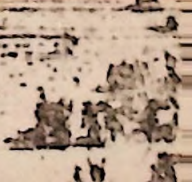
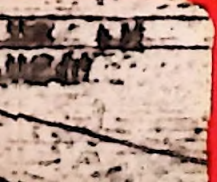
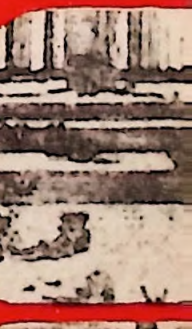
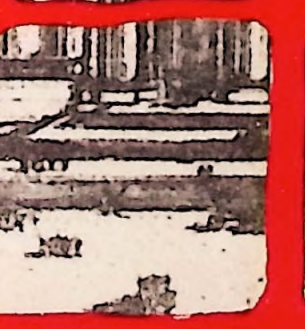


# JESUIT MISSIONS

OCTOBER 1962



*Vatican Council* — Building a unified church



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:

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These Pakistanis (left) must not only hammer out a dam across the Indus River but also the future of their country. United Nations Technical Assistance and FAO can aid one part of the program but the important part is in the hands of the Pakistanis. (UN photo)



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

# THE COUNCIL AND THE MISSIONS

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

**O**N OCTOBER 11, the attention of the whole world will be centered on Rome. There, in the great Church of St. Peter, the world's largest, the second Vatican Council will meet at the call of Pope John XXIII. It will be an Ecumenical Council because it brings together the whole hierarchy of the Catholic Church.

Nineteen other such Councils have been held. Each was called to discuss under the leadership of the Pope or his representatives, important problems concerning the whole Church and to make decisions which, with his approval, would be binding on all Catholics.

The first Council was held at Jerusalem in the lifetime of the Apostles. It brought together all the Apostles who could reach that city to consider whether non-Jewish converts should be bound to observe some of the Jewish customs still observed by the main body of the new Christians who were converts from Judaism. It was then that Peter explained the vision he had seen in Caesarea which made clear beyond all doubt that from now on there would be no rules about clean and unclean food, that no man need become a Hebrew first before he became a Christian.

Other councils came when the danger of heresy within the Church threatened its continuing to teach what it had received from the Apostles. They defined what the

Church teaches even today about the Person of Christ and the union of the divine and human in Him.

Closer to our own time were the Council of Trent and the first Vatican Council. At Trent, all of Catholic doctrine and practice was again examined and defined in the light of the attacks by the new Protestant churches and to amend the acknowledged abuses that had grown within the human element of the Church.

The first Vatican Council never got far beyond its well-known definition of papal infallibility because its meetings were abruptly ended. Many have wondered in the years since 1870 if that Council would resume its sessions and continue the work planned for it. But such was not Pope John's purpose when he issued the proclamation for this Council.

This is a *second* Vatican Council. So much has been said about it, so much has been planned for it, so much hope has been aroused by it that already it is being acclaimed as the greatest of all Councils. It surely will be the largest in the number of those attending.

The success of the Church in its missionary work of recent centuries is most manifest from the fact that over a thousand Bishops were invited to the first Vatican Council with the right to vote. Yet, here the highest attendance was 691. Today, we see the mission Churches in their full glory at the newest Council. Over 2,600 Patriarchs, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and prelates have been invited. And over two thousand are expected to attend. Among them will be the 250 Bishops born in the missions that they now govern.

Surely, then, the missions will make their presence and importance felt. It is estimated that about 30% of those eligible to attend the Council are from Europe, where the Catholics make up in number about 47% of the Church's total. The Americas supply about 33% of the hierarchy and about 43% of the Catholic

#### **TO THE FAITHFUL:**

**“. . . To put it briefly but completely, it is the aim of the Council that the clergy should acquire a new brilliance of sanctity, that the people be instructed efficaciously in the truths of the Faith and Christian morals, that the new generation, who are growing like a hope of better times, should be educated properly; that attention be given to the social apostolate and that Christians should have a missionary heart, that is to say, brotherly and friendly toward all and with all . . .”**

**Pope John XXIII  
June 20, 1962**

population of the world. From Asia, Africa and Oceania will come about 20% of those at the second Vatican Council. Yet their Catholic flocks are only 10% of the world's Catholics. If anything, the mission areas are over-represented but no one will object if he carefully considers the truth that the Church is itself essentially missionary.

Now, this Council does not have as its purpose the questions that faced earlier Councils: heresy, schism, discipline. Rather, in the words of Pope John, the Council meets to find the ways by which the Church can be renewed from within, ways by which priests and people can come closer to holiness in this life, better instructed in Catholic faith and morals and better prepared for their apostolate to the whole world.

Here the missionary Churches represented by their Bishops can be most useful. Some of the questions around which speculation about the Council has centered are: adaptation by an ancient yet

ever-new Church to the world in which it finds itself; ecumenism or the spirit that motivates our relations with our separated Christian brothers; our attitude towards the larger number of non-Christians in the world; the position of the laity in the Church; the Church's universality and supra-nationalism.

Many phases of these questions are already familiar experience to our missionary churches. Some they have solved and put into effect with the approval of the Holy See. These experiences and solutions they will bring with them to the Council. These can well be the starting point of the Council's discussions. They will serve as guides to methods applicable to the whole Church.

The Church was always conscious of the need to adapt itself to circumstances. The Council of Jerusalem proves that what "has been" cannot always be what "should be." Missionaries have always been the leaders in this work of adaptation. This flows from their work, to bring the Church to new peoples, to fit it into local circumstances and to make it a part of the local culture. The flowering of what we call Western civilization is an outstanding example of adaptation.

However, when the missionaries of the sixteenth and later centuries attempted the same adaptation elsewhere in the world, their efforts were too often hampered by those in whose minds the West and the Church were too much the same

■ Typical of the missionary aspect of the Council is this Mass celebrated by Bishop Kilasara, Tanganyika; Bishop Dery, Ghana; Bishop Noguchi, Japan and Bishop Busimba of Congo.



thing. The more successful missionaries, like Ricci and De Nobili, broke that pattern but their success was limited. The Council may well consider in what way their methods can bring it about that the Church is as much a part of African or Asian culture as it is Western. No matter what is decided, it is the missionaries who will have to do that work.

When the Council takes up the question of the Church's relations with "our separated brothers," Christians outside the Church, the advice of missionary Bishops will be sought. The Protestant churches have been marked by continuing division and sub-division into sects at odds not only with the Roman Church but among themselves. They undertook no missionary work among non-believers until the 19th Century. Soon after their entry into the missionary field they had to face the harsh reality that a divided Christianity made a poor appeal for anyone's allegiance to the "one true Church." The clamorous competition for new converts was a scandal in mission areas.

Thus it was in the mission areas and among Protestant missionaries that the Ecumenical Movement began. So it was in mission countries that the more successful "united" Christian, but not Catholic, churches were established. These our Catholic missionaries learned at first-hand, as they also learned to deal with our fellow Christians in more friendly terms than prevailed in the countries of the schisms' origins. The decisions of the Council on the ecumenical spirit may well reflect the practical wisdom of the missionary Bishops.

