

# JESUIT MISSIONS

MAY 1960



Shifting currents in the Caribbean

CUBA

HAITI

ANTIGUA

BARBADOS

JAMAICA

MARTINIQUE

TRINIDAD

PUERTO RICO

TORBAHO

ST THOMAS

NASSAU





# JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuit Missioners

Missions assigned to  
the American Jesuits  
by the Pope:

- Baghdad**
- Ceylon**
- Alaska**
- Belize**
- Japan**
- Burma**
- China**
- Caroline Islands**
- Formosa**
- Jamaica**
- Jamshedpur**
- Korea**
- Patna**
- Philippines**
- Marshall Islands**
- Nepal**
- Yoro**
- American Indians**
- Puerto Rico**

May, 1960, Vol. 34, No. 4

ALONG THE FISHERY COAST..... James J. Berna S.J.  
*In the steps of Xavier*..... page 2

THE CARIBBEAN..... Clement J. Armitage S.J.  
*Currents forever shifting*..... page 6

FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR..... Emile A. Bordenave S.J.  
*Ceylon vignette*..... page 15

ECHOES FROM MOLOKAI..... James F. Kearney S.J.  
*Damien the leper still lives*..... page 20

FUJISAN..... Lawrence W. Beer S.J.  
*Japan's sacred mountain*..... page 24

PIGS, PICKLE JARS AND PRAYERS..... William J. Sheehan S.J.  
*Jamaican chamber of wonders*..... page 26

MIRACLES IN THE KITCHEN..... John J. Morris S.J.  
*Living high in Alaska*..... page 28

## STAFF

Editor, *Calvert Alexander*

Managing Editor, *Clement J. Armitage*

Associate Editors, *Kurt Becker, Leo Birney, Thomas J. M. Burke, Cecil H. Chamberlain, Edward S. Dunn, Edward L. Murphy*

Business Editor, *Coleman A. Daily*

Business Office, 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

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

Mother and Child (left) in a world apart, the two-fold  
brightness which all the shadows of earth cannot veil.  
Every missionary carries a similar miniature of these  
Two in his heart and each day of labor and suffering is  
another chapter in the love story of his life.

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 45 East 78th St., New York 21, N. Y., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Second Class Postage Paid at New York, N. Y.



This was the field where Xavier toiled and

planted a seed which has blossomed steadily

through the years and still blooms today

**Along**



Wondering if any buyers will take her fresh catch. Very little profit is realized by the Christian fishermen who must sell their fish as soon as they arrive in port to well organized Muslim middlemen.



JAMES J. BERNA S.J.

## the Fishery Coast

**E**VERYONE familiar with the life of St. Francis Xavier knows that he made most of his converts in India on the Fishery Coast—that strip of beach which lies between Trivandrum and Cape Comorin on the southwest coast of India. Today almost all the fishing villages in this area are Catholic and nearly 200 thousand Catholic fishermen live where there were none when Xavier first arrived. One of these is named Vizhinjam (pronounced VEER-in-yam), the last fishing village to the north where St. Francis Xavier is known to have preached.

Life in Vizhinjam, as on the rest of the Fishery Coast, goes on today very much as it did in Xavier's time. The surf rolls in from the Arabian Sea and

Land's End in India is Cape Comorin, the last point along the Fishery Coast. This was the part of India which Francis Xavier evangelized and loved so well.

*Father Berna is a member of the Jamshedpur Vice-Province and is attached to the Jesuit Social Institute in Poona, India. He recently worked among the people of the Fishery Coast, at the request of the Auxiliary Bishop.*

breaks on broad white beaches fringed with palm trees. The people still live in their small thatched huts made of bamboo and plaited palm leaves. The fishermen still go to sea in their primitive catamarans (raft-like boats made of three or four logs tied together) and their wooden dug-out canoes which now proudly bear small painted crosses on their prows. And the fisherfolk are just as poor as they were when Xavier walked through their villages ringing his little bell to call the children to Catechism class.

The Fishery Coast is now part of Kerala, but Communism has gained no foot-hold among the coastal Catholics despite their great poverty. Indeed, their loyalty to the Church was demonstrated beyond all doubt during the campaign last summer to oust Kerala's Communist Government. More than any other single group, the Catholic fishermen were responsible for the success of that cam-

**Fishing village** on India's west shore with the nets of the fishermen drying in the hot sun.



## Along the Fishery Coast

paign. They were the ones who occupied the Catholic schools to prevent the Communists from seizing them, picketed Government offices and led the mass demonstrations which finally forced the Central Government to intervene and dismiss the Communist ministry. In this struggle eight fisherfolk lost their lives

and many others were injured, some maimed for life. Unprovoked firing by the police did not deter them. When told that some of their people had been killed one group replied: "We risk our lives every day on the sea; we are ready to die for the Church." Those words recall the courage of St. Peter, the Prince of Fishermen: "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee to prison and to death."



(Luke, 22:33.) Our Lord must have a special love for fishermen; He chose His first Apostles from among them.

In Trivandrum, Archbishop Joseph Attipetty of Verapoly said that this victory of Kerala's democratic parties, winning back the state government from the Communists, "saved the whole of India." The prelate hailed the three-to-one triumph of the democratic coalition

**F**armers as well as fishermen need to be taught new methods. Here at the Lakhna Training School, conducted by the U.S. Technical Cooperation Administration, a student demonstrates the use of a cultivator. The trainees must be able and willing to demonstrate to other farmers the techniques and methods they have learned under experts.

as "a God-given victory over Communism." Only one who lived through those trying days realizes how close was disaster.

The Church is trying hard to improve the economic condition of the Catholic fishermen, who are reduced to near-starvation conditions during the monsoon when no fishing is possible. Co-operative societies are being organized which will provide them with better nets and marketing facilities. At present most of the profits are taken by Muslim middlemen who buy the fish at the beach as soon as it is landed. The fishermen must sell at any price since they have no facilities for storing or curing fish. Soon a marketing society will be formed to change this situation. Before long we hope to provide better housing and move some families from the most over-crowded villages to less congested areas. In one village over ten thousand Catholics live in an area approximately one square mile in size. Please keep the project in your prayers. It means much to Xavier's beloved fisherfolk.



Christian boy learns art of fishing at an early age. Father Berna, in conjunction with the Bishops, has been setting up a pilot project in four fishing villages.



Southward lies a world that has risen out of the sunlit Caribbean in strange, exciting forms.

**T**HERE IS a legend that whoever eats the heart of the palm must return to the islands. It is a saying that mirrors a truth as bright as the waters which lap its thousand shores—the Caribbean has a fascination never to be entirely lost, no matter what paths a man may thereafter follow. The heart-hold it fastens on one person will not be formed the same way on another, for its appeal is not that of a single jewel but of an open treasure chest, overflowing with its varied riches. Its beauty calls out in a hundred different voices, exciting, alluring, overpowering, yet always there is the muted echo of history and gripping human drama . . .

One walks along Le Moule beach on the island of Guadeloupe, the green waters curling softly over truly golden sands. In the brilliant sunlight even the scattered driftwood appears bleached with gold. But those same waters are forever uncovering the shallow graves of

the French, the British and the Indians who made this beach a battleground a dozen times. Those are human bones by the edge of the water, grim reminders that in this tropical Eden pride and greed and the fury of Cain have walked time and again.

It brings a feeling which, in some form or other, is reborn in almost every other corner of the Caribbean. It is a shadow of other-worldliness, of the presence of an unfamiliar element, a half-heard note struck on a scale that runs from pleasure down to fear. You experience one aspect of that feeling when you enter the most beautiful harbor of the Caribbean, St. George's of Grenada, and the red-roofed houses of a design two hundred years old stand out on the steep hills, framed by vivid bougainvillea and flaming immortal trees. The scent of nutmeg is strong, even in the harbour. It seems unreal, toylike, of another age and world.

# Caribbean: Shifting Currents

These are fantastic islands and the glamor of their beauty plus their stirring history can blind us to the elemental truth that human beings live here

It is the reaction of quaintness, and it is pleasing.

