

# Jesuit Missions



NOVEMBER, 1957

# The Devil AND THE INK POT



**To print a Life of Christ in Hindustani is in itself a sufficiently difficult task, without the devil putting his fiery oar in**

BROTHER B. KARPINSKI S.J.

**T**HE EXPERIENCES that come my way are at times so numerous and so humorous that I often say to myself, this could not happen here, but sure enough, things are happening here that are unusual. When the temperature reaches 108 in the press room, you often see some of the boys doing things that make you wonder whether you should not have joined the Circus and been a clown. The howling sand storms that are in full swing at present fill every nook and corner with a fine film of sand, so much so that when you arrive in the morning to work, you wonder whether you have come perhaps to the wrong place. They grind corn in the shop next to us, and this press looks just like it, powder everywhere. Then a few weeks ago we had such a terrific hail storm one night that when morning came I found 15 boys missing at the press. That put quite a big hole in the production line as I scratched my bald head and kept looking out into the distance, hoping some of them would show up. It seems they got hailed in.

Now as far as snakes are concerned, I could say those are for those tough missionaries in deep India, but then again I am wrong for right here in the press I have the shakes and snakes. Take for instance the other day when my sweeper came around and I gently tapped him on the shoulder and said, "My good man, there is one corner that you have not swept for many a moon, right

there." When he approached to do his duty, he suddenly hit the ceiling, for lo and behold, there was a krait snake about 12 inches long.

Now we all know that with this kind of a snake you ask no questions. You hit him on the head, and ask questions later, for should he open his mouth and ask you just one question, "How do you like my hypodermic needle?" that would be your last, for in less than 15 minutes you would no longer be in this world. So I smashed him and soon had him dangling on the end of my stick. I threw him out. As I did, a huge bird came around and picked it up and flew away with a good dinner for himself. Then I pondered over the words, "The Lord saw all things that He had made and they were all good," yes even in this case a poisonous snake.

Experiences that can be seen are fine, but let us venture for a brief moment into the world unknown as I recall to you my first experiences with the devil. Here at the Sanjivan Press I am at present trying to print the New Testament in this difficult language of Hindustani. My mind wandered way back to Mokameh and eight years back when I was twisting my tongue in that difficult language, but I see now that that was only the beginning, for to see this language in print is still more frightening. Now I ask you what work is more important in any press room than printing the Life of Christ? The devil must have

**COVER:** A girl in a parka may not look as fashionable as a girl in a toque but she is equally precious to the heart of Christ who came that all, even those scattered at the ends of the earth, might know Him and love Him.

# The Devil and the Ink Pot



noticed what was being done and what I was up to, so you may be sure he was not going to leave me alone, not for long. On this machine of ours there is an ink mechanism which I and the boys had set one day. We were even a little proud of the fact that this part of the machine was so easy to adjust and it worked so well when we started the machine. The following day I came around to see the progress the boys were making in printing. When I approached the machine I nearly had one of those Polish fainting spells . . . there they were, those huge sheets coming out, not black but a color not of this world, some kind of a dirty gray. "Stop, stop that press. Who threw in the water?" "No, Sab, not even kerosene did we mix today." I scratched my bald head and we re-set the mechanism once again. It worked well for another two hours, then again, when I came back, the same thing . . . "Well," I said to myself, "this is it. The devil got into the ink pot. I'll turn him out." So the following morning I took along with me to the press a

small bottle of Holy Water and poured some of that into the ink pot, and you wouldn't believe it, no trouble since. So now I say a daily prayer for this machine with its 29 false teeth, that the Lord will help us print His Life to make it known throughout this vast land of India and the East.

Now, mind you, that black devil has not left me yet, for the other day a huge bird smashed into the electric wires, and the result was we had no power for three hours. Then a few days later the devil splashed some hot lead over my eyelids. About an hour later when Father Barrett came around to see what was being done, he looked at me and said . . . "Now, who hit you?" Just then my miraculous medal chain broke and hit the ground, and I answered, "The dirty devil."

**Recent statistics show how much Church personnel has been cut by the communist persecution on the China mainland:**

	1948		1957
	Chinese	Foreign	Foreign
Bishops	22	75	1
Priests	2676	3017	11 (7 in prison)
Nuns	5112	2351	11 (foreigners school, Peiping.)
Brothers	632	475	0
	<u>8442</u>	<u>5916</u>	<u>23</u>

No statistics are available on how many of the Chinese priests or nuns have languished in prison or have been prevented from performing their religious duties, or how many lay-leaders have been executed.

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# *Summer in British Guiana*

**T**HIS SUMMER, the task of giving several retreats to nuns in British Guiana gave me the chance to see this small country, bordering Venezuela, on the northern edge of South America.

British Guiana has been much in the news because of the elections there and the victory of the communist-tinged party of Cheddi Jagan, an East Indian educated in the United States and married to an American communist, named Janet Rosenberg. Retreat was on during the election but the Sisters were allowed by the Bishop to go out and vote; it was important, if unsuccessful.

It was like an American campaign in that every day sound trucks went around announcing the places of the evening meetings. Several of the meetings were held in our vicinity and oratory was spewed all over the place by loudspeakers far into the night. I needed sleep, but with loudspeakers, frogs in the canals, barking dogs—the place is full of dogs—steel bands on Saturday nights, it was quite a problem.

Mr. Jagan openly declares that he believes in Marxian philosophy. So there is some anxiety, especially concerning education since most of the schools are Christian. Jagan cried loudly about colonialism, labeling it the real problem for British Guiana. He knows better but shouting for independence as a panacea always captures the uninformed.

There is universal suffrage but the

people have little or no comprehension of the real issues. The masses are not communistic; they are economically depressed. The natural resources in the interior call for millions of dollars of investment in roads alone to reach them.

The difficulties of the Church are clear when we note that there are six different racial groups; East Indians in the majority and growing rapidly; Africans next; Chinese; Portuguese originally from Madeira; Europeans and American Indians. The origins of the Church were principally among the Portuguese; but they are beginning to move away. The American Indians back in the savannahs and mountains number only 20,000 but there is a well-developed apostolate among them. Furthermore, a large number of Protestant denominations are at work and a number of Pentecostal groups to complicate the scene. The Anglicans in much of this area are very High Church. The newspapers of Trinidad recently headlined the fact that a bachelor Bishop had been appointed to that island. It is somewhat confusing, to say the least.

The English Jesuits celebrated the centenary of their coming to British Guiana this year. There are now 52 churches and 55 mission stations, where before their coming there were 5. One hundred years ago there were two schools; now there are 58. The priests have been assisted beyond all calculation

by the Ursuline Sisters who came to the colony ten years before the Jesuits and by the Sisters of Mercy who came in 1898. One cannot measure the contribution to the building of the Church made by the academies, high schools, elementary schools, hospital, leprosarium, orphanages staffed by the Sisters. Another bright note in their missionary work is the development of local vocations to their communities.

At times there seem to be more bicycles in Georgetown than people. It is fascinating to look out the window of the Cathedral Presbytery and see Bishop Weld, formerly the Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana from 1932 to 1953, taking off on a bicycle to do his rounds at the hospitals or to see one of the Fathers from one of the outer parishes come dashing into the yard in a cloud of dust riding a motor-bike. I did not want to complicate the already serious bicycle traffic problem by venturing out myself—it is more than 25 years since I attempted a bike.

The Cathedral Presbytery is a great meeting place for the missionaries who come in, wisely, from their distant stations for occasional visits. Father Wilson-Browne flew in from the Rupununi area down near the border of Dutch Guiana, far back into the country. He did it in an hour and a half, whereas by other modes it would have taken three weeks or so. He returned by plane accompanied by four sheep, two goats, a couple of baskets of live chickens and other supplies needed for his mission.

Father Buckley was down from the Northwest near the Venezuelan border where he maintains the missions among the Caribs and the Spanish Arawak Indians. Much of the travel in that area is by boat and the Indians are masterful boatmen. At the presbytery was Father Keary who had pioneered in the Indian country, writing a vocabulary, grammar and Christian doctrine in the Macushi and Wapishana languages which have been of great value to his successors. He had to give up his post when he was thrown from his horse with a serious injury to his hip.

