

# JESUIT MISSIONS

JUNE 1962

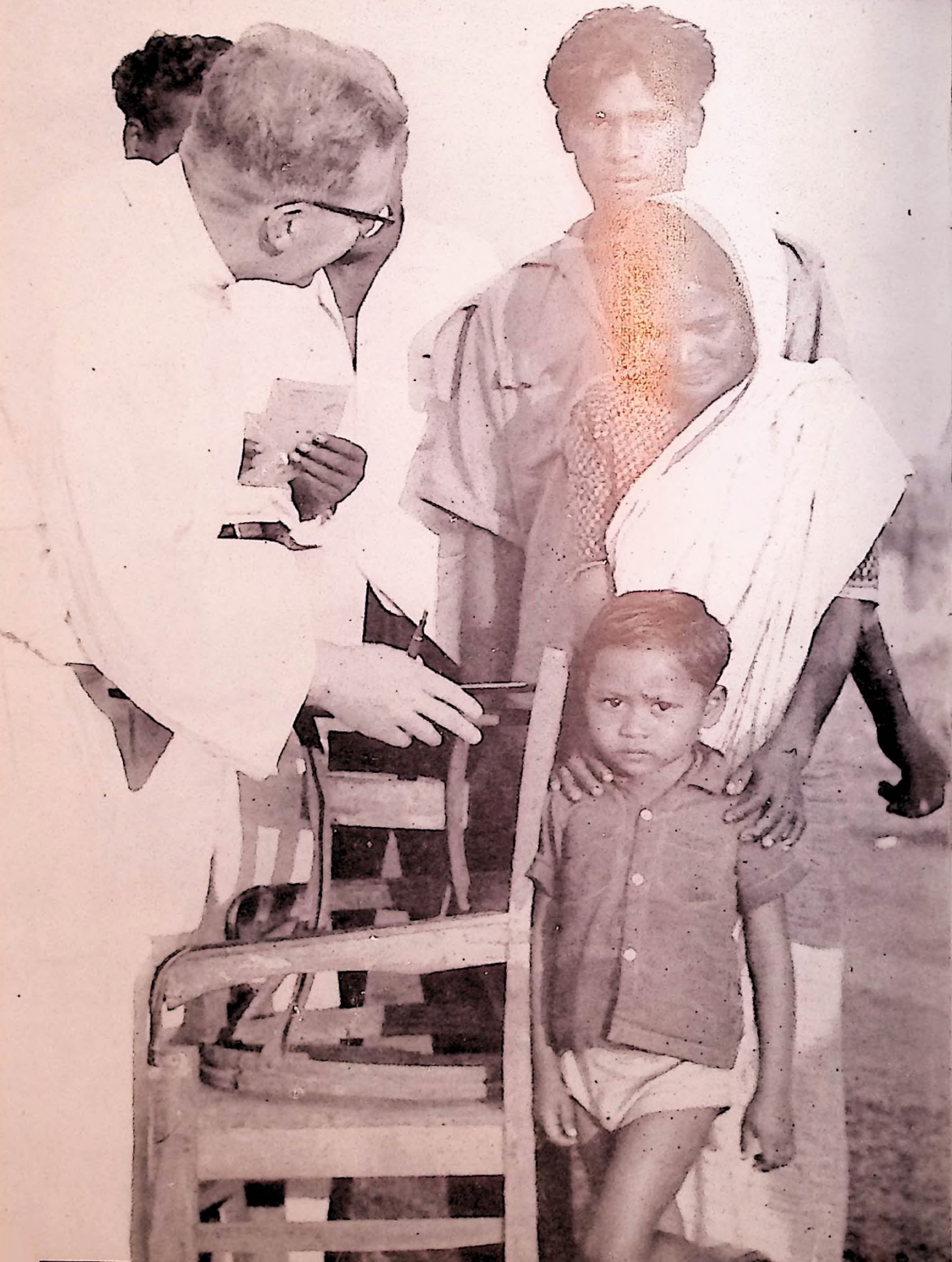
St. Michael's Seminary faces a new awakening in Jamaica



JM

# JESUIT

*National Magazine of the American Jesuits*



# MISSIONS

*in 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  
Formosa - Jamaica - Jamshedpur - Korea - Patna - Philippines - Marshall Islands  
Nepal - Yoro - American Indians - Puerto Rico - Chile - Peru - Africa

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Surplus food supplies are anything except that where hungry people are concerned. At left Father Michael Kavanagh S.J. of Rochester, New York, is shown distributing American food shipped by the Catholic Relief Services, at his mission in Jamshedpur, India. This daily chore is highly appreciated.



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# THE BAMBOO CURTAIN



*The letters written by Chinese Catholics to their dear ones  
in exile reveal the tragedy of living and the triumph of Faith*

**A**S COLD WATERS to a thirsty soul, so is good news in a far country." Visitors to Hong Kong are always impressed by this Chinese proverb, blazoned over the main desk of the Central Post Office. The words have a special poignancy for the few hundred Chinese priests and seminarians who escaped from the mainland before the last niche in the bamboo curtain was closed. Many of their families have disappeared in the maelstrom of Communist terror and if the news these exiles in "a far country" receive is not always "good news," it is at least a thread of hope from their loved ones. Few of these priests and seminarians dare to write return letters to their families and friends lest they reveal their own whereabouts as well as risk reprisals on those to whom they write.

In recent months, however, the Chinese Communists have been allowing—even encouraging—a freer exchange of letters. Due to the "Great Leap Forward" fiasco and frequent natural calamities, the government cannot support its own people and is welcoming outside help. Hong Kong has become a rich source from which overseas' Chinese send food and clothing to their starving families and friends in the interior.

Almost all the letters are simple requests for food, but often enough a knowledge of outside circumstances makes a passing statement in or between the lines of the carefully censored letters speak volumes of pathos. These voices are representative of the thousands of Chinese who have remained faithful Catholics—often without the help of the sacraments—for over a decade of insidious physical and psychological persecution. The following excerpts (somewhat disguised) are translations culled from some

of the letters which have trickled out from the Catholics in Red China.

Here are a few lines received by a member of the Chinese clergy who had not heard from his family in ten years. The writer is his youngest brother whom he left as a somewhat spoiled tot of seven but who has since passed through the Communist crucible of suffering and emerged a man. Like the indomitable spirit of Hungarian youth who defied their Communist oppressors in 1956, this young man is a symbol of what is best in China's ancient culture. Despite a necessary external compliance, he has not been contaminated by the poison of a system which would enslave the family to the state.

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■ The years and the shadows grow long and an old man speaks to his Mother of his trials.





■ Sometimes in the almost empty market the doubt in her heart creeps into her eyes.

"Things are not easy here, but thank God our parents' health is still holding up. Since you are not at home the entire privilege of caring for them falls on my humble shoulders. But do not worry. I will certainly keep the word, "hsiao" (filial piety, the foundation of all virtues in China), uppermost in my mind so you can reach your goal (the priesthood) without worry or anxiety. Be at peace. God is with us."

Another excerpt gives a concrete example of what the food shortage is like. "In times gone by, we could always manage to kill a pig for our Chinese New Year's celebration. Then it was a sheep. In the last two years all we could get were a few rabbits. Now there aren't even any rabbits! The reason is because during the winter season, the wild grass they feed on has been dug up and eaten by the people for food.

Perhaps you think the reason why I haven't written is because I am too busy at work. Not really. Today, for instance,

we all left the factory at four in the afternoon. Because of the natural calamities this year even we workers' stomachs are empty most of the time. So the authorities at the factory told us to go home early and sleep more. I can't sleep so I write letters."

Then there is this "Lenten message" from an older brother. After relating the family news—most of them living apart in communes, one brother attending university courses in Communist propaganda, etc.—he reminisces about his early convert-days:

"How much effort I had to make when a fast-day came around! This was fine for saints but to fast all during Lent used to fill me with fear just to think about it. Now we are fasting every day. Would that it were only forty days! The floods have been disastrous and have ruined our crops. The chicken feed we used to throw around so carelessly we now save to make bread."

The supreme importance of filial piety in Chinese culture and their customary gifts of food to promote familial conviviality, make the following letter especially touching.

"Did you know that there are many families reduced to such a state that they don't dare invite even their married children to visit them! There simply is not enough food to go around. This made me hesitate before bundling up my little son for our annual visit to my parents at the end of the year. But they have given me my life and raised me. I cannot but return home occasionally to pay them the honorable respect they deserve. On the way, we had to switch trains unexpectedly and since it was already dark we decided to get something for our supper. But the only things we could buy were a few cups of tea. So we had to unwrap the cake I had brought for Mother and Father and eat that."

A grandfather writes to his grandson: "Many years have gone by since I've

heard what you are doing. As for myself, having now reached the venerable age of seventy-five, I look back on the past ten years with sorrow that my family has not prospered. First, my little cotton gin factory enabled us to make ends meet, but since the People's Government was intensifying its campaign against the "Little Capitalists," I felt it was wise to "voluntarily" offer them my machinery. Naturally, my little factory closed down soon after. Next, our family entered a farmers' co-operative where everything we produced was turned over to the common authorities. We get a little bit of rice and pound it into powder to make it seem like more. It is well that my funeral things have been prepared for an honorable burial."

