—$3.25

"I Tried to Outwit the Arctic" is a story by Sally Carrighar in the Saturday Evening Post of October 29, 1955. Sally startled her readers with the comment that her fuel bill for heating a small house was $145.00 one month. Father Fox of Mountain Village pays $2,120.00 a year for his mission fuel. Father is outwitting the Arctic, too, but he's not always sure where he will get the money to pay his bills. Could you relieve Father Fox of some anxiety with a gift of $1.00 for fuel?

A Kindergarten in Japan can be considered a missionary's secret spiritual weapon in his fight for souls. Not only are the children of the school taught Catholic truths but their parents come in contact with the Church at the monthly talks to the parents on Catholic education. These talks can easily be turned to catechism and result in conversions.

Father Morgan Curran has made his plans for a Japanese kindergarten at Hiroshima. Could you help at all? A small contribution would give Father Curran a start with this work. He needs:

Kindergarten furnishings — $150.00
Playground $600.00
Nuns' house and land $2,000.00

Time and Tropical Climate and Insects have taken their toll in the church of Father Hebert at Casa Cural, Yoro. The Stations of the Cross must be replaced, since only 12 of the 14 remain.

Stations of the Cross—$7.50

St. Xavier Mission in Montana has a 20-year record of care of orphan Crow Indian children. According to Father C. Owens, it is a problem to feed these Indian children. He asks for contributions to help carry him through the year.

Candles Are Needed for the celebration of Mass. You can be sure that the missionary makes certain, no matter how poor his mission, that he has the essential equipment for Mass. The cost of candles is an item of expense he considers as necessary as his grocery bill. Would you help share this mission expense and thus share in mission Masses?

Candles — .50 each

Photographic Equipment is requested by Father Tom Gibbons in Baghdad to carry on his work of publicizing the educational work there. He needs an exposure meter and flash equipment. Maybe you would help.

Novena of Grace

MARCH 4 - 12

Conversion of Francis Xavier (1534)

Novena of Grace
March 4-12

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, the great Apostle of the Indies, keeps preaching still in the thousands of Novenas of Grace all over the world. He promised to use his powerful intercession with God on behalf of those who during the Novena ask for "Whatever would contribute to their salvation." Be sure to make your local novena March 4th to 12th.

JESUIT MISSIONS has published an eight-page folding leaflet containing the essential prayers of the novena, illustrated with colored pictures. Prices are $15 per thousand, $2.00 per hundred. Single copies will be sent on receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope together with five cents.

Order from

JESUIT MISSIONS **45 East 78 Street, New York 21, N.Y.**

WINGS OF MERCY

Father Joseph Wade of Casa Cural, Yoro, Depto. de Yoro, Republic of Honduras, is planning to build a clinic. There will be a doctor and nurses and a few beds for emergency cases.

Meantime: *"The nearest hospital is 90 miles away, and the only way to get there is fly,"* he writes. *"It breaks your heart to see how many fathers and mothers of big families die because they don't have the twenty dollars for the plane trip to the hospital."*

Would you help Father Wade get his people to the hospital?

Send your $20.00—or whatever you can afford—to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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