Even four men with a launch make slow progress in negotiating the Essequibo River in British Guiana. The country has many rather large rivers leading to the naturally rich interior. But the rivers are no solution to the transportation problem because of the many rapids and falls. As a result, 80% of the people are concentrated in the coastal mudlands.



The good Scarborough Fathers from Canada came to the assistance of the English Jesuits in 1953 and now have ten missionaries in the field. One of their stations is at the Reynolds Bauxite development, some 160 miles up the Berbice River. The Father leaves Friday noon on the tug which is pulling the empty barges back to the site, arrives Saturday noon. Then he celebrates evening Mass



British Inf. Services Photo

on Saturday, morning Mass on Sunday and teaches Christian Doctrine. He takes off on the tug Sunday noon with the loaded barges in tow and arrives back in New Amsterdam at the mouth of the river on Monday.

Catholics constitute about one tenth of the population of the colony. Efforts are being made to invigorate the laity through Christopher programs and the

Sword of the Spirit. The general apathy of the country naturally would extend beyond the political and economic spheres. It is a period of transition for the colony and that affects the Church. Plans have to be very flexible. British Guiana is a difficult mission territory, almost depressing. On that account the progress which the Church has made is the more noteworthy.



“I ONCE BOUGHT a camera,” said the Ancient Missionary apropos of nothing at all, “which was supposed to be fool-proof. The veriest idiot, according to the manufacturer, could take perfect pictures with it, but I proved him completely wrong.

“I have never been much of a photographer,” the old man went on, “but I love good pictures and the ones I like best in *Jesuit Missions* are photographs that show foreign and native-born missionaries working together.”

Innocent, casual chit-chat? Not at all. The Ancient Missionary had something on his mind, and it soon came to light. He has been reading and pondering the Holy Father’s most recent encyclical on the missions, *Fidei Donum*, and today he wanted to talk about missions where

local clergy are numerous.

“Lots of people seem to have the notion,” he said, “that once the local hierarchy is established the work of the missions is over. That may be the case, to be sure, but most often it is nothing of the sort. As soon as can be, Holy Mother Church wants native-born bishops to rule their own people, but in practically every instance the local bishop finds that he cannot carry on the work of the Church without the aid of foreign missionaries.”

The Ancient Missionary was right. The Holy Father had said in his encyclical, “At a time when the establishment of the hierarchy might erroneously lead one to believe that the missionary activity is at a point of termination, more than ever the ‘care of all the churches’



# Window on the Mission World

Side by side the foreign missionary  
and the local missionary labor to  
bring the Church to strong maturity

of the vast African continent fills Our soul with anxiety.”

In other words, the fact that a mission area is made a diocese or an archdiocese, ruled by a native-born successor of the Apostles and served by many local priests, does not mean that the area is no longer a mission. As long as the Church is not firmly and permanently established there, it remains a mission.

Today, more than ever before in mission history, we see foreign missionaries working side by side with native-born missionaries. The most heartening development of all is the establishment of local hierarchies in many parts of the mission world. It is the clearly expressed desire of the Holy Father that missionaries from abroad continue to assist the local bishops and priests as long as their

cooperation is needed.

This pattern of cooperation between foreign and native-born missionaries will soon be commonplace. It is a normal and essential phase in the growth of any local church to maturity. We at home, whose obligation it is to back our missionaries abroad, may have to shift mental gears in thinking of what makes a “mission.” A mission is quite simply a place where the Church is not yet firmly and permanently established, where help from abroad is still needed.

In the near future more and more American missionaries will be working side by side with many local priests and under native-born bishops. They will be “missionaries” every bit as much as others who pioneer in areas where there are no native-born priests.

Now we know what the Ancient Missionary had in mind. He was merely thinking with the Church, being up-to-date, even as She is.



Home for a visit after 10 years in the South Pacific, a New Yorker describes his jump from the Bronx to a tropical farm

# New Yorker's Return

HUGH F. COSTIGAN S.J.

**A**BOUT ALL I CAN SAY after returning from ten years on a Pacific Island is that my feet hurt (I've been wearing sandals for ten years)—my collar itches—and I can't understand where all the autos are racing—to say nothing of the pedestrians dodging them.

It has been a wonderful ten years and one look at me will convince anyone that life on the islands can be healthy. Some months ago Jesuit Missions magazine printed a picture of me—taken unexpectedly—needing a haircut. I had many letters bemoaning my haggard look which really was nothing more than being half asleep.

Now when friends see me their first exclamation is: "You don't look sick!" To which I can only reply: "Who said I was?"

Seriously though, it has been a happy ten years in which I learned many simple facts. For instance, if you place one brick on another, and keep going, soon you have a house or a church. Of course, it isn't always easy to get the bricks so we learned to make them.

Like many another, I went to Ponape ten years ago, prepared to set the island on its feet. Perhaps the hardest lessons of all are those of the first year: realizing it isn't New York—and New York methods aren't much use. (What a blessing that is when you understand.)

I found a simple island people—with no knowledge of nor interest in our life—and over a period of years I think they taught me as much as I taught them. Our relations have been happy—after a stormy and frustrating first year. And today



I am, I feel, at least part Ponapean in my understanding of and observance of their ways of life.

To them the tribe and the family are all important. Money means little and is saved or earned only for an immediate object—like a new piece of cloth—or, now and then, a small outboard motor (the inroads of the west—a blessing; because of them, I now run a clinic for ailing outboard motors!).

To the Ponapean, security and old age are assured in land and children. With these, he is certain that his life will be content until death. He has had the experience of four governments controlling his life—the Spanish, Germans, Japanese, and now the United States.

Each administration has urged him to think of his future and save money. Each time he did, his money has been swept away in the ruins of war. Today, he holds to his ancient formula—God gave the land for food, the sea for fish, and children for comfort and care. Do we have a better formula?

As the years passed and I grew in understanding of language and customs, I found myself more and more accepted by the people—as teacher, priest, and general handy man. I have been taken into the tribal life and given a title—“Lepen Mor.” This has its advantages in that I receive the left hind leg of the largest pig at all feasts—and its disadvantages in that I am called upon to first provide the pig—as befits a chief!

Seriously, it has helped my work as a priest, for from infancy children are raised to a great reverence of their chiefs and this extra respect, added to the dignity of the priesthood, has taken away, in great part, the difficulty every foreign missionary experiences of being considered “foreign.”

In recent years, Superiors have seen fit to turn me into a farmer—from the Bronx to a tropical farm is in no sense a simple leap. And even the New York Fire Department and Police Emergency Division, who tutored me in many of their trades in 1947, gave no instruction in raising coconuts or inoculating pigs.

Back in 1953 we figured our work

would bear better results spiritually if we could help the people economically. And, this in turn they wanted. So having land, I embarked on a cacao plantation and an animal farm. Now cacao we felt would be a seasonable crop not requiring daily attention. The Ponapean has too much concern for family and tribal feasts and ceremonies to be tied to a five-day, 40 hour week. When he has to work he can leave me limp with fatigue trying to keep up to him. But he doesn't feel that he has to work every day, or even every week.

By the way, I'd better mention that “cacao trees” produce cocoa and chocolate—lest anyone think I am planning to put our local “creme de cacao” bottlers out of business.



Our plantation, started as a model, has grown to almost 10,000 trees. Our nurseries have issued thousands of seedlings to the people for their own planting. On all my missionary trips, I visit and advise on their care of the trees. I wouldn't want you to think me an expert in this short time, but I find the people anxious for whatever help I can give and after all the years, they do have confidence. If it fails maybe I'll be looking for another island on which to pass my declining years—perhaps fishing! At least not in agriculture.

Next year we hope to market our first crop and I am going to Costa Rica for a month or so as a guest of the United Fruit Company to observe their processing methods.

On my return, probably in October, I want to start building a first class agricultural and vocational school on the plantation. This, we, the Ponapeans and I, have felt we must have for the young men. I am told they would cost about \$100,000 in the U. S.

Being an old hand at salvaging materials, infesting scrap yards and a charter member of many "Do It Yourself" Clubs—I know I can build it for less than \$20,000. If you say the amount quickly, it doesn't sound quite so big, does it? And as the Islanders say, maybe next year the fishing will be better!

Father Costigan found that his work would bear better spiritual results if he could help the people economically: he now runs a cacao plantation and an animal farm.