A few months before his ordination, a young seminarian received this news from his sister:

"It has only been recently that we received a hint of your whereabouts through a friend. I hope this letter reaches you but I wish it did not have to contain the sad news it does. Mama died three years ago.

The greatest lack in the country is sugar and oil. Consequently, the food we

■ Somewhere beyond the canals and the rice paddies must be a way of life not so hard.



cook is very rough and difficult to swallow. We haven't seen meat in months. And the poor farmers! It has been so long for them they don't even dream about meat anymore.

I know it must be around the time of your graduation (ordination) and I would like to send you some money so you can buy your graduation gown (chasuble). Do you know of any way to get the money out of the country? The money is of no use to us since there is no food to buy with it anyway."

The one thing found in almost all the above letters is the natural reference, direct or indirect, to the Confucian virtue of filial piety as a source of union and strength. In a nation whose long literary tradition abounds in lyrics praising love for one's parents, it is not surprising to find one young Chinese exile having recourse to an ancient poem to express the

■ Even when a woman is weaving there is a time for long thoughts and past memories.



In times gone by, we could always manage to kill a pig for our Chinese New Year's celebration. Then it was a sheep. In the last two years all we could get were a few rabbits. Now there aren't even any rabbits! The reason is because, during the winter season, the wild grass they feed on has been dug up and eaten by the people for food.

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I know it must be around the time of your graduation (ordination) and I would like to send you some money so you can buy your graduation gown (chastable). Do you know of any way to get the money out of the country? The money is of no use to us since there is no food to buy with it anyway.

tenderest feelings. Meng Chiao's *The Song of a Traveling Son*, in which love for one's mother is picturesquely described, is probably China's favorite poem on filial piety. The exile writes: "I have always been fond of this poem, but it is only in recent years that I began to find its echo in my heart, since I myself have become a traveling son. In tender mother's hands the thread

Made clothes to garb her parting son.  
Before he left, how hard she spun,  
How diligently wove; in dread  
Ere he return long years might run!  
Such life-long mother's love how may  
One simple little heart repay?"

And out of the darkness of Communist China a fond mother replies: "I have been thinking of you all these years but your first letter arrived only today. I am so consoled that you are in good health. Be assured that no matter what happens here, my happiness is your happiness. Thinking of you as a child brings me back to the distant past and then my heart wants to fly to you. But we are separated and cannot see each other. And yet we are even closer in spirit and I believe it is better to offer my dearest to the merciful God than to have him here at my side."

Upon reading such an inspiring letter, one is reminded of another heroic mother—the mother of the Machabees—to her sons: "Rather die than break the divine law given to our fathers . . . Nine months in the womb I bore thee, three years at the breast fed thee, reared thee to be what thou art; and now, my son, this boon grant me. Look round at heaven and earth and all they contain; bethink thee that of all this, and of mankind, too, God is Maker. Of this butcher have thou no fear . . . In yonder inheritance of death . . . shall the divine mercy give me back all my sons at once." Such is the spirit which transcends space and time, East and West, and unites all in one in God, our Father.

## *Mountains and enormous distances have thrown a curtain of isolation around the Tarahumara Indians of northwest Mexico*

JOSEPH S. MOORE

**W**HEN SHE LEARNED to play basketball on the girls' team at Sacred Heart Parochial School in Bayside, Long Island, 22-year-old Harriet Judd never thought it would help her win the confidence of cave-dwelling Indians in the mountains of Mexico. But, last year when she was a Spanish major at New Rochelle College, Harriet and two other girls volunteered to become missionaries among the Indians as a member of the Caritas Lay Institute.

"Caritas consists of members of the Catholic laity who volunteer to give some of their time as helpers to the regular missionary priests and nuns," Harriet explained. "Most of us are fairly young and we try to help not only the spiritual but the physical well-being of the people in the mission area. It's sort of a Catholic Peace Corps," she went on.

And so last summer, shortly after her graduation from New Rochelle, Harriet found herself with eight other lay volunteers at a Jesuit Fathers' mission in Chihuahua, Mexico, among the Tarahumara Indians. "They're a nomadic people and very primitive," Harriet tells. "Most live in caves and four out of five children die before they reach the age of five, usually from TB, typhoid or starvation. The growing season is short and their agricultural methods are primitive. For meat they use goats, when they can spare them. But they often have only rats, mice and rabbits."

Some of the group taught the Indians better agricultural methods and a nurse and dentist visited the sick in outlying communities. Harriet and the other two girls from New Rochelle helped to teach at the mission school. The Indians

# Adventure in the Cordilleras

■ Outside the church at the Sisoguichi Mission women of the Tarahumara Indians gather in their Sunday best. Even after a long and laborious week there is something to discuss.



around the mission had learned some Spanish, but many still speak only the Indian language. "Besides giving them meals, we taught them hygiene and their catechism, of course. We also taught them games and songs while their parents were working. It was sort of a day camp, Indian style."

In the dirt courtyard of the mission, there were old basketball hoops and backboards, that "hadn't been used in years," according to Harriet. It reminded her of her student days at Sacred Heart and Harriet thought that the Indian children might enjoy the game. After obtaining a basketball, she started teaching the game to the children. "I had to draw sidelines, center line and foul lines on the dirt floor with chalk dust. But the toughest part of the whole thing was teaching them the rules of the game. I didn't know the words in Spanish for such things as back court, foul line and a lot of other terms in the game. I didn't know if they even existed."

However, with examples, improvisation and patience, the young teacher managed to get the game across to her students. "Once they caught onto it,

they loved it and couldn't play the game enough," Harriet reported. "They were good, too. I suppose the fact that they are among the best runners in the world, made it a natural sport for them."

Speaking of their running abilities, Harriet told how members of the tribe hold speed and endurance races. "Some run almost a hundred miles in 24 hours; it's unbelievable, but they do it. The runner who is making the race for the first time, has to kick a wooden ball all the way across country as part of the race."

Good-natured and happy, Harriet told how she and the other girls had to wash their clothes by pounding them on rocks in a river alongside of the Indian women. "Once we decided to make blouses in the Indian style, so we brought the material to an Indian friend named Paula, who lived in one of the caves nearest the town of Sisoguichi, where the mission was. We had brought a scissors with us to cut the material. After showing Paula the material, we asked her to help us cut it and took out a pair of scissors. She was amazed. It was the first time that she had seen a pair or known of their

■ The Tarahumara boys' drum and bugle corps at the Sisoguichi Mission sends some martial music echoing through the rugged Cordilleras mountains. These Indians are famed runners.





■ Miss Harriet Judd of New Rochelle College and Mexico.

### TARAHUMARA STATISTICS

Area of territory:	16,000 sq. miles
Missionary stations	10
Missionaries: Jesuits	48
Marist Brothers	4
Sisters: Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the poor	59
Four other Congregations	23
Schools	10
Pupils	2,608

existence. She had used a knife to cut cloth."

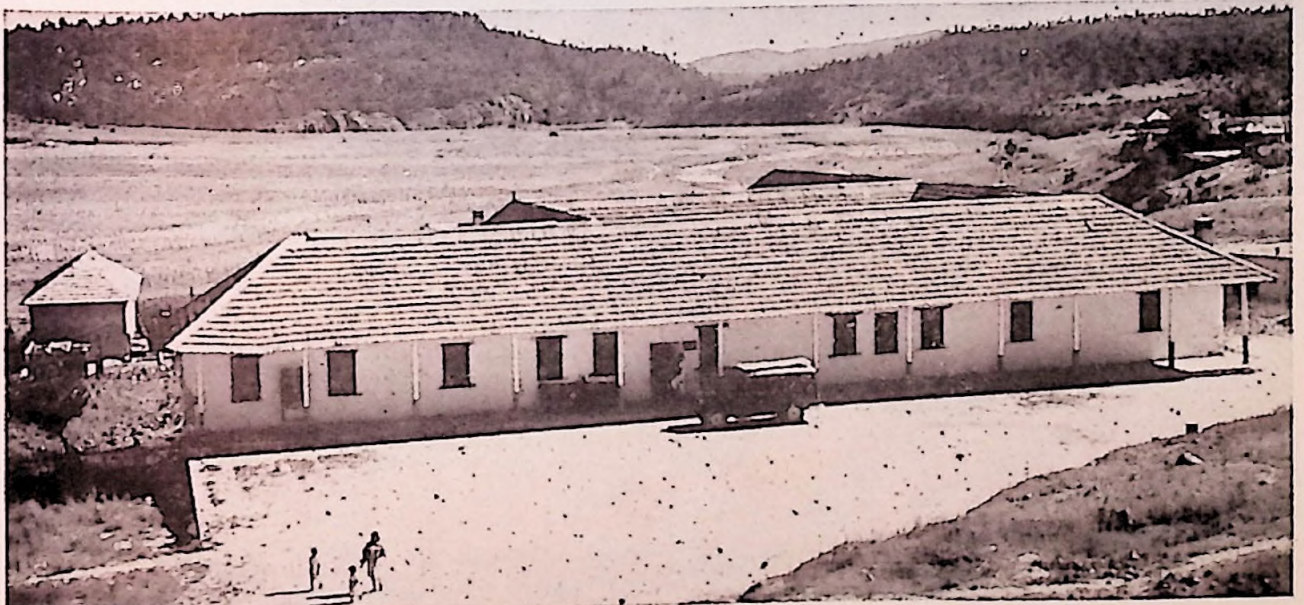
Continuing on the subject of Indian dress, Harriet said that the Tarahumara men wear all of their skirts at once, one underneath the other. "The men wear ponchos and, instead of pants, they wear what looks like a large pair of diapers."

