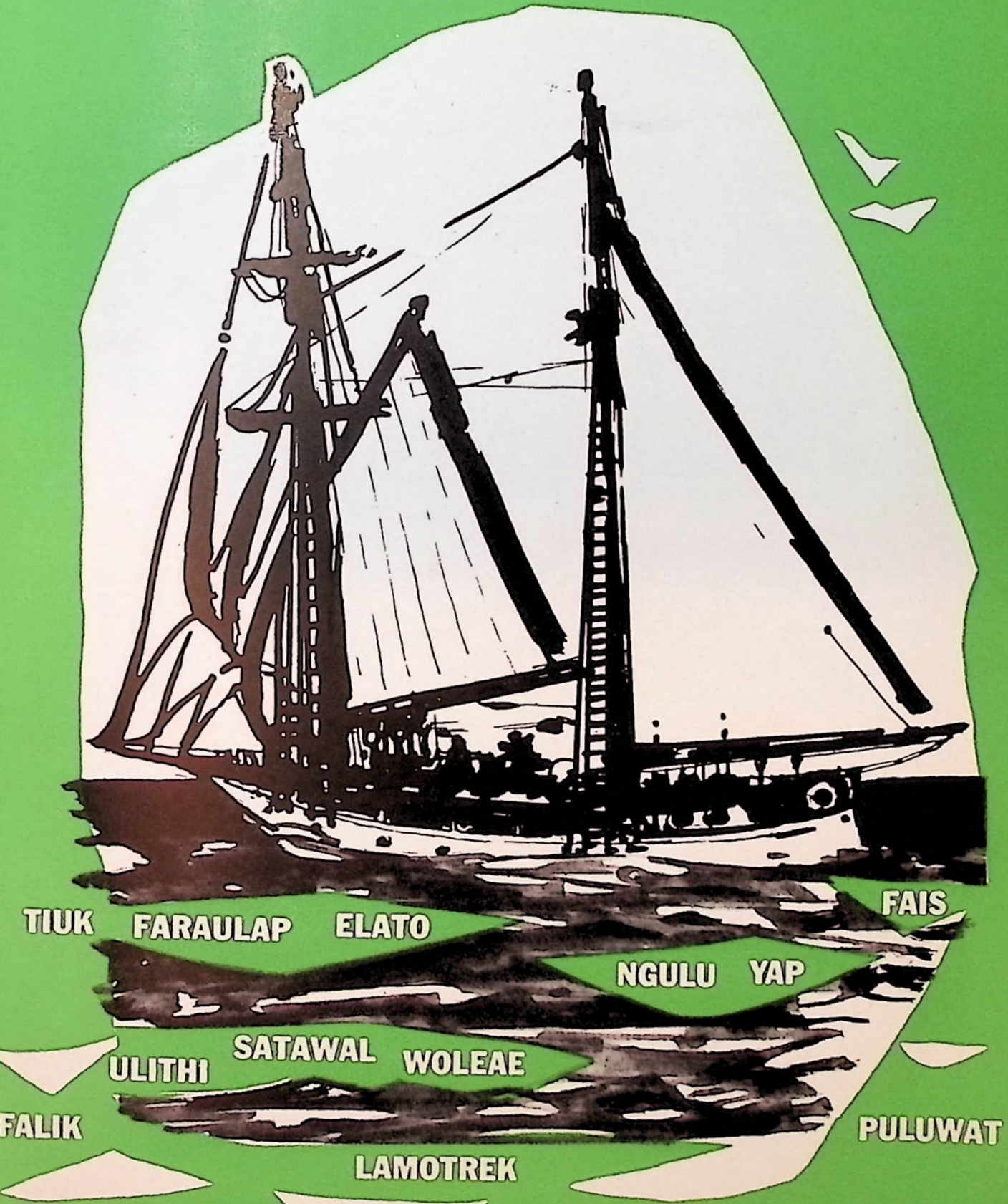


ESUIT MISSIONS

1961

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National Magazine of the American



MISSIONS

from the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

Missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

Baghdad - Ceylon - Alaska - Belize - Japan - Burma - China - Caroline Islands
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moments of nearness (left) are all important in the searching of
full. There is so much to do for His Kingdom, and so many ways of
accomplishing it, that one must seek the answer that is found only in
dear moments when Our Lord whispers to a willing, loving heart.



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ROBERT J. FITZPATRICK S.J.

The ancient formula for the blessing of throats has new meaning at the Culion Leper Sanitarium in the Philippines

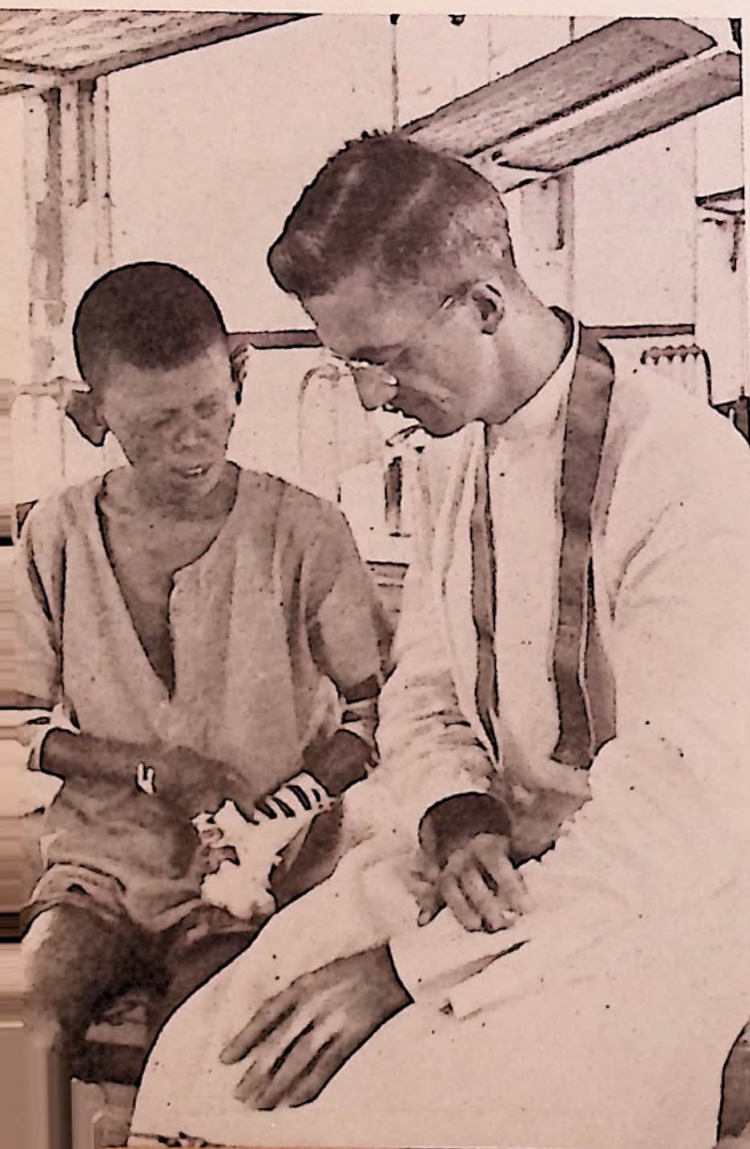
THE BLESSING of throats is a long-standing custom here at the Culion Leprosarium in the Philippines. The prayer in honor of St. Blaise has no little meaning for our leprous patients as they wait for the bed-to-bed blessing of the priest in surplice and stole. Uppermost in their minds surely is the thought of the ailments they endure of throat and voice, while the priest moves slowly from one sick person to another. He places the crossed candles at their throats and whispers to them: "Through the intercession of St. Blaise, Bishop and Martyr, may God deliver you from ailments of the

throat and from every other evil, in Name of the Father and of the Son of the Holy Spirit, Amen."

But at least for this priest, the words, ". . . and from every other evil" bring thoughts to mind as he looks the eyes of each of those sitting on beds before him.

There are about a half dozen ward visits in our Catholic hospital each February 3rd is a very important day for each of the patients. The Sisters of St. Paul who serve as nurses in wards have probably gotten their patients ready, poised on the edge of their beds

“...and from every other evil.”



or lying under tidy covers if they are rheumatic to move. They are all ready by the time the priest arrives in the middle of the morning or afternoon. A few words in the dialect remind the old ladies in Emergency 3 Ward that they should pray for the other people in Colony, that St. Blaise and the good Lord may strengthen the weak and shower grace-filled helps on their families, neighbors and all the world.

A pleasant, ever-smiling face has blessed many times since 1916 when a gentle lady arrived in the hospital ward. She has endured amputation of her foot and for 44 years has smiled graciously at many a Catholic Chaplain. Another lady seems so very aged; one might guess she is about 70, but she is barely utterly blind, deserted by her husband.

Ease of soul is brought by Chaplain Fitzpatrick to a young resident who is evidently in an advanced stage of leprosy.