# The Pope's Mission Intention

## INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER: THAT MISSION VOCATIONS MAY INCREASE AMONG THE YOUTH OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

DEPICTED ON THE coat of arms of the Archdiocese of Manila is a medieval tower, an interpretation of Psalm 60 where God Himself is described as a "Tower of Strength against the enemy." Today we could easily call the Philippine people a tower of strength for the Church in the Far East against the enemy. Almost nine hundred million people live in the Far East and of that number only some 24 million are Catholic and of the Catholics over seventeen million are Filipinos.

This would seem to be a most consoling fact. Indeed, the Philippine Republic is the only Catholic nation in the Orient. But the picture is not quite as consoling as it appears. Today there are just under three thousand priests in the Philippine Islands. Some two thousand are engaged in exclusively parochial or missionary work and the balance concentrate their efforts on administrative and educational work. In fact this means that for every priest there are nine thousand Catholics in his flock. Actually, because of the distribution of priests throughout the Islands, in some areas a priest must care for as many as eighteen or twenty thousand souls.

Normally the Church would depend heavily upon a Catholic nation in a pagan area of the world for missionaries. But the Philippines must care for its own acute need first. When that need is filled, then we can look for a growth

of Filipino missionaries.

For the month of November, Our Holy Father recommends as the intention for the Apostleship of Prayer an increase in vocations among the Filipino youth. The reason for his plea is obvious—the need is acute, desperate. Changes have taken place in the Philippines in many ways in the last half century. Politically this young nation has taken a prominent place in the world of nations. Independent, young and vigorous, it has left no doubt in the minds of the other nations of the East that its future is bright, hopeful. The same spirit can be noted in the Catholics of the Islands. Almost 2,500 young men are now preparing for the priesthood in seminaries at home and overseas. In recent years a few Filipino Missionaries have been sent to Japan and Indonesia. A deep apostolic interest in the work of the Church in the East and their place in that work is noticeable everywhere. Yet so much remains to be done, so many more vocations are needed.

As we look ahead, there is certainly a great place for this young Republic and these people in the future of the Church. Here alone Communism has been faced and conquered. Here alone is there hope that one day the utter darkness of heresy, materialism, Communism may be dispelled in the East. But we, as Our Holy Father has asked, must pray day by day that God will grant more graces of vocation and that the Filipino youth will respond to that grace with the same responsive hearts, aflame with love of God, that inspired the Irish missionaries through the centuries.

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EDITORIAL OFFICES, 45 EAST 78th STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



# I Love Pat-Pat...

JOSEPH REITH S.J.

**P**AT-PAT, indeed, is only a very small barrio along the Sayre Highway that crosses the Province of Bukidnon, in the Philippines. It lies just outside the shade of the surrounding hills and mountains; and cold winds and mountain storms blow down upon it.

*(Continued)*

The people are poor—very poor. The fields and the hills, impoverished by years of drainage and unscientific farming, yield a minimum—*Kamotes*, a kind of sweet potato; *Kamoteng Kahoy*, which is nothing more than pure starch; and other rude root plants that give a sense of fullness to the stomach, but nothing nourishing to the body. I asked one of the inhabitants what they have for food; “We scrounge like rats,” she told me. And that is precisely how they live.

Two years ago there was not a professing Catholic in the place. I would stop some children along the way and ask them what is their religion. The question would sort of stump them, and all they would answer was “Religion?” and the question mark seemed rather large. So I sent in my best catechist, and week after week and day after day she worked with them until she had them building a crude church for me. It was very crude. So crude, in fact, that I could scarcely say Mass in it. Dark, windy, crowded. But grace had touched the hearts of the people and that is the important thing.

I promised them that if they remained faithful, I would build them a decent church. And I have done so, and they have done so. Today, after baptizing the children and also the adults, and marrying the adults who have been living for years in crude, almost animal reproductive life, I have one of the grandest little Catholic barrios, with devout, sincere and grateful people.

But this month, a crisis has come upon them. All over the East the flu is raging; and one night when I sent down the Mt. Carmel Illustrated Catechetical Unit to give them a lecture on the Life of Christ, the team came back to tell me that many of the people of the barrio were sick of the flu, or, if it was not the flu, it was the result of drinking badly polluted water. I knew it was the latter. I have long been urging the Government to put an artesian well into the place for the good of the people who have only a distant, dirty well.

My first impulse was to inform the health authorities; but they seem to give

more advice than medicine, so I determined to organize my own first aid.

The N.C.W.C. had just sent over a very large amount of rice given by the generous Catholics of America. I had not yet received my share for distribution, but I borrowed a sack of the rice from another Father; and with a case of canned fish and ten big cans of pure water, and accompanied by Sister Bellarmine C.S.J., who is in charge of our local dispensary, I set out for Pat-pat. Never before in my years in the Philippines had I distributed water as a medium of charity to the poor.

When we got there, the people had already been assembled by the mother of the girl who had been my original catechist in the place; and I can say they were a forlorn-looking lot.

The barrio lieutenant was the saddest of all: he had a serious case of the flu, and had infected his whole family of six. He was deadly afraid of an injection (I don't blame him; so am I). Sister had over thirty patients of all sizes and conditions. One family of five got injected with an expensive States remedy and in return gave Sister ten centavos—less than three cents in your money.

I dispensed the rice and the fish and the water. Some of the people had not tasted rice for weeks, nor corn; only what they could “scrounge.”

“How did you get sick?” I asked the barrio lieutenant.

“Without food I went into my field and worked until noon; then I had my breakfast.” And he is an honest man. Most of the people eat only two meals a day.

I finally have my share of the rice from America—twenty-five sacks of one hundred pounds each. But what is that for a whole parish including those of other creeds and beliefs? And what is the reward of Sister Bellarmine and myself? It is the shy, almost surreptitious approach of the people who come to me to say—“Thank you, Father.”

To my many benefactors in America, shyly I say—“Thank you: God bless you,” and the people of Pat-pat and the other barrios join me in that.



**The  
Children's Friend**



I wouldn't say for a moment that you are misinterpreting Saint Thomas, Father, but . . .

**Y**OUNGSTERS may not be much on formal logic, but when it comes to intuition they are often expert. Somehow, they know who loves them; and they know how to love in return.

A missionary is in fact, if not in strict definition, the children's friend. If one were to try to pick a typical picture of a typical missionary, the winner would almost certainly show a big crowd of youngsters grinning up at a priest. The fact that he is a foreigner means little or nothing to them. If he makes funny mistakes in their language, they know he

will not be stuffy about it but will giggle when they giggle.

One of the most pleasant trials of the missionary's life is to try to shake off, at least for a while, the crowd of children who follow him everywhere. There are things that have to be done, and one can't talk to children always.

Just as we cannot picture Our Lord as aloof to the children He loved, so we cannot imagine a missionary who is not the children's friend. May the small ones come, now and always, to the representative of the child's Best Friend.

# The Children's Friend



I'll bet you this one will be the best layer of the whole lot . . .

I didn't really break the window, Father—it sort of just broke . . .