But it is a different other-worldliness which is conjured up in the lovely land of Haiti. The second oldest republic in the Western Hemisphere, it has all the beauty and softness of the other tropical isles. At night it is especially appealing—until, in the hills, jet-black beneath the moon and stars, the drums begin to beat. Somewhere in that darkness something that is evil is alive, something that was born long ago from the midnight womb of Africa. The voodoo drums beat nervously on through the night; the howling of hungry dogs has an unearthly sound; no cloud obscures the moon but a shadow falls across one's soul.

We look upon the Caribbean as a playground, a vacation resort, the dream hideaway for a temporary or even a lasting escape. A short distance inland from plush Ocho Rios in Jamaica a Massachusetts man in his early sixties has found his ideal retirement spot. In beautiful surroundings and with a comparatively inexpensive mode of life he is quietly content to spend all his remaining years, doing the things he enjoys. In a way he crystallizes for many of us our concept of the Caribbean and its way of life.

But that is not a true concept; it only gingerly touches the rim of a world which generalities cannot cover. The one thing which all the parts of this world embrace in common is the physical beauty of nature. We must push aside the lush curtain of its beauty and see that its inner sanctum is crowded with human beings, as different and as changing as the colors of the sea around them, unstable as its volcanic sands, restless as the shifting currents of the Caribbean.

The Spaniards came in the 1500s and opened up the gateway to this golden world. By the next century the French, English and Dutch were hard on their



Sugar is the base of the economy of many of the islands. At Grove Farm, Jamaica, a worker cuts cane on a co-operative farm.

## The Caribbean: Shifting Currents



Winds and waves whip the beach below Chalky Mount, Barbados. On this tiny isle every inch of soil is so precious that lettuce is grown on Bridgetown's sidewalks.

Fishing fleet from Bathsheba sail out in early morning. Later on you hear the hawkers call off the names of their fish—"Ol' wife, doctah fish, buff'lo haid, li'l blue chub"—and the chowder is laced with rum

heels and the Spanish Main was red with blood. The slaves of Africa were herded in to replace the vanishing Indians who have left in the islands few memorials of their passing. Gradually, all these yesterdays, 300 years of them, hardened into the complex pattern which we trace today. Spain lingers on in the language, customs and religion of Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. France still holds Martinique and Guadeloupe, and the blacks of Haiti retain that language, forming the only French-speaking republic in the Americas. Outside of the few islands which make up the Netherlands West Indies, Britain controls the rest. These last today form the Federation of the West Indies: Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago, with the Windward Islands (Dominique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Grenada) and the present Leeward Islands—St. Kitt's-Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat and Anguilla.

This watery region was in former days the most prized on earth. In the early years of our own history our value was

far below that of the Caribbean. Even with the dwindling of the precious metals from the Latin American mainland, there still remained the richness of the islands' sugar, coffee and spices. The governorship of Jamaica was then the plum of the British Empire.

It was only in the last century that the bottom of the sugar market fell out under the impact of the beet sugar competition and the islands began to wither away economically. They fell into such a state of neglect that Lloyd George once referred to them as "the slums of Empire."

So the fury of Europe passed and even its greed found less to feed on. But the imprint of Europe has been etched deeply in the people who inhabit the isles today. It has left a moral stamp that is both good and bad on the physical wax that is predominately African. As one travels from island to island he can find varying shades of color, ranging from the unmistakably shining black of Ashanti Africa to a whiteness that is un-



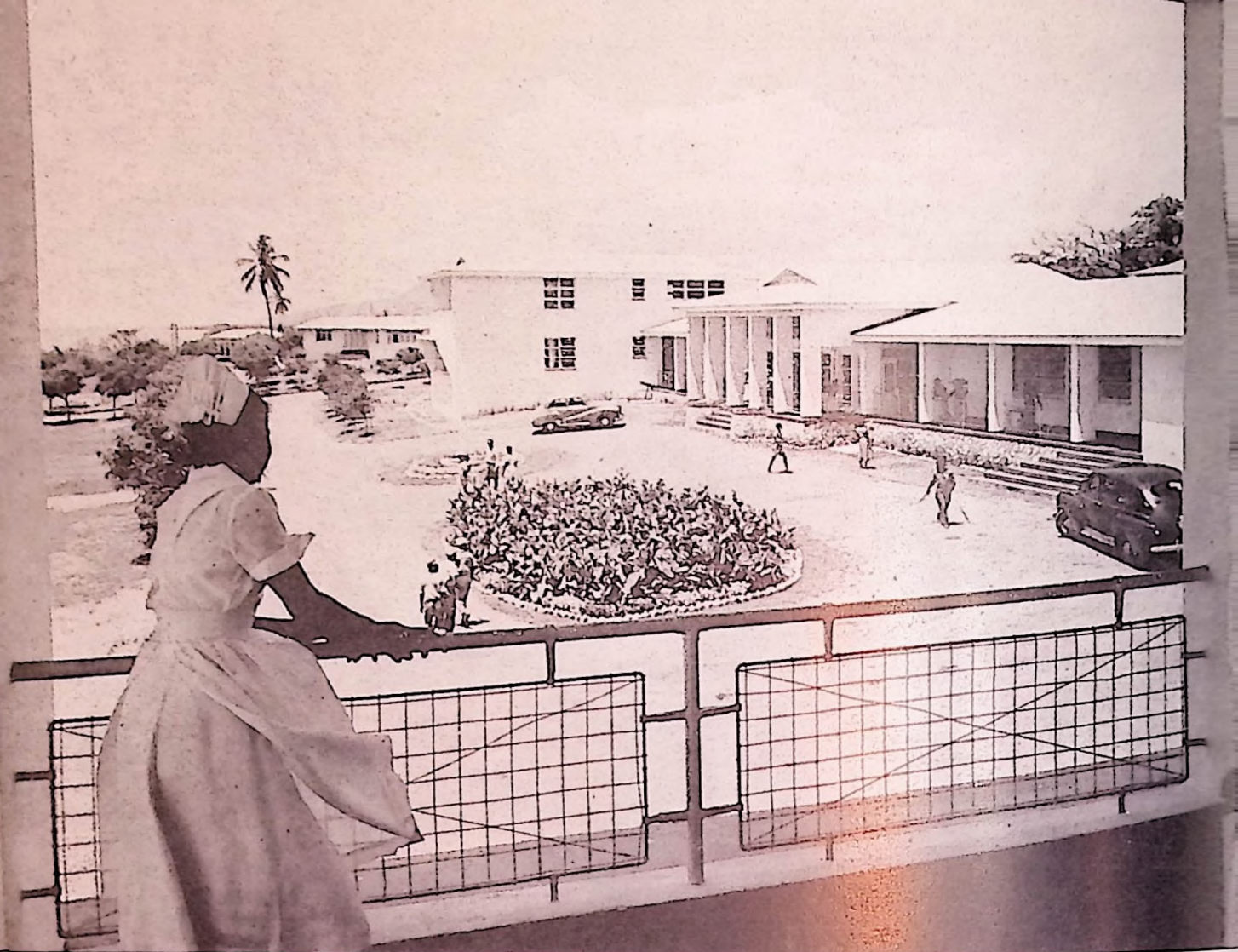
identifiable. The difference in shade must not obscure the keen consciousness that color plays in this world. In his fascinating and thoughtful study "Family and Colour in Jamaica," F. M. Henriques underlines its importance: "Colour is the major determinant of social position and is the basis of middle and upper class frustrations. In fact colour can be said to pose the whole problem of 'cultural' values in the Caribbean."

Another facet of that imprint has been expressed, perhaps a little harshly, by Alec Waugh in his "Island in the Sun" when his Julian Fleury sums it up: "When you talk of democracy, you've got to remember the background and history of these peoples. They were shipped here as slaves from different parts of Africa, a mingling of different tribes and

racess. They had only one thing in common, a sense of bitter injustice against their masters. That sense has never died. As for the planters, they had a deep-rooted sense of guilt which made them vindictive, first toward their slaves, afterward toward their laborers. They were frightened. They were so few, the slaves were many. All through the eighteenth century, and even after Emancipation, there were revolts. And the hatred, the

Cocoa also plays a big part in the economy. On Grenada a plantation worker examines the pods.  
(Photos from British Information Services.)