Harriet left the mission in the fall and went to Mexico City where she volunteered to teach English in the Merici Academy, which is run by the Ursuline nuns, who also teach at New Rochelle. "The children learn their lessons in Spanish from 8:30 to 12:30 as in all other Mexican schools. However, in the afternoon I teach in English."

Harriet came home in late November and stayed two months, while the school was on vacation. Then she returned to Mexico City to start the new term as a seventh grade teacher. Eventually she will return to New York.

But before she does come back to this country, Harriet wants to spend some more time doing missionary work among the Indians. "They're wonderful people but very underprivileged. When you see them you thank God for all He has given you and you want to be a good neighbor to them who need help."

■ One of the two well-equipped hospitals at the Mission. In background are hundreds of acres of cultivated crops in the fertile bottomlands. Photos were taken by Weldon Heald.



# THE SONS OF MARTYRS

*The good seed is planted in the hearts of Japanese youth but it must be developed and brought to flower*

ROBERT M. DEITERS S.J.

**T**HE DEADLIEST DISEASE attacking the youth of Japan today is emptiness of heart. Recently a Japanese psychiatrist, publishing the results of his investigations said that the greatest single cause of death for young Japanese between the ages of 18 and 24 is suicide. In this same age group, he estimated, about one-third or more have, at one time or other, seriously entertained the thought of suicide.

If you went to a high school or university in Japan you would have to meet more than 500 young people before you would meet one Catholic. A Catholic boy or girl is frequently the only Catholic in the whole school. In the classroom he will frequently hear the teacher explaining how man evolved from a monkey; that he himself is nothing but a highly developed relative of the chimpanzee. In his history class we will hear the teachers condemn the old-fashioned Church which tried to oppose the onward march of modern science. From other teachers and from the books he reads he will be taught that there is nothing beyond what the electron microscope and the radio telescope can discover; no one has yet seen what the Christians call a soul. He will hear from teachers and professors that religion is just a sentimental prop for weaklings who have no courage and self-confidence. The well-balanced, successful man has no need of religion.

His schoolmates frequently read novels and magazines which proclaim that youth must demand and protect the new

"liberty" which was given to the Japanese when the power of the military dictatorship was broken up at the end of World War II. The parents and teachers are bewildered, because the moral code of self-sacrificing loyalty to the family, to the nation, and to the Emperor which was drilled into them is no longer taught in democratic new Japan. Without a moral code and a purpose in life, the young people drift into selfishness and pleasure-seeking. Under the name of "liberty" they are lured into revolt against stable and responsible political authority.

To break through this cloud of false scientific materialism and the confused net of lies and prejudices about the Catholic Church demands great courage and independence in a young Japanese. This great courage and generosity which brings a young boy or girl to Christ often will not stop at mediocrity, but insists on pushing on to the heights of Christian sanctity.

Among the Catholic young men of Japan the rate of vocations to the priesthood is the highest of the whole world. The number of young women who have become Sisters is over 5,000 in a Catholic population of only 270,000. That means that one out of every 50 Catholics in Japan is a Religious Sister!

The hearts of the Japanese youth burn with self-sacrificing love because the blood of their martyr ancestors has nourished them. During the fierce persecutions 300 years ago the Shoguns tried to stamp out Christianity in a systematic and cruel way only comparable with what

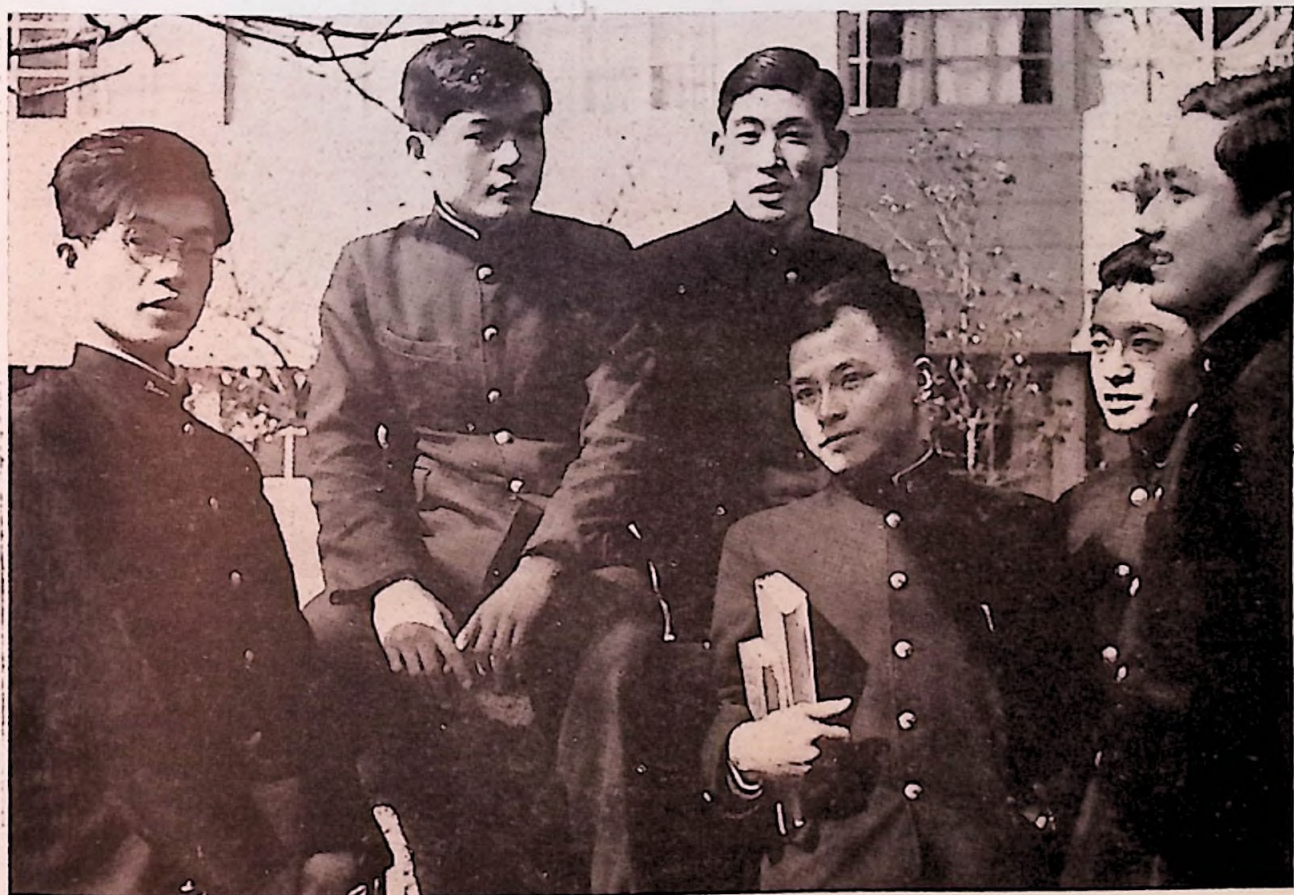
the Communists are doing in Red China today. Nevertheless many "underground Christians" kept the Faith alive in the utmost secrecy, without priests and completely cut off from the outside world for more than two hundred years. In Japan, in those days, to become a Christian was to become a martyr. Today that same spirit is alive in the Catholics of Japan; it is part of the character and personality of the Catholics of Japan.

The young people of Japan, then, do respond to the trumpet call of Christ the King; they have hearts which easily flame up with love and self-sacrifice. Will the flame of God's grace enlighten them and set them on fire? Or will the damp fog of materialism and selfishness which is all around them suffocate their young hearts? That depends on the sacrifices and prayers which the Apostles of Prayer offer up to Christ for them.



■ One-third of Japanese students confess ignorance of why they exist or their destiny.

■ These students at Sophia University in Tokyo have found the answer to their doubts and some of them have applied to the Society of Jesus. Japan's future rests with them.





■ Wives and little ones of Baghdad College workmen gather in front of their recently constructed homes on the edge of the campus to be instructed by the zealous Amina.

## Amina the Faithful

*A small, gray-haired lady is a devoted apostle of Our Lord in the streets of Baghdad and in mountain villages*

JAMES F. MORGAN S.J.

**A**MINA MEANS "FAITHFUL," and that is a good name for her. I first met Amina three years ago, when, as the only priest in our Arabic language house in Baghdad's Sa'dun district, I noticed this small, gray-haired lady who attended Mass each day in our chapel, received Holy Communion daily, and said long prayers before the Blessed Sacrament afterwards. I learned that she was Amina Hermez, the aunt of one of my former students at Baghdad College, and she was a teacher in one of the government primary schools here.