# Formosa Diary

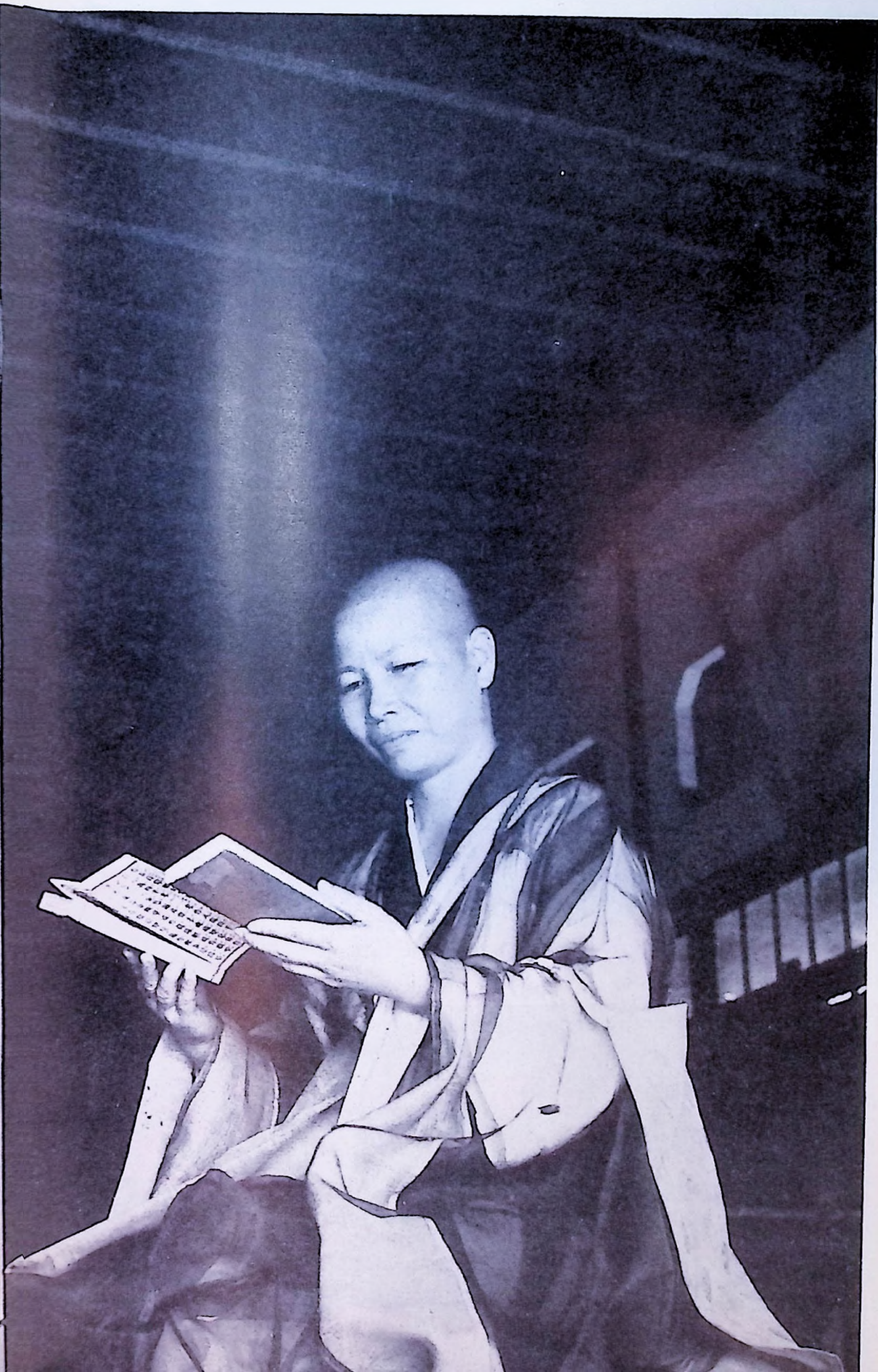
**September 28:** My first day in China . . . a grammar school dream come true at last! What a strange new world. But the strangeness soon wears off. One veteran missionary told me that when you are in China a day you can write a book; when you are here for a month you can manage an article: but after a year—"Well, what is there to write about?" I'd better put my "first impressions" on paper before I become completely Orientated.

**October 1:** Almost any time of the day I can hear the discordant blending of laughing children with rumbling cannon, the clop-clop of wooden-sandaled hucksters peddling their wares on the same street as marching soldiers, roaring jets over peaceful rice paddies. This whole incongruous medley of people, noises and things gives our "Mission by the Bamboo Curtain" an extra dash of spice and adventure . . . But the ordinary Chinese seems too busy raising his rice and sugar crops for Formosa's teeming ten millions to be aware or care about the Red menace just five jet minutes away.

**October 3:** The poultry population here must be on daylight-saving time; they anticipate the dawn by about an hour. Maybe it's the infinite

strings of firecrackers—set off "any ol' time" to scare away ghosts—that wakes them . . . We have a two-story private "home" for our Language School. My room overlooks the backyard of a house containing seven families and at least twice that many children. Two of the tykes are singing—a bit prematurely—"Jingle Bells" in Chinese now . . . If you want to break the nail-biting habit come to Hsinchu—the Chicago of the Far East. Fingernails and teeth become grimy with the constant dust that ever-present winds whirl around. I keep my windows open to get a breeze but must suffer the consequences—my room becomes a tunnel of dust . . . Every night at 5:30 o'clock our block is covered by a smokescreen. It is just the housewives preparing their "smudge pot" stoves for supper. I think the stuff they use for fuel must be nine parts solidified smoke . . . My springless bed (with net and mosquitos to match) didn't give me much sleep the first few nights but I've finally found a comfortable niche.

**October 6:** This morning I threaded my way through a swarm of coolie-drawn carts, chickens, pedicabs, and bicycles (everyone, including the bishop, rides one) to do a little shopping. What a maze of streets and alleys is Hsinchu! And the gutters! Some



of them are over 3 feet deep. It rains. After skirting a Buddhist temple I finally stumbled into the heart of the city throbbing with the exertion of bustling merchants, hawking peddlers, and haggling housewives. Laid out on one street you see rice and various foods acquiring the tire and foot dust of passers-by. Down another dusty street you see racks and racks of noodles out to dry. Several workers leisurely untangle the noodle knots by drawing the stringy stuff between their toes. And here are all the city's open air food and merchandise markets. It is in these inelegant 8 x 8 foot stalls that China carries on its business . . . I feel like a fugitive from a freak show every time I walk down Hsinchu's streets. The wholesale staring isn't so bad but when a chorus of children vocalize the dumb stares into shouts of "da bidz" I begin to feel a little self-conscious. "Da bidz," spoken more in wonder than derision (I think), is the epithet we foreigners merit, because by Chinese standards, our noses are prodigious. Roughly translated it means, "Why, what a big nose you have!" While the kiddies shout and point, the older folks just gape unabashed. On the way home I stopped at an intersection to watch a puppet show. The audience found my "da bidz" of more interest than the performance for row after row turned around to stare silently until I began to feel like Cyrano de Bergerac or a misplaced Durante. I ducked around a corner wishing my nose was as small as I felt.

**October 9:** When I woke up this morning and put on my glasses things were fuzzier than usual. Closer investigation showed that during the night my lens had served as a maternity ward for an insect that should receive some kind of "Mother of the Year" award. There were over a hundred eggs laid out carefully and covered with several layers of light brown fuzz . . . Today must be "B-Day" judging from the number of bugs that are introducing themselves. Besides the oodles of ordinary mosquitos, spiders, moths, ants and flies, we have a healthy breed of roaches, finger-long grasshoppers, spiders with a five-inch leg span, and—in keeping with the religious spirit of our house—a praying mantis. One of the jumbo-sized spiders waltzed into my room last night. Another scholastic and I tried to catch him but he was too fast. My imagination had him crawling over me all night . . . These bugs get into everything. A Chinese scholastic once picked out some long-legged beastie from his rice and remarked in all seriousness, "These kind have a wine flavor." A connoisseur! . . . I'm getting tired of killing insects. Why bother. They're harmless and I'm hopelessly outnumbered anyway. Besides, I have a pet lizard who patrols the walls and keeps the pest situation under control.

**October 12:** "But I don't want my ears washed," I tried to explain to the lady barber with my week's worth of Chinese. When you

The novelty of Formosa will soon disappear for the author, who regards it as his home.



ask for a haircut in China it's liable to become a major face-lifting operation. Ordinarily, it involves not only a haircut, but a face and hair washing, a shave, a massage, and an earwashing to boot; all of which adds up to about an hour, and three American cents. And, of course, the lady barber with the featherlike touch had a proverb for the occasion: "The longer it takes, the better the job."

**October 15:** Bus-ride: Gazing on the living travelogue was better than any movie. In the relative privacy of a country-bound bus I could see the endless stream of bare-foot children on the way to school, women trotting to morning market burdened with shoulder poles of rice and vegetables, oldsters with their venerable beards and long black gowns, little sisters carrying littler brothers on their backs, peddlers each with his special cry, harvesters and ox-drawn plows—all against the rich rice paddy background that is Formosa. I even saw some women plasterers and hod carriers: However they keep their femininity even in dirty overalls, for arms, legs, and faces are carefully covered to keep their skin unblemished and attractive. At every bus stop peddlers sold bananas (57 varieties! I'm told), steamed bread, candies, etc., through the windows. The people on board were a very vivacious and friendly sort and it was nice to be taken for granted among them . . .