Modern facilities are advancing rapidly. One example is the Princess Margaret Hospital at Morant Bay on Jamaica's south coast. The Princess opened the hospital during her 1955 visit.

fear, the longing for revenge still simmer underneath the surface. There've been troubles all down these islands since they were first colonized. You can never tell where an explosion will come; the slightest thing will set it off, here, or in Grenada, or St. Kitts. We're sitting on a keg of dynamite."

It is a slumbering volcano whose presence can be signalized in various ways. The Caribbean became of tremendous significance to the United States in World War II. At that time, when the Allies were reeling and the Western Hemisphere seemed the last bulwark against the enemy, there was much talk about the U.S. annexing some of the islands. The West Indians felt that their political ambitions and economic future would be attached to a rising star. But

once the imminent danger had passed and their relations with the Americans during that period were quietly reviewed, the desire of annexation died away. It might be summed up in a quote of those days: "The Britisher," said a Negro, "gives you 50 cents and calls you mister; the American gives you a dollar and a half and calls you, 'Hey, George'." Like every lesson in diplomacy, it is also a lesson in human nature.

There is a tendency, in speaking of an area which holds a thousand bizarre items, to dwell upon the little known eddies which the waves of history have left behind them—the "white legs" of St. John on Barbados, poorest of the poor, who are descendants of the exiled Royalists under Cromwell and have preserved through the centuries an unblemished

European strain; or the Maroons in the Jamaica Cockpit country, runaway slaves who have kept their fierce independence. What is true of people also applies to things. In food and dress and customs there are intriguing differences. But what is singular should not distract us from what is most important of all, the large majority of the people and their problems.

The Caribbean Islands are a body in which the strongest muscles, long dormant, are now beginning to flex. Most of the people have grown to a manhood in a groove constructed by four languages and four sets of customs. The symmetry of the Barbados sugar farms with the

**Education** is on the upswing throughout the Caribbean. The rapt faces of these Barbadian pupils also pinpoint the mixture of many races.



**Typical** of the Caribbean's diverse pattern is this meeting of the children of Africa and Asia in library of the University of West Indies.

tiny Norman churches standing out against the neat terraces which rise to Mount Hillaby's top speak of a "Little England" more British in its inhabitants than the power which has ruled it since 1625. Haiti is African, trained in 17th Century French pattern, with an overlay of 20th Century American. These are not necessarily two extremes but rather two examples of the Caribbean palimpsest. All these complex factors must be considered when we look at this world emerging in its new strength.

Its emergence is a restless one, but it is still a real one. The course of direction is far from clear. Which way will Cuba go, or the Dominican Republic? The Federation of the West Indies has not reached clear water by any means; it resembles a sluggish convoy trying to



## The Caribbean: Shifting Currents

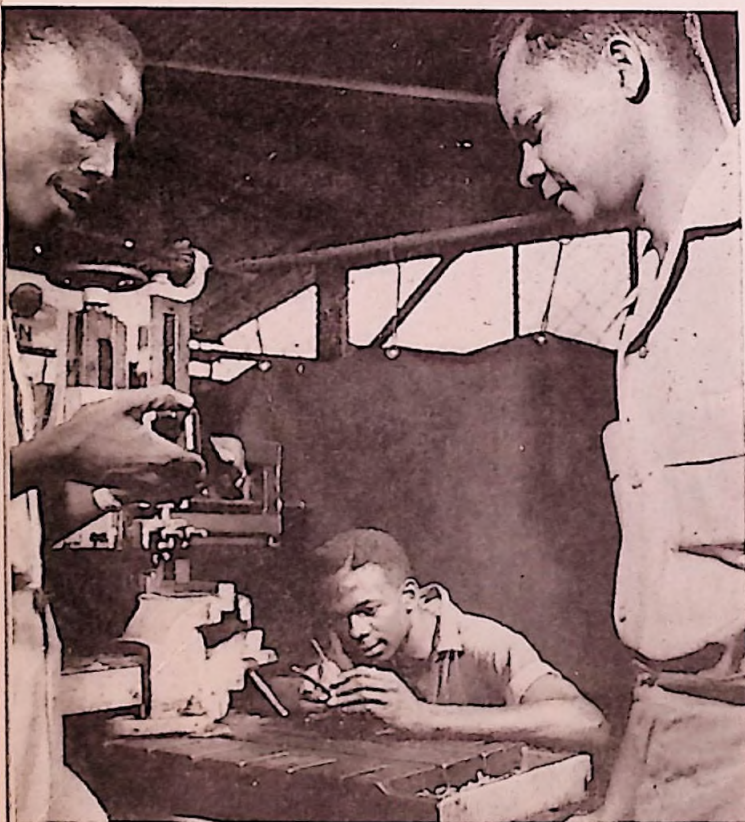


Cement is one of Trinidad's exports. Here bags from Claxton Bay factory are loaded at Port of Spain for South America.

gather itself into a unit and decide upon a course and speed suitable to all its differently constructed vessels.

One of the major problems has been the economic one. These are agriculture islands and they have faced a difficult time in recent years. Many of them are geared to a one-crop economy which is a desperate gamble in the face of world markets and the hurricanes out of the sea which spell disaster in a matter of minutes. As their people grow wiser they are looking to other ways to bolster a fragile way of life. So, for example,

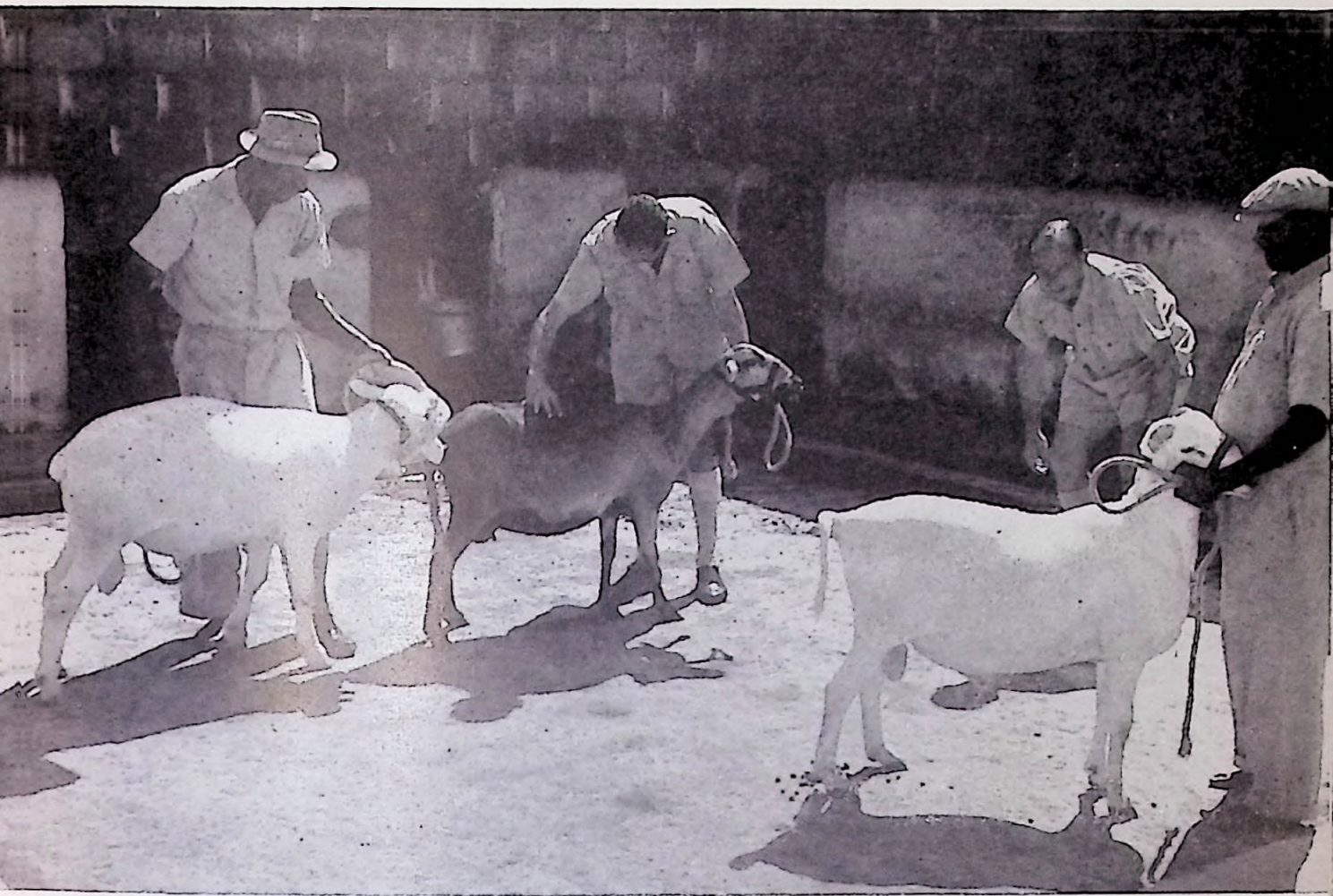
Livestock improvement in Barbados as local black-bellied sheep is mated with imported British Wiltshire Horn ram