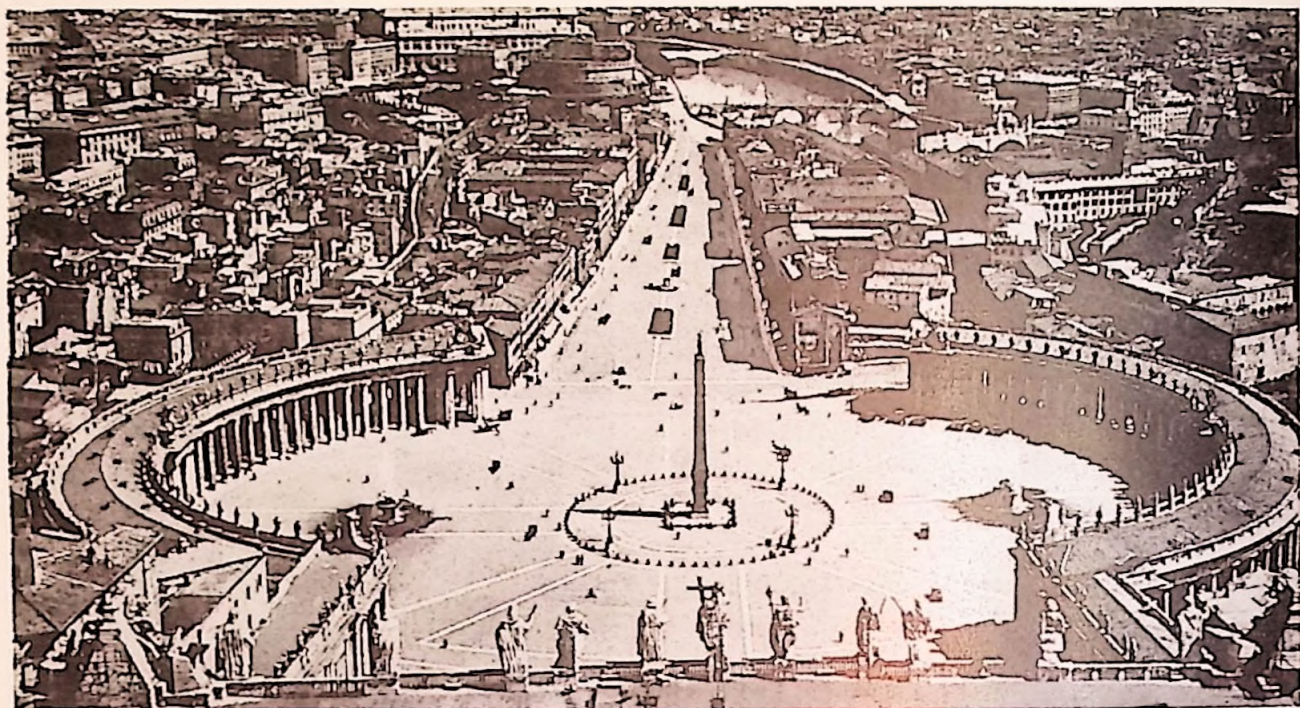
On the place of the laity in apostolic works, we should recall that it was in the missions that the ancient office of the catechist was restored and how much the work of lay catechists has contributed to the growth of the Church in the missions. More recently, the work of volunteer lay missionaries from the same countries which supply priests, Brothers and Sisters



■ Swiss Guard of the Vatican is reminder of the long traditions and history of Church.

to the missions has been a great success and is an answer to the desire of the laity for a more active share in the direct mission apostolate.

Yet above all these considerations there is one that transcends all. The presence of the missionary hierarchy at the Council reminds the Church that its missions are only one phase of her *total* mission, her mission to the whole world, Coming from so many newly born nations they make clear her maternal care for all peoples. She strives to take root everywhere and become so much a part of each nation's life so that we can say with Pope



■ The Eternal City as seen from the cupola of St. Peter's. The II Vatican Council carries on the tradition begun by the Apostles themselves when they gathered in old Jerusalem.

Pius XII: "Nowhere is the Church a foreigner." At the same time, she is above all nations, the first truly international and supra-national body.

In the missionary Bishops at the Council we see in living terms the truth of Pope Pius's words: "The life of the Church today is manifested by an exchange of life and energy between all the members of Christ's Mystical Body." Let us imagine, then, the procession of Bishops as they enter St. Peter's to begin the second Vatican Council. The Cardinal from the new Africa walks beside the Cardinal from Naples or Armagh. An Archbishop from Indonesia chats with an

Archbishop from France or South America. An exiled Bishop of China meets with a Bishop from Scandinavia. Truly a renewal of the first Pentecost when everyone understood what Peter said in his own language.

As we imagine these scenes with a joyous Catholic heart, let us join our prayers to those of the Church. Let us pray for abundant light from God for those who take part in the Council. Let us pray that we too faithfully obey the call of Christ, through His Vicar, that "Christians should have a missionary heart, that is to say, brotherly and friendly toward all and with all."



**COVER.** In seeking a design which would suitably portray the coming Vatican Council, Bill Tompkins, associate of artist Phil Franznick, was struck by an old etching by Giovanni Piranesi. The 18th Century Italian engraver, with his strong lines and bold contrasts of tones, provided designer Tompkins with the idea for our cover.

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# MACAO:

## ORIENTAL PARADOX

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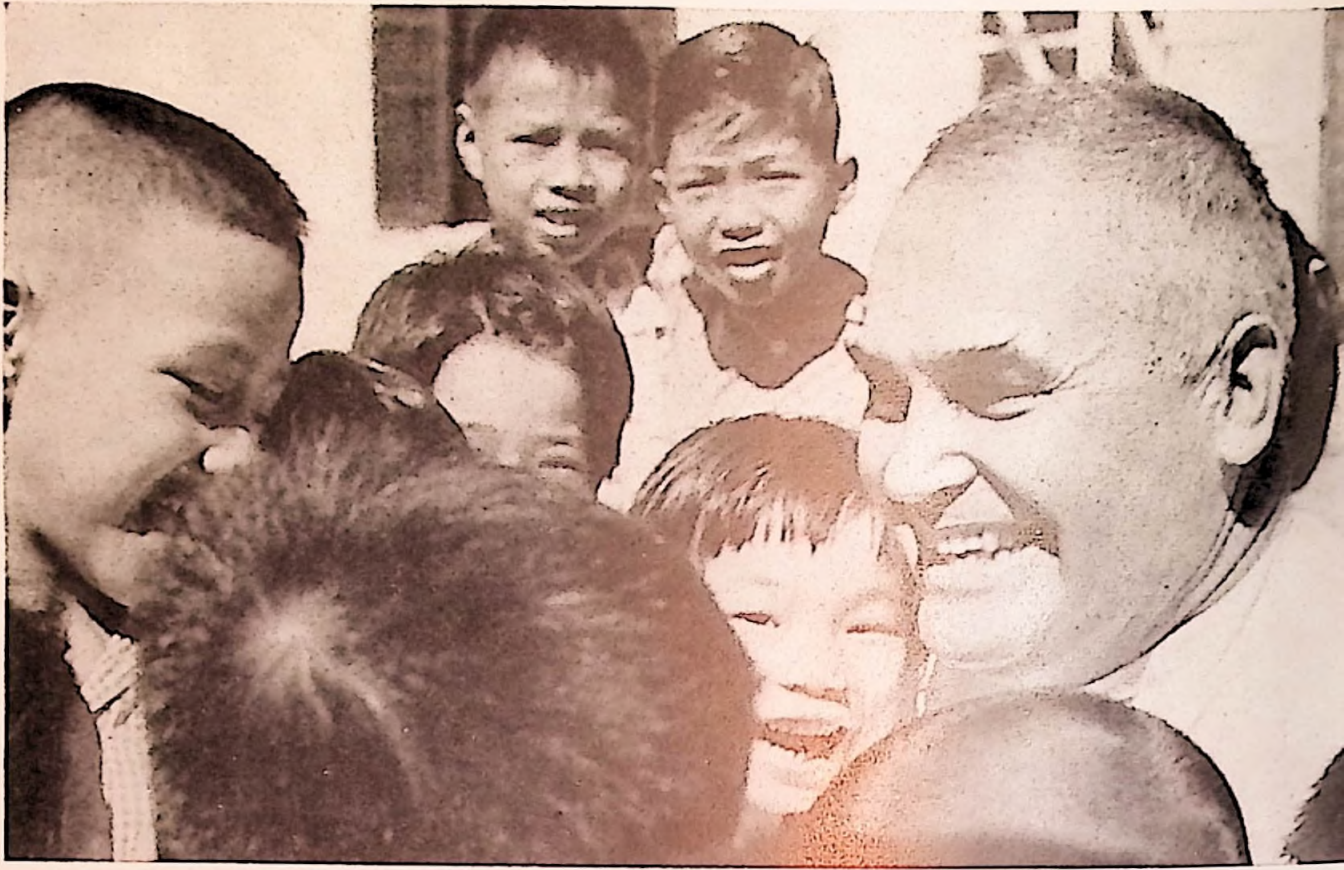
PATRICK R. SHAULES S.J.

**T**O REACH MACAO from Hong Kong I took a comfortable river-boat type steamer and sailed West. After 45 minutes I was passing Cheung Chau, my home for the past happy months, and one of Hong Kong's 241 islands. Previously famous as a pirates' den, it is now noted as a fishing village (pop. 15,000 on land, 5,000 afloat in the junk harbour) and as a landing point for China's escapees being smuggled from Macao. Ling Ting, the closest Communist island, is visible seven miles to the south.

After another hour I noticed the water started getting muddy, and I knew I was passing the delta of the Pearl River. Where did it get that name? It kept getting browner until we crept into Macao Harbour, the approach to which is so shallow you can literally get out and walk if the tide is low. Hong Kong Har-

PART ONE





■ Who could resist that big smile on the face of Father Shaules? Yet these refugee children at Ricci School shortly before were a pitiful group, hungry, frightened, wondering.

bour is 40 feet, a safe depth for all ships except the biggest carriers.