Quiet beauty of Culion's surroundings is reflected in the patients' faith.

and family outside the Colony. A few words in Cebuano cheer her a bit before I pass along to the next bed. The "every other evil" for this lady is the constantly recurring "alibagha" or reaction that most leprosy patients dread. She has been in Emergency 3 for about six years now. The next bed finds another amputee who hails from the Bicol region (on the same island as Manila and to the south of the Capital of the Philippines). She is really recovering from a throat ailment, but one would hardly guess the pain it has given her for many months. Her blind eyes stare past me; her voice is recapturing that gentle and cheerful quality of a lady truly pleasing to Our Lord. She tries to teach me Bicolano every time we chat,

Emergency 3 is the ward one goes to when he wants to be more than ordinarily cheered up by the deep religious spirit that pervades the ward. They seem to pray almost all day, starting at about 4:40 in the morning. They have finished their first Rosary when I come round

with Holy Communion at 5 A.M.

The invalid men have a rousing welcome whenever I drop in for a visit. But February 3rd's visit is something special. The atmosphere is that of a monastery during their great silence. The men are ready for the prayers and blessing of throats. One is a blind convert who fervently leads the thanksgiving prayers after Holy Communion in the morning. I pray that he will include me in his prayers for I know he will be *very* high in Heaven. He no longer feels anything with his hands and feet for they are completely anesthetic now. "Ipanalangin mo ako, Jose," is my parting word with him . . . "Pray for me, Jose." His wife just had a foot amputated and cannot come to visit him anymore, so I act as their angel of mutual encouragement.

My next blessing goes to a man from Leyte (of World War II fame) whose only natural joy on earth is his pipe. He won't walk again either, since his deformed hands can no longer hold the



Simple fare, but a substantial one, is shared by Doreteo and his wife Leticia with two of the 45 Angelicos dormitory boys whom they carefully and lovingly care for at Culion.

crutches. Just across from him is a Cantonese Chinese with whom I speak Tagalog; sometimes he tries to tell me the meaning of the various Chinese characters in the newspaper he reads. But there is not time for that now as St. Blaise goes to work on the enfeebled wrists and stiffened fingers and unfeeling hands that support his limp jaw when he speaks. His neighbor is a clever tailor, but now he spends his time embroidering. How his stumpy fingers hold the needle is still a mystery to me; his designs of birds and flowers are delicately graceful. As I say the prayer for St. Blaise's help, I am again aware of the request he had made previously that I try to help him to obtain a wooden leg of local manufacture; his own gangrenous one was operated on a few months ago to save his life. I mentally promise to get the 30 pesos needed for this act of kindness for him.

"Salamu leicum" is the only Moham-

medan greeting I know as I approach a young boy who is not a Catholic, but a Moro from Jolo. He lives in our Catholic dormitory and attends our St. Ignatius Academy. "Peace be with you," is my mental prayer as I repeat the greeting and then bless his throat. He was delighted the other day by the story I told him about Our Blessed Lady. May Our Lady draw you to Herself and to Her Son away from "every other evil."

The mosquito net is draped like a veil over the head of this next man who overcomes the racking rheumatic pain throughout his body in order to push aside the net and to sit up for a moment to receive the blessing. His companion does not hear the words of the prayer since he experiences only a singing sound that betrays his deafness. Somehow he is aware of the Presence of the Lord in the early morning darkness when He comes in Holy Communion.



Questions appear in order but not as much as understanding, sympathy and affection.

What grace could I ask the Lord for the young man who leads the thanksgiving prayers in this ward and directs the hymns to Our Lady in the early predawn? Though he has neither toes nor fingers, is partially blind and had to make an heroic struggle up the church steps yesterday on the feast of Our Lady's Purification, he is very unassuming in his sacrifices. One is humbled in the presence of such a brave spirit for he has offered his pains and all the marks of the steady advance of the disease for the conversion of the world.

One of the men sits bolt upright on his bed. He would like to see his family once more before he dies, but they have not answered his letters for some five years. He knows now that they have abandoned him, wife and children know him no more. Christ's prayer, "My God, why have you abandoned Me?" has given him enough to meditate on for many

months now and he prays that he may see his family in Heaven.

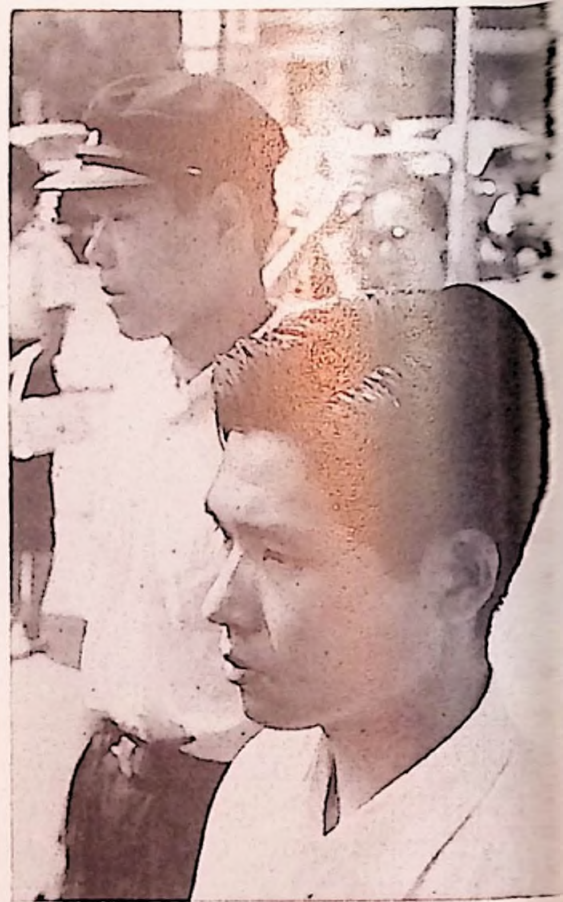
In beautiful Tagalog another man has told me how grateful he is that I visit him—and all his fellow-patients—in the ward so often. They find great comfort in the few minutes that the Catholic Chaplain can devote to each one. May the Lord reduce the bloated swelling on his face enough to permit his early return to his home in the barrio.

Here is a young lady who has been anointed with Extreme Unction. She dreads the slow-creeping blindness and gradual deafness. Her young son is already accustomed to seeing death and pain and festering wounds. He is taken care of in our Catholic dormitory and attends our Catholic school. His own mother here in the bed confidently prays he will not share her deformity and advancing TB; how can I help but pray that he may share her beauty of soul, her utter acceptance of God's plan for the few months of life left her?

In the children's ward I have lots of friends. Once I enter there, I can hardly move, for they surround me and try to tie me to themselves with my Jesuit cincture. A very special little bodyguard of mine in that ward is a five-year old crippled boy. He liked the warm wax of the unlighted candles about his throat. He looked straight into my eyes, so that I almost forgot the words of the prayer. He, too, is already conditioned to seeing cripples and his elders suffering from a dreaded disease, something he is too young to consider as anything but ordinary. Whenever I play or chat with him at his bed or as he tries to accompany me about the ward, I am distracted by the question he asked me some months ago. He had gripped me by the hand, and as he looked at our joined hands, he was a bit disconcerted by my "No" when he asked me, "Ketongin ka ba? Are you a leper?" I wished at the moment I could have said "Yes."



Springtime with its cherry blossoms means groups of friends picnicking but it also calls for soul-searching by the young.



A chance remark on a Japanese mountainside in the springtime brought about strange results in the souls of two

In Cherry Blossom Time

ROBERT M. DEYTERS S.J.

UNOMIYA NEVER DREAMED what would happen to him that April afternoon. He and his two friends, carrying a large 3-quart bottle of saké and some lunch, were climbing to the top of Mount Senkoji for an afternoon of "looking at the cherry blossoms."

When the cherries blossom in Japan, the barren winter hillsides are sprinkled thickly with rich white and pink blossoms. There is a festival air everywhere

and employees are usually allowed to take a holiday or two during the week.

Reaching the top after a climb of fifteen minutes, Unomiya and his friends found many people picnicking in the grove of cherry trees on the summit. They found an open spot under a large tree just on the brow of the slope where they could look out over the small city of Onomichi, stretched along the coast of the deep-blue, Inland Sea.

A few petals drifted lazily down on to the slick and neatly combed black hair of the three friends as they ate their box of rice and began to drink the saké. They poured the saké into each other's cups as a sign of their bond of friendship. As the afternoon wore on and the sun began to drop toward the islands to the west, the spirits of the three began to recover from their winter depression and melancholy. The saké bottle was now almost empty and the sun was sinking low, almost touching the peaks of the islands now.

"Let's start down," Unomiya suggested. As they got down near the town, they could see, just to the right of the stairway, the black tiles and the white wooden cross on the roof of the small Catholic Church, but today they were in no mood to pay much attention to the little mission church.

A few minutes later the three stopped and stared curiously at the strongly built foreigner in a black suit who stepped briskly out of one of the little high-walled passageways leading onto the staircase. He had almost bumped into Unomiya and his friends.

Father Reuschel was on his way out to his regular Saturday evening catechism instruction in the home of one of the people of the town. When Unomiya noticed the Roman collar and the foreign face, he recognized the "minister" whom he had seen several times riding a bicycle down the main street of the town. "I am a Christian, you know," he called after the priest in the loud, uninhibited voice of a man who has drunk too much.

"Fine," said the priest, turning his head. "Then please act like one." He hurried on his way . . .

The following afternoon, Father Reuschel went to see who was at the front door of the house. He found a young man standing there looking a little sheepish, but rather determined.

"Please forgive me," he asked with anxiety in his voice.

"For what?" Father was puzzled. "I don't remember that you ever did anything to me that requires forgiveness."