Then I learned that Amina was more than a teacher of reading and writing. She is the most amazing lay apostle I have ever known. Every summer for many years now, Amina has faithfully devoted her time to catechizing the Chris-

tian villages in the north of Iraq. God only knows the countless women, children, and hence families, that have led better lives, closer to God and His church, through the self-sacrificing efforts of this wonderful woman. But there are souls to help in Baghdad, too—so, not content with giving her summer holidays, each Friday found Amina giving part of her weekly day-off at the Chaldean Church, conducting a sort of Friday "Sunday School" for children who were getting no other Christian education.

One little point I soon noticed about Amina. In chapel, she was always recollected, deeply serious, completely grave in aspect. But the moment one met her "outside church" she was a completely different person. Her face is inevitably wreathed in smiles whenever you meet her, cheerful with the lightheartedness of one who knows she is God's child.

At the end of the year I returned to Baghdad College to take up the hum-drum house cares as "Father Minister." I lost track of Amina. But I was soon to see her again, and this time not in the quiet contemplation of the chapel, but indefatigably "in action."

As Minister of the college, I was responsible for the religious care of some thirty workmen. Previous Ministers had been able to give catechetical talks in Arabic to them, but I was unable. It was thus that I turned to my friend, Father Stephan, a young priest of the local Chaldean clergy, and asked if he would be able to come up occasionally to give religious instruction to our domestics. He not only came, but he "told Amina."

That was all the encouragement Amina needed. If Father Stephan was going to take care of the men she would take care of the women, for she insisted that if you have good Christian mothers, you will have good Christian families.

I had some misgivings, I must admit, the first time she came, and I went down with her personally to our workmen's

■ The youngsters have their own class with Eileen Burby, sister of Clarence Burby S.J.



■ Father Morgan (left) finds there are many different details in the Administrator's job.

homes at the end of the property. How were a group of housewives, with a lot of small children to care for, going to react to this uninvited stranger who was going to preach religion to them every week? Foolish misgivings—as I saw from our first encounter. Several of them already knew and loved Amina from the time they were young girls in their northern villages, blessed by Amina's presence in some distant summer. The others responded immediately to her warm, winning manner, realizing that they had found a new friend who loved them, and the weekly instructions were underway. Amina enlisted Eileen Burby, sister of Clarence Burby S.J., to care for the children.

That was not the last chapter in Amina's activity in our behalf and in behalf of our workmen—nor Eileen's, either—but it is all we have time to write about now. They are still with us every week. Recently they have been helping the children in their "reading and writing" lessons, since we have enrolled them in the Sisters' School, so that they will be able to do well in primary school, and, continue higher—thanks to Amina.

# Window on the Mission

## THIS HEROIC AGE

**J**UST FORTY-FIVE YEARS ago the writer flung a bold challenge at the Catholic youth of America. For *America's Answer*, a frank appeal for volunteers for the foreign missions, was considered by his elders to be decades ahead of time. At that time America was itself still very much a mission land, looking to Europe for a sufficient supply of priests and religious. It did look rather foolhardy to ask the boys and girls of America to volunteer as recruits for Christ's "Peace Corps" to foreign lands, and not only for a few years, but for life.

Despite all the dour verdicts, *America's Answer* met with a glorious response. Only a few days ago I received a note from a veteran, "I still remember what an impact your booklet, *America's Answer*, had upon the youth of 1917-18."

The cause is still the same. The leader who calls is the same—Christ the Eternal King! Then the call was urgent. Now it is desperately urgent. For we of today were born into an heroic age, into a world-crisis that calls for heroes, for

great, generous, chivalrous hearts. And surely, the youth of America of today are no less generous and responsive to a sublime cause than the youth of a half-century ago.

I need not dwell on the urgency of the hour. Christ's Vicar, John XXIII, has proclaimed it to the whole Christian world in flaming words. The Ecumenical Council is a tocsin call to a mass assault on the powers of evil. The call is to every Christian old enough to pray and to do penance, the call to a veritable crusade of prayer and sacrifice. We all *must*, we all *want* to respond.

Here is one way that should appeal to the youth of America. Last year I received a delightful Christmas gift. During Lent of that year the Catholic youth of Germany had launched a *self-denial* drive for the Missions. To make the purpose more specific, it was decided to invest their sacrifice-savings in Bibles to be judiciously used for sharing our Holy Faith with non-Christians. It so happened that one of the leaders in this Bible Crusade was a friend of mine who had paid Patna Mission a visit and was very enthusiastic about our IHS, our Institute for Home Study. It seemed to him just the instrument for a prudent fruitful disposal of the Rupees Thirty-five thousand Five-hundred fifty (\$7,564) which was the sum actually sent to our IHS.

For us it was like the key-stone in a triumphal arch. After careful study we



**COVER.** Before the eyes of this seminarian on the porch of St. Michael's Seminary lies the heart of Jamaica; the Liguanea Plain dropping away and encircling the capital of Kingston. Design by Phil Franznick. Story on page 19.

decided to invest this sum in a Bible Contest (English and Hindi), as follows. To successful students of our Advanced Correspondence Course we offer as prizes a copy of the Complete Bible, or the N. T. only, according to merit. Those successfully completing our IHS-Letters receive the Holy Gospel, or our Pictorial Life of Christ.

Even without offering any prize save the knowledge of the Christian Faith, our IHS Letters had received a remarkable response throughout India, and in the Far East, where adaptations of our IHS-literature are published in seven Asiatic languages. Now, we find, with our IHS-Bible Contest offering prizes graded according to marks received, our IHS-work has improved by at least 100%.

I'm sure the boys and girls of America are no less generous than Hans and Gretel, their German cousins. Why shouldn't some zealous apostle launch a similar *sacrifice-drive* that would rotate among our Catholic students in America in some defined period, e.g. during Advent, or during Lent or May? Or a director could plan now for a drive in October, so much a Mission month. It would mean much for Christ's cause.

PETER J. SONTAG S.J.  
Poona, India

## JUNE MISSION INTENTION

That the way to the Catholic Church, which is the Church of Christ, may be revealed through the restoration of true unity among Christians.



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■ Even a baby rhino looks like something out of the prehistoric past. This one was snapped by Father Matthews on his early morning tour of the Kaziranga Wild Life Sanctuary.

# Where the Rhino Roam

**“R”** IS FOR RHINO, and “K” is for Kaziranga Wild Life Sanctuary, one of the last places in India where the great one-horned Asiatic Rhino is to be found. Here, on the banks of the mighty Brahmaputra river, in the Sibsagar Forest Division of Assam, protected by 165 square miles of knee deep swamp, live the rhino. Here one mist-shrouded morning in December, a party of us on four elephants went in search of them.

The sanctuary itself is sixteen miles by ten of impenetrable swamp and the only way into it is by elephant. Within

*An interesting peek into one of the last refuges left for the great one-horned rhinoceros of Asia*

DESMOND S. MATTHEWS S.J.

minutes even these great beasts were almost hidden from each other by the swirling mist and the ten feet high elephant grass which chokes the swamp. As the sun rose the snow peaks of the Great Himalaya rose with it out of the mist to the north, and to the south were the jagged sawteeth of the Mikir Hills which form the boundary of the sanctuary.

The sanctuary abounds in game; herds of wild elephant, bison, swamp deer, hog deer, barking deer, spotted deer, barasingha, Royal Bengal tiger, bear, wild pig and wild dogs. Our main inter-

est was to see the rhinos, but we seemed destined to see plenty of other game first. Flocks of pelicans, adjutant storks, Brahmani ducks, Floricans, pheasants, partridges, hornbills and Imperial pigeons rose before the steady advance of the four elephants. A Monitor Lizard scuttled away into the reeds and a small ten foot python spooked the lead elephant until his *mahout* got him under control by beating him on the head with his iron elephant goad. And then, suddenly, a female rhino and her calf . . .

The first impression of the Asiatic rhinoceros as the four trained elephants close in on it is of a prehistoric monster at bay, and the impression remains. The elephants are very wary and move in slowly, first one, then another, until the rhino and calf are boxed in at a distance of twenty feet. The rhino seems restless and tries to keep between her calf and the elephants. The head *mahout*, on the big tusker, clucks with his tongue and all the four elephants move back and give her more room. Not even an elephant can stand up to a charging rhino. Another quiet signal and the surround breaks up, and the rhino and her calf are off into the swamp.

There are more rhino, eight in all, during the morning; and a herd of thirty Indian bison, very dangerous and very wary . . . and deer and wild boar, and everywhere in the swamp huge flocks of wild duck and pigeon. But the thrill of a rhino twenty feet from you remains.

The largest of the Asiatic rhinoceroses, this familiar of the dinosaur and the triceratops, reaches a height of over six feet at the shoulder and a length of more than 14 feet. The weight of a large adult may be as much as two tons. They have a single horn thick at the base and often quite blunt, averaging 8 to 9 inches in length, though specimens with horns up to two feet long have been taken. The thick hide hangs in great folds at the neck, shoulders and hindquarters, giving

the impression of armor plate. The legs emerge from beneath other folds of hide, looking far too slight for the great weight they must carry. The legs, the flanks, and occasionally the sides of the body are studded with large, round, rivet-like tubercles which further add to the armored appearance. The skin is hairless, except for a fringe of hairs on the ear tips and tail. The color of most rhinos is determined by the mud of its most recent wallow. The unusual individual that happens to be clean, perhaps having just swum the river, is a brownish grey with a slightly pink tinge to the edges of skin folds, ears and nostrils. In short, one of the ugliest and most formidable beasts left to us.