**October 17:** Chinese chow is good (Thank God I like rice—three times a day) but why do they put kidney beans in the pudding? The ordinary beverage is water or tea . . . after the bugs have been duly boiled to death . . . A Chinese banquet may have anywhere from four to twenty-four courses. But, to the foreigner, the idea of a Chinese menu is often linked with such weird dishes as snake meat, cat soup, dove's blood, new-born mice dipped in boiling honey, etc. Such dishes, though not altogether legendary, are by no means as common as some

suspect. But such delicacies as shark fin, swallow's nest, and sea slugs are essentials on every epicurean's table. Dishes more likely to tickle the western palate are beef with oyster sauce, sweet and sour pork melting in any number of savory sauces, Peiping roast duck, or Canton chicken cooked in vegetable marrow. The bowls of food remain in the center of the table and everyone dips in with his chop-sticks . . . the beginner with a pardonable amount of slip and drip. I found handling chop-sticks for the first time was something like trying to use a pair of stilts to pick up a pin. Drinking begins early and continues until the inevitable bowl of rice is brought out. This is the sacred sign to get down to business.

**October 25:** This afternoon I visited the home of one of our Catholic Chinese. Ju Han Wen's entire income comes from checking and repairing the third motor on a B-24 that lands in Hsinchu once a week. This "house," which he shares with his aged mother (his fiancée is trapped in Red China), consists of one all-purpose bamboo room, newspaper-covered ceiling, three stools, two beds, a table, and clay floor. Mr. Ju is learning English so that he can help us struggling students of Chinese more. He patiently bears our horrible pronunciation and sentence structure, insisting all the while that we speak like natives (of what country?). We had a drink (hot water) and it was obvious that the little they had was mine; in fact, even what they didn't have, since they insisted on buying some oranges for me. Their hospitality was touching. These are the people I have the pleasure of working with and for.

**October 28:** My first anniversary in Formosa (one month)! I have never been happier. Syau Chen, one of our catechists, is making the most life-like statues for the Christmas Crib out of ordinary clay; symbolic, in a way, of God's human hands, our priests, who patiently mold the likeness of Christ out of the poor human clay that is China.

# REPORT

FATHER WILLIAM T. WOOD S.J.

*Director, Philippine,  
Caroline-Marshall Mission*



WHEN A JESUIT missionary arrives in the Philippine Islands he will very likely hear these words over and over again from veteran missionaries: "Hinay-hinay basta kanunay!" These words of a Filipino dialect can be translated roughly by our phrase: "Make haste slowly, slowly."

Actually, I suppose, no more wise advice could be given to missionaries anywhere in the world. The wisdom of the words is the wisdom of the Church and applies as much to the whole mission effort of the Church as it does to the anxious zeal of a new missionary.

The work of our Jesuit missionaries of the Philippine, Caroline and Marshall Islands is a prime example of making haste slowly and building solidly.

Almost five hundred American Jesuits are scattered over two and a half million square miles of the Pacific. From a mere handful some 35 years ago beginning work in Manila, they have spread out in every direction. Their apostolate has grown into a network of every type of missionary endeavor. Today their greatest effort is concentrated on education and a system of schools from primary grades to university level is the core of the effort. Jesuits in the Philippines staff two universities, six col-

leges, seven high schools and three seminaries. From these schools come the vocations to the priesthood and the sisterhoods, as well as the lay leaders, who will one day make it unnecessary to send foreign missionaries.

Even in the scattered Carolines and Marshalls, the schools, which guarantee the future of the Church and vocations, are a primary effort. Almost concomitant with a new mission station is the birth of a new—even if very small—school.

For these Jesuits of the Pacific the greatest need is certainly prayer for vocations. Their expansion demands an immediate growth of missionary manpower. Father Hugh Costigan, for example, is now planning an Agricultural Institute at Ponape to help the Marshallese and Carolinians build a more solid economy. The task of collecting funds to build such a school is, indeed, important. But when the school is built, the most pressing need will be for more missionaries to carry on this work. Father Costigan well knows that saying "Hinay-hinay basta kanunay" from his years in the Philippines.

He and our other missionaries are patient for everything except prayers for more missionaries. Would you blame them for being impatient?



## *When a Man Needs Help...*

He prays. Above is Father Hugh Costigan, of Ponape. His story is on page 9, and he tells it cheerfully. But it takes more than cheer to raise the \$20,000 he needs. It takes help. Will you answer Father's prayer, at least in part? Send \$5, \$10, or whatever you can to

**JESUIT MISSIONS** 45 East 78 Street, New York 21

WILLIAM C. DIBB S.J.

# If I Had

"GIVE US TWELVE more Brothers," exclaimed an Alaskan missionary recently, "and we will win the vast majority of Alaska natives for Christ!" On the face of it this is a pretty broad statement. Too broad? I don't think so. Although priests are needed as the channel through which flows salvation by means of the sacraments, scarcely less necessary in the divine economy of mission life is the Brother, the Hands of Christ. Fully a religious consecrated by the three vows, the Jesuit Brother occupies a truly strategic position in the over-all plan for the saving of souls. His very rule of life states that he must labor not only for his own salvation, but for the salvation of others as well. Indeed, the missionary

Brother fills an active and direct role in answering the call "to go forth and teach all nations."

Let's take a look at some of the tremendous work that the Brothers are doing. At St. Mary's there is the incomparable team of Brother Robert Benish S.J. and Brother Albert Perri S.J. Their Superior, Father Paul O'Connor S.J., a veteran of 27 years in the North, has this to say about his Brothers: "The task of providing a home and an education for 150 children would be almost impossible, were it not for Brothers Benish and Perri." And it didn't take me long to see why this is true. Brother Benish is the prefect of over 60 boys, ages 6 to 22, which means that he is father and mother all in one; I'll leave to your



Varied talents employed constantly under all conditions is the mark of the missionary Brother. No exception is Bro. Francis Fox who along with his uncle Fr. John Fox S.J. has spent many years in the testing Alaska missions. Finding enough wood in the barren north to warm an orphanage, convent, rectory and church—and that for ten years—failed to tire Bro. Fox of Holy Cross Mission.

# Twelve Brothers...

imagination all that this job entails. Who's the Postmaster at St. Mary's? Brother Benish. Who operates the radio station? Brother Benish. Who teaches the radio class for the boys? Brother Benish! But let's not forget Brother Perri. St. Mary's has a large river boat, the Sifton, the workhorse of the lower Yukon. The skipper is Brother Perri, who must know unerringly the deviating channel of the huge river. It gets cold in Northern Alaska, so St. Mary's has a fine big boiler and heating system. Brother Perri is the engineer. There are a couple of trucks and a tractor of quite ancient vintage—Brother Al says, "If they weren't all shot, we wouldn't have 'em!"—and Brother Perri keeps them rolling. A fairly large village has grown up around the beautiful new Mission. Brother Perri is in charge of maintaining peace and prosperity therein, and this he accomplishes by well conducted meetings and by other close contact with the village folk.

The Land of the Midnight Sun is the home of other Jesuit Brothers. The Dean of all Alaska missionaries, Brother John Hess S.J., continues to put in a good day's work at the new Mission in Copper Valley. Brother, whose experiences would fill many a volume, will tell you, with a twinkle in his eye, that he is not certain whether it was 1915 or 1914 that he arrived. You see, it was very late on New Year's Eve. This is incidental . . . The important thing is that Brother has never left the territory since that dark and icy night 42 years ago. Also attached to the Copper Valley Mission is Brother George Feltes S.J., who spends most of his time in Anchorage, Alaska's largest city, where he expedites vast quantities of material for the Mission still under construction. The dispatch with which he has kept his trucks rolling winter and summer has earned for him the praise of those acquainted with

shipping conditions in the rugged North. But such efficiency is not unusual for Brother. Airplane pilot, perfectionist in the machine shop, and expert radio operator, George Feltes is an excellent example of the versatility in skill that a Jesuit Brother can achieve.

In Fairbanks, the heart of the golden North, Brother Charles Wickart S.J. and Brother Aloysius Laird S.J. are custodians of the grade and high school operated by the energetic parish of the Immaculate Conception. Both Brother Wickart and Brother Laird have spent around 25 years at various stations of the Yukon River, Bering Coast, and Seward peninsula.