"Remember yesterday afternoon. My friends and I had drunk too much and we almost bumped into you on the stairway from Mount Senkoji. I lay awake all last night thinking about what you said to me about acting like a Christian. Please forgive me." He became more and more earnest. "I won't leave here until you forgive me. Please . . ."

"I am a Catholic priest, you know. I forgive in God's place," the priest explained. "We Catholics call such forgiveness 'confession.'"

"Confession?" Unomiya looked surprised. "What's that?"

The priest explained briefly what confession was. Then he remembered that Unomiya had said yesterday that he was a Christian. "What church do you belong to?" he asked.

"I belong to the True Vine Church. And you know, the minister told me once that you only have to ask God for forgiveness and He will forgive. The only trouble is you are never quite sure that God has really forgiven you."

"We Catholics are sure," the priest commented. "We have Christ's word that the sins a priest forgives will be forgiven by God."

At that, the young man with a quick impulse movement went down on his knees before the priest. With his hands on Father Reuschel's knees, he said, "Father, please forgive me." The wise priest readily consented.

The next day Unomiya came to his first Catechism instruction, and just one year later when the white and pink cherry blossoms covered the top of Mount Senkoji, Unomiya was baptized in the little chapel at the foot of the mountain. Not long afterwards one of his two friends came and asked to begin instructions. They had staggered down the mountain into the arms of God.

Something Wasted

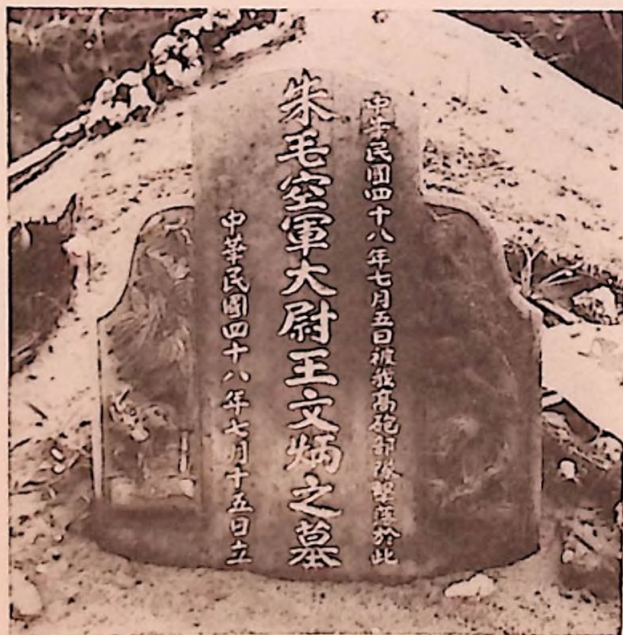
JOHN J. DAHLHEIMER S.J.

*He was a brave soldier, trusted by his officers,
but his death in combat raises a good question*

A LITTLE LESS than twenty-four hours before the above photograph was made, a brave young man met death violently over this grey expanse of water. The wreck of his aircraft lies at the bottom of the sea a few hundred yards off the larger of the two islands on the horizon where he himself is buried.

That he was a brave man there can

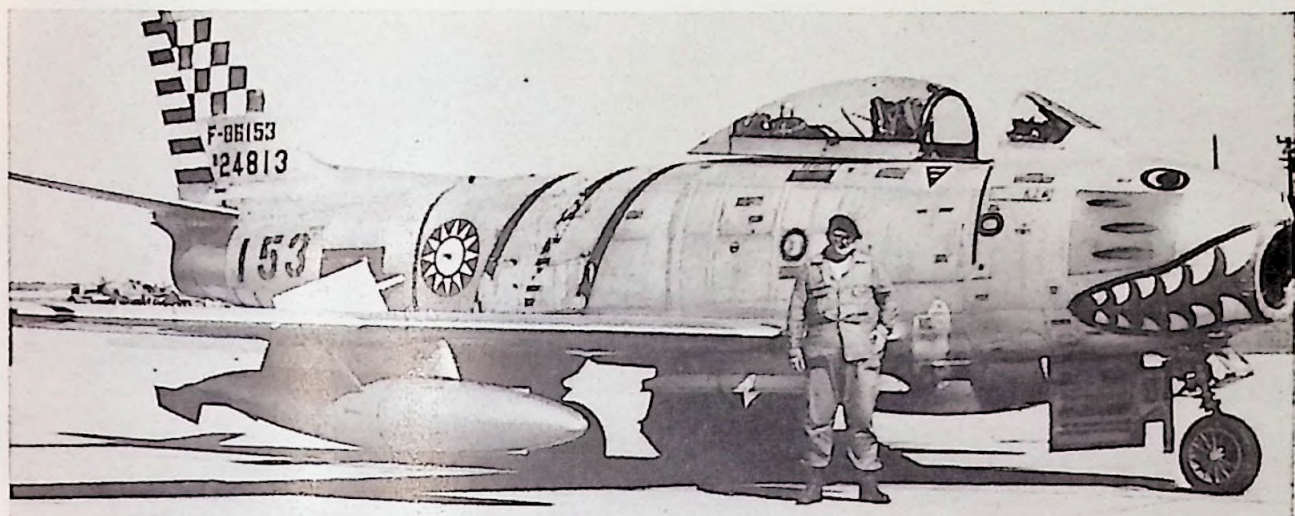
Resting place of Captain Wang on Hsi Ch'uan Island is marked by Free Chinese forces.



be no doubt, least of all in the minds of the men who destroyed him, for they had very literally to shoot him to pieces to stop him. He was young and in the prime of condition, for he served in an elite and exacting service. He was competent and well trained, for he had been entrusted with one of the world's finest fighting machines. He was, judging from the few minutes before his death, dedicated and conscientious, for he lost his life doing his best to bring an assigned mission to a successful conclusion.

He was a husband and a father. He should be a hero in his native land, for he died gallantly in the performance of his duty. *But what he died for was not worth fighting for.*

Captain Wang Wen Ping was the pilot of the Chinese Communist Mig jet-fighter brought down by combined fighter anti-aircraft fire over the East China Sea in the Matsu Complex. From Nan-kan—where I was preparing to offer Sunday Mass at 0900—I heard the roll of fire that caught him and watched through the glasses as the Chinese Navy swept the area of the crash north of Hsi-ch'uan.



Matsu Complex Chaplain, Father Dahlheimer, with Chinese Air Force work-horse, F-86 Sabre.

It is heartbreaking to see anything of value wasted. In this one tragedy of the airman who died and of the wife and child who must continue to live without him, the jumbled nightmare of horror that is captive China comes into sharp sickening focus. For he died and they will suffer—along with all the others—for Communism, a system that of its very foundations and nature is doomed to destruction. His death has been, tragically, for nothing.

Captain Wang is dead and those against whom he fought honor him as the brave man he was. Perhaps he believed in Communism; perhaps he recognized and loathed it for what it is—it makes no difference now. He is dead because of it. He no longer hears its promises or its threats.

But if there is the slightest doubt that he did crash; if there is the faintest possibility or suspicion he might, as far as his base knows, be in Taiwan, his widow, his child, and his family—Communism being what it is—will pay the penalty of having loved a possible defector.

The sun was bright and hot when he died over that sparkling sea. Gradually the sky darkened over the area where a man like Captain Wang had to be sacrificed to the futile man-made hell that is Communism. Something of value has been wasted.

Over there is the mainland and Red “paradise.” It is closely watched by Free China.





Cattle Landing conference is conducted by the veteran missionary, Father Kuenzel S.J.

1 + 1 = 140

Two veteran priests, one aged seventy-five, the other sixty-five, speed things up in B.H.

THE COMBINED AGES of the two missionaries ministering to the Punta Gorda Catholic Mission, southernmost station of British Honduras, total over one hundred and forty years. Father Anthony Kuenzel, the oldest Jesuit missionary working in British Honduras, was born February, 1885. He came to fill an emergency in the Belize area in 1932, one year after the hurricane disaster took a toll of eleven Jesuits. Father Leo Doyle, born in April, 1895, came to this foreign mission this past year, after working a long time among the American Indians. Yet they are planning on expanding their missionary efforts by building another school and church at Cattle Landing, near Punta Gorda.

Cattle Landing is one of the oldest settlements of the country. When the Caribs came they found scattered groups

Youngster in British Honduras, 65-year-old Fr. Doyle is War Chaplain and Sioux expert.