The rhino has high religious, commercial and medical value. There is a common belief among the Hindus that anyone who manages to touch the horn of a living rhino is assured of heaven—and that speedily, we might add! There are also legends in India of the rhino being used

■ And away we go for our rhino-watching. Bird watching will satisfy most people.





■ Pottery making is a far safer occupation than pottering around with elephants, rhinos and snakes. Father Matthews is stationed at Raj Anandpur, "the joyful kingdom," in Bihar.

as a vehicle of the gods. Lord Krishna, as well as Lord Buddha, is said to have used a rhino as a steed. The flesh of the animal is much sought after by Hindus because it is believed to be sacred. Every part of the beast finds a place in Oriental medicine; even the hide, hair, nails and offal are used. The urine is sold in certain bazaars in Calcutta in small bamboo vials at fabulous prices.

The most sought-after part of the rhino is its horn, and this is a commodity in Indian foreign trade. Rhino horn buttons, belt buckles and scabbards bring top prices. In China libation cups are carved out of rhino horn for use in religious ceremonies and it is a common belief that a rhino horn cup will render any poison harmless. Powdered rhino horn figures heavily in love potions and aphrodisiacs in the Orient, and a mixture of rhino horn powder and coconut oil is widely used to remove thorns imbed-

ded in the flesh, to ease child birth, shrink lumps, stop infections, close dagger wounds and to ease many other ailments. This panacea, you will be happy to learn, can be procured in an Indian bazaar for the trifling sum of Rs.60/-per tola (which is the equivalent of the weight of a silver rupee); about \$12 for the weight of an American half-dollar. Rhino horn, anyone? If you would like an entire rhino shipped home for the children it will run Rs.50,000/-about \$10,000.00. What a status symbol!

With all his armor plate and the Brahmaputra swamp to protect him, even the great Indian Rhino is not safe from exploitation. The morning we entered the sanctuary the forest guards managed to surprise and arrest a Punjabi poacher who over the years had killed thirteen of these great beasts for their horn and hide.

*Caveat rhino!*



■ Jamaica's priests-to-be recite the rosary among the gorgeous tropical flora of St. Michael's Seminary grounds. The site is 1,300 feet above Kingston Harbor and in the Red Hills.

# JAMAICA LOOKS AHEAD

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

**H**IGH ON THE STEEP slopes which encircle the Liguanea Plain as it flows out beyond teeming Kingston stands St. Michael's Seminary, a symbol both of Jamaica's turbulent past and the future which begins on August 6th.



■ South view of Bellevue, main building of the Seminary. The two-centuries-old "Great House" was built in Georgian style but today it could be wrecked by fire in a few moments.

On that day Jamaica becomes independent, no longer a Crown Colony of the British Empire nor the keystone of the first short-lived West Indies Federation. Now she walks alone, for the first time in her strange, gnarled history—and may her tomorrow be as bright as her past was dark! On the maps of the island there is an uncharted section in the Cockpit Mountains where live the Maroons, the descendants of slaves who escaped long ago and set up their own community. This region is designated on the maps as "the Land of Look-Behind," a typically apt Jamaican expression for this dangerous and isolated terrain.

It is our hope that Jamaica itself will not become "the Land of Look-Behind" after it has taken its first steps in the heady air of independence. But the past lies heavy on the beautiful island and it is not easy to escape the long shadows

of history. On every side, in the names of places, in songs and proverbs, in beliefs and in the very language, are reminders of all the waves of history which have washed over the glittering land since the days of Columbus. It would be better for the people to forget what has gone before and to walk high-headed, in true Jamaican fashion, into tomorrow.

The problems of today cannot be easily solved, nor in a short space of time. Jamaica's population totals 1,700,000 and out of a working force, estimated at 150,000, at least 18% is habitually unemployed. Only 7% has an annual income of more than \$840, roughly \$16 a week, and the remaining 93% range from that \$16 per week down to practically nothing. Many exist on a subsistence level or are outside the money economy.

There is a crying need for adequate housing for the island is overcrowded

and the consequent importation of food-stuffs is a costly item. Thousands of elementary school children are not attending school at all, simply because there are not enough schools to house them. So work and living space are the first problems which must be met.

If we are tempted to think the picture of the future a dark one we should first recall the steps which have already been made. When the house in which St. Michael's Seminary is now located was first built it was the "Era of the Planters" in Jamaica. The American Revolution had not yet begun; the earthquake which had buried Port Royal under the sea was still remembered by living men; the slave wars on the island were raging—and slavery was still a bitter fact.

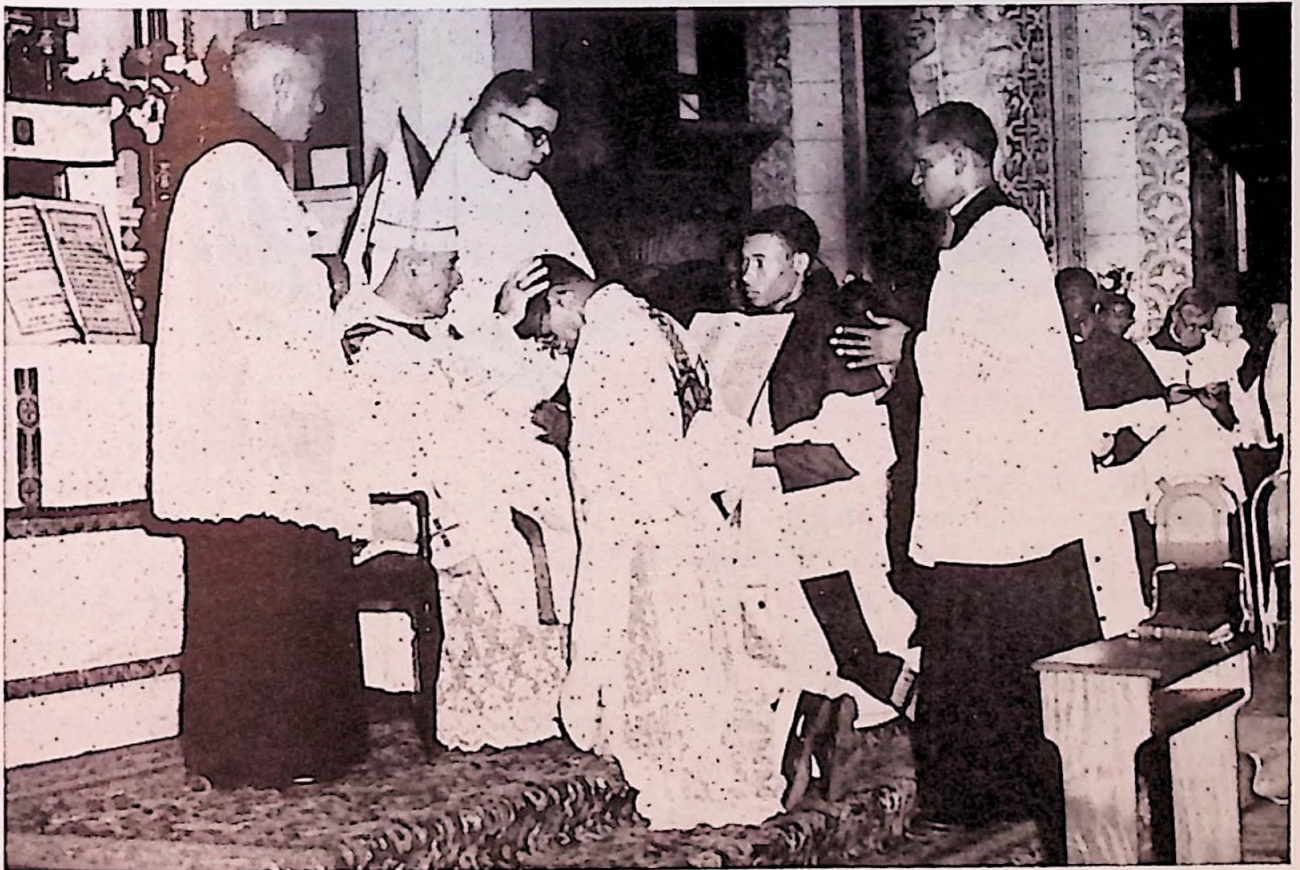
Emancipation came only in the last century and at a time when Jamaica was going downhill economically. The Latin American countries had won their freedom and provided new markets for

British goods. Sugar, the most important product, was the victim of the English Free Trade Act for Jamaicans could not compete against the countries which still used slave labor to grow sugar. The decades following were a series of ups and downs economically and politically.

One easily senses the obstacles and the frustration which the majority of Jamaicans would face as they entered life. The ordinary goals of which youth dreams would be, for them, inaccessible. They were poor, they had chance for little schooling, they were trapped in a score of ways. The long history of enforced backwardness lay heavy upon them. Yet today they walk out of the shadows into an unknown future, an able people with a natural dignity, and with the sense of recent accomplishment.