Ragged little children waved to me as we glided slowly past the weather-beaten fishing junks and sampans. On my right was a city of old Europe, and on my left not a mile away I could make out the Red flag fluttering over a couple of the larger buildings and manned pill-boxes along the shore. I was looking across the invisible but very real Bamboo Curtain into Red China. That fellow standing by the gun on that launch we were passing with his binoculars seemingly fixed on me, serves under Comrade Mao. And by history's jest, that Communist shoreline belongs to a huge island formerly called "Priest's Island" because it was the property of the Jesuits!

Today, 5,000 Portuguese live in Macao. The Chinese population has grown to nearly 200,000 without destroying the European look of the cobbled city. In the last 100 years, Hong Kong has flour-

ished and Macao's commerce has shrunk so that now its economy depends mostly on trade with China, tourists, gambling concessions, and minor back-yard industries like firecrackers and canvas shoes.

Macao is not just a hole in the Bamboo Curtain. It is an unbelievable little symbol of freedom: 6 square miles with two satellite islands where the Communist and free worlds overlap—like a double exposure. In most points of contact between Reds and non-Reds around the world there is a clear-cut division and an obvious tension: a wall in Berlin, a Strait in Formosa, even barbed wire in Hong Kong. But here both sides peacefully compenetrates. The Portuguese flag waves over the City Hall; but the red star-mounted of Mao Tzu-tung flies high over the Chamber of Commerce building.

Existing by the favor of the giant land to the north, Macao lies in a definite red shadow. But it is only a shadow. It does not black out—or "Red out"—



■ The morning after escape. The Government sends them on to the Jesuits at Casa Ricci and they are fed and clothed. At first they are unsure but soon long-forgotten smiles return.

Portuguese sovereignty, law, or police authority. Institutions quite incompatible with Communism not only exist, but thrive unmolested: the Nationalist flag greets the incredulous visitor from atop schools and buildings where Chiang Kai-shek's government is free to teach and make propaganda against Mao. And the Sign of the Cross marks spots where the Catholic Church teaches her children to believe and serve the very Faith which is outlawed but a few hundred yards to the north!

The Commies shoot to kill when they see someone trying to escape. But once an escapee reaches Macao territory he is kindly received by the Portuguese police, taken to the station for registration, and sent to the Jesuits of Casa Ricci, where he receives the basic necessities of life.

It may be wondered why, when the tens of thousands were storming the Hong Kong border in May, the numbers entering Macao that month only in-

creased from the usual 600 to 1600. There seem to be two reasons. Firstly, Hong Kong, not Macao, is generally the ultimate destination of the refugees. Even natives of Macao have to go to Hong Kong to find work. Secondly, the trip to Hong Kong via Macao is very difficult. The trip into Macao claims many lives; and the trip from Macao to Hong Kong on a smuggler's junk claims many dollars at best: about U.S. \$30.00 per person, a month's salary for workers.

Escape to Macao claims many lives. The narrow causeway is so easily guarded by the Red guards as to exclude a possible land route of escape. By land, the only way is legally through the gate with a People's Government exit visa. In June 1987 came this way. Of the illegal escapees, during the same month, 190 succeeded in evading capture on the several gruelling days' trek from their homes to the coastline near Macao beyond where the guard stations are too close

together. Then at night they waded or swam out beyond range of the guns until they could come safely up to the shore of Macao. Often the frightful story runs like this: maybe six started from their village together—two were caught or hit by bullets, two disappeared during the night in the water. Finally before you in their damp tee shirts and ragged shorts stand the two who were fitter or luckier, showing nothing on their faces of the ordeal they are just concluding.

The escape by boat is not safer, though it is the only one possible for mothers with children, non-swimmers, or the less strong of limb. Yes, during June, for example, 175 women and 152 children refugees reached Macao. All together 1,278 desperate people in 128 junks and sampans (average: 4 a day) survived the perils of lead and wave to reach our shores. We know of many more less fortunate whose boats were captured by Red gunboats or pitifully capsized in the rough water where the river meets the ocean, almost within sight of the beauti-

■ The author interviews two young men who tell the harrowing details of the escape.



ful hilltop Cathedral, Macao's landmark.

So Ricci Hall has become the busy reception center for these bedraggled, hungry, confused, half-clad escapees, whose only possessions are often the rags on their back. They come to us direct from the police station, silent, watchful, uncertain. Each refugee is given two small rolls of fresh bread to tide him over while his card is made out. He then receives a meal ticket good for ten days of wholesome food, a wash kit (soap, toothpaste and brush, and a towel), a pair of canvas shoes, a blanket or quilt for the children or weak, and to top it all, a big friendly smile, a pat on the back, and a blessing from the big-nosed foreigner in the long white dress. These articles seem commonplace; but where these people come from they cannot even be sent in as a free gift!

But it is at the chartered eat-shop that they really come to life. Meat and fish and vegetables cooked with oil, and all the rice you can eat! The wonder is that they don't get deathly sick from that first banquet, which they wolf down, after all those months and years of hunger and insufficiency!

The sick are taken to one of the Mission dispensaries around town, or even placed in a Sisters' hospital if necessary. The others disappear somewhere to find shelter. In the tropics here it is less a problem. Most disappear for good after a few days. Presumably they will have made contact with relatives who chip in to pay the fee for their illegal passage to Hong Kong where they are absorbed and find work. The Hong Kong government and charities have set an historic example in providing shelter, food, and employment during this period after the war when the population went from 650,000 to over 3,000,000.

*(To be continued)*

■ Macao, the Sao Paulo facade, and in the distance, the Red island once owned by Jesuits.



# It's Odd You Should Say That

CLAUDE R. DALY S.J.

**I**F THE FAINTEST note of suspicion is detected in this little account please don't put it down to sheer accident. A letter comes in from the Managing Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, a man with whom I have conducted a running battle for years, and it slyly requests: "Tell us about some of the odd things you do. We hear you are one of the busiest men in Ceylon." I pass over the obvious second sentence, with its built-in come-on, and I concentrate on that word "odd." Rupees to rice cakes, they are going to capitalize on that three-letter trap.

It is true that a missionary must acquire experience in many fields, but the prime reason for that is his own protec-

■ It's a seemingly innocent-looking scene—pastor, parishioner and puppy, but we wonder what is going through the minds of all three. We suspect a shaggy dog story is now enroute.



tion. So here at Sorikalmunai circumstances have forced me to become a part expert in coconut cultivation (selecting seedlings, digging holes, planting, watering, manuring); in paddy cultivation (to the extent that I know what to look for); in well construction and pipe laying (guess who is the only practicing plumber in Sorikalmunai); and in the indoor sports like cooking, bookkeeping (I hope the Bishop doesn't read this) and in putting up a mess of jam. (That last phrase won't be changed by the Editors.)

Some of these things go hand in hand. For instance, I hired a man to take charge of my 160 coconut seedlings and the paddy was planted just to give him something to do while I was preparing the seedlings. The two and a half bushels of paddy produced 25 bushels, 10 to 1, which is considered good here. The yield was enough to cover his four months' wages for both jobs. My black-eyed peas didn't profit me much but generous shares of them were collected by the monkeys, cows and village children.

I finally got rid of the dhoby, the laundryman who would take the clothes to a stream and very successfully pound them to pieces on the rocks. I bought a wash tub, detergents, etc. Throw the clothes in the suds overnight, boil them, rinse them, hang 'em up to dry. They don't come out exactly as the magazine ads claim—but then neither did the dhoby's. Now I have prevailed upon the sacristan to take over; I merely provide soap, bluing, starch, water and clothes.

Yesterday the sacristan was sick so I did the job myself. While waiting for the water to boil, I peeled eight mangoes and made some jam. This jam is good stuff. Fresh fruit and sugar. The previous batch was too much for immediate consumption and the jars were not sealed—so it started fermenting. I boiled it again; it fermented again; and once more I boiled it. After a few days I took the results to St. Michael's College. Between