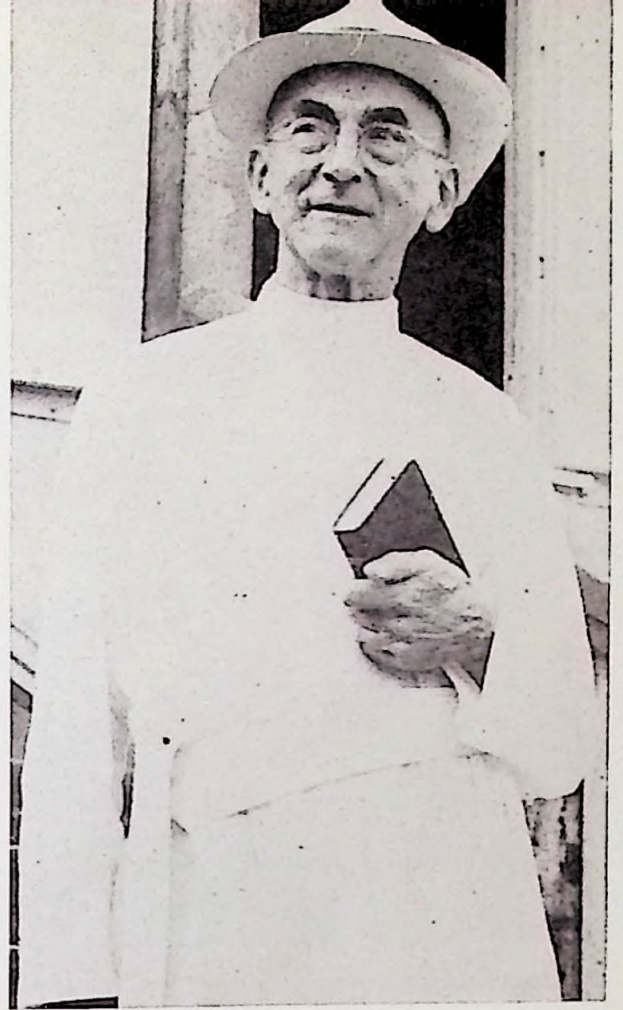
Matriarch of Cattle Landing benignly poses with one of lads on which hopes are pinned.

of Maya Indians further inland. Because the water was deep and sheltered by a bay, a landing was built to serve as a wharf for smaller boats so cattle could be loaded. The name has stuck.

The area has long been settled with scattered homes but when the Phillips Geophysical Company made the area its headquarters for their seismological search for oil, Cattle Landing received a new impetus. Many natives were hired, who in turn built thatch houses for their families close by.

Almost every mission school begins with the natives cutting logs for uprights, strong poles for rafters and framing. The walls are made of the trunk of the cabbage palm which is split in six inch strips. Only the doors and windows are made of dressed lumber. But the windows have no glass, simply hinged to swing open to furnish light for the class.

The floor is made of marl and clay, packed hard. The school furnishings are



Young of heart and only 75 years of age, Father Anthony Kuenzel is set to begin again.

home-made benches and tables. Blackboards are portable, shifted to accommodate the teachers and pupils to the morning or afternoon sunlight.

These schools are of the utmost importance to the missionary efforts of the Church and the missionaries. So they strive constantly to expand these village schools as a means of teaching the people "to know, love and serve God and thereby save their souls" and achieve a degree of happiness even in this life.

But the missionary also knows that with the school, he also has a church for Sunday Mass which will be well attended by the adults and children alike. So Father Kuenzel and Father Doyle, despite their ages, are striving not just to maintain the parish of St. Peter Claver and its school of 335 elementary pupils and a newly begun high school of 25 students, but to expand and further serve the native Caribs who respond so wholeheartedly to instruction and religious devotion.



All together now and you must realize that the concept of teamwork is new to the Eastern

Wheat Wells and Corn Canals

ALOYSIUS CAMILLERI S.J.

In India a new movement is fast developing by which the people are learning to put free gifts to good use

WHAT A WELL! Twenty feet in diameter and forty feet deep. That's big enough to pass for a bomb-crater. But the "bomb" that "blasted out" this well was made of wheat and corn. American wheat and corn sent by the Catholic Relief Services to the people of Cilimpur, a Santal village parish in the Archdiocese of Calcutta. The distribution of these gifts of grain (and of powdered milk) can be as risky as handling dynamite.

The Government of India is facing a gigantic task with courage and determination. In the next five years, India has to be self supporting in food. The problem is growing more acute with the years as the population increase leaps up by

the millions. On the other hand, free distribution builds a community of outright beggars. The generosity of American Catholics had to be used in such a way as to train the Santals of Cilimpur parish to become self supporting.

Local handicaps coupled with restrictions on the distribution of these free supplies, created baffling problems for Father Wirth, the parish priest of Cilimpur. One day, however, the Santals of Daharlangi, a neighboring village, unconsciously offered an easy solution. They could never agree to work together and dig a badly needed well. The only source of drinking water was a quarter-of-a-mile away. Finally they approached Father

Wirth. If he were to help them with wheat and corn, they would be ready to work on the well-project.

Father Wirth caught the bouncing ball. Every one that worked six hours a day on the project would be entitled to five pounds of wheat or corn, relatively "fat wages"! In less than two weeks, Daharlangi had the new well that would pass for a bomb-crater with ten feet of fresh water down at the bottom.

With the success of the Daharlangi project, the Cilimpur Catholic Relief Service got a vigorous push. A good means had finally been discovered to teach people how to help themselves. The gradually growing beggar mentality vanished into thin air. Nobody capable of handling a spade or of balancing a basket of loose earth on the head dared approach the Cilimpur C.R.S. for "free" grain supplies any more. Only the old and the disabled continued to get free rations.

The latest project to get under way will have far-reaching effects. At some distance from Cilimpur, precious waters of a spring wasted themselves down a stony valley. Meanwhile hundreds of acres of fertile land in the vicinity yielded but one miserable crop of rice in a

Welcome grain is gratefully received by elderly Indian couple in North Bihar district.



year. If only that water was made use of for irrigation, the whole face of the earth in that area would be changed! Father Wirth broached the subject with some villagers. They caught the idea and wondered whether the Cilimpur C.R.S. wouldn't be of service this time as well. Father Wirth was more than delighted to hear the suggestion. A few leaders were employed to spread the idea without delay in the villages concerned. In a week a troop of 400 villagers built a 20-foot-high dam some 50 feet in length and 15 feet in breadth at the base. This would gather the water from the spring and will serve as the main supply for a three-mile-long irrigation canal. While working on the project, digging out stones, carrying loose earth, the merry villagers were already talking of the blessings they would enjoy from the project. Some would sow potatoes, others would flood the country market with vegetables, others would have a tomato-sauce factory of their own! Some would even count on a wheat crop matching the rice crop ripening for the harvest. Finally it dawned on them that with a little more effort they could really be self-supporting on the very land they tilled!

Help yourselves is the great lesson which these people have learned by joining forces.



Window on the Mission

Generosity Plus

THE STORY on the preceding page, illustrating the wise procedure used in distributing free wheat and corn to the needy, has a moral to it which we might well take to heart. As Father Camilleri says, "The distribution of these gifts can be as tricky as handling dynamite."

Two years ago the Catholic Bishops of Germany instituted a plan which might be imitated by all. At the beginning of Lent they appealed to their people for personal sacrifices which would help combat hunger and disease in the whole world. It was not the kind of appeal which we hear from time to time; this one was to hurt the giver, and in a most worthy cause. The response was magnificent, but what we want to emphasize is the manner of its application. If the basis of distribution was to be the one commonly in use, outright gifts to the already sick, poor, homeless, etc., then there was a danger of inbreeding the sense of begging, of obtaining something without labor on the receiving end. So the Bishops adopted the pattern of "helping the people to help themselves."

The attack was directed not so much

on hunger and disease but at the causes which were the roots of these evils. There was a definite framework into which this aid would fit. Indiscriminate giving can resemble throwing a handful of feathers into the wind; a thoughtful, well-planned charity can take strong root. So a comprehensive program of agricultural, medical and technical aid was developed. It was not limited to any region, to any religious group, nor to any people. Wherever there was need, and that need could be alleviated efficiently and with a long-range view, then the organization was more than ready to extend a helping hand. But why start a technical school or an orphanage if it could be foreseen that a lack of sustaining personnel would soon mean its abandonment? The success of the Bishops' Campaign, now an annual affair, is reflected in the different organizations, non-Catholic and non-sectarian, who now follow the same procedure. It is charity that is built not only on generosity—but generosity plus wisdom.

Next Month

In our next issue we will conclude the account of Bishop Kennally's tour of the Western Carolines. We will also tell of the disaster which has struck those atolls since his visit. The word arrived too late for this issue. As you may know, this was an historic occasion for the people for it was the first time a Bishop had set foot on their islands. So at each landing, the islanders regarded it as a major event.



COVER. To artist Phil Franznick the Western Carolines are strange names lost in the immense expanse of the Pacific. In search of the dispersed flock the shepherd sets out on the *Star of the Sea*, the 27-ton schooner whose voyage to these isles marked the first episcopal visitation ever.



Election Echo

The recent U.S. Presidential campaign aroused great interest at St. Xavier's in Patna, India. So Father John Mahoney S.J. seized the opportunity to have his students write a letter of congratulations and advice to Mr. Kennedy. One read:

"Dear Mr. Kennedy,

I congratulate you on your election to such a high office. Even though I am just a student here at St. Xavier's I presume to give you some advice. Please take good care of all students. And please keep the Ten Commandments.

Yours sincerely . . ."

Mistaken Identity

In another district of Patna, Father De Genova was baptizing the wife of an old man, now in the hospital. She was doing nicely in her answers until asked to renounce Satan. She hesitated, then asked Father to repeat the question about Satan. When he did so, she slowly shook her head and began to shuffle away, saying, "For 50 years he has fed me, and now that he is sick and in the hospital how could I abandon him?"

And in North India the border incidents brought about a hurried call for Father Clair Cazayoux of the New Orleans Province to report to the police. He promptly left his studies at Kurseong and appeared before the officials in Calcutta. There he found himself listed as Ca Yah Chou, a Chinese!

The March Mission Intention is "that a numerous Native Clergy may receive a solid training adapted to present-day needs."