For the development of Jamaica since World War II has been an amazing thing, both in economic and social ways. The figures previously given on unem-

■ The ordination of St. Michael's first graduate, Father Henry Williams, in Kingston Cathedral. Bishop John McEleney S.J. imposes hands, assisted by Fathers Barry (left) and Burke.



ployment, etc. may seem to contradict that statement unless we understand we are speaking of degrees. One has only to consider the districts where growth was a matter of careful planning—May Pen, Mandeville, the North Coast and the Kingston area—where the bauxite industry or tourism demanded a disciplined progress. The growth there has been spectacular although it meant a large increase in the unemployed who gravitated to those areas and put a further burden on housing and other facilities.

The Jamaicans are a realistic people. They have shown efficiency in a remarkable degree but they realize full well that it is by Caribbean standards. That must not be the norm if their advance is to continue, for they must keep pace with the countries into whose orbits they are moving, economically, socially and especially in the education field. Independence for them will not be the explosive novelty that it has been for less advanced peoples. The Jamaicans have been free, living in a democratic way, and for considerable time. Their emergence as a national entity means only that they must go it on their own from now on, and this they understand and accept, knowing their potential.

The Catholic Church in Jamaica has had a similar history. After the Spanish were driven from the island the English imposed a blackout on Catholicism which lasted from the middle of the 17th Century to the close of the 18th. During that time Protestantism had established itself securely, thus providing a further obstacle for the Catholic missionaries when they were again permitted to take up their work. For it meant that the great majority of the people had come into contact with Christianity in some form or another and it is far more difficult to attempt to explain away the finer shades of distinction in Christ's teachings than it is to face the black and white contrast of a pagan country.

So the progress of the Church was not a rapid one but a slow inching forward by a small number of missionaries. One hundred and fifty years ago (the house on the steep hills beyond Kingston was beginning to show signs of wear) there was only a handful of priests to cover the whole island, trying to reach a people who were poor, uneducated, often misled. Today the same problems remain in one form or another but there are now over 300 priests and nuns; close to 100 schools with 24,000 in attendance; 90 churches, hospitals, orphanages and a flourishing social relief program.

The brightest gem in this crown of achievement is St. Michael's Seminary for diocesan priests. It was begun in 1952 by Bishop John J. McEleney S.J. with Father Robert I. Burke S.J. as its Rector, a position he still holds. The first beginnings were in a small cottage near St. George's College in Kingston. A few years later the seminary moved to the ancient "Great House" which had once been the pride of someone in the "Era of the Planters" and where a young man named Horatio Nelson had been entertained when on a tour of duty at Port Royal.

The seminary is ten years old but in that short time five of its graduates have already reached the priesthood and sixteen are still in studies before ordination. If this seems to be a small number we should remember that these priests, plus the few diocesan priests who did not attend St. Michael's, would be sufficient to staff all the present parishes on the island outside of the Kingston area!

But it is not a question of merely "holding the line." The Church must look forward even as the people of Jamaica. The air is filled with anticipation, with hope—and the young men who prayerfully walk the pimento groves on the hills above Kingston, who gaze down on the pulsing heart of their island, must also fill that future with Faith.

# Meet A Product of Your Generosity . . .



**N**OT TOO long ago, Fr. Henry A. Williams of Kingston, Jamaica, was a student of St. Michael's seminary in this scenic island. Today this same seminary is in dire need of help—spiritual and financial. The main objective of the Church is the training of local clergy to take over the huge task of bringing Christ to their own people. Every month, more of these young

men answer God's call and in time, shortages of food, clothing, equipment and housing occur.

It is then that we seek out our readers for assistance. And it never fails that our prayers and appeals are answered. Please help us bail out St. Michael's seminary so that the Church's work can go on; so that Our Lord's command is not ignored.

---

**JESUIT MISSIONS**, 211 East 87 Street, New York 28, N.Y.

Dear Fathers,

Please accept my gift of \$..... for the work being done at St. Michael's in Jamaica.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# LAUGHTER AND TEARS

JOSEPH D. WADE S.J.



■ Life is difficult enough when there is little in the way of material goods but add the terrors of the night and the unknown and the darkness of the soul grows deeper.

*The long lone road leads through the bush and a man  
passing by with a curse in his heart may bring death*

**T**HIS IS A STORY of how devotion to the Sacred Heart worked to destroy superstitious fears of people in Honduras among whom I am working. First, let me illustrate by incidents what these superstitions were, and how they were blighting the lives of the people.

Let us take the case of Aristides. He had warned me that I should not sleep alone in the little mission church, and I had asked him what possible dangers there could be in my doing this. "Padre," he said, "the night is black. This old church is rickety, its doors decrepit, and the dead walk about on such a night, looking for one alone to rest a curse on him; and a machete suspended in the darkness wanders the streets in the hand of an evil spirit to cut one down."

"Aristides," I replied, "your superstitions cloud your understanding, and befuddle your footsteps on a path that goes round and round in your darkness, too gloomy to laugh and not sad enough to weep. You need one to lead you to the light where there is laughter and tears."

One night late I crossed a lagoon from one village to another with an Indian named Hermes. We talked softly of those superstitions and of the dead that rise and walk about. Suddenly, he said, "Be still, Padre; lie flat in the canoe, he is passing close." I remembered St. Paul's saying, "The air is full of evil spirits," and feeling slightly cold, thought, "Maybe this man sees a devil." With a creepy feeling and shiver I, though not believing entirely but judging it more prudent, slid noiselessly flat in the canoe. Moments passed in which Hermes did not breathe. Finally, he said, "Now you can sit up, and speak. He has gone."

"But, Hermes, who passed over us on this creepy lagoon (O good St. Joseph, help us) and who has gone?"

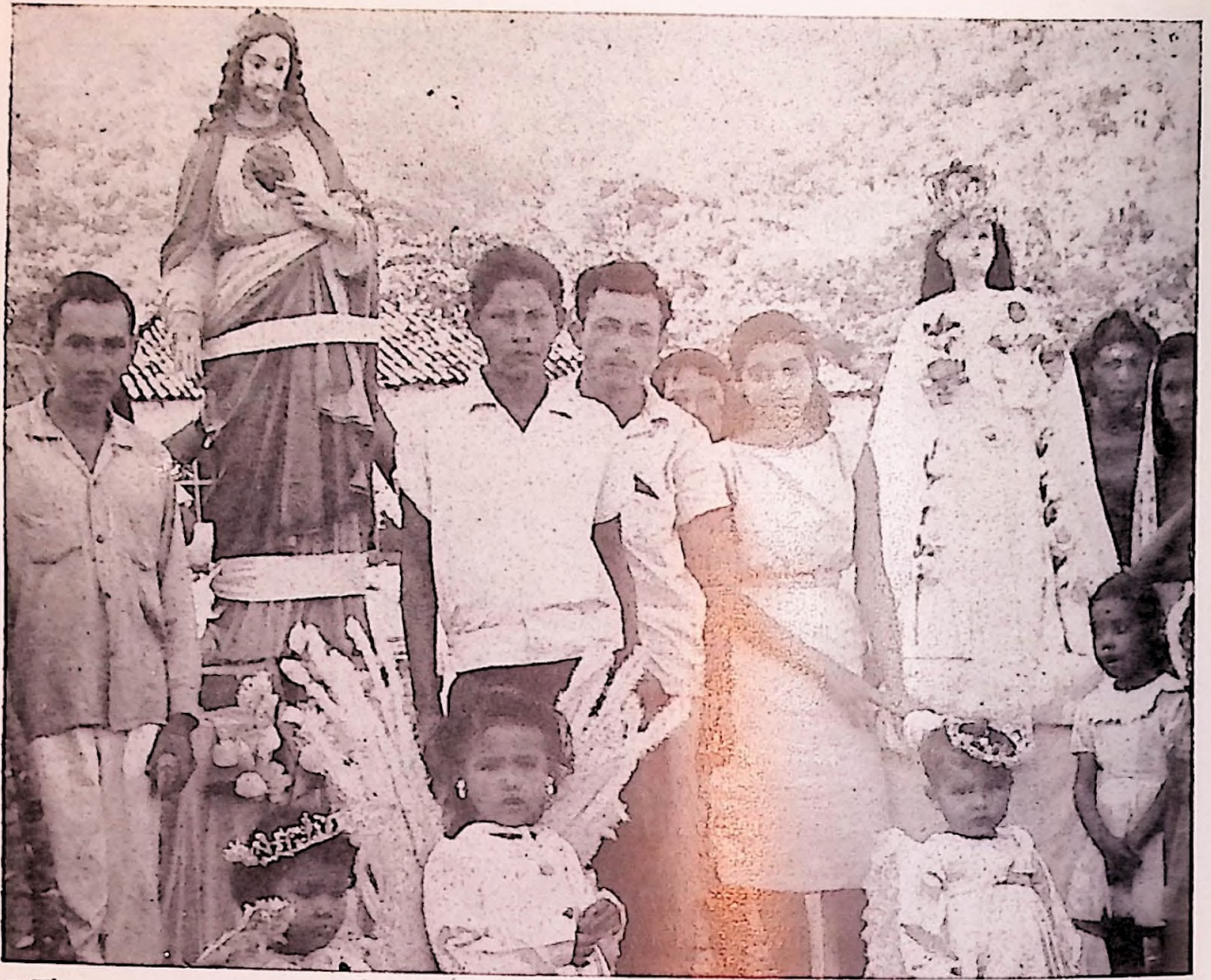
"You see, Padre, when he is far away, he whistles loud, so!" and he let out a long loud whistle. "And when he is near he whistles soft, so! You heard him whistle, didn't you, Padre, and you heard the soft swish of his long beard as he passed over?"