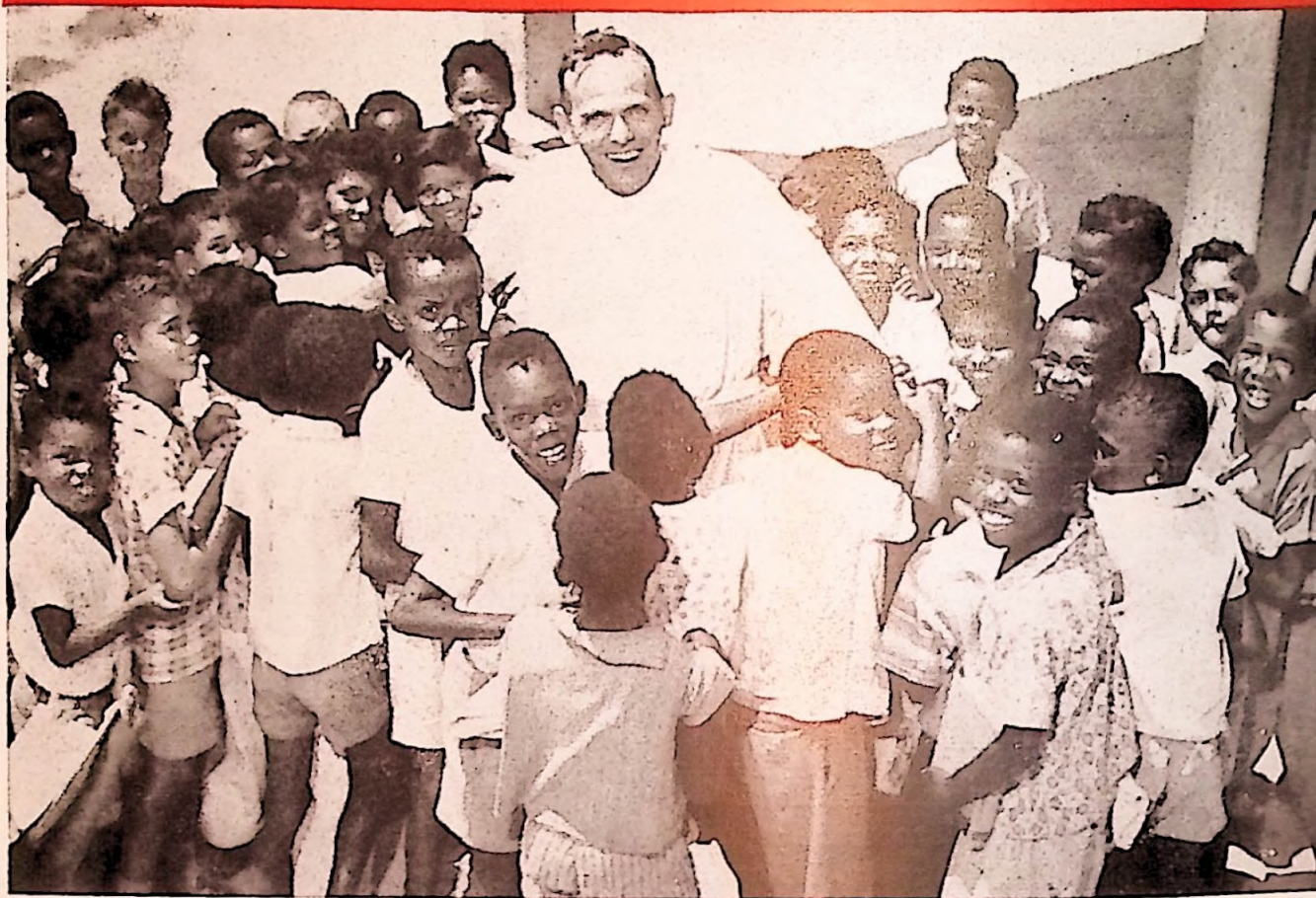
■ Fr. Daly blesses the "congee," the sweet boiled rice offered in thanksgiving on feasts.

the heat and the bus ride those little enzymes got all excited and so when I opened the bottle everything fizzed out except three ounces. My Jesuit brethren sampled the tiny remainder and encouraged me to further endeavors.

The fact that I administer, for the diocese, the parish paddy field which is the largest in the village has given me the local reputation of a rich man. Recently I unwittingly confirmed this totally false idea. After heroic efforts, I had finally collected all the back payments which the people pay as rent for the use of the field and I promptly set out for Batticaloa and the Diocesan Bursar. Then a tire went flat on my bicycle. Luckily I was near a tire-patching place where a puncture is repaired for twenty-five cents. Then I discovered that the only money I had with me was the collected rents, all tied up neatly in a big red handkerchief. You can imagine the reaction of the tire-patcher and the always present group of onlookers when I had to open my "lunch" and disclose a whole parcel of folding money. Yes, there was a special price for Father that day and yes, the only English translation of what I overheard one man say is "odd."

# TROPICAL PARK

FRANK G. STOBIE S.J.



**T**HERE ARE NO skyscrapers in Belize, British Honduras, no television. There is plenty of sun, and generally enough bread, rice and beans to go around. But it's awfully crowded on this buggy, swampy peninsula; everybody would have better lives if we could all spread out at arm's length. Many families of six and eight live in one room—kids start early with a dim view of healthy cheerful morality.

An ambitious American recently decided to lay out a suburb. Why not? It made sense, with these crowded conditions and the fact that the sign at the airport says "Land of Opportunity."

He called it "Tropical Park." Beautiful name. This new suburb was laid out 10 miles from town, "out of the swamp," with room to breathe, quiet escape from those blaring radios and 45 rpms, from the city that has no sidewalks, where a child is often killed by a truck.

Here was a new way of life for the Belize creole. For anyone making more than \$100 a month. In this wage class you are definitely in a middle class, and you don't have a great deal of company. How would "Tropical Park" go? Well, it may not be like suburbs you know—no sewers, no water supply, no electricity—it will be a long slow process—

as the first house is just now beginning to go up—and a few hundred steadily squeeze out \$5 a month to pay for their lot.

Ianthe Neal has a lot at “Tropical Park.” It’s paid for. She won it in a raffle. It was a raffle to get funds for a big new addition to our St. Ignatius School. Yes, we were happy to see Ianthe win that lot. She has eight children and lives in a very tiny place at 88 West Canal Street in Belize. She is crowded in on all sides—in front, by the central canal. Our Bishop calls her area the heart of Belize—that is where the souls are thickest—so thick that with about 15,000 souls in this parish I could get to anyone of them on my bike in 4 or 5 minutes.

Ianthe was breathing fast when she knocked at my door, clutching the winning ticket No. 2473. Those children of hers certainly could use a break, and that man of hers could stand a little rest—his work is “catch-and-kill,” nothing special, loading, unloading, using the machete in its many ways. When he works, he works hard for a little.

She had a lot in “Tropical Park,” but she knew she couldn’t use it. With the condition of her family, she could only hope to turn this valuable certificate into some cash, maybe \$400 or \$500. There is no suburb yet for those like Ianthe, and so she carries on in the crowd on West Canal. She can hope for better times, another break, another raffle prize, perhaps.

Many other people hoped to win that lot—so we made \$1,000 on our raffle. But the big 12-classroom new school will take many, many of those thousands. Our school with 1,200 children is in the heart of Belize—it’s as crowded as Ianthe’s one-room home. If our new building gets up, the children can be at arm’s distance, but they’ll still smell the canals, still get their feet wet from backup of tide in this swamp. It’s no “Tropical Park.”



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*Latin America has many problems and one of them is the question of time, the time needed for the training of troops essential for future victory*

## Look Southward with Love

JAMES P. COTTER S.J.

**S**TATISTICS ON THE Church in Latin America today are plentiful and sometimes helpful. They consistently make the point that there is a shortage of priests in Latin America; as a matter of fact, the word "shortage" is inadequate to describe the proportion of 10,000 or more lay people to one priest that prevails in some areas of the continent. A

proportion like this might be better understood if you put it in terms of something we all understand, the sacrament of penance. To annually hear the confessions of that many people, a priest would have to be in the confessional twenty-four hours a day for thirty days!

By the time there are enough priests in Latin America to allow a reasonable proportion of the Christian faithful to one priest, the question of the Church's life will perhaps already have been settled for the next several hundreds of years. A satisfactory number of priests in Latin America may not mean the same that it does in the United States. So a proportion of one priest to every three thousand of the faithful might be considered a workable minimum. In a few more years you would have to move every priest in the United States into Latin America to attain that minimal figure. Vocations, thanks to the grace of God and the prayers and sacrifice of the faithful, are increasing in the Latin countries but not fast enough to change the statement made above: by the time there are "enough" priests, the future of the Church will already have been decided.

And as a matter of speculation, even

■ Working together. Papal Volunteer Cal Cathers (rt.) of Wyoming with a group of young Brazilian laymen.





■ Nurse Marilyn Harrington of Chicago gives injection to child in Cautapec, Mexico. She is one of ten Papal Volunteers in diocese who are setting up clinics and developing schools.

if you had an adequate number of priests and Sisters and Brothers, etc., in Latin America, if the social and political life of the peoples continues to be as divorced from Christianity as it is today, the Church would still be in grave danger.

Discouraged? Don't be! Happily the Church does not consist only of priests or religious. Lay people are the Church just as much as priests are the Church. If there is one thing the Church in Latin America has, it is lay people—more or less 200,000,000 of them. Granted that the vast majority of them are poor, ignorant; that many of them never have any contact with a priest and perhaps

don't want it. There are enough of them capable of training and development as apostles, to witness to Christ in their daily lives, to share in the teaching mission of the Church that it may well not be too late to save the continent of "great hope" for Christ.