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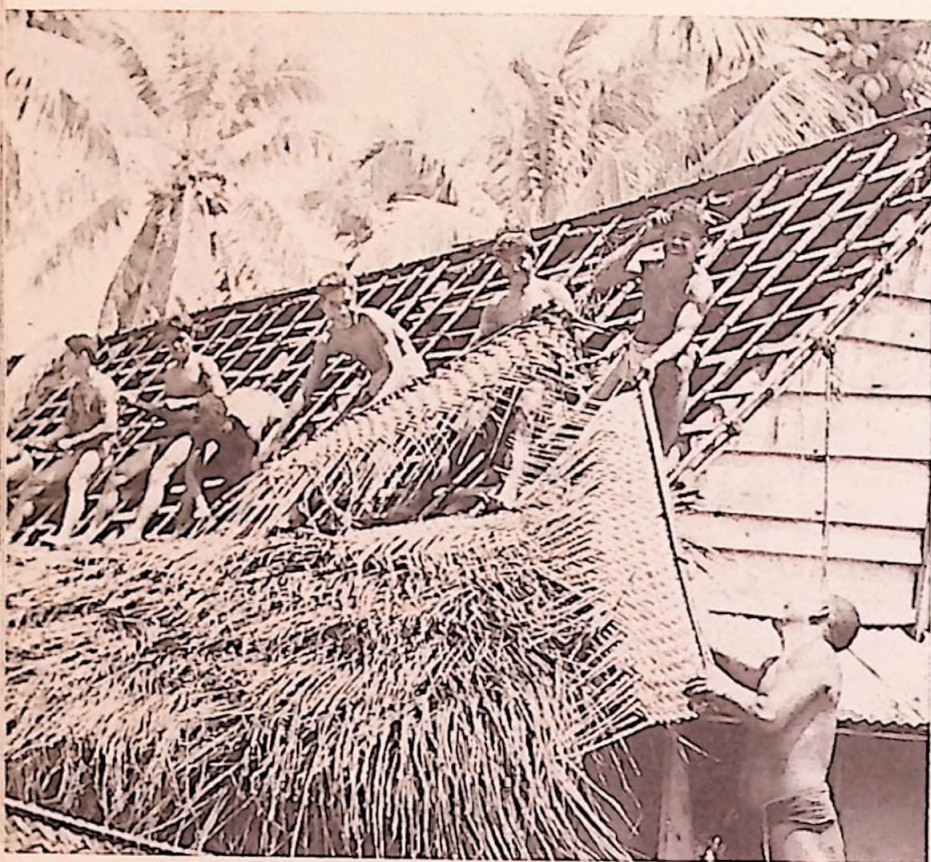
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Island chapel is a rude construction with woven mats of coconut palms fastened to frame of low overhang.



Time and tide are constant things and it is good to smoke and think.

Journey into Yesterday

BISHOP VINCENT I. KENNALLY S.J.

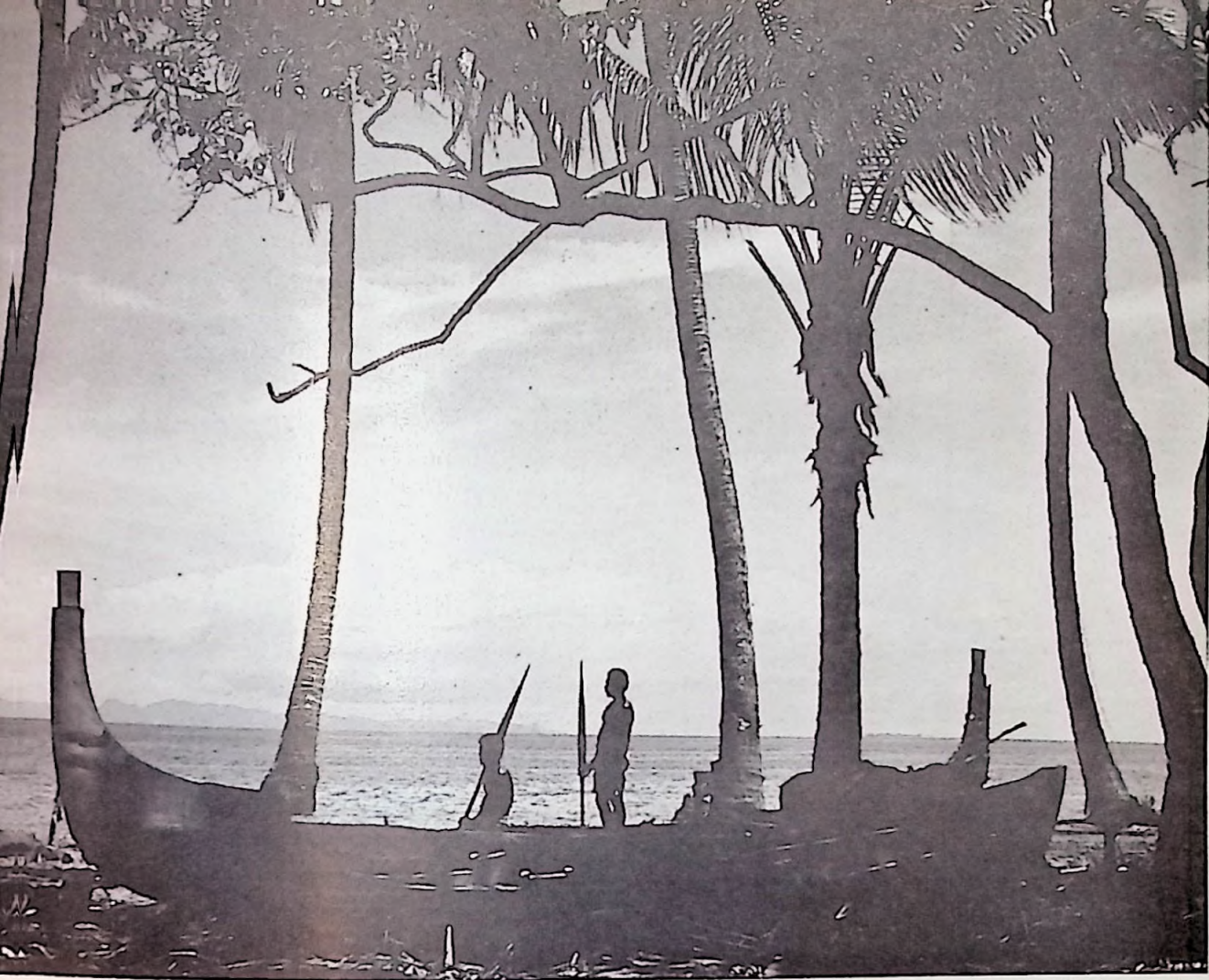
The continuation of the historic voyage of the Bishop to his widely scattered flock of the Western Carolines

FROM LAMOTREK we sailed to Faraulep. This is a small atoll with a treacherous pass spotted with coral heads, but once in, the lagoon furnishes a fine anchorage. Of the three islands on the circle of the reef, two have settlements—Falalap, about 80 people, and Pingelap at the other end of the lagoon, about 40. Twelve years ago these people were practically all pagans, now they are Catholic without exception.

As the government ship cannot enter the Faraulep lagoon, the people, especially the women and girls, seldom see anyone from the outside. The men bring their copra out to the ship in their canoes

and do what trading they can for cigarettes, rice, sugar, etc., right at the ship. Our mission schooner, however, was at anchor inside the lagoon within the reach of all and they made the most of it.

All day the people came out, examined the boat from stem to stern and then just sat on deck, laughing and talking, enjoying the unusual privilege. They brought presents of coconuts and food for the crew and gifts of handicraft for me, and received cigarettes in turn. I have a fine collection of lava-lavas, the only garment women wear, a kind of wrap-around, six feet long and from eighteen to twenty-four inches wide. It is fastened at the



(U.S. Navy photo)

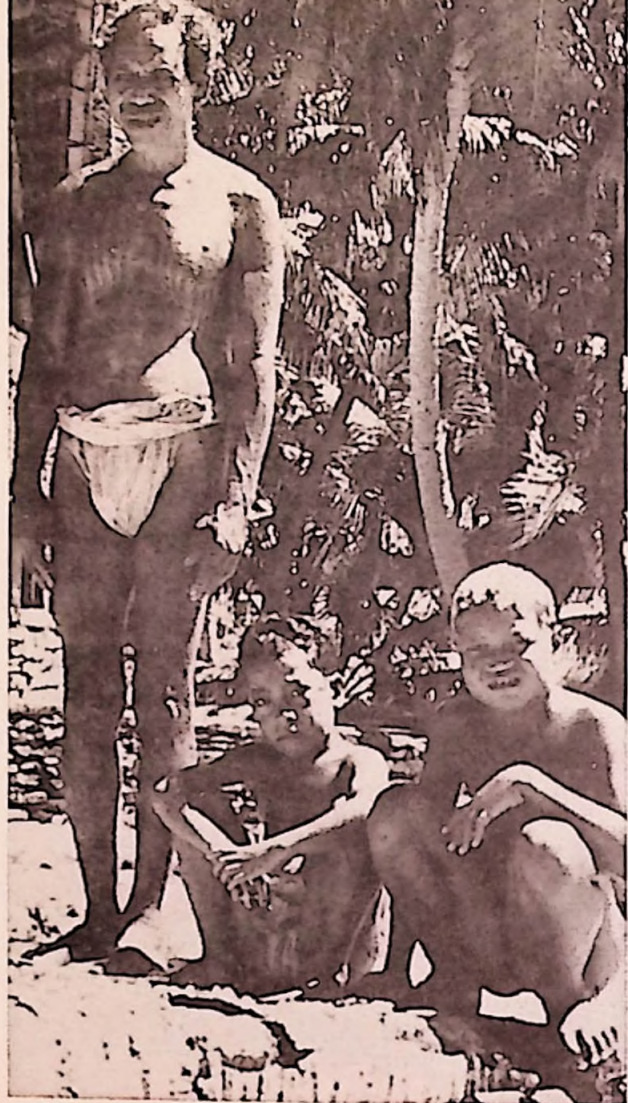
Native canoe is beached on a coconut plantation while spear-bearing sailors trade.

waist with a belt often artistically decorated with designs in tortoiseshell. The lava-lava itself is woven on hand looms from the inner bark of hibiscus which is stripped, combed into threads under water and bleached. In the weaving, a variety of designs according to the skill of the operator are worked into the finished product with threads that have been dyed blue and red. Every native hut has its little loom and some of the women become real artists.