"Hermes, I heard the mating whistle of a love-sick night bird in the trees over there, but I heard no soft swish of a long beard pass over our canoe. Hermes, open the mystery. What has passed us on this ghostly lagoon?"

"It is the swish of the beard of 'El Duende,' 'The Old Man of the Forest.' He is a very old man, with body made of air, a long beard to the feet, eyes of fire under a big brimmed hat. He has great power, is lord of the forest, and rules all wild animals. He rules all night through as he flies like the wind, whistling through his long beard to his wild beast below, loud when far, soft when near. If you disturb his flight, he will

■ Fr. Wade examines one of the primitive tools which are used by his people in Yoro.





■ The procession in honor of the Sacred Heart was more than an act of devotion for these Hondurans. It brought a brightness of soul and gave birth to unaccustomed laughter.

give you a fever to carry off your life.”

These stories and many others that I had heard in my travels about the villages of the colony of British Honduras, convinced me that I must combat this tendency to weird tales. So I began a series of sermons in all my villages. I told them, “You are a gloomy people, with little laughter and few tears, because you walk in the darkness. Your superstitions and accursed tales come from the father of darkness. There was another One, a long time ago, far from this village of yours nestled on the breast of this forest, who said, ‘I am the Light of the world. All who walk with me walk not in darkness.’ That one was Jesus, whom you claim you know, but whom you know not because you are gloomy in your superstitions. You say your tales

are not darkness, but light, because you have evidence that such things really happened to that man in that village, and the other in the other. But I tell you your evidence is lies, lies of your father who is the father of lies, and who rules your imagination. But now I will present to you a Man with a Heart flaming with true love. The Sacred Heart of Jesus is the light of the world, and the light of this village. When you learn to know the Heart of Jesus and love Him, the machete will fall in the night, the will of the witch will not make the arm cut you down, the ‘duende’ will whistle no longer, and you will be shaken out of the hypnotism of the sweets of the flesh. Then you will not be a gloomy race, but laugh at your former fears, and laugh in your joy in the Heart of Jesus.”



■ Lack of education is a fertile breeding ground for the many superstitious beliefs.

■ The inscrutableness of the Indian race is a marked characteristic in Honduras.

After the sermon, they gathered around me asking excitedly: "Padre, do you mean to say there is no 'Duende?'" "Do the spirits of the dead not roam at night?"

Then an old man, Juan, the one with the gentle look, and kind eyes, spoke: "Padre, I don't believe in any of those tales. I pray to God, and believe He can protect me. But you will never get this belief out of these people, for they are tales that come from our ancestors. But you remind us of Padre Newell who passed through these villages many years ago, teaching the love of the Sacred Heart. I was one of his promoters in the Apostleship of Prayer."

"I am glad to hear that you still remember the teaching of good Padre Newell. I shall renew this devotion of the Sacred Heart in all these villages."



One year and many sermons later, I had the joy of standing at the little altar of a dozen little churches, while seven hundred grown men and women came up one by one to lay their right hand on the altar stone I carried with me for saying Mass (there were no statues or crucifixes of any size), and made their pledge to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Apostleship of Prayer.

As each person put his large picture of the Sacred Heart in the place of honor in his house, and wore his Badge of the Sacred Heart pinned to his breast, I did have the joy of seeing the gloom of the wandering dead dissipate and the laughter of consolation in Jesus take its place, and sometimes see the joyous tears of contrition in a people who had passed from darkness into light.

“Welcome,  
my  
fellow  
priest!”



■ Father Alfeo Villanueva from San Fernando, Pampanga, was recently ordained at San Jose in Quezon City.

*Fifteen years ago at the celebration of Independence Day in the Philippines the altar-boy went unnoticed*

RALPH E. LYNCH S.J.

IT WAS A HOT Filipino day in 1947, when we had a Mass in the open fields for the repose of our nation's heroes fallen in battle. The field where the altar was set up was at Kasisang, just south of Malaybalay, in the very heart of the Bukidnon plateau. Kasisang had been the site of one of the great prison camps for American soldiers after the surrender of the Philippines to Japan. Many a brave Filipino and American had fallen side by side in the nearby hills and canyons.

Highest ranking among the devout who attended the Mass was Señora Remedios Fortich, the widow of the recently murdered Congressman Carlos Fortich, and now his popularly elected successor in office. There were officers of the Provincial Government of Bukidnon, the Mayor of Malaybalay and his staff, and

a large contingent of the local encampment of Philippine Constabulary.

Among those present, and completely insignificant in the presence of so much civilian and military brass, was my altar-boy, Alfeo. He was also my house-boy, or general helper around the convento and the church. But he was only in the sixth grade, and therefore not very important. Only to God was he someone special. It took years to discover that.

Alfeo lived in my house for about a year, not because he was poor, for his family was well off, but because his parents wanted him to be near the altar, near the priest, and near to God. He was bright and quick to learn, and I can still remember rehearsing him for his valedictory speech (the Filipinos finish grade school after grade six). One thing I noticed about him at the time, which set him apart from the other boys that

used to hang around the place, was his mature way of making allowances for mistakes such as we all made in our missionary work. If I corrected him he didn't take it as a national insult as some of our boys and workmen were quick to do, but just tried harder to avoid the mistake in future.

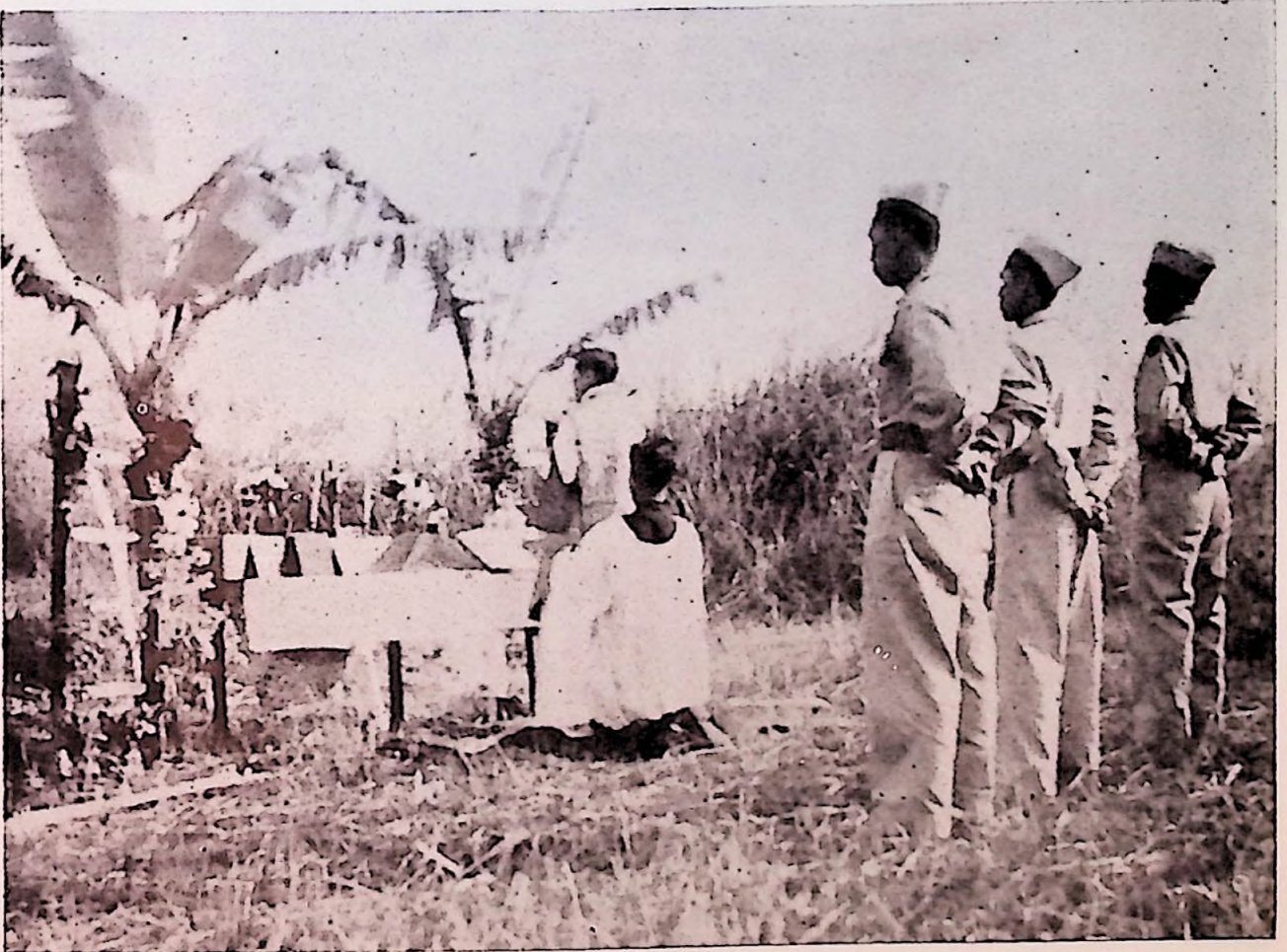
When he moved away from Malaybalay, and went to high school at the Ateneo de Cagayan, I lost track of him, except for an occasional crossing of paths. By a strange coincidence in the light of future events, I was one of the instruments God used to lead his sister, Purificacion, to the Sisters of Saint Paul de Chartres, where she has been known for many happy years now as Sister Mary Terence.