The mission intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for this month is "for the training of lay missionaries in Latin America." With all the emphasis on preparing laymen outside of Latin America for work there, you might have expected the intention to read "for Latin America." It doesn't—and for a good reason, it should not. The grace of God aside, the



■ At Colegio Santa Maria, Sao Paulo, Brazil, Father Victor Fernandez S.J. instructs Papal Volunteers (standing, from left) Karen Eisin and Catharine Rydesky during a recent tour as Advisor to PAVLA. Seated is one of the Papal Volunteers students of Brazil itself.

Church in Latin America is going to rise from the ashes on the shoulders of its lay people or it is not going to rise for many years, perhaps many hundreds of years, to come. Only the American layman can do this.

The lay helpers from other countries must always remain "helpers"; they will never make up for the absence of the Church in so much of Latin American society. They can, however, inspire those who are able to make Christ present

again in the public and private lives of their countries. When Pope John XXIII spoke to the generosity of the American layman and asked that lay Papal volunteers for Latin America be organized and trained, he was asking American laymen to "look southward with love." Paradoxically, this call to Christian love and labor in other countries may well prove to be one of the greatest aids in arriving at an understanding of the layman's role in the teaching mission of the home Church.



# INSIDE KOTZEBUE

PASQUALE SPOLETINI S.J.

**T**AKE A MAP of Alaska, find the Bering Strait and then follow the coast north until you reach a long and narrow peninsula. At the very tip of it lies Kotzebue, about 32 miles inside the Arctic Circle. That's where I have been stationed for the past three years. The name, as you might surmise, is not Eskimo. Both the Sound and the Town were named after Captain Kotzebue, a German, who in a more peaceful time discovered the place while working for the Russians.

Kotzebue is a small town of about 1,200 people; a little more than 60 years old. Originally, it was a summer fishing camp for the Eskimos and later on it was discovered to be an ideal center and hub of Arctic transportation and communication. So stores for trade were built, the

yearly boat started to stop there, the airlines came, a hospital and school were built, churches were erected and so Kotzebue came to be a permanent settlement. In the last ten years the growth has been very fast; the Air Force built a radar site as part of the DEW line with 100 men, a three-million-dollar hospital was recently opened and the town has been incorporated. All this brought more people into the place. Also with the air line bringing the mail every day, a big power plant giving electricity, dial telephones, etc., Kotzebue has become a little town with a lot of modern conveniences.

The population from the very beginning has been a mixture of Eskimos, half-breeds, and whites. By its very nature this created all kinds of problems, social,

cultural, economic and religious—so much so, that life in Kotzebue has not been easy and certainly never without excitement.

The first church in Kotzebue was an offshoot of the Quakers, commonly known as Society of Friends. In 1929 our mission was founded by a young secular priest from Oakland, California, Father William Walsh, who had volunteered to help the Jesuit Fathers in the Alaska Missions. The Friends never quite forgave us for having moved into Kotzebue and for many years their attitude was all but friendly. However, from the open hostile opposition of the earlier years they came around to the polite opposition required by modern times. Unfortunately, young Father Walsh was prematurely taken by death in a plane crash together with the Superior of the Mission, Father Delon S.J., just a year later. His successors read like a gallery of very distinguished missionaries starting from the great Father Bellarmine LaFortune S.J., through Fathers Menager, Llorente, O'Connor, Carroll and McIntyre.

After the war the Episcopalians built a church, then a Pentecostal group with the curious sign outside the door "Church of God Full Gospel" (whatever that means), and finally the omnipresent Southern Baptists pitched their tents in our midst, bringing the number of churches to five.

However, the influence of the churches in the town is negligible. The reason for this is that in the struggle of influence between religion and the secularistic world of the movies, girl magazines, pocket books, and the bad example of the white people, the latter has had and is having the upper hand. So now Kotzebue is pretty much a modern pagan town, or better an open town that resembles more or less the Far West town of 100 years ago with the difference that we do not have gunslingers. As for immorality, drunkenness and the rest, all

rear ugly faces. Now the tone of the town, so to speak, is given by many controversial movies shown indiscriminately, bad books and magazines (as a matter of fact "True Stories" is the most widely read magazine in town), liquor and loose associations. So much so that we already have signs of juvenile delinquency and lack of respect for law and order. There is also a certain amount of racial clash between natives and the whites. It is due partly to the natural friction created by two races, when they come into contact with each other, and also by the fact that the natives, on account of lack of skill, have to take the less remunerative jobs, hence discontent and envy.

Better living conditions and opportunity for work than many other villages and a certain amount of higher education might give the impression that Kotzebue is in fair shape. But it is only a cover-up, for the reality is quite different. Kotzebue is a place where people of different races, background and education live together, but it is not a community. For a community has common goals, interests and team work. But as of now the influence on the people is definitely pagan.

The above description of Kotzebue has been necessary in order to understand the present position of the Catholic Church. The number of parishioners is 171 with one priest in charge. At different times during all the years we have been in Kotzebue the missionaries have tried different types of activities. But in general it boiled down to the administration of the Sacraments, teaching catechism and preaching. Whatever was the success of this kind of apostolate in the past, it is not enough any more in the present. The fact that over 50% of the marriages are invalid plus a very high rate of illegitimacy, just to mention two items, shows the pagan environment is beating us to the punch right now.

In order to counteract this kind of

influence and reverse the trend I thought to make the mission a center of social, cultural and recreational activities. To use a more common expression—to put up a program of adult education in order to prepare and help the people to withstand the environment and eventually influence it in a Christian sense.

Our religion is not only a set of doctrines to be believed, it is also a way of life. Life needs a certain amount of favorable conditions to flourish and until we give our people the knowledge and means to practice what they believe by changing the environment, we will be on the losing side. As we cannot expect the crops to come out of poorly prepared fields and good health where diseases abound, so we cannot expect our people to live a good life in a pagan environment.

So we plan to make an addition to the present building in order to have enough space for the center. It will be a building 60 x 30, which will have a basement with the necessary utilities and space on the ground floor. Living quarters for the priest, two classrooms, a library which will also be a Catholic information center are included. The Most Reverend Bishop Gleeson promised to send two lay volun-

teers to help out with the program—which will be experimental for the first year or so. It will have humble beginnings, like a kindergarten, remedial studies for school children, catechism every day, classes for adults to improve their English or their education in general, some local handicrafts, recreation, music, etc. Also the Liturgy will be fostered with instructions about its meaning and how to participate in it.

As I said before, the purpose is to build a Catholic mentality among our parishioners and coordinate their activities as much as possible under the direction and influence of the Mission so that they may withstand the pagan environment and eventually influence it. In a nutshell, the goal is to make the Church the beacon of truth and goodness in the Land of the Midnight Sun. I know it is a big job, and so I would appreciate your prayers for its success.

■ Eskimos are generally a happy people but life has never been an easy one at any time.



# “Calling All Villages...”

**I**N 1947, A NEWLY-ORDAINED priest of the Tunja diocese in Colombia received his first assignment from his Bishop. He was Father Joaquin Salcedo and he was to go to Sutatenza where a parish of 9,000 souls was waiting for him. This high number of people per priest is a well-known problem of the Church in South America. When he arrived there, he found that only about 200 of his flock lived in the vicinity of the church. How was he to reach all of his parish often enough to instruct them in the Faith they loved but knew so poorly?

Besides being scattered, his people were illiterate. As far back as 1931 the Government had begun a campaign to increase literacy. Money was spent and schools were opened but still about 50% of the people of Colombia were illiterate.

In his student days, Father Salcedo had been an amateur radio enthusiast. Now, perhaps, he could bring the benefits of radio to his people. He could make it a means by which he could teach them to read and write, to instruct them in the Faith and to entertain them. By education and recreation he could overcome their illiteracy and bring them solace from the dull pains of the drudgery of their isolated lives.