"Live like angels and produce like the devil" is formula from Puerto Rico's Governor Luis Munoz Marin. It fits the entire Caribbean.

the rise of the bauxite industry in Jamaica has meant a new orientation, a brighter one, for the people. More than 100 new industrial plants have been added in the last two years, thanks to the wisdom of the government in offering tax incentives to those who worked the richest bauxite deposits in the world.

But the economic situation in the islands is not so good that we can apply the official motto of the more northerly Bahamas: "The pirates are gone and business is fine." But among the sugar and coconut plantations of the West Indies can be noticed the two tendencies towards greater mechanization and the



increased size of farms. But these are tendencies, not actualities in the sense that they have already come into existence everywhere. But even the tendency is a step forward for there is an ingrained habit of farmers with a fertile soil and favorable climate to work the land only for what is necessary for themselves. The way of their fathers is not easily cast aside, especially when it demands more sweat, and that perhaps needless, on the part of the son. Yet under government persuasion the vista of better living is opening up to people with a quickened interest.

Outside of that wavering bond of blood, is there any other tie which unites these people of the thousand islands? Yes, there is one which transcends that of the blood of man, for it was forged in the blood of God. It is their religious belief, implanted long ago by Catholic

Hat shop of Josephine Sitney in Grenville, Grenada. All hats are painted and are decorated with ribbon and net.



## The Caribbean: Shifting Currents



Castries Island has been ravaged by fire three times in recent years. It shows in the face of Mrs. St. Helene, survivor.

missionaries. Over 70% of the inhabitants of the Caribbean proclaim themselves Catholic. The statistical breakdown is as follows: French Guadeloupe and Martinique, 98%; Dominican Republic, 96%; Puerto Rico, 93%; Cuba, 84%; Haiti, 69%; Netherlands West Indies, 68%; and the Federation of West Indies, 19%. Culture and language and economic difficulties may rear barriers among these diverse peoples but they can be one in the greatest union of all, the Mystical Body of Christ. In these days when they are fighting out of the chains of the past let us remember them prayerfully.



Government aid to nearly three million pounds was the biggest help in establishing the University of the West Indies which serves the British dependencies in Caribbean countries.



Children of nature have a forthright simplicity which makes them children of God

## Flowers for the Altar

EMILE A. BORDENAVE S.J.

**I**F YOU WERE to go into any Hindu temple here in Ceylon you would see flowers tastefully arranged before the idols. They are put there out of fear, in order to placate the gods, for the Hindu religion is largely a religion of fear. There are many kinds of fear and for each one there is a different deity to placate.

If you were to come to our church in Kallar you would also see fresh flowers adorning the altar. They are put there, not out of fear, but out of love; and they are put there by the altar boys. You might say that there is nothing remarkable about this. However, you would have to know something about Kallar to really appreciate what this means.

Kallar is a little village on the east coast of Ceylon, about twenty miles from Batticaloa, the nearest town. It is only three hundred yards from the sea; consequently, the soil is ninety percent sand—and sea sand at that. Since Kallar is on the east coast it gets only one monsoon period a year, from November until

## Flowers for the Altar



the end of February. During this time it rains almost every day, and sometimes for days at a stretch. During the other eight months of the year it is rare to see a cloud in the sky, let alone a rain cloud. The heat at times is unbearable, with the sun beating down steadily.

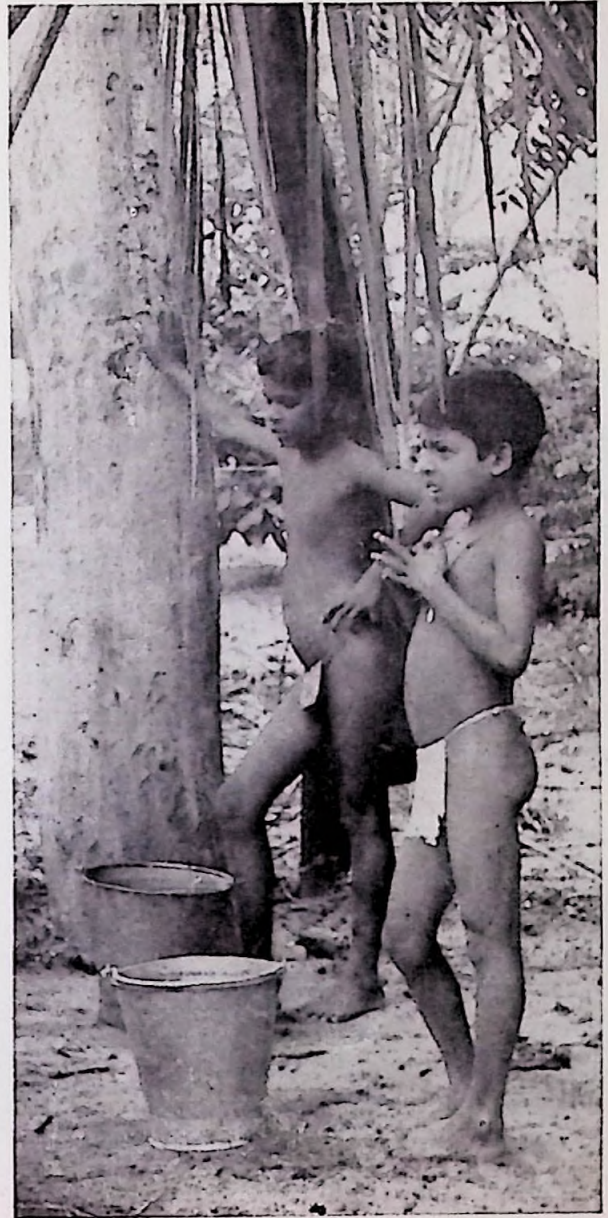
You must admit that these are not exactly ideal conditions for growing flowers the year round. Yet, somehow, our altar boys manage it. The biggest difficulty is the lack of water during the eight-month dry period. However, this

doesn't stop our boys. Every evening during the hour before sunset they form a line, and with the help of the swami who dips the water from the well, they pass it from one to the other, until every plant has had its thirst quenched. Of course they make a game of it; they shout and scream and sing songs as all Ceylon boys do. As you watch them you realize at once that this watering business is not a labor for them, but a work of love.

In the morning during Mass when

Bucket brigade is formed by the boys of Kallar and you can tell that those pails of water are really heavy. The barefoot Father Bordenave supervised the teamwork from his key position at the well. Most of the land around Kallar is sandy so the wells run about 15 to 18 feet deep and sweeps are usually used, the fork of a large tree supporting a balanced beam.