Two evenings later, we were ready to leave this pleasant atoll, so it was up anchor and away for Ifalik with sails filling and a brilliant moon to light the way. By nine o'clock the next morning, we were carefully threading our way through the coral heads that mark the pass into the Ifalik lagoon. This atoll, with about 280 people, is only about fifty percent Catholic. They had built a very fine chapel of native materials, high and airy,

in a clearing in the coconut grove. It rested on a carpet of that fine soft grass. There were the usual greetings from the people and then Mass. When the lists had been checked over, 66 were found ready for Confirmation.

Some time before we reached Ifalik an event occurred which illustrates the reverence, superstitious fear, or whatever it may be called with which the people look upon one who is somewhat demented. There seems to be at least one on every atoll. On Ifalik, their "sick one" began to show signs of violence, knocking things over, threatening people, etc. What to do? Lay hands on him to tie him up or put him in a strait jacket until he calmed down? No, he had been "touched" by God, or the demon. So one hundred and thirty, almost half the population, simply got into their canoes and sailed off for Wotje, miles away over the open sea and left the crazy man in possession!



Simplicity is the keynote and these Caroline Islanders have always dealt only in essentials.

Then they notified the Civil Administration authorities on Yap and on the next trip of the government ship, medical authorities took him into custody. But even when we arrived, some Ifalik people were still on Wotje.

Woleae was our next stop. It took us about eight hours sailing due west from Ifalik and we used the motor all the way. This brought us to the large pass before sunset. Woleae is a large atoll and there are people living on seven or eight of the numerous reef islands. On the largest, which I will call Woleae, where most of the people live, the Japanese had built an air strip for small planes and made a fair sized military base. The remains of tanks, machines, etc., can still be seen rusting in the underbrush. The passes are deep and the lagoon furnishes ample anchorage. As on Ifalik, there is a large percentage of pagans here than on most of the atolls, though this would soon change with a good catechist.

Then southeast to Eurapik and the usual greetings followed by Mass afterward. While Father Walter was going

Loading copra bags to be ferried to waiting trading ship is essence of island economy





Northland beauty is typified by Anke Lake and its scenic background near the city of Juneau.

Call of Alaska

JOHN J. MORRIS S.J.

Every missionary land has its own appeal of beauty but few can rival the majestic grandeur of the Northland

LET'S TAKE OFF from Seattle in an Alaskan Airlines DC-6. Fairbanks is 1800 miles toward the North Pole. It is mid-June, 11:00 P.M. As you look over your shoulder the blazing metropolitan lights far below seem to wave good-bye for civilization. You slide down and comfort yourself in the seat—it is bedtime, the steady hum of the motors plays the sandman. You hardly have time to shift your sleepy body twice when you become aware that you are speeding into daylight—that of a six-month day—into the land of the midnight sun. Your watch tells you it is only one hour past midnight, yet the “rising” sun seems to laugh and say, “Funny country up this way, isn't it?”

Soon you are wide awake. Off to the west as far as you can see are jagged, glacier-fashioned peaks. They are crusted with glazing ice and glorious whiteness. Yet it isn't white; the great, rising fire has lent the world its reddish hue. Oblique rays gild the heights which in turn cast long shadows of every rise and descent. Blind to all this beauty our plane rushes on.

Now below us and to the east are literally hundreds of small, lonely lakes fed by the dying snows. Could it be so, are these true forests and verdured valleys encircling the lakes, and so close to frozen summits? Yes, just another of Alaska's many moods—it is a vast land with a rich personality. A guide out of Anchorage



Iceman cometh in a world of white where all things appear frozen in an eternal silence.

once told me that for over ten years he had been lifting sportsmen into these lakes and had never landed twice on the same lake.

But this is only an introduction to Alaska. You will be thrilled to climb into the heart of a gigantic glacier, awe-filled by her mass, fascinated by the ice-imprisoned blue which one can never touch nor release. You would have to agree with the old sourdough who gazed from his log cabin up toward the towering mountain of ice.

"You know," began the older miner, "when a man's livin' alone his mind does some funny things. I've lived with that over-sized mountain of ice for almost thirty years. It's become like a great woman to me. She stands there unperturbable and always with calm poise. Coursin'

through her is that blue blood. It makes her flesh mysterious and beautiful. She can almost hypnotize you with it. It's always there, gentle and attractive, but you can never make it your own."

The old-timer hesitated a minute, spat a good load of whiskied snuff out beyond his doorway and continued, "Like all true females she's got a mean streak in her. See those heaps of rock piled at her feet; that's her work. She's a livin' giant, always movin', shearin' big rocks, and scoopin' out gullies. Nothin'll stop her.

"All summer long she's workin'. When I lay in bed at night I can hear her, and when I'm at my diggin's she's still goin'. It's only when winter comes that there's any rest. She covers herself in soft white blankets and waits for another spring."

Then with a note of sadness, "I've got-

ten old and wrinkled over the years, but she's still lookin' forward to a few decades of work. She's still as young, fresh and beautiful as the day I first met her." With a bit of pride he ended with, "That's why I call her a woman."

That old prospector really saw the wonder of a glacier. I suppose he could give you a similar story for perhaps Alaska's greatest sight, the Aurora Borealis. These Northern Lights are literally one of the greatest shows on earth. After the long summer has passed, the ground freezes hard, winds howl, and powdered snow blows. Where sunbeams once played darkness rushes in.

But it isn't all bleak. So often all you have to do is look upward. There in the sky are the majestic Northern Lights. Each night, not to say each minute, they are different. At times they hang across the whole sky with the composure of a heavy drapery, folding and unfolding, being drawn open and then closed. The vault of heaven becomes a stage, but here the sapphire-blue curtain and the show are one and the same. So real is it all that you instinctively listen, and in vain, for the rustle of moving curtains.

If the Northern Lights are one of the sights that never wear thin and join the prosaic, there is another thrill which God seems to have destined with a magic to equal that of the Lights.

Month piles on month as you wearily plod your way into the deep, cold pit of December twenty-first. Thick-ribbed ice has choked the sound of talking rivers, deep snow has smothered all sounds, and pressing darkness lays heavily on the land. Life's posture becomes one of sitting and waiting.

But December twenty-first is the beginning of the end. The sun can flee no

farther; it looks back, has pity, turns and begins the long, steady course upward. Then one day you will hear drip, drip, drip. That's it! The magic spell is being cast after the long night.

Snows shrink, hundreds of tiny rivulets chatter like children released from school, flocks of white birds appear from nowhere, darting and zooming, glad to help nature rejoice. Above can be heard the unrivaled sound of honking geese. They are wild, powerful, but their presence gladsome and their call exciting. Buttercups, crocuses, and nameless wild flowers pop up and dance with the winds.

Shouts from children mingle with the sharp bark of as many tail-wagging dogs. Furs are put away, boats are mended. Village life comes to a new pitch; everyone is preparing happily for fish-camp.

These are some of Alaska's moods. Mission life has its hard side, but like life everywhere it is coin of two sides. Nowhere is there a missionary who doesn't find moments for rejoicing, moments of peace, and moments for communion with God in the sights and wonders of his mission land.



Highest peak in North America is Mt. McKinley which rises 20,300 feet into blue yonder.



THE KILLER STRIKES

JOHN J. KENEALY S.J.

*There is an awful hopelessness in the face of a deadly
attack when one's own defenses are pitifully weak*

CHOLERA IS A KILLER and it struck suddenly at Jamalpur, here in India's Bihar District, on Sunday night. One of our teachers, a lad of about 22 years and a convert, walked six miles in from his village to give the news that his wife was sick. Father Snyder wasn't here at the time and all I had on hand was some powder for dysentery. Never having seen cholera before, I didn't really understand what was happening. The lad took what I gave him and walked the six miles back to his village in the dark.

The following morning, as I was coming from the sacristy after saying Mass, I saw a couple of the men from that village in the compound. I went over to ask them how the teacher's (his name is Anant Lal) wife was. Their report: she

was dead and so were three others. Many more were affected and if something were not done quickly the whole village would be wiped out.