Next we take a 700-mile trip down the Yukon to Holy Cross where we find Brother Francis Fox S.J. and Brother Ignatius Jakes S.J. assisting Father John Fox S.J. Brother Jakes, who pronounced his final vows in the Society of Jesus last Feast of the Assumption, is the first Eskimo to become a full fledged Jesuit. Brother Fox, Father's nephew, had the tremendous job of keeping the wood plentiful, during the last ten years that Holy Cross maintained the large boarding school now transferred to Copper Valley in southeastern Alaska.

In a short article such as this it is impossible to do justice to our Brothers, and I can just see some of them scoffing good-naturedly at the Cheechako who even would try to delve into such a thing as the Brothers' intricate relationship of work and the love of God. After all, spiritual writers never cease to bring out new lights on the enigma that is the hidden life of the Holy Family at Nazareth. And just as Mary and Joseph achieved the heights of sanctity in that forgotten village, so our Brothers obtain their hearts' desires busying themselves at the thousand and one tasks of mission life in the isolated and humble villages of Alaska's endless interior.

In Yoro a mechanic gambled  
against a missionary, and...

# The Mechanic Lost

REV. JOSEPH D. WADE S.J.

I DON'T KNOW quite why it was that I took so much interest in Hermenegildo. He was not an impressive looking person, but somehow from the beginning he attracted my attention. The first time you looked into his face you couldn't help but think, here is a man with brains, and the more you talked to him the more you saw this. So I said to myself, this is a man worth fighting for.

You see, Hermenegildo is an Indian, a Jicaque, about thirty years old, married and the father of two children. He lives far up in the mountains in a large village named Chililinga, by the rippling waters of the Quiyamil.

"Hermenegildo, I am very grateful to you for finding the short circuit. But where in the world did you become such a fine mechanic?"

"Ten years ago, Padre," he said, "the highway came through these mountains, and the trucks and jeeps started rolling over these hills to Yoro and the towns beyond. I got a job on a truck as loader, but I watched every time something was to be fixed. Then Don Pedro gave me a chance to be assistant to one of his mechanics who was a good teacher."

I spoke cautiously. "Hermenegildo, you have done me a favor, so I should like to do one for you. I have noticed that during my many visits here to Chililinga you have not come to Mass."

He laughed and said, "Now, Padre, I am a Catholic but I am not a fanatic. You noticed, I suppose, that I was in the Procession last Good Friday. I sometimes go to the church when there is a baptism or a marriage. I am not a religious fanatic, but when I have an urge to go to church I do so. I do not get drunk and I do not do anyone any harm, so I know the Lord is satisfied with me."

I had met this state of mind many





Unless you are very certain of your values, you should never make a wager with Fr. Wade.

times before, and, in a country where a very tiny portion of the men go to church on Sundays, I had failed most of the time to persuade them to change their ways. I had a strong feeling that I was going to fail with Hermenegildo also. But a thought occurred to me.

"Hermenegildo, I know that you need a number of mechanic's tools very badly. I will make you a proposition. If you will agree to make a three-day retreat under my direction, I will fill out the tools you need if you can continue to stay away from Sunday Mass after the retreat is over."

Hermenegildo was puzzled. "What is this retreat you speak of, Padre?"

"I will not tell you what it is except that during three days you will let me talk to you as much as I like."

"Oh, I see, three days of sermons."

"Well, not all day, Hermenegildo, but a good deal of the day. And you will have to do anything I tell you to do."

"Well, what are you going to tell me to do, Padre?"

"That I will not tell you now."

"Well, Padre, I know you will not tell me to do anything bad. Are you serious? Will you give me the tools—all I need—and that providing only I continue to stay away from Mass as I do now? Dios mio, Padre, that sounds like the best proposition I ever heard of. Say,

I'll take you up on that."

The next week on Thursday night at seven o'clock I had Hermenegildo sitting before me for his first talk.

"Hermenegildo, for three days you will not be allowed to talk to anyone, not even one word, unless it's absolutely necessary."

"What, Padre, I can't talk for three days? Well, I am walking out on this proposition right now."

"O.K. Hermenegildo, but no tools."

For a long minute Hermenegildo sat and looked at me. Then I knew that the first battle had been won. "O.K. Padre, I will try."

"Good. Now, Hermenegildo, the retreat is a time when one must be alone with God."

During a rather long talk Hermenegildo sat in deep attention. At the end he arose, smiled and said, "Well, Padre, so far I am getting my tools."

"Ah, but the retreat is not over yet, Hermenegildo."

The days passed quietly by. Hermenegildo sat before me, sometimes restless, but most of the time he was apparently in deep thought. I watched various emotions pass over his face. "Hermenegildo, you are not in this world to repair jeeps and to provide for your family, but to serve God."

"The angels sinned—

"Personal sin must be punished—

"Hell is for those who die in mortal sin unrepentant."

Hermenegildo was intelligent. I could see his mind gripping the truths that had converted thousands before him.

The talks went on; the days passed. At times my hopes were high; at times I feared that Hermenegildo was escaping me. I prayed. "Saint Ignatius, are you going to allow me to lose poor Hermenegildo?"

Finally, I arrived at the end of the last talk. "Now, Hermenegildo, we have arrived at the end of the retreat. I hope that I have not wasted my time, and I hope that you have really gotten something out of the retreat."

Hermenegildo rose to his feet, smiled a broad smile and said, "Padre, I congratulate you, but you have lost a fine set of tools." With that he turned and walked out of the church. I turned to the Sacred Heart in the tabernacle, "Jesus, this is a profound disappointment, but I did my best for poor Hermenegildo."

The next day was Sunday. I came out into the sanctuary on the way to the first Mass. A great surge of joy swept into my heart. There in the front pew with a mischievous smile on his face sat Hermenegildo.

After Mass he was waiting for me. "Say, Padre, I guess I have lost a fine set of mechanic's tools. But I have a proposition to make you. What if I get my pals into one of these retreats, can I still get the tools?"

My heart jumped with joy. I took Hermenegildo's hand and said, "Hermenegildo, that's a go. You get your buddies into the retreat, and you will get the finest set of tools you ever saw."

Needless to say, Hermenegildo got a fine set of mechanic's tools.

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Before one pushes the middle valve down it is well to use oil, as Father Clarkson discovered.