Time out is welcome and no one seems in a hurry to get those buckets filled again. After the flowers are cared for, there'll be time for marbles or hopscotch on the clay stretch near the church.



Christ comes upon the altar, He can gaze fondly at the beautiful array of flowers which His little living flowers have placed on the altar for Him. It is a simple gesture, perhaps, but it is born of love and Our Lord has passed judgment when He said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Water again. Father Sommers, pastor of St. John de Britto Church in Kallar, is served by altar boys Thiruselvam and Christorajah.



# Window on the Mission

## MOSCOW TO OPEN ALIEN UNIVERSITY

**Africans, Asians and Latins  
Invited—Tuition Free**

**T**HIS HEADLINE greeted us not so long ago as we opened our morning paper. It was at once interesting and ominous. Interesting, because it pointed right at the mission intention for the month of May when the Holy Father asks us to pray for the Catholic students from Asia and Africa who are studying in the universities of Europe and America.

Ominous, too, because it warns us that the Communist leaders are thinking of these students also. They plan a school of specialized training of four to eight years with all expenses paid. To it they will invite young technicians, teachers, physicians and specialists from less developed areas of the world.

It does not take much imagination to see when they return to their homelands, these students will be grateful—at least that. How many will have their gratitude

exploited so that they become propagandists for Communism? How many will be “sounding brass and tinkling cymbals,” hymning glories of the Soviet?

Meanwhile, what are we doing for Asian and African students in our universities? What should we be doing? There are about 70,000 of them; about 40,000 from Africa and the Middle East, and 30,000 from the Far East. Their number increases each year but the Catholics among them remain at about 10%.

It is hard to exaggerate the important part they will play in the future of their countries. So many of them are from newly established nations, eager with the first thrill of freedom from colonial rule to do and dare all for future happiness and prosperity. Having few or no institutions of higher educations, these nations send their best young men and women to learn from older nations their arts, sciences, skills and techniques.

The African or Asian student in a strange land faces problems. He sees about him a way of life different from the one he knew at home. And, all too often, quite different from the way he was told is that of Christian living. He may be confused by the conflict between the strict morality of his home and the too lax observance of the moral law that he sees among us.

The Catholic, in addition, may find extra barriers in fulfilling his religious duties. For example, who will hear his confession in his native tongue? Add the



Cover. There is a magic in names and artist Phil Franznick felt it when he designed the cover with its dark background of breaking Caribbean waves. These names are rich in history and drama and they speak of a world which has been too little known by the great majority in the United States.

bad example of fellow students and the zeal of Communists and you have a good idea of what kind of help they need.

They need priests as chaplains. So, the bishops of dioceses where there are large numbers of such Asian and African students have assigned priests to such work. Pope Pius XII urged this and our present Holy Father, in his mission encyclical renewed that plea. These priests try to meet all the visiting students soon after their arrival; help them to find suitable quarters; arrange for meetings among these students and with others of the host-country for the sake of recreation and social life. But, most of all the foreign students' chaplains are interested in their spiritual welfare and encourage them to receive the sacraments regularly, to make days of recollection and so on.

Then, too, these students need homes. If Catholic families can provide living quarters for these students, it will not be hard to find students eager for such places. But, more of us can, perhaps, invite them to visit our homes. We can learn from them. More to our point here, they can learn from us how our Catholic families can serve as models for themselves and their countries. We can, too, help them to clear away the confusion between what Christians preach and what they practice.

All of us can pray for them. That their years among us will prepare them for the great tasks facing them when they return to their new nations. That they will be capable and willing to help their own people as, we hope, they have learned to do among us. Let us pray, also, that the Catholics return, strengthened in faith for having met us.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.



## AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

### ALASKA

Rev. Paul C. O'Connor S.J.  
1103—16th Ave.  
Seattle 22, Wash.

### BRITISH HONDURAS, YORO AND U. S. INDIANS

Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.  
4511 West Pine Boulevard  
St. Louis 8, Mo.

### CEYLON AND HOME MISSIONS

Rev. Daniel W. Partridge S.J.  
701 Pere Marquette Bldg.  
New Orleans 12, La.

### CHINA AND FORMOSA

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

### INDIA AND U. S. INDIANS

Rev. Joseph Lane S.J.  
1114 South May St.  
Chicago 7, Ill.

### INDIA AND BURMA

Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.  
700 N. Calvert St.  
Baltimore 2, Md.

### IRAQ AND JAMAICA

Rev. Thomas McDermott S.J.  
1106 Boylston St.  
Boston 15, Mass.

### JAPAN

Rev. Thomas J. Sullivan S.J.  
1901 Venice Boulevard  
Los Angeles 6, Calif.

### KOREA AND U. S. INDIANS

Rev. Charles F. Mullen S.J.  
3212 West Michigan St.  
Milwaukee 8, Wis.

### PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

Rev. William T. Wood S.J.  
39 East 83rd St.  
New York 28, N.Y.

### U.S. INDIANS OF NORTHWEST

Rev. Will A. Keating S.J.  
P. O. Box 4408  
Portland 8, Oregon



Two months before his death this photo of Father Damien was taken by Prof. Brigham.

**A**LITTLE CORONARY trouble had forced my return to the States from Singapore and while enroute a second attack laid me up in Honolulu. There I had the opportunity of meeting a spry Irish priest, now in his seventies, Father Patrick Logan, SS.CC. He is the official "Devil's Advocate" for the Rev. Joseph de Veuster, SS.CC., better known as Damien the Leper. Father Logan has held that position since 1936 and is the best Catholic authority on Damien today. Through his eyes I caught a far clearer vision of that magnificent hero of Molokai.

As a boy Patrick Logan had aspired to be a Jesuit but his entrance was deferred because of his youth. In the meanwhile a Jesuit priest told him the story of Damien and as a result he joined the Picpus Fathers and wound up in Molokai himself. His official appointment as "Devil's Advocate" came at the time when King Albert of the Belgians ordered the body of Damien to be exhumed from the

Damien the leper lives on  
in the hearts of his people

## Echoes from Molokai

JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.

simple grave on Molokai where it had lain for 47 years. Since that time Father Logan has examined witness after witness who knew Father Damien in his lifetime.

Damien felt, like anyone else, a natural repugnance to leprosy; yet from the start he realized that if he was going to win these outcasts to Christ he would have to conquer himself.

Soon after he reached tragically magnificent Molokai, an old woman called him to the bedside of her son. Damien found the sick man lying on a pile of filthy mats. The stench was almost unbearable, but gritting his teeth he overcame his nausea by sheer will power and knelt by the leper's side. First, he heard the man's confession and then administered Extreme Unction. The old mother, till then a non-Catholic, stood watching intently as the young priest anointed the disfigured eyes, nose, ears, lips and hands of her son. When he uncovered the feet of the dying patient they were crawling with maggots. Damien shuddered, but went on with his ministrations, and after finishing remained with the leper to the agonizing end.

As he left, the old mother, with tears in her eyes, asked to be received into the Church herself. She too, was at death's door, and the next day, two hours before she expired, Damien baptized her. He then dug a grave for both mother and son. It was devotion like this that won the heart of every leper on Molokai.

Not only Catholic Belgium but Protestant England recognized the sociological and humanitarian significance of Damien, and it was Edward VII who as Prince of Wales started a collection in the United Kingdom for a monument to the famed leper priest. "While Damien was at Molokai there were some 800 lepers on the island," stated Father Logan, "but when I went back there some years ago only 400 remained. Today there are about 200. It is the sulphone drugs that have changed things. The leper bacilli are now controlled and eventually destroyed before they can work their way to the surface and deform the patient's body. In another forty years it is believed that leprosy will disappear from the islands. Half of those still on Molokai are paroled and could leave at any time, but most of the older ones choose to remain because Molokai is the only real home they know and *there* they do not risk ostracism because of their past affliction."

"Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend," was the text from St. John that Father Logan chose on Feb. 3, 1936, for an eloquent sermon preached at the Catholic cathedral, Honolulu, for the special service held over Father Damien's disinterred remains: "You have watched his work grow year by year," he told his listeners, "and today you are here to pay him tribute . . . Father Damien's life and death were sacrifice in the truest sense of the word . . . His parents christened him Joseph, expecting his life to be as laborious as that of his patron St. Joseph . . . In religion he adopted the name of Damien, a physician martyred for the faith

in 303 A.D. . . . The young Belgian landed in Honolulu on St. Joseph's Day, March 19, 1864. Shortly afterwards he was raised to the priesthood and celebrated his first holy Mass in this cathedral of Our Lady of Peace."

The speaker, his eyes flashing, went on to tell how from the day the government decreed that all persons showing signs of leprosy were to be isolated on the north coast of Molokai, Damien could not contemplate the lot of those unfortunates without feeling the urge to consecrate himself to their service. He got his chance in May, 1873. Bishop Maigret was lamenting the fact that the shortage of priests did not permit him to appoint one for regular service to the settlement, when Damien came forward and said, "Bishop, here I am; send me." He accompanied the prelate to the settlement and there his lordship told the lepers, "I am bringing you one who will be to you a father, one who doesn't hesitate to become one of you."

An hour later when the Bishop boarded the vessel for his return trip, Damien, 33, was left there alone, unsheltered, with not even a bed to lie upon. He sat under a palm tree in the little churchyard of Kalawao, surrounded by a group of spiritually starved patients, men, women and children, who drank in every word that came from his lips. Some distance away, though, stood another group who muttered blackly, "Why does he come here? We don't need his kind. Let him go back where he came from!"

Damien ignored them. He started out with a building program, and one by one he and his leper assistants replaced the old grass huts with neatly whitewashed cottages. Then he discovered that under the cliffs there were natural reservoirs of clear water that could be useful if piped down to the settlement. That's when he began writing to the Board of Health in Honolulu, asking not only for medicine, but for more clothing, food

and lumber, together with a supply of water pipes. Members of the Board were annoyed. In the past they had bothered precious little about these leper outcasts, but they were soon to learn that the Belgian priest would give them no peace till all his requests were granted. He continued to annoy the Board of Health regularly with his letters, and his persistence produced extraordinary results for the lepers.

Father Logan recalls a conversation in the government dispensary in which lepers of his time were cared for. He congratulated the doctor in charge on the clinic's excellent equipment. The government doctor looked at him curiously. "Everything we have here," he said, "*everything*, even to these clean towels, we owe to your Father Damien."

For 16 years Damien dressed leprous wounds, for at the start he was Molokai's only doctor, as he was its coffin maker, mortician and grave digger. He left nothing undone to improve the lepers' conditions. At any time of the day or night, a sudden call of charity, some patient in distress, would cause him to go at once to render aid. He was that kind of man—God's man.

Father Patrick tells how the Princess Regent Liliukalani made a tour of the settlement in 1881 in the Queen's company. So impressed was she with Damien's devotion to the poor: "To satisfy my own warmest desire, I beg of you, Reverend Father, accept the decoration of Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Kalakana, as a testimony of my sincere admiration for the efforts you are making to relieve the distress and lessen the sufferings of our afflicted people."

But Damien was not satisfied with a royal cross. What he wanted was a crown. Some are astonished that he ever contracted leprosy, but it would have been a miracle if he hadn't. One of the greatest dangers of contagion is in touching the food of lepers, and Damien

did that often. If a leper offered him food, he ate it; if one offered him a pipe, he smoked it. Tools passed freely from the misshapen hands of lepers into the hands of Damien. "If Providence," he used to say, "sees fit to afflict me with leprosy, I will gain a crown of thorns whether I am worthy of it or not." It was a prayer that would be answered.

After 11 years he got his crown, announcing it officially one day when he began a sermon, "We lepers . . ." It was Dr. Arthur Mouritz who first diagnosed Damien's affliction as leprosy and he continued to work on with the holy missionary afterwards. When the remains were brought back from Molokai, Dr. Mouritz, still hale and hearty, was present. After he had put a few flowers on Damien's open coffin, Father Logan asked him, "What do you think of Damien now, Doctor? No one knew him better than you through the years."

Mouritz replied thoughtfully, "I am not a Catholic, but I believe there is a God who rewards the good and punishes the wicked. I know that Damien was disinterred to prepare for his possible canonization, and if that means the crowning of a man for his virtue and for the good he has done to humanity, then no man ever deserved it more than Father Damien."

The spirit of Damien hovers over Hawaii, "the fairest fleet of isles anchored in any ocean." Though Belgium now harbors Damien's bones, he really belongs to all mankind. "We shall continue to reap the fruits of his labors and enjoy the benefit of his example," declared Father Logan. "Molokai, with the spirit of Damien hovering over us, will no longer be the rocky isle of sorrow, but the friendly isle of good will, an abiding testimony of the triumph of the spirit over the flesh. Aloha Oe, Damien, valiant soldier of Christ, salvation of Molokai, honor of Belgium, glory of the Church, Radiance of God, Aloha Oe!"



## STUCK...

Young Jesuits in the Philippines are being trained in rented quarters. They've had to move every three years. And now the lease on their present building is elapsing. No suitable quarters are available.

Solution: build one . . .

Room for a Jesuit—\$2,000	Desk \$50.00
Chapel—2,000	Bed 20.00
Infirmery room—2,500	Chair 10.00

*Any amount, from \$1.00 to \$1,000,000 will be gratefully received.*

Send your contribution to

### **Jesuit Missions**

211 East 87th Street  
New York 28, N.Y.

**T**HERE IS a saying in Japan that "He who does not climb Mt. Fuji is a fool; he who climbs Mt. Fuji more than once is a bigger fool." Probably the words of an exhausted climber on his way down. "*Fujisan*" or Mt. Fuji is a central fact in Japanese life. The Japanese remark on its change of aspect with the change of weather, and they use it often in illustrating a point in discussion. Many Japanese feel honored when a foreigner pays his respects to Japan by

low Jesuits: an Englishman to give us methodical patience; a German with mountain climbing experience in the Alps; and an Irishman for a bit of the light touch. There are ten rest stations along the way to the top, a few of which have sleeping accommodations. Many people climb in the evening, sleep for a few hours at the Eighth Station, and rise in time to be at the top for the sunrise. Others, like my group, leave Kawaguchi Station about noon by bus, crossing the

No other place has ever captivated a people

as this mountain which rules the Japanese

## "FUJISAN"

LAWRENCE W. BEER S.J.

Mid-summer and Fujisan rears majestically above Lake Yamanashi, one of five surrounding beauties

climbing Fuji. On any clear night during July or August, one can look across Lake Kawaguchi to Fuji's black mass and see a string of flickering lights wending its way up the silent slope. These are the flashlights of hundreds of climbers. Most of them also are carrying specially made hiking sticks hung with jingling bells. Shinto priests stamp these poles at shrines on the top as a sign that the holder has scaled the highest mountain in Japan. Climbing Fuji is not like climbing any other mountain of comparative size (12,390 ft.). Many thousands of Japanese and foreigners, from the very young to the very old, pilgrims and tourists, can take the long hike each summer, which cannot be said of any other large mountain, as far as I know.

I set out one morning with three fel-

low Jesuits: an Englishman to give us methodical patience; a German with mountain climbing experience in the Alps; and an Irishman for a bit of the light touch. There are ten rest stations along the way to the top, a few of which have sleeping accommodations. Many people climb in the evening, sleep for a few hours at the Eighth Station, and rise in time to be at the top for the sunrise. Others, like my group, leave Kawaguchi Station about noon by bus, crossing the

plain at the foot of Fuji and winding up the dirt road to the Fifth Station, where the mountain begins to swoop abruptly into the sky. Here we left the bus and had a good meal in the woods beside the path, since eating much at high altitudes often makes uneducated stomachs turn flips. With our German friend assuring us that it would be a snap, and the rest of us not so sure, we started along the easy-to-follow path of rock and ash-dirt. The air gradually got thinner and crisper, but the only snow we saw was in white streaks within sheltered clefts; there was none at the summit. We met a steady stream of climbers; now and then we heard music from a transistor radio slung at the side of a Japanese youth; tin cans were strewn along the sides of the paths;

there were no dangerous crevices or cliffs in the way; at every station one could stop for a drink and a bite to eat, if he wanted to.