Michael Hembram, our Santal catechist, and his wife Dina live here, in Jamalpur. Dina is a nurse who works in the Notre Dame Sisters' dispensary about a mile away. I asked her what had to be done, and she said we'd have to inoculate the whole village, those who were not yet stricken by the epidemic. Michael and I hopped on the motorcycle and started buzzing around town for serum and medicine. Sister Kieran, of Notre Dame Academy, gave me some Sulfaguanidine. The Indian Army regiment near here (where a Catholic officer was able to help) and the Jamalpur Muni-

pharmacy supplied me with injection serum, and the railway hospital, where a Catholic is the compounder, supplied me with some powder to check the vomiting. By 8:30 Michael, the catechist and I were on our way out to the village by motorcycle. His wife Dina and a couple of other teachers had to walk it because there is no other conveyance.

Michael and I arrived at 9:00 o'clock. I could see the villagers were terror-stricken. Women were wailing and the men were just sitting as if dumb. Nine people were down with the epidemic and we started giving them the Sulfaguandine pills. Dina and the teachers came after about 45 minutes and began inoculating everyone not yet affected. We stayed there till about 1 o'clock and no new deaths had occurred in that time. The nine were in various stages of weakness, but the heavy running and vomiting had stopped. We went home for lunch and then Michael and I returning again at 3:00 p.m. At the same time the health officer of the District also appeared on the scene. He brought some glucose in-

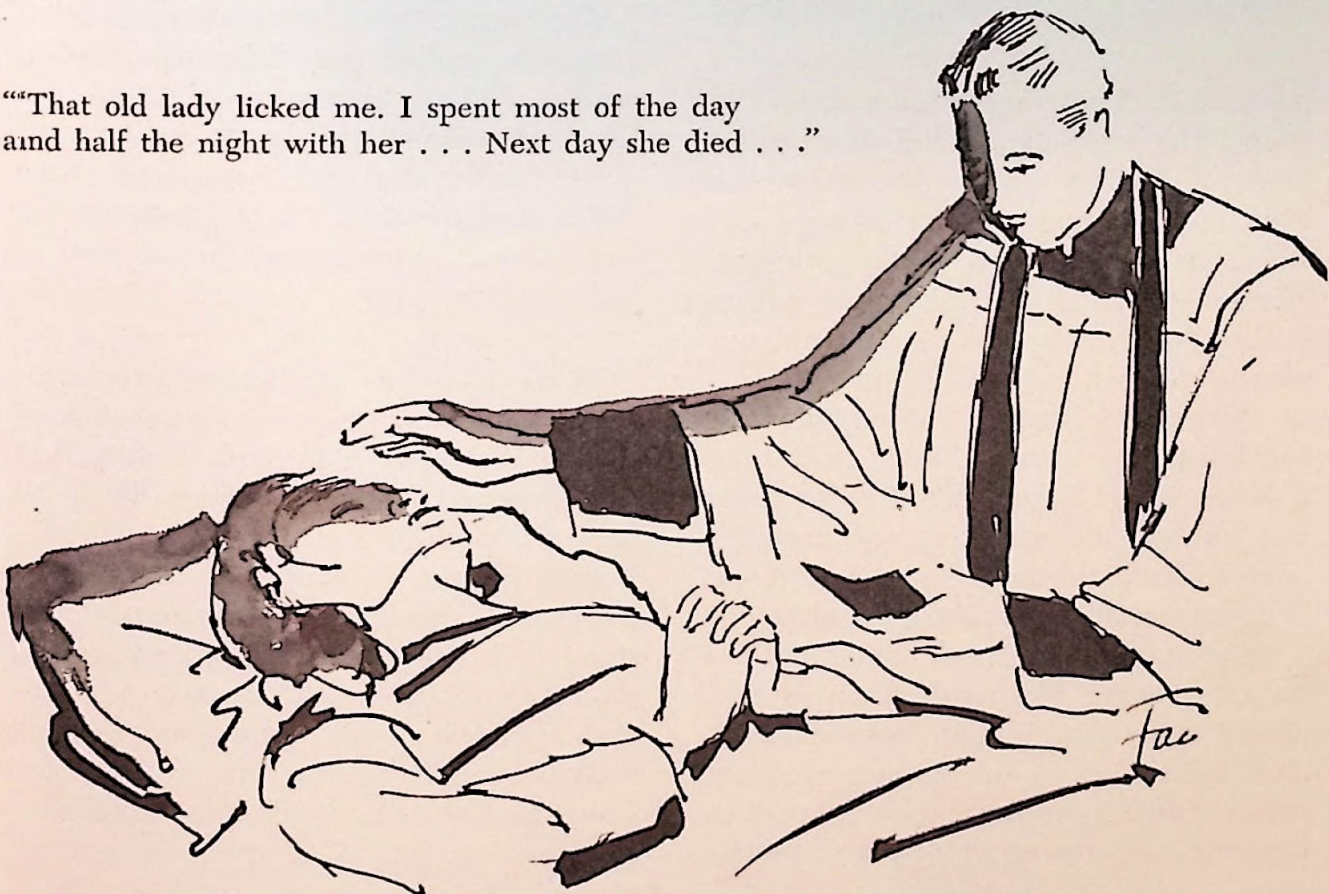
jections with him and also some bleaching powder to purify the well which seems to have been the source of the trouble. What we really needed was some saline solution to be given intravenously, but that he didn't have. One child named Buddhu died as he was getting the glucose injection. We had baptized him in the morning. He was eight years old.

Michael and I left the village as it was getting dark. The next morning we returned and still nobody else had died, nor were there any new cases. We thought the thing was finished. We spent the morning and afternoon in the village and returned home at night.

The third morning we returned and found two men had come down, one about 50 years old. Since we caught him early, I thought he'd be O.K. I left medicine there with the headman whom I told to administer it. We left the village around noon and didn't return in the evening, as we were dead tired.

The fourth morning we returned and found that the 50-year-old fellow had died about an hour before I arrived. Two

“That old lady licked me. I spent most of the day and half the night with her . . . Next day she died . . .”





"Michael and I thought the thing was finished. We didn't return in the evening, too dead tired."

more small boys were down also. We stayed the morning, attending to some work in a nearby village also, and in the evening, since one of the little boys was still in danger, decided to stay all night. Michael returned to Jamalpur to inform Father and I remained in the mud hut we use as a school. I visited the boy two or three times during the night, as I had left orders with his father to call me if he started to vomit or get the runs. The kid was deteriorating and couldn't seem to keep the medicine down at all. We had already baptized him, and put a rosary around his neck, and now we started praying like mad. Then after I tried to give him another dose of medicine, he heaved it up again and along with it came a worm at least ten inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter.

The most vicious looking thing I've ever seen. Once that beast was out of the child's stomach (he was about 8 years old) he at once began to look better and by morning he was out of danger.

In the morning I went to the next village to say Mass, as that is the usual Mass center for the area. (Incidentally, when the neighboring villages got wind of the epidemic, they closed their shops to these poor people and they couldn't even buy food. Father Snyder kept the whole village alive with U.S. wheat and corn.) Just as I was vesting, after hearing confessions, word came that the mother of another of our teachers was down. I gave him the medicine and said I'd be over after Mass. That old lady licked me. I spent most of the day and half the night with her before she stopped vomiting. By Sunday morning I thought she'd be O.K. as she was resting. On Sunday we celebrated the first Mass ever in the village. Previous to the epidemic there were only ten baptized Catholics in the whole place. But the whole village came to Mass, even the local Sadhu.

The next day the teacher's mother died. We rushed out there again when we heard that she was unconscious and Dina, Michael's wife, began feeding her glucose and saline injections. After about 400 cc.'s of the stuff she began to recover and gained consciousness and seemed to be breathing more easily. An hour after we were gone, she died.

There were no new cases after that. The task now is to repair the mouth of their well which is in such a state that the dirty water lying around it seeps back in, polluting the drinking supply. Father Snyder is supplying them with bricks and mortar. They'll carry sand and stone from the hills nearby and supply the labor. They are too poor to pay any cash themselves. They have no land of their own and their work is to cut wood from the forests and sell it in the bazaar for firewood. May God spare them now!

“I could see the villagers were terror-stricken.

Women were wailing and the men were sitting there as if dumb.”

“We first got word of the cholera epidemic on Sunday evening when one of our teachers, a 22-year-old lad, a convert, walked 6 miles from his village to tell us that his wife was sick.”

So began a week of tragedy and despair for the villagers of Monghyr, India, where Fr. John Kenealy, S.J. is stationed. Cholera knows no particular age group—striking children and the aged alike. Young mothers, their children and the grandparents lay helpless while dysentery and vomiting sapped their strength. Surely, if serum didn’t get there soon the entire village would be wiped out.

Father Kenealy labored from sun up to sun down and with medicines and inoculations that he begged and borrowed the epidemic was soon brought under control. Wrote the triumphant Father, “Since we redeemed most of the villagers who

were at death’s door, the number of saints in that village is just double what it was before the epidemic.”

Father Kenealy’s ambition is to open a dispensary in this area and stock it with the necessary medications. Many epidemics would never reach threatening proportions if a well-stocked dispensary was kept in readiness. However, medicine and supplies require money and again we have no one to turn to except generous American Catholics.

It’s common knowledge that many of our readers wish to do a little extra to help their unfortunate brethren around the world. What better way than a contribution to help stock our dispensary? Wouldn’t it be gratifying to know that your money helped stem a new epidemic in some remote Indian village? Why not act today?

What you do for the least of My brethren you do for Me

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

Dear Fathers,

I wish to contribute \$..... to help stock a dispensary in Monghyr, India.