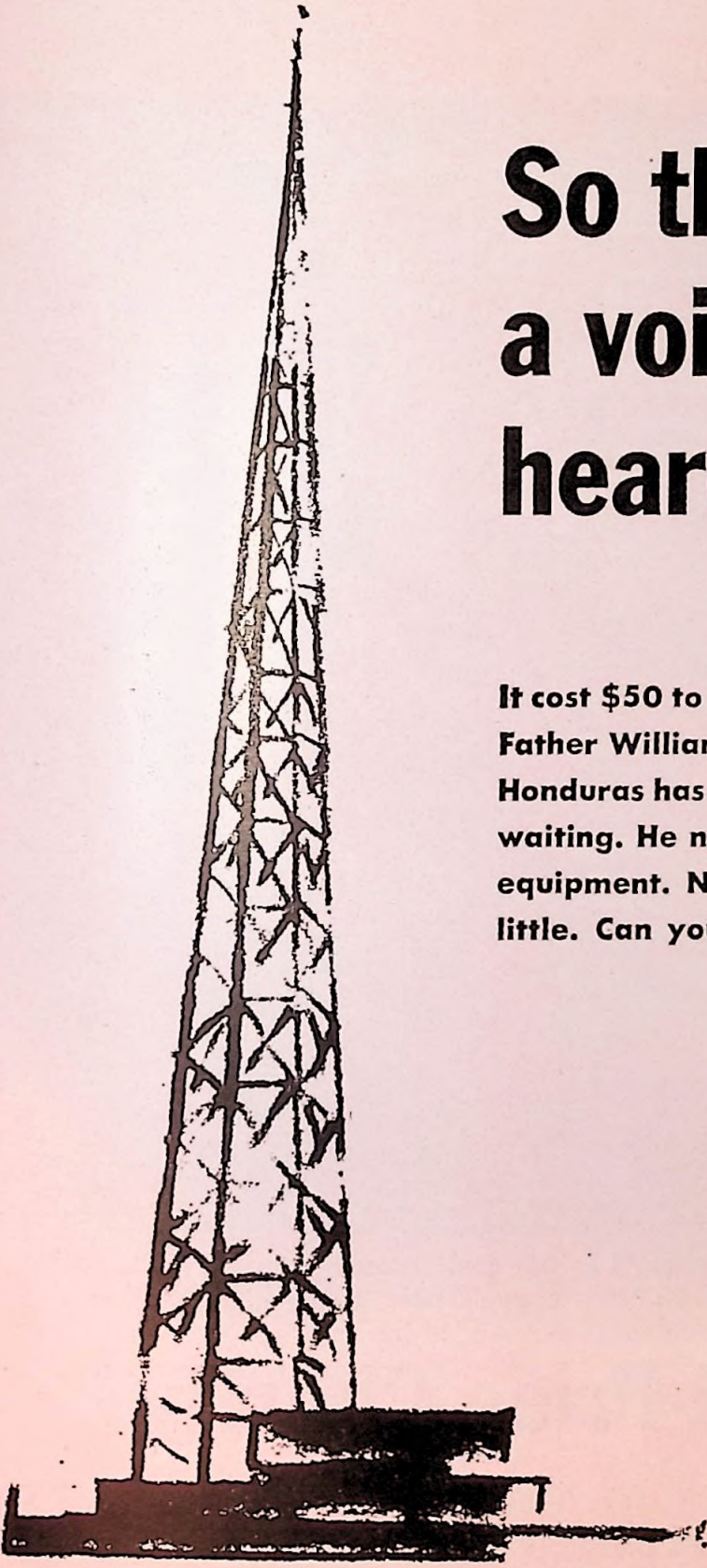
First a radio station was set up in Sutatenza and receiving sets distributed in the villages. The people themselves contributed in large measure to the initial costs. The plan of instruction was simple. The battery receiver was set up in public plazas, farmhouses, crossroads, wherever a group could be gathered. An “assistant instructor,” a young man or woman with some schooling, was appointed to take

charge of the receiver and to lead the instruction. For example, when the first lesson explained the alphabet, he wrote the letters on a blackboard as the radio voice was heard: “A . . B . . C . .”

The program expanded as rapidly as Father Salcedo could get more receivers. When national attention was focused on him, the Government stepped in with its resources. The “schools” taught on several levels. There were lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic of the primary grades. There was instruction in health and hygiene; in Christian doctrine; in improved methods of agriculture. Along with these there was music and news.

Success breeds imitation. Soon, other South American dioceses sent priests to study Father Salcedo’s program and methods. They went home to duplicate his efforts and hope for his success. Among the most recent was Father Schuller S.J., of Yoro, Honduras. He spent about six months this year in the rectory that Father Salcedo had to enlarge to accommodate his guests.

When he returned to Yoro from Sutatenza in June, Father Schuller found “radio schools” already set up. Father William Brennan S.J., an old friend of JESUIT MISSION readers, just couldn’t wait. He began one “school” on June 1st and by the end of that month had fifteen. Such rapid expansion proves several things: it is relatively easy to open such schools; there is immediate response of the people to them; and much more remains to be done. Knowing Father Brennan and Father Schuller, we are sure that it will be done.



# So that a voice is heard...

**It cost \$50 to set up a "radio school." Father William Brennan S.J., of Yoro, Honduras has the pupils all ready and waiting. He needs the money for the equipment. No other school costs so little. Can you help? \$5, \$10, \$50?**

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

*Please accept my gift of \$..... for Father Brennan's radio school in Yoro, Honduras.*

**Name** .....

**Address** .....

**City** ..... **Zone** ..... **State** .....



■ Doctor Caccamise of Rochester, N.Y., has made several extended visits to Holy Family Hospital in Patna where his ability as an eye doctor, freely given, has won all to him.

## What Price Charity?

*A blind man groped his way along Indian paths until  
a strange message sent him to a great-hearted doctor*

RICHARD C. CURRY S.J.

**T**HE INVENTOR OF THE tape-recorder probably never dreamed that his brainchild's voice would help to restore sight to a blind Moslem over in Patna, India. Here's how it all happened.

Three years ago, Niahmad Mian, the *dhobi* (laundry man) of the Fathers at Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, found that his vision was diminishing fast. Niahmad had long known that his eyes were getting clouded, but now he felt that his days were becoming like nights, and he had good reason to harbor anxiety

in his heart. He sought out the local doctor at last.

The eye doctor diagnosed Niahmad's clouded vision as cataract, but told him not to fear; he'd have his eyes straightened out for a few rupees. So Niahmad braced himself for the operation, consoling himself with the thought, "Why spend four to five hundred rupees when this man can fix me up for much less!"

So the poor man's eye doctor, more self-confident than skillful, took out his needle and carefully heated it in a smoky kerosene oil *chirag* (lamp). In a few minutes the difficult extraction was over. Niahmad would have to lie very still for a few days and all his worries would disappear like a black cloud after a storm.

But Niahmad's whole head began to throb like a dark sky shot through with lightning bolts . . . you know the rest of the story. Every Sunday he'd come round to our rooms led by his little son Sikander who stood exactly 3 feet high and could not have been more than 3 years old. Even though Niahmad had gone blind, he would not let it be said that he would have to die of hunger for want of a job. The laundry work went on as usual—now we could not complain that our white cassocks were not quite so white . . .

Then early this year Dr. William Caccamise of Rochester, N.Y., arrived in Patna on his third mission of mercy to the blind. He had come to donate his valuable services free of charge to restore sight, to open some eyes for the first time. Working for ten hours a day with the latest methods on earth, Dr. Caccamise tried to reach as many as possible with his expert hands and sympathetic heart.

People came from far and wide, and returned home with restored vision—some even with newly-grafted corneas. These he had brought with him to perform an operation unheard of in India until he had first performed it two years ago on

his second mission of mercy to Patna. But Dr. Caccamise might just as well have been still five thousand miles away, as far as Niahmad was concerned. He had grown accustomed to his sad blindness, and seemed to think that it would have to be his lot for the rest of his days.

Each Sunday as Niahmad would shuffle into my room and ask for the soiled linen, I'd ask him if he'd decided to make the long trip to Patna and let Dr. Caccamise take a look at his eyes. (It was doubtful to me whether even Dr. Caccamise could do anything; but if anyone could, it was he.) In answer to my questioning, Niahmad would always say, "I'll think about it and see if I can find someone to take me down and find a substitute to do the washing and collect enough money (\$10) for the trip" and an endless number of other reasons.

Two precious months slipped by and Dr. Caccamise was getting ready to return to his home in America. One Sunday morning I was repairing a tape-recorder in my room and had just taken the bugs out of it. I was testing it out when Niahmad, led by little Sikander, entered and asked for the weekly wash. So, holding the mike in front of Niahmad, I asked him once more if he'd decided to go on down to Patna—time was running out and he'd never have a chance like this to have an experienced specialist operate on him for nothing. So, Niahmad warmed up and a few leading questions had him speaking freely into the tape.

You should have seen the consternation in his sightless eyes when the whole conversation was played back. For a flash second, he was taken aback and then blurted out, "The Radio is telling me to go to Patna and have my eyes examined!" He then became very silent and left my room, his slightly bearded jaw set with determination. "Lead me to Brother Ittoop!" he said to Sikander, once he had carefully counted the articles of soiled linen and wrapped them.



■ Sisters and nurses at Holy Family Hospital carefully handle the precious container of human eyes which Doctor Caccamise brings with him for his corneal transplant operations.