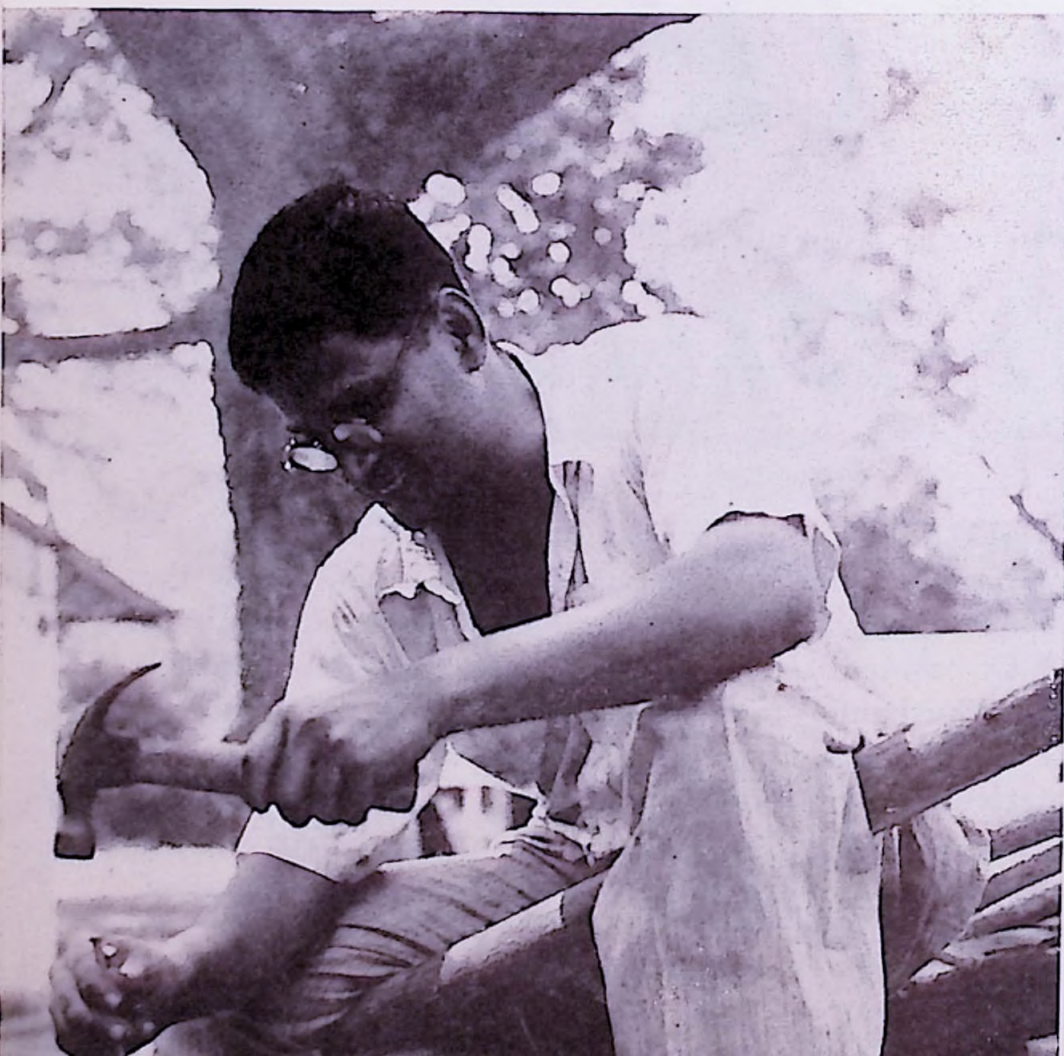
# *What Price Versatility?*

**T**HE LIFE of a priest in some city parish can be a very complex one: he takes care of souls and offers the official sacrifice of the Church and tries to sandwich in C.Y.O. baseball teams, parish bazaars, recalcitrant plumbers, lazy husbands, scholarship-seeking youngsters and juvenile delinquents. On the missions the life of Christ's representatives is even more bewilderingly complex: you worry about building the blocks for the walls of a rectory or church, finding a new business for poor areas, playing the part of an extension school.

## *What Price Versatility?*



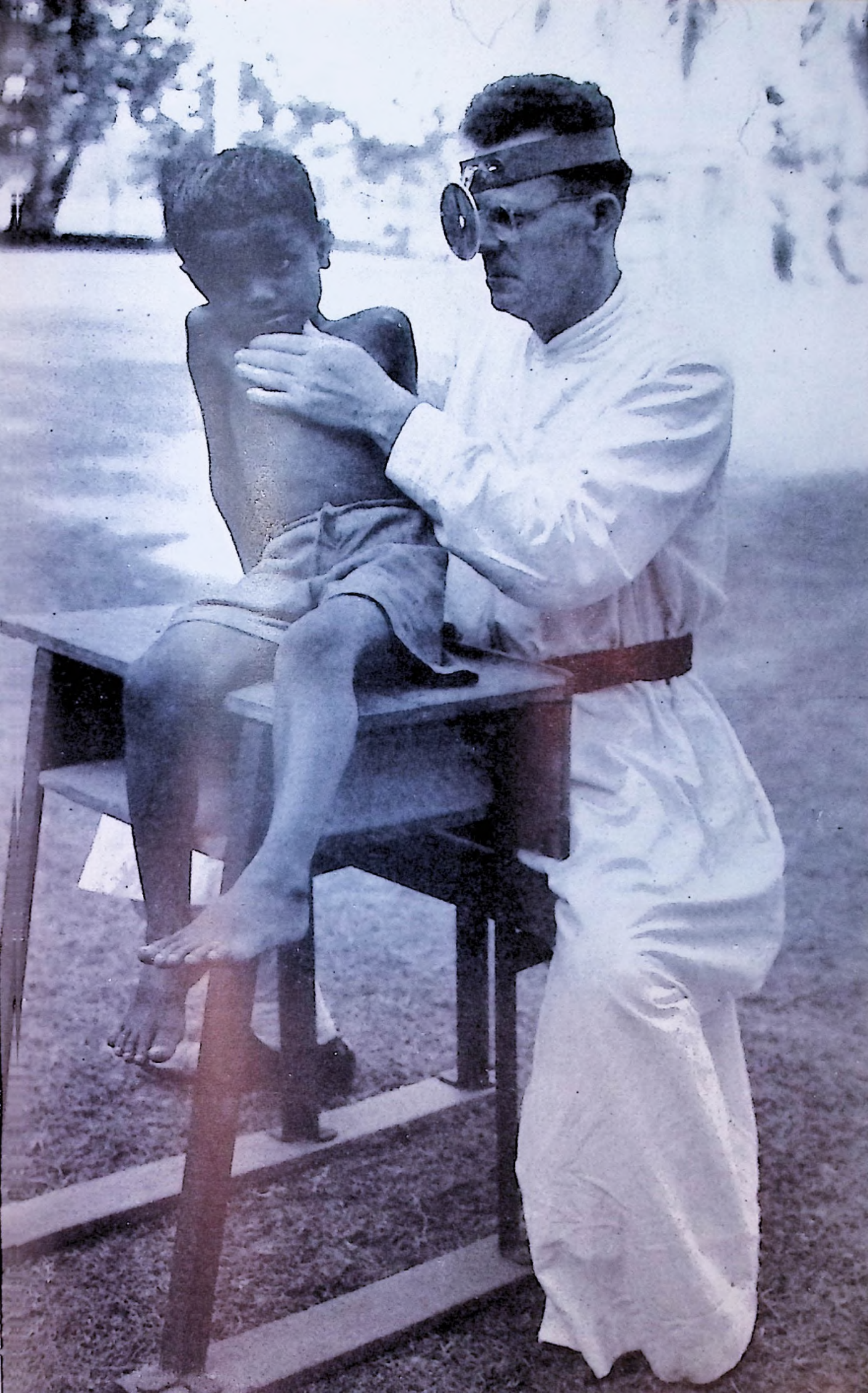
Before a missionary worries about books for his classes, he must often worry about bricks. Construction primers play a major part in missionary education.



"You hit the nail on the head," can be the well-earned praise for a neat theological distinction in some gathering of student theologians. In a gathering of field missionaries it often has a precise, literal sense for a priest or brother who is building the kingdom of God from planks up.



Many missionaries must run their own, informal outpatient departments. A priest might prefer to be teaching something of the mystery of the Trinity, but the charity of Christ can sometimes be more concretely explained by curing ills which no one else, but the missionary, can do.



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



# Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

**Sacred Heart Pictures** have been requested by Father Morgan of Baghdad and Father Daly of Ceylon. Please help spread devotion to the Sacred Heart in these two widely separated missions by supplying pictures to be used for the consecration of families.

Pictures of the Sacred Heart.... .50

**All They Need** is the cloth and the mothers can make the dresses and shirts for their children at Jaluit in the Marshalls. Father Donohue marvels at the sewing ability of the Marshallese but mentions there is a shortage of cloth. He hopes you might be able to help his people.

Cloth for shirt..... .50  
Cloth for dress..... 1.00

**All His Life** as a missionary to the American Indians, Father Zuercher worked to improve the Catholic education of the Sioux. This work will not cease with Father's death but will prosper with the help of his powerful intercession in Heaven. Would you contribute to the "Father Zuercher Memorial"—a Quonset classroom for the 5th and 6th Grades at St. Francis? The cost will be \$3,500 and your contribution of \$1.00 or \$2.00 will make the Memorial a reality.

**The Spread of Communism** in the Malay States is being opposed by young men trained by the Jesuits in the capital city of Kuala Lumpur. This training center is copied from the very successful center in Singapore.

Father Patrick Joy writes that he is in need of money to build a chapel at the new center, and also for the purchase of vestments and altar supplies.