I did hear, from time to time, after

my 1955 return to the United States that Alfeo was at San Jose Seminary in Manila, preparing for the priesthood under the tutelage of Filipino and American Jesuit teachers. But it made no great impact till I heard from him last Christmas that he was already ordained a deacon and would in a few months be ordained a priest. Then it hit me with all its force. Once my servant obeying my every command without question, eager to spare me every inconvenience and labor that could be borne by his own strong young shoulders, taking orders and corrections with a marvelous equanimity, this same Alfeo now joins me in the ranks of the priesthood! With all my heart I say in Visayan, "*Ma-ayong Pag-abut, Akong Isig-ka pari!* Welcome, my fellow priest!"

■ Father Ralph Lynch S.J. celebrated a Field Mass, with Alfeo as his altar-boy, in memory of the fallen Filipinos and Americans.

## In 1947...





■ Fishing junks in the harbor of Macao with hills of the Chinese mainland in background.

# Destination: Macao

PATRICK R. SHAULES S.J.

■ The fine nets used by the fishermen must be dried out on the beach after every use.



**T**HE ORIENT IS STILL full of surprises, even after a good number of years out here. I came winging into Hong Kong from Hsinchu, Taiwan, which I had called home for so long. I boarded the ferry for a pleasant ride down the harbor from Kowloon to Cheung Chau Island (Long Island). I kept gawking at the famous crossroads of the Orient with its modern skyscrapers and boats providing a bizarre background for the weather-beaten junks and shanty towns.

In the harbor of Cheung Chau there were about 250 unpainted, reddish boats; cargo junks with high masts, large lifeboats with circular canvas covers under which whole families make their homes, and stubby blunt-nosed rowboats propelled by one oar protruding from the stern.

■ In these alleys of Macao the struggle for the youth of Asia will be fiercely fought.



Cheung Chau is a large settlement of 20,000 people but it is a quiet place. Not a single auto scooter or motorcycle on the whole island! There are no roads, only nicely paved cement paths and stairways tracing the steep hillsides. Any place can be reached in 15 minutes.

My destination is Macao, and Cheung Chau is only a stopping-over place for a brief fling at the Cantonese dialect which I will use instead of Taiwanese. In July I start the battle in Macao—a new high school in a place where the Communists control all business and about half the schools. But it is terribly important to get the youth of Asia; the future will be entirely in their hands. They no longer listen to the oldsters but they do to their teachers. Time is short—and I am eager to reach Macao.



■ Lady making firecrackers runs paper spills through machine which presses paper tighter.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



# Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

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1) Father Sontag's labors to spread the Good Word in India, as indicated on page 14 of this issue, are most worthy of all backing. Although he speaks of groups assisting him in his IHS work, there is no reason why an individual cannot also help. We will gladly forward any donation to this hardy warrior for Christ.

2) For twenty years Father John P. Sullivan in Jamaica has been training local leaders to combat the terrific economic problems of the island where 93% of the population has an annual wage of \$16 or less. He has had to finance that work entirely on his own. It takes on added importance in light of Jamaica's independence. Could you help him now with a gift of \$5, \$10 or more?

3) A Chinese Jesuit, Father Michael Tsu, now in Taipei, requests an Ostensorium and Magna Capa for Benediction. Could any sodality or Altar Society help out?

4) A Patna report from Father Wieman reveals that Father Padamattam of Bar Bigha is forced to sleep in his bathroom during the rainy season because his roof leaks so badly. We would like to help this priest who has spent everything on his church and his people. He would be most grateful for a gift of any size.

5) A touch of paint on the church and a second-hand organ would lift the spirits of his people, still shocked by hurricane and tidal wave, writes Father Stobie from Belize, British Honduras. But the little money he has now must go for

essentials first. Do you think we could help him, financially and psychologically?

6) At **Alanib** in the Philippines the 12 x 12 rectory is somewhat on the small side, admits Father Flores. He would welcome any help in providing a decent place to live in. He also needs several things for his chapel; a crucifix, statues of Our Lord and Our Lady, a church bell, etc. Could you give \$2, \$5, or . . . ?

7) In **Jamshedpur, India**, Father Frank McGauley gladly welcomed the Sisters to his **Chakradharpur** station. But he was forced to rent living quarters for them because his convent was still only a dream at that time. Now the building is progressing, but slowly for obvious reasons. Do you think you could hurry things up with a gift of \$5 or more?

8) A constant request from missionaries is for Mass stipends. We would be glad to forward quickly any offerings for Masses which you might have.

(This coupon is for your convenience.)

Dear Father,

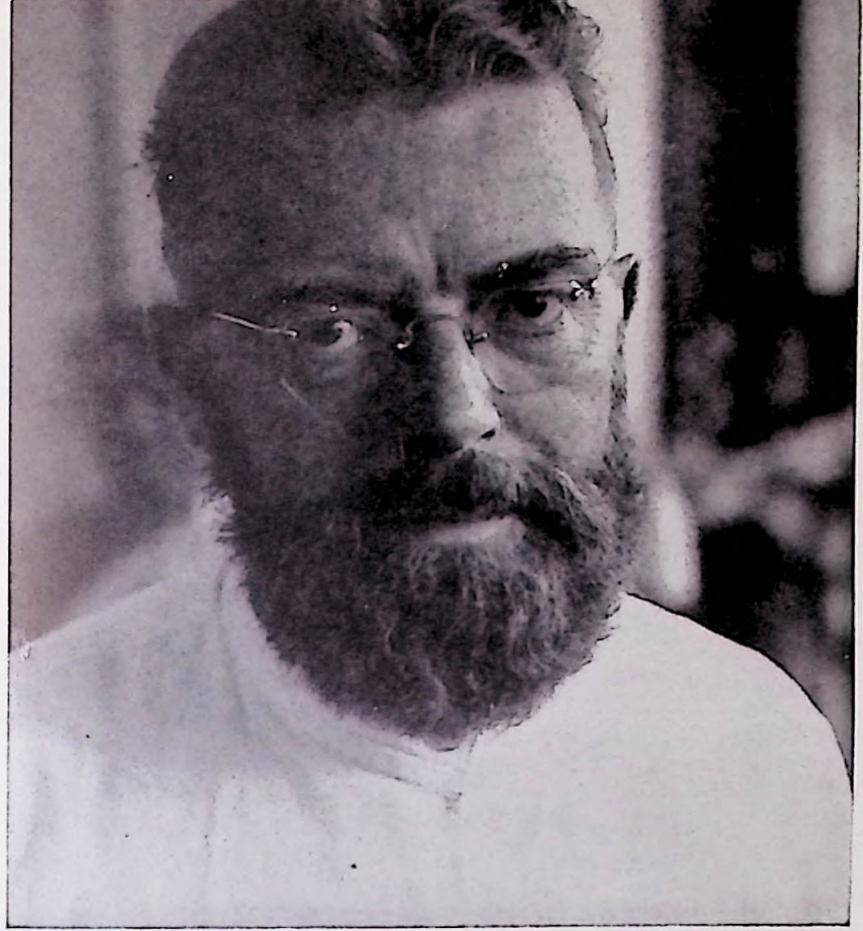
My donation is for the item(s) numbered above \_\_\_\_\_.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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



## MY KIDS ARE HUNGRY... MY PEOPLE NEED HELP...



St. Joseph the Worker, the patron saint of Father Michael Kavanagh's parish in Jamshedpur, India, knows what Father is up against. His people are poor and they need all the help he can give them. They send the youngsters to Father Kavanagh, over 550 of them, and he gathers them on an open verandah and calls it his school! Then he feeds them—God bless the American Bishops and the Catholic Relief Services for arranging to send our surplus food!—as best he can. Would you be willing to give this ardent missionary a helping hand in a big job? Any size gift would mean much.

### **Jesuit Missions**

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

My unfinished church—  
No floor—windows or paint

The church at Libertad in the Philippines is little more than a shell. The pastor, Father Harold Murphy, did what he could to answer the pleas of his people. But they must still kneel on gravel because there is no floor; without windows it is open to the elements; without paint it is a drab-looking House of God. Will you help Father Murphy to finish it in fitting fashion with a gift large or small? Any donation would be deeply appreciated.

## San Vicente Is a Shell

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