Later Brother came and told me how Niahmad had come, tactfully but firmly asking him to accompany him and request an immediate interview with the Rector, Father Fernandes, "All I want you to do, Brother," he said, "is to tell me what Father Rector says. I've heard the Radio (tape-recorder) tell me to go to Patna and I will not take a refusal, not even from Father Rector."

Five weeks later, I came back late one Sunday morning after having said Mass in a neighboring mission station. Niahmad was in my room alone—and he had on large spectacles! He had not seen

me for six years, back when I was still a Scholastic. He took one good look at me after having turned me away from the glare. His face smiled in recognition.

It was then he told me of the miracle voice on the "Radio" and how it had finally given him the courage to take the big step. An hour had slipped by before he finished explaining each little detail of the trip to Patna, the wonderful care and love shown him by the Medical Missionary Sisters of Holy Family Hospital, and almost every word that Dr. Caccamise had said to him—but above all, that miracle voice of the "Radio."

# WE WENT DOWN TO NAGASAKI



**WE** WERE FOLLOWING a historic route, one that is sacred to the Christians of Japan. For hours we had squatted on the wooden deck of a small motorboat as the rain poured down continuously. Now our three fishing boats inched into the little port-city of Tokitsu. Awaiting us were a large number of Japanese, waving multicolored banners, and a small number of foreigners—a rare sight in Tokitsu.

Completely drenched, I was glad to leap from the boat to land—only to run smack into the face of a movie camera. Other cameras were clicking all around us and behind them a sea of faces rose, welcoming and curious. The camera which took the picture of my first steps in the mud puddles of Tokitsu had been sent half around the world by the Mexican Television system, for one facet of this centenary celebration of

the canonization of the Nagasaki Martyrs was the fact that one martyr, Felipe de Jesus, was the first Mexican-born saint.

Almost four centuries ago, on the night of the 4th February 1597, another boat carrying an incomparably more precious and suffering cargo arrived at this very same harbor. Within 24 hours of their arrival, the crucifixion of the 26 condemned martyrs on the hill of Nishizaka in Nagasaki would be an accomplished fact. They had set out from Kyoto, then the capital of imperial Japan, on the 9th January, after having been sentenced to death for their Faith. Their pilgrimage to martyrdom, 500 miles long, took them through many of the villages and towns of the most Catholic section of Japan; their sufferings and eventual cruel crucifixion were designed to strike fear into the hearts of the other Christians.

A group of Christians from Nagasaki

who were descendants of the Martyrs of the persecution in the last century, as well as six Franciscans and three Jesuit Fathers—all of them under the leadership of a parish priest of Nagasaki—wanted to walk again in prayer that bloody way from Kyoto to Nagasaki. It is not really a usual thing that 36 people, two by two, with large straw hats and shoes more or less fit for such a long hike, bearing a large purple banner with white Chinese characters explaining the purpose of the pilgrimage, should walk day after day through the crowded street and the green countryside of Japan. Much more unusual is the fact that in the group were foreigners from various countries. Such an event could not leave indifferent the Japanese press, radio and TV, so eager to get anything which “makes news.” We had quite a few interviews, the photo-reporters followed us to the very heart of the land, and from different TV channels a few shots of our pilgrimage were broadcast daily as a part of the news.

In Hiroshima I was fortunate to be able to join this group which included the seventy-year-old calm, pious farmer from the Nagasaki hills, Oyama Junzaburo, and the “mascot,” a fifteen-year-old boy from the country a few miles from Nagasaki. Most of the men were laborers, coal-miners or farmers, but there were also representatives of the business professions and of the Catholic members of the Nagasaki administration. All of them were proud to be wearing a white sash with clear Chinese characters indicating the “raison d’etre” of the group.

During the pilgrimage as we approached Nagasaki, we noticed that not only the Christians but the whole population was taking part in the event, which they felt was a part of their national history. We found ourselves the objects of moving incidents. For instance, an old non-Catholic woman came running from the fields with a big basket full of oranges which she distributed to the men; another non-Christian with signs of



■ Prominent at the Dedication were pilgrims from Mexico (picture on preceding page) led by their own Bishops (left). They planted seedlings from the Mexican monastery which St. Felipe left to die in Japan, Mexico’s first saint. (Below) And time for a smile.





■ The monument to the Martyrs, the work of sculptor Angelico Funakoshi, has 26 bronze figures in the cross-piece and vertical section bearing a star, crosses and holy texts.

great respect gave us an envelope containing money. I saw a teacher running all along a long line to tell the boys and girls to take off their yellow hats as we passed. Even a Buddhist bonze bowed deep and reverently to us! In a village where only about a dozen Catholics live the mayor received us in the village hall, delivered a speech of welcome, and offered us tea and fruit juice. In the next town I was astonished to see flags, and big banners stretched across the main street welcoming our pilgrimage. A brass band and a group of girls in beautiful kimonos came out to meet us. I wondered what was happening as the band did not exactly play the kind of music we are accustomed to hear in a Catholic procession. Afterwards I realized that the whole reception had been organized by the mayor. In this place they also performed beautiful old Japanese dances for our entertainment.

Of course, the highpoint of the celebration was in Nagasaki where all the

civil authorities of the city and the province, quite a few Japanese, Mexican, and Spanish bishops and other personalities of public life took part in the ceremonies. A big hit were the Mexican pilgrims; three women in gorgeous costumes transplanted a branch of a fig tree which they had carried all the way from the family garden of their fellow-countryman, Saint Felipe de Jesus—according to a tradition, that tree which was sterile started to bear fruit again after the glorious death on the cross of the Mexican-Japanese Franciscan. From midnight till late in the day without interruption Masses were celebrated in the Church of the Martyrs. The church with its shape of a Samurai helmet dominates a good part of the city. The blood of the martyrs was again bearing its fruit. Millions of Japanese read about the event on the first pages of some of the most important newspapers (a very rare thing in this country); they saw on TV and heard on the radio explanations of what had



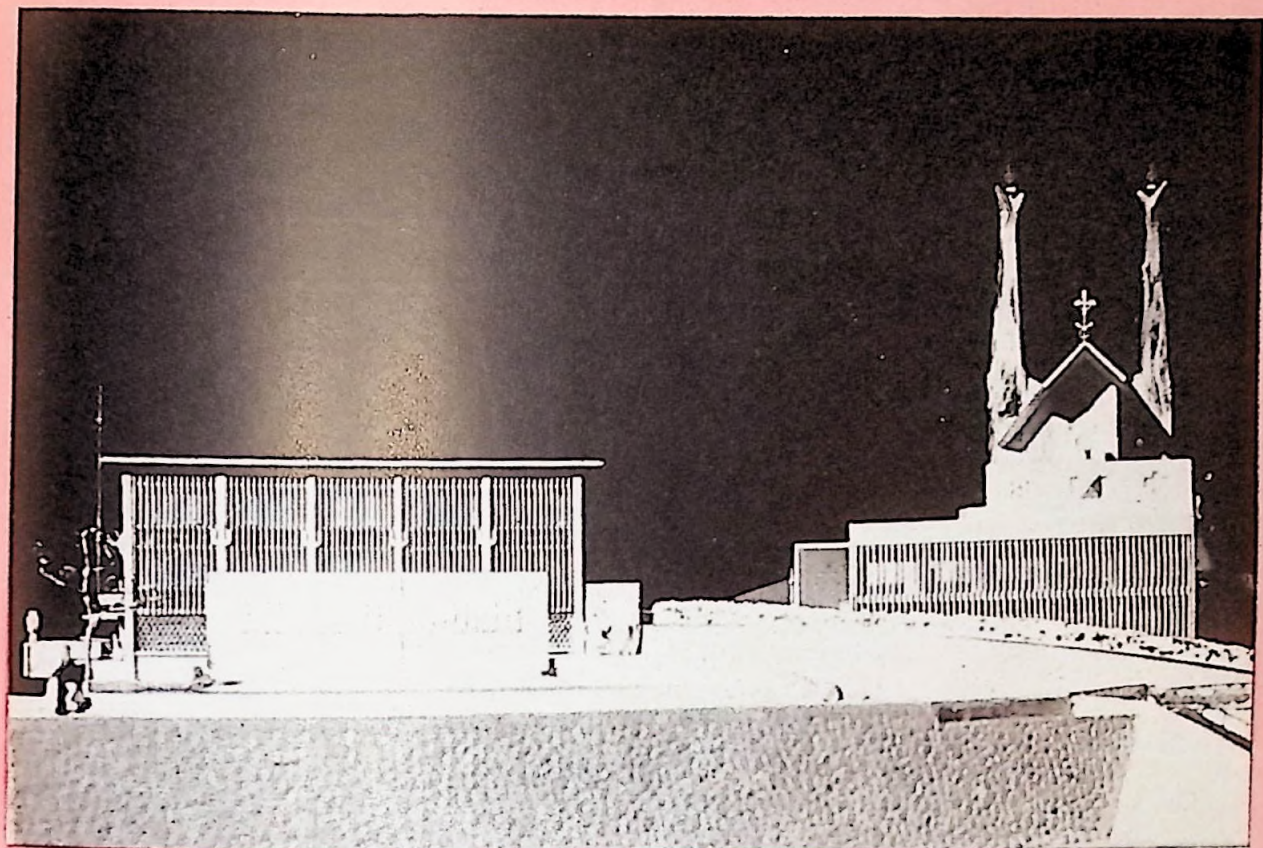
■ The ceremonies lasted for three days and room at them was at a premium. Bishops from Japan, Mexico and Spain attended and the entire three-day program was nationally hailed.

happened centuries ago in their country. Millions will visit that holy hill, they will learn how their Japanese brethren were able to die happily for their Catholic Faith, to prefer love of God to any earthly promise.