We moved on steadily and as sun-down was approaching we were passing through the huge square archways called *tori*, which mark the entrance to every Shinto shrine. We were over 11,000 feet up and breathing was getting more difficult. About every 50 steps one feels exhausted. As I stopped for a rest and

from our house, who had climbed during the night, met us with much shouting and Latin embracing. We then climbed into the crater looking for a place where Father Ortolani might offer Mass sheltered from the wind. Finally we were able to set up the portable altar in the side of a small, house-like shrine covered with boulders. It was quiet all around, except for the wind and the distant sound of bells jingling on hiking poles. An experience I'll never forget.



turned around to look at Lake Kawaguchi—a small puddle miles below, I caught a shadow of Mt. Fuji projected as a dark cone against some distant clouds. As the evening wind was coming up, we went to the long, low, rock-bound lodging there. We were greeted with smiling hospitality, ate a few bites and sipped tea while squatting around a charcoal heater (*hibachi*), then pulled a few *futon* over us and tried to sleep. It was extremely cold and the winds screamed constantly outside. None of us slept much, and there were fleas to keep us company.

At about 4:30 we hurried out into the wind just as the sun was rising like a blazing bubble out of the distant horizon of clouds. A few minutes later an Italian Father and three Spanish scholastics

After a bit of breakfast we walked around the crater, taking our time to look out over the vast areas of Japan—the ocean on one side; on the opposite side the Japan Alps mingling with the clouds; the lakes below Fuji; irregular rice country stretching north and south for many miles; and a dried up river lying like a white snake across a broad plain. The panorama was magnificent, the air invigorating. It was midmorning when we started down the mountain by the fast route, with the loud chant of a Shinto priest following us down from a mountain-top shrine. We bounded like antelope down the steep slope of ashes, sliding and sinking ankle-deep with every leap. Two twisted ankles later we arrived at the timber line. We will not soon forget Fujisan.

There is one unique corner in Jamaica which the  
tourist rarely sees but there are a hundred tales  
to be told in the strange things found there

## Pigs, Pickle Jars and PRAYERS

WILLIAM J. SHEEHAN S.J.

Gruesome welcome to St. George's biology laboratory doesn't affect the students in the Jesuit school. The department is important for the training of Jamaicans.

**V**IEWED FROM the exterior, the biology laboratory of St. George's College in Jamaica is a modest, one-story building. The grounds surrounding the laboratory abound with tropical flowers, shrubs and trees, the fruit of careful planning and planting. As we stand silently watching the scene before us, we are captivated by the beauty of the flowers and by the gentle motions of the leafy banana plants waving in the breeze. Near the laboratory, short and tall cacti stand like sentinels guarding the building.

Inside it is a bit cooler, for the warm tropical sunlight is filtered through small green windows. A ray of light falls on a somber skeleton which stands suspended in his glass case. The skeleton reminds us of death, but the wall beside him teems with life. Snails and fish move about in well-balanced aquariums. Green water plants provide ready specimens for microscopic exploration. In fact, these tanks are rich with hidden life.

"Man, what is this?" A strange sight

in a gallon mayonnaise jar. "It's a pig! No, it's two pigs. But there is only one head. Man, can't you count?" This is the normal reaction when students first see the specimen now before us. Actually, a favorite among the students, it is an abnormal offspring of some poor sow.

Along the back wall three glass showcases exhibit further items of interest. There are collections of bones, butterflies, moths, insects and other zoological as well as botanical specimens. In brief, there is a well chosen selection of materials. Most interesting from the students' point of view, are the animals mounted in the third showcase. Here a mongoose steals along a shelf almost life-like in his stuffed pose. Indeed, the mongoose is an odd companion to the Prickly Globe fish which bristles next to him. Overhead, on the next shelf, a barn owl perches with wings outstretched. The owl looks large and bold in contrast to the lovebird, the hummingbird and the canary near him.



In the adjoining lecture hall, the drawings and labels on the board indicate that a class in zoology has been in session. Several pickle jars set on the lecture table. These pickle jars do not contain sweet gherkins, but rather a well preserved specimen of a tapeworm and a roundworm. Some students are carefully examining a third bottle, whose contents seem to be a mystery. A priest stands in their midst, obviously enjoying the wide-eyed wonder of the students.

This priest is Father Gerald Hennessey, a Jesuit, who has labored nineteen years here in Jamaica. These years have been devoted to the training of youth in biological studies. As part of his work, Father Hennessey has built up this laboratory. In addition to a busy teaching schedule, he has somehow managed to gather these materials and to organize them so that they are readily accessible. In his "spare" time there has also been some research helpful to local organizations, business and agricultural.

Thus this amazing laboratory and its director are a blessing not only for our school, but for Jamaica. For here men grow in the knowledge of soils and farming practices, an important phase of training in a predominantly agricultural nation. Here men grow in the knowledge of life itself. Here too, future vocations to the medical profession and to scientific careers are fostered. By far the most rewarding aspect of this endeavor, however, is the realization that the youth of Jamaica are being trained to better understand and appreciate the variety and wonder of God's Creation and, consequently, that they are better prepared to participate and cooperate in the Divine Plan.

Do you know what? You also share in this great enterprise. By your prayers and sacrifices you have helped to make this work possible. By your prayers and sacrifices you can help it to continue. Pigs, pickle jars and prayers go hand in hand here at St. George's.

Mooseburgers galore, just as long as there's meat,  
and sometimes the menu in Alaska can feature some  
rare items when a certain Sister starts praying

## *Miracles in the Kitchen*

JOHN J. MORRIS S.J.

**W**E'VE ALL heard of kitchen miracles where the cook from an empty pantry turns out banquet style food. In our Alaskan boarding school at Copper Valley such miracles are the daily fare with "Smida," Sister Mary Ida, to be exact. With many years in Alaska's interior, along the mighty Yukon, she can prepare caribou meat in thirty-nine different ways, potatoes in fifty-two, and . . . well, you just have to be there to appreciate it.

Lemons, as you perhaps can guess, don't grow in Alaska—in fact you can't even grow crab-apples. Our mission is north of Anchorage, some two hundred miles in the interior. Occasionally during the long winter months someone has to go to Anchorage for supplies. On one of these trips Sister Ida was standing in a store drooling over—can you guess it?—a box of lemons, as foreign to our mission table as an Eskimo at the equator. The proprietor knew the school, and hearing Sister's comments, told her to take the whole box as a gift. She reacted as if the box was filled with Klondike nuggets. And so, home she went through the whistling North Wind, a lilt in her heart and a sparkle in her eyes. Perhaps she was dreaming of lemon pie, or custard, or slices for fish. While her car slowly covered the treacherous roads from Anchorage, heaven's neon signs—the Northern Lights—were putting on their nightly majestic show.

At the same time another vehicle, this one a truck, came toward the mission from Fairbanks, two hundred and fifty miles to the north. Early in the evening the truck arrived. We unloaded it. Later that night when we were all tucked in bed, the Anchorage car pulled in—typically they had had road trouble. Sister



Sister Mary Ida of the Sisters of St. Ann takes a cool breather from the kitchen where she works so many popular miracles.

Ida and the others rushed into the kitchen to absorb some of that great stuff called heat. But before they got as far as the big stove, they all stopped dead in their tracks, as if confronted by a fierce grizzly bear. They stared at what lay in their path, then looked at one another and stared some more. I'm sure they must have shook their heads, rubbed their eyes, or pounded their fists on the wall. Certainly they forgot how cold they were, for, standing there before them, stacked high and wide, were thirty-four bulging boxes of lemons!