Young Malaysians who train at the center will be most effective anti-communist workers. Please help, if possible, with a contribution to one of these items:

Chapel .....\$1,000.00  
Vestments ..... \$25.00  
Altar Missal ..... \$25.00  
Stations ..... \$7.50

**From the Other** training center at Singapore comes the request for books—used books at the college level. Biography, history, novels are mentioned in particular. If you have books you could spare for the missions, please send them—the Postal rate for books is low—to:

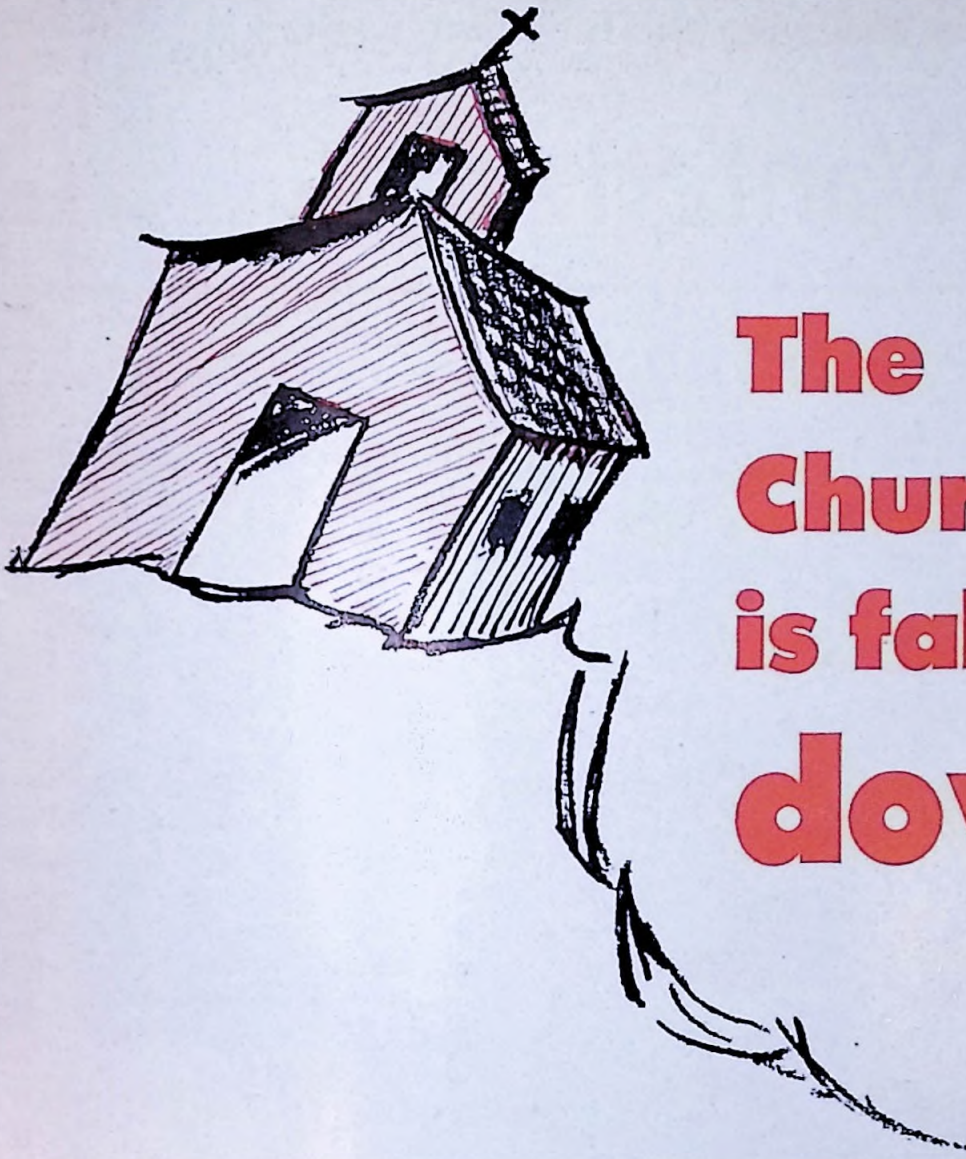
Rev. William Klement, S.J.  
284 Stanyan Street  
San Francisco 18, Calif.

**Three Years Ago** Father Murphy of El Negrito had a canvas top on his jeep. The jeep is doing fine but the top couldn't take the tropical rains and sun. Father needs \$50.00 for a new top for the jeep. Would you please help with a gift of \$1.00?

**At Minas de Oro** Father John Newell has been able to give the Sacred Heart Program in Spanish, and other religious recordings, to the people of his parish.

In order to continue this work, he needs an auxiliary light plant which will cost about \$400.00. This will enable him to continue his broadcasts on religious subjects to his people.

The radio is particularly effective on this mission and you can understand Father Newell's desire to reach as many people as possible. Would you be interested in helping, with a contribution of \$1.00 or \$2.00?



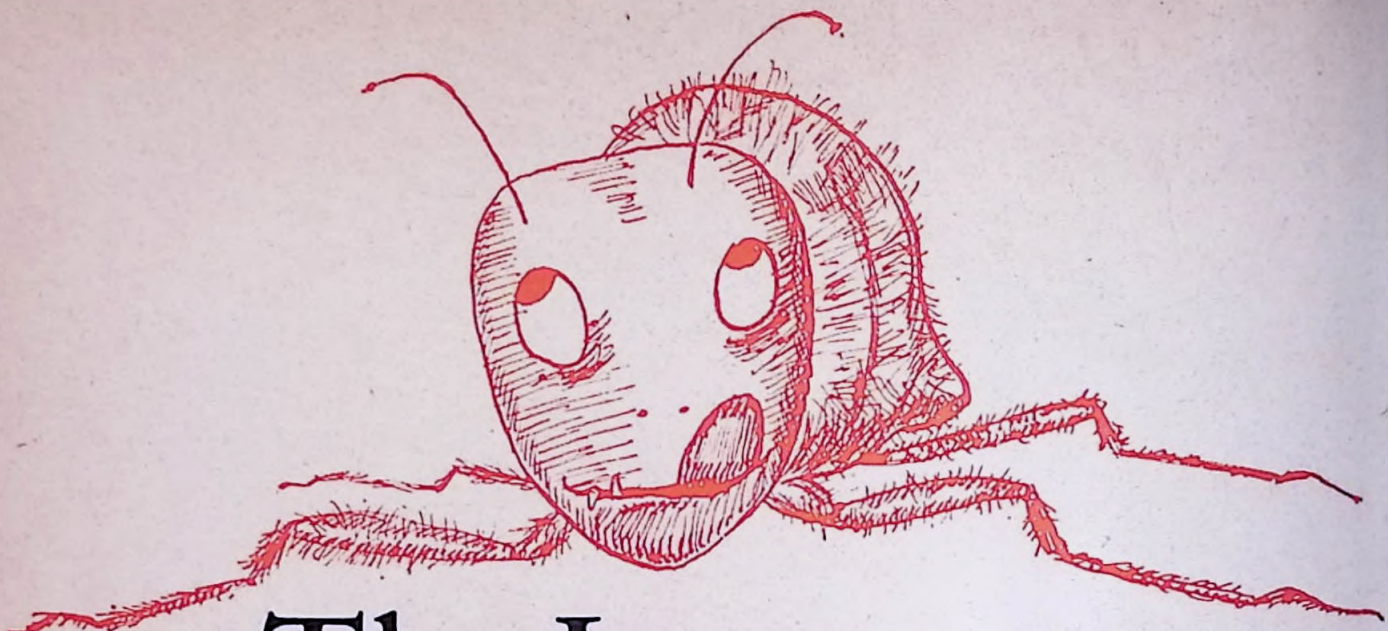
# The Church is falling down!

**F**ATHER WILLIAM McINTYRE, of Kotzebue, Alaska, finds himself pastor of a tottering church. Literally, the building rocks in the wind, and threatens to fall at any moment. Repairs are urgently needed.

Won't you help? \$5, \$10, whatever you can spare, will be gratefully received at

## Jesuit Missions

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



# The Insects

*Lick their chops...*

and grow fat. They find **Father William Moran**, of Colombo, Ceylon, a choice **morsel**. And his books and papers . . . mmm!

Father Moran's house, you **see**, is old and full of inviting cracks. It is in desperate need of repairs, and Father has no money to make them.

Won't you help Father protect his books and papers—and himself—from the voracious insects of Ceylon?

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

**JESUIT MISSIONS**

45 EAST 78 STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.