The Martyrs Shrine at Nagasaki is more than a memorial to those who died. The whole history of Christianity in Japan is woven around this seaport that looks out on the East China Sea. This has always been the doorway for the missionaries, the cradle of Catholicism for the entire country, the center of all missionary activity and of the largest concentration of Catholics. The first Japanese clergy were trained here and, much later,

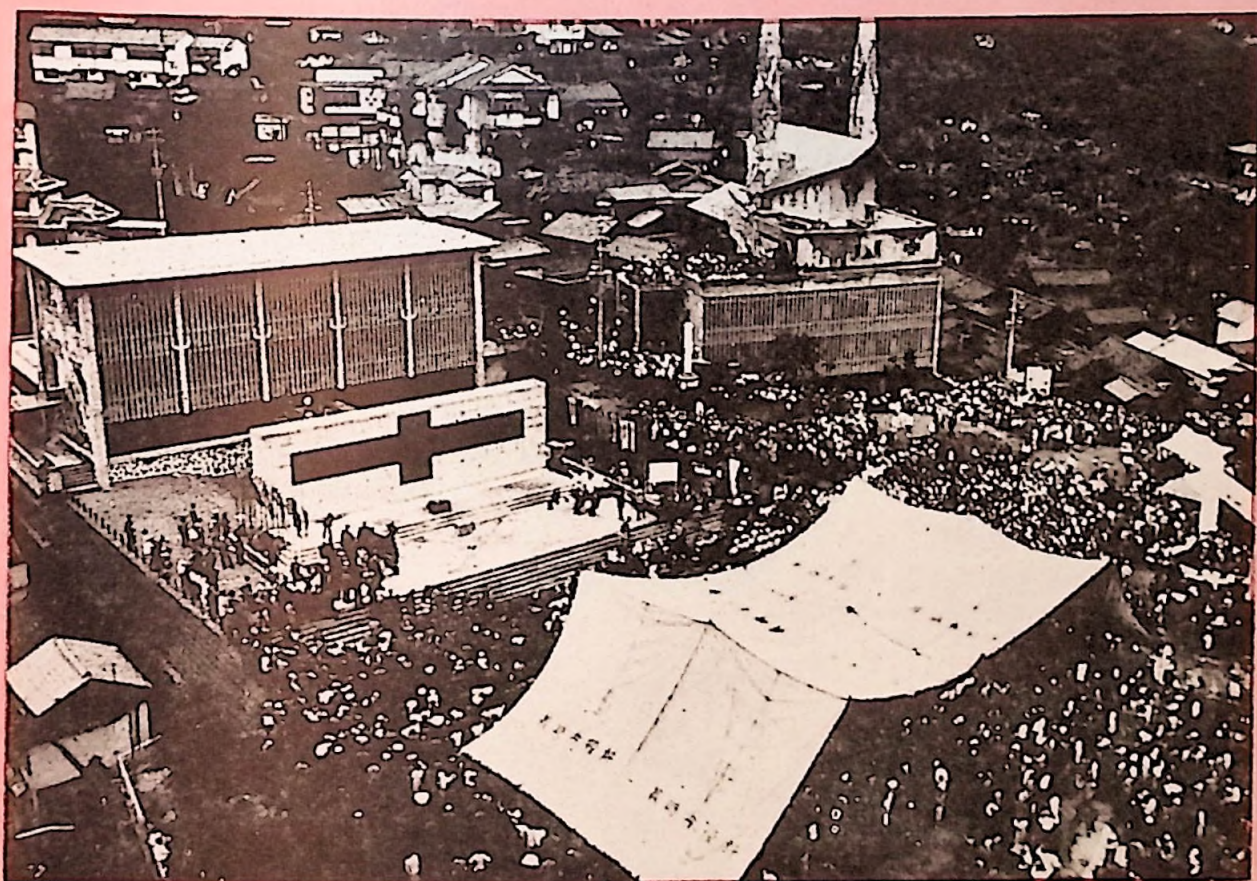
Nagasaki was the first diocese to have her own Japanese bishop.

The Shrine is less than a mile from the epicenter of the atomic bomb explosion which took the lives of 73,884 known dead on August 9, 1945. Three days before, on August 6th, the first atomic bomb to be used in warfare had devastated Hiroshima. Today the Peace Memorial Cathedral dominates the latter city and now in Nagasaki the Martyrs Shrine is a symbol of the triumph of the spiritual over all the forces of earth and Hell. It makes the whole concept of Christianity clearer to the Japanese people and they can more readily understand the significance of the Cross.



■ The twin steeples of the 26 Martyrs Chapel can be seen far out to sea. The building at left is a museum and library. A small building behind museum holds Martyrs' relics.

■ Despite the rain 10,000 gathered in the plaza before the Martyrs Monument and the blessing by Archbishop Yamaguchi of Nagasaki. The Spanish Ambassador laid a wreath at plaque.



Can you help in any of the following ways?



# Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

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1) **The Belize district** where St. Ignatius parish is located is graphically described by Father Stobie on page 14. He needs a far larger school for his youngsters and he is also trying to fix up the church sanctuary. A main crucifix (\$200), an altar (\$150) and other needs (\$750) build up to a tidy sum. He would appreciate a donation of any size.

2) **The Chakai area** in India is a one-crop country due to lack of water. So in the dry months the men must work the mica mines and many of them become tubercular. Father Morrison treats over 200 t.b. patients and also cares for the widows and children. He is trying desperately to build wells and so save his people. Water would mean year-round farming. Can you help Father in this important project with \$5, \$10 or . . .?

3) **In Tokyo** Father Maruri is trying to repair the chapel in his Manresa Retreat House. It will cost \$250. He would welcome a gift of any amount for this work.

4) **A well known Jesuit**, former President of Boston College, Holy Cross, etc., Father Joseph R. N. Maxwell, is attempting to replace his 1882 church at his Whitehall mission in Jamaica. Perhaps some of those who remember Father Maxwell would like to support him in this project. We know he would be grateful.

5) **Despite his slanderous approach** (p. 12) Father Daly in Ceylon is still one of our favorite and faithful correspondents. And we happen to know that the well built by the only practicing plumber

in Sorikalmunai cost over \$500—which he is still trying to get, either in dollars or rupees. Can you help him stay lighthearted by easing his burden with \$2, \$5, or more?

6) **The Nagasaki Shrine**, whose story is told in this issue, still stands in need of many items. They range from residence furnishings at \$30 up to altars and mosaics which cost over a thousand. If anyone is interested in providing a memorial for a loved one we would be glad to indicate in more detail a possible choice.

7) **Father Spoletini** is an Italian Jesuit who volunteered for the Alaska Mission. His description of Kotzebue (page 19) shows what he is up against. Naturally, Father hasn't too many friends to whom he can appeal for help. We would like very much to help him. Would you?

8) **The Month of Remembrance** is approaching. If you would like a Jesuit missionary to offer Mass during November for your deceased we will be able to arrange it if we know in time.

(Coupon will make it easier for you.)

Dear Father,

The enclosed gift is for the item(s) numbered above .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

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

## FORTY YEARS A PRIEST

This is an anniversary year for Father Aloysius Pettit in Patna, India. Forty years ago he was ordained in India and he has labored tirelessly since that time. Often he has expressed his deep gratitude for the generous kindness shown him by JESUIT MISSIONS readers. He never asks help for himself but his people are poor and he does all he can to aid them. We would like to make this an easier year for the veteran who has spent himself for Christ. Will you help us do so, with a gift of whatever you can afford?

### JESUIT MISSIONS

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



**SUNDAY OCT. 21**

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**MISSION  
SUNDAY**

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**SUPPORT YOUR  
SOCIETY FOR THE  
PROPAGATION  
OF THE FAITH**

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**PLEASE GIVE  
GENEROUSLY**

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