Name

Address

City **Zone** **State**



In Maryland Father Duggan checks over the Correspondence Course list at Woodstock

THOMAS L. DUGGAN S.J.



In Nigeria Gabriel Olu-Ajai visits the sick, trains altar boys and instructs catechumens.

EARLY EACH MORNING Gabriel Olu-Ajai makes his way to his village church in Ire-Ikirum, Nigeria. There he leads the people in their morning prayers. During the day he visits the sick, trains the altar boys, or instructs a class of catechumens in the faith they are about to embrace.

Gabriel is a lay catechist. At twenty

Maryland and Nigeria meet across thousands of miles of water and the results are heartwarming to both sides

Truth and its Consequences

eight years of age, he already has six years' experience in bringing others to the threshold of belief. "After I left the school," he says, "I wanted a way to serve God. Then I thought I can try by doing catechist work. I told my parents that I want to become a catechist; they said all right." So after a year of training, Gabriel began to tend to the needs of the faithful and the faithful-to-be during the long periods between the visits of the missionary priest.

Gabriel loved his work as an apostle of Christ. But he wanted to be a better one. In his own words, "I know that God's way is the way of salvation and therefore I don't want to learn anything more than this religious faith." Where there is a will, there is a way and somehow Gabriel found out about Woodstock's Home Study Course, a correspondence course for teaching the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, run by the seminarians of Woodstock College, the Jesuit theologate in Maryland.

A seminarian-instructor was assigned to help Gabriel. Text-books were sent to him, first *Father Smith Instructs Jackson* and later *Life in Christ* by Fathers Weber and Kilgallon. Tests were sent also. Teacher and pupil began communicating across five thousand miles of water.

At regular intervals Gabriel's completed tests would arrive at the Home Study Office. Shortly before or after their arrival would come an air-mail form. The large, careful lettering made it easily identifiable as his. In it were particular questions on which he wanted help—about teaching people how to pray, about counseling married couples, on answering questions about the Bible. Now and then he would completely overleap cultural barriers and ask, for example, about the liceity of using ju-ju rings, on which occasions the instructor would need instruction. There was always the plea for more reading material.

By return mail Gabriel would receive a long letter and a couple of pertinent

Knights of Columbus pamphlets. Finally, tests completed, returned and corrected, an extra large envelope went his way containing Gabriel's *bone fide* diploma. It attested to his successful completion of the course.

In his most recent letter came a picture of himself. There was also protestations of his deep gratitude for the help and inspiration given him. He seemed totally oblivious, as usual, of any inspiration his own concern for his faith might afford. But at Woodstock we were deeply impressed.

The Home Study of Religion school of Woodstock College began its nineteenth year of activity last September. Recently the school awarded a diploma to its 2,000th graduate. Since 1942 when Woodstock's Jesuit theologians began to teach the truths of the faith through the mails, more than 300 of these graduates have been converted and baptized.

The home-students include non-Catholics interested in Catholicism and Catholics in search of further instruction in their faith. They run the gamut of social status from psychiatric social workers to charwoman. Last year's course included a sailor who returned his exams from ports-of-call around the world: Hong Kong, Seoul, New York, and Istanbul. He was finally baptized in New York. A Baptist couple from California also followed the course to the Church last year.

The course provides a regular lesson program; in addition, a Jesuit student is assigned to correspond with each enrollee. This personal relationship by letter probably has had much to do with the successful guidance to baptism of one out of every four non-Catholics completing the course. Since the total number of resultant baptisms does not include the "probable" ones of those people who signified an intention to receive the sacrament, the average percentage of conversions is probably closer to one-third of all non-Catholic inquirers.



Sister Clementina knows her beloved Arapahoes, children, parents, grandparents. For half a century she has given herself unstintingly to them.



Sister Knows Her History

LOWRIE J. DALY S.J.



A half century spent among the Arapahoe Indians is the golden achievement of Sister Clementina of St. Francis

FIFTY YEARS AGO Sister Clementina of the Sisters of St. Francis of Glenn Riddle, Pa., arrived at St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming, to take up her duties of converting, educating, and civilizing the members of the Arapahoe Indian Tribe.

In that year of 1911 things were still rather primitive in many parts of the Old West; at St. Stephen's they were *mighty* primitive. Hardship and sacrifice were plentiful. There was the blazing summer heat of over a hundred degrees and the winter cold of more than thirty degrees below zero. But the weather was only one of the "environmental difficulties." For instance, in those early days governmental policy advocated punishing the Arapahoe children if they spoke Arapahoe instead of English. But they knew no English! Imagine teaching first grade through an interpreter—but that's exactly what Sister Clementina succeeded in doing, and doing it well, for many years.

When you ask Sister to describe some of the events she has witnessed, you soon realize that you are interviewing a most remarkable person, a teacher with unusual and lengthy educational experiences. For fifty years now, Sister has watched the transformation of a pagan tribe into a congregation of Catholic Indians. She herself has seen the change from literal "little savages," whose language was unwritten and its grammar unknown, into a group of American school children whose command of English bears no trace of accent, either Western or otherwise. Their education, especially with their new high school, is equal to and oftentimes better than that of many city children.

As Sister Clementina views the modern mission plant at St. Stephen's, many memories come to mind. She recalls the great fire. It broke out about ten o'clock on a

January morning when it was twenty below zero and destroyed so large a part of the mission that many felt it was the end of all their work. This catastrophe was followed by the quarantine for meningitis. It was an incredible quarantine, binding pupils and Sisters alike for a *full year*. She remembers the many funerals of olden times when tuberculosis was such a potent destroyer of Indian lives. In those days they buried the unembalmed together with the person's suitcases and possessions.

To the question of which child learns quicker, Indian boy or girl, Sister would give an unqualified nod to the Indian girls. She points out too that the Arapahoe children are naturally artistic and can learn to do many types of beautiful skilled work. In fact the Arapahoe tribe has long been noted for its excellent bead work.

With half a century of educational experiences, and having actually watched the metamorphosis of a savage tribe into civilized American citizens, Sister Clementina is in a unique position to say whether the work at St. Stephen's Mission in Wyoming has been worthwhile. Have the Arapahoes made real progress during the past half century? Has this Mission, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers and the Franciscan Sisters, now boasting a grade school of over three hundred and fifty Indian children and a high school of more than a hundred, been successful? After a half century of great sacrifice and most unusual educational work, Sister Clementina says confidently, "Yes." And who should know better?

Sometimes we tend to overlook the history which is being made before our very eyes. Sister Clementina is one of many who have labored in obscurity for a cause completely unheralded.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missions

Calling all youngsters! On page 10 is the story of what 75-year-old Father Kuenzel and 65-year-old Father Doyle are trying to do at Cattle Landing, British Honduras. Could you help these young-in-heart with their church-school for which they need about \$900?

The tragic drowning of Father Linssen in Alaska was recounted in our last issue. He was enroute to his post at Tununak with the veteran Father Deschout. Now the latter is left without helper or the church furnishings lost in the accident. Will you give whatever you can to help this zealous missionary fix up his church on lonely Nelson Island?

Trouble is double for Father Goveas at Jehanabad in India. He needs two chapels, two altars, and two tabernacles. The Sisters have no chapel in their convent and the other one is desperately needed in a promising village. The Mary Immaculate chapel for the Sisters will cost \$1500 and the other one about \$1000. Any size donation would be gratefully received by this old-time friend of JM.

The lasting value of a Correspondence Course in the teaching of our faith is illustrated by the story on page 28. We have several requests from India for aid in covering costs of similar letters. A set of letters may cost only \$1.00 but the steady demand puts a heavy strain on Fathers Sontag, Kavanagh and Asiratnam, all working in different parts of

India. Could you give a couple of dollars to further this important work?

Monsoon in June may be a catchy title but it is a full-sized worry for Father Ludwig in Rampur. He needs a decent shelter for his fifty-plus orphans and seven Sisters before the storms strike. It's hard enough to scrape together the usual expenses for feeding, clothing, etc. but a good building means an expense far beyond the normal. He needs at least \$3000 before June. Can you help in any way?

Since the creation of the world there have been only two permanent missions at Manticao in the Philippines. Father Moggi, an Italian Jesuit, has succeeded a diocesan priest at that post and is striving to make up for the years when no priest was available. There are no doors or walls to his church; a hundred things are to be done—and he has no one to turn to for help. Could you partially provide the answer to his needs?

The Retreat House in Tokyo was once a Carmelite Convent—so there was no heat. Four stoves are slightly inadequate for forty-five rooms. Father Maruri shiveringly says, "I need ten gas stoves at ten dollars apiece." Can anyone help?

JESUIT MISSIONS
211 East 87th St.
New York 28, N.Y.



*Yesterday's chapels
are today's needs.*

*Help the priests
of the islands!*

A Church is a place for God.

In the Caroline and Marshall Islands mission (as you can tell from Bishop Kennally's account) everything there belongs to yesterday's primitiveness. Every priest out there needs a suitable place on some island. Could you donate a small church (in memory of a beloved one) and allow Bishop Kennally to designate the isle?

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

A VOCATION...

You can't put a price on a vocation; it's the pearl beyond all price. But many a girl and boy have been unable to enter religious life because of financial difficulties. Missionaries have asked us to help in backing vocations now at hand. Could you send \$5, \$10 . . .

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 EAST 87th ST., NEW YORK 28, N.Y.