Some supply sergeant at one of the Fairbanks military bases had made a whopping error; we were the recipients of its fruit—lemons, lemons, lemons. I don't know whether Sister Ida cried or laughed. Her coveted treasure and happy surprise had dwindled to nothing. How the angels must have snickered! By the way, did you ever try to figure out what could be done with thirty-four boxes of lemons in the middle of winter? It could be a sour task, couldn't it? Well, you might guess it, Sister now prepares lemons ninety different ways.

Then there was the day when everyone in the large kitchen (it's always a gay place) was intent on getting the next meal ready for nearly one-hundred and fifty hungry tummies. The meal was as ordinary and usual as frost on the door-knob, with meat, potatoes and canned vegetables. Two days from now the meat would be missing. We were "out," the deep freeze was empty. But such things are what we might call part of the normal mission situation. Everyone ate and then relaxed.

That evening after supper while the happy children were whooping it up, and the workers were easing into the comfort of a well earned relaxation, the phone rang. It was the local game warden calling. Down the road thirty miles, just this side of Sourdough, a big truck, pounding through the dark night, had

hit a cow moose and her calf. They were ours if we would go get them. And there is nothing to compare to the compelling influence of an Alaskan moose steak; such flavor, such texture . . . oh, excuse me. And so it was, with the ring of the phone, several hundred pounds of meat were laid in the locker!

The chief beggar for our mission at Copper Valley is the well known "Packrat Priest," Father John Buchanan. Somewhere, only God knows, Father picked up a tip of meat—elk this time. The government was thinning the herd in one of our national parks. If we could clear it with headquarters, there would be a horn-of-plenty for us. After breaking through the red-tape barrier—more difficult than the sound barrier—the government finally gave us clearance. The only thing now was to get the meat from the park, 400 miles away, to our mission tables. It was then we launched "operation deep-freeze."

Several young men, most of them had already spent at least one summer working at the mission, from Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington, gave up part of Christmas vacation to travel to the park in a rented truck. Then came the strenuous ordeal of killing, cleaning, and dragging the frozen carcasses down the snow-covered slopes. At last they piled the forty dead elk, stiff with below zero rigor mortis, into the truck. When they arrived in Seattle, a meat packing outfit stepped forth to dress and cut the meat, and store it in their lockers until we needed it. Eventually it went by barge to Anchorage, and then by truck to the mission. The Bishop of Spokane gave \$100 to assist.

The operation was cheap, costing the mission nothing, but it wasn't simple. God had to coordinate a lot of complex operations, and many people had to say "yes" to some pretty rough work. So we continue on, with miracles in and out of the kitchen.

# MISSION QUIZ

In Formosa Fathers Fred Foley and Alden

Stevenson took their cameras along to help find the answer to a question for everybody

## How Many Jesuit Missionaries Are There?



"Are you asking *me*, Father?"



"Is that a rigged question?"



"First of all, where's the payola?"



"Excuse me. I'll be back in minute."



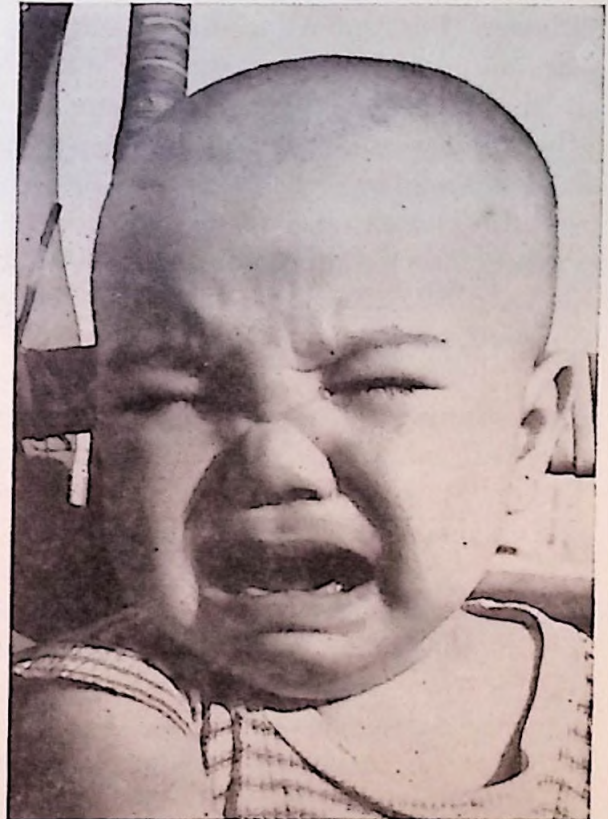
"Let's see. There must be 200 or . . ."



"I'm busy. Come back later."



"I know, 6400! I read it in *Jesuit Missions*."



"Yah! In my copy of *Jesuit Missions*!"

Can you help in any of the following ways?



## Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

---

The month of May is "dated". Why not tie in your gift with the day or need which appeals to you? May 1st is the Feast of St. Joseph the Worker. The parish in Golmuri, India, is named that and Father Kavanagh is striving desperately to make room for his Catholic children in his patchwork schoolroom. Can you help him with \$2, \$5, or more?

At St. Joseph's in Ceylon the problem is one you may know yourself, transportation of Catholic school children. The need is a big one—\$2500 for a school bus—so we call upon Our Lady of the Way also (May 24th). Any size gift will help Father Arulappah on the road.

"Flowers For the Altar" are a must in May and the story on page 15 assures us they will be there. But there are other "musts" in Kallar and the pastor, Father Sommers, lists a couple—electricity for church and rectory, \$200; replacing thatch roof with tiles, \$400. A tile costs 10¢ American—how many tiles can you buy?

The Finding of the Holy Cross on May 3rd would be a nice day to present Father Wilzbacher in India with the processional cross he wistfully hopes for.

St. Michael the Archangel has a reputation as a fighter (May 8th is the Feast of His Apparition) and the seminary in Jamaica named in his honor has had its share of struggles during its eight years of existence. Could you make a donation of \$1, \$2, \$5 or more to this

most important of causes in the Caribbean area?

The Apostolic School in Yoro, Honduras, is also a training ground for future priests who are so badly needed in Latin America. On the Feast of St. Philip and James, Apostles, on May 11th could you remember this particular need?

Milestones mark good roads and in Formosa Father Goyoaga actually terms the new Jesuit Novitiate there as a real milestone. He asks for help in furnishing the chapel which will have eight altars and all that is necessary for them, chalices, missals, etc. On the Feast of Our Lady of the Way can you aid this milestone on the missions?

Speaking of dates Father Walter Cook at Bandgaon, India, lives in a bungalow built in 1885 with unbaked bricks and mud mortar. His understatement of the year: "It has not survived the ages too well." If you have ever had a housing problem you can appreciate to some extent the difficulty Father faces in a cottage built for too—too long. Could you help him over his hurdles?

All of May is Mary's month and we would be most happy to send our missionaries a little "Mary gift". It needn't be large, a dollar, two or ten dollars, whatever fits your purse—it will surely fit someone's heart. Send your "Mary gift" to

Jesuit Missions  
211 East 87th St.  
New York 28, N.Y.

**Urgently needed:**

For the Church of Our Lady in Kuch-  
chavely, Ceylon:

One Altar .....	\$200.00
One tabernacle .....	100.00
Vestments ..... each	20.00
Monstrance .....	200.00
Stations of the Cross .....	25.00
Church Bell .....	150.00

**Won't you help?**

Send your contribution to:

**Jesuit Missions**

211 E. 87th St., New York 28, N.Y.

# Want to name a church?

*Father Joseph Mann, formerly of Chicago, is in charge of a mission in Bihar, India, which is fifty miles long and fifty miles wide, and densely populated. He needs five sub-stations, at least, in order to bring Christ to those who do not know Him.*

Father has land

32 miles Southeast of his headquarters

28 miles Southwest of headquarters

22 miles East of headquarters

27 miles North of headquarters

30 miles West of headquarters

These substations will cost \$600 each.

**Will you help Father Mann?** He will be happy to let the donor choose the name of the chapel.

Send your contribution to:

**Jesuit Missions**

